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A Ghastly Business

The possibilities of the war in Europe are as horrible as they are unpredictable. They are filled with surprises and enigmas. Prompted by a grim sense of humor which borders closely on the macabre, some Britons have begun to refer to the great adventure as the "Bore" War; but it is more than likely that they will soon have reason to change their minds. Censorship of the most rigorous kind is in the saddle. The applecarts of newspaper columnists, radio commentators, politicians, and historians are being upset. Activities on the diplomatic fronts are no less important than the movements planned and executed by the strategists.

Explanations and interpretations brought forward today may be totally and hopelessly awry tomorrow. What, we ask, is the significance of the agreement between Hitler and Stalin? Will the friendly embrace of the Russian bear eventually become the hug of death? Or is a new ideology springing up in Europe—a composite and hybrid ideology which, for want of a more suitable term, one may—temporarily, at least—refer to as Communazi? Do we know at last why the coldblooded despot of Russia was at great pains to purge the oldline Bolsheviks out of existence? Are the principles of the Comintern identical, in the last analysis, with the tenets of greedy imperialism? Does the dynamic lord of Berchtesgaden and the Wilhelmstrasse really trust the tac-
turn Asiatic who rules Russia with seventy times seventy rods of iron; and does the latter, in turn, have any confidence whatever in the mouthings of the former? Can credence be placed in a United Press dispatch from Paris which tells us that the Communists of Germany—still numerous in spite of concentration camps and Hitler's fulminations in days gone by—are busily engaged in underground activities and are using the German-Russian non-aggression pact as a cloak under which to carry out greatly intensified propaganda?

Perhaps we shall know more about the puzzling state of affairs in Europe when this issue of The Cresset comes from the press. Perhaps, too, we shall by that time have gained more information as to the ultimate fate of Rumania, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, and Finland.

The far-flung empire of Great Britain has never been in greater danger than it is at the present time. Italy continues to perch perilously on the fence, and France is hoping that the strategy of the capable Gamelin will solve the difficult problems that await solution on the tremendously important western front. At the same time, many agree that it will be wise for Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and other influential leaders of the Third Reich to cool their hot blood by giving earnest consideration to the words spoken long ago by Ahab, King of Israel, to Ben-hadad, King of Syria, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Meanwhile much of civilization, as we know it today, is in grave danger of destruction. We who live in the United States of America have every reason to thank the Ruler of all nations that we have not been drawn into the raging maelstrom. May He preserve us from the unspeakable horrors of this ghastly war!

Neanderthalers

In a cave at Monte Circeo, fifty miles from Rome, has been found the most perfectly preserved skull of a Neanderthal man that is so far available. It is being studied by Professor Sergi of the University of Rome. Within the last decade two other Neanderthal skulls have been found near the Eternal City, and one of these is remarkable for having the occipital opening at the base unusually well preserved. This enabled Professor Sergi to establish a very interesting fact, namely that the bones of the neck fitted perpendicularly and that, therefore, Neanderthalers walked with the erect
posture of present-day man. How disconcerting this discovery must have been to the various anthropological museums which proudly display “scientific” reproductions of prehistoric human types! Their Neanderthalers are presented with a truculent ape-like crouch, heads thrust forward on a massive arched neck that a bull-ape might envy. On what evidence did the reproducers base this characteristic? On their imaginations, of course, and their wishful evolutionary thinking. It will be enlightening to watch whether these misbegotten Neanderthalers will now be brought up to date or whether they will be left as they are, to impress and delude the credulous.

Twenty-Five Years

THERE was an intellectual, artistic, and political ferment in the air twenty-five years ago. Remember Woodrow Wilson, Lincoln Steffens, Mary Austin, Walter Lippmann, Amy Lowell? That was twenty-five years ago. In Belgium the guns were starting to boom. In New York, in the Chelsea district, Herbert Croly decided that what this country needs is a liberal weekly. Twenty-five years ago this November 8, The New Republic made its first appearance. It takes courage, vision, money, subscribers, and just plain grit to start a magazine and keep it running. We ought to know. The New Republic has had a distinguished career in American literature. In many ways Edmund Wilson’s essays on the French Symbolist poets have done more to make American literature international-minded than any other single agency. Charles Beard, Walter Lippmann, Lewis Mumford, Archibald MacLeish, and dozens of others have made The New Republic respected by intelligent people everywhere.

All has not been rosy for The New Republic. We recall its championship of Soviet Russia and Stalin. Its bitter diatribes against Nazi Germany have seemed at times inspired. It has now had to swallow the German-Russian pact with a good deal of effort. At times it has been just a little precocious about some of America’s writers. On the whole, however, The New Republic remains one of America’s bright journalistic stars. It has assailed corruption, political gush, and religious tom-foolery without a let-up. Congratulations, New Republic, on your twenty-fifth birthday!

Why Diplomacy Fails

According to Harold Nicolson it is no matter of surprise that the conferences of the past
years at Berchtesgaden, Munich, and Godesburg have been such abysmal failures. We remember how Kurt Schuschnigg lost Austria through a conference. It was just the other day that Neville Chamberlain stepped out of an aeroplane at Croydon Field with a piece of paper and an umbrella. While it is true, as the Oxford English Dictionary maintains, that diplomacy is the management of international relations by negotiation, diplomacy has failed these days in preventing seizure of minorities and wars of aggression.

In the last five years diplomacy has concerned itself with the relation of so-called democratic powers and dictator states. Powerful as a negotiator may be he is not always certain that he can back up his threats or promises. Schuschnigg did not know whether Austria was completely back of him. Chamberlain assumed that England was sympathetic toward Germany's aims. In addition these men had to negotiate with a man unable to guarantee his personal promises. The result of these conferences was failure. It was also bad business for politicians to negotiate with dictators. For one thing the public expects great things when its representative attends a conference. It forgets that a prime minister or chancellor or president does not have sufficient time at such conferences for calm deliberation. Often it happens that a visiting negotiator is taken in by the flummery of dinners and parades. Conversations usually become side issues.

In his indispensable little handbook, Diplomacy, Harold Nicolson shows that "diplomacy is not the art of conversation, it is the art of negotiating agreements in precise and ratifiable form." And all that takes time, patience, firmness, honesty. Humanly speaking, if professional diplomats had conducted the negotiations regarding Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Austria, it is doubtful if there would be war now. The conference table is still the best way to prevent war.

Decaying Hat

It MAY BE only a passing feeling, but when they lifted the Cardinal's hat from his feet and reverently bore it back into the chancel of Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, we had a feeling that they were bearing away a large part of the strength and color which has been Catholicism in Chicago for many years. The hat will be hung over the high altar and gradually it will disintegrate—a reminder of the passing of all mortal things. Chicagoans bought that hat and the princely rank in the Church with more money than any other
diocese ever sent to Rome—and now it is to rot away in the old Cathedral.

It was three o’clock in the morning and the dead prince of the church and his gorgeous bronze casket was lighted up by about fifteen thousand watts of light—lights laid on the floor and pouring down from above. The gloom all around was deepened by the blaze at the head of the aisle and we wondered how many people looked around at the rather poor church which the Cardinal loved so well—a poor church with redeeming beauty only in one window and a ceiling of wood without compare in America. But the Cardinal was the only one whose face was turned up. The rest all looked at him. His face was interesting—the face of a man to whom death had come in a beautiful dream—quiet and strong with half a smile on his lips. There was no attempt to make George Cardinal Mundelein anything else but a corpse. His face was as white as snow—no attempt to make him look like the poorly tinted snapshots of ten years ago, which still seem to be the pattern for American morticians. The crowd was big, even at three o’clock in the morning, and it kept growing larger and larger through the day and the following night until the burial service itself became almost a civic holiday, with main thoroughfares blocked off, several bands playing and more motor- cycle policemen than we have seen anywhere at one time. Somehow it all seemed bitterly out of place. Why could not they have kept him in the quietness of the great Seminary grounds at Mundelein and bedded his body beneath the altar of St. Mary’s chapel very gently? Or must Rome show its power—must Rome join the modern world spirit which cries, “Come to me and I will give you excitement”—even at a burial service? If there was a great loss to the church in the death of this man—might it not have been better to avoid the pomp and the parade and emphasize that man’s greatest need today is a time of quietness to think, a time to reflect on the true significance of life, a time to gain a clearer consciousness of that God in Whom we live and move and have our being?

Pageants are rare in the prairie states and not since the Eucharistic Congress, has the Roman Church had an opportunity to take over the press, the radio, and the city’s traffic so thoroughly as they did when the Cardinal’s hat was hung up. In the meantime one of God’s true noblemen lay waiting the call home in a lonely room in a hospital on the south side of Chicago. There were no hourly bulletins from his bedside. There was no highlighted photography when he died. No front page news pictures
and stories regaled the world with the story of his life and accomplishments, but we are sure that he went home a quieter and a happier man than did “the first Cardinal of the West.” Death and judgment have a way of upsetting twentieth century values.

*  

**Literature and American Professors**

“To a true-blue professor of literature in an American university, literature is not something that a plain human being, living today, painfully sits down to produce. No; it is something dead; it is something magically produced by superhuman beings who must, if they are to be regarded as artists at all, have died at least one hundred years before the diabolical invention of the typewriter. To any authentic don, there is something slightly repulsive in the thought that literature could be created by an ordinary human being, still to be seen walking the streets, wearing quite commonplace trousers and coat and looking not unlike a chauffeur or a farmer. Our American professors like their literature clear and cold and pure and very dead.”—Sinclair Lewis
By O. P. Kretzmann

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The Cresset—Its Purpose and Function

A YEAR ago, on the occasion of The Cresset's first birthday, our editorial plans included a formal restatement of the principles which determined the publication of the first issue in November 1937. This statement was to include an objective evaluation—if an editorial office can be objective—of the degree to which the journal had approximated its original purposes. Upon mature deliberation the first task was considered unnecessary and the second prema-

ture. November 1938 looked very much like 1937. In the life of a journal of opinion a year is hardly more than a time of rolling up sleeves and getting down to cases. Editorial conflicts must be resolved, new writers must be discovered, contacts must be established which will give the magazine its place in the sun, however humble. November 1938 was too early to say something definite, much less important.

November 1938, however, is a far cry from the watching and waiting which have characterized the past two years in the history of Western civilization. The opposing winds of doctrine which have swept over the world during that time have become a whirlwind whose terror is matched only by its inevitability. We know now that men still cannot wash their hands of God, especially not in blood. Against this background an examination of the record and a restatement of the objectives of The Cresset in times like these appears to be desirable.

We have found no reason to change our fundamental approach to the problems of our time. In the introductory statement of November 1937 the basic objectives of The Cresset were summarized as follows: "Our fundamental need is a returning consciousness of the total presence of the Christian in the Kingdom of God and in the
world. No part of life can be shut away from God. The departmentalizing of life has too long left the world and the Christian mind at the mercy of the worst forces of death and disorder. Only the presence of the total Christian, opposing the dark forces of evil with the highest affirmations and negations of a Christian philosophy of the whole of life, can hope to stop the world from falling into the abyss by which it is so fascinated. For a Christian, his presence in the world does not imply the division of life into compartments, some of which belong to time and others to eternity. The totality of life is God's. The last and highest freedom of the human soul is the surrender of all areas of life to the will of the Eternal."

How successfully has The Cresset been able to restate the deep inner need for the rediscovery of the Christian unity of life? Confronted with the teeming profusion of twentieth century life, the clash of opinions, and the relentless pressure of the prevailing cultural and intellectual atmosphere, it was obvious from the beginning that its course would be beset by difficulties. Some of these have been met, others remain to be faced. It is clear, however, that during the past two years the editors have not side-stepped them. Numerous meetings have been characterized by long and careful consideration of the many problems involved in keeping The Cresset true to its original purposes. Editorial conferences have considered such questions as the relation of esthetics to morality, the ethical implications of social problems, the causes of Anti-Semitism, and countless others. These conferences will be continued.

The Great Heresy

Happily we have discovered that certain fundamental principles have been clarified by constant and insistent application. More concretely now than ever before we believe that man was made by God and for God. The modern delusion that he is born for the State to die for the State is the great twentieth century heresy. During the past two decades almost all Western nations, some openly, others more subtly, have succumbed to this error. Beginning with this interpretation of recent events our editors have during the past two years consistently emphasized the dignity and destiny of the individual human soul. Anything which in the opinion of the editors tends to destroy that basic concept is wrong, no matter what name it may bear. Fascism, Communism, Totalitarianism, Collectivism, exaggerated and perverted nationalism, irrational deification of elemental forces—against all these we have
set our minds and our pens. This approach has also determined our attitudes over against the manifest tensions of the social order. The CRESSET has not beaten the drum for a particular social order, a particular political administration, a particular arrangement of international affairs. We have become increasingly sceptical about social specifics or social panaceas. We know more clearly that our social discords will not be resolved by simple fiat. On the other hand, we also know more clearly that no social order, no political administration, and no international tensions must finally be permitted to stand in the way of man's relation to his God. He must remain free to worship, to build the Kingdom of God, and to find beyond the disenchantment and dark uncertainties of our time the glory and sureness of faith. To that world-view The CRESSET is dedicated.

It is evident that this view of modern life requires cold, hard thinking. Not only is the scene extraordinarily complex, but certain problems shift and glide from one realm to another. At one time a given problem may have moral implications. At another it may be solely a question for reason and common sense. For example, the problem of unemployment in America may be entirely social and economic until we are face to face with the naked tragedy of hunger. A strike in a steel mill may involve only questions of jurisdiction and power until the bullets begin to fly. Faced with innumerable problems of this nature, the editors can only repeat their promise to make their judgments as informed as possible, independent of prejudice and fear, and completely dependent upon the principle that all things human, without faith and love, must serve only, under the long view, to make man more unhappy, more restless, and finally more wicked. Men make a state and a society. When state and society go wrong, men have gone wrong.

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of the past two years in the life of The CRESSET has been the constant and alert interest of our readers in its problems. At times they have disagreed, sharply or gently. It is our impression that they share with us a profound consciousness of the relativity of truth in human affairs and the realization that at times a seeming inconsistency is to be preferred to placid ignorance. No problem has ever been solved by running away from it. To ignore a difficulty is one of the most vicious forms of obscurantism. The editors can only say again that they prefer the momentary inconsistency which may appear in the course of an honest quest for truth in human relationships to a consistency whose only virtue is ignorance. The ostrich
The CRESSET seemingly solves problems quickly by thrusting its head into the sand, but the problem remains. There is an essential perversity about human affairs, more evident today than in many years, which throws a most striking light upon the Christian doctrine of sin.

