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THE

MAY 1947

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

.....



• Those Days of Our
Years

by W. Harry Krieger

• Time

• For Memorial Day

• Verse

.....

VOL. X NO. 7

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

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CRESSET

VOLUME 10

MAY 1947

NUMBER 7

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Prayer for the Press

THE press, that restless body whose every stirring rumbles over its own amplifying system, reacted variously to the resolution of the United Lutheran Church to pray every night at seven for "all who gather and publish the news."

Time tattled to its readers that the *New York Daily News* tacked its own brash P.S. to the prayer. The *New Yorker* noted it solemnly as a sign of the times. And in all the little newspaper offices wedged between corner drug stores and city halls over America, editors probably scratched their ears over the solicitude of the United Lutherans for their burly brood.

We congratulate the United Lutheran Church on their move.

The press does need praying—hard praying.

Since Ben Franklin's day the weekly gazettes have been awed with the matches of gossip they can so quickly light. Gossip between nations on this bomb-haunted globe will touch off like a basket of cannon crackers.

Will Rogers was uncannily right when he said, "All I know is what I read in the papers." What more can a man know than the tight community in which he walks, except through the newspapers, radio and maybe a stray lecturer?

Distortion of news is too easy. It comes about through editors eager to bolster an editorial policy, to lure lovers of sensation to plunk down their three cents for the paper, or out of plain igno-

rance. News reports should be scrubbed clean just like little boys' ears. And that's an ambitious task.

We are stumped, however, by the United Lutherans' choice of 7 p.m. Journalists, often having been reared in normal habits, are apt to find themselves comfortably settled after a good meal at 7 p.m. It seems unlikely that any vicious schemes or great humanitarian plans are borning at that innocent hour. Maybe the petitioners could add prayers at odd hours like 8:50 a.m. or 11:20 p.m., too.



Declining Size of the Family

DURING the past hundred years there has been a steady decline in the size of the American family with temporary interruptions of the downward trend following World War I and in the early years of World War II. Our birth rate dropped from 32 births per 1000 population in 1880 to 17 births per 1000 in 1933. As a result, the number of persons per family household dropped from 5 in 1880 to 3.8 in 1940. In other words, while in 1880 the average American family had three children, the average in 1940 was less than two.

Sociologists and social workers

are much concerned about our increasing sterility. At a recent meeting of the American Society for the Study of Sterility, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Director of the Los Angeles American Institute of Family Relations, made some significant observations. He stated that half of all childlessness was voluntary. He furthermore pointed out that a study of more than 8,000 completed families (those in which the wife had passed the childbearing age) showed that a greater percentage of happiness was found in families which had children than with childless couples. Statistics prove that most couples who go into the divorce court are childless.

Selfishness and the pleasure philosophy are obviously the basic motives of voluntary childlessness. For example, a woman married eleven years frankly admitted (and her statement was published) that she was childless from choice and that she is thankful for this every time she hears her neighbors' "brats" scream and sees their mothers running after them. She hopes for the time to come when she will live in a home of her own removed from people who have children who carry on like wild Indians.

This woman might be justified in complaining about the objec-

tionable conduct of her neighbors' children, for which the parents themselves might be responsible. It seems obvious, however, that she has an aversion to children. She not only is annoyed by other people's children, but refuses to have any of her own because she considers them a burden.

Where selfishness has reached the stage that even the responsibility of parenthood is avoided, there is unquestionably a type of gross social maladjustment. Persons thus afflicted are social parasites who enjoy all the advantages which their social environment provides for them, but in turn they refuse to make their contribution to society. By their very attitude they undermine the societal structure and become social termites.

From a Christian point of view such selfish attitude is intolerable. It is in direct violation of God's plan of creation in which He has privileged man to have partnership with Him when He established marriage, a specific purpose of which is the propagation of the human race.



The Case Against Zionism

ONCE again as after every war in which the Jews suffered, the hopes of Zionism are rising

high. Not only Jews but also many Gentiles believe that the only home for Jews made homeless during the war is Palestine. The same reasoning formerly employed in favor of mass immigration of Jews into Palestine is again being advanced.

The arguments succinctly stated by Professor W. T. Stace in a recent article in the *Atlantic* (February) are basically five. They are: 1) Palestine was a Jewish land in ancient times; therefore it still belongs to the Jews—though Arabs have claimed it for more than a thousand years; 2) Palestine has for the Jews a peculiarly sacred religious significance—on the same grounds Christians the world over could claim Palestine as their country; 3) the British Government in 1917 promised the Jews that they should have a national home in Palestine—the royal commissioners never had the moral right to make such a promise and the fact that they made it does not mean that Britain is now morally bound to keep the promise; 4) the homelessness of the Jews and their recent terrible suffering entitle them to mass immigration into Palestine—why pick on a small country like Palestine? 5) Jewish immigration has already improved Palestine and further immigration will continue to im-

prove it—by the same token any aggression by an advanced and highly civilized nation against a more backward one is morally right.

Every one of the five arguments, as Mr. Stace cogently demonstrates, is either without foundation or violates the principle laid down in the Atlantic Charter that nations should have the right to determine their internal affairs without aggression from outside nations. In fact, as Mr. Stace also shows, to permit mass immigration of Jews into Palestine against the consent of the Arabs, is no different from sanctioning Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia or Hitler's invasion of Poland.

But if the reasoning of Zionism is groundless and dangerous and if the Arabs do not want mass immigration of Jews into their country, what shall the United Nations do with the homeless Jews? Mr. Stace suggests the obvious solution:

All the underpopulated countries in the world—Australia, Canada, parts of the United States, Palestine itself, and others—ought to amend their immigration policies so as to take, each one, its proper share, according to available empty space, of those who need asylum.

But if this solution is obvious, why is it not being tried? Mr. Stace declares:

We have to face the plain truth, however unpleasant it may be—however shameful if you like—that none of the great nations want these refugees, and they are therefore at tempting to thrust them on a little Arab country. And the reason why America in particular tries to force the pace, while Britain hangs back, is simply that the Jewish vote is powerful in America while Arab influence is important to the British Empire.

This is a terrible situation to contemplate. But Americans had better contemplate it and do something about it for, as Mr. Stace rightly concludes:

Do we want peace or don't we? If we do, then there is only one way to get it. We have to cease deciding international issues by consideration of vote-catching, self-interest, power, greed, prejudice, passion, and more or less base emotions disguised under the name of patriotism. We have to begin to decide them partially by reason and the principles of justice.

Clearly the peacemakers have a big job on their hands. They need the intercessions of Christians throughout the world.



For Memorial Day

How shall we commemorate Memorial Day this year—and why? Certainly many will face that question this month.

Since Memorial Day comes on a Friday, there will be a chance for some extended weekending and traffic tolls may be expected to soar. Many will die foolishly while remembering others who died very seriously.

For others, Memorial Day will be a time for memories and thoughts and tears—and prayers; a time of re-evaluation and resolution and dedication; a time of desperate hope and bitter pleading: "From war and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us."

Americans will do well on this May 30 to park their cars, to pause and ponder and pray. A Psalm or two, perhaps; a well-beloved hymn or the Litany; and quiet meditation on sentiments like those of John McCrae, the Canadian officer who died in World War I. They may well be repeated here:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the
sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow.
Loved and were loved, and now
we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow
In Flanders fields.



Teachers' Salaries

LIKE all their fellow-citizens, America's teachers have been losing out in their resistance to higher prices. But unlike many of their fellow-citizens, they have not been able to compensate for the rise in prices by insisting upon higher wages.

In this crisis they have not been without defenders; even Winchell has suggested that "we cannot expect them to take care of our children if we do not take care of theirs." And in some places, as in Buffalo, teachers have even gone on strike to force the hand of the legislators and officials who hold the purse-strings; we spoke of this in our February issue.

Most conscientious citizens will agree that some adjustment is necessary, and several of the state legislatures have been quick to respond to the increasing public opinion in support of such an adjustment.

But is a 20 per cent or 30 per cent increase the lasting solution to the problem? It would seem, rather, that the present state of affairs is symptomatic of the more general attitude toward the

teaching profession evident in the opprobrium attaching to the term "schoolmarm," and that governmental and educational administrators ought to seek for a solution to this more basic evil.

Where a teacher's profession is respected in and by the community, his remuneration should and often will show it; but where a teacher's work is not appreciated, any increase in salary will probably be merely a temporary expedient.



The Color and Race Line

WE ARE growing rather weary of well-meaning people who say that Negroes and whites can never work together, that Japanese-Americans and Caucasians simply cannot eat at the same table and that never, under any circumstance, must the Negro be given equal employment opportunity.

Usually we oppose the passage of laws which endeavor to develop a correct moral attitude in citizens. Now comes the New York racial law which seems to be doing a world of good in the development of proper attitudes toward people who do not have a Caucasian ancestry. Known as the Ives-Quinn Law, in effect since July 1, 1945, the sanctions of this law against discrimination

in employment have never been invoked.

Reporting from New York, Edwin A. Lahey describes a great insurance company which hired 40 Negro clerks as a gesture of compliance with the law when it became effective. The bank has never regretted the decision. Mr. Lahey also describes a large Manhattan bank which hired 11 Negro clerks shortly before the law began to operate. He says, "The bank clerks were taken in with the implicit agreement that they would eat lunch out, and not patronize the bank's own restaurant. Before very long, the white associates of the Negro clerks insisted that the newcomers be their guests in the employees' lunch room. The bank let the matter slide, and the segregation agreement has since been discarded as quietly as it was entered into."

Here is a cause for rejoicing. We feel that progress is being made in solving one of America's most troublesome problems: racial discrimination. We do not say that anti-discrimination laws should be passed in every instance but we do feel that sometimes a law can lend weight to the process of education in building up proper attitudes. There is no reason for racial intolerance and every effort to wipe out such intolerance should be applauded.

The



PILGRIM

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Time

A GREY, rainy morning. . . . A cold spring wind rattles the windows and the clouds are hurrying to the East. . . . Last night I drove a hundred miles in the rain, sharp gusts sweeping across the road, the black darkness lighted now and then by the glow of passing cars. . . . Tonight I start out again—and tomorrow night—and the night after that. . . . There are meetings to hold, dinners to attend, speeches to make (match-sticks on the river of time), conferences to meet. . . .

I imagine that all of us must at times succumb to a feeling of futility over the kind of life that our world imposes on us. . . . Time, a gift of grace, has become a tyrant . . . time to get up . . . time to eat . . . time to run for a train . . . time to work . . . time to stop . . . time to sleep. . . . And the moments become hours and the hours become years and the compulsion of time becomes more

frantic, more insistent. . . . So much to do and so little time to do it. . . . The years travel like the wind this morning and the clouds do not break ahead. . . . There was a time, I have read in books, when the gift of sixty or seventy years was a full and gracious thing, giving a man some hours for thought and some for peace, a few for joy and some for sorrow, their blessing to be learned and digested. . . . But now in 1947? . . . Even the humblest and youngest among us live under the tyranny of time. . . . The activities of each one may be different, more important or less as men measure them, but the compulsion remains. . . .

As I write this, the youngest member of my household lies in his carriage by my side thoughtfully examining the walls and the ceiling of the room. . . . He has more time than I have and seems to know it. . . . His life is a peaceful waiting for the next bottle, the

next bath, the new toy. . . . It is ordered and complete. . . . Behind his contentment is the quiet assurance that somehow, by ways far beyond his understanding, the important things in life—the bottle, the bath, and the bed—will arrive in due season with no worry or effort from him. . . . Whose is the greater wisdom? . . . He is a little child . . . and suddenly there is a voice in the spring wind: "Except ye become. . . ."

Most of us, I imagine, travel the years of maturity, the years of the great quest, somewhat in defeat. . . . In youth we long for what is not and lift a wondering gaze to the stars, dreaming and fearing. . . . In middle age we discover that the realization was not one-half so pleasant as was the dream and we look cynically at the romantic twenties. . . . In old age, unless we are wiser than we can be of ourselves, we may well be a limping, peevish failure, farther away than ever from the goal of our quest, the little happiness that all men desire and few obtain. . . .

And yet the answer to these moments of awareness and futility lies within the grasp of all of us who dare to believe. . . . It is to make time stand still for our souls. . . . Across the years may be the wreckage of shattered dreams, lost hopes, crippled ambitions, the ashes of pleasure, the bitterness of failure, but across our souls may

be timeless and eternal light. . . . The soul does not grow old. . . . Of all created things it alone has the power to take away the tyranny of time and make it a servant. . . . It sees God's providence over men, the meaning of the years, the heavenly success hidden in earthly failure. . . . It lives in the immortality of the Cross . . . blessed and royally composed because it rests in Him who came to eternity from time with our souls in His hand. . . . By reason of that holding the soul is forever young, forever fair, forever quiet. . . . It has the mysterious power to remember tomorrow . . . the hour, coming in due time, when the voice which once spoke from a Cross will quiet forever the turmoil of the weary heart . . . the day, the hour, the moment when the same gentle Savior, taking final pity on our frightened little time, will raise a hand, speak a word, and eternal time will have come . . . just like that . . . as simply and surely as that. . . .



A Dog's Life

THIS column rarely reflects the daily routine of the quiet Indiana campus where it is written. . . . An academic community is a world in itself, a microcosm which is a curious mirror of the world

of today and the world of tomorrow. . . . Dedicated to the nurture of things which are important in all places and all ages, it also has interests which are totally unimportant five miles beyond the boundaries of the campus. . . . George, I believe, belonged in both categories. . . . He was a dignified, even saturnine, mongrel of undetermined parentage and dubious manners who somehow managed to convey the aura of timelessness and was yet an interested participant in the moments and hours which make up life. . . . Obviously, he mattered nothing to anyone but the students and faculty of Valparaiso University; to them, however, he became, through the years of peace and war, a symbol of a way of life which held an indefinable charm. . . . A dog, it is true, cannot rise very high; on the other hand he cannot sink as low as some men have in our times. . . . He was an individual of simple loyalties and honest likes and dislikes. . . . I never saw him act the part of the hypocrite or the flatterer. . . . His tastes ran to the elemental things in life—a quiet sleep in the spring sun, an unrelenting war against all rabbits and squirrels, a languid walk from one building to another in search of peace. . . . He died as he had lived the other day, content to have it so. . . . The following biography by an un-

known hand appeared in the local paper on the following day:

Life on the campus at Valparaiso University was not the same today because George was dead.

The old fellow—a dog of Boxer breed—finally gave up the ghost after an unparalleled career of scholarship and campus fun that extended over 12 years—from the time he was dumped as a stray in front of Altruria Hall, women's dormitory, and was befriended by the Rev. H. H. Kumnick, professor of religion at the University.

George literally became a campus institution, accompanying Dorothy Kumnick to classes through four years of study. After her graduation he continued his daily round of intellectual pursuits.

It is safe to say that George, during his lifetime, was subjected to more theology than any canine in the history of Christendom, seldom, if ever, having missed a class in religion conducted by the Rev. Kumnick, with the exception of final exams.

They say that dogs are colorblind, but the sight of a "blue book," used by students during examinations, was enough to plunge George into the cardinal sin of scholars—truancy. While his student friends labored over their questions, George reverted to paganism, chasing squirrels over the south campus.

No bookworm, George found time for extra-curricular activities. He was a familiar sight at Crusader athletic contests, giving former Crusader Coach Jake Christiansen a rousing welcome when the Moorhead, Minn., gridiron squad came to town last fall.

Committee meetings were his dish, especially those held in the office of President O. P. Kretzmann.

George knew his way around. A favorite rendezvous was the kitchen door at Altruria, to which the campus pet reported regularly for his hand-outs from Jay R. Garrison, Altruria chef.

But for the women inhabitants of the dormitory, George had little but disdain. He was a man's man, was George, and it broke his heart when Lembke hall, traditional men's dorm, was appropriated for the ladies during the war. He had no choice but to make the best of a bad situation, because the Kumnicks reside at Lembke. But his spirit was all but broken by the feminine influx.

When the structure was temporarily reconverted to a veteran's dormitory last summer, George's cup of happiness overflowed. Once again he could ply his old racket of sniffing returned laundry cases for olfactory evidence of cakes and cookies. Having found a likely treasure, George would await the owner's appearance. Then, exercising a time-honored privilege, he would accompany the student to his room for a treat that was sure to be forthcoming.

One building on the campus George gave a wide berth. It was the structure containing the dissecting

laboratory where animal carcasses were examined by pre-medical students. Such business was not for George.

A member in good standing of the Valparaiso country club, George spent many hours making the rounds with his golfing friends, always a model of courtesy at the tee and on the greens and an expert at the eighth hole where many a rabbit made a hasty exit to the brush pile with George in enthusiastic pursuit.

During the war years, George received letters and cards from former campus friends who had gone into service. The Kumnicks treasure one which read:

"Be sure and be there when we get back, because the campus will never be the same without you."

George held out till the boys came back, but that was the best he could do.

