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DECEMBER 1940

THE

# CRESSET

Christmas  
1940

Upon the  
Midnight Clear

Naturalism in  
American  
Education—II

Letters to the Editor



A REVIEW OF  
LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 4 NO. 2

*Twenty-five Cents*

# The CRESSET

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Volume 4

DECEMBER 1940

Number 2

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THE

# CRESSETT

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

## NOTES and COMMENT



*Christmas 1940—A Letter—Invitation to Learning—  
A Sad Story—Simpler English—Medical Preparedness  
—Utility Plus Beauty—and more*

### Christmas 1940

MOST of us have known a time or two in our lives when the walls of human dwellings became too narrow for us and we had to go out into the open to find more room. Perhaps we had been too long in the presence of sickness and suffering, or we had wrestled in vain with a fresh grief or a deep hurt, or we just could no longer stand to be alone with our own bleak thoughts. Then—seemingly by a kind of instinct—we went out into a starlit night, lifted our eyes to the twinkling lamps of God, felt the clean wind of heaven on our faces and drank of it deep and long—and healing came to us, and peace and quiet, and strength to take up our

burden again. We had gained a new perspective, had unconsciously measured our trouble with the yardstick of the universe, and had come away with the assurance that what disturbed us was of little consequence as against the whole sweep of our destiny in this world of God's.

We feel ill at ease these days in this house that mankind has built, this great structure of our civilization. Ominous sounds are abroad in it; sinister forces are digging at its foundations. We are disquieted at the uncertainty and the menace that the future seems to hold, for so much that is dear to us is contained within these walls. Our heart is heavy and anxious. How can we find a new per-

spective? We cannot find it now by shifting our position in space, but indeed by making an excursion into the reaches of time. Time itself is irreversible, but the spirit can travel back down its axis.

It is a night in the midst of the years. In a village perched on a hill in the Near East is a stable, and into a manger in that stable is laid a new-born man-child, the wonder-birth of the ages. In that tiny being meet and unite the royal strains of earth and heaven, and their union is an earnest of a reunion which He is to bring about between man and God. Now that He is here, is "God with us"—with us, not only so long as the Wonderful One is visibly among men, but until the end of time. At the manger, the stuffy walls of man-built fabrics fall, the horizons of earth melt away, and out of the unseen world of the spirit comes to us the reassuring certainty that God's purposes toward those that love Him rule supreme on earth, that no change or chance of time can touch the eternal depths of His love and mercy toward us in Christ, and that we, with all that we hold dear, are forever safe in His care because underneath us are the everlasting arms.

But is not all this merely an escape from reality? Ah, no, this is the escape *into* reality.

### A Letter

AS WAR has struck at one point after another in Europe, Asia, and Africa, the mass of human suffering that resulted has been so enormous that the mind is simply unable to grasp it. To try to form a conception of it as a whole is like dealing with astronomical figures: the intellect, after a time and with an effort, gains a faint, shadowy notion of what is involved, but the emotions find themselves unable to respond suitably. They are at their best when individuals are concerned; if we try to pity millions of people at once, we find that our pity is not so much an actual emotion as an intellectual assertion that they really should be pitied. Only when we see what war has meant to this or that person and multiply the insight, do we begin to feel something of the human woe and tragedy that lie behind the news accounts.

Last January 29, Dr. Erkki Mikkola, 36-year-old geologist of the Geological Survey of Finland, wrote his wife a letter from Tampere, where the fiercest assaults of the Russians were being made. In that unremitting battle, his thoughts centered about his only son, two-year-old Tapani. He wrote: "I have just been intensely imagining in my mind Tapani's

undertakings and progress of speech, about which you wrote me so much. . . . How he pronounced to his father the new words he had learned when we met last time! My last wish is that the young life of my dear only son be protected by all means and that care be taken to educate him in community with western civilization, in freedom of the human spirit. . . . Profession and so-called social standing are altogether matters of minor importance. . . . If God allows, we may clear with lesser sacrifices, but we should be infinitely thankful to the Highest if we need not lose many times more than up to the present time. The widowed women of our people may with pride remember their beloved ones who were asked to give their life for this great cause. And if our Tapani some day, as a grown-up man, be asked to do the same, then his father, either living or in the grave, will be glad to make this sacrifice, though now there exists nothing to which he is more ready to give his own life than to protect the little man's life from any imminent danger."

So, on January 29, Dr. Mikkola yearned over his little boy. He never saw him again, for on February 13 he made the last sacrifice for his country.

### Invitation to Learning

RADIO has opened the window once more to let in a breath of fresh air. For a number of weeks the Columbia Broadcasting System has been presenting a novel program, called *Invitation to Learning*. On Sunday afternoons Huntington Cairns, a highly accomplished linguist, Allen Tate, well-known poet and novelist, and Mark Van Doren, an exceptionally brilliant star on the literary firmament of the United States, gather about a table and discuss great classics in an informal way. At times the three luminaries speak with delightful fluency; at times they falter and flounder. There is evidently no disposition on their part to achieve acclaim by indulging in talk that smacks even faintly of sensationalism. Some listeners have declared that the chats are dry; others have called them exhilarating. One gains the conviction that the learned trio does not want to pull the classics down to the level of the uninitiated, but strives to lift the uninitiated up to the level of the classics. Bookstores and libraries in many sections of our country report that the program has led to a greatly increased demand for works which have long been acknowledged to be masterpieces of liter-

ature but are honored far more tangibly in classrooms than in the ordinary walks of life.



### A Sad Story

WHEN I read in the paper this morning that Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who is now British ambassador to Turkey, attended a conference in Istanbul, there flooded in on me a feeling of sadness and regret—the feeling that comes over one at the memory of something fine and precious that has gone out of one's life. Alas, that Sir Hughe no longer plays in my life the role that he played so long! Not that I ever spoke to him, or even laid eyes on him: and yet for a time he meant so much to me.

To understand how this came about, consider attentively his name. It contains the word "bull," a word that has long filled me with respect. That may be due, in part, to the fact that in the gang to which I belonged in my youthful days the strongest boy always bore the proud designation, "Bull." I was further deeply impressed when, one day, I met a real bull and was dreadfully chewed up—not by the bull, indeed, but by a wire fence. You

see, I was innocently looking for hickory nuts in the bull's domain, and quite unexpectedly we hove into each other's range of vision. He acknowledged my presence by blowing his nose and pawing up a clump of thistle and cocklebur, and I went through the fence—not in the orthodox manner—but I just *went*. When I looked back, the bull stood still, his mouth open and his eyes goggling out. He had evidently never seen anything like my agility and disregard for wire fences before. He probably even admired me, for bulls know and respect wire fences. And, believe me, I respect bulls.

But if an ordinary bull is deserving of respect—what, I ask you, of a knatchbull? I have never seen a picture of one and have no clear idea what one would be like, but the very word breathes fierceness and swift ruthlessness. Do your best to picture one, and then magnify it to proportions of hugeness. Scares you a little, even in imagination, doesn't it?—Ah, but if such a creature were your friend!

Now I needed such a friend. Around the corner from us lives a big brute of a Mr. Smith, who holds me in utter contempt because I am small of stature and peaceful of behavior toward all

who tower more than five feet four into the air. He looks at me in a way that I wouldn't stand for from anyone of decent size and makes remarks that I don't care to quote. This is where Knatchbull-Hugessen entered my life. I saw his name in the paper years ago and adopted him as a friend—in imagination, you understand.

You have no idea what comfort it gave me to suppose that some day he would visit me. I never tired of picturing to myself how I would take him for a walk and turn the corner with him when Smith would be outside. I could see Smith get pale as his eyes lit on my companion. He would, no doubt, try to say something friendly and respectful to me when we came up to him. But I would not answer. I would stop, fixate Smith with a stony glare, and say with infinite scorn, "Knatchie, this is a nice neighborhood, but we've got some awful scum around here, too." I could see Smith turn his head, to make sure that his line of retreat was clear and unobstructed. Then I would say curtly (How I practiced the curtness of it!), "Git!" and I knew he would.

Bright, beautiful dream of the past! Last year Sir Hughe visited this country, and his picture was in the papers. For the first time

my eye rested on his likeness, and I saw a mousy little inoffensive man, much like myself. He may be a lion at heart, but he surely doesn't look it. He wouldn't do at all for Smith. So I still walk quietly and look gentle when I turn the corner, and when I see Knatchbull-Hugessen's name in the paper I get that feeling of sadness and regret, such a feeling as comes to one at the memory of something fine and precious that was and will never be again.



### Simpler English

RECENTLY Charles A. Collin told the insurance advertising conference in Atlantic City that policies should be written so the public could understand them. He added, "Sometimes I marvel that our business has grown as it has through selling contracts that are beyond the understanding of most of the buyers." He recommends that professional writers, "who are used to making themselves clear," pass on the contracts, and, if necessary, rewrite them in whole or in part.

We applaud, for certainly the situation has become so involved that even the ordinary insurance salesman is stumped by the "tor-



tured phraseology." Nor should such efforts be limited to insurance policies. Legal, medical, and also theological phraseology can bear simplification. The layman is entitled to consideration; and outside of our own particular fields we are all laymen.

We suggest a general study of the King James Version of the Holy Bible. The masters of our language, those who speak and write a clear, simple, forceful English, understood by learned and unlearned alike, have not neglected that sacred book.



### Medical Preparedness

IN THE efforts that are going forward to prepare the nation for defense, the medical profession will play a more important role than is commonly realized. American army camps, during the first World War, were swept by epidemics of measles, influenza, pneumonia, and other diseases. The International Society of Health Officers, when it recently met in Detroit, concerned itself with the medical problems that are sure to arise in the near future, both in industry and in the camps. Experience that was gathered in the last war will be applied to the situation. Military

authorities will be warned against subjecting recruits to too strenuous exercise and too prolonged drill, as was often done the last time. The discovery of sulfapyridine has removed the danger of serious pneumonia epidemics. Improved methods of malaria protection and of treatment for venereal disease are available. Close attention will also be given to the hazards that will arise in industrial districts from overcrowding, poor housing, and insufficient sanitation. The contribution which medical men may be expected to make to the success of the defense program will be one of the least spectacular and most vital contributions that can be made.



### Utility Plus Beauty

THE entire October issue of the *Architectural Forum* is devoted to a review of the changes in design that have been made in America during the decade 1930-40. Everybody has noticed the change in the streamlining of automobiles, in new store fronts for the more expensive shops, in locomotives, street cars, and many articles of household use. How wide-spread and insistent this trend is comes home to one with full force when one passes in review

a collection of photographs from many fields, as they are brought together in the magazine under discussion. A study of the new designs also reveals the rationale of the whole movement, namely, the effort to harmonize design, in the entire field, from architecture down to the smallest commodities, with the materials, the production methods, and the whole manner of life of our time. American designers, enjoying the freedom to give their creative talents full rein, have achieved leadership in most of the varieties of new design. That not all efforts in this direction have been equally successful, and that some have even been little short of idiotic, goes without saying; but this does not militate against the fact that the new school of artists has in many ways served beauty and utility with its creations and promises to do so increasingly in the future.