On this second birthday of The CRESSET it should be pointed out that the application of the principles by which it is guided has always been borne out by the subsequent course of events. In two years of publishing with thousands of words in print there has been nothing in the pages of The CRESSET which the passing of time has made untrue or false. Today we might phrase some opinions differently, give others greater or lesser prominence, or reduce the importance of a given problem, but there is no need to retract anything. On the positive side, The CRESSET has an enviable record of being right, sometimes far in advance of the event which was necessary to validate the opinion.

The CRESSET has never assigned unusual importance to its place in the total scheme of things in the Church. It speaks for no one but itself. It has no authority beyond the authority of an honest search for the truth concerning human affairs. It makes no official pronouncements. Here, too, it may be well to reaffirm our original platform. “The function and purpose of The CRESSET are so distinct that it will not trespass on the field of any other journals published within the Church. Its task is definitely humble. Granted that the primary function of the Church is to bring human souls into the shadow of the Cross and keep them there, the place and work of The CRESSET lies among the secondary functions of the Kingdom. . . . It will endeavor to become a place of perspective and co-ordination where the dim confusion of jostling crowds and bewildering roads take shape and form and reason. It will attempt to reach especially those who have become conscious of the deep pulsations that throb through our time and are disturbed over the relation of the Christian life to the cataclysmic changes of the world.”

It seems that now in November 1939, with these changes written in blood, the function of The CRESSET, though still humble, acquires new meaning. Perhaps, too, there will be new difficulties. The ways of God with our time are still mysterious and past finding out. As He, however, gives knowledge and wisdom, the editors again pledge themselves to the task of throwing an occasional beam of light into the dark confusion of our world. The future is His. Our course is to follow Him into it and to place our weakness into the service of His strength.
An examination of the meaning and purpose of law—and the higher obedience—

STOP-SIGNS AND PHEASANTS

By E. Schaller

Municipal Judge R. Gibbs, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, assumed the role of traffic officer when the occasion presented itself. A young lady swept by him to cross an arterial through a stop-sign, and the Judge overtook her to read her a lesson on Law. In relating the incident to a high school traffic offender in the court room a few days later, the magistrate is quoted as saying: “S-T-O-P spells stop, and stop means stop. It doesn’t mean to slow down, it doesn’t mean to shift gears, and it doesn’t mean to look both ways. It means to stop.”

We hope it may not involve contempt of court to question the observation of the jurist. Thoughtful people could readily make out a case for the proposition that the letters S-T-O-P on a sign do not invariably mean what they spell; and careful drivers who have never had an accident in many thousand motor-miles deal with stop-signs on the basis of their intent rather than their literal demand.

The Judge unquestionably defined the Law within the scope of his office. Speaking ex cathedra, to a violator at the bar, he could only expound the significance of traffic signs in terms of their enforcement. But there is a vast realm of human equations resting between the boundaries of law as it must be enforced and law as it should be observed, a no-man’s-land poorly explored and sparsely settled, in which the plant of true freedom and the flower of good citizenship grow side by side.

Near here lies an intersection where State and Federal Highways cross. There is a stop-sign there which preserves for the Federal road absolute right-of-way. Many scores of times my driving needs have brought me face to face with that stop-sign, and I can recall
only two instances in which I actually brought my car to a standstill. Yet I have never to my knowledge violated the Law at that point.

To me, as a citizen, that sign spells stop but does not always mean stop. Sometimes (with apologies to Judge Gibbs) it means: Shift gears; at other times it means simply: Go easy. But at all times it says to me: "I stand here to save your life and limb, and that of your fellow-man. This is a bad corner, where every nerve must be alert and your car must be under complete control to your positive knowledge. You must be able to stop short of the cross-road and be prepared to do so. If you hit someone here, or someone hits you, it will be your fault entirely unless you are motionless in proper territory at the moment of impact."

**Justice and Life**

This interpretation of law has no standing at the bar, will receive no hearing in court, and deserves neither. It is not relevant there. If our interpretation results in accident, it has been falsely made or improperly acted upon. If the traffic officer sees you as you fail to stop, and writes a ticket, he is complying with the oath of his office as an enforcer of the Law, for the Law is necessarily enforced according to the letter; and the Judge will uphold the same social urgency in imposing a fine. But the question of actual guilt hinges upon utterly different considerations. Unquestionably life is full of instances where crime becomes crime or misdemeanor becomes such only when you are caught at it.

That is neither heresy nor anarchy. It is life as you and I live it every day. Let us draw upon another instance.

The Federal game-laws prohibit the shooting of game-birds with a rifle. It is a protective ordinance, not for the birds, but for the men who hunt them. Ducks would find it difficult to choose between the pleasure of being drilled with a bullet and the joy of being massacred with a load of buckshot. But when the sloughs, marshes, and fields are literally crawling with Nimrods escorted by costly dogs, the legality of rifles would convert the first day of open hunting into a miniature Argonne. Rifles are deadly at long range; shotguns are not. Therefore the Law. It is a most necessary statute.

But here is a farmer who owns a quarter-section of land. North of his home is a grove of trees, north of the grove a pasture, and in the pasture stands a threshing machine, silent and deserted and covered with tarpaulin. Beyond the machine, the farmer has set out a basket of corn, and a covey of pheasants has learned to feed there...
with ease and in plenty. The farmer walks quietly up behind the threshing rig and peers out at the corn, where the birds are blissfully gorging themselves. The farmer carries a rifle. He aims, fires, a cock flutters on the ground. The others gaze upon it in astonishment, while the farmer draws a bead on a second cock and lays him low. Then the man steps out of concealment, the startled birds take wing, and the day's hunt is over.

It was not a hunt, actually; it was a harvest. The farmer had fed these birds on his grain through the year. Now he wished to enjoy the eating while the legal season permitted him to shoot. He will kill and eat two cocks a day. He is allowed four, but two are enough. He has no time to spend hours in searching for the game, but he need not so long as he adopts this method. A shotgun is out of the question; one blast, and the covey would vanish beyond hope of return. But they pay no heed to the short bark of a small rifle. So he hunts with a rifle. The location is such that there is absolutely no danger to others through the use of a rifle. The farmer is in his own back yard, on his own land, and the safety of no one is jeopardized. Is he violating the Law? If a game warden chanced upon him, he would lose his gun, his license, and some money, plus the birds. The Law can perhaps not be enforced in any other manner. But it can be observed in spirit and in truth, and there is no better citizenship than that which lives by what lies behind the letter.

Justice and Law

We are not concerned here with the complexity of this problem as it confronts the law enforcement agencies and the judicial process. The difficulty of dispensing true justice under law has long been recognized by thoughtful jurists, and only recently it found expression in an historical autobiography of the celebrated author and attorney, Mr. Arthur Train, who quotes Professor Wigmore on 'the contrast that has so long been the theme of philosophers and jurists—namely the relation of Law to Justice—in particular, the contrast between the rule of law that forms the ostensible issue in the litigation and the merits of the parties when all the circumstances are considered—in short, the Justice of the case.' Mr. Train adds, 'That is only a learned man's way of saying that Law and Justice are not the same thing. . . .'

We leave the exploration of that field to Mr. Train and his colleagues. It is our purpose to give expression to the observation that the true and impregnable ramparts of human order under law lie in the secondary defense of
enlightened spiritual obedience rather than in the forward wall of the legal code.

Dozens of lives are snuffed out each year by law-abiding hunters who mishandle their guns; but the farmer with the rifle injures no one. Thousands of traffic fatalities are the blight of our motorized age, but they are not caused by those who meticulously observe the sane spirit of traffic ordinances. Our national crime problem is fundamentally due, not merely to the failure of a minority to obey the letter of the Law, but to the legalism of a majority which has not learned to live by the spirit of the Law.

The cause of social well-being is not served when a judge instills a young driver with an inspired awe for the letter of the Law which can only stifle the concept of true obedience. In their official capacity, those who are charged with law enforcement are not in a position to create and foster morally sound respect for the Law. Officers of the Law are precisely what their title implies—officers of the Law, not spiritual mentors of men. Judges are judges, and their services are invaluable in the determining of guilt with relation to the proper verbal interpretation of the Law, but more than harmful when they volunteer as judicial preceptors of the moral code.

Justice is popularly presented with bandages covering her eyes. The allusion is significant. Human justice is blind, not alone to class or rank, but to everything except the faithful application of the printed code. Yet Christian citizenship must not be blind. Its sight should be keen enough to penetrate behind the façade of law into the fruitful domain of Christian moral philosophy, where even evil intent is wrong and spiritual love is always the fulfillment of the Law.

This is the fallow field lying astride the realm of American educational processes. If we are to have the purest civic righteousness which a human social order may enjoy, the ability for spiritual obedience to law must be cultivated. And beyond the inadequate instrumentality of civil government stands the single organization divinely equipped to achieve such a monumental objective. To it is due whatever measure of genuinely law-abiding citizenship prevails today. This organization we commend to the more earnest attention of our modern crime-ridden and socially perplexed world. We urge a sincere investigation of the educational powers of the Christian Church.
Obscenity Racket on the Defensive

"Not Guilty." It was a Monday morning, and one could tell that it had been a bad Saturday or Sunday night for some of the prisoners in Judge Finneg an's court room. This was Police Court No. 2, and with me was Sergeant Verheyen, who had made certain arrests in which I was interested. In fact it was upon my complaint that certain news dealers had to answer that morning for the sale of a number of salacious magazines. There was no question about the guilt of the dealers, and only a look at the magazines would suffice to convince the judge that the city ordinance had been violated.

Court was to open at 9:00 A.M., and the Sergeant and I were there. So were the dealers charged with the offense. So was the riff-raff of Market Street, Kerry Patch, and the unexplored regions of Fourteenth and Wash. Some wore bandages, others had not yet changed their torn shirts. It was the regular Monday morning performance in a big-city police court.

When our case was called, the lawyer for the defense announced that his client elected to be tried by jury. At this, my Sergeant snorted and with a helpless gesture raised his helmet to his head and then laid it back upon his knees.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That ought to suit us fine."

"Wait and you'll see," said the officer.

Another bunch of weird looking derelicts filed into the court room, about two dozen, I should judge. A moronic lot, all men.

"Does this mean that we have to wait until all these bums get their stretch in the workhouse?" I asked.

With a wry face, Sergeant Verheyen replied, "Bums? That's your jury panel!"
And so it was. From this second-to-the-lowest stratum was selected the jury which had to decide upon a question which affected potentially the morals of more than a million people and certainly the morals of at least ten thousand boys and girls of this community. (We had reliable figures as to the distribution of the magazines in question.)

Under the criminal procedure then in vogue (and it is in vogue today) in what prides itself upon being one of the most enlightened communities in the United States, the jury that was to decide whether the law permitted the sale of merchandise offensive to every moral sentiment, was chosen from a group of men practically devoid of any moral sense.* I need not tell you what became of our case. After listening to the lawyer's reading from Ulysses and from Anthony Adverse and realizing that both law and common sense would be unable to reach mentalities like these, the officer and I left the court. We later heard that the jury deliberated twenty minutes and then brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

* It is literally true that this jury panel was composed of men who had been picked out of the gutter, bums who lined the curbstone in front of the Court Building waiting for a chance to make $1.50 per head as jurors in the Police Court.
with one another in putting on stage shows which came as close as they dared to the exhibitions featured at stag nights by the Red Men and the Teamsters’ Union. Police would “pull” the show, but four weeks later the programs would be even worse. The complaint of the owners of neighborhood shows was that the police would never touch the big fellows like Belvidere Joe on Delmar Avenue. At this time Victor Miller, President of Police Commissioners, requested various civic bodies to sponsor the Committee of Fifty, and in this connection the Pastoral Conference of which I am a member appointed me to the Committee, now organized as The Civic Union.

One evening the officers were called together for a meeting in the Newstead Police Station. There were two lawyers, a doctor, two ministers, several businessmen, and one of the Police Commissioners.

“What we ask you to do is to go with some plain-clothes men to Belvidere Joe’s place, who claims that he has protection. If you consider the show indecent my men will arrest performers and owner, and then we will ask you to make your statements in court.” All present telephoned their homes, explaining that there would be a long session.

Joe’s place on Delmar Avenue was an ornate affair with many plaster statues on its pillars and cornices, in the style of the St. Louis Exposition buildings. Inside you paid fifty cents for a plain cheese sandwich and fifty cents for a bottle of pop or a glass of beer. Customers who paid such prices knew what they had come for. It wasn’t the sandwich and it wasn’t the beer. We sat in a balcony and looked down upon the tables which were placed along a long run-way from the stage. Our plain-clothes officers picked out the various police characters which were visible from this point of vantage.

“There’s Hal Brennan—thought he was doing time in Ohio.” (It developed that Hal was a safe blower by profession.)

“And if it isn’t Sam Berwick, who has been hijacking liquor trucks coming up from Tampa!”

“And what can Eldora Parsons be doing here? I thought she had been driven out and was hibernating in Kansas City?”

Now the astonishing thing was that by a grapevine—which could be traced through the crowd, as it spread—these folks were aware of our presence. So were the performers, who interpolated some supposedly witty remarks about the detectives in the balcony. When the midnight hour approached, an announcement was made that, due to a change in the schedule of the star performers,
the midnight show would not be
given this evening. The plain-
clothes men advised us to move
out quickly with them, as the
lights went out, and to avoid con-
tact with the disappointed custom-
ers.

On the next day Belvidere Joe
went to the Court House and
brought civil suit for damages
against every one of those on Vic-
tor Miller's Committee—he got the
names somehow—for having "ter-
rorized" his customers and broken
up the show with a loss of $1,200.
The amount for which he sued
was $50,000 from each of the com-
mittee.

Two months later the Belvidere
folded up and its owner disap-
peared from the roster of im-
portant offenders against public
decency.

\textit{Vigilance the Price of De-
cency}. In the course of the Civic
Union history, thousands of sala-
cious booklets, stories, and pic-
tures have been confiscated and the
vendors prosecuted in the crim-
inal courts. In 1928 a peddler of
obscene photographs, for which
he had worked up a trade among
the grammar school children, was
given a sentence of nine months
in the work house. Another dealer,
in 1935, was given a sentence of
ninety days. The type of "litera-
ture" and "art" confiscated in
these arrests was filthy beyond de-
scription.