Friday night during the darkness, George was buried in "squirrel park" on the campus. Supposedly only the Rev. Kumnick and the University night watchman, who did the job, knew where the old dog had been laid to rest.

But Saturday morning there was evidence of the soft spot which George held in the hearts of his young friends; a simple bouquet of flowers adorned the grave.



*As Memorial Day comes—
a chaplain remembers . . .*

Those Days of Our Years

W. HARRY KRIEGER

TODAY is Memorial Day. . . .
Once again the flags are unfurled, and bunting ripples from balconies and public buildings. . . . This afternoon there's to be a parade, followed by an address at City Park. . . . Then the graves are to be decorated, the graves of "our heroes," each with a little flag and flowers. . . . And, so, as in bygone years, they will try to remember what you did there—at Tarawa and Anzio, on Utah Beach and Zigzag Pass. . . . They will try to remember, but it will be a feeble, if not a futile, effort. . . . They were not there with you, Carl, or with you, Joe, or with you either, Bruce. . . . They cannot remember you today as I remember—I, who shared the days of your years, even the last year and the last day. . . .

I think of you especially, Carl, on this Memorial Day. . . . Because you stand out on the horizon of memory—the memory of

those days of our years, the War Years—as the representative of the Church's Youth called to the colors, young men loyal both to God and Country, to high ideals and a holy faith. . . . You stand out like a meteor flashing across a midnight sky. I think your life was like that—a brilliant, beautiful flash to brighten the darkness of indescribable days. . . . Until that awful day when you went down into your Valley of Death and were no more. . . .

You were the first man in uniform to put me at ease, Carl. . . . You remember that bleak day at Camp Shelby when I reported for duty, fresh from Chaplain's School. Later on you referred to it occasionally. And always there was a slow smile as you recalled the tenderfoot, the "sky pilot," pitifully ignorant of the rough and ready ways—and language!—of Army life. We were standing in your orderly room, and you were

checking supplies. After a few minutes the Captain left and we were alone. . . . (He went down when a Jap mortar dropped near him, Carl. That was later, on Bataan. You didn't live to know it.) . . . Yes, we were alone, and you asked me then what kind of chaplain I was, Catholic, Baptist, or what? . . . When you heard "Lutheran, Missouri Synod," you decided to take me in hand then and there. . . . We, you and I, had work to do! . . . For God. . . .

You were a good soldier, Carl, a good soldier as Uncle Sam classified them. . . . No officer who ever commanded you reported otherwise. . . . But you were also a good soldier of Jesus Christ, ready always to speak the word for Him. . . . And "tough" you were, too, in a way men respected—steady, quiet, determined. . . . Able to march an extra mile if necessary. . . . Holding out your half-empty canteen to a buddy who was in a bad way. . . .

I remember all that today, Carl. . . . It's part of you. . . . Such small contributions go to make up the mighty volume which is the stream of a human life. . . . I remember, too, that you were the first soldier I communed privately. . . . That happened in the hospital ward at Shelby before we were ordered out for amphibious training. . . . You were to under-

go an appendectomy and the medics feared complications. . . . I saw in your eyes that you wanted Him very close in those anxious hours. And the prospect of the Communion brought a light, a strange glow, to your face. . . . I asked the nurse for a screen, and there on the ward, shut off from profane eyes, we found the strength and comfort He promises His children in the Feast of Love. . . .

You said little, Carl. . . . But there was little need of words. . . . The eyes are the mirror of the soul. . . . Frequently in the months thereafter God laid bare before me that which we hesitate to look upon: the unmasked souls of men. . . . To see a soul, naked, stripped of all coverings, is too often an awful sight, Carl. . . . But sometimes it is a glorious one, a kind of Transfiguration scene: a man lifting up his eyes and seeing no one "save Jesus only." You saw Him clearly and surely then, and many times thereafter. . . .

Memories, memories. . . . How they rush in upon one as a mighty flood that nothing can hold back. . . . You deserved much of the credit for building up our first congregation in the Army, a congregation that grew both in numbers and in faith. . . . I remember that also on this Memorial Day, Carl. . . . How careful you

were to give God His due while rendering service to Caesar. . . . I've always suspected that's why many of your buddies first became interested in the chapel services. They came, some of them, because they saw a "tough" Sergeant in earnest about his religion. . . . They came because you "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." On Oahu it was true, through the blistering heat and loneliness of New Guinea, through the mud and blood of Leyte, and down to the very last, on Bataan. . . .

Our "strategy" was to provide a service that was reverent, in an atmosphere that was worshipful. . . . A place where men could steal away a while and meet before God. . . . Wherever we pitched our tents in those days of our years, we reared an altar. . . . Sometimes it was not easy, especially when the outfit was on "the move." . . . But we managed it somehow—at Heia Kia and Kailua, at Oro Bay and Dulag, at Capooacan and Guagua. . . . Generally it happened that you brought along your "huskies." . . . They set to work, cutting down stout bamboo, matting palm fronds, building the framework. . . . By some dark magic a large canvas "was made available," and that, secured on the framework, gave us suitable covering. . . . A

portable altar and pulpit completed our Bethel. . . . Humble, so very humble, those chapels were, yet to us they seemed the gate of Heaven. . . .

And you kept our Soldiers Chorus together more than anyone else, Carl. . . . Maybe it was because you loved so much to sing. . . . Our group will remember "Carl's rich bass" in all the years to come. . . . Especially when we hear the *Agnus Dei*, the *Hospodi Pomilui*, and Bach's gem, *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*. . . . That became your favorite, that great little adoration hymn from the heart of Bach. . . . Do you remember a hot still night under New Guinea stars when you asked me to write an additional verse to fit the music? . . . There was but one verse in the text we used, so I took pen in hand. . . . The result of that effort was poor enough, but you liked it. You memorized it. . . . That gave dignity to the verse. . . . So it was that after—that later—I included it in a letter to your people:

Jesu, Joy of man's desiring,
Savior dear, and heart's Delight!
Evermore our faith inspiring,
Help us conquer by Thy might!
Thee alone we would be serving
With a love Thou art deserving.
Hold us in Thy matchless care
Till Thy promised rest we share.

Then on a day came orders that

we were to "shove off." . . . Destination unknown. . . . But the maddening monotony of duty on New Guinea was at an end. . . . The blistering heat that made men dull and listless was to be left behind. . . . So also the wallabies, the rats and snakes, the unclad native Papuans. . . . *Adios* all of these! . . . We were moving up from down under. . . .

But not without a last Communion in His tent of fellowship. . . . Ahead was the Unknown. . . . Ahead lay the long voyage through sub-infested waters with enemy aircraft above, waiting to dart in for a kill. . . . You told me later that no one would ever forget that service. . . . And small wonder, Carl. . . . As we began the Preface a tropical storm burst in all its fury. . . . With a wild scream the wind ripped away half the canvas. And with another it snuffed out the lanterns. . . . Only the altar candles continued to burn steadily. . . . And the rains strafed us from above in terrible anger, and the lightning crashed about us. . . . But the altar bespoke only peace and comfort. . . . And this radiant assurance: in the midst of a bleeding world's storm and strife there is a refuge for man in God, a refuge secure and immovable. Nothing can touch man really unless he wants to be safer than he can be—than God is!

. . . No, Carl, none of us can ever forget that service. . . . A Benediction over heads that were bowed, and the Silent Prayer: *Hold us in Thy matchless care, till Thy promised rest we share.*

A tedious voyage, a rough landing, and then the muck and filth and fighting of Leyte. . . . You got your baptism of fire there, Carl, and grew wise to the ways of jungle warfare. . . . Relentlessly, day by day, the enemy was driven back. . . . Dulag, Capooan, Pinamapooan, Ormoc—you knew them all. . . . Knew their blood and sweat and toil and tears, their hardship and heart-break, their terror and tumult. . . . "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand"—you saw it happen, Carl! From disease, from exhaustion, from bombardment and sniper's bullet. . . . You saw it, Carl, jungle-mud mixed with the warm blood of dying men! . . . Then suddenly, an end. . . . (BULLETIN, GHQ . . . Resistance has crumbled. Leyte is ours!) . . . But the cost! What a staggering cost! . . .

A short week of rest, and there came another "Alert." . . . That meant another "show" ahead, another beachhead. . . . Other days of grim toil and nights of terror. . . . Would it never end? . . . Merciful God, would it never end! . . . "*Little children, love one*

another" . . . "In the image of God made He them"—why, it's like the ghosts that chatter down the dead streets of Pompei. It's like the whispering of ivy that twines around the ruined pillars of an ancient temple! . . . It's mocking laughter in the Holy of Holies! . . . Men—made in God's image!—men hunting men as jungle beast hunts jungle beast! . . . Asking no quarter, giving no quarter. . . . WHY? Why? why? w-h-y? . . . O God, let it end—or let me die! . . .

This time it was to be Bataan, Carl, and we knew what that meant. . . . The eyes of our countrymen were on Bataan and Corregidor. . . . And there, holed up and waiting, were the enemy. . . . With beady eyes fixed on us. . . . Their weapons, too. . . . Ah, we knew—or thought we knew.

One more blessed Communion in a darkened chapel. . . . The Chorus, all in battle dress like the others, had not rehearsed. . . . But you asked permission to sing it once again—"your" beloved hymn, Carl. . . . Did you know, somehow, it was to be for the last time? "*Till Thy promised rest I share.*"

A quick voyage this time, and a beachhead at the break of dawn. . . . But without the crack of a single enemy rifle! . . . Strange—what were they up to this time? San Mateo, and signs of a hasty

retreat. . . . Grande Island, and not a Nip around. . . . Only an alarming quiet. . . . Olongapo, and this time token resistance. . . . "Give 'em no break, men. We've got 'em on the run. Push them right outa the Pass now." . . .

(Brave words, Colonel.) . . . Only they weren't running at Zigzag Pass—except to meet us! . . . And for agonizing days they would not be pushed, bring on your whole Army and they'd show you! . . . Your Company found that out during the first attack, Carl. . . . That tortuous pass through the mountains had been made a death-trap. . . . who can describe the green-hell of it, the butchery, the stench, the maddening tension? . . . Enemy everywhere, like holed-up jackals, with hindquarters buried in the dark. But nowhere to be seen. . . . Enemy, firing from every direction—even the rear—but not one puff of smoke to betray a position. . . . It was an impossible, and unbelievable situation. . . .

Cowards were unmasked in that battle, Carl. . . . You saw it, too. . . . You saw a Battalion Commander who had always craved "action" leave his command and make for cover, whimpering like a puling infant. . . . Cowards were unmasked at Zigzag, but heroes, too. . . . You were one of them, Carl, one of the bravest. . . . I know

because I watched you through a pair of field-glasses. . . .

"Sergeant, take your platoon and work up that gulch. Try to knock out the pillbox at the far end." . . . Your face went white as you heard this order from the Colonel, but you did not falter. . . . Through the glasses I watched your panting, sweating platoon get under way. . . . Cautiously, carefully, as if testing every advance. . . . then a burst of fire! . . . Not within range. Nobody hurt. . . . But already your men were growing restless. . . . There was terror for them in the unknown. . . . Some began to falter. . . . The minutes dragged on and became an eternity of breathless suspense. . . . We watched through glasses that were never lowered, the Colonel and I. . . . He chewed his cigar stub nervously. . . . There was no further advance. . . . Your platoon had bogged down. . . . No advance, until at last you took your lead-scout's position up front to spur them on. . . . Firing had not resumed. . . . There was only quiet—a deathly quiet. . . . (Careful, Carl! It may be a trap.) . . . The gap between you and your men widened. . . . Some two or three men took heart now and followed you several paces. . . . The gap widened still more. . . . And then suddenly—a murderous cough from machine guns! . . .

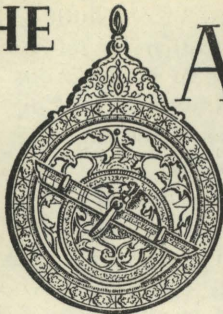
b-uh-uh-uh-uh! . . . You were caught in the crossfire, Carl. . . . This was "it" for you. . . . And still the guns barked savagely. . . . ("Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!") Several seconds you stood motionless, unbelieving, as though lost in wonderment. . . . Then through the glasses I saw you whipped half a turn about by yet another slug. . . . There was a trace of a smile on your face it seemed, and one arm went up as if to wave a last farewell. . . . Then down, downward you slipped to the hot earth—a body returning to the dust from whence it came. . . .

Your Colonel saw it happen, too, Carl. . . . The cigar stub dropped from his lips. . . . His face was as gray as its cold ashes, and slowly he bent his head. . . . He saw no more. He had seen enough. . . . But with the eyes of faith I saw your soul take its flight, Carl, soaring upward to Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring. . . . Soaring homeward, throneward—to the Promised Rest. . . .

* * *


These things your countrymen do not know, Carl, nor can they remember. I set them down today that they may know, and in all the years ahead remember. For if they forget, if they fail to remember—Lord, our God, have mercy!

THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

GREAT WHITE LODGE PREPARES FOR A-BOMB ARMAGEDDON

 "Dr." Doreal calls it the Great White Lodge, the Shamballa Ashrama of the Tibetan mysteries. Doreal claims to have studied under the Great Adepts of the Great White Lodge in the sacred city of Lhasa, the forbidden city of the Buddhists in Tibet. He asserts that he had knowledge of atomic fission long before the Manhattan Project was launched. From his headquarters in Denver, each week sermons by the Supreme Voice, signed "in Cosmic harmony," go out to the persons who subscribe to the correspondence service. Doreal conducts religious services and then dresses in a royal purple robe. He wears a highly-polished strand of 108

beads, once belonging, he says, to the Buddhist Saint, Shri Rama Krishna.

On the eastern fringe of the Pike National Forest in Central Colorado, on 1600 acres of mountain fastness, a group of 800 men, women, and children, "devoted to the advancement of metaphysical and occult knowledge," have made their home. When the new town was to be built, entire families from Missouri, Florida, California, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, New York and other states flocked to the haven, rolled up sleeves and pitched in to help. The impelling force was the promise of "Dr." Doreal that in the coming atomic conflict the inhabitants of Shamballa Ashrama would remain in safety while the rest of the world perishes.

THE LURE OF SWAMIDOM



To-day it is "Dr." Doreal. Twenty years ago it was Hamid Bey, a Master Yogi, Room 200 at the M—— Hotel. Admission \$1.00. "He will give astounding demonstrations of the art of mental telepathy (mind reading), complete control over circulation, and the painlessness of the flesh. This has baffled scientists the world over. . . . Yogi Hamid Bey will suspend animation and remain buried alive in an air-tight glass casket on the stage (showing his victory over death) during Swami Yogananda's lecture. He will show many other extraordinary examples of mind power."

A few years later it was AUM, which does not stand for Association of United Metaphysicians but which is a word denoting the "pulsating conscious life-action," the yogi union with the Cosmic Soul, the at-one-ment. The leaders of Church Truth Universal (members of the fair sex) operating at Highway Highlands, Calif., claimed that AUM, or universal truth, has been revealed to them. As other occult teachers, so this group proceeded from the premise that man is a divine fragment and that he must learn to appreciate his divine origin and nature. In their official publication, *The Spiritual Life-Magazine*


("the love-wisdom message"), the claim was made that "Jesus Christ, Gautama Buddha, Krishna, and all other Divine Incarnations were in the Cosmic God Consciousness." By making contact with the "god-conscious masters" each individual being, or "atman," learns that he is "an individualized expression of the infinite." The "atmen" (maybe it ought to be "atmans"), who had passed out of Reality into Relativity, had lost their way in "maya," or the great illusion, and after long wandering finally had completed the circle (is this the Buddhist wheel of life?), arrive at the Father's house, and consciously live in the great AUM (Buddhist Nirvana?), are united with the Cosmic Soul, in short, are gods.

Prof. F. E. Mayer has analyzed the system and has found it to be a mixture of elements found in Christian Science, New Thought, Unity, Theosophy, Spiritism, pseudo-metaphysicism, e.g., Rosicrucianism, The Ascended Masters (The Great I Am, alias the Ballards), Yogism. For good measure, the leaders employ high-sounding phrases, reminding one of Father Divine's Peace Messages. Its appeal (we do not know how strong it is) is the same as Satan's in the beginning: "Ye shall be as God."

On the average, these synthetic prophets of oriental wisdom last ten years. There was Jiddu Krishnamurti, the Brahmin-born Hindu of 40 years ago, who was pounced upon in Adyar, Madras, by Mrs. Annie Besant and Rev. Charles Leadbeater, famed Theosophists. They declared that the 12-year-old moppet was "the Vehicle of the new World Teacher, the Lord Maitreya," whose last incarnation on earth was Jesus Christ. Calmly accepting this announcement, Krishnamurti grew up under their tutelage, became head of their Order of the Star in the East. In 1929, however, he disappointed his disciples by renouncing the Godship they had imposed upon him. He is still a practicing Theosophist.