### The Sensation of the Campaign

THE switch of John L. Lewis from Roosevelt to Willkie was the sensation of the presidential campaign.

We had heard rumors about the nature of the radio talk that had been announced, but there were

probably not ten persons in the United States who had an advance inkling of the contents of that broadcast. As we listened to it, we shared the experience of millions of others (no doubt) of not trusting our ears that this denunciation of the New Deal by one of its most powerful supporters and his alignment with utility magnate Wendell Willkie were really taking place. Mr. Lewis was generally looked upon by all but the CIO element as the evil principle of union labor. He personified everything that was destructive of "free enterprise," that is to say, of industry managed by its owners. And now we heard Mr. Lewis read the most powerful address of the entire campaign—in support of Mr. Willkie.

Two reasons have been suggested as an explanation for the switch: (1) that John L. had become pretty much convinced that Willkie would win, and had judged that by getting in now he would receive credit for holding "the balance of power" and become the big laborman in America; (2) that John L. is a labor zealot and realized that the Roosevelt New Deal is headed for a totalitarian state, in which labor as well as capital would become the slave of the government. We all remember that, with his contribution of \$600,000 of min-

ers' money to the 1936 Democratic campaign committee, Lewis had bought controlling interest in the New Deal. It is just possible that each, Lewis and Roosevelt, resented the feeling of mutual obligation: so the two dictators had a falling-out.

Or has Lewis been disappointed in his expectation that the defense program would be his chance to "crack down" on certain employers (Ford, Girdler, Weir, and others) by making them unionize in order to get government contracts? There is a rumor that he wanted all war contracts to include a CIO clause and that Knudson, Budd, and other leaders, who are striving to speed up the defense program, were ready to quit.

Anyway, the radio address of Mr. Lewis, announcing his new allegiance, was the sensation of the campaign and, more than that, was one of the greatest orations which this annotator has heard since the silver-tongued boy-orator from the Platte campaigned for the presidency.



### **The Ultimate in Broadcasting**

**I**T was the zero hour of the campaign. The candidates had spoken their closing messages, and we were ready to say that it had

been a thrilling campaign and that now we wondered what the American voters were going to do about it—when the radio-log told us of another broadcast under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. It was midnight in New York. The zero hour. The pause—before midnight wheeled into Election Day. And then—the ultimate in broadcasting.

I believe those of us who listened in on the program arranged by the Republican leaders will agree, regardless of party affiliation, that for brilliance and sprightliness, for the massing of tributes from popular idols, for the combination of lambent humor and highly concentrated oratory, of music and drama, and, over it all, for a strange air of exaltation, of fierce joy of combat, of fellowship and the high emprise of the crusaders' spirit, there has never been anything like the closing broadcast superintended by Mr. Martin, manager of the Republican campaign.

In planning and execution, in popular appeal, in its interpretation of the spirit of 1940, in its youthfulness and jollity—and its use of every legitimate device for holding the attention of millions satiated by addresses and appeals, there has never been anything like this radio broadcast. We call

those fortunate who had their dials tuned to it in the midnight hour of November 4.



### War and the Weather

THOSE who still believe that it is possible for any nation not now at war to be completely isolated from the life-and-death struggle which is raging in Europe, Asia, and Africa will surely be disabused of their notion if they consult the weather man. Strategists in Germany and Italy have been on the point of tearing their hair because the meteorological reports formerly sent out with clock-like regularity from Greenland have been cut off by Britain. Weather-prophets in our own country declare that it is becoming increasingly difficult to issue reasonably accurate prognostications.

According to the world-renowned meteorologist, Dr. James H. Kimball, the huge masses of cold air that pass from the Arctic over Greenland are a decisive factor in the weather of Europe and America. Consequently, lack of information concerning these vitally important atmospherical conditions has been a serious handicap to the Axis powers and has caused much annoyance on this side of the Atlantic. The weather-

stations controlled by the Germans in the northernmost part of Norway are valuable; but they evidently do not provide Hitler and Mussolini with sufficiently reliable data.

A recent news-report from Stockholm told that not long ago an armed German expedition sailed from Norway for the purpose of seizing the meteorological station of Greenland. Upon reaching the ice zone, the Nazi force was intercepted by the Norwegian patrol boat, *Fritjof Nansen*. Had the Germans been able to carry out their design, they would, in all probability, have been in a position to plan their aerial *Blitzkrieg* against London and the British Isles with far more gruesome effectiveness than has been possible on the basis of incomplete meteorological information.

The weather-bureaus of the United States and numerous other nations in the Western Hemisphere must now depend on reports issued by Coast Guard vessels stationed far to the south of Greenland. Naturally this is an annoying state of affairs; but, if the cutting-off of important data pertaining to atmospherical changes has in any way helped to curtail the indiscriminate bombing of cities and civilians and has thus retarded the advance of totalitarianism in the world, it has been a blessing. Who will say that

it is not infinitely more important and religion tomorrow than to  
 for us to be sure that we shall know whether there will be rain,  
 have freedom of speech, press, hail, snow, sleet, or sunshine?

‘ ‘ ‘

### *Sonnet*

And when this hell has stopped its maddened pace,  
 Will heavenly peace and reconciliation  
 Really come? If hatred's subjugation  
 And safety's birth should bless this human race  
 And truth be charged to ever hold the mace—  
 Shall then the rights of all be right, starvation  
 Then end and chains and hostile preparation . . . ?  
 Shall honor dwell in work and in man's face?

Or shall the bath of blood be meet ablution?  
 Shall selfishness be turned to sympathy,  
 Pride spend itself in acts of restitution,  
 And love dawn then never again to flee . . . ?  
 Or to the vanquished woe—and retribution  
 To wait the victor in eternity . . . ?

(A translation of a sonnet by Hviezdoslav from his  
 "Bloody Sonnets" composed in 1914.)

JAROSLAV VAJDA.

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# The PILGRIM



By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

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## Upon the Midnight Clear

THE old story. . . . The Child, the Mother, the shepherds, the stars, the angels. . . . Once more I shall remember them as one remembers a forgotten thing or a song whose words have become faint. . . . The hills which had stood ready in silent obedience from the moment of their creation. . . . The manger which was to become the haunt of the world's devotion. . . . The inn at the end of the road for tired minds and weary hearts. . . . The cry of the

Child, the beginning of the last plea for a guilty race. . . . This is the story. . . .

As another Christmas comes I look at the memories of other years. . . . December 24, 1918. . . . It snowed in New York all day. . . . Faithfully the preacher's youngsters shovelled the sidewalks around the church so that men and women might come into the presence of the Child with dry feet. . . . December 24, 1934. . . . Marion Anderson singing "Oh Thou that Tellest." . . . December 24, 1934. . . . The chimes in St. John's church at midnight. . . . December 24, 1939. . . . The last Christmas when we were all at home and the wheel had come full turn. . . . Children's children now singing "Silent Night" as quaveringly as we did thirty years ago. . . .

Perhaps, too, I have a wish for this Christmas. . . . That on Christmas Eve the radio would bring Bach's Christmas Oratorio, or the Cantata "Bereitet die Wege" for the fourth Sunday in Advent. . . . A wish for a happy Christmas to those who have been kind during the years. . . . The boys and girls at the happy parsonage in Tacoma, Washington. . . . The little girl in Toledo, Ohio who still knows what Christmas means. . . . The wondering scientist on Mount Wilson. . . . The friend in

the ministry for whom life has suddenly become dark. . . . This year, as in all other years, it will be a strange crowd that kneels at the manger. . . . From the ends of the earth, from the depths of life, from the far places to which the human mind can wander. . . .

What, after all, is Christmas? . . . What came into the world on Christmas Night? . . . A few reminders. . . .



### **Peace**

Perhaps the first sound that reached the ears of the Child in the manger was the song of the chorists over the hills of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." . . . A prayer and a prophecy. . . . A prayer that the hands of the Child, so soon to be torn by nails, would take hold of, the hearts of men. . . . A prophecy that those who would bring their hearts to him would have peace. . . . Tonight as the eyes of Christendom turn toward the manger that prayer has become more anxious and immediate. . . . It is still possible for men to have peace through Him who ended the war between God and man. . . . The world may have lost peace, but God has not lost it. . . . It has come back into the world over the strange road of the manger. . . .

### **Holiness**

With the Child, complete and perfect holiness came into the world of men for the first and the last time. . . . God did not become man to make us contented with the world. . . . He came to make us discontented with the world which now is. . . . He came to give us the final revelation of the world to come. . . . He came to talk about a pearl of great price, a wedding garment of incomparable beauty, a fair and real hope on our black horizon. . . . Listen for a moment as the Child become man prays on the night before His death, John 17:19-23, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in truth. Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word; that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me. And the glory which thou has given me I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one; that the world may know that thou didst send me, and lovedst them, even as thou lovedst me." . . . Note the constant repetition of the word "one." . . . We

have been made one with God through faith in the redeeming work of Him who lay in the manger, who came to bring us into the sunlight of His holiness. . . . To make us His family, and to take us to live in the eternal Bethlehem. . . .



### Lowliness

Among the dumb beasts God was born. . . . As the world turns now toward the worship of power I must remember that the first worshippers of the Incarnate Word were not the great and mighty, not the rich and noble. . . . The oxen and sheep were his company and the shepherds were his congregation. . . . No power, no sword, no bombs, no guns, no books, no money. . . . The mysterious lowliness of God. . . . Just before Christmas last year Heywood Broun died. . . . His last article was a Christmas story of the Wise Man who halted and delayed the richly laden caravan wending its way out of the East on its journey in search of Him Who was born King of the Jews.

He came hurrying back to his impatient companions holding in his hands a long-kept, paint-scarred, tin, tumbling, tiny toy.

"But we have gifts fit for a King," his companion protested. "You have gold, frankincense and

myrrh for the King," answered the third Wise Man. "This is for the Child at Bethlehem". . . .



### Power

Bethlehem is the dwelling place of a different power. . . . The first infant cry of the Child was the battle challenge of the Prince of Peace. . . . A few years later four men wrote the story of the 100 days about which God decided to tell us something. . . . They are the most memorable days in the history of man and their remembrance remains the most precious possession of the human heart. . . . About 695,000 days have passed since the first Christmas. . . . But not one on which somebody would not have died for Him. . . . This is the ultimate power in the world. . . . Hunted from the cradle to the grave, stoned and tempted, rejected by His people, betrayed by His disciples, scourged and mocked and spat upon and crucified, He stands today before the heart of the world as its last hope, its only Savior, and its everlasting King. . . . The 100 days of His visible life came and went quickly, but the endless days of His invisible life give meaning and hope to time and eternity. . . . This is the power of Christmas. . . .

So a few verses for your reading at dusk on Christmas Eve. . . .



From Kenton Kilmer:

Earth and sky are dusted  
With sparks of colored light.  
Snow is brittle-crusted  
Beneath our steps tonight.