A great deal of complaint comes
to the officers of the Union from
the city high schools. Teachers and
principals confiscate on many oc-
casions literature and pictures so
vile as to shock even the crudest
sensibilities. This obscene mate-
rial is either peddled from suit-
cases or automobiles or sold from
school stores and stationeries. One
of the worst documents confiscated
was a dance program which was
distributed broadcast at the door
of a public high school. A convic-
tion was secured also in this in-
stance for "distribution of lewd
and lascivious matter." In one
case a letter was received by a boy
in his school from a dealer in
Chicago, requesting the boy to
become an agent for the sale of
obscene pamphlets. Similar com-
plaints have come from high
school principals and parents.

A few months ago the principal
of a St. Louis high school found
a young man prowling around the
premises, selling pencils, shoe
strings, etc. Suspecting that some-
thing was wrong, since the Board
of Education had informed the
principals regarding certain in-
formation in the files of the Civic
Union, the principal accosted the
man, and when he was unable to
give an account of himself, ordered
him from the premises. The young
man made a vicious attack on the
principal, who suffered a broken skull. When the fellow was captured it was discovered that he had been plying a trade in obscene booklets among the high school youth.

A large number of books sailing under scientific colors and claiming humanitarian motives—to aid the married to achieve happiness—has been issued during recent years and is being sent through the mails without distinction of age or sex. These books devote a good deal of space to the praise of motherhood and the joys of married love, and then they proceed to trace the large number of unhappy marriages to ignorance on the part of men or women regarding the sex relationship. The rest of the book then undertakes to enlighten the reader on this matter and in vividness and shamefulness of detail surpasses even the magazines and books which frankly pander to the sex instinct. There are also magazines which seem to have no other purpose than to carry advertisements of such books and of contraceptive articles and drugs.

While the disposal of such printed matter has never achieved the callous shamelessness of the German book stalls before the first World War and of the little Parisian shops in the Palais Royale quarter—the publishers and distributors became increasingly bold, so that civic organizations began to take notice and citizens' committees for decent reading were formed, some of them sponsored by the Roman Catholic Church. People began to write letters to the newspapers.

In the Literary Digest of February 17, 1934, a father complained about books his daughter (seventeen years of age) had been reading. "The first neatly-bound swill bucket I picked up was a delightful little tome portraying the beauties of perversion; then I went to the next one and found tales of seduction, incest and homo-sexuality. Upon inquiry I find that said uplifting books (garbage cans) are on sale and for rent at every corner drugstore." The father then asks, "Is there no law? Or are there no law enforcers?" In conclusion this citizen inquires, "Is it the feeling of the public that such things should carry on and increase?"

On all this type of literature the executioner's sword has now fallen. Word reaches us from the Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department, Mr. K. P. Aldrich, to the effect that an investigation was made of magazines listed as objectionable by the Civic Union and that criminal proceedings have been instituted against some of the publishers. In numerous instances the Department revoked the second-class mailing privilege.
held by the publication; as a result, many publications were discontinued.

An instance in point was the Falstaff Press of New York City. During the past summer the secretary of this concern, Ben Rebhuhn, was convicted in Federal Court of conspiracy to circulate obscene advertisements and books and sentenced to two years in prison and fined $10,000. Anne Rebhuhn, his wife, was fined $5000. Ben Raeburn, their nephew, was sentenced to two years and fined $5000.

The worst type of magazine and salacious fiction is today no longer displayed and is not obtainable by minors anywhere except by underground avenues of trade. It is estimated that ten thousands of lending libraries in the United States—the little shops that offered the rankest kind of pornographic kind of novel for three cents a day to any boy or girl—have gone out of business. A check-up in one city has proven that not one out of twenty of these establishments is operating today.

—What Is Indecent? This, of course, is the fundamental question in any civic campaign for the preservation of morals. (The reader has observed that the institution referred to in these paragraphs, the Civic Union of St. Louis, is interested solely in the suppression of indecency as it affects youthful persons.) At a recent trial—nolle prosed because the chief distributor pledged himself to the judge for good behavior in the future—a magazine was about to be offered in defense which contained the picture of a Madonna and child—the child being nude. One can see readily that to a degenerate mind the reproduction of a Murillo of a Fra Lippo Lippi would be sufficient evidence to justify a verdict of not guilty in a case involving a magazine featuring nudity for its own sake and most evidently as an appeal to impure passion.

But it is this "evidently" that to some people might seem to beg the question. Is it not, after all, something purely relative when we speak of obscene matter, or immoral books, of pornographic writing?

The answer is absolutely NO. Not only the city ordinances, but the laws of the various states and acts of Congress recognize the distinction of decent and indecent and are predicated on the supposition that the average citizen is able to pass judgment in this field. I submit a typical ordinance of this type. It happens to be one of the City of Houston. It reads as follows: "Unlawful to publish or distribute indecent literature: Penalty—If any person shall make,
publish or print, or sell, or have for sale, or offer for sale, or shall distribute in any manner whatsoever any obscene, vulgar or indecent literature, book, magazine, pamphlet, or paper within the corporate limits of the City of Houston, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be, etc."

It is true that the moral sense of a community may be lowered by frequent exposure to indecent literature, burlesque shows, floor shows of an objectionable nature, etc. The Montreal Daily Star has pointed out that there has been "constant growth of moral instability among most persons who are not practical Christians. In fact, during the past 10 years, possibly 15, the majority of Americans—both men and women—have been gradually, but systematically, losing all concepts of the moral law of God. Some of them have degenerated into a state far worse than that of mere unmorality."

But there is no difference of opinion as to what constitutes art, whether pictorial or literary, designed for the pandering to corrupt minds, art that is suggestive and demoralizing, and art which is not so motivated. For a minor or adolescent, any book or magazine that is largely "sexy" or features articles on illicit love, creates a moral hazard. Not only so, but one's common sense tells one that the ideals portrayed in such literature or pictures will influence conduct and lead to the formation of habits. Nor would anyone dispute that the break-down of morals in the field of sex has in its train every vice and crime in the calendar of transgression. I have seen a statement by Joseph A. Frayne, Chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of South Orange, New Jersey, who blames the growing criminality among youths chiefly on the indecent literature which was, until recently, circulated in such profusion throughout the nation. He said: "Prominent, I am almost persuaded to believe foremost, among the factors contributing to the deplorable increase of youthful criminals is the reading of the indecent literature now circulated, without restriction, throughout the country. Simultaneous with this unrestricted publication and distribution of indecent literature we have had a wave of sex crimes, so repulsive that decency forbids their further discussion."

There is such a thing as moral health, and it is somewhat related to mental health. There is no question but that our morons become dangerous when permitted to view indecent exhibitions, to pore over pictures of nudity, and to read pornographic stories. Because of the growing number of such defectives there is need of
drawing the public attention to the periodic return of the salacious magazine to the news stand. In the background there lurk horrors of perversion of which the common citizen has no conception.

In a letter addressed to the parents of St. Louis school children by the Board of Police Commissioners through President Maj. A. B. Lambert, it was recently stated that “there are approximately four hundred known degenerates who make it a daily practice to roam the streets, lurking in empty school buildings, alleys, vacant lots, etc., from the time school closes until fairly late in the evening. These men, some few in parked cars, are degenerates of the worst type, directing their sinister efforts to young children.

It is a matter of special attention and eternal vigilance that the police are able to minimize this overshadowing menace.”

In the larger American cities it requires an entire platoon of police officers to keep watch the twenty-four hours of the day over the coming and going of these sex perverts. And for every one of these creatures who is known to the police there are others still unknown who are a constant menace to the morals of their environment.

This is a thought for the optimistic parent who believes that at least his own child is far too good and sensible ever to be remotely affected by the distribution of the salacious magazine or lewd picture.

*The True Cook*

“The true cook must be mature; she must know the world from her social point of view, however humble it is; she must have pondered concerning good and evil, in however lowly and incongruous a fashion; she must have passed through the crucible of sin and suffering, or, at the very least—it is often the same thing—of married life. . . . The true cook knows his worth. He is the perfect blend, the only perfect blend of artist and philosopher: he holds in his palm the happiness of mankind, the welfare of generations yet unborn. That is why you will never obtain adequate nourishment from a young girl or boy. Such persons may do for housework, but not in the kitchen. Never in the kitchen!”—NORMAN DOUGLAS
Do All Scientists Accept Evolution as a Fact?

By Walter Lammerts

In recent years the statement has often been made that all scientists accept the fact of evolution and only differ as to their explanation of how species have evolved. In fact, almost every textbook in biology, social science or philosophy considers evolution as proved and bases its interpretation of life largely on this foundation.

Now it is of course true that most men in the biological sciences and related fields believe that evolution is a fact no longer open for discussion. But most is not all. Often in the history of science minority opinion has finally proven to be correct. Accordingly, it is of interest to consider briefly some of the men who have recently either denied evolution completely, or else have outlined theories so modified as to be hardly evolutionary at all in the commonly understood sense of the term. Inasmuch as modern evolutionary philosophy is primarily an attempt to explain the origin and continuation of life in all its myriad forms in terms of physical and chemical forces, it would be in order to consider first the views of an eminent physicist.

In *The Dogma of Evolution*, Louis T. More, of the University of Cincinnati, expresses himself as follows: "However interesting the classification of past occurrences may be, the chief value of science is the ability to generalize observations in laws which will permit us to predict future events. In this respect evolution has absolutely failed. We know nothing about the method of evolution; we know nothing about the cause of variation; we cannot even guess the characteristics of future species." In his discussion of the attempt of modern biologists to express life as a mechanism he declares: "It is a serious charge to make but after reading and weigh-
ing the evidence which biologists present to prove that biological and psychological phenomena are not irreconcilable with physical phenomena, I can, after a life spent in investigating the phenomena and laws of physics, find no meaning in their statements."

In the field of genetics we find Heribert Nilsson expressing the view in 1935 that "the theory of evolution has not been verified by experimental investigation of the origin of species." Professor Nilsson is an outstanding geneticist of Sweden, of distinguished world reputation, who has devoted his whole life to a study of heredity.

Paleontology

Paleontology is hardly more certain. Though it is considered the most direct proof of evolution, and though most paleontologists believe that the case for evolution is demonstrated, not all agree. Daque and others hold "that the various types of animals and plants give no evidence of having been derived one from another, but through all geologic time have remained distinct."

Douglas Dewar has published a series of papers and books in which he argues against accepting evolution as a fact. Two of these are, "Difficulties of the Evolution Theory"; and "Man: A Special Creation." Concerning him the Quarterly Review of Biology, (Book Review department, Vol. 12, 1937) states: "Dewar is no fundamentalist quack. On the contrary he is a distinguished naturalist of long and varied field experience. While we hold no brief for him or his conclusions, nevertheless we are of the opinion that his observations and ideas cannot be neglected."

In the field of biological philosophy we find a book by Friedrich Andermann called Irrtum und Wahrheit der Biologie. In the usually thorough-going German manner Andermann explores the philosophic background of biological thought and comes to the conclusion that not only are the facts of nature not explained by evolution but that they are far better explained on the assumption of creative thought and design. In fact, he argues that because of the false orientation required by the evolutionary approach much time has been wasted in biological research leading only to dead ends. An example is the vast amount of time spent in the early part of this century tracing highly imaginative family trees of species. Even now many scientific men spend too much time in this sterile field.

A Catholic Study

In 1925, George Barry O'Toole, professor of biology in a Catholic
college, published a thoroughly critical book, *The Case Against Evolution*. To my knowledge, it has not yet been successfully contradicted. In this discussion O'Toole is particularly thorough in his demonstration of the circular reasoning used by the paleontologists who first determine the age of the strata by the relative simplicity or complexity of their fossils and then argue that evolution must be true because the oldest strata contain in most cases the simplest forms of life.

Recently a most remarkable book, *The New Evaluation—Zoogenesis*, has appeared. Its author is Austin H. Clark, Curator in the United States National Museum. The book is extraordinary in that very little of orthodox evolutionary philosophy appears. Clark does not believe that the facts of paleontology and animal classification are reconcilable with the idea of a monophyletic evolution, but can best be explained by postulating an extremely polyphyletic evolution. According to this theory the main types of plants and animals came into being simultaneously in some way not yet understood by science, and since then gradual changes involving mutations and hybridization have given rise to the many species in each type group. Though Clark emphatically denies that his theory is a return to creationism it would be difficult to formulate a scientific theory more nearly in accord with the story of creation we find recorded in Genesis.

**Geology**

In the field of geology there is a man, who, although he is not recognized as a bona fide member of the profession, nevertheless possesses a detailed knowledge of the subject and wide familiarity with the pertinent literature. He is George McCready Price, recently of Walla Walla College and author of *The New Geology—A Text Book for Colleges*, and many other books dealing with this field. In these volumes he argues with great force that the whole idea of successive ages of life from the simple to the more complex is based on circular reasoning and cannot be objectively demonstrated by a study of the strata. A similar study, *The Deluge Story in Stone*, by Byron C. Nelson, revives the flood theory of geology and presents very cogent evidence in favor of accepting the Flood as the explanation of the stratified rocks. A thorough-going scientific reexamination of the conflicting theories of Uniformitarianism and Catastrophism is much to be desired.

Finally, with regard to the famous explanation of evolution given by Darwin, the survival of
the fittest, which was largely instrumental in persuading the majority of the scientists of his day to accept evolution, we now have much skepticism. In the Quarterly Review of Biology, 1937, W. L. McAtee, probably an evolutionist, in an article entitled, "Survival of the Ordinary," presents detailed observations showing that the struggle for existence instead of leading to selection of the most fit, actually tends to cause the survival of the ordinary. Hence natural selection, instead of leading to new species, tends to restrict variation and conserve the species type. In other words, the very explanation which made evolution seem reasonable to the scientists of the past generation is now questioned by active research workers who, though still evolutionists, are nevertheless seriously undermining the apparently solid foundations of the theory.

A Song for Ruth Ellen

You came upon me unaware
While my hands groped with sullen clay
To make a thing so rare
That it should outlive its little day.

So very quietly you stood
With song and laughter brimming your lips,
Wearing the sunlight like a hood
And the bluer stars for sandal clips.

So much your quiet said
That I did not understand the while
... Until you went with lifted head
Toward Light shining down a shadowed aisle.

And still I grope with clay
To make of it a straight and shining thing
That cries what I would say
And sobs the hymn that I would sing.

You gave me faith the clay will sing,
And it shall, gloriously, for your listening!

Helen Myrtis Lange
Old Tom Paine gave the lie to his name. He was not a freethinker in the matter of religion. He was neither a skeptic nor a scoffer. An intensely felt realization of the seriousness of life was deeply imbedded in every fibre of his being. He could talk by the hour on Biblical subjects, and it gave him great pleasure to reflect aloud on the dreadful impressiveness of the Day of Judgment, when, as he graphically envisaged the scene, a piercing trumpet blast would summon the sheep and the goats of this world to appear before the awful throne of Jesus Christ. He had never heard the Dies Irae, that powerful and time-honored hymn of the Christian church; yet there was a wealth of primordial and homespun poetry in his speech as, with halting grammar but with the fluency that springs from heartfelt conviction, he descanted at length and with gripping eloquence on the end of all things.