ORDAINED DUCK

 Under this heading, one of the outstanding achievements of the *Time* headline writer, this magazine in its issue of April 20, 1936, quoted the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau as cautioning those who find religious swindle in such queer cults as here described, that it is "difficult to prove that a 'religious' organization, no matter how eccentric, is not religious in fact." The magazine then went on to tell that even in Los Angeles, which is a

prolific breeder of odd cults, the ministers of religion were goggle-eyed as they pondered the magnitude of a religious racket which had been uncovered for them. Citizens were being swindled out of at least \$1,500,000 a year by "ministers" who had obtained their credentials by mail. Apparently anyone could purchase documents which, so far as the letter of the law was concerned, empowered him to set up a church, perform marriages, officiate at funerals, collect fees from his followers.

To investigate this practice, the Ministerial Association of Los Angeles, representing 400 pastors and 485,000 church members, hired fictionist Henry James O'Brien Bedford-Jones and Dr. U. L. Di Ghilini, one-time Florida drugless practitioner and professional student of "psychic phenomena." The investigators had little difficulty piling up evidence for the ministers, so amiable and obliging were the investigated. The office of one "mother church" was not downed by a request for an ordination certificate for "Rev. Drake Googoo," described as a "Persian clairvoyant with some stage experience." The certificate was procured for \$10, and the Ministerial Association made front pages by revealing that "Rev. Drake Googoo" was funnyman Joe Penner's duck.

About the same time, some ten or twelve years ago, there was the Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man conducted by George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, a Mediterranean with a huge, shaved head, piercing eyes, walrus mustache, and bull-muscled frame. Those who fell for his occultism believed that Gurdjieff was once a Russian agent in Tibet, that there he learned ancient esoteric lore, that he must now be over 70 although he looks no more than 50.

About the same time as Gurdjieff arrived in Manhattan, the nation's Capital was fascinated by the arrival of a long-haired silky-mustached Parsee named Shri Sadgaru Meher Baba. Instead of depending on a tremendous flow of words for his success in gaining disciples, Dr. Baba (also called the "God Man," the "Messiah," the "Perfect Master") never spoke. On his arrival he claimed to have been strictly silent since 1925, carried a little alphabet board on which he deftly spells his mute revelations among which is the declaration that he is in an "infinite state." He became that way, he says, after kissing an ancient holy woman named Hazrat Babajan, and remaining in a coma for nine months thereafter.

Strange enough, it is Washing-


ton, D. C., usually considered a place for quick wits and hard heads, that occultists find their most fertile field, outside of Los Angeles and New York. There are 213 meeting places for religious groups having no connections with the older denominations. The list of their names begins with *Assemblia Christiana* and ends with *Zoeth*. The longest name of any of these groups, as given in the papers of incorporation, is "The Sons and Daughters and the Brothers and the Sisters of Moses of the United States of America and of the World Incorporated."

Dr. Rufus W. Weaver has made a rather clever classification of these groups. 1. The Pentecostal, stressing the baptism of the Holy Ghost, faith healing and the gift of tongues; 2. The Perfectionist, stressing a deeper spiritual life, marked by perfect holiness; 3. The Prosperity Seekers, whose leaders promise health, happiness and prosperity through the directed culture of the inner life and the overcoming of error; 4. The Psychic Groups, led by teachers and preachers who undertake so to train their adherents that new latent mental and spiritual powers are released; 5. The Profound, who are intrigued by the appeal of metaphysics and are seeking insight into ancient eso-

teric truth, the Baha's, the Theosophists and the Yogoda group being illustrations; 6. The Promiscuous, the unclassifiable, and they are not a few.



SELF-CULTURE HITS THE JACK POT


 Just now the fourth group in Dr. Weaver's classification is making the strongest bid for the cash of the half educated. There is the American Institute of Culture, Established by Humanology Society of America, Inc., with headquarters in Southern California and in the State of Washington. Its founder and leader is Bhagwan S. Gyanee, born in India of a family "comprised of physicians, poets and mystics for many generations." Everything is deeply significant. Endowed with truly colossal gifts this man made his Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy *in one year* at Updeshak College in India. Not only that but he studied with a celebrated saint, Har Bilas, then in his eighty-sixth year. Through association with this saintly scholar, Dr. Gyanee "developed his penetrative insight and unique approach to the problems of life." Since then, traveling about in the United States for 25 years, his lit-

erature claims for him rather modestly that "through his understanding of the problems of life, he has made a very definite contribution in the field of psychology. If you enroll with him at the American Institute of Culture you will learn all about the Nine known aspects of the Human Personality, a deep insight into the wonders and mysteries of existence." Just for full measure he will be given a swing around the realms of Cosmic evolution, into the reservoir of experience, "pointing to the gradual growth of the cosmic Intelligence working through the instincts in the lower forms of organism and finally into the Human Personality as we know it." The plan for the 27 lessons during nine weeks—again that mystic nine—deals with "the retentive and the futuristic aspects," the principle of vivification, and the mystery of germination. The nine fluids, nerve systems, brain centers, glands, senses and sense organs. Then there is some advanced information, when we get down to the facts of life, Hints for Selecting a Mate, Sex Magnetism, Charm and Beauty, Celibacy and Sublimation, Sex Principle on different planes, Glands and Procreation, Five Known Divisions of Sex and the Procreative Power of a Genius. As a sample of the "science" un-

derlying this New Process of Advanced Education we offer this extract: "The forces that operate, during the prenatal period as well as prior to conception, in the psychic and mental makeup of the parents, determine in great measure the destiny of the child. To control and direct these forces through understanding the principles that govern them, is the moral obligation of the parents."



BIO-PSYCHOLOGY SOLVES ALL PROBLEMS

 Here is a gift of the old South, the School of Bio-Psychology, leading to the degree of Doctor of Bio-Psychology or Advanced Degree in Education. The financial angle is rather prominent in the announcement. You pay an enrollment fee of \$15 and you obligate yourself to pay \$135 before the completion of the course. The instruction covers "Personally Applied Bio-Psychology," "Personality Development Exercises," "The More Abundant Life or Bio-Psycho-Genetics"; also Personal Bio-Psychological Analysis, Re-Synthesis and Re-Oriental Work, which course, as a unit, develops a "Hand-Book of Bio-Psycho-Analytic Technique." Nothing is said about previous schooling, but when you have tak-

en the courses outlined in one year or two, you receive a diploma conferring upon you the degree, Doctor of Bio-Psychology, (BP.D.) or advanced degree in Education.

The literature of Bio-Psychology is typical of the pseudoscience of the psychological cults. You are engaged to believe that to achieve your natural inheritance, health and happiness, independent economic security, you must succeed in "raising what you know unconsciously into conscious creative reason." "Scientific subjective education is process-education." This reads as though it meant something. It is a sentence absolutely devoid of meaning.

The stress is on power. One may wish to use hand power; another, horse power; another, monetary power; another, mind power; another, healing power. Next the prospective student is scared into thinking that his mind has some radical defect which must be corrected: "The intro-verted mind is frightened by the rumble of physiological machinery of the individual personality; an extro-verted mind excites painful excess of desires for things that never even touch the life to enrich it." Any one who submits to the spell of publicity which promises to give you a "radio-active mind

with a universal hook-up" with the "sources of wealth and enjoyment and power," may be counted upon to send in his initial \$15.

There is more scientific verbiage. As for instance: "Subsistential being rises through existential creation to super-sistential (!) sublimation by the process of emergent evolution." Then the more practical angle: "Impotency, disease, failure and misery in man are due to the frustrations, aberrations, blockings, distractions, dissipations and short-circuiting of processes of his individual Bio-Psycho-Dynamics and the interferences with his energy generating processes."

The outline of the basic lectures promises release from every evil that afflicts mankind by offering a Principle which is "an inherent leaven diffused throughout the substances composing the Universe." "Every individual potential genius by inheritance." Follows a complete course in Psychoanalysis. "How the creative factors for every tissue, gland, organ, hair, tooth, etc., come to be in our germinal cell." "Undue repression of the appetites and desires creates a life of pain and misery,—self destruction." "How a host of perverse and auto-erotic

habits and psychic states have come to torture human beings." "How parasitical parents crucify youth's virility upon the cross of filial craving." "The many re-births necessary to attain perfect adulthood." "How to find a solution for every problem of life."

The promoters of Bio-Psychology with all their universal knowledge were short-changed by nature in one point—the sense of humor. Otherwise they could not have proposed this list of courses:

- Dept. of Bio-Psychology (Basic)
- Dept. of Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Education (Basic)
- Dept. of Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Sciences
- Dept. of Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Religions
- Dept. of Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Philosophies

And finally the list of degrees offered to the poor simps enrolling under Bio-Psychology. Here is the complete list:

- Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.)
- Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.) or Advanced degree in Education
- Master of Science (Sc.M.) and Ortho-Geneticist
- Doctor of Metaphysics (Ms.D.) in Psycho-Dynamic Sciences
- Doctor of Divinity (D.D.) in Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Religions
- Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) in Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Philosophies



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Great art, I believe, invariably gives rise to new questionings, new problems, new viewpoints, and new conclusions. It retains much that is old; but it never fails to create something new.

In Wagner's own day it was fashionable in many quarters to say that the composer of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Parsifal* wrote as he did largely because he was a poorly trained musician. Wagner's die-hard detractors pointed with horror to violations of some of the supposedly sacrosanct laws of harmony. What would they say today if they could be brought back into the world to see how many composers since Wagner's time have trampled time-hallowed precepts under foot?

Wagner's music was startling in

its newness. In the eyes of those who were prone to view any radical innovation with suspicion and dread it was shocking. Nevertheless, it would be entirely wrong to suppose or to state that Wagner ruthlessly and unscrupulously cast every vestige of conservatism to the four winds. As a matter of fact, he learned to be progressive in his outlook by treading many well-beaten paths.

Wagner's art, as it is exemplified in the *Ring* and in other works that reflect the complete ripening of his extraordinary skill, did not develop without suffering growing pains. In his first compositions for the stage—*Die Feen* and *Das Liebesverbot*—he is imitative to a highly transparent degree. *Rienzi* shows advances; but it, too, is by no means representative of the fullblown Wagner. Even *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, revolutionary though they are in

more than one respect, do not mirror in every detail the Wagner of the *Ring*.

Parts of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are positively miraculous in the newness of their beauty. Think of the prelude to *Lohengrin*. Words are utterly inadequate to express the sublimity and the wonder-working picturesqueness of this music. It is by no means an overture in the orthodox sense. The prelude suggests a vision of the Holy Grail as the sacred vessel appears in the heavens escorted by an angelic host, as it descends toward the earth, and as it returns to the celestial heights. Divided violins intone the Grail music in the highest register. Gradually the volume is intensified until the theme is stated *fortissimo* by the brasses. Then there is a long *diminuendo* back to the highest tones of the violins.

The prelude to *Lohengrin* is a magnificent painting in tone. I am moved to the marrow whenever I hear it performed by the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini (Victor disc 11-9287). It is scored for three flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettledrums, cymbals, and strings. Some of Wagner's contemporaries hailed it as great music. Many, however, listened to it

with unconcealed horror. This music was beyond their comprehension; it was entirely beyond their vision. Wagner, they thought and said, was a renegade. Such writing, they declared, was utterly without value, rhyme, or reason. Nevertheless, the glorious prelude to *Lohengrin* has survived all those bitter strictures. The flaw-picking of Wagner's opponents retains some measure of historical interest; but the prelude to *Lohengrin* thrills many millions today. Wagner-baiters, of course, continue in their futile attempts to pick it to pieces. They are not successful.

Orchestral Sorcery

♪ Examples of orchestral sorcery abound in Wagner's works; but before singling out a few for special discussion I desire to state as simply and as directly as I can that, in my opinion, music critics should use the personal pronoun of the first person singular much more frequently than they actually do.

Someone is bound to say, "You are advocating egotism—rank egotism." Such a charge, however, is based on nebulous thinking. In numerous instances reactions to this or that composition are determined to such a large extent by one's own beliefs, prejudices, and background that it is wise to say,

"I believe," "I suppose," or "I conclude." By giving expressions to one's views and conclusions in such a way one is actually trying to avoid egotism.

Let me illustrate. Some time ago I heard Robert Casadesus, the famous pianist, play Robert Schumann's *Papillons*. I have known this composition for many years, and, for one reason or another, I have never been able to cultivate a fondness for most of it. I know, however, that hundreds upon hundreds set great store by the work and consider it a masterpiece. Why should I refuse to respect their opinion even if I cannot agree with their way of thinking?

In a newspaper review of Mr. Casadesus' recital I said:

Schumann's *Papillons*, a collection of miniatures in which exuberance, wit, and drollery rub elbows with much that is inconsequential, presented a striking contrast, coming as it did after the music of Chopin.

I should have stated that in Schumann's work exuberance, wit, and drollery rub elbows with much that I regard as inconsequential. Why? Because there are many who cannot find in the composition anything at all that may justly be designated as inconsequential. A critic must be on his guard against striving—or even

seeming—to palm off his own views as the last word.

In another sentence I was more cautious. I wrote:

Mr. Casadesus played the composition with warmth and gripping vitality of rhythm. Ordinarily the *Papillons* bores me; but Mr. Casadesus, great artist that he is, breathed the breath of vigorous life into the work.

By stating that the *Papillons* ordinarily bores me I was attempting in all frankness to point out that I have no right to condemn you if the composition does not bore you. This is only one of numerous reasons why, to my thinking, music critics should not consistently and persistently eschew the personal pronoun of the first person singular. Why, in the name of common sense, should one prefer the so-called editorial "we" to the frank and simple "I"? As a matter of plain fact, the use of "I" is often the most effective way of squelching the egotism to which all human beings are prone and of slapping it squarely in the face.

Now that I have emitted another pet conviction from my system, I shall say a little about Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*.

It is sometimes said that a bane rests upon the children of famous parents. If they themselves strive to gain distinction, comparisons, usually unfavorable to them, are


made with what their fathers or their mothers have achieved; if, on the other hand, they plod through life without attaining eminence of any kind, it is trumpeted forth to the world that they either could or would not follow in the footsteps of those to whom they were born.

Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard Wagner and the much-discussed Cosima Wagner, is often mentioned as a case in point. He came into the world on June 9, 1869, at Tribschen, near Lucerne, and died in Bayreuth on August 4, 1930. Inspired by the example of his wonderfully gifted father and urged on by his ambitious and nimble-witted mother, he did a large amount of composing; but it is commonly agreed that he was not able to produce a single masterpiece. Although his works were brought out with much acclaim, they could not hold their own on the stage. The Wagner blood in his veins was mingled, through his mother, with that of the mighty Franz Liszt; but it did not suffice to raise Siegfried to imposing heights as a composer.

One does Siegfried Wagner no injustice by making such an assertion. By this time it is clearly established that only a shred or two of his father's mantle fell upon his shoulders. Still there are

several reasons why the name of Siegfried Wagner will linger on and on in the history of music. One of them is the beautiful *Siegfried Idyll*, which his father composed at Tribschen in November, 1870.

A Christmas and Birthday Present

 At the time of the son's birth Wagner was at work on *Siegfried*, the third music drama in the monumental *Ring* cycle. The joy of the parents was so great that they decided to name the child for the sturdy hero of the opera. In a letter to one Frau Wille the composer spoke of the "wonderfully beautiful boy whom I can boldly call Siegfried" and added that "he is now growing, together with my work; he gives me a new, long life, which at last has attained a meaning."

Wagner composed the *Siegfried Idyll* in honor of the little son of whom he was so proud and as a birthday gift for his wife, who had arrived in the world in the year 1837 as a Christmas present for Franz Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult.

Every effort was made to keep Cosima from knowing that a new work had come from her distinguished husband's pen. On December 4, 1870, Wagner gave the manuscript score to the noted conductor Hans Richter, who took

it to Zurich and rehearsed the orchestra which had been selected to play the composition on Christmas Day. The composer himself conducted a rehearsal at the Hotel du Lac, in Lucerne, on December 24, and early on the following morning, which happened to be Sunday, the musicians assembled in his villa at Trieb-schen.

Cosima was still in bed. Silently the stands were placed on the stairs leading to her room. The instruments were tuned in the kitchen. When all was in readiness, the musicians went to their places on the steps, and Wagner, who was to conduct, took up his position at the top. There were two first violins, two second violins, two violas, one 'cello, one double bass, one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, and two horns. Richter played the few measures assigned to the trumpet. The arrangement of the players was far from ideal since Wagner was unable to see the 'cello and the double bass from his post at the head of the stairs. Nevertheless, everything went well.

The performance began at 7:30. Later on Cosima wrote in her diary:

I can give you no idea, my children, about this day nor about my feelings. . . . As I awoke, my ear

caught a sound which swelled fuller and fuller; no longer could I imagine myself to be dreaming; music was sounding, and such music! When it died away, Richard came into my room with the children and offered me the score of the symphonic birthday poem. I was in tears, but so were all the rest of the household.