Through bright wreaths of holly  
The candlelight shines clear.  
Dark and melancholy  
The leafless trees appear.

Shadows twisted, broken,  
Lie stretched across the road;  
Shadows for a token  
Of where the moonlight strode.

Darkness is a casket  
To show the moon's clear white,  
Snowy earth a basket,  
Soft lined, to hold the Light.



From William Thomas Walsh:

The dusty cluttered road is now  
forgotten—  
The weariness of watching, while  
boors fill  
The inns with laughter; scorn be-  
gotten  
Of hearts more cold and dark  
than this bare hill.

Here in the haunt of outcasts and  
of beasts  
The winds tonight will howl no  
songs of wars,  
No Herod starts up guilty from  
his feasts,  
No fear, no fight, no searching  
foreign stars.

Here Heaven has made itself sanc-  
tuary,

Here Love has built herself a vir-  
gin nest.

No thorn, no nail, no felon's bit-  
ter tree

Casts any shadow where the Child  
takes rest.

Where else can souls, poor chil-  
dren of mischance,

Victims of man's crime under  
God's calm sky,

Find, but in your compassionating  
glance,

The strength to live, perhaps the  
strength to die?



From Joyce Kilmer:

There was a gentle hostler  
(And blessed be his name),  
He opened up the stable  
That night Our Lady came,  
Our Lady and St. Joseph;  
He gave them food and bed,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open,  
However poor the yard;  
Lest weary people visit you,  
And find their passage barred.  
Unlatch the door at midnight,  
And let your lantern's glow  
Shine out to guide the traveler's  
feet  
To you across the snow.

---

*An American educator continues his analysis  
of modern educational trends . . .*

## NATURALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION-II

By L. G. BICKEL

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### *The Twentieth Century*

NATURALISM, as we saw, had made decided inroads upon educational thinking by the end of the nineteenth century. Colleges had by and large been sold down the river of Naturalism. The full flower, however, and the time of fruition of this trend had not yet arrived. It remained for the twentieth century to bring forth the fruits of the naturalistic tendency, which had more or less quietly been flourishing and growing into a sturdy plant. The real prophets of Naturalism were still to appear, and they were not long in coming.

The pace of change in the past third of a century has been steadily increasing. Not only in the realm of physical inventions has the world been practically transformed, not only does the future seem to hold startling changes in

the political field, but also the intellectual climate of the whole world is apparently undergoing a rapid metamorphosis. Social customs are being remade before our very eyes. The mystically inclined may see in the violent disturbances and movements of thought, ideals, and ideas a premonition of the total dissolution of a world torn by powers against which nothing can prevail.

The changes and revolutions in educational thinking are certainly not far behind those in any other field. The rank and file of citizens in the late nineties had very conservative notions as to what constituted an adequate education for their children. Teachers shared the same views. Those were days when teachers really knew what to teach, how to teach, and especially when, whom, and under what condi-

tions to promote and not to promote. Those days—we must all grant—are gone for good. Life for the pedagogue is not what it used to be.

The changes are, indeed, not arbitrary. Some bear in them the promise of better things to come, of more understanding, of more sympathy, of better results, and of a more general diffusion of knowledge of a usable kind. But, on the other hand, we dare not hide our faces from certain pernicious tendencies inherent in the developments of the past thirty years.

The leading exponents of advanced thinking in education in the more recent past and even now are the following men: John Dewey, W. H. Kilpatrick, and Harold Rugg. Because of their position, their writings, and the degree of praise they receive from their followers, their views are all the more significant. As far as American education is concerned, one is almost tempted to say that Dewey is Allah and the rest are his prophets. Dewey is generally considered the outstanding and most influential thinker in educational theory and practice in America.

### *Dewey*

John Dewey was born the year Darwin's *Origin of Species* ap-

peared. He studied at the University of Vermont, and later at Johns Hopkins. He became interested in Hegel. Problems in education, psychology, social institutions, and social life attracted him. He attempted to fuse and relate these into some rational whole. Since the dualism of science and morals annoyed him, he attempted to resolve this conflict and finally arrived at "Instrumentalism."

Evolutionary and biological concepts are the basis of Dewey's philosophy of life. To him man is continuous with nature. Thinking is limited to experience, never transcending it. As far as Dewey is concerned, there is no transcendent world, no supernatural universe with which man is concerned. The true "stuff" of experience is held to arise out of the adaptive course of action, habits, active functions, connections of doing and undoing, sensori-motor coordinations.

It is averred to be human destiny to reconstruct the individual and the social organism through the instrumentality of achieved intelligence under the aegis of the scientific method, to the end that social process without fixed ends may keep advancing in an evolutionary manner for the betterment of mankind. Dewey's point of

view is a philosophy of struggle, survival, adaptation, and adjustment. The intelligent activity of man is not something brought to bear from without: rather it is nature realizing itself in its own potentialities. Knowledge, therefore, according to Dewey, is instrumental. It is the only means of regulating and directing experience.

In Dewey's philosophy there is no room for such concepts as soul, mind, or reason, in the supernaturalistic sense of these words. The doctrine of organic development has eliminated the dualism of soul and body. Henceforth the quest for certainty becomes a search for methods of control.

Dewey is a naturalistic positivist. In harmony with his philosophical experimentalism and its denial of the abiding and the fixed, of God, supernaturalism, revelation, and Christianity, Dewey rejects the moral law as a doctrine of eternally fixed and unchangeable principles implanted in man. There cannot be a *sum-mum bonum*, no supreme and final good or end. Morals become, and in fact are, social. The *a priori* non-experimental sanctions are non-existent. We have here a thoroughgoing naturalistic, monistic, relativistic, and pragmatic system of morals.

Dewey's educational philosophy agrees with the line of thought expressed in the previous paragraphs. In fact, he conceives of philosophy as being a generalized theory of education. Since the former is exclusively naturalistic, so must the latter be. Education is for the present, for growth which abandons all foresight of probable consequences even in this world. It is a continuous growing and unfolding. In its broadest sense, it is a means to the continuity of life.

This view has profound effects upon the recognition of the individuality of the child. If the thought is developed to its ultimate conclusion, we come precariously close to annihilating the individual as an entity of any consequence since, in this philosophy, the individual personality is absorbed in sociality. The group supersedes in importance and significance the individual and is placed upon a superior level. This solution to the problem implies a serious deviation from the traditional concept upon which the theory and form of our government is based. It most assuredly comes into sharpest conflict with Christianity, inasmuch as the Church deals and must deal with individuals first and always.

The same logical consequence

results in the field of morals. Under the assumptions of Dewey's philosophy the problem of moral education in schools is a matter of securing knowledge. All aims and values of education are moral, that is, social. In this respect Dewey is exactly at the point where the old Greek philosophers were in their attempt to find a solution to the problem of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Dewey, as we have said, is the major prophet in American education today. As is so often the case in history, major prophets speak in terms which the common man does not understand. It seems that such individuals must have interpreters and popularizers of their doctrines. Obviously it is of little avail to entertain noble and grand ideals and ideas if these do not become the property of a large proportion of the populace to whom they are addressed. Someone has said that Dewey, besides being the outstanding living philosopher in our country today, is also the worst writer. Those of us who have had to read any amount of his voluminous materials can agree with this somewhat uncharitable judgment.

### *Kilpatrick*

One of the minor prophets and popularizers of Dewey's philoso-

phy is W. H. Kilpatrick. Through his work and teaching Dewey's ideas have become tangible realities. Kilpatrick freely admits his debt to Dewey. He speaks of him as "the greatest American thinker."

Kilpatrick's philosophy of life is definitely associated with the principle of Change. Nothing is fixed and abiding; all is flux. "Experience," to him, "is the beginning and the end of all things." Effort and effect is the very essence of man. Man is a pawn, moved about with only the vaguest suggestion of a plan, albeit unknown to him. Man finds the reason for his existence, its explanation, and its justification in the process of evolution.

Kilpatrick feels that men must develop a new faith, not in outworn dogmas, not even in themselves, but in Methods of Attack. With experience as the essence of all and its end, the stress on methods of attack is at least logical. The core and value of all living is to be found in this present existence, in the here and now. There can, therefore, be no other philosophy which meets the conditions of Kilpatrick's fundamental assumption besides a philosophy of change, of experimentalism, of the questioning mind, of planning, searching, progressing in the planning process. Such a view

of life is the only one that can logically be espoused by Kilpatrick and those who with him accept a similar basis.

In respect to morals, Kilpatrick holds, "The old plan has broken down. It does not fit the fact of ever rapid change. A new procedure must be formed—we must help youth find the only real authority—of 'How it works when tried'—Authoritarianism in morals dies. A better morality must survive." It should be noted that morals are social, not fixed or eternal, but pragmatic, experimental, and relative. The theory of change holds in the realm of morals as well as in all other phases of life and existence. Abiding principles do not exist, and even if they did, they would have to be abrogated in favor of an evolutionary and developmental basis of action involving the experimental approach and methodology.

Kilpatrick's educational theories fit his general philosophy. It follows that school procedures, objectives, methods, and curriculum which are based on a static ideal must be discarded and replaced by such as will be in harmony with the dynamic point of view. He states, "Our young people must build such a dynamic outlook, insights, habits, and at-

titudes as will enable them to hold their course amidst change." The conscious aim is "to criticize our institutional life, which includes church, religion, and morals" (O'Connell). Applied intelligence is the sole authority. Education is therefore based on a naturalistic, socialistic, and experimental philosophy of life.

### Rugg

A third leader in the field of educational thinking in our time is Harold Rugg, author of *The Child-Centered School*, *Culture in America*, *The Great Technology*, and the *Rugg Social Science Course*. These books of his have enjoyed considerable popularity and have tended to make him an outstanding influence in American education. He is a voluminous writer who is active particularly in the field of curriculum revision and rethinking. Rugg's philosophy of life confines itself exclusively to this world. His thinking is entirely naturalistic. He believes that a new epoch in civilization is at hand. Rugg thinks that man has succeeded in dominating nature to such a degree that he is now free to enjoy and to use both body and mind for creative purposes. One thing may be said in favor of Rugg's point of view, it is cheerful.

Out of the synthesis of the sci-

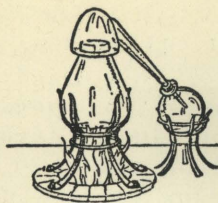
entific attitude, the method of experimental inquiry, and the concept of the creative artist, is to come the new social reconstruction. Rugg, in contrast to Dewey, is a master writer. His work is that of an author of no mean proportions. He is vivid, picturesque, and forceful.

Rugg presents the goal of man as creative living. The good life is for him something more than problem-solving. It is more than mere existing: it includes the enterprise of creative effort as well as moments of sheer appreciation of living. Rugg borrows, we think, from the Greeks his ideals of life. He is imbued with some of the spirit of Rousseau in his expression and conception of the aims and purposes of being. Withal he is a thoroughgoing naturalist. "Emerson," in Rugg's opinion, "laid the foundation for a new philosophy of American culture." Rugg's attitude toward Christianity is negative. He construes Christianity as a system of bondage. The Church, in his way of thinking, stands in the way of progress. Norms of conduct are purely personal. They are the result of meanings and attitudes received from nature through nerve centers which somehow have the power to retain them.