Tom was a Negro whom I knew many years ago. He had tasted the bitterness of bondage; and the day of deliverance from the yoke of slavery had reminded him with overawing forcefulness of that first Good Friday, when Jesus of Nazareth had poured out His life-blood to free sinners from the thraldom of Satan.

There was music in old Tom's soul, even though those who had learned to read notes and to thump out scales and tunes would have thought more than twice before referring to him as a musician. I never heard him strum a banjo, and not once did I see him trying in the sweat of his furrowed brow to wring melodies from the rattling pianos and the coughing reed organs which graced the homes of some of his friends. But Tom had a remarkable gift of vocal improvisation. For hours on end he would sit on the decrepit "front gallery" of his ramshackle little abode, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Musi-
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Cicians well-trained and poorly trained would have found fault with his intervals. They would have declared without further ado that the melodies which he fabricated on the spur of the moment and out of the depths of his agitated soul were lacking in proportion and symmetry. Yet, in my youthful ardor—which, thank fortune, has not deserted me to this day—I found a strange and compelling fascination in Tom’s extemporaneous composing. Although his crude voice was given to frequent cracking, there was an exotic beauty in his unschooled singing. There was something elemental in his tune-making and in his rhythms—something unmistakably savage. It was not the savagery which claws and bites and rouses one to frenzy, but the savagery which tears powerfully at the heartstrings, the savagery to which the order and the restraint of refined artistry are totally unknown quantities.

A Type and a Symbol

Tom has long since been gathered to his fathers; but in my mind he has remained a type and a symbol of that peculiar genius of his race which has given to the world one of the most interesting manifestations of art ever produced on American soil. I refer to the Negro spiritual, and I apologize to no one for believing that this contribution of black men, black women, and black children must be ranked with the incontestably significant folk music of the world.

If you have imbibed what you know about the Negro spirituals from notes as printed in song books, your knowledge of them is woefully meagre. It is literally impossible to express their intervallic and rhythmical subtleties in black and white. The system of musical notation to which we have become accustomed is imperfect at best, and it is found to be totally inadequate when the attempt is made to give exact directions as to the rendition of authentic spirituals. Those who have studied the music of the North American Indian have had a similar experience. How is it possible to indicate on paper those beguiling and richly expressive portamentos which are so tellingly characteristic of sacred song as evolved by the Negroes on the plantations, in the camp-meetings, and in the churches of the old South? White singers, no matter how well they have been trained, do not, on the whole, have the ability to produce these strongly idiomatic effects. Many of the vocalists who make bold to regale us with their utterly faulty renditions of Negro spirituals have never even heard of this almost indefinable peculiarity of the music.
Perhaps you have listened to vested choirs as they intoned arrangements—both simple and elaborate—of spirituals. Can it be possible that the stark incongruity of such mayhem has not smitten you in the face? The authentic spiritual does not grow in power and beauty by being inoculated with the characteristics of foreign idioms. It is emasculated by such a procedure and becomes a totally illogical hodge-podge. Bachian counterpoint foisted upon spirituals does not add to their strength and meaning, because they have a distinctively racy polyphony of their own. The refinements and the tricks of the harmonic systems evolved under the aegis of Occidental civilization do not improve either the quality or the effectiveness of the spirituals, because extraneous ingredients have a pronounced tendency to deprive the music of a large portion of its elemental puissance.

There are many who believe that the majestic Largo of Anton Dvorak's Symphony from the New World is a true spiritual; but, beautiful as the movement is, it lacks some of the salient features of Negro music. Even if we take for granted that the richly gifted Bohemian composer based his outpouring on tunes of the black race, careful study will, I confidently believe, compel us to admit that he brought into the world a cross between Negro and Bohemian, with the characteristics of the former distinctly subordinated to those of the latter. Therefore, the touching song, Goin' Home, which William Arms Fisher derived from the Largo, cannot be called a spiritual in the true sense of the word. The work has glint, pathos, and entrancing aroma; yet, at best, it is pinchbeck imitation. Criticism, with all its somersaults of words and logic, cannot argue this fact out of the world.

Hall Johnson

Some time ago, I took the liberty to urge that distinguished Negro, Hall Johnson, to write a work on the spirituals. I told him that, in my opinion, a book of this nature from his pen would render an invaluable service not only to his own race but also to the world of music at large. Mr. Johnson, a very busy and an exceedingly modest man, said that he would consider spending the years of his old age putting on paper what he has learned about the subject. I hope he has not forgotten what he told me, because when he presents the spirituals to us through the medium of his famous choir, he does so from the depths of an understanding heart. This distinguished musician, of whom both the Negroes and the whites of our country may justly feel proud, causes the music of his people to
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speak to us in a way which makes us respond involuntarily to its power and its fervor. When we hear the Hall Johnson Negro Choir under his dynamic and forceful leadership, it is no longer necessary for us to join in the question of that highly gifted Negro poet, Countee Cullen, who asked:

"Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black and bid him sing?"

Mr. Johnson has done much to help us gain some measure of understanding of songs that welled up out of the hearts of Negroes when they gathered together for the camp-meeting, songs in which they gave expression in their own forthright way to their hopes and their convictions, songs of which they unburdened themselves as they labored—some in tears and some in laughter—amid the cotton plants, songs in which they gave vent to their feelings while toiling on the levee or on the rock pile.

Yes, the spirituals of the Negroes are powerfully expressive. They run the entire gamut of the emotions of those whose collective joys and sorrows gave them birth. Many of them were conceived in travail and pain, many in that spirit of unleashed exuberance so characteristic of a race of which it has often been said that, in more than one respect, it has brought forth the happiest humans on earth.

There are many who look askance at Negro spirituals; but I, for my part, shall continue to praise them, because I am convinced that they are a substantial contribution to the important folk music of the world. Even such strictly secular songs as Dis Ol' Hammer Killed John Henry, The St. James Infirmary Blues, and Water Boy have a stirring melodic sweep.

Recent Recordings

Edward Alexander MacDowell. Suite No. 2 ("Indian"). The Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow.—A noted critic once remarked that MacDowell's Indians wear silk hats. In all probability, he meant to imply that the well-written Indian Suite does not overflow with elemental power. Many listeners will agree with his pronouncement; others will insist that MacDowell was a great composer. But it is significant that his music, with its interesting blending of Teutonic and Celtic elements, does not seem to be gaining ground. Columbia Album M-373.

Igor Stravinsky. Pétrouchka. The Philadelphia Orchestra under Leo-
pold Stokowski.—A magnificent performance of a work which has earned undying glory for its bold and forward-looking creator. Do not try to understand the vividly descriptive music without familiarizing yourself with the amusing little story on which it is based. Victor Album M-574.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Quartet No. 14, in G Major (K. 387). The Roth String Quartet.—Here we have one of the majestic masterpieces in the field of chamber music. The reading is shot through with penetrating understanding. Columbia Album M-374.


Sir Edward Elgar. Enigma Variations. The BBC Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult.—To your reviewer, these variations, in which the famous Englishman attempted to give sketches of himself and thirteen of his friends, smell strongly of the lamp. Victor Album M-475.

Guillaume Lekeu. Sonata in G Major for Piano and Violin. Hepzibah and Yehudi Menuhin.—When we hear this beautiful sonata, we realize how brilliant a light was snuffed out when the composer—a pupil of the great Cesar Franck—succumbed to typhoid fever in his twenty-fourth year. He was born in 1870. Victor Album M-579.


Mozart-Liszt. Don Juan Fantasy. Simon Barer, pianist.—The artist tosses off the formidable technical difficulties with amazing ease; but there are pianists who are endowed with a higher degree of sensitivity. Victor Album M-577.

Maurice Ravel. Gaspard de la Nuit. Walter Gieseking, pianist.—Ravel’s trenchant writing requires pianism of the highest order; but Gieseking is equal to the demands. The three compositions comprising the suite are Ondine, Le Gibet, and Scarbo. Columbia Album X-141.

Companions of Mars

WHAT WILL HAPPEN AND WHAT TO DO WHEN WAR COMES.

READ this timely and vitally significant book as soon as you are able to lay your hands on it! Urge your friends to do likewise! It is surcharged with powerful and effective propaganda against the utter futility and the downright madness of war.

Do you realize what will happen to you if our country becomes involved in the conflict which is now raging in other lands? Have you ever stopped to think that, if the unspeakable horrors of modern warfare descend upon us, you will become nothing more nor less than a cog in a vast machine? Do you know that "the day of voluntary citizenship-participation in war has gone"?

If greed or other sordid motives succeed in dragging the United States into the inferno which is now holding high carnival on more than one continent, "free speech, free press, free assembly, the profit system, labor organizations, the party system of government, perhaps Congress and the Constitution itself" will be tossed into the ashcan. The regimentation to which the totalitarian countries of the world have been subjected will swoop down upon us like a ravenous, surly, and hideous vulture. Our national debt, which has already soared to the staggering height of more than forty billions of dollars, will, in all likelihood, be doubled. You will be told exactly how much you must invest in war-bond issues, and, over and above this, you will be taxed to the breaking-point. You, your children, and your children's children will be compelled to pay and pay and pay. There will be heatless, sugarless, meatless, electricityless, butterless, and eggless days. There will be ration cards, Ersatz foods, Ersatz materials, and concentration camps. Malnutrition will bring disease and death. Propaganda will be dinned into your ears and set before your eyes in an
This little known study for the Head of Christ is one of the rare drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci. It is found in the Art Gallery at Venice. Leonardo has, undoubtedly, the power to bring genuine spirituality into everything which he touches.
Albrecht Duerer preserves the distinctive marks of German genius in his fine drawing, his analytical naturalism, his mighty and tormented art. The contrast between this and Da Vinci’s drawing is very striking.
Heinrich Saffer, a modern German artist, has painted a number of beautiful heads, but hardly any finer than this "Christ Praying." The head is one of the finest in modern painting.
Edward Von Gebhardt completed this picture "Christ Wandering through the World," in 1910. The face has a meditative, strong quality which is reminiscent of some of the older masters.
One of the finest heads of Christ in modern art is this, "The World's Gratitude," by the British artist, W. S. Burton. Christ is seen behind prison bars—under lock and key, lest He should reproach too closely the sin of the world. That symbolism is certainly not inferior to the technical value of the picture.
Ezio Ceccarelli took first prize with this plaster head of Christ called “Ecce Homo,” at the International Competition at Turin, in 1899. There are four or five reproductions of this beautiful “Head” to be found in America.
In 1900 Francesco Jerace produced this bust of Christ which is regarded by many as the most characterful of all modern treatments in marble. Unfortunately the photographic reproduction does not give the full view of the face.
To Domenico Morelli belongs the first place among Italian painters of the 20th century. Several of his best canvases are portrayals of Jesus. His "Christ Dying" has been called the most effective commentary ever written on "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the words which he has crudely worked into the background of the head of Christ.
unending stream for the purpose of compelling you to hate the enemy in the most efficacious manner. Secret police, organized after the fashion of the Russian OGPU, the German Gestapo, and the Italian OVRA, will dog your steps. Censorship of the most rigid kind will reign supreme. Dictatorship will hold tyrannical sway, perhaps never to be removed, because the inevitable aftermath of war carries with it problems even more serious, in many respects, than war itself.

The book is not the result of a brainstorm. The authors do not attempt to dole out sensational fare, nor is it their purpose to frighten you out of your wits. They present cold facts and logical deductions for your consideration. Basing their conclusions on what has been happening in other lands for a number of years as well as on our own experiences in "the war to end war," they tell you how the stock market is likely to fare if we set out on another crusade, how your property, your money, and your business will be affected. They discuss the possible and probable fate of your insurance policies. They point out in a strikingly emphatic manner that inflation, with all its unspeakable horrors, often follows in the wake of the frightfully expensive wars of modern times.

Soldiers, sailors, and civilians will be in grave danger at all times; but the welfare of the majority of those who stay at home will, of necessity, be subordinated to that of the fighting forces. In the field, in the air, and on the seas there will be butchery without quarter. The Atlantic and the Pacific are marvelous natural defences for our shores; but it is by no means a foregone conclusion that a resourceful and desperate foe will not be able to rain bombs upon many of our cities. We shall be forced to be on our guard against the terrible ravages of poison gas and against attempts to infect the cattle as well as the humans of our land with murderous bacteria. In short, war will be gruesome beyond the telling. There will be jubilant rejoicing when an armistice is finally signed; yet horror, brutality, and ironclad regimentation will not cease the moment the guns have been silenced. The dreadful waste occasioned by war will inevitably lead to a prostration of business and values infinitely worse than the appalling depression from which we are now beginning to emerge.

Yes, the sagacious authors paint a vivid picture of what is more than likely to happen if the people of the United States are catapulted into war; but they do not dwell extensively enough on the incontrovertible fact that lying, chicanery, suspicion, graft, persecution, and crime will rear their ugly heads and thrive in spite of the dictatorship which is bound to be established once the gates of Janus have been thrown wide.

May God, in His mercy, spare us the indescribable horrors of war!

Contents Noted


DO YOU like the sort of thing that is often regarded as business style and that runs about like this:
We are in receipt of your kind favor of recent date and thank you for the reservation contained therein, which we have booked in accordance with your valued wishes.

Assuring you of our appreciation of your kind indulgence and looking forward with extreme pleasure to your esteemed patronage, we beg to remain—?

If you think that is stilted, dusty, rubber-stamp patter, you feel about it as Mr. Frailey does. Such talk is one of the pet peeves that he has been airing in his "letter clinics" in business magazines for some years. Letter-writing is his specialty, and in this book he discusses what he regards as the essentials of good correspondence. While he is particularly concerned with business letters, much of what he says applies equally to letters of every other kind.

In the first place, then, Frailey feels that letters—including business letters—should be unaffected, human, and natural. "But," he warns, "I have not told you to put a lot of silly slang, or jazzy pep, or unwarranted familiarity into your letters. If you do that, don't blame me. You are simply being natural in the wrong way." Of slang, he says further, "As a rule, it is only an attempt of the letter writer to be clever and to cover up the smallness of his vocabulary." And that, it seems to us, pretty well characterizes the use of slang in general.