With the exception of the folk song *Schlaf, mein Kind, Schlaf ein* all the themes of the *Idyll* were taken from *Siegfried*.

No less a personage than the late Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, once declared that the charms of the *Siegfried Idyll*, "undeniable and delectable though they are, are mercilessly long." Strangely enough, the able critic wrote those words after he had listened to a performance given under the direction of Karl Muck. The *Siegfried Idyll* was never included in the programs presented by Dr. Muck when I was fortunate enough to be in the audience; but it is impossible for me even to imagine that the famous conductor could, or would have made the composition sound long-winded. One must conclude that Mr. Aldrich did not take a fancy to the work itself. To my thinking, the glorious music which makes up the warp and woof of the *Siegfried Idyll* casts its spell most potently when it is conducted with the clarity, the tender-

ness, and the virility which run like threads of the finest gold through a reading presented by

the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Artur Toscanini (Victor Album 308).

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Concerto No. 2, in F. Minor, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 21.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg.—Although Chopin did not do his best work when he wrote his two concertos for piano and orchestra, the compositions are full of beautiful poetry. They are products of the pen of a man whom Heinrich Heine called "the Raphael of the piano." Rubinstein gives a memorable performance. Victor Album 1012.

MANUEL DE FALLA. *El Amor Brujo (Love the Magician).* The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski, with Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano, as soloist.—Falla (1876-1946) was not a prolific composer; but the few works he bequeathed to the world show that he gave masterful expression to Spanish music. *El Amor Brujo*, which contains the frenetic *Ritual Fire Dance*, is performed in a vivid and colorful manner on these discs. Victor Album 1089.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Sonata in A Minor, for 'Cello and Piano, Op. 35.* Raya Garbousova, 'cellist, and Artur Balsam, pianist.—The more intently I listen to this excellent recording of Grieg's beautiful so-

nata, the more I wonder how anyone can uphold the statement that the work is German romanticism interlarded with Norwegian elements. The composition is Grieg and Grieg alone. Concert Hall Society Album A-D.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Music for Children.* Ray Lev, pianist.—The titles of these delightful little pieces are: *Morning, Waltz, Evening, Promenade, Fairytale, March, Rain and the Rainbow, Tarantella, Regrets, Moonlit Meadows, and Parade of the Grasshoppers.* Miss Lev plays with artistry of a high order. Concert Hall Society Album A-C.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Irish Songs.* Richard Dyer-Bennett, tenor, with Ignace Strassfogel, pianist, Stefan Frenkel, violinist, and Jascha Bernstein, 'cellist.—No, Beethoven did not write the tunes. George Thomson, a Scotchman who compiled many Scotch, Welsh, and Irish songs, commissioned the great composer to devise the instrumental settings. The titles are: *Once More I Hail Thee; The Return to Ulster; Oh! Who, My Dear Dermot; The Morning Air Plays on My Face; The Pulse of an Irishman; and Morning a Cruel Turmoiler Is.* Concert Hall Society Album A-G.

The Literary Scene

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

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

Meridian of Despair

CHILDREN OF VIENNA. By Robert Neumann. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1947. 223 pages. \$2.75.

CHILDREN OF VIENNA presents a stark and compelling picture of postwar conditions in the devastated areas of Europe. Robert Neumann had a definite purpose in writing this powerful and illuminating short novel. He says:

This book of fiction, with fictitious characters, in a fictitious setting which I call Vienna but which could be anywhere east of the Meridian of Despair, is addressed to the men and women of the victorious countries. It was written for the sake of the children of Europe, in two months of their misery in the winter of 1945-46.

Air raids, tank warfare, gas chambers, torture camps, and the daily maiming and killing of thousands of men, women, and children became things of the past when World War II came to an end almost two years ago. But no declaration of armistice could put an end to disease, hunger,

despair, and the physical and mental suffering of the victims of war. Reports coming to us from those who have traveled in Europe since the war fully substantiate the existence of conditions just as shocking as those depicted by Mr. Neumann within his "Meridian of Despair."

Children of Vienna is not pleasant reading. What can be done to salvage the children who have known nothing but hunger and privation? How can we reach the children who have had to lie, cheat, steal, and endure moral and physical depravity in order to obtain a crust of bread, a cup of thin soup, or a few rags with which to cover themselves? How shall we approach children who have lived their short lives precariously and under the ever present shadow of death? Is there any hope for the children who have seen the horrors of concentration camps, gas chambers, and slave labor? Can we reclaim the youthful victims who were indoctrinated in the vicious creed of Nazism?

Mr. Neumann blocks in his portrait of despair and shame with mas-

terful strokes. His indictment of Civilization is drawn with skill and genuine artistry. He is less successful in creating the Negro chaplain (U. S. Army) who serves as a symbol of the manner in which hope and salvation must be brought to the well-nigh hopeless victims of world-disaster. This is not surprising when one considers the magnitude of the task of restoring order and security in ravaged and ravished Europe. It is too late to save the European children of yesterday, and perhaps only a miracle can save many of the European children of today. What of the children of tomorrow—the children not only of Europe but of the entire world? Will tomorrow see another army of child victims

a hundredfold more terrible than those slain in battle. Kids with blown bellies. Kids with smashed heads, with torn-off limbs, with blue tongues sticking out of their gaping mouths, as they dragged them from the gas vans and threw them into the nearest pit?

Robert Neumann is widely known here and abroad as a successful novelist and biographer. He was born in Vienna in 1897. His formal training at the University of Vienna centered about medicine and chemical research; but he soon turned to writing. Discouraged by the difficulties he encountered when he tried to publish his first literary work, Mr. Neumann left Europe as supercargo on a Dutch tanker. When he returned from the East, he found to his amazement that his book had been published and that 20,000 copies had been sold. Subsequent volumes from his pen

were well received. They have been published in twenty-one languages and were on best-seller lists in Germany before the Nazis indulged themselves in their infamous burning of the books. An excellent biography of Zaharoff, the armament king, introduced Mr. Neumann to England and America. Among his novels are *By the Waters of Babylon* and *The Inquest*.

Democrat or Dictator

THE COLLECTED WARTIME MESSAGES OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK 1937-1945. Compiled by Chinese Ministry of Information. The John Day Company, New York. Two volumes. 888 pages. \$7.50.

THIS compilation contains every major speech and address delivered by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek during the eight years, 1937 to 1945, in which China was at war with Japan. A foreword by Mr. Ching-Lin Hsia highlights the chief characteristics of the messages. There follows an invaluable glossary of Chinese terms which occur in the messages, and a chronology of the important events of the war.

The messages, a total of 160, are arranged in chronological sequence. Mr. Ching-Lin Hsia is correct in saying, "Compared to the eloquence of Roosevelt and Churchill, Chiang is less familiar to the Western reader and may seem heavy and repetitious. This is attributable to the fact that the Generalissimo, in conformity with Chinese oratorical conventions, does not seek to give his messages a high

news content. On each occasion he summarizes the trend of world events and supplies enough of the immediate setting; but, instead of timing himself for a dramatic announcement of some new development, he is content to dwell on time-tested truths. He is more often exhortatory than reportorial."

Nevertheless the addresses reflect a high measure of persuasiveness. There is evident in them a steadfastness of purpose which never loses sight of their real objective—the liberation of China; a surprising familiarity with international affairs; an intense appreciation of Chinese suffering during the war; a nobility of thought which sometimes rises to the highest heights of true democratic ideals; and a simplicity and directness which occasionally approaches that of Abraham Lincoln. We quote the following passage: "We hope for peace, but we do not seek an easy path to peace; we prepare for war, but we do not want war. When we reach the point where the whole nation must take up arms, then we know we shall have to sacrifice to the very end without the slightest hope of avoiding suffering by some sudden turn of fortune. Once the battle is joined there can be no distinction between north and south, nor between old and young. Everyone everywhere will have to shoulder the responsibility for protecting the country and for resisting the foe. Everyone will have to give everything that he has" (I, 25).

This reviewer was particularly impressed by the Generalissimo's expert

knowledge of the schemes of Japan's militaristic leaders and by his clairvoyant insight into their ultimate objective—world subjugation. No student of World War II and of present Chinese affairs can afford to ignore these wartime messages by one of China's greatest leaders.

Encyclopedia

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC, 1947. John Kieran, editor. Doubleday and Co. 1014 pages. \$2.00.

A ONE volume encyclopedia which is at the same time a history of the calendar year 1946. The kind of book one may pick up a thousand times and each time find some fact which you need or some useful bit of knowledge. The index alone fills more than 60 pages with 250 references on the average to the page and covering every possible topic of public interest. We find out that among followers of professional baseball Lloyd Waner has the nick-name Little Poison and the Notre Dame line of 1924 in football were called the Seven Mules. Helen Moody, the tennis star, is Little Miss Poker Face. The time difference between New York City and Leningrad is seven hours. The monetary unit of Albania is the Fraca air. And the average temperature in Bulgaria during the summer is 70 degrees. Do you want the charter of the United Nations? It is printed out in full on 12 pages. To change inches into millimeters multiply by 25.4. The winner of the U. S. open golf championship in 1909 was George Sargent. There is a list of 20



For Spring

"There is virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, in streams, in groves, in rustic recreation and plain manners that neither cities nor universities enjoy."

A. B. ALCOTT

THE coming of spring draws the heart outdoors again, and everyone longs for the open sky and the open land of the country. The spirit needs the refreshment which comes from the joining of the land to the sky and the house to the land. Only in the country can one find houses embodying the ideas not only of one man but of several generations of men. Additions attach themselves to the old main house according to the necessities of passing years. Half timber has been added to stone and brick to half timber to fit the circumstances of the builders. Utility and the honest, unashamed economies of the passing generations give the places simplicity and beauty.

In the succeeding pages we present several pictures which are characteristic of the northern French provincial architecture. They have the steep roof pitch, frequent towers of various shapes, round, square, and hexagonal, outside staircases, and dormers of various treatment. This steeply pitched roof above generally low walls throws the roof mass into prominence and has earned for this type the name of an "architecture of roofs."

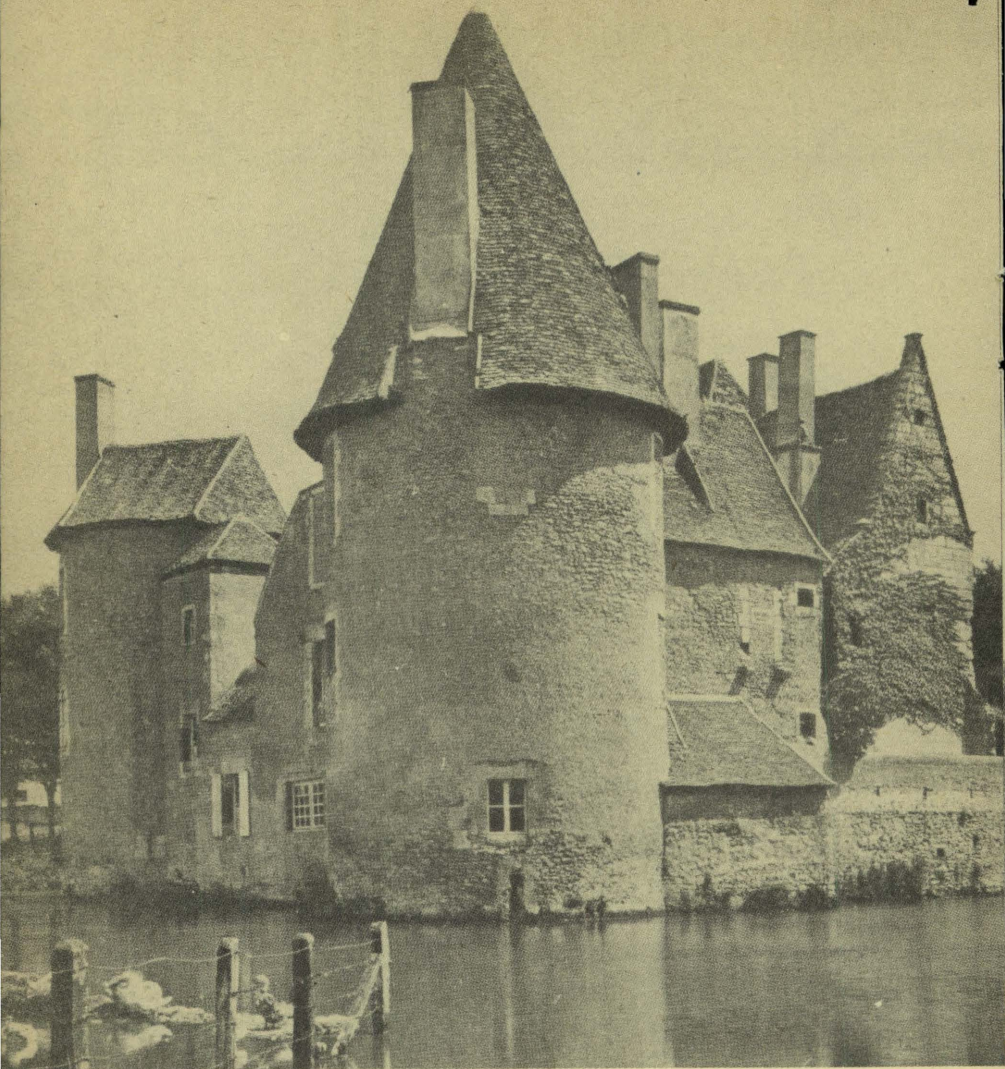
In viewing these types, we must try to understand the tradition and background of these old builders. They were intelligent craftsmen with a mighty pride in the work of their hands. Their work is both naive and subtle, and while their lives were natural, they were often very far from dull. In them is the spirit of men who lived well with one another, with their land, and with the God who had brought them together.

ADALBERT R. KRETMANN

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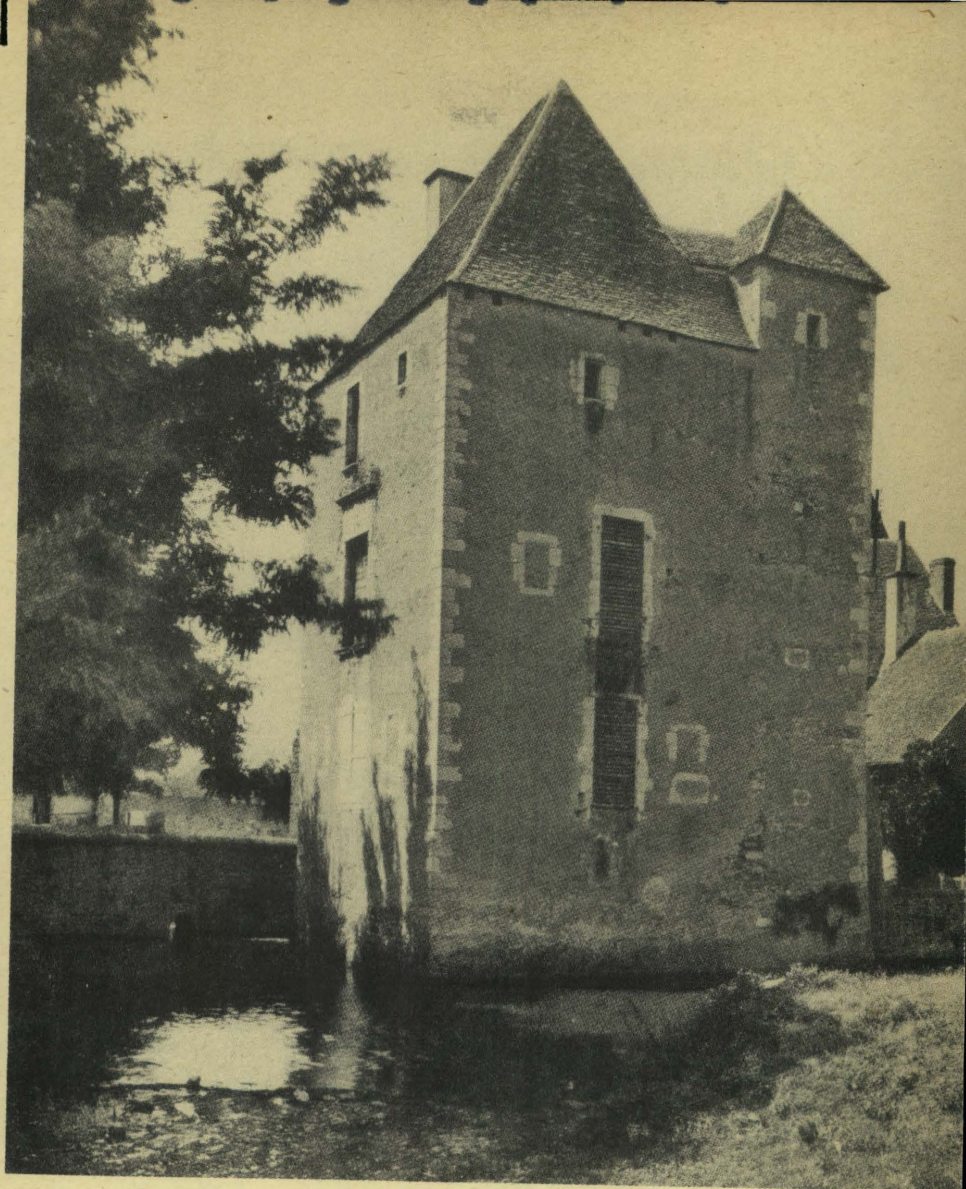
Moated Farm Group at Le Marais (L'oise)