The main purpose of education, for him, is to change men's

minds psychologically through education and to prepare them for the better social order of the Great Technology, which is just around the corner and is to be had for the asking.

Thoughtful parents and citizens generally will do well to acquaint themselves with the current thinking in the field of educational philosophy. It is the duty of all to evaluate, to select from, and to correct, as occasion offers, the theories propounded in our day. The relation of current thinking in education to the state, the Church, and particularly the youth of the nation seems to be a most important problem. We sometimes wonder whether the leaders in the great institutions of society are fully aware of the trend in educational philosophy in our country. Particularly does this problem address itself to the Christian church as representing a Way of Life which is in direct opposition to the solutions offered by the schools of the nation. What will be the Church's answer to the challenge of the naturalistic tendencies? We see no middle ground. It will be either a battle with victory or a capitulation without honor. The Church so far has lost every skirmish except the last one.




# THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

*"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."*

HOLLAND, Gold-Foil

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 **Twilight of the Kings.** There is one good king left, Georgius VI, *Dei Gratia Rex Britannorum*, and there is none other who has given evidence of ruling "by the grace of God." No German or Italian propaganda has fastened anything unbecoming a ruler and a Christian gentleman to his record. The neutral world pays homage to his democratic ideals as proven by his remaining with his people during the long days of

bombings from the air. There are not many other kings left in all the wide world, and by the time you read this, there may be fewer still.

On the other hand, it must be said that if anyone is to blame for making an end of royalty, it is the kings. Check the list: there is Alfonso of Spain, who ruled Spain as a province of the Pope, utterly failed to gain the respect of his people, and nine years ago quit the throne with a record of bigotry, extravagance, and high-living. There is Manuel of Portugal, another boy who liked the bright lights, and who squandered the taxes of his country on Gaby Des Lys. He was turned out as a worthless scamp. Haakon of Norway and Leopold of the Belgians were ground under the wheels of the Nazi machine. Denmark's Christian X went the same way, his personality a faint smudge on the graph of 1912-1940.

But gaze upon the late ruler of Rumania if you would know why the world has no more use for kings that have only royal descent to claim for their ermine and purple. This man Carol really deserves a place in comic opera. For a decade and longer his life has been an outrage even according to Balkan standards of morality. Infatuated with a Jewess from Northern France, he showed



himself, in the treatment of his wife, the unconscionable brute that he is, but he was able to return to his palaces after a stay in foreign parts. It was then that our respect for Rumania reached the vanishing point. Only recently our feelings became tintured with some pity for a people which is being rolled flat under the Nazi engine. The last chapter of King Carol is still to be written. It may be assassination; it may be exile in South America; while something not altogether agreeable seems to be in store for the Lupescu. But the departure was unique even in the annals of European royalty — and they are some annals. The king and the woman dispose of their interests in mines, manufacturing concerns, banks, and railroads, and they find buyers because it means buying or execution by a firing squad. So they had ten millions in gold when they left the country. Their car was riddled with machine gun bullets from loving subjects just before they crossed the border. The details of the racketeering Carol's financial achievements were described fully in the cable messages.

Among all the ruling heads in exile there is but one that has a hold on the world's respect and affection — Wilhelmina of Holland.

I have called the roll now. I think if you would pick nine barbers of South St. Louis or nine dealers in old plumbing on Halsted Street, you would find a much higher proportion of decent folk among them than among those who ruled Europe after the first World War.

You may think I should have mentioned Haile Selassie as one of the better sort of royal refugees. You are mistaken. The press correspondents once made him out to be a rather kingly little figure, a ruler who bore his calamities with royal dignity. He may have done that, but he also bore with him five million dollars in gold, and that was all the gold there was in Abyssinia. More recently we were told some very reprehensible things about the Lion of Judah which proved that at best he was not always as bad as he usually was. The index figure for kings for the present market is below par.

I have not mentioned the "ruler" of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III. He still bears the title "king," but a bon mot of Martin Luther's applies in his case: "This is either a title without the thing, or it is a thing with nothing but the title."



**Routine from Gehenna.**  
Some of us are in danger of get-

ting accustomed to this war. Some of us are even heard to say that it is far less sanguinary than the first World War, due to the absence of infantry attacks in great masses and the resultant carnage. We are reminded of Verdun with its seven hundred thousand dead.

But, for one thing, the tale is not yet told. We have said before that all nations are prepared to use poison gas and have evidently held back only because retaliation is so sure and, no matter how weak the attacking squadron of planes, so unescapable, a few drums of gas being capable of slaying a hundred thousand in two minutes. . . . When the war drags out there is no telling what will happen. . . .

But the real tragedy of the second World War is not in the casualties of battlefields and naval engagements but in the destruction of homes, civilization, and moral values, all involved in the enforced migrations of great masses of people.

China has seen tens of millions driven from their homes.

There are still a quarter million Spanish refugees in France and her African provinces, of whom nearly half are women and children.

No record has been kept in the press reports of the un-numbered thousands removed from their

homes by the border strategies of Russia, Turkey, Rumania, Hungary, and Yugoslavia.

Finland now has 460,000 refugees from the areas seized by Russia, and Finland is the only country in which we hear of compensation being paid by the government to its people for the loss of farm lands. It is paying them more than \$150,000,000 on that account. But the 460,000 have no homes and are without work. It is notable, too, that no pressure has been brought to force families to leave the ceded areas, but that practically none of them wanted to live under Red rule. The evacuation was done all at one time, the people leaving their empty homes behind them and crowding every bus and railway coach in Finland for days.

Conditions are infinitely worse where the Nazi armies have gained their victories. It was but a few weeks after the crash of France that the Associated Press reported from Alsace-Lorraine that the Nazis were "Germanizing" that region by rooting up thousands of French families and replacing them with Germans from as far away as the Baltic states. Nearly ten thousand families of Frenchmen were dumped into the lap of the French government.

There is some agreement be-

tween Stalin and Hitler about the disposition of Russians in German-controlled territory and of Germans in Russian provinces. As a result, the German inhabitants in Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia are being evacuated. This means the destruction of a civilization that is four centuries old. In Latvia the value of possessions in German hands was estimated at about \$600,000,000. The ancient German city of Riga was turned over to Russia. From the Baltic, hundreds of thousands are being moved to German territory, and this is called "repatriation."

The same ruthless disregard of those feelings which attach human beings to their homes is being shown in the case of Germans living in the Balkans. Some 2,000,000 Germans now residing in Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Hungary are being moved into Poland and Czechoslovakia. Soviet Russia is said to have informed Germany confidentially that, to make room for repatriation-Germans in those areas, it would admit Czechs and Slovaks who were willing to emigrate to Russian farms or industrial areas. In the three countries mentioned there are more than two million Germans.

In comparison with these figures, the "migration of nations" which took place in the fifth cen-

ture loses its unique significance. It requires the pen of a Prescott or a Mommsen to describe the dislocation of human relationships, the destruction of cultures, the physical suffering, the impoverishment, the whole hideous cruelty involved in such a mass transfer of human beings. As a policy of despotic authority, there is no parallel since the days of the Babylonian and Assyrian rulers, whose treatment of "minorities" is known to us from the Biblical record of the Jewish exiles.



**Between the Upper and the Lower Millstone.** Everyone has heard of the redistribution of the population of Poland. We know that Hitler is creating a solid German area out of part of Poland, erecting a solid Polish state in central Poland and a solid Jewish state south of it, while in eastern Poland the Russians are clearing out Poles, Jews, and Germans and making it solid Russian. But what do these words mean?

In the first place, we know that the *Blitzkrieg* which conquered Poland was fought chiefly on the area which Hitler proposes to hand over to the Poles. The cities, railroads, highways, bridges, and even villages were bombed from the air and destroyed by artillery fire on the ground. Most of Warsaw is a total ruin today. This

country is being turned back to the Poles, who have to begin their new life by constructing the very houses in which to live and the general equipment to live with.

But the situation is much worse than that. Into this central area of old Poland—not over one-third of the country's area—the entire Polish population of the country is being forced, and this means that additional millions of people are here being crowded into a district in which the housing and living facilities of the former population are already dreadfully depleted by the war. Homes and employment must now be provided by the luckless Poles for millions of their unfortunate compatriots.

But even this is only half the story. I have been a reader of Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* and remember the scornful references to the "uncivilized," "ignorant," and "filthy" Poles. The measures adopted for the evacuation will not improve their lot. The newcomers have been forced by their "cultured and civilized" conqueror to leave behind them all their property of every sort and description. Houses, lands, and all bulky possessions must perforce be left behind to be apportioned among the Germans whom Hitler is expatriating from the Baltic States, from Italy, and probably

from Germany itself. In all too many cases, if the correspondents are at all right, the people have been shipped to the new area with nothing but the clothes on their backs and such few things as they could carry in their hands. Consider the lot of the old population which, having already less than enough, must now share it with others who have nothing. With many of their homes utterly destroyed, they must house some millions additional. With a great deal of the living equipment destroyed in the houses still standing, they must provide furniture, bedding, clothing, and kitchen utensils for other millions.



**— And That Is Not All.** You get a complete picture when you remember that the areas annexed to Germany and lost by the Poles outright, certainly for the present, contained their principal factories. With them went the industrial facilities with which new living equipment might have been manufactured.

The best part of Poland will be colonized with a mighty cohort of solid Germans, while Russians take over the eastern portion. It is a fact well established that these Germans and Russians have been moving into the new areas even while the Poles were moving out and that this shifting of pop-

ulation has been and is being carried out with an all but brutal disregard of ordinary humanity. The evacuated Poles are being sent ahead to prepare homes for the women and children. Companies of them, with nothing but the clothes on their backs and a pick or shovel in their hands, have been set down in a field in winter and left there with so much lumber and material and ordered to build new houses. Families have thus been disrupted, women are without husbands, children without either parent, and men divorced from their families are forced to care for other

people's wives and children today in most parts of Poland. Most of them are all but destitute; many are completely without money, food, work, or homes.

There is sufficient detailed news from writers of unquestioned integrity to give assurance that the picture here painted is true in every essential feature; and Prof. Roland Greene Usher, of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, is correct when, in a survey of the future of Poland, he says, "If the result as a whole is intentional, it is one of the greatest crimes against civilization ever committed."

1 1 1

### *Pacifism Grows Up*

Our fondest of ideals a few years back  
 Were youngsters, apple-cheeked, who went  
 Seeking to build a World Peace palace  
 Out of clayless bricks.  
 But hopeful-hearted babes are oldsters now;  
 They feel rheumatic pains, and, bent,  
 They brace decrepitude with sticks.

ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

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# MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN


*Alexander Gretchaninoff  
Is True to Himself*

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 Let us assume for a few moments that you are a budding composer. You have learned the rules of harmony, unlocked the gates of counterpoint, mastered the laws of form, and, to cap the climax, your creative apparatus has become infected with the germs of a masterpiece. But you are in a dilemma. You struggle and squirm, you wrangle and hesitate. Soon you begin to tear your hair. Why? Because Dr. B. A. Modernist has told you that in this day and age no composer can achieve lasting distinction unless he throws traditional harmony

into the ashcan, casts the counterpoint of the textbooks into the depths of the sea, and consigns time-honored forms to the rubbish heap. Dr. I. M. Conservative, on the other hand, has whispered into your ears, "Don't lose your sense of balance. Who are you to pit your own notions against the wisdom of the ages? Believe me, you will fare best if you abide by the principles that have been handed down to you out of the past. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Is Jean Sibelius a fool," you ask, "or is he an angel?" Then you continue, "Surely, no one will call the great Finn a slave of accepted usages. When he is convinced that age-hallowed devices will not serve his purpose, he resorts to methods of his own making; when he believes that adherence to tradition will enable him to have his say in the most effective manner, he clings to the tenets that are laid down in the rulebooks. Why can't I walk in his footsteps?"

Dr. Conservative will undoubtedly tell you that the music of Sibelius is altogether devoid of any angelic earmarks. Dr. Modernist, however, will apply the flail of indignation and urge you to out-Sibelius Sibelius in idol-smashing. "If you lack the cour-

age to do this," he will add, "you are a mossback."


Yes, you are in a quandary. The embryo of your masterpiece is clamoring for the opportunity to ripen into a fullfledged composition; but you, the captain of its destiny, are torn between the longing to be an angel and the desire to avoid being a fool.

Is there no balm to soothe your tortured braincells? Yes, there is a remedy. It is not guaranteed to make you a great composer; but it will be an antidote to the nostrums prescribed by Dr. Conservative and Dr. Modernist. You must, of course, be well prepared before you undertake to write, and you must know exactly what you want to do; but, above all, you must BE TRUE TO YOURSELF. You will never produce your masterpiece if you plow with another man's ox. Beware of throwing sacrosanct laws and rules to the winds before you have mastered them. Do not lift up your voice against idol-smashing unless you have listened with an open mind to the arguments of those who wield the ax and have found their principles unconvincing. Learn to write a fugue in the severely classical style before you attempt to ride to glory on the coat-tails of Igor Stravinsky, and give careful attention to Stravinsky's convic-

tions before you try to make your way into the hall of fame by clinging to the apronstrings of George Frederick Handel.

I am pausing now to catch my breath and, incidentally, to say that I have neither the desire nor the ability to write a disquisition on the art of becoming a famous composer. It has been necessary to enlarge somewhat on staunch conservatism as opposed to bold iconoclasm in order to present an accurate appraisal of the unusual skill of Alexander Tikhonovich Gretchaninoff, the noted Russian composer who recently shook the dust of Nazi-ridden Paris from his feet and found refuge in the United States.

### *Conservative on Principle*

 I interviewed Gretchaninoff in 1933—nine years after he had escaped from his Soviet-dominated fatherland to take up his abode in the hospitable capital of France. When I asked him about his attitude toward modern trends in music, he declared, "I am a conservative." But there was no disposition on his part to belittle the achievements or to impugn the motives of composers who do not share his convictions. Our conversation was carried on in German and bits of French. Now and then the renowned master


"sandwiched in" a Russian expression which an interpreter translated for me. Here, I realized, was a man who clung to tradition with steadfastness and by deliberate choice; but an acquaintance with much of his music had already convinced me that he had the rare ability to apply time-hallowed precepts with striking originality and arresting beauty. I knew that rules and laws did not hamper him in his work. He was their master; they were his obedient servants.

There is a spirit of romanticism in the works of Gretchaninoff—romanticism in which one finds the flesh and the blood, the bone and the sinew, of pre-Soviet Russia. His music does not concern itself with the country as it has been transmogrified by Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin. He is not in sympathy with men of the stripe of Dmitri Szostakowicz, who write *Tendenzmusik* and attempt to depict in tone the economic and political vagaries of the crackpots who bear the high-sounding name of Communists. No, Gretchaninoff's music gives expression to the joys and the sorrows of men, women, and children who lived, moved, and had their being in a land which brought forth many distinguished composers and produced a folk-music that is imbued

with an elemental appeal distinctly its own. It is not Gretchaninoff's habit to make use of the traditional melodies of his people in what he writes; but no careful student can escape the conviction that his works are impregnated with the soil and the soul of a nation which for hundreds of years expressed its thoughts, its yearnings, its dreams, and its passions in songs of extraordinary richness.

Gretchaninoff's music does not have the hardness, the brittleness, and the boldness of the compositions given to us by Sergei Prokofieff and other widely discussed Russians of our time. Its appealing beauty has much in common with what we find in the works of Schumann and Schubert. Yet there is no imitativeness in Gretchaninoff's writings. He eschews flavorless conventionalism and imbues his thoughts with refreshing vigor, variety, and vitality. His lyricism is wrought with the art that conceals art. He is by no means a daring pathfinder; but, conservative though he is, he has created music for which there is a crying need in these days of turmoil and bewildering uncertainty.

### *Magnificent Art Songs*

 One need be neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet



to predict that Gretchaninoff will be known best to posterity as a writer of magnificent art songs. A privately printed catalog of his works which he sent me from Paris shortly after I had talked with him lists scores of compositions in this field. Besides, he has written four symphonies and an opera in addition to chamber music, cantatas, oratorios, a *cappella* choruses, works for the violin, the 'cello, and the flute, and a large amount of piano music. His choral compositions are wrought with sensitive skill. He is a member of the Russian Orthodox church.

A short time ago I decided to re-examine the charmingly beautiful little piano pieces in Gretchaninoff's *Kinderbuch* in order to refresh my memory and to learn whether the passing of a number of years had dulled their appeal for me. I was not at all surprised to find that they were just as delightful to me as they had been when I read them for the first time. Thoroughly pianistic and written not only from the heart but also with the economy of means that invariably presupposes extraordinary ability, they are worthy in every way of being mentioned in the same breath with Schumann's famous pieces for children.

Gretchaninoff was born in Moscow on October 25, 1864. He studied under Vassily Safonoff, Herman Laroche, Anton Arensky, and Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff. The fanatical revolutionists who began to ram bolshevism down the throat of his homeland in October, 1917, would have been glad to honor him just as he had been honored under the rule of the Czar if he had been willing to indite compositions for the greater glory of the new order; but he knew in his heart of hearts that it was morally impossible for him to prostitute his art in the service of communism. He left Russia for Paris in 1924. Sixteen years later he came to the United States. Dyed-in-the-wool modernists may dislike his way of writing; but, unless their intense desire to kick over the traces has robbed them of every vestige of vision and intellectual honesty, they will be forced to admit that the world will always owe *Lebensraum* to able composers who are conservative by choice and on principle.

And now one more word to our sorely harried friend, the budding composer. Learn your trade thoroughly. Let the embryo of your masterpiece—which, by the way, is still begging for the opportunity to grow into a lustily

kicking brainchild—develop and eventually come forth into the light of day. But—pardon my unctuous way of speaking—be you a

rebel or be you a conservative, let Gretchaninoff teach you to BE TRUE TO YOURSELF. All other ground is sinking sand.

## Recent Recordings

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *The Little Organ Book, Volume 2*. E. Power Biggs, playing the classical organ in the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.—Seventeen of Bach's little masterpieces—those pertaining to Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday, the Christian Life, and Advent—are played with fluency of technic, tastefully employed registration, and admirable restraint. Victor Album M-697.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the composer.—An authentic reading of a work which gave rise to pandemonium on the occasion of its first performance but is now considered by many to be one of the most important compositions of recent times. Columbia Album M-417.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. *Symphony No. 3, in A Minor ("Scotch")*. The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra under José Iturbi.—Mr. Iturbi's fine reading reveals to sensitive listeners that the *Scotch Symphony*, while far from being a work of undying importance, is nevertheless worth hearing again and again. Victor Album M-699.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Bolero*. The All-American Youth Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski.—The accomplished young men and young women who make up the much-discussed orchestra assembled by Mr. Stokowski capture and transmit the excitement contained in Ravel's ever-popular tour de force. Columbia Album X-174.

ERNEST BLOCH. *Schelomo: A Hebrew Rhapsody for 'Cello and Orchestra*. Emanuel Feuermann, 'cellist, and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski.—This engrossing work—named for King Solomon—has no program. "It is the Hebrew spirit," says the composer, "that interests me—the complex, ardent, agitated soul that vibrates for me in the Bible." Victor Album M-698.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Concerto in D Minor*. Joseph Szigeti, violinist, and the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music under Fritz Stiedry.—This concerto was originally written for the clavier, but it loses none of its beauty when transcribed for the violin. Mr. Szigeti is a musician able in every way to expound the magnificent composition. Columbia Album M-418.

# VERSE

## *In Lunar Light*

From this my doorstep, might I not embark on seas  
Of blondest billow—a cool alabaster flood—  
For harbors on the firmament's antipodes?  
Hard by my portico a fleet of shadows ride  
The night, full-rigged for travel, with the dark's high tide,  
Beyond the floating star-kelp on Sargasso space,  
Where ardent summer trails no furtive spring,  
Nor hours know constricting arms of day's embrace.  
No gales can catch nocturnal pilot unaware  
Whither these phantom keels of steel-blue shadow fare.

ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

1 1 1

## *Sonnet*

Mankind, mankind! At no time have you been  
So far removed from Jesus' exhortation  
To love your neighbor as yourself, to ration  
Not a love that should flow rich and clean.  
What profits you His saving Word, wherein  
Is Truth and Life, having death's confirmation,  
When brother plots his brother's ruination  
And kindles flames of hell to roast him in?

What are your morals worth, your deeds of wonder,  
When passion blinds you and leads you to prey  
And prowls like beasts in search of plunder?  
Were you to plait yourself a crown today  
Of yonder stars, you could not flee the blunder  
And curse of scorning what those gospels say.

(A translation of a sonnet by Hviezdoslav from his  
collection of "Bloody Sonnets," 1914)

JAROSLAV VAJDA.