There are chapters on the use of simple, precise words, on the external appearance of letters, on planning one's course before putting pen to paper, on various ways of making a good start, on achieving unity, coherence, and continuity, on coming to a good close, on avoiding a variety of dangers. Then fifty selected letters are given which the author pronounces good. The book is easy to read because it is fluent and sensible and abounds in illustrations and anecdotes.

A few oddities occur. En passant Frailey resurrects the ancient "bow-wow theory" of the origin of language, seemingly thinking that he is its discoverer. Again, in a model letter which he offers, one reads, "The service which he (George Washington) rendered our republic, and his reputation for honest dealing have placed him on a pedestal which will forever endure." Doesn't that sound as if the pedestal were the main thing and as if its permanence deserved to be emphasized, regardless of whether George stays put on it or not? Then there is a specimen letter headed "To Our Salesmen," in which these worthies are urged to "march up to new peaks" and to "hold the torch high." Now we can appreciate an admonition to hold high the torch of, say, liberty or truth. But when it is a matter of selling more can openers or more dog food, those figures of speech do seem to us a bit—well, strained. Perhaps that is because we are not alive to the full glory of modern selling methods.

But however this may be, those who write business letters or have them written should find that an evening spent in the reading of Mr. Frailey's book has been pleasantly and profitably employed.
**Voice of the Exile**

**DEMOCRACY TODAY AND TOMORROW.** By Eduard Beneš, Former President of Czechoslovakia. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1939. 244 pages. $3.00.

Dr. Beneš, the founder, with President Masaryk, of the new Czechoslovakia, has not only given prosperity and order to his country, but has labored to establish order and peaceful procedures in Europe. For twenty years these efforts were successful, and his people honored him by making him successively Prime Minister and President of the Republic. Since the Nazi state fastened its hold on Czechoslovakia through the Munich Agreement, Beneš became an exile in America. The chapters of this book are made up of lectures delivered by him at the University of Chicago in 1938 and early in 1939.

Democracy Today and Tomorrow is more than a discussion of the democratic theory. It offers an analysis of the development of European states since the end of the World War, and in a vibrant style, as rich in vocabulary as it is forceful in diction, pleads the cause of democracy against the totalitarian conception of government. The Peace Treaties are analyzed by one friendly to the re-arrangement of European boundaries after 1918. While admitting that mistakes were committed after the war by both of the former opposing camps in their international policies, Dr. Beneš finds in the Peace Treaties "a gain for humanity morally and politically and an undoubted moral and political progress in the history of civilisation."

The author, in his analysis, overlooks the vindictiveness of many elements of the Versailles Peace. He is also too ready to concede the title democracy to the allied nations, one and all. In his opinion, democracy is motivated by moral and spiritual principles; and no indication is found in these chapters that European politics, even at its best, has (also since 1918) often fallen short of these ideals.

The most valuable part of this contribution to political discussion is the analysis of Fascism and Nazism offered in the fifth chapter. One is tempted to quote at length from the luminous exposition of these two philosophies, identified by the author to a large extent with the communistic. We are limited to brief excerpts. Reminding us of the monarchical claims of rulership "by the grace of God," Dr. Beneš designates as the fundamental concept of Fascism "the authority of the absolute, deified state." (This, of course, resembles very much the authority of the Communist class state.) Next the Fascist revolution must find "its leader, who then becomes the genuine expression of the national will, spirit, and conscience. Just as it identifies its party with the nation and state, by the same mysticism it identifies its leader with the state and nation. The leader, like the state, is surrounded by a curious, almost religious mysticism, by a sentimental and emotional halo. As he is identified with the state and nation, he is, like the state and nation, himself sovereign, infallible, the last authority, whose word is decisive in the end, at every time and
The contrast between the rulers in a democracy and the leaders in the Fascist nation can hardly be stated more luminously.

To the basic conceptions of Nazi philosophy—the idea that the history of mankind is simply a struggle of the higher race with the lower races, and the principle of blood and soil which accounts for the striving for a territorial expansion of the national socialist state—to these well-known ingredients of the national socialist theory the author adds a third, the concept of law, brought to our attention in the treatment of the Jews, the suppression of all political parties, and the struggle against Catholicism and Protestantism as collective social forces. Beneš asserts that in the last three years the German universities and all the faculties of law have been obliged to reject the ancient system of teaching of law and have been compelled to adopt the new Nazi definition as the basis for the creation of juridical thought and of every concept of law. Present-day Germany is being indoctrinated in the view that every race, every nation has its own peculiar law, the expression of its own individuality, its own nationality. The idea of a generally valid, abstract, formal law, detached from nationality and good for all mankind, is rejected as pernicious, impossible, simply nonexistent. "Law is everything that preserves and supports life and its growth, race, the German race, and its development and expansion; law is simply anything that profits the nation, the German nation." From this follows, in present-day Germany, complete sub-

The book is more than a record of personal observations by one who has had a hand in shaping recent European history; it is a valuable objective analysis of post-1918 conditions and of the theories of government which have resulted in the upheaval now threatening the very existence of Western civilization.

South Africa Klondike

**THE CITY OF GOLD.** By Francis Brett Young. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1939. 658 pages. $2.75.

In many ways the saga of the pioneers in South Africa resembles the American story. There is the virgin land and a warlike aboriginal population; early hardships, amazing exploits, and superhuman adventurers complete the romantic narrative. When the Dutch East India Company encouraged the immigration of Europeans between the years 1652 and 1690, the directors had little thought of the future trouble such a policy would cause the British Empire. Germans, Dutch, English, French Huguenots were thrown together in one unhappy amalgam. Had the Dutch Boers been a trifle more compromising in their political behavior, some of the strife could have been avoided. To complicate matters, there came the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley and of gold at Johannesburg.

*The City of Gold* tells the story of
John Grafton's three sons, Adrian, Piet, and Janse. The novel's background is the South Africa of the Transvaal. The time is the nineteenth century, just before the Boer War. John Grafton, an English fugitive, owns a farm on the Witwaterstrand. Here, at Wonderfontein, the name of the Grafton farm, John Grafton and his wife, Lisbet, wrestle a hard living out of an unproductive soil. The sons are dissatisfied with the farm's future. One by one they leave. Adrian becomes involved in Boer politics, Janse seeks gold in the north in the company of a Jew, Meninsky, and Piet sets himself up in the transport business.

Through the years each son experiences both the smiles and the frowns of fortune. Janse is almost killed in a harrowing trek to new gold fields (one of the most exciting episodes in the novel). Adrian becomes an intimate friend of Kruger, Oom Paul, the ruthless Boer head of the Dutch Republic. Piet turns into an opportunist of the worst sort, throwing in his lot with the empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes. Piet commits the unpardonable sin of betraying the location of Majuba Hill to the British troops. Throughout the novel there is this conflict of loyalties; for John Grafton is an Englishman, and his wife is Dutch.

Maria Grafton, daughter of John and Lisbet, becomes engaged to Richard Abberley, a British soldier. It is a tragic love affair. Young Abberley is killed by the Boers in a guerilla escapade. For many years Maria nurses her grief alone, until her brother Janse gains her confidence. But the wound is never wholly healed.

Overshadowing such personal events, indeed sweeping the story of these people almost into insignificance, there unfolds the drama of the growth of South Africa from a very tiny British domain into a mighty dominion. This growth is hastened by the discovery of gold on the Witwaterstrand. Johannesburg arises out of sheer nothingness. Cecil Rhodes attempts to unite the diverse elements which make up South Africa. Men grow rich overnight and just as quickly lose their fortunes. Kaffirs dig for diamonds and gold while the whites pocket the profits. Men plot and scheme to increase their holdings. Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato have it out in a memorable duel.

At the core of all this turmoil is the stubborn refusal of the older generation of Boers to permit the discovery and mining of gold. Led by their predikants of the old Dutch Reformed Church the Boers call maledictions upon the heads of the gold hunters. Oom Paul Kruger particularly despises the outsiders. Heavy taxes, discriminatory legislation of every sort, and unequal representation is the Boer's method of dealing with the Uitlanders.

In 1881 occurs the famous massacre of Majuba Hill when the Boers trap the British troops and mercilessly butcher the defenseless soldiers. Then comes Dr. Jameson's raid on Johannesburg at the close of 1895. The raid itself is a dismal failure, but it is a foreshadowing of Cecil Rhodes' determination to build an empire. The novel closes with the ominous clouds of the Boer War hanging on the horizon. The Graftons have grown
wealthy because of their holdings on the Witwaterstrand. The Boers are seemingly entrenched as a political power.

The novel teems with people and events. Cecil Rhodes is painted in a remarkably clear-cut manner. His brusqueness, his loyalty to friends of his youth, his dominating personality are all drawn by Mr. Young in a startling fashion. Rhodes' conception of the British Empire is illuminating. In the course of a heated conversation with Piet Grafton he says: "The Empire's bigger than any of them dream. It's a thing one can't destroy: as I told you before, when I quoted Ruskin's lecture, it represents a mode of thought, an ideal—the one I believe in... Do you know, my dear fellow, it wouldn't keep me awake if I thought that some day the Empire was going to be ruled from Ottawa or Sydney—or even New York, for that matter?"

As was stated earlier in the review, the sweeping events of South African history almost drown the stories of the individuals. Not quite, of course. Mr. Young is a storyteller who has mastered the craft of fiction writing. The story of Maria Grafton and Richard Abberley is one of the most beautiful in recent literature. The study of the Jew, Meninsky, is possibly the best character portrait in the novel. The various characterizations of the predikants, notably Mr. Henry Blair, are done in an understanding manner. And the story of Janse Grafton, who grew rich almost unwittingly because of his friendship with Meninsky, shows how an idealist and poet can really become wealthy, providing the time and circumstances are in perfect harmony.

This is a long novel. In it there is an implied defense of the British Empire and a sharp criticism of the Boer leaders. If the reader can tolerate the nobility of the British Empire (never too obtrusive in the novel), then this book should provide many evenings of solid, delightful reading. It is the second part of a trilogy on South Africa. The first section, They Seek a Country, appeared several seasons ago. One hopes that Mr. Young will write a concluding volume on the Boer War. Of all the recent novelists writing on South Africa—and there have been quite a number—Mr. Young is easily the best. He is thorough, sound, clean. Here is a novel every member of the family should be able to enjoy. It is romance and history on the grand scale.

For clarity's sake the publishers should have included a map of South Africa and a chronological table of historical events. None of the battles and none of the gold discoveries are dated. The reader, if he needs orientation, must turn to a reference work.

The Fourth Branch


The late Paul Y. Anderson, Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Star-Times, added considerably to the merriment of the world with his weekly dispatches to The Nation. After his death, Kenneth G. Crawford took over the job of keep-
The Nation's readers informed about the political coxcombery in the White House and Capitol. While lacking the biting wit and crusading zeal of Mr. Anderson, Kenneth G. Crawford does just as neat a job of deflating America's patriotic lobbyists. He illustrates for 300 pages the paradox which hamstrings definite social and economic progress.

The paradox is this: our constitution guarantees the right to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" to every American. But that is merely a theoretically inalienable privilege. The civil privilege of the right of holding and exploiting private is likewise guaranteed to every American. But it so happens that there is an increasing number of Americans who are joining the great army of the dispossessed through the workings of our capitalist system. Property which is falling into fewer hands seeks to influence or initiate legislation which will preserve its advantages. And here is where, as Mr. Crawford calls it, "the phantom fourth branch" of the government enters. "Subterranean forces, whose directions cannot be charted on a day-to-day basis, make and break legislation and legislators. All public men are influenced to some extent by pressure from groups expressing their wishes through what is known for want of a better label as lobbies. These lobbies are made up of individuals called lobbyists... These are the pressure boys. Their exploits are seldom recorded on the front page. They make no speeches in House or Senate... Their talents are devoted primarily to the protection of property."

There are about 6,000 lobbyists in Washington. It is their job to "watch the progress of legislation affecting their clients, undertake to promote, amend or defeat it, and finally, if it becomes law, they keep in touch with the enforcement agencies." There are "cause" lobbyists, the peace organizations, prohibitionists, women's rights groups, and dozens of others. But the main group, the business group, fights for the retention or increase of profits. The Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers are two of the main lobbies working night and day in Washington. According to the profit lobbies, all regulation is un-American. Whatever smacks of controlling business is unpatriotic.

Let's take the history of the utility holding company bill which caused a great deal of agitation in the summer of 1935. It is a matter of record that the Associated Gas & Electric Company paid three cents for every telegram sent to a congressman. The Committee of Utility Executives paid out $151,865 to stop or influence congressional hearings on the regulatory bill. Joseph Tumulty received $33,500 to lobby against the bill. Harold Hopson, head of the utility group, spent some $1,000,000 in a desperate attempt to stop passage. When a congressional committee tried to investigate his conduct, Hopson developed all kinds of ailments to avoid being served a subpoena. Edward P. Cramer confessed that he tried to sell the Electric Bond and Share Company the idea of inspiring a "whispering campaign designed to create the popular suspicion that the New Dealers and
particularly the New Dealer-in-chief are either incompetent or insane." Later on this Mr. Cramer admitted "there was a whispering campaign started to try to convince the people of this country that the President was both physically and mentally weak."

Former Senator Hugh Black made out a devastating case against the utilities. The regulatory bill passed. But the utility lobby is still working. Stick around the Capitol corridors or cocktail lounges and you'll see the pressure boys in action.

Another lobby, delightful to watch if one is willing to forget the consequences, is the patriotic lobby headed by none other than our old friend Martin Dies. The American Fascists could find no better friend. Recently, noted Communists and Fascists have been testifying before the Committee. Underneath all this testimony is the desire of the Committee and its friends to label all political radicals and minorities as "Communistic." The patriotic pressure boys know that whatever is labelled "Communistic" is destroyed. Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, and Governor Elmer Benson of Minnesota were defeated by the Dies committee. We do not question for one moment the sincerity of the men who constitute the committee. But if the pressure boys have no other way to protect their profits, they go to the Dies Committee and receive help. The facts are all in the book.

These are just a few of the samples. Do you want to know who sponsors Listerine, Doane's Kidney Pills, Mentholatum, and the Movies in Congress? Here's the directory. True, a Congressman no longer receives an outright donation. He is the recipient of a much better bribe: re-election. How are we to cure the pernicious evil of the pressure boys? It's hard to pass a law regulating the lobbyists. The best way to nullify the influence of property groups in Congress is to organize and inform the low income groups. The hard-pressed middle classes must learn that their destiny is bound up with the workers and farmers. The axiom that wealth flows up from the roots not down from the leaves must be relearned. These are some of the cures Mr. Crawford offers the angry reader. The book lacks an index, a feature indispensable in a volume of this sort.