River Side of Farm Group at St. Piat (Eure-et-Loire)



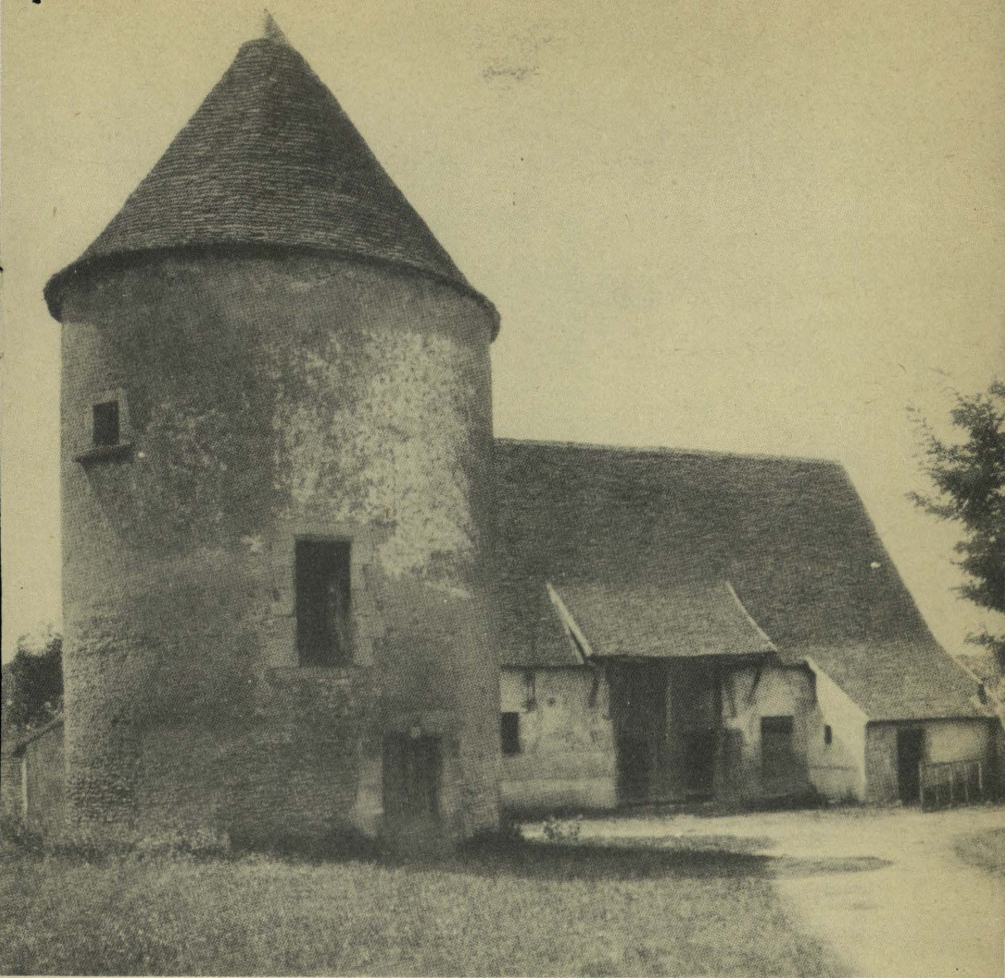
Farm Buildings at St. Piat (Eure-et-Loire)



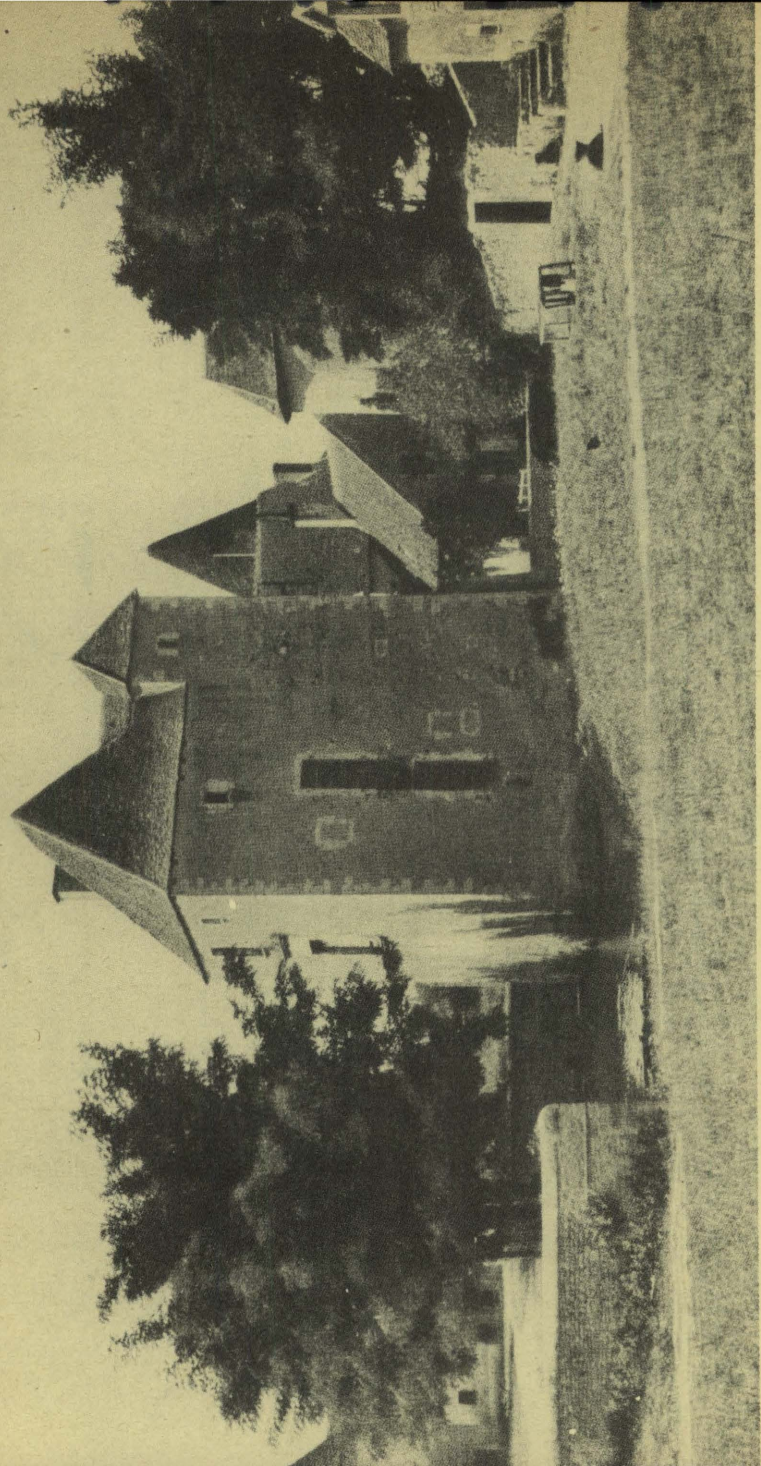
Tower in Farm Group at Le Marais (L'oise)



Moated Farm Group at Le Marais (L'oise)



Detail of Farm Group at Le Marais (L'oise)



Farm Group at Le Marais (L'oise)

famous comets. All the countries of the world are described as to history, government, crops, and natural resources. The entire history of the Second World War is told on 20 pages. A fine map shows Europe at the height of the German conquest. Other maps give you the highway distances between main points in the entire United States. There is a wealth of astronomical data, a perpetual calendar, and all the chief statistics regarding every kind of athletic sport. The circulation of all newspapers above 200,000 subscribers in the United States. The chief glaciers and ice fields of the world, famous water falls and caves, the principal volcanoes, highest mountains. All this information is illustrated with countless graphs and diagrams.

Mr. Kieran had the support of noted writers and experts in many fields in supervising the data supplied under the various chief headings of which there are a dozen besides the review of the year 1946. Deems Taylor reviews the concerts and operas; Harold Stassen, the United Nations; Christopher Morley, the books and magazines; George F. Eliot, matters related to the world war. The greatest marvel of the book is the price.

Exit H. G. Wells

MIND AT THE END OF ITS TETHER. By H. G. Wells. Didier, Publishers, New York. 1946. 90 pages. \$2.50.

ON AUGUST 13, 1946, H. G. Wells died at the age of seventy-nine. This volume contains his last produc-

tion, *Mind at the End of Its Tether*, and a fantasy written two years earlier, *The Happy Turning*.

In the latter, which is cast in the form of a dream, there are some interesting biographical notes. Wells says that he became an atheist by virtue of a dream and, "from that time on, began to invent and talk blasphemy." That the reader may understand what he means, he expresses his scorn and contempt for Christianity by warming over, as best he may, some of the oldest and shallowest calumnies that have been raised against the Christian faith by its foes.

The other production, Wells's last public utterance, could fitly have been called, "H. G. Wells at the End of His Tether." His publisher characterizes it as "a distillation of all he had thought and written." And what is it? A welter of gloomy pessimism. As the ripe fruit of a long lifetime Wells offers the world the prediction that "the end of all we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded." Since he says that he writes "under the urgency of a scientific training, which obliges him to clarify his mind and his world to the utmost limit of his capacity," one expects him to present at least the semblance of a profound argument for his apocalyptic announcement. One finds nothing of the kind: no train of close, connected reasoning, but only disjointed pieces of fact and fancy strongly colored with personal reactions.

The most revealing notion of Wells, to our mind, is his claim that there is an unknown power in the

universe which has at last turned against mankind and is about to wipe it out—not in a matter of aeons, but in weeks and months. We are strongly inclined to feel that Wells is here simply projecting upon mankind a warning which an inner voice was addressing to *him* as he wrote—the warning that God whom he denied and blasphemed would terminate his life in the near future.

A price of \$2.50 for this little volume of 90 pages would be exorbitant if the contents were of high quality; the contents being what they are, the price is preposterous.

New Darwiniana

CHARLES DARWIN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE. By Lady Nora Barlow. Philosophical Library, New York. 1946. 279 pages. \$3.75.

DARWIN himself wrote, toward the end of his days, "The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career." He was twenty-three years old when, in 1831, he accepted the position of naturalist for the five-year-long voyage that was to carry the little 242-ton *Beagle* around the world. When he left England, it was understood that he would eventually enter the ministry, but by the time he returned he was committed to quite a different career.

Darwin's *Journal* and *Diary* of the voyage have been published heretofore. In this volume Lady Nora Barlow, a granddaughter of Darwin, has edited thirty-eight letters which the

young man wrote to his family, most of which have never appeared in print, and twenty-four small notebooks in which he jotted down things on the spur of the moment. An Introduction provides the necessary background.

The letters are by far the more interesting part of these new Darwiniana. They bring home to one, for one thing, how much the world has changed in a little more than a century. "What wonderful quick traveling it is," Darwin exclaims when he has made 250 miles by stagecoach in 24 hours; and when mail between England and South America takes no more than four months, it does very well. There still are pirates around, and plenty of places where no white man has ever been. In these letters is also the record of how Darwin went about acquainting himself with the flora and fauna, but chiefly the geology, of the regions which he visited, what miseries of seasickness he endured in the little craft, how he worried about the expense he was causing his father, and how his homesickness grew almost unbearable toward the last. The notebooks are largely made up of disconnected jottings and obscure odds and ends which are not likely to interest the general reader. Of Darwin's later evolutionary teachings there is in these papers at most a premonitory hint. In one of the hitherto unpublished letters Darwin registers his admiration of the results of Christian missions in the South Seas and in New Zealand and expresses indignation at slanders that had been circulated against them.

After Two Hundred Years

PRINCETON 1746-1896. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1946. 424 pages. \$3.75.

THE LIVES OF EIGHTEEN FROM PRINCETON. Edited by Willard Thorp. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1946. 356 pages. \$3.75.

Fair Harvard's earliest beacon tower had shone;
 Then Yale was lighted, and an answering ray
 Flashed from the meadows by New Haven Bay.
 But deeper spread the forest, and more dark,
 Where first Neshaminy received the spark
 Of sacred learning to its frail abode,
 And nursed the holy fire until it glowed.
 Thine was the courage, thine the larger look
 That raised yon taper from its humble nook.
 Thine was the hope and thine the stronger will
 That built the beacon here on Princeton hill.

So Henry van Dyke celebrated the one-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Princeton University. These two volumes are intended to commemorate Princeton's bicentennial.

Two hundred years ago this month, in May, 1747, the first classes were held in "The College of New Jersey," later to be known as Princeton University. Since that time thousands of young men have gone forth from Nassau Hall to live out Woodrow

Wilson's ideal of "Princeton in the nation's service."

Prof. Wertenbaker, Bicentennial Historian of Princeton, tells the story of the school till it became Princeton University in 1896. Tracing its origins in the "Log College" movement which sprang up as a result of the Great Awakening, he carefully explains how the College took part in the winning of American independence. In Chapter III Wertenbaker evaluates Princeton's contribution to the political life of early national America.

Chapters IV-VIII describe the way Princeton experienced the shocks of secularism and infidelity, of student riots and fire, and of the Civil War. Princeton was begun as a church-related institution; like most such schools in the early part of the nineteenth century, however, it had to fight off the inroads of English deism and French rationalism, of what Pres. Smith called "the progress of vice and irreligion" (p. 126). Student resentment of discipline "culminated in one of the most serious riots in the turbulent history of Nassau Hall" in January, 1817 (p. 167), and only the wisdom of Philip Lindsley pulled the school through. The fire came in March, 1855, and the war in 1861.

But Princeton survived all of this—plus the charge that "Princeton University of the College of New Jersey, born of high Presbyterian parentage, and for a century and a half diligently nursed by the Church, has taken to the bottle in its old age" (p. 374).

In the concluding chapters the author brings his story down to 1896.

He seems to have made use of all available material for his book: letters, diaries, magazine articles, sermons, pamphlets, etc., all woven into an interesting narrative.

The collection of biographical essays edited by Prof. Thorp is a handy companion-volume to Prof. Wertenbaker's book. In addition to studies of James Madison and Woodrow Wilson, the two U. S. presidents from Princeton, this *Festschrift* brings evaluations of such varied characters as Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Six Nations; Paul Elmer More, the modern Neo-Platonist; Charles Hodge, author of American orthodox Calvinism's deutero-canonical *Systematic Theology*; "Light-Horse Harry" Lee; "the laureate of the Jazz Age," F. Scott Fitzgerald; and others.

Biography supplements history; and in this case at least, the combination serves to arouse admiration for, and congratulations to, that great American institution of learning, Princeton University.

China Again

PAVILION OF WOMEN. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company, New York. 1946. 316 pages. \$3.00.

IN THE great houses of wealthy Chinese families, the Old Gentleman and Old Lady, the master and mistress, the concubines, the sons and their wives and children, various cousins, and the servants live in a series of "courts," flowered courtyards surrounded by one-story rooms. In the house of Wu in a provincial city some sixty persons live together. The emotional conflicts between the wo-

men and their men, and, by extension, between all women and all men in any country or time are considered in *Pavilion of Women*. As usual, Mrs. Buck gives the Western reader a succession of exact pictures of the Chinese setting.

By the broad expanses of society that she covers in her novels, by the multiplicity of the problems that she deals with, and by her seriousness, Mrs. Buck is well above the average novelist. As her technique is not modern, she might be compared to certain nineteenth-century novelists—perhaps George Eliot, who was also greatly concerned with moral searching.

But Mrs. Buck fails to treat these problems in a thorough manner. The plot of *Pavilion of Women*, far from being "more philosophical than history," is capriciously manipulated through accidents—a treatment that can hardly be justified when moral continuity is her chief theme. Thus, the problems that are about to be raised by a difficult love affair are obviated by the sudden death of the lover; a neurotic young wife's problem of avoiding quarrels with the husband she loves is solved by his sudden death; the problems that are foreseen when the third concubine will add her children to the family circle fail to be posed because she proves barren.

Similarly, Madame Wu, the forty-year-old heroine, whose mature beauty, intelligence, and placidity are set forth in the opening chapters as products of Chinese civilization which the Western world has failed to

equal, is shown to have achieved these qualities partly through a blamable aloofness from human sympathies. But although Madame Wu undergoes something of a change of heart under the influence of a saintly and powerful unorthodox Italian monk, Mrs. Buck fails to give us the interesting picture of her adjustment to a warmer, if less neat, way of life; for her potential lover is happily removed by accidental death, and her unloved husband, to whom she fears she should return, in the nick of time centers his affections elsewhere. Her adjustment is realized only in conveniently minor incidents.