Margaret Gardner, a modern Chicago artist, has given us a new "Nativity." It is painted on wood and has a charm similar to that of the famous Hummel paintings and figures from Germany.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

The Annunciations form a large and interesting group of pictures and statues. This portrayal is by a young German artist, von Matt. It is done in terra cotta.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

The Annunciation has also been a favorite subject among the great wood-carvers. This rather modern treatment comes from the hand of Mario Rainardi. It is made of the finest oak.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

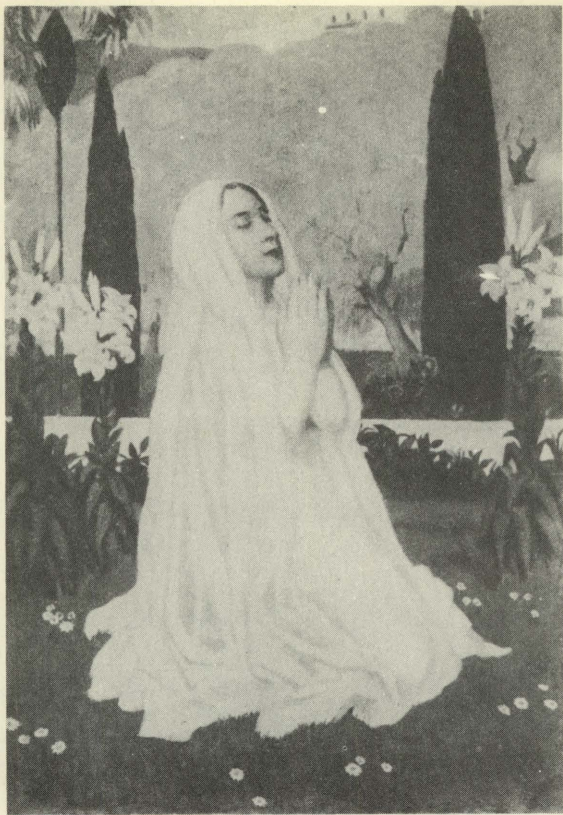
This window in the Church of the Sacred Heart in Zurich is the work of the famous Prof. Felix Bamhauer. The side windows are also treated in a very interesting manner.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

Fujita's Annunciation emphasizes the mystic elements of the whole scene. It is done in genre.





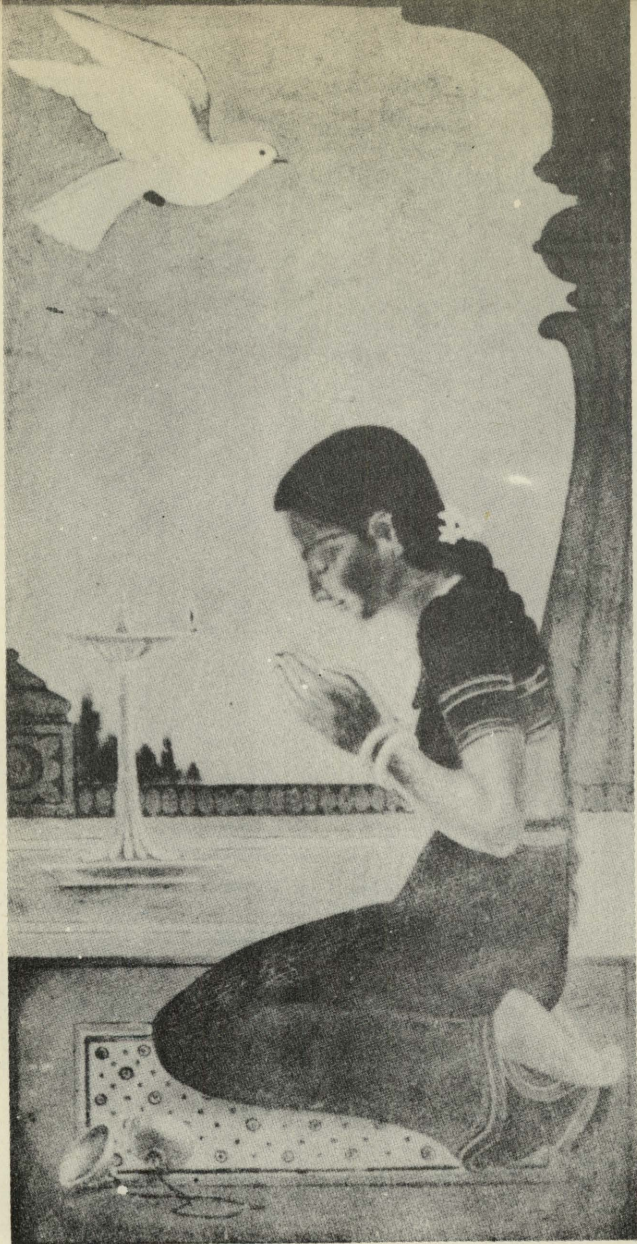
*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

The Virgin of the Annunciation is one of the most beautiful of all Maurice Denis' works. It is part of a fresco for a church in Rheims.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

In this Annunciation Mrs. E. G. Macmillan transfers the whole scene to India. It may appear strange to our eyes but Fra Angelico gave us the greatest of all Annunciation pictures by placing the scene in Italy.



*Courtesy B. Arthaud*

Angelo Da Fonseca was born in Goa in Portuguese India and studied art under Dr. A. N. Tagore. This panel on the Annunciation was executed for the chapel at Ashram. Mary, dressed as a Maharashtrian girl, identifies the picture with India.

*"Christmas"*

It seems to mean a silence  
That's greater than all sound;  
It comes to one in snowflakes,  
In stardust on the ground.

It drowns all trials and sorrows  
In wondrous floods of Love;  
White ageless angels chorus  
Their praise to God above.

It means the awe of shepherds—  
The wise men's journey far—  
Rome driv'n for God's own purpose—  
A brightly shining star.

It's joy that wells up fiercely  
In tides too strong to keep—  
Our Savior's peace within us  
Sweet, silent, sure, and deep.

1 1 1

*Cosmic Prodigal*

Each night he watches roving worlds go by,  
Through magic glass, his window on the sky—  
Feels in his own the beating  
Of a mightier heart, and hears  
The ceaseless cadence of the spheres.

Scanning infinitude—that blue height kissed  
By stars—he notes one beam he long had missed.  
To this one wanton ray,  
His astronomic dream,  
Torches within him, answering, gleam.

ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

*The CRESSET**Christmas Eve*

TONIGHT I walked out in the wind, the wild and rushing wind,  
the cold and rushing wind that brought the snow,  
I watched the twinkling stars, the white and twinkling stars set in the  
blackest sky,  
I watched the stars and then the clouds, and the black and grey patches  
of sky and cloud and sky again, and once in a while the moon,  
I watched the tall trees, the tall and black-limbed trees, the bare, black-  
limbed trees, bending in the wind, bending their limbs and swaying  
in the wind.

Tonight I walked out in the night and I looked into the homes along  
the street, the snug and well-lit homes, the cozy, warm-looking  
homes, so quiet in the storm,

And I watched the beauty of tonight, the dark and starlit beauty of a  
night that belongs, somehow, to God,

And I wondered at the power in the clouds and the stars, in the moon  
and the sky, and the black trees looking up to God.

Tonight I walked in the night and I thought: This is a winter night,  
This is a Christmas night—a wild and rushing time when life-bloods  
change and all the world is upheaval, and all the hearts of men are  
changed by one single birth,

And all the hearts of men are made kind by the birth of one little son;  
This is a Christmas night—the time of stormy nature and of quiet  
homes, snug and secure, and of inns where all the rooms are filled,  
and “there is no room for them in the inn.”

This was the night when Christ came into life,

A peaceful night it was—in Bethlehem—but times have changed, and  
the hearts of men are charged with fury and with combat.

I took a walk tonight, this wintry, stormy, cloudy night,

And I was glad that Christ was born into this world, this fighting,  
restless world—

To bring us peace.

DOROTHY MEYER

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# 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

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## Within the Gates

**THE TROJAN HORSE IN AMERICA.** By Martin Dies. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1940. 366 pages. \$2.50.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Dies Committee, which is short for the Special Committee on Un-American Activities. This committee of the House of Representatives has been busily employed for over two years in uncovering subversive activities in the U. S. It has been bitterly attacked from various sides and determined efforts have been made to put an end to its investigations, but popular sentiment has rallied to its aid. The reports on the Committee's work that have appeared from time to time in the public prints have been fragmentary and disconnected, and sometimes even distorted and misleading. In this book by the chairman of the Committee the results of one phase of the Committee's activity are for the first time connectedly presented and interpreted for the general reader.

The story of the Trojan Horse was used on August 2, 1935, by Georgi Dimitroff to illustrate to the delegates

of the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International, meeting in Moscow, the strategy of undermining the social and political structure of non-communist nations by secretly and deceitfully boring from within. This method was to be a "new tactical orientation" for the communist effort to gain world domination. It was immediately put into effect, and Hitler and Mussolini also adopted it, the former, as is well known, with startling success. A synonym for Trojan Horse is "fifth column."

The technique of constructing a Trojan Horse consists in letting, say Communists and friends of communism, or fellow-travelers, join organizations, or themselves form organizations, for announced purposes that can count on popular approval. The communistic affiliation of those concerned is kept concealed as much as possible, or is even denied. The socially approved "front" of the organizations leads non-Communists to join or to remain members. Their presence, especially if they are prominent, endows the Communists with an air of respectability and harmlessness, and meanwhile they, even though they be in the minority, can

usually, by virtue of their secret understanding with each other, seize control of the organizations and use them in their own interest and for their own purposes.

AN amazing number of such Trojan Horses has been set up in the U. S. The chief purpose of Dies's book is to identify the main ones through documentary and other evidence and to show what a menace they are to our institutions. Since communism was first in the field and has been most active in this country, its horses receive most attention. To name a few: there was the League for Peace and Democracy, now deceased, but supplanted by a variety of Peace Councils and Peace Committees; there are the American Youth Congress, the American Student Union, the Workers Alliance, the National Unemployment Councils, the International Labor Defense, the American Negro Congress, the League of American Writers, the Consumers Union, and even the League of Women Shoppers. All these and many others are communist-controlled Trojan Horses.

The communistic infiltration extends to the most diverse parts of the national organism. Formerly the Communists had their own labor unions, but now they have joined A. F. of L. and especially C. I. O. unions and are boring from the inside, to make converts and gain control. Their policy in this field is not to improve the lot of the workers (which would be contrary to their interest), but to train them to revolutionary action and civil war. They

have, therefore, especially concentrated on and gained control of unions in the fields of transportation and communication, the vital services in national life and national defense.

It is almost incredible to what extent prominent Americans have permitted themselves to be hoodwinked by Trojan Horse tactics and have, as a result, given countenance and aid to the efforts of men who take their orders from a foreign dictator and whose declared purpose it is to overthrow our government and institutions through violence. Senators and cabinet members have been guilty of these things; Eleanor Roosevelt has perhaps been the most prominent dupe. Communists and fellow-travelers occupy many important and vital government positions in which, in time of emergency, they would find it easy to commit the kind of sabotage that delivered France and Holland into the hand of their foe

Americans should read this book to be informed and to become aroused to their danger. It is a clarion call to them to demand that, in these days when we are building up our national defense, the defense against the enemy within our gates be attended to without stint of effort or loss of time.

### Vagabond Journalist

*THE GREAT CIRCLE: Further Adventures in Free-lancing.* By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 1940. 358 pages. \$3.00.

THIS is the author's account of some of his most interesting experiences as an independent journalist—a continuation of the story begun in *Glass Houses* (1938).