Unconscious History


The first sections of this book were published by Freud in German in 1937. The third part bears a prefatory note in which the author refers to "the exceptionally great difficulties" which weighed on him during its composition. One fear he had was that he might, by its publication, lose the protection of the Catholic Church which he still enjoyed. Then came the German invasion and with the loss of most of his belongings Freud fled to England. There he died, in September of this year, a few months after Moses and Monotheism was published. He was then occupied with another work treating the biblical characters by the method of psycho-analysis. Though one is inclined to
view with some tolerance the last literary production of a man whose life went out in such deep distress, we shall have to judge of the book as any philosopher would want to have his work judged, that is, objectively.

In order to understand the author's procedure in *Moses and Monotheism*, we must remind ourselves of Freud's assumption that there is in the mind a great area best described as the Unconscious. It supplies the motives for many human acts, committed and repressed. Its great driving impulse he believed to be the sex instinct, not as it manifests itself in the adult, but through the impressions it leaves darkly in the child mind. To this influence he traced a whole series of paradoxical attitudes such as his observation that love often is only hate disguised. In the recognition and understanding of these sources he found the cure for the maladjustments that they produced. In his last book, he treats the history of the religion of Israel as something of a recapitulation of the experiences of the individual. One must understand that Freud himself was entirely irreligious. He held definitely that religion is a kind of neurosis of mankind and that one may explain "its grandiose powers in the same way as we should a neurotic obsession in our individual patients." He holds that there was in Israel a dormant tradition of the religion of Moses and that after centuries of latency, this religion again came to the surface. He states it thus: The Jewish people "passed through conflicts of a sexual aggressive nature, which left permanent traces, but which were for the most part warded off and forgotten; later, after a long period of latency, they came to life again and created phenomena similar in structure and tendency to neurotic symptoms." (Page 126.)

**IN SUPPORTING** this fantastic theory, Freud assumes the existence of two Moseses. One of these was an Egyptian who brought the religion of the reformer-Pharaoh Ikhnaton to the Jewish tribes; and a much later Moses, who became a Jewish leader. The first Moses, he believes, had met a violent death at the hands of a rebellious people. This preposterous reconstruction—which is purely theory and for which Freud does not adduce a single passage of Scripture or of profane history—is buttressed by appeals to source material that make a soul sensitive to historical values suffer agonies. He makes the first Moses transmit to the Jewish people the religion of Ikhnaton—a Pharaoh who ruled Egypt several centuries later. He draws parallels in etymology between the Egyptian Aton, the Hebrew Adonai, and the Syrian Adonis, which is nearly as bad as when a few pages later he traces a similarity between Jahve (Jehovah) and the Latin Jupiter, Jovis. He declares that the Exodus "passed off peacefully and without pursuit. The authority of Moses made it possible." The adherents which the Egyptian Moses brought with him were "the original Levites." The book fairly bristles with inconsistencies. At one time details regarding the life of Moses are treated as authentic history while other details in the book of Exodus are treated as myth, some of it as "a
later and rather clumsy treatment of the legendary material." The Second Moses "forced the Jews to adopt a new religion"—a statement for which as little proof is supplied as for the murder of the First Moses by a riotous people. He does in one instance use the ugly word "falsification" for part of the Mosaic record. Only once, in a footnote on page 37, Freud expresses some misgivings about his method of proof: "When I use Biblical tradition here in such an autocratic and arbitrary way, draw on it for confirmation whenever it is convenient, and dismiss its evidence without scruple when it contradicts my conclusions, I know full well that I am exposing myself to severe criticism concerning my method and that I weaken the force of my proofs." Freudian psychology has in the past ten years lost much of its standing among students of the human mind. It required a book like Moses and Monotheism to lay bare the arbitrary and baroque theorizing on which the system has been built up.

Road to War


H C. PETERSON in this large and well-printed volume submits his findings of an intensive study of the reasons back of America's entrance into the World War. It is a scholarly work. It has a bibliography which is more than a memorandum of titles encountered by the author in his research. It lists some documents, the very existence of which have been unknown even to the specialist in modern history. The author's search led him to a depository of the British Museum, where clerks had previously stated there was nothing of interest, and where he uncovered a whole series of printed reports from Wellington House, the special British bureau which was organized to carry on propaganda in the United States during the World War. These reports were the American Press Resume, and revealed the actual results of Great Britain's propaganda in America in the war period. They were prepared solely for the British cabinet members, and are published in Propaganda for War for the first time. These things are mentioned in order to assure our readers that Prof. Peterson's book is not just another volume called forth by the present international situation. It is a book that had to be written sometime, and the sooner the better.

The entrance of the United States into the World War is here sketched step by step and the effect which the reading has on any person endowed with average moral sensibilities is one of rising anger at the machinations which brought us into the war in 1917. In a word, it was British propaganda plus a fatuous insistence of President Wilson on policies that could only lead to our embroilment, whether the President realized it or not. The main purpose of British propaganda in the years of neutrality may be defined as an effort to create a climate of opinion which would cause the United States to assist the
Allies in fighting Germany. The immediate task of British propagandists was to make an ordinary political power struggle appear to be a fight between the forces of good and evil. Beyond this, they must make the Allies' cause appear to be America's cause—there must be developed a belief in the identity of interests between the United States and Great Britain. Every possible effort was made to make Americans feel that the war was "our fight." Prof. Peterson has traced out the details by which this scheme was put into execution and supplies in his footnotes, title, chapter, and page for every allegation. "Propaganda had created an intolerance in America comparable with that in any of the warring nations. Anglophiles and Francophiles had all the fervor of religious converts and looked upon anyone who disagreed with them as utterly devoid of decency." Millions were actually convinced that their entrance was not to be viewed simply "as a defense of the freedom of the seas, even against submarine attack, but as a great crusade to end war, a championship of democracy against autocracy, a kind of religious war which laid the foundation for that current conflict of ideologies which threatens new wars."

Prof. Peterson submits the authentic data regarding the ammunition carried by the Lusitania and regarding the loans which were extended to the Allies. He traces Wilson's insistence that the prosecution of a world war could not be permitted to interfere with American rights of trade and travel. It made no difference whether the ships were in a war zone; it made no difference whether the ships belonged to one of the belligerents; it made no difference whether the ships were armed or unarmed. He demanded authority to supply our merchant ships with cannon. What he insisted on in February, 1917 at the price of war, was the right of Americans to travel in the war zone (1) on foreign ships of belligerent nationality, (2) on foreign ships which were armed, and (3) on foreign ships carrying munitions and other supplies of war.

The author has had no preachments in order to impress the meaning of his investigation upon the American people of 1939. There is no need of that.

Prof. Peterson's purpose was not to prove a thesis, but to establish historical facts. Comparing the attitude of our administration in the fall of 1939 with Wilson's policy in 1917, especially regarding the maritime rights of neutrals, it does seem as if at least one lesson has been learned.

German propaganda and sabotage is treated in a separate chapter. Also this section is fully documented. Possibly there is a lesson for Americans of German descent in the reminiscences called up by the following paragraph:

"In addition to the professional writers who were enlisted by Dernburg's organization, there was at first a large number of German-Americans who entered the lists. These volunteer propagandists continually injured the German cause. Their vociferous defense of Germany offended where it
was supposed to have gained sympathy. 'In their ardor to defend the German viewpoint and their own reputation as desirable American citizens, many... of them overstepped the bounds of discretion and common sense, and thus added new fuel to the flames.' After Bryan had left the administration, German-Americans flocked to his speeches en masse and by their presence made it possible to label him with the hated epithet 'pro-German.' Embargo and peace meetings were also ruined by their support. Their bombastic, brassy attitude made enemies for them right and left. The truth may have been on their side, but after hearing them expound it, Americans became advocates of error. It is very surprising that these people could have lived in the United States for years without ever understanding American ways of thinking. Their assistance was of no importance and the damage they did was incalculable.'

Great Pictures

*A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES,* edited by Thomas Craven (Simon and Schuster, $10.00).

One may argue about preferring the art criticism of Clarence Bullett to that of Thomas Craven, but that would practically end all argument about the splendors of this latest book on Art. Twenty technicians and photographers worked for six years in order to produce the great color plates which make up this book and nearly fourteen million plates were examined separately by color experts. Nearly two million were finally discarded as below the standards of reproduction set for the volume.

As far as book making is concerned this is surely one of the greatest undertakings of modern times. One hundred thousand copies were printed before publication and since each volume weighs a little bit more than eight pounds is meant that nearly one million pounds of paper were used for the first editions alone. The Conde Nast Press and the Conde Nast Engravers deserve boundless credit for the make-up of the book. To the American Book Bindery went the task of putting it together in such fashion that any plate could be removed by following the three black dots.

It is obviously impossible to engage upon a review of the Art masterpieces which are included in this volume—they run all the way from Giotto to Grant Wood—in between there is that gorgeous, living and breathing color which has made the reproduced pictures loved by men and nations for centuries. The comments all around have been overwhelming in their praise. Thomas Hart Benton says it neatly, "The beauty it carries overcomes the squalid stink of the moment. It made me forget the world is run by the insane, the vicious, and the mean. In absolute sincerity I tell you I have never seen anything so beautiful in so compact a form apart from the actual masterpieces themselves." For the great majority who have been denied the opportunity to see most of these masterpieces, (and there are very few who have seen them all)
this is the chance of a lifetime. This book has the power to become an endless treasury from which inspiration, culture and beauty may flow into the dullest life.

The investment may seem large, but compared with what this book can give the investment is not worth talking about. The ordinary layman need not be afraid that he will be frightened away by technical discussions of derivations, influences, techniques, etc. Thomas Craven knows how to write. His comment might be criticized because it does not pay enough attention to the human side of the painter but, beyond that, one must stand in amazement before the broad understanding of a man who must have worked and re-worked the comment for these one hundred and forty-four masterpieces. Each comment fits perfectly on the page directly opposite the color plate. Each comment is spaced so carefully that there is not a variation of three lines from page to page. Even the religious paintings, which are so often mishandled, are, in this volume, handled with an unprecedented understanding. Everything that he says is enthusiastic without being gushy, and his comments are constantly penetrating and stimulating.

Not since Random House came out with "Adventures in Light and Color" by Charles Connick, have we had such color work, but those prints were made in France. "Roma Sacra," by Peter Sinthern, S. J. was published fifteen years ago, but its color photography is practically on a plane with this book, but that too, was done in Vienna and we have had nothing like it in America. The tremendous amount of money spent by Life and Fortune in recent years on color reproductions is finally beginning to bring color into its own with the art loving American. The only hope that one might express is that Simon and Schuster will feel it worth while to continue publishing still more books of this type. To combine the glories of color with understandable, brisk, and well-written comment ought to fill them with a glow of pride and add immeasurably to the cultural possibilities of everyone in America, or anywhere else where English is read and Art is loved.

Science, says President Hutchins, tells us how to get wherever we’re going; it does not tell us where to go. "Men may employ science for good or evil purposes; but it is the men who have the purposes, and they do not learn them from their scientific studies." If airplanes are good in themselves, and there are no goods above them, then we are doomed to live, or, more certainly, to die, in a world of Addis Ababas, Nankings, and Barcelona. —Harper’s Magazine, April, 1939.
A brief glance at books published during the month preceding the date of publication of The Cresset.

THE MEXICAN CHALLENGE

Those who want to become acquainted with what is going on in a land which, according to Mr. Kluckhohn, "is the only country in the world unanimously praised by Stalinists, Trotskyists, Hitlerites, and a certain restricted group of American liberals" will find a wealth of comment and enlightenment in this volume. The author, a correspondent for the New York Times, has much to say about the activities of dynamic Lazaro Cardenas and other Mexican notables. In a straightforward manner, he discusses such important matters as the oil business, the attitude of the United States, the intrigue carried on by totalitarian powers, education, land distribution, labor, and the relation existing between church and state.

CHRIST IN CONCRETE

Strictly speaking, this is not a novel but a collection of five episodes loosely tied together by the common theme of the Job. Geremio is a bricklayer on a shoddy construction job. He is killed on the Job. His widow and eight children are left destitute and unprovided for. The remaining episodes tell how Paul hunts a Job, slowly learning, in a cruelly competitive world, the Job of bricklaying. Rather than being a story, the novel is a rhapsodic account of the privations and joys that come to the American proletarian. The one god, the one element around which the worker's life is spun, is the Job. If there is no work, starvation, sorrow, tragedy. The reader shares the joys and griefs of Geremio's widow, Annunziata, whose children must remain undernourished and whose life in a tenement is a succession of tragic events. Unpolished, technically awkward, nevertheless the writing is lifted above the ordinary by Di Donato's burning inner conviction of the sacredness of
work. It is not belittling the novel to say that it has been overpraised. The story is not sustained. At times its lyricism palls and one longs for straight narration. Some day Pietro Di Donato will write a very good novel.

**INDIA RUBBER MAN: THE STORY OF CHARLES GOODYEAR**

By Ralph F. Wolf. The Caxton Printers, Ltd. Caldwell, Idaho. 291 pp. 1939. $3.00

The story of one of America's ten greatest inventors is told here for the first time in a completely documented fashion. Charles Goodyear had to endure the usual amount of misfortune and ridicule America heaps on its inventors. To this day there is uncertainty as to just how Charles Goodyear made his epoch-making discovery of vulcanizing caoutchouc just one hundred years ago. Ralph Wolf uses Goodyear's own narrative to describe the discovery of vulcanization. Charles Goodyear carelessly touched some gum-elastic against a hot stove and noticed that it charred, thereby losing its native adhesiveness. In a comparatively short time Goodyear was able to make commercial use of his discovery. But England refused to honor the rubber man. In America rival manufacturers stole Goodyear's patents. Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster had it out tooth and nail over the true inventor of India rubber. Charles Goodyear died a relatively poor man. This biography ought to fill a gap, even though written in an uninspired manner.

**THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILOISM**

By Hermann Rauschning. Longmans, Green and Company, New York. 300 pages. $3.00

This is a volume which has aroused wide and startled attention during the past three months. Although one of our associates is now preparing an extended review, we wish to bring it to the attention of our readers in the monthly survey. Herr Rauschning was at one time a member of the Nazi Party and president of the Danzig Senate. A few years ago he left the Party, relinquished his political position, and went into exile to think things over. The present volume is the result.

Rauschning's thesis is that Nazism is nothing but world revolution. According to his definition, "Nihilism" is the complete absence of all principle except expediency and lust for power. His approach carries such sinister implications for the Western world that we shall reserve comment for a later review.