There is an element of preaching in Mrs. Buck's work that is symptomatic of her incomplete view of life. Her seriousness is in part due to her lack of humor. She might be contrasted in this respect to Virginia Woolf, who saw and rejoiced in the multiplicity of life's phenomena. As an educational treatise on China and as a stimulus to thought on various aspects of the relations of the sexes, *Pavilion of Women* is an important book, but it is not a great novel.

Essential Stagecraft

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME I. By Harley Granville-Barker. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1946. 543 pages. \$5.00.

THE author of these essays in drama criticism was prominent in the English theater in his own right, as dramatist, actor, and producer. (See the review of his *The Use of Drama* in CRESSET, October, 1945.)

He was Director of the British Institute in Paris when he died in August, 1946, while preparing the second volume—soon to appear—of these his *Prefaces to Shakespeare*. Some-time President of The Shakespeare Association, with G. B. Harrison he edited *A Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

Why this first volume, composed piecemeal over three decades, is now published in America is explained thus:

I began writing these "Prefaces" some twenty-five years ago. They were commissioned as contributions to an edition called *The Players' Shakespeare* (a beautiful piece of bookmaking, one play to a volume, published in London by Ernest Benn, Limited). It was never completed; and when it became clear that it would not be, I was free to go ahead independently with my own share of the work. This, with the years, quite outgrew the dimensions originally allotted it, the purpose too. But it did not seem worth while to change the title. For various reasons the publication of an American edition has been delayed until now. In preparing it I have made only a few changes. . . . Also I have now omitted the usual acknowledgments for the use of texts. . . .

Actually the American edition is printed in the hope of introducing more of our countrymen to these justly famous critical essays on producing the plays of The Bard. Included are the book-length *Hamlet* and four shorter interpretations: *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*. Careful perusal reveals the right of Mr. Granville-Barker to be admitted to the ranks of such pro-

vocatively good Shakespeare commentators as Bradley, Kittredge, and Stoll. Each essay on a different play is worth a separate review by itself for its rich store of Shakespeariana.

Shakespeare's work shows such principles as the growth of a tree shows. It is not haphazard merely because it is not formal; it is shaped by inner strength. The theater, as he found it, allowed him and encouraged him to great freedom of development. . . . We think now of the plays themselves; their first public knew them by their acting.

It is this consistent emphasis upon the plays as living drama that unifies the discussion. Reiterated insistence on the uncluttered freedom of the Elizabethan stage is his zestful challenge to scholars and directors who divorce Shakespeare from the actual theater, in their timid respect for the accumulation of several centuries of tradition and distortion or misconception of the great *art* of the playwright. What kind of performance would Shakespeare have desired, is ever the approach here used.

We like his detailed analyses of the characters in the plays and his subtle investigations of the qualities of the verse more than his blueprints of the intricate questions of stage arrangement (a great deal of which has already become theater practice), mounting, and decoration—to all of which factors he is very alert. These latter topics afford excellent technical advice for the showman; the former subjects will appeal to all lovers of Shakespeare's drama and make them wish for early appearance of the sequel volume on other plays.

A well-written essay of introduc-

tion, dated 1927 but apt for this edition, clarifies such things as the speaking of the verse, the role of the boy-actress, the function of the soliloquy, authenticity of costume, the convention of place, the study and the stage, and the integrity of the text. It ends with an eloquent plea (the italics are ours): "Gain *Shakespeare's effects*; and it is your business to discern them."

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Crumbling Empire

DIVIDED INDIA. By Robert Aura Smith. Whittlesey House, New York. 258 pages. \$3.00.

MR. SMITH's purpose is to contribute to better understanding between Britons and Americans through "a more detailed analysis of some British attitudes than has been customary in writing about India." His book involves a well-grounded survey of India's constitutional problem. It could go a long way toward demonstrating the irrelevancy of a popular and politically naive American passion for simple Indian "freedom." In a well documented thesis Mr. Smith argues that the only problem since the first World War has been implementing the freedom that the British have been gradually resigning themselves to since Queen Victoria's modest assertion that Indians would be "impartially admitted to office."

Divided India is mainly concerned with the fixed elements that block agreement upon an objective about which both sides have long been in harmony—the Indians wanting to get

rid of the British and the British being committed to get rid of the Indians. Strategic reasons as well as the desire for constitutional legality and domestic good government are cited in justification of British insistence that a functioning Indian union be formed before a formal British withdrawal can take place. Apprehension of Russian expansion is seen as an important strategic consideration. The *New York Times* writer discounts religious differences as a moral barrier to constitutional progress. He maintains that the significance of India's religious cleavage has been conveniently oversimplified and says it is important to the two communities "primarily because it serves as a mode of self-identification."

Since the book was sent to the publishers, Mr. Smith's sympathetic presentation of the British point of view has been given tangible support by Prime Minister Atlee's flat declaration of intent to quit India by June, 1948. Many have interpreted this as a sort of catalytic mandate for the Congress Party and the Moslem League to get together on a constitution before the deadline when the British raj packs up his police whistle.

The book is none too gentle with some of the Indian sacred cows. Gandhi's attempts to foment resistance movements are not glossed over nor is Nehru's political masochism. Beyond the first chapter Mr. Smith's effort will probably have little interest for the average reader because of the volume's later concern with political structure. It is, however, one of

the pitifully few comprehensive investigations of modern India's governmental problem by an American. Britain's crumbling empire may well turn us all to reading books about her contracting and our, in turn, expanding world commitments.

RAY SCHERER

I Don't Like You

WHY MEN HATE. By Samuel Tenenbaum. The Beechhurst Press. 368 pages. \$3.50.

World War II did not end racial and religious prejudices. Hate-mongers, Jew-baiters, the vermin press, would-be Fuehrers are still holding forth to entranced multitudes in America and other countries. The worst post World War II pogrom in Poland, in which over forty Jews were killed, was ignited by a nine-year-old boy who said that he saw his Jewish captors kill fifteen Christian children. After the slaughter he admitted that his story was a hoax. In the United States and Canada the same unreasoning prejudice against Jews and Negroes and other minority groups is still such a common factor in our community existence that one almost hesitates to bring up the matter for discussion.

Why Men Hate is an indispensable handbook for everyone interested in attacking the problem of religious and racial prejudice in the community. Here you will find a summary of the origin of some of the fantastic racial theories which have caused so much trouble. Two men of the last century, Count Arthur de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain,

have done more to foster the growth of hate movements than any fifty other men. Once their theories of racial supremacy began seeping into the minds of men obsessed with the idea of conquering the world, terror became a part of daily existence. World War II was simply an extension of their ideas into action.

Unfortunately, however, despite the defeat of Naziism and other forms of organized hate, the theory of racial supremacy is still abroad. Major manifestations of racial and religious prejudice are abroad in the United States. There is an unremitting hatred of Jews and Negroes which is alarming. Dr. Tenenbaum cites instance after instance where intolerance has affected an entire community.

Above all, Dr. Tenenbaum demonstrates in clear terms that much of this hatred which is preached against all minority groups in our nation is used for a deadly purpose. He demonstrates in accurate manner how anti-Semitism and the persecution of all "out-groups" is correlated with reactionary tendencies. Organized hatred always follows a classic pattern. Charlatans of all stripes, political opportunists, and psychopaths use racial and religious hate as an instrument to divide people, to distract the nation in order to obtain power, to hide corruption and social decay. No attention is paid to truth. All these small-time bigots follow Hitler's dictum: "The very enormity of a lie contributes to its success."

Little people, people who have suffered reverses of all kinds, who live drab and routine lives, who feel that

a giant conspiracy is levelled against them are the ones who swallow the poisons brewed and administered by these hate-mongers. The hatred of these socially unhappy people is expressed in their hatred of Jews, Roman Catholics, Negroes or any minority groups. The accusation of "communism" is always tossed at whoever happens to differ with them politically. Indeed, one of the most successful devices any politician or religious leader can use to bring shame to his opponent is to accuse him of being a "communist."

What is the cure for hatred? Dr. Tenenbaum hopes that education will help since polls have shown that college graduates have less hatred toward Jews or other groups. But this is not a final guarantee since many colleges practice their own peculiar type of racial and religious discrimination. Nor is too much hope placed in education itself. It has always been true that an individual first acquires a prejudice and then afterwards discovers reasons to justify it.

Dr. Tenenbaum feels that law can be used as a weapon for tolerance. He cites the excellent results obtained through the enactment of the FEPC act and of anti-discrimination laws in New York. He grants that the law cannot change a heart where prejudice exists but at the same time anti-discrimination agencies set up by the enactment of a law are excellent educational devices.

On the whole there is hope that hatred can be fought. For one thing, no one is born a bigot. Except for the mentally sick, it is possible to

eliminate bigotry in the majority of instances. Above all, we need a change of heart in all men. Where this doctrine of God's love to man and man's love to God and man is observed, it is impossible for the twisted, perverted, little minds to fan latent prejudices and to play on frustrations which exist in so many people.

Why Men Hate is full of information on all the aspects of America's chief domestic problem: racial and religious prejudice. This is a good textbook and a ready reference work.

Good Novelist

TROLLOPE: a Commentary. By Michael Sadleir. Farrar, Straus and Company, New York. 1947. 428 pages. \$4.00.

THE mid-Victorian novelist Anthony Trollope (1815-82) was judged by most critics during the first four decades after his death as having compromised with artistic integrity on several counts: the volume of his output must have precluded good work, his unremitting stints of daily writing were an affront to the doctrine of inspiration, his arranging of his work in units appropriate for serial publication was inconsistent with the requirements of inner harmony, and worst of all, his choice of subject matter and treatment was limited by "the young girl." Then, in the 1920's, when the mid-Victorian period was felt to be so far behind as no longer to constitute a menace, a fairer estimate of Trollope's quality was made by several critics. In the last two decades appreciation of him

has steadily become more widespread.

This book is a revision of one that Sadleir wrote in 1927. In it he gives lively biographies of Trollope and of his mother, the novelist Frances Trollope, and attempts to interpret the mid-Victorian period. From this study emerge answers to the charges listed above.

Born into a professional family, Trollope lost some of the advantages to be expected from this social position through several financial errors made by his father. At Harrow, where he was a day pupil, he was made an outcast because of inability to keep up appearances. At nineteen he went to London to take an unimportant clerical position in the post office while his mother worked unceasingly at her novels satirizing the manners of society. When he reached his middle twenties he was still a "hobbledehoy," ungainly, ill at ease, and seeing little of the people of his family's social class.

But after a severe illness he took a post office surveyor's position in Ireland to be able to enjoy an outdoor life; within a year he had become popular with peasants and squires alike, was engaged to be married, and was an enthusiastic recruit to the sport of fox-hunting. A desire to interpret the English and Irish to each other led him to begin writing novels. The heavy complement of propaganda, however, caused these early stories to founder. Then Frances Trollope, from her long experience as a successful novelist, urged him to write simple novels of observation; simultaneously he was given a postal mis-

sion in the western counties of England. Under these influences he began the long series of novels of county life that filled his remaining thirty years.

Although the persons in Trollope's novels are drawn chiefly from the aristocracy and gentry, yet never was man less of a snob. He simply had the wisdom to depict the life that he knew best, and at those levels he found sufficient problems. His constant observation of the people he met and his habit of imagining their further actions when they were out of his ken enabled him to sit down at scheduled hours every day, whether he was at home or in a traveling conveyance, and write his stint of pages. He did not depend on "inspiration," but he disarmed critics by declaring that he knew well that he was no genius; this modesty belied him, for if he never produced purple passages, yet he conveyed superbly the simple climaxes—sometimes disheartening, often comic—of day-to-day life. The arranging of chapters for serial publication was the universal usage of the period; criticism of Trollope's conformity is anachronistic. Furthermore, criticism of him for insisting upon good pay for his work overlooks the fact that, except in unimportant details, he continually refused the suggestions of publishers that he adulterate or emasculate his novels.

Finally, as regards the charge that he depicted only so much of life as could appropriately be presented to "the young girl," Sadleir points out the immense moral seriousness general among the gentry of the 1840's

and '50's. Trollope did not exclude misbehaviorists from his novels, but he indicated their guilt by such subtle signs as would alone reveal it at a polite social gathering; the experienced adult would, as in life, recognize these signs for what they meant, while the younger reader would realize only vaguely that something was amiss. The novel, in the hands of gentleman-writers of the time, reproduced the conditions of the drawing-room.

Still Dark

FABULOUS VOYAGER: James Joyce's Ulysses. By Richard M. Kain. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1947. 299 pages. \$4.00.

None not said nothing. Yes.

WE MAKE this gem from Joyce's *Ulysses* the motto of our review, just as Kain sets other gems at the head of his chapters. Prof. Kain, who teaches English at the University of Louisville, essays in his book to unscramble a badly scrambled bad egg. He scrambles, rambles, bambles (we speak, or squeak, joycically), but "the muse unsqueaks not a ray of hope."

There are always people who are mightily impressed by jibberish and flapdoodle. They think there must be something deep hidden under it, something esoteric, perhaps in symbolic garb. So they set themselves to culling out the cryptic meaning supposedly enshrined and manage to read into the mess whatever their ingenuity can invent. Mrs. Eddy's jumbled rambling in *Science and*

Health is a case in point. But Mrs. Eddy was a rank amateur compared to Joyce. She never reached such heights in her flight of ideas as this: "Then in last wiswitchback lumbering up and down bump mash tub sort of viceroy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Bara- abum!"

Only professors of English of a certain type can read soul-stirring, cosmic significance into such as that. It serves them as an escape from the inferiority feelings which haunt so many of them. They know that their students have scant respect for scholarship in English, each student feeling that English is something in which he is sufficiently at home without going to class. As a result English departments tend to run high in frustrated personalities who try to win attention by such devices as cynicism, irreligion, emphasis on bawdy literature, and the solemn explication of nonsense.

Joyce's *Ulysses* is a good example of decadence in art, as defined by Gautier in a passage quoted by Kain. It is "a struggling to render what is most inexpressible in thought, what is vague and most elusive in the outlines of form, listening to translate the subtle confidences of neurosis, the dying confessions of passion grown depraved." Joyce struggles at this with such bumptious affectation and such vapid maundering that one is amazed to hear a man of Kain's evident ability call him "the greatest master of language since Shakespeare," "the clearest [*sic*] and most incisive voice of our age," and more

to the same effect. We cannot escape the conclusion that Kain's taste and judgment are as decadent as is Joyce's art.

Ulysses is also morally and spiritually decadent. It dishes up every filthy and disgusting word and action which Joyce's "mastery of language" and the cloaca of his putrid imagination could supply. It also voices every blasphemy and every insulting and degrading fling at Christianity which Joyce could gather. All this Kain appears to regard as evidence of Joyce's "earnestness and honesty" and of his "moral horror," probably on the principle that a cook who puts ordure into food evidently indicates thereby his hearty detestation of such an action. When, finally, Kain proclaims "the essential Christianity" of the spirit of the lecherous, animalistic Bloom because he shows some sympathy for others and for animals, Kain indicates that his judgment on Christianity is fully on a par with his judgment on art and morals.

Toward a Christian Philosophy of Knowledge

REVELATION AND REASON.

The Christian Doctrine of Faith and Knowledge. By Emil Brunner.

Translated by Olive Wyon. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 1946. 440 pages. \$4.50.

A FEW days before receiving this book for review, we had the privilege of hearing Prof. Emil Brunner of Zurich, Switzerland, deliver a series of lectures at McCormick Theological Seminary in Chi-

cago on "The Scandal of Christianity." Many of the subjects touched on in the lectures are treated more fully here.

Revelation and Reason is divided into two parts: "The Nature of the Revelation" and "The Truth of the Revelation." Part I defines revelation as "something hidden . . . made known" (p. 23), "the communication of unusual knowledge" (p. 26), "the justification of the sinner, the forgiveness of guilt" (p. 29), "a movement which does not proceed from man, but one which comes to him" (p. 32). The revelation was made known in the creation (pp. 58 ff., against Karl Barth) and confirmed in the old covenant (pp. 81 ff.); but it was fulfilled in Jesus Christ (pp. 95 ff.), in Whom God "Himself comes forth from the mystery of transcendence, just as previously the prophetic word had issued thence" (p. 103). "It is this, in particular, which distinguishes the Old Testament from the New; the authority of Jesus is the authority of God: thus He is God Himself. When He speaks, God Himself speaks; when He acts, God Himself acts; in His personal presence the personal presence of God has become real" (p. 112).