The book opens with Mr. Beals's arrival at Valencia in 1929. At that time peace still reigned in Spain, but one could already sense the fermentation of that deep-seated unrest which all too soon broke out into bloody civil war. After visiting several other Spanish cities along the coast, Beals crossed over to North Africa—to Ceuta, Sheshuan, Tangier, Fez, Algiers, and Tunis. Exceptional skill is revealed in his portrayal of the unique impression which cities of Islamic culture make upon the Western mind—that peculiar blend of fascination and disgust that one experiences upon contact with the poverty, disease, and reeking filth so commonly encountered in truly enchanting settings of Moslem architecture and colorful Oriental customs. A fine recreation of atmosphere. Especial attention is drawn to the resentment of the natives against the harsh French and Spanish colonial rule, a resentment shrewdly abetted by Fascist and Nazi propaganda and delivery of arms.

Then for a quick dash through Italy, depressing to Beals because of the absence of the gaiety and sociability that prevailed there before the advent of Mussolini. So he moves on through Athens to Istanbul, "that jumble of cultures, of religions, of conflicting eras, of political creeds, of nations and races," a hodge-podge increased even more by the rapid

and far-reaching reforms of Kemal Pasha. After a brief survey of this city of paradoxes, he crosses the Black Sea to Odessa.

Although the author's primary purpose in Russia was to see the Soviet Union in action, his account is largely made up of more or less interesting experiences with bureaucratic red tape, reflections on the high cost of living, and an enumeration of his many futile attempts to see worth-while things in Kiev, Moscow, and Leningrad. Most of his information on the functioning of the soviet system seems to have been gathered in conversations with other Americans whom he met along the way.

Both Beals and his pocketbook heave a sigh of relief as he turns his back upon Russia. After pausing in pre-Hitler Germany long enough to get a few square meals and a bit of relaxation, he leaves Europe behind.

The narrative now shifts to Mexico, a country in which Beals is thoroughly at home. Here the book, for the time being, loses its travel character and turns to an analysis of Mexican politics, as observed from Mexico City. There are interesting descriptions of the operations of the powerful political machine of Calles, the assassinations of Obregon and Mella, and the frustrated attempt upon the life of President Ortiz Rubio. After a dangerous encounter with General Ortiz, an unscrupulous ruffian, Beals resumes his travels. This time it is a horseback trip through the Oaxaca Sierras and a visit to the numerous Indian villages



along the way. At the outskirts of each village he is met either by the mayor and his band, or by the mayor and an apology for the absence of the band. Finally, back to Mexico City, and a brief sketch of Mexican life.

It should be pointed out that the observations of Mr. Beals, especially those on Europe, are far from being current, since he left Europe before the rise of Hitler.

Throughout the book one is left in the dark as to when the author was where. It is obvious, however, that much of his comment on current conditions and contemporary problems cannot be based upon his own observations, for the Europe he saw almost a decade ago was vastly different from the Europe of today.

Inasmuch as the style of the book is highly personal, it elicits primarily a personal response. In the opinion of the reviewer, the parts on Africa and on Mexican politics are the best. Here, in addition to excellent description, there is keen insight into the political and economic problems of the people around him; and this is all the more engaging because in Mexico the contacts and sources of information are accessible to very few persons, even in the newspaper world. Mr. Beals's ideas on the political and social ills of some of the other countries lack this depth of understanding, however, and in several instances his prophecies seem to be superficial and far-fetched. Now and then a little prejudice colors his interpretations.

All in all, this is a good book for quick reading, for it contains picturesque modes of expression, good description, and interesting and unusual experiences. It may not add a great deal to the reader's store of knowledge, but it will hold his interest.

EUGENE V. FRIEDRICH

### Found Wanting

*COUNT TEN.* By Hans Otto Storm. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1940. 623 pages. \$2.50.

HANS OTTO STORM'S absorbing new novel, *Count Ten*, ranges wide both in time and in setting. It covers a period of twenty-five years, and, as we read, we traverse much of our own country, and, in addition, we visit many far lands and travel in many strange waters. Mr. Storm tells us the story of Eric Marsden's early education, of his earnest endeavor to evolve for himself a satisfactory design for living, and, finally, of the partial compromise he made with life.

Eric was the only child of so-called "advanced" parents. Peter Marsden, architect, inventor, and pioneer air-pilot, taught his young son to "reason." "Reason first," he said, "and reason last and keep on reasoning in between times, but never be too sure that you are right." In the light of such philosophy father and son had "looked into this thing religion" and had "taken apart the Ten Commandments." They had agreed that the Decalogue was "not more than 40 per cent to the point today" and that "literal formulations are for children

and the devout." Eric's "placid" mother "suspected, but she wasn't sure, that the whole God-business was a fake, one of those fakes that have everything fixed up to match them so it comes out even" and that "if you tried to get an education, 'they' wanted it first of all to translate their ideals into conscious thought and then to make their life square with it." Both parents wanted their son to be free—free from the duties demanded by convention and free from the restrictions imposed by religion. He was to be "social," but he was not to permit himself to be "impinged upon." Eric learned that everything in life was "rigged up" either for or against one. He was taught that he must be hard and self-contained, that he must be able to hold his tongue and suffer in silence. But he was told nothing of Truth and Beauty and Goodness; and the warmth and the grace of the teachings of the gentle Christ were discarded for the bleak and comfortless creed of Reason. And what of Eric? Did he find Reason a firm and sure foundation on which to build a happy and useful way of life? No.

As the story is unfolded, we find Eric drifting with the current, never quite sure of himself, always asking, endlessly searching, hopelessly groping. He comes under the spell of Charlie Schroff, veteran labor leader and active worker for the I.W.W. His stay in Mexico is cut short when the Indian girl, Lumina, dies just before she can bring him the great happiness of "immortality." He

learns to know and to love Langdon Sears, although, as he puts it, Mr. Sears is distinctly "unsocial." For a time he experiences the power and the prestige of those whom he has always termed "exploiters." He meets and marries Aleen and finds a small measure of happiness in his association with her young son, Christopher. Later on he establishes himself as a carpenter. In Mexico, too, he had been "by way of being a carpenter." Sympathy for the underprivileged draws him into a hotly contested political campaign. He is "framed" and sent to prison. When he is released seven months later, he finds that many things in life have a new flavor for him. And when Eric tells the old Mexican mother, "There is still time," he "does not mean it for a conventional remark at all." He means that there is still time for anything and for everything.

*Count Ten* is a book for adult readers. The author's keen and penetrating irony probes deep beneath the commonly accepted social values. Since adolescence is at best a period of difficult readjustment, it would be unfair and unwise to burden the average boy or girl with problems which would merely add to his or her bewilderment. Mr. Storm possesses a sharp and sensitive gift for characterization. He writes with great beauty; but it is a cold, black-and-white beauty. One might almost believe that the author of *Count Ten* is guided by the commandment Peter Marsden once formulated for Eric—"Never use euphemisms."

ANNE HANSEN

## In the Shadow of the Swastika

*MY NAME IS MILLION.* Anonymous. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 268 pages. \$2.50.

*CAESARS IN GOOSE STEP.* By William D. Bayles. Harper and Brothers, New York and London. 1940. 262 pages. \$3.00.

HERE are two books which give the world a further revelation of Naziism—its method of conquest, its philosophy, and the character of its leaders.

*My Name Is Million* is the gripping and heart-rending account of an English woman, married to a Polish official, who became a refugee from the Nazi invasion of Poland. In a graphic manner the author, who for obvious reasons remains anonymous, depicts her almost unbelievable sufferings during her flight from the invading hordes and during her sojourn in the Russian-occupied area of Poland. Her story, however, is not one of self-commiseration, but rather of intense grief over the ghastly fate of her adopted country, caught as in a vise between the equally ruthless forces of the Nazis and the Soviets. One cannot but feel a profound sympathy for the suffering people of Poland as their native soil is once more drenched with blood, their ancient culture savagely destroyed, and their homes torn asunder beyond any possible hope of restoration. Among the nations, history will record few figures as tragic as that of Poland.

The author is equally scathing in her denunciation of the Soviets as of the Nazis. Listen to her description of the Russian occupation of Poland: "In the name of Communism, millions were violently deprived of liberty, property, decency, citizenship, family, sanctuary, and food. Every kind of human right, except the right to suffer, which no tyrant up to now has ever tried to take away, was denied. The gospel of the brotherhood of man was propagated by tanks and machine-guns, by looting and burning, house-to-house perquisitions, mass deportations, murder, 'executions' where there had been no trial, sacrilege, torture, and the deliberate creation of famine... The partisans of Communism, whenever and wherever it crops up, have invariably depraved it. Of all man's dreams, it has been the bloodiest and the most fatal."

The only touch of humor in the book is in the description of the Russians' bewilderment upon coming in contact with the elements of western civilization, such as soap, watches, and face cream. At a performance of a propaganda play commanded at the theater, the Russian women commissars came in night-dresses of cheap cloth, bought in the town, which they had supposed to be evening gowns. Of this fiasco the author writes: "The audience was quite unable to control its laughter. A police charge could not have stopped it. The Russians had sense enough to realize that laughter is a weapon, too. The mortified commissars were obliged to retire. Until

they did, the performance simply could not go on."

**B**UT the most significant passage in the entire book is the following: "The most curious and most startling thing the townspeople observed was that some of the Russians, passing before a church, furtively made the sign of the cross. This was not the generation which hated Christ. *It was, we had supposed, the generation which did not even know Him.* When we asked them what they meant, they said: 'In our homes the old people have told us secretly about this Man, and shown us His Sign.'"

Against the imperishable Cross all the forces of organized atheism cannot prevail.

*Caesars In Goose Step* is an excellent bit of reporting on the part of William D. Bayles, an American correspondent who lived and worked for years in Nazi Germany, up to the spring of 1940. In the course of his journalistic volume he presents a character portrait of the keymen of Nazidom: Hitler, the Messiah of darkness; Goering, his cruel and lustful paladin; Goebbels, the blatant, sinister propagandist; Ribbentrop, the oily, unscrupulous master of international intrigue; Himmler, the chief ogre of the Gestapo; Hess, Hitler's self-effacing shadow; Ley, the labor boss, the pronunciation of whose name is singularly appropriate; Rosenberg, the mystic protagonist of Neo-paganism; Raeder, the Nazified admiral who sacrificed the German Navy to Hitler's ambition; and, finally, Hitler's generals—Keit-

el, Brauchitsch, Reichenau, Guderian, Blaskowitz, Milch, and the rest, the majority of whom are not in entire agreement with the Hitlerian conception of *Blitzkrieg*, which he has defined as "a combination of aerial attacks, stupendous in their mass effect, surprise, terror, sabotage, assassination of government leaders, overwhelming attacks on all weak points, sudden onslaughts without regard for reserves or losses"—methods which they inwardly feel are contrary to the principles of honor upon which the German army was founded.