The heart of the matter lies in the following statement by the Prussian Conservative von Radowitz which Herr Rauschning quotes at the end of his book: "We, perhaps with the whole of the world today, shall not regain healthy political existence or find any sure footing amid the ferment of the times, until the governments frankly and freely disavow the perilous heritage of the revolution, that true shirt of Nessus, modern state absolutism; and until they bear witness by word and deed that it is only the service of the idea of right,
and the preservation of peace at home and abroad, that God has imposed on rulers as their duty."

**DICTATORSHIP**

By Alfred Cobban. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 352 pages. $3.75.

This is a careful, scholarly study of the concept of dictatorship. Mr. Cobban demonstrates that it is the end product of a long series of developments based on the modern theory of the sovereign state. For an understanding of our times this book is most illuminating and quite important. His closing paragraph summarizes his world-view. "One thing we can say with assurance. The long peace in the quiet harbours of the past, the cautious coasting from one known point to another known point, is ended. Perhaps it was always an illusion. The Western world is adrift, and all humanity has cut from its anchors. Through what channels, and driven by what winds and tides we came to this point, it is possible to see; and the attempt to understand some at least of the forces that have carried the Western world onward is not a profitless task, for the same winds have not ceased to blow. Only through a sounder comprehension of the real social and political bases of our civilization can we hope to gain any effective control over its course, and to the attempt at a clearer understanding of one very important group among these is this book dedicated."

**CHRISTMAS**

Edited by Randolph E. Haugan. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 72 pages. $1.00.

Undoubtedly Christmas is one of the outstanding publishing ventures in America. For nine years Augsburg Publishing House has made this splendid contribution to the celebration of Christmas throughout the English speaking world. The current volume contains Christmas articles, stories, pictures, and verse. It is our impression that a few of the reproductions are not as clear as they might be. We also have our misgivings about a number of the illustrations used in connection with the fiction published in the volume. These are, however, merely minor blemishes in a gorgeously edited and printed publishing achievement.

*Modern War*

"They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason."—Ernest Hemingway
The OCTOBER Magazines

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

The Atlantic Monthly

Rumania or the Baltics Next?
By Walter Duranty

Last month we called attention to Mr. Duranty's article on Poland, and we ventured the prediction that he was substantially correct in his assertions regarding Poland. This month the noted correspondent sends a wireless from Rumania on the condition of that unfortunate nation, which is now hemmed in by Soviet Russia and Hungary. The average Rumanian is not as volatile or overconfident as the Pole. He seems to be more practical. Fact of the matter is that if the Rumanians can make a good deal with the Nazis they will do just that and let London and Paris go hang. In a similar manner Mr. Duranty discusses Hungary's predicament, which seems to be bad indeed. The Balts have an undying hatred for things Russian. If Herr Hitler were to invade any of the Baltic states, it is almost certain the Letts and Esthonians would fight the invader to the last drop of blood. By the time this issue appears much of the material in the article may have been—shall we say, proved?

Birth Control: The Case for the State
By Don Wharton

Birth Control: The Case for the Catholic
By Father Francis J. Connell

The October issue of the Atlantic is worth its price for these two articles alone. Mr. Wharton and Father Connell have it out over the issues raised in a previous article by Eduard C. Lindeman on birth control. A schoolboy, we are certain, would quickly see that Father Connell gets the best in his round with Mr. Wharton. Don Wharton argues from the tricky premise of present advantages. Father Connell takes the long range view and discusses the moral
angle of birth control. His logic demolishes all of Mr. Wharton's contentions. In addition, Father Connell effectively quotes Holy Scripture to prove his points. While we do not agree that marriage is a sacrament, the issue he raises in the following words is worth pondering: “For, according to Catholic belief, every marriage of two baptized persons, irrespective of their particular creed, is a sacrament—that is, a medium of supernatural enlightenment and strength, elevated to this dignity by Jesus Christ. And through the efficacy of the sacrament of matrimony the Christian husband and wife are linked together in a spiritual union similar to that which exists between Christ and His Church—to use the analogy proposed by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, 5. 23)—and receive therefrom divine help required for fidelity to the obligations of their state.”

The Pension Pool

By Arthur Pound

Next to neutrality, the biggest issue in current American affairs is pensions for the aged. Here is a sober discussion of the financial aspects of the issue. There is today a vast army in America which already is drawing pensions, the grand total of pensioners in the United States is 3,024,780. Many are government pensioners, some receive pensions from their savings, and others are carried by organizations to which they have paid dues. The average pension paid to each individual is $434 a year. But there are millions outside the fold. What about them? Read the article.

Fortune

How Can the U.S. Achieve Full Employment?

A Round Table of 17 prominent men, drawn from many walks of life, has come to the conviction that unemployment, which constitutes the most pressing domestic problem in the U.S., is both unnecessary and curable. The slack employment of today, they agree, is due to many specific uneconomic policies of business, of labor, of agriculture, and of government itself, which have acted as deterrents to employment. They do not believe that either social legislation or government spending, by itself, is the democratic way of remedying the situation, but that, rather, the primary aim of the four groups named should be the encouragement of production and of private investment. This will involve: that business adopt price and wage policies which will increase purchasing power; that labor consider the effect of its wage policies on the volume of production; that agri-
culture confront the problem of permanent overcapacity and pay the same attention to pricing as industry and labor; and that government, in addition to preventing abuses, constantly encourage private investment. The adoption of these procedures evidently will depend largely on the willingness of individuals and groups to subordinate special interests to the general welfare and to accept the principle of mutual interdependence and cooperation.

Revolution in Radio
A new development has appeared in radio which threatens to make every present radio broadcasting station and every present radio receiving set obsolete. This is the Armstrong system of frequency modulation (FM). Armstrong, after Marconi, is the biggest name in radio. The novelty of this latest invention of his lies in the fact that, whereas in amplitude modulation, the present mode of broadcasting, the wavelength remains the same while the power varies with each sound impulse, it is the voltage, in FM, which remains constant while the wavelength varies with the volume of sound. Among the practical advantages which FM has over the present method are these: it sidesteps static completely; it gives such high-fidelity reception that the best present stations sound flat and scratchy in comparison; it operates on less power; and it eliminates station interference even on the same wave lengths, so that there could be as many high-powered stations as the U.S. economy cares to support. It is easy to understand why RCA and other major powers in the field have not, so far, shown any great eagerness to adopt this new development, which will cross-cut the entire technology of the radio industry, but it is to be expected that FM will sooner or later impose itself and supplant the present set-up.

Forum
Apostles of Defeat
By Isabel Lundberg

"The United States has become the happy hunting ground of a flock of refugee statesmen, driven like birds to these shores by Europe's political storms." There is ex-Chancellor Bruening of Germany, ex-President Beneš of Czecho-Slovakia, ex-Prime Minister Negrín of Spain, ex-Prime Minister Kerensky of Russia, and a numerous crew of lesser lights. All these are here only "temporarily," they give us to understand. They expect to return to power by and by, provided, of course, that we show a heart for democracy, jus-
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nine advertising on the radio probably do more to disgust people with business and with advertising in general than any other factor?

Should Public Schools Teach the "Facts of Life"?—A Debate

I. Yes: to Fill a Vital Need

By Ellsworth B. Buck

Such teaching is necessary because many young people, mainly because of ignorance, suddenly find themselves propelled into tragic situations which result in lifetimes of remorse and shame. Most parents cannot give the needed instruction in an unembarrassed and unemotional way. Nor can the Church well do it. Only the schools are in a position to teach sex rationally and understandingly to all the children, without embarrassment to pupil or teacher.

II. No: to Avoid Emotional Chaos

By George J. Lent and Francis S. Moseley

The Teachers Alliance, representing 9,300 New York City teachers, has found Mr. Buck's suggestions unsound. Educational research has established that classroom sex instruction involves pedagogical difficulties that are absolutely insurmountable. It is not ignorance that leads young...
people astray, and there is no way of teaching a class of, say, forty high school children, with all their individual differences and varied stages of maturity, the facts of sex in any fashion that will not do more harm than good. Such a course is almost certain to become to the children “an officially approved course in smut.”

Harper’s

Old People: A Rising National Problem
By Roy Helton

This article discusses the problems created by the fact that there are now more people of 20 to 65 in our population, and fewer under 15, than at any time in forty years. The general attitude toward the ageing is wrong as is also their own attitude toward age. “Compulsory retirement is creeping downward, for the ageing have not been contending for the right to work, but only for the right not to work.” The author suggests a solution of the problem “in terms of what they really need,” a social security which money alone can never give. E. B. White in his column happily complements this article with an imitable description of a meeting of Townsendites addressed by the doctor himself. The timeliness of these discussions is obvious. On November 7 California will again vote on the “Ham and Eggs” proposition and current reports indicate that the possibilities for its adoption are not at all remote.

The Future of the British Empire
By C. Hartley Grattan

What is the future of the British Empire which now occupies twenty-six per cent of the world’s land surface and contains twenty-two per cent of the world’s people? As a foundation for his answer to this question, the author presents an exceptionally lucid account of the British Empire and of its colonial policies. It is this feature of the article which gives it real value. The author does not believe that a general war will bring about the “fall of the British Empire,” but that the processes and forces now at work within the Empire will gradually and eventually lead to the disappearance of the Third British Empire-Commonwealth and to the rise of a Fourth Organization, “less tightly integrated than the present one.” War may accelerate these tendencies but cannot change them.
THE RAINS CAME (20th Century-Fox)

Darryl F. Zanuck is at it again. He out-hurricanes and out-catastrophes everything from a Kansas tornado to a Japanese earthquake. Louis Bromfield's novel of the same name was a natural for Hollywood. In the novel there were a dozen or so Europeans and the usual number of Indian extras wandering around India. Through the attrition of the customary Indian catastrophes, some of the characters are "changed," others are drowned by the welter of events. In the screen version of the novel there had to be a lot of telescoping, with the result that catastrophes dominate almost every line and gesture. Myrna Loy as Lady Esketh seems decidedly out of place in this Ranchipur business. Tyrone Power as Major Safti reads his lines lifelessly, and George Brent as Tom Ransome carries little conviction. Several moral lapses are discreetly mentioned and then forgotten. The reviewer cannot recommend this movie for the simple reason that it is bad art, and bad art is a waste of time. If, however, you want to see how clever and brilliant our Hollywood cameramen and technicians are, then this movie might be worth the price of admission.

THE STAR MAKER (Paramount)

Ever since your movie detective's kid brother started imitating Bing Crosby's crooning, there has been murder in the air. True, Bing doesn't croon any more. That went with the coming of the New Deal. Here he sings. He also goes through the paces of a story about Gus Edwards, America's great vaudevillian, who discovered Eddie Cantor and Walter Winchell. Besides the inimitable Ned Sparks there's Walter Damrosch ("Music Appreciation Hour"), who beams benevolently on Linda Ware as she yodels to the accompaniment of an orchestra. There
are scores of talented youngsters in the movie. If you like to hear “School Days” and “In My Merry Oldsmobile” sung in the usual throat-catchy manner, take the children.

**GOLDEN BOY (Columbia)**

Columbia pictures almost without fail have a touch of America that rings true. Thank Frank Capra and Robert Riskin for that. Here is the movie adaptation of Clifford Odets’ play about Joe Bonaparte, a prize fighter who would rather play the violin. William Holden, a recent discovery, is satisfactory as long as he’s in the ring using his fists. The minute he must carry the business of the play he grows wooden. Adolphe Menjou as Joe’s manager, and Barbara Stanwyck as the girl Joe loves are very good. In the stage version Joe commits suicide. The Hollywood ending is different and, strangely enough, better. The photography is marvelous. When the camera must photograph the action of those scenes which are outside the ring, the story lags. Someone ought to make a law that a stage production cannot be photographed. Stage and screen are two entirely different mediums.

**NURSE EDITH CAVELL (RKO)**

This is a British production released in the United States—no, beg your pardon. Believe it or not, this picture was made in Hollywood, not Elstree. Someone ought to investigate Hollywood’s pro-British bias. Anyway, this is the deftest bit of propaganda for Neville Chamberlain and the British balance-of-power we’ve seen in many moons. *Four Feathers* is mild tosh in contrast. The spiked helmets, the villainous German officers, and the beautiful Edith facing the bloodthirsty firing squad are sure to make us write our senators to vote no on the embargo of arms. Anna Neagle plays Nurse Cavell in a restrained manner. No bosom-heaving dramatics. But the movie contradicts history. Edith Cavell was over fifty at the time she was arrested in Belgium for helping British soldiers escape through her underground railway. If you can swallow Edith’s nobility and tolerate the Huns, we’ll let you see the movie because it is a good one. But don’t take the youngsters. They’re sure to demand America’s immediate entry into the war. Zasu Pitts contributes a brilliant bit of acting as the Belgian barge woman. This merely confirms our ancient opinion that she is one of America’s greatest film actresses.

**THE REAL GLORY (Samuel Goldwyn–United Artists)**

Here’s Gary Cooper fighting bloodthirsty Moros in the Min-
The CRESSET

danaon jungle of the Philippines. America finds it necessary to teach a group of Philippine constables how to keep order among the savage knife-slinging Filipinos. Unfortunately the Moros prefer to run things their own way. Result: blood-curdling scenes, marrow-scraping screeches. Despite the high-sounding dedication with which Sam Goldwyn prefaces the movie, *The Real Glory* is a super-Zane Grey thriller transferred from Wyoming to the Philippines. Honestly, we long for a Frank Capra movie about Punkin Center.

*I STOLE A MILLION*
*(Universal)*

Your reviewer has always wondered what he would do with $1,000,000 illegally acquired. That’s why he went to see what George Raft did with his million. Claire Trevor could have been a big help. It was a terrible evening we spent in the local cinema palace, simply terrible. To add humiliation to rage, there was a Bobbie Breen movie. All this should furnish an excellent text to people who have the bright notion they can discover a great movie among Class B, C, D, and F productions. True, it was thus that *A Great Man Votes* and *Nine Days A Queen* was discovered, but the cost, all in all, is terrific: frazzled nerves, bloodshot eyes, ringing ears. Moral: read these reviews before you dig down for forty cents to see a movie.

**LADY OF THE TROPICS**
*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

In the line of duty as a reviewer this movie was observed chiefly to discover why Hedy Lamarr is America’s current aberration. Robert Taylor was in the neighborhood, too, acting worse than a cigar store Indian. And Hedy? Her best friend is her camera man. She would have been a success in the pre-talkie days. Plot? The usual stuff about native girl falling for noble white man. Stay away and you’ll thank us.