Holy Scripture bears witness to that revelation (pp. 118 ff.). Prof. Brunner feels "that the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture, which claims to be a standard doctrine, cannot be regarded as an adequate formulation of the authority of the Bible" (p. 127). He nevertheless insists that "the Bible is the word of God because in it, so

far as He chooses, God makes known the mystery of His will, of His saving purpose in Jesus Christ. The Bible is a special form of the divine revelation; it is not merely a document which records a historical revelation" (p. 135). The Church continues to bear witness to the revelation in Christ (pp. 136 ff.) by the testimony of the Spirit (pp. 164 ff.). This revelation will be confirmed in glory (pp. 185 ff.).

Part II compares the Christian revelation and its competitors: the world religions (pp. 218 ff.), the naturalistic theory of religion (pp. 237 ff.), biblical criticism (pp. 273 ff.), modern science (pp. 294 ff.), and rational theology (pp. 348 ff.). Believing that "the synthesis of philosophy and Christianity, in some way or other, is a fact that cannot be undone . . . part of our destiny" (p. 375), Brunner seeks to find a genuinely Christian solution to the problem in *Heilsgeschichte*, history seen as the history of salvation (pp. 396 ff.). To him the attempts to prove God's existence display what they did to Soren Kierkegaard, "a disparaging air of importance" (pp. 338 ff.); for they lead to an abstraction which is not the Holy One of the Bible.

Theonomous revelation is superior to autonomous reason; when subjected to revelation, however, reason does find true freedom. This is why the formulation "revelation and reason" is better than the traditional "reason and revelation." Despite statements, like those on the Bible, with which not everyone will agree, Prof. Brunner's book is profound,

scholarly, stimulating, and eminent-ly Christian. To call him a representative of "the new modernism," as has recently been done, is completely to misunderstand him. We recommend *Revelation and Reason* very highly as one of the outstanding religious books of the past year.

Airman's Tale

THE BRERETON DIARIES: The War in the Air, in the Pacific, Middle East and Europe. By Lewis H. Brereton, Lt. Gen. U.S.A. Wm. Morrow & Co., New York. 1946. 426 pages. \$4.00.

LT. GEN. LEWIS BRERETON was one of the few officers who had an opportunity to serve in all the major theaters of operation during World War II. This book contains extracts from his diaries from the 3rd of October, 1941, the day that the author received his orders to organize the Army Air Forces in the Philippines, until the 8th of May, 1945, when Germany surrendered.

The intervening years found Gen. Brereton driven from the Philippines and leaving the Java-Australia and the China-Burma-India Theaters before the weight of American war production could make itself felt. In the Middle East he was on hand to help stop Rommel at El Alamein, which marked a decisive turning point in the fortunes of the war. By the time he was transferred to England as head of the 9th Air Force, the Allies were already beginning to assert the air supremacy which assured the successful assault

on the "Fortress Europa" and the outcome of the war itself.

Just as in World War I, the airplane and the tank emerged too late in the conflict to be fully evaluated as to their offensive and defensive value, so in World War II the airborne operation as a major offensive weapon was not organized soon enough to prove its value conclusively. The fact that Gen. Brereton directed the large scale operations of the First Allied Airborne Army in the few months before Germany's complete collapse, provide his Diaries with more than passing historical value.

To the civilian reader the smaller observations of Gen. Brereton's association with some of the leaders of the Allied strategy are often more interesting than the technical references, which quite naturally abound. Of particular interest to us was the "inside story" of the tragic Arnhem operation, so adversely reported when it happened.

Without attempting any literary style or organization, there are a few sections which to our mind represent memorable reporting in their very simplicity. The account of the Philippine campaign, the raid on the Ploesti oil field (to whose memory the book is dedicated), and the Battle of the Bulge, are among these. One overwhelming impression which the Diaries leave is the manner in which air power has telescoped distance. Boundaries vanished in World War II before the motor-driven plane—and now we have jet propulsion and the rocket to bring the earth still closer together. Indirectly

Gen. Brereton's book, without even a mention of the atomic bomb, has but an added note of urgency to the responsible task of the United Nations.

The American Female

OH DEAR! WHAT SHALL I WEAR. By Helene Garnell. Live-right Publishing Corporation, New York.

IN THE pages of this book, the reader encounters such characters as Carrie-with-a-Career, Mrs. Homer Homebody, Mrs. Richtwitch, Athletic Annabelle, Teen-Age Tina, Betty Coed (whom some of you may have met before), and the Blushing Bride. All of these seemingly dissimilar people are faced with the same problem: "O Dear! What Shall I Wear?" (The peasant women of China, Greece, Poland, the Philippines, and Yugoslavia are faced with the same problem, too, but Miss Garnell's book won't be of much help to them because she assumes that her clients are in a position to get whatever they want if only some charitable soul will tell them what to get.)

Miss Garnell answers this question in 120 pages of rippling prose which resembles nothing so much as the flight of a hiccupping butterfly. Once the reader gets past the galloping prose into the core of what she has to say, he is agreeably surprised to find that she follows a pretty sensible line in her recommendations. And this despite the fact that, according to the cover blurb, she has "hobnobbed with

most of the snootier members of the Almanac de Gotha" (the European equivalent of our unemployment registration lists), "has taken part in the lavish parties of the inner circle of 'Who's Who' in Hollywood, and knows her way around the best Park Avenue drawing rooms." Moreover, this is not Miss Garnell's first flirtation with the Muse. OD! WSIW comes as a little sister to *It's Fun To Make A Hat*, about which we know nothing at all.

There are a number of points with which we might take issue in this book. This whole preoccupation with clothes, with being in style, is an unhealthy thing and it goes completely out of bounds when people worry more about being in style than about observing the rules of modesty. Furthermore, we take serious issue with Miss Garnell's statements that a baby must be clothed a certain way for its christening. If we understand baptism rightly, it is a sacrament by which a child enters into a certain relationship with its Creator and is just as efficacious whether the child wears a family heirloom dress, a burlap sack, or nothing at all. And as for church weddings, we are not the first to say that if the time spent in arranging the physical details were spent in spiritual and psychological preparation there might be considerably fewer divorces than there are now.

The drawings that go with the book are rather clever (our early training in the code of Southern gallantry forbids us to call them "catty") and are by no means flattering to the American Female. But

then, Miss Garnell knows her subject from close and careful observation over a number of years and perhaps she is more nearly right in her appraisal thereof than those of us who still think of twentieth-century woman in nineteenth-century terms.

Experiment in Democracy

DRAGON IN THE DUST. By Post Wheeler. Marcel Rodd, Hollywood. \$2.75.

ONE of the most interesting experiments of our time is the attempt of the peoples of the Occident, acting through General MacArthur and his advisers, to impose a new culture, a new way of thinking upon that (to us) incomprehensible thing, the Oriental mind as it is represented by some eighty millions of Japanese. Always before, the West has approached the East as a conqueror, sometimes offering its ways to the Oriental masses but never making any really determined effort to get the Oriental to accept them. Now, for the first time, we are trying to westernize a nation which we know we cannot permanently hold as a mere colony and which has all of the potentialities of again becoming a serious threat to our peace if the occupation forces, in leaving, leave behind the same attitudes and concepts that they found when they went in.

Mr. Wheeler's analysis of trends in thoughts and policies in Japan merits serious consideration. He speaks from close and, so it would seem, rather careful observation of the

Japanese people over a number of years. What he sees is a people hardly beyond infancy culturally and morally speaking, whose history has been to a large extent the acting out of a grotesque fairy tale which is so ridiculous as to be laughable unless one has seen how much wanton cruelty, how much loss of life it has inspired. One of the questions which should interest us now is whether the war has shown the Japanese people the utter unreality of this myth. Mr. Wheeler is not too sure that it has.

Until shortly before Pearl Harbor, for most of us, Japan was the land of the cherry blossom, of the Samurai and the funny little people with the hissing speech. Concerning its history we knew little. We assumed that the Emperor had always been somewhat of a god to his people and that much of the fanaticism of the Japanese could be excused on the grounds that it had its roots in centuries of training. Mr. Wheeler goes to considerable trouble to correct those ideas. He points out that the Japan we know is a relatively modern creation. Moreover, it was the conscious creation of certain classes of Japanese society who knew exactly what they wanted. Emperor-worship is not a centuries-old article of faith in Japan. It is a comparatively recent and carefully nurtured myth which was designed to do just what it did—to inflame the spirit of nationalism to the point where the masses would follow their leaders into whatever jingoistic enterprises the leaders might dream up.

When one reads the shockingly filthy myth which, to the Japanese,

explains the origins of the universe and more particularly of the Sacred Islands, one is not surprised that the history of Japan has been marked by a complete lack of moral consciousness or even of what we consider normal human decency. It is not a long step, morally speaking, from that myth to the cemeteries strung all the way from Milne Bay to Manila and to the kind of hyena fighting that did so much to populate them. Let us hope that, by now, the Army has found a better way of rooting out that myth than the way they were going about it immediately after the surrender when the painted Japanese "Interpreters" attached to one headquarters back on Kyushu ate in the general's mess while we enlisted men lined up in the rain for our chow.

What Mr. Wheeler is trying to do (and let's hope he is successful) is to impress upon the American people that, while the dragon is in the dust right now, he is still breathing and that there is nothing, nothing at all, in his past history to indicate that he is not just waiting for us to turn our backs before he will be up and on his blood-soaked way again. If, in our Occidental smugness, we think that the little yellow men are not clever enough to get away with such a coup, Mr. Wheeler can quickly correct that idea with some very interesting anecdotes about one Prince Aritomo Yamagata, a Captain Amakasu, and a long procession of foreign ministers and ambassadors extraordinary who fooled not only us but the nations of the world in league assembled.

Mr. Wheeler seems to approve of General MacArthur's policies up to this point, or at least he does not specifically take issue with them. Nor does he consider the announced program of the occupying authorities impossible of fulfillment. He says: "Even to a people psychologically and spiritually as far apart from us as the poles, we can have faith to believe that the concept of democratic government will in the end come, if perforce slowly." We must not relax our vigilance while that slow process is working.

Incidentally, pages 224 and 225 offer a very interesting case study of what happens when Christianity ventures upon the dangerous paths of expediency in its dealings with institutions and philosophies with which it has no right to compromise.

Great Realist

BALZAC. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press, New York. 1946. 396 pages.

ZWEIG's book on Balzac, which the Book-of-the-Month Club has selected for December, was left incomplete by Zweig's suicide and was finished by his friend Friedenthal. Possibly as a result of these facts some aspects of Balzac the man and the writer are insufficiently explained. Nevertheless, the book presents a remarkable portrait of a unique human being.

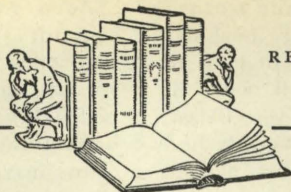
Honoré de Balzac was the grandson of a peasant and the son of a *petit bourgeois* who had had the know-how to amass a considerable fortune. The *de* that the writer affixed

to his name was not a true *particule* of nobility, but a wholly imaginary claim arising out of a lifelong desire to associate himself with the glamorous aristocracy; yet Balzac's true strength lay in the sturdy body that his peasant ancestors had bequeathed him, which enabled him to work, year in, year out, for sixteen and seventeen hours a day, and his powers of realistic observation, which enabled him to remember every significant detail.

Though the greatest realistic novelist of his time and possessed of an artistic conscience that drove him daily to make anguishing sacrifices of precious hours and energy in re-arranging, recorrecting, and, in fact, recreating his pages, Balzac had not scrupled to spend years at writing nothing but trash, and throughout his finest period he frequently turned aside to write, under other names, worthless potboilers. This dualism existed in other aspects of his character. Throughout his life he maintained a friendship of the most sincere sort with the remarkably intelligent and highminded Zulma Carraud; yet in his relations with various other women, such as Mme. Eve de Hanska, his eventual wife, he could pour out garrulous letters brimming with the sickliest sentimentalities. Again, in spite of his masterly perception of realistic detail, he failed to see why his manners and appearance seemed ridiculous to the wealthy and aristocratic circles that he strove to enter.

Zweig explains some of these incongruities as arising from the ebullient energy and high spirits of this amazing man—energy that often impelled his powerful imagination far beyond the cautions of reality. His errors may be so accounted for, but what, in a man of his family background and personal shortcomings, was the source of his greatness? This, in Zweig's book, remains a puzzle.

But Zweig succeeds well in his picture of the young writer in his garret, foregoing all amusement and struggling to write something successful; the young man seeking at the same time the glamor of the aristocracy and a substitute for mother-love in the kindness of a married woman of forty-five; the ambitious novice printing-master striding about his feverishly busy shop; the monastic novelist sitting at his worktable all through the night and morning with his neat stacks of paper and pot of black coffee; the lover who gloried in the conquest of countesses; the cheerful liar, to whom lies meant no more than any other product of the imagination; the dandy, who, if men ridiculed him for his clumsy attempts at elegance, would dress then in a style that was positively startling; and the creator, marshalling, as on a general's map, the 150 novels of the *Comédie Humaine* that were to be, if only he could live to finish them, a complete fictional history of the 19th century.



A SURVEY OF BOOKS

DREAM STREET

By Robert Sylvester. The Dial Press, New York. 1946. 252 pages.

THIS little Broadway-to-Hollywood love story isn't worth much review space, but it makes a good jumping-off place for a campaign against hundreds of its sister Broadway-to-Hollywood love stories.

Jake, the cynical theatrical agent, discovers Penny, the unsophisticated nightclub singer. They love. They quarrel. Jake mopes. Penny gives up Hollywood stardom for him. They make up.

Not only is the plot too pat, the author trots right along in the path of literary style that Hemingway blazed in the post World War I era. By now the nightclub singer who soars to fame because she is a simple, warm-hearted girl has reached the old-stuff stage, and Mr. Sylvester, a New York newspaperman, ought to know better. Nobody writes about the chorine with false eyelashes anymore. Although we aren't eagerly awaiting *her* return, we are wearying of the Penny version.

ROBERTA IHDE

JAPAN: PAST AND PRESENT

By Edwin O. Reischauer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1946. 192 pages.

FEW Americans are as qualified to write a history of Japan as is the author of this book. Mr. Reischauer was born in Tokyo, took his doctorate at Harvard, spent three years at the Tokyo and Kyoto Imperial Universities, at Peking, and in Korea. During the war he served in the Military Intelligence Service of the War Department General Staff. Recently he has been in the Office of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department. He is professor of Far Eastern languages at Harvard.

The book surveys Japan's entire history. Though every page drips with factual data, the book is delightfully readable. It is so altogether different from books on Japan produced during the war years when writers were much influenced by the psychosis of war and often aimed at creating in the reader feelings of loathing, disgust, and bloody vengeance. A remarkable objectivity and a broad humanitarian interest pervade this book. Having read it, the

reader understands why it was possible for the militarists in Japan to seize complete control in the thirties and to plunge their country into a war from which it could not, as they well knew, emerge victorious.

Americans must remain informed regarding the future of Japan. The author correctly observes, "What we do in Japan, both as a nation and as individuals, will undoubtedly have a strong bearing on the eventual outcome there. In this, we have a grave responsibility—one calling for wisdom and understanding" (pp. 191-192). A careful reading of Mr. Reischauer's book will provide a sound basis for a true evaluation of Japan's future historic evolution.

KELLER'S CONTINENTAL REVUE

By Winifred Bambrick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1946. 462 pages. \$2.75.

LIKE any three-ring circus, *Keller's Continental Revue* defies coherence. Apparently Miss Bambrick tried to catch the lusty circus life she knew in her three years in Continental cafe society as a concert harpist. The terrifying hodge-podge of characters—jugglers, midgets, clowns, singers, leopard trainers—are assembled under the guise of a romance between a ballerina and an artist. Both circus and romance fall victims of the Hitlerian era.

Since the book's only virtue is its authenticity, Miss Bambrick may have gone farther with a diary. Or better still, stuck with the harp.

ROBERTA IHDE

SNOW-ON-THE-MOUNTAIN, AND OTHER STORIES

By David Cornell Dejong. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1946. 217 pages. \$2.50.

THIS author, born in the Netherlands four decades ago but in the United States since he was thirteen, has published five novels, two volumes of poetry, and the first part of his autobiography. Some of these books have been well received. In this collection, eighteen short stories are placed side by side, after having been published over a period of twelve years in periodicals as diversified as *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The American Mercury*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Mademoiselle*, *Tomorrow*, and *Esquire* (among others).

These invariably short short-stories vary in subject matter and mood from satirical to grim, but without exception their ending leaves the reader "up in the air." The total effect is more than tinged with deep melancholy. Dejong has undue partiality for phrases indicating color, such as "the great sea, green and black, tufted with white" in *When It Thundered*, or a blue lunch cloth and a dark-blue heron against a white-blue sky in *Beneath A Still Sky*. The settings are descriptively indefinite—a hotel room in *In A Mirror*, a brook in *Seven Boys Take A Hill*, or a garden in the title story.