War is an integral part of the Nazi world-view. Bayles quotes a Nazi author, who writes: "War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with. . . . But it is not only a biological law, but a moral obligation and, as such, an indispensable factor in civilization."

The author points out that the genius of the German leadership lies in the fact that these men were the first to perceive and use the implements of modern civilization as instruments of power—the radio, the regimented press, and the machine. The result has been the rise of Hitler to the position of the most important man alive in the world today, in whose hands reposes the power to destroy millions of lives, to change the course of civilization, and to summon the holocaust.

It remains only to be seen how soon the reins of that malign power will be wrenched from his grasp.

## Theater Between Wars

**THE AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918: An Informal History.** By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House, New York. 1939. 325 pages. \$2.50.

"THE eternal glamour of the playhouse seems to have an unfortunate effect on most historical criticism of the contemporary drama, for there is more inflated and empty writing about the drama than about any other contemporary literary form." Such is the judgment of Professor Fred B. Millett in his admirable *Contemporary American Authors*. Professor Millett also points out that several so-called histories have been collections of critical essays.

The first comprehensive treatment of post-war drama, Eleanor Flexner's *American Playwrights: 1918-1938* (Simon & Schuster, 1938), was satisfactory only in part. The book, as the author admitted in her "Foreword," lacked balance, and it employed the yardstick of social criticism in such complete but conventional left-wing fashion as to weaken its critical and historical value.

Joseph Wood Krutch's *The American Drama Since 1918: An Informal History* is the second comprehensive treatment of post-war drama. It has been worth waiting for. Here is historical criticism that does not seem inflated, empty, ill-organized, or biased. The author is professor of English at Columbia University and dramatic critic of the *Nation*. These two positions, one can hardly refrain

from observing, seem to be about the best possible combination for a writer of a volume like this. The book exhibits sound principles of literary criticism and evidence that the author has seen performed on the stage nearly all the plays he mentions.

*The American Drama Since 1918: An Informal History* is exactly what its title indicates. (Other writers in various fields would do well, one often thinks, to revise their books or reword the titles.) It does not deal with theaters, or actors, or scene design, or stage direction. It deals with those plays which have secured places in American literature, according to present judgment, and also with their authors insofar as a discussion of a man's ideas is useful in understanding his plays.

The new American drama had its beginning in the presentation of native plays in art theaters at the time of World War I. The art theater groups hoped to find an audience for plays which conventional Broadway managers thought were unacceptable to their public, and many art theater leaders hoped to cast off the tradition of slavish borrowing from Europe. These enthusiastic amateurs were so successful that soon any distinction between writers for the art theater and writers for the general public ceased to exist. Mr. Krutch points out in his first chapter that the playwrights of the new period had in common nothing more definite than this notion: playwrighting is an art which need not accept restrictions beyond those of the novelist or poet, an art which aspires

"to interpret contemporary life as freely, as imaginatively and with as much originality as contemporary writing in any other form had succeeded in interpreting it."

Practically all American plays of the nineteenth century and of the early twentieth century seem "conventional, unreal, timid, and old-fashioned if they are read with the best novels of their times in mind." The current of contemporary thought becomes clearly distinguishable in American plays only after 1920. And when playwrights did begin to concern themselves with sincere expression, they faced no such hostile audiences as greeted Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw (in recent years only the hostility toward William Saroyan comes to one's mind); for such radical ideas as did appear in plays were only relatively unpopular, the playwrights themselves being in reasonable accord with many attitudes of their day. The basic premises of playwrights' thinking had been established in the minds of audiences by the literature of the recent past; and playwrights were concerned with the vivification and exploration of ideas "in terms of specific human lives," rather than in a presentation of practically new ideas. For this reason, Mr. Krutch implies, the contemporary drama possesses that kind of excellence which distinguishes the Elizabethan drama.

FROM his definition of the new period Mr. Krutch turns immediately to a discussion of plays and

playwrights. Three new realists are analyzed in chapter II: Laurence Stallings (*What Price Glory?* 1924), Sidney Howard (*They Knew What They Wanted*, 1924), and George Kelly (*Craig's Wife*, 1925). Chapter III is a brilliant discussion of the work of Eugene O'Neill, whose *Mourning Becomes Electra*, 1931, is ranked as lacking nothing in comparison with the greatest works of all dramatic literature except positive greatness of language. Chapter IV is devoted to the writers of comedy, from Marc Connelly and George Kaufman (*Dulcy*, 1921) to Philip Barry (*The Philadelphia Story*, 1939) and S. N. Behrman (*No Time for Comedy*, 1939). Chapter V, entitled "The Drama of Social Criticism," presents the writers of protest from Elmer Rice (*The Adding Machine*, 1923) to the "Living Newspaper" of the Federal Theater Project and Clifford Odets (*Rocket to the Moon*, 1939). The subject of the last chapter is, "The Poetic Drama: Maxwell Anderson."

Mr. Krutch's method, in general, is something like this. He analyzes a playwright's work from the artistic and philosophical points of view. He appraises the range and the depth of the playwright's imagination. He examines the dramatic form, the dramatic mode, and the dramatic technique of selected plays. With him the play is what counts—the theme, the plot, the characters, and the language; he has not permitted his great affection for the *theater* to color his history of the drama as *literature*.

This conception of a play is illustrated well in the closing paragraphs of the book, where the author indicates that, if contemporary drama is to continue its rise, plays will be more intense and the traditional virtues of drama will be accentuated. "Orson Welles with his non-realistic staging of old plays and Thornton Wilder with his equally frank employment of non-representational methods have discovered that the shortest distance between two points may be by way of an artificial convention. Mr. Anderson is trying to take advantage of the fact that men may most truly reveal themselves in language better than any they have ever actually spoken."

This reviewer believes that this prophecy is reasonable. The lively experimentation during recent years and the desertion of the novel for the drama by some of our able writers would indicate that the literary world may be at the door of a dramatic renaissance.

Whether a person is interested in reviewing the world's best drama of the last two decades and in observing the forces that may culminate in a renaissance, or whether he wants to orient himself for the current theater season, he will find no better guide than this informal history. The book should be of distinct worth to the playgoer, actual or armchair, to dramatic clubs, to the student of modern literature, and to those interested in any art as an expression of the American mind.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

## Art Criticism

### WESTERN EUROPEAN PAINTING OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Frank

Jewett Mather, Jr. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1939. 873 pages. \$6.00.

FOR a lover of art it would be the experience of a lifetime to spend a day at the Metropolitan Museum in New York or even at the Chicago Art Gallery in the company of Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. In this volume Mr. Mather talks to us as he would to a friend whom he is conducting through the world's great picture galleries. In his Preface he has a brief reference to the purpose of this volume, "I have written primarily for a reader who loves pictures, has reached some appreciative understanding of them, and wishes to extend and enrich his experience. But I feel also this book may help that perhaps rare sort of beginner who, aspiring to new experience, is willing to pay the price thereof in attention." Let no beginner, however, shrink from the reading of this volume, though it does demand more attention than is required for the study of a history of art. It is not so much history as criticism that makes up the bulk of the volume. There are twenty-five chapters, each preceded by ten or twelve pages of illustrations. Each of the 413 examples shown in these half-tone prints is referred to with some critical discussion in the body of the chapters. These, however, are not merely a commentary on the pictures shown in print.

As indicated by the title, Mr. Mather does not include the Italian

painters in his survey. He treats the great Dutch and Flemish schools and the culmination of Renaissance painting in France, Germany, and Spain. This means that the masterpieces of the Van Eycks, of Memling and Gerard David, of Duerer, Cranach, and Gruenewald, of Holbein and El Greco, of Van Dyck, Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Poussin, Murillo, and scores of lesser rank than these are described, analyzed, and their place in the history of art and in the culture of Europe pointed out. There are something like eight hundred pages of this, followed by an appendix of fifty pages which contains some of the very choicest criticism by famous critics and historians in this field.

We are impressed with two general observations which were brought home to us as we read these chapters: In the first place, the history of art, like that of empires, is absolutely devoid of anything like a regular or evolutionary development. There is, of course, a relationship of a painter to his predecessors and contemporaries. But such relation does not explain the art of Velasquez and of Rembrandt. Genius rises by an act of fulguration rather than by a process of development. In the second place, genius is never found separate from intense, almost super-human effort to achieve the ideal. A quotation regarding Claude Lorrain sums up the life work of the great masters of art: "He worked painfully, and his work failed to meet his intention. He sometimes was a week making and unmaking the same thing."

## Good Man

*ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN: The Life of a Practical Parson.* By Hartzell Spence. Illustrated by Donald McKay. Whittlesey House, New York. 1940. 298 pages. \$2.50.

SOME sensitive people will page through the first chapter of Hartzell Spence's life of his preacher-father, look at a few pages in other chapters, and mutter, "Wisecracks about church work. Not for me." Often a quick judgment of a book is a fair judgment, or a judgment which needs only to be modified in part: but for this book quick judgment will not serve at all. If the first chapter makes one wonder whether the author's humor is not tinged with irreverence toward God, the second chapter dispels that mental query. The middle of the book chases from one's mind the notion that the author's father was too much aware of his own good deeds. By the end of the book the reader knows that he has followed the life of a pastor who called on men to repent, who preached the crucified Christ as a personal Savior.

There are several statements which make it necessary to see the book as a whole. Endeavoring to give credit to Methodists who live their religion and attend church regularly, the author carelessly says, "Methodists are church workers. Attendance on Sunday is a public showing of loyalty to the pastor and a collective revitalization of the Spirit that guides throughout the week." One hundred pages later, the author's father is quoted:



"People don't join a preacher, Mrs. Sandow. They join a church. They take the preacher the Lord sends them and give thanks for the privilege of worship." The author's father is quoted in another place: "The church is for the worship of God and for the message of Christianity. For no other purpose." Now it is possible that the author differs with his father; but the entire book is in general so sympathetic to Methodists and to this particular pastor that one must conclude that Hartzell Spence intends no offense at any point in the book. And that conclusion, in a day of frequent smart-aleck writing about religion, seems important.

TALL, handsome William Spence was studying medicine at the University of Toronto when he became convinced that he should enter the ministry. His first practical act was to appropriate a middle initial, "H," for he recognized that "William H Spence" sounded more dignified than "William Spence." His sense of honesty was so keen, however, that he never put a period after the "H." Throughout his life he held to standards of right and wrong that were reminiscent of the Puritans, but if such standards needed slight practical adjustment in order that his God or his people should be better served, he was willing to make such adjustment. For instance, within one hour after his arrival at his first charge, Lake-ton, Iowa, he found himself telling a white lie. The town butcher, under "orders to bring the new parson home," led the young minister into the kitchen of his dwelling, where

"Ma" was baking. Her hair was down over her eyes, her face was burned red from the heat, and her apron was soiled by every ingredient of the morning's cooking. She would as soon have been caught in the bathtub as be seen thus by the new parson at first meeting. The Reverend Mr. Spence genially lied to cover her embarrassment and to save her husband from a scolding: "A woman cooking up such heavenly aromas as I smell