*What Is a Classic?*

“A classic is produced by the co-operation of the public with the author. A classic is a work which is fit to enter into permanent relations with a large section of mankind.”—O. W. FIRKINS
LETTERS
to the
EDITOR

Isolationist

SIR:

I cannot help but answer the letter from Elmira, Ontario, which urged us to lend at least our moral support to the conflict in Europe. As Americans we have one very good and sound reason for not doing that, namely that the matter does not concern us in the least, however it may affect us. I quote from the letter "The British are ready to defend democratic principles." Has our correspondent never heard of that ironical slogan of the last war, "Save the World for Democracy"? That certainly is answer enough to any such statement concerning England's motive in this war at present.

To most Americans, it is quite apparent that the great powers in Europe are fighting each other for supremacy, afraid that one will become more powerful than the other, afraid that the other will get some possessions which had been taken by force. If our Canadian friend will read up her history of England since World War I, she will find England's record of aggression as black as any in Europe, including Germany's. For example: England bombed the tribes on the northwest frontier of India from 1920-1939, all for the purpose of "enlarging" the Empire. She supported Japan against the United States at the time of the Manchurian invasion of 1931. Although the greatest power in the world, she failed to deal effectively with the ill-famed Italian aggression in Ethiopia in 1935. She broke the Balfour promise of a Jewish homeland in Palestine this last year. Those are just a few examples. Let us not forget the Boer War in South Africa, one of the cruelest and most unjustified aggressions in the history of England. France, Germany, Poland, Italy, all have a similar record. Just what is democracy under such circumstances?

As to the statement that Hitler is out to conquer the world, that remains to be proved. In fact, there seems to be every indication that he has his hands full attempting to keep Germany and its possessions under his control, much less the rest of the world.

No, in spite of all propaganda, either good or bad, we want nothing to do with matters which do not concern us in the least.

AN AMERICAN

Saint Louis, Missouri

Power and Peace

SIR:

Page twelve of the October CRESSET contains a statement I like—not only do I like it, but I believe it—and
because I believe it I find peace and happiness and the energy to carry forward my work. "I know only that God is, that Christ died (physically but lives spiritually) that there is no hope without Him, and no peace, that the angels of death fly more quickly now, that the Church has greater responsibility in a world that has lost all responsibility, and that, despite hate and hell, the City of God will stand."

GRETA S. DEFFENBAUGH
Chicago, Illinois

Co-ops in North Dakota

Sir:

The October issue of The Cresset received and read with interest. The timely topics, editorials, and reviews of literature should certainly be read by all.

Referring to article headed "Co-op Five and Ten" on pages eight and nine: In the last paragraph on page nine we read, "In one state of the Union, North Dakota, the Co-ops sell more gasoline and oil than all the major corporations. This statement is wrong.

Here are the correct figures as taken from Bulletin #58, entitled "North Dakota Regulatory Department, Oil Inspection Division," dated May, 1939.

Per cent of total of Gasoline received by principal companies operating in North Dakota during 1938:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company</th>
<th>% of Total</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Standard Oil Co.</td>
<td>29.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Farmers Companies and Co-ops</td>
<td>15.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas Company</td>
<td>9.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.</td>
<td>6.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities Service</td>
<td>4.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westland Oil Co.</td>
<td>2.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deep Rock Oil Corp</td>
<td>0.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All other Companies</td>
<td>32.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From above figures you can plainly see that the Standard Oil Company alone sells almost twice as much as all the Co-ops and farmers companies put together.

I am calling this to your attention so that you will be in position to make the proper correction in the next issue of The Cresset and also that you may have a better check on your contributing editors.

FRED FIECHTNER
Hillsboro, North Dakota

Church and State

Sir:

Our civil government is to be based on reason. We may assume that it was on such a basis that this nation was founded. It seems that the founding fathers of the nation were largely deists. Probably their reasoning was tempered by Christianity. We are a Christian nation only in so far as Christianity is the religion preferred by the people; the various states have adopted the tenets of Christianity; and inasmuch as the United States Supreme Court has decreed that you cannot use United States property to revile Christianity. All this is not preventing a horrible moral decay. Being a Christian nation in that sense means very little practically. If there is to be prevention of moral decay we must get back to the real
function of the God-ordained means. The civil law has only to do with the body and the coarse outbursts of sin. It has its source from God via the route of natural man's reason. It is represented by the sword. Not even God is able to accomplish the ideal in this world by the agency of the sword. The real instrument is the keys. That even the state admits when we have chaplains and those things called baccalaureate sermons. After swinging the sword over the child for many years the state suddenly says: To do this job right you really have to have the keys. This swinging of the key, however, is not now going to accomplish what the state with the sword has been undoing all these years. The keys must be used from infancy. That's not the state's business. The state admits that they are needed. The answer is that the Church must take over. If the state wants the desirable results produced by the Church, then we must certainly have more than this pathetic baccalaureate business. In a country like our there is only one thing the state can rightfully do—not establish a state church, but say to the various denominations, "You take your children and exercise the keys in their behalf." The church must take over, take its children, and do for them what the state cannot do.

That seems to be the status quo, and I don't see why anybody should get all burned up and cry "Church and Politics!" merely because it is pointed out that under the present arrangement things are not working out so happily, not even the way our government desires them to. Two things are needed: One that the Church realize that she has been redeemed to be His own in His Kingdom, to serve Him with a service that begins here and now. The other: That it be shown that the true way out is that the Church realizing that she must serve, be permitted to serve by taking over the formation of lives via the keys, that is her service in this life.

A. C. MEIER
Vandalia, Illinois

An Important Task

SIR:

The editor who wrote a few months ago that he was going fishing because as far as the situation in Europe is concerned, he does not know "who is playing whom any more. And besides they don't touch all the bases" expressed a sentiment which most of us have undoubtedly felt at some time or other during the past weeks. Confirmation of the thought that all in the political world is not as it seems to be and that we can believe little of what we read in the newspapers and even less of what we hear over the radios in these days when the means of communication are to such a large extent controlled by powerful interests is found in Days of Our Years by Pierre van Paassen. In the last pages of this book the author writes:

"To some of us foreign correspondents, who were aware of the vast superiority of the French, Czechoslovak and Russian armed forces over the young, insufficiently equipped and underofficered Reichswehr and its in-
flared Italian ally, and who therefore never took the idea seriously that it was fear and trepidation which made Britain and France repeatedly back down before the Fascist aggressors, but who knew, to the contrary, that not a single one of Hitler’s major moves had been undertaken without a consultation (and the approbation) of the inner circle of the British cabinet, the only puzzle, after the Fuehrer’s victorious march into Vienna, was how the four great imperialist Powers would manage a justification of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia in the eyes of the democratically-minded peoples and, at the same time, prevent the Soviet Union, whose territories would be directly menaced if and when the barrier of the Czech fortifications should be eliminated, from mobilizing and sending the Red Army crashing through Northern Rumania to the defense of Prague.” (pp. 484-485)

He adds:

“Hitler could bluff his way through to the end because he had the personal assurance of Neville Chamberlain that he would not let it come to war. Hitler was not alone in bluffing therefore. The mobilization of the French army and of the British navy was also bluff. That mobilization was the trick to strike panic in the hearts of the peoples and make them subsequently grateful to the imperialist intrigants for having maintained peace even at the cost of Czechoslovakia’s sacrifice.” (p. 486)

It is, of course, a question as to how far the interpretation which Pierre van Paassen gives can be accepted as the truth. His reasoning appears to be sound, and his evidence seems to be conclusive. The insight which he gives into movements behind the scenes is, therefore, interesting. Since so much of what comes to us in the newspapers and magazines and over the radio is deliberately false, in so far as the editors of The Cresset are able to give us truthful presentation of many of the perplexing social, political, and economic problems of the day together with the Christian interpretation, they are able to render a distinct and valuable service. Such truthful presentation and Christian interpretation of modern problems would be more beneficial for the subscribers than a fishing trip by an editor, even though presidential sanction for such a procedure may be given.

JOHN MORTON
Detroit, Michigan
From Canada

Sir:

The Cresset is an excellent magazine of its kind. I have read every word in every issue that has come to me so far. I enjoy each department. The "Alembic" I read twice or more times. I hope that your venture will not only succeed but that it will become the magazine in its particular field. It is high time the Lutheran Churches of our land entered such fields of literature for the good of our people. You may rest assured that my copies of The Cresset are passed on with praise and recommendation.

K. Holfeld

Calgary, Alberta

From the U.S.A.

Sir:

The Cresset is undoubtedly my favorite non-fiction magazine. After finishing the columns I eagerly turn to the Motion Picture Reviews. Being an ardent movie fan, the reviews interest me immensely. The manner in which they are written are highly entertaining. The review of the Jack Benny picture, "Man About Town," amused me very much. Here's looking forward to a growth and continuance of this column.

Barbara Bernthal

Detroit, Michigan

Jews in the U.S.A.

Sir:

For the information of the readers of The Cresset I wish to make these facts known. It is from a letter to me from the Jewish Agricultural Society, Inc.:

The United States have a Jewish farm population approximating 100,000. More than 1,500,000 acres are owned by Jews and these farm holdings, real and personal, have a probable gross worth of $150,000,000. There are Jewish tillers of the soil in all of the forty-eight States in the Union.

I appreciate your remarks that hatred and persecution will not solve the Jewish problem. Says Israel Zangwill: "The drastic method of love—which is the only human dissolvent—has never been tried upon them as a whole. . . ."

Through thousands of years the heart of the Jew's persistence has been his certainty that God cares for His people. The Jew has stood at the graveside of the empires of Egypt, Babylon, and Nineveh; of Persia, Greece, and Rome; of Spain and of the Ottoman Turk. In his own Judaic ideology he has been as sure as was Isaiah that what has destroyed them has been their rejection of the will of God.

Isadore Schwartz

Chicago, Illinois

Youth and War

Sir:

For years now we have convinced ourselves that participation in European wars is worse than useless and that war itself is anti-Christian. Since many feel that we will probably be eventually drawn into the European conflict now raging, could you prevail upon the editors to write in
The Cresset just what we should say and how we should act (as good Christians) when the United States declares war?

I’m a young man of twenty-three and although it may be more difficult standing in the face of all the sneers than it would be leaning with cheers, I’m positive the Lord’s kingdom is served better by peace than war. But what can we say to justify our position? In time of war, reason is spelled with a “T.”

May The Cresset remain unbiased.

Paul Kleppisch
Berkeley, California

A Christmas Suggestion from the Managing Editor

The continually growing interest in The Cresset during the past two years is an indication that a large number of people appreciate its editorial policy and the rich store of information crowded into each issue.

There are, no doubt, also many of your friends who would enjoy the reviews of the arts and sciences, the timely articles on the continually changing world and matters of lively human interest in every number. The Cresset offers them a simple solution for the problem of keeping conversant with the thoughts of the best writers of books and those whose articles appear in leading magazines.

It is difficult to think of a Christmas Gift more genuinely satisfying than a subscription to The Cresset. Month after month throughout the year it remains fresh and timely. For instance, each month there are detailed reviews by frankly critical writers of high professional standing of some ten or more of the important books of the month. Those interested in music, Hollywood productions, or art, will appreciate the comments on these topics. In all of their contributions The Cresset editors present the Christian point of view.

Our gift rates this year will make it possible for you to make many of your friends also friends of The Cresset.

Christmas Gift Rates

Single subscriptions .......$2.00
Two subscriptions .......$3.75
Additional subscriptions ..$1.75 each
Six-month subscriptions ..$1.00 each
Foreign subscriptions .....$2.50 each

An order blank envelope has been inserted into this issue for your convenience.
Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

Our major articles this month are a welcome relief from war and rumors of war. Walter E. Lammerts (“Do All Scientists Accept Evolution as a Fact?”) presents a valuable check list of books published in recent years against the hypothesis of evolution. Mr. Lammerts is Geneticist at the Armstrong Nurseries at Ontario, California. E. Schaller (“Stop-Signs and Pheasants”), pastor of the Lutheran Church at Clear Lake, South Dakota, has appeared in our columns before. His gentle, yet cutting irony has a way of uncovering weaknesses in modern life and living.

Although our major articles ignore the European tragedy, “The Literary Scene” rings with echoes of the European bath of blood. We should like to call particular attention to the reviews of What Will Happen and What To Do When War Comes and Propaganda for War. In order to make a small contribution to the preservation of American neutrality, the editors will, during the coming months, give particularly close attention to volumes of this nature.

Since The Cresset is now two years old, it seems desirable to restate some of the principles and objectives which have guided its brief career. Since space is at a premium, “The Pilgrim” is devoted to this subject.

Our “Letter Column” this month is much longer than usual. We repeat our invitation to our readers to give voice to their opinions whenever the urge is upon them. The Cresset believes strongly in the purging characteristics of controversy.

A sharp eyed reader from Nebraska calls our attention to the fact that at times reviews of books have been announced on the inside rear cover and that these reviews have not appeared in subsequent issues. He asks why. The
point is well taken. At times a book rapidly loses importance almost immediately after publication and a monthly journal should no longer be required to devote space to it. An excellent example of this was Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock*. That happens quite frequently. It is also true, however, that now and then a volume is sent to a reviewer and he fails to deliver the review on the appointed date. Specialists are curious people. In addition, they are often very busy. As *The Cresset* continues to build its staff of reviewers, this unfortunate lapse will become less frequent.

In view of the fact that our second birthday presents an opportunity for looking backward, our readers may be interested in an analysis of the contents of *The Cresset* made approximately six months ago at the close of eighteen issues. From November 1937 to April 1939 the total number of column inches published in *The Cresset* amounted to 14,912. Of this number 4,456, or approximately one third, considered public affairs, both domestic and foreign. Religion, in the narrower sense of the word, amounted to 2,435 column inches. The arts, including literature, music, and pictorial, accounted for approximately 4,500 inches. Poetry, Science and Philosophy accounted for the remainder. We believe that the editors can be justly proud of the remarkable balance revealed by these figures.

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**On the Birth of His Son**

Families, when a child is born,  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Having wrecked my whole life,  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.—By Su Tung-p’o  
(A.D. 1036-1101). From “170 Chinese Poems.”
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:

- American Columnists
- The Motion Picture
- Christmas
- The American Scene

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

- Modern Man in the Making
- Children of God
- One Fight More
- Live and Kicking Ned
- Law and Politics
- Escape
- Men Under the Sea
- The Defence of Britain
- The March of Fascism
- Fathers Are Funny
- You and Heredity

Otto Neurath
Vardis Fisher
Susan Ertz
John Masefield
Felix Frankfurter
Ethel Vance
Edward Ellsberg
Liddell Hart
Stephen Raushenbush
Frederic Van de Water
Amram Scheinfeld