The characterizations are drawn with mature comprehension, such as The Farrows, husband and wife, in *Home-coming*, Rosalie in *Doves on*

Steeple, and the Keper family in *A Trough of Low Pressure*. The plots, however, are inconclusive, as in *The Terrible Secret*, and again in *Calling in the Night*. Baffling is the English phrasing of *Hanging on A Nail*, an exception. All in all, we feel frustrated after reading these and the remaining stories; the time could have been used to better advantage!

HERBERT H. UMBACH

THAT HAGEN GIRL

By Edith Roberts. Doubleday and Company, Garden City. 1946. 311 pages. \$2.50.

PLEASE do not give away the ending of this book," pleads the publisher to the readers on the dust jacket. Well, we won't. But we will say *That Hagen Girl* is a folksy account of a young girl whose life is haunted by small-town gossip. Miss Roberts keeps her readers turning the pages through the pyramid of curiosity she builds, but even as a light novel, the book is just so-so.

ROBERTA IHDE

THE LUTHERAN MINSTRANT AT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

By Enno Duemling. Northwestern Publishing House, Milwaukee, Wis. 1946. 158 pages. \$1.50.

IT is a truism to state that one learns best by experiences. Experiences may be of two kinds, first-hand, and indirect, sharing the experiences of others imaginatively by reading a book. Since Dr. Duemling in his book tells many interesting experiences among all strata and con-

ditions of men, the reader can readily learn by identifying himself with the author in his experiences.

The author treats such topics, as the Mentally Sick, Practical Hints for Institutional Workers, The Work and Training of Volunteer Workers. He shortens and sharpens to strike and to stick. One feels that the author could have written much more on each topic, but it is just this suggestive style that appeals to the busy reader.

Mission workers, both lay and clerical, will do well to read and discuss the many valuable experiences and suggestions given by this mighty man of God who labored so faithfully and effectively in institutional missions for over four decades.

THE ISLAND: A CAVALCADE OF ENGLAND

By Francis Brett Young. Farrar, Straus and Company, New York. 1946. 451 pages. \$3.50.

MR. BRETT YOUNG, known chiefly as a novelist, was moved by the outbreak of the war in 1939, by England's defense in 1940, and by the tedious struggle of the following years to write this long poem of the whole life of England from the time when the Britons fought against Caesar's invading soldiers up until the courageous stand of 1940.

To some extent the poem, or series of poems, parallels the actual literature produced by each age. But in general the writer avoids false archaisms and lets his Roman soldiers, yeomen, lords, countrymen, and admirals interpret the events of their

respective ages from the timeless vantage-point of bewildered but undaunted hearts of oak.

While Brett Young's book is as well worth reading as the next novel, yet verse, to be justified, must be excellent; the lines in this work are la-

bored, overloaded, and undistinguished. *The Island* will have made a considerable contribution, however, if it reminds readers that the great poets, chroniclers, and ballad-makers themselves, in our far and middle past, are worth re-reading.

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CITY STATE

Verse

Rainbow

You step softly, silently,
Clothed in a gorgeous misty robe.
You stroll slowly over the wet, soaked earth . . .
But only
For
A minute.

You are beauty.
You never stay.
You hurry by . . .
But always
Leave
The Promise.

—ROBERT SAUER

Paradox

When I am free, and open wide my heart to let in
World, flesh and devil—then I am most bound
And held by sin.

But when God's law and gospel closely imprison me—
My sin-locked chains are struck asunder—
And I am free.

—MARY MOON

On Hearing Bach's B-minor Mass
(First Presbyterian Church, New York)

—Great brother of another day,
Thy lesser brother of this faithless age
Has had his hand a little while in thine.
With thee the starlit ways of faith
Were once more sweet and wide and white
And we breathed freer air because we two
Were joined to Him Whom we both serve.
Communion, fellowship, His Body, Church,
Were suddenly a thing alive and thrilling
With the resurrection note and sounds like
Burnished trumpets in the Easter sun.
The "Sanctus" tolling out its life-filled call
Rings out where all too few find answering bells
Set ringing in their hearts.

—It is so hard
To know what makes the music live
Until you live by that same faith and love.
The good technicians marvel at the score,
Conductor's skill, the voices' blend, the choir's response.
But in my humble heart this is unknown
And I can spend my time exploring angel paths
Amid the stars, the whirling spheres, the glory of
"Patrem omnipotentem factorem coeli et terrae."
With heart made heavy by the weight of guilt
And eyes made dim with tears for all Christ did,
I hear the slow and mournful journey to the tomb
And wait, with all my faith and love involved,
To hear the voices ring with joy and hope
When "Resurrexit" breaks the seal and He arose.

Sleep on, my brother of the singing faith,
Your masterhand lives on as you have ever done.
Where Christ is hailed no more as Saviour King
Thy singing brings Him back in the heart—
You bring Him winsome, strong and risen—
Men should believe such truth and win the life
For which He came and which He offers now.

The CRESSET

Lost

She sat alone—the music moved her head
And softly she sang “Sanctus” from the Mass.
She moved her soundless lips, and nervous fingers
Beat the time like pulses striking from her inmost heart.
Then tears came like a summer rain in healing flood
And you could feel the pain, the longing for a gift
She lost with days of fading youth.
The “Mass” moved on and at its thrilling end
Came that great, last and final throb of joy—
“Dona nobis pacem.”—Oh, God give her that peace—
Help her remember there are angel choirs above—
That there is music far beyond all sound
That sings within and finds its joy and peace
Because the heart has voice and eyes and ears
That sing far better, see much more
And hear, when all is still, its own great voice
In songs and psalms and music rare
As recompense for lost and silenced throat—
And give her surest surety that in the hearts
Of those who love her there remains
A blessed memory of golden voice and moments rare
When heaven sounded in her song, and praise
Became a way to faith and paradise and peace.



The Sage at the Tomb

"Ah, it is quite impossible, you know—
this whole affair.
Who rolled away the stone, you ask. I'd ask,
Who put it there?

"There was no real need for it,
the dead are dead.
And yet, in spite of all you did,
you say He fled!

"I guess you must admit the unbelievable—
that He is risen.
You wrecked your own case when you sealed Him in;
you made a prison.

"Now He is gone. If you had left the tomb unsealed,
you might have won.
You could have said a friend made off with Him—but now
the case is done."

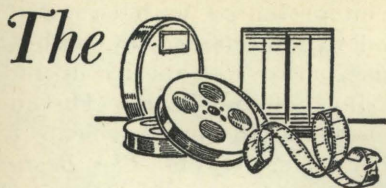
—WALTER RIESS



The CRESSET

Farewell

The mountains, like a towering wall,
Lie silent and forbidding in the line of view
And we come to the end of fellowship
With feelings of deep gratitude upon our heart.
New friends, refreshingly and charmingly like old,
And still so beautifully fresh and new
Have drawn into the inmost heart of me.
The blessedness which is our memory
Shall multiply these days and gracious hours
Until their little span becomes a path of light
On which, in some dark, fear-filled time,
My soul shall in remembrance walk
And find that in the dreary loneliness
The hands of unseen friends are in our own
And in our ears we hear their quiet voice
Speak of a time when God was very near
And we could find the Presence and the Power,
That once we knew, again walk at our side.
The narrow margin of the blessed hours
Has not its measure in its little span
But certainly and surely in the gracious light
It casts upon the long and twisting road
That is the way of life and work and peace of mind.
We scarcely comprehend how softly sweet
The confidence and trusting friendship grows,
But, sitting at the fire, we surely see
How God knits heart to trusting heart
And seeming nonsense shows the feeling's depth.
God keep us worthy of such grace and good
And make us constant to these kindly friends.
What we have been to them and they to us
Will make a better place in which to live
Wherever we or they may be and work.
The brightness of the near blue sky,
The way the hills eternal stand,
God very near in spite of fearful vastnesses,
They all give pledge that all this shall abide
As worthy memory and remembrance blest
Until the littleness of transient earth shall fade
Into the greater vastnesses where we shall even nearer be.



The Motion Picture

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

FOR a long time motion-picture critics and patrons have been vehement and outspoken in their disapproval of the manner in which Hollywood consistently distorts and misrepresents the American way of life. From every part of the nation have come pleas asking producers to portray our national characteristics and activities with a strict regard for the truth.

Until recently condemnations and pleas alike fell on deaf ears. Now, however, the swelling chorus of criticism of American films in foreign markets, and the increased restrictions placed on American productions in other parts of the world, have brought a flurry of action.

A short time ago the motion-picture industry, with the approval of the United States State Department, created a special division within the Motion Picture Association. This new division of

the industry is to preview and carefully screen all films designed for export. In addition, a central intelligence agency, which is to be known as the International Information Center, will weigh the contents of the films from an international viewpoint. This agency will reject, or advise the correction of, scenes and dialogue which would offend or misrepresent the religious beliefs or the racial customs of other people. Unquestionably, this is an excellent plan. *If* it is carried out, the movie-goers of other lands should have a chance to learn to know us as we are, and unfavorable reactions caused by offensive pictures could be avoided. Unfortunately, we have had other high sounding resolutions and promises which, alas, have never been put into effect. This reviewer frankly has a "show-me" reaction.

Dare we hope that the new policy will, at long last, influence pro-

ducers and directors to show some regard for the truth when they produce biographical feature films? Or are we to continue to be bored and disgusted by false, inept presentations such as *Song of Scheherazade*, a recent Universal-International release? Amid lavish technicolor splendor a high-priced cast—which includes Charles Kullman, of the Metropolitan Opera Company—enacts what purports to be the life story of Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff. Although the true life story of the eminent composer is decidedly colorful—and in spite of the fact that excellent biographies of the famous Russian can be obtained at the nearest public library—*Song of Scheherazade* is built on and around a nauseating hodgepodge of falsehood and misrepresentation. Furthermore, poor acting, an inane plot, and ridiculous dialogue divest the film of every shred of genuine value.

The Beginning or the End (M-G-M, Norman Taurog) could and should have been one of the most significant films in the entire history of the motion picture. The importance to the world of the discovery of nuclear fission and the development and utilization of atomic power cannot be overemphasized. Every known aspect of this fearful new cosmic force and its thoroughly terrify-

ing potential powers should have been presented with complete honesty—unmarred by bathos, trite comedy, false theatricals, and shallow philosophizing. The intrusion of all these elements is deplorable. It robs *The Beginning or the End* of the impact and the shock which could have jolted complacent movie-goers into an awareness of the fact that the title of this first feature-length film devoted to atomic power states a literal and inescapable truth. A familiar aura of Hollywood make-believe tends to lull audiences into a false sense of security. The sense of urgency is dissipated, and the story becomes just another movie. The excellent short film entitled *Atomic Power*, which was released by *The March of Time* some months ago, is in every way more arresting and more effective than M-G-M's dressed-up feature picture.

The Yearling (M-G-M, Clarence Brown) is the engrossing and richly rewarding screen adaptation of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' 1938 Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. Those who recall Mrs. Rawlings' tender story of a boy's deep love for his pet fawn may feel that the film dresses up background and characters in lush colors and in this way sacrifices a measure of the novel's earthy realism. The acting of Gregory Peck and young

Clyde Jarman is outstanding, the direction is excellent, and the supporting cast is unusually good.

It's a Wonderful Life (Liberty Films) bears the unmistakable imprint of Frank Capra's expert direction. In the hands of a less gifted director this picture might have emerged as just another fantasy in a long line of fantasies. The story, which grew out of a short Christmas tale written by Philip Van Doren Stern, smacks of Charles Dickens' immortal *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Capra frankly plays the tale for all it is worth. All the stops are out; no shade or nuance of human emotion is overlooked or by-passed. In his first postwar role James Stewart gives the finest performance of his career. His impersonation of the desperate and frustrated small-town business man sets the tone for a picture which is thoroughly enjoyable in spite of a generous sprinkling of hokum.

Song of the South (Walt Disney, RKO-Radio) presents a skillful blending of two distinct mediums—the superb animated Disney cartoons and the usual motion-picture sequences acted out by flesh-and-blood actors. This screen adaptation of Joel Chandler Harris' Uncle Remus tales does not measure up to Mr. Disney's best efforts; but there is enough Disney magic here to make it worth

your while to see *Song of the South*.

Lady in the Lake (M-G-M, Robert Montgomery) must be singled out of the current batch of whodunits for special mention because of the highly imaginative technique employed by Robert Montgomery in the dual role of director and hero. Mr. Montgomery successfully creates the illusion of permitting the audience to see the entire play through his eyes. We actually see him only when, by chance, a mirror catches his reflection. The camera and the soundtrack capture the action and the dialogue as they are seen and heard on the screen, and Mr. Montgomery's voice provides the continuity. Aside from the novel treatment used by Mr. Montgomery, *Lady in the Lake* is just another run-of-the-mill screen version of one of Raymond Chandler's morbid and neurotic mystery yarns.

13 Rue Madeleine (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway) crawls with undercover agents, espionage teams and resistance workers. In spite of its many shortcomings this is the best of the three postwar films inspired by the wartime activities of the Office of Strategic Services. James Cagney is reasonably convincing in the early training sequences; but when he attempts to impersonate a French-

man—Oo-La-La! Or words to that effect.

Dead Reckoning (Columbia) is just another action-packed Humphrey Bogart thriller—no worse and no better than all the other Bogart tough-guy films.

The Red House (United Artists) is a study in terror with a dose of what passes in Hollywood for psychiatry.

The Locket (RKO-Radio) falls into a similar category. Once upon a time a little girl lost a locket. So she grew up into a vicious and depraved woman who lied, cheated, stole, and murdered at the drop of a hat. This, roughly, is the story of *The Locket*. Hollywood is still playing fast and loose with psychiatry and neuroses—a practice which is reprehensible and which may easily be harmful to impressionable minds.

Bedelia (Rank; Eagle Lion) is a dull British import.

California (Paramount, John Farrow) is billed as "Paramount's first postwar outdoor epic." There is no denying that it is postwar and that it contains a large dose of the outdoors. But epic? Come now, boys!

Easy Come, Easy Go (Paramount, John Farrow) is mildly

entertaining. This is thin fare for an actor of the caliber of Barry Fitzgerald.

Since Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey play themselves in *The Fabulous Dorseys* (United Artists, Alfred E. Green), one must assume that the story is reasonably accurate; but, accurate or not, this film would be very dull stuff without the lift provided by the other famous personages who appear in the cast.

Elaborate period settings, attractive costuming, and bright technicolor aren't enough to offset a flimsy tale and indifferent acting in *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim* (20th Century-Fox, George Seaton).

Wake Up and Dream (20th Century-Fox, Lloyd Bacon) is a ridiculously oversentimentalized technicolor version of *The Enchanted Cottage*, Robert Nathan's fanciful yarn of the capricious carpenter who built a sailboat in his backyard in spite of the fact that his backyard was hundreds of miles away from open water.

The Man I Love (Warners, Raoul Walsh) is based on Maritta Wolff's tawdry novel *Night Shift*. The acting is excellent; but this turgid tale is strictly for adults only.



They Say . . .

LET me be bold enough to say that the churches could accomplish immensely more if they were not frightened by their own shadow. They are still thinking in the terms of Tennyson's alarm over the implications of Huxley's comment on Darwin's "Origin of Species." But in terms of actual academic fact, we are miles away from all that. There are too many modern scientists who subscribe to the eternal verities to make it possible any longer to dismiss religion as outmoded. The world has run a good many ideologies through the inexorable sieve of experience. — DR. GEORGE N. SHUSTER, President of Hunter College.

WE MAY hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority.

—DANIEL WEBSTER, First Bunker Hill Oration, 1825

IT is beyond human powers to know everything about one thing; it is appalling to think what an immense burden of fatigue would be shouldered by the man who adopted the program of "knowing something about everything" What one succeeds in learning and what one will never know stand in the proportions of finite quantity to infinity: that is to say, our finite knowledge in relation to our infinite ignorance will always be equal to zero.—GAETANO SALVEMINI in *Historian and Scientist*,

THE month of May brings Memorial Day, and with it all the sacred memories of those who have laid down their lives that this nation might endure, strong and free. Appropriately, our major article this month is from the pen of an army chaplain—a man who went down into the valley of the shadow with his men in the green hell of the South Pacific jungles. To read his valedictory to his friend Carl—and to all the Carls who lie on alien soil—is to realize that Memorial Day is not just another holiday, but that it is truly a day for thoughtful remembrance.

The author, W. Harry Krieger, left his parish at Columbia, South Carolina, to enter the chaplaincy at the outbreak of war. He is at

present residing at St. Louis, Mo.



Guest reviewers in this issue include Herbert H. Umbach (*Prefaces to Shakespeare and Snow-on-the-Mountain*), faculty member at Valparaiso University; Ray Scherer (*Divided India*), graduate student at the University of Chicago; and Roberta Ihde (*Dream Street, That Hagen Girl, and Keller's Continental Revue*), member of the staff of the *Detroit Lutheran*.



Next month THE CRESSET will

inaugurate a new department, in which the field of periodical literature will be surveyed, and a distillation of the best current magazine articles will be offered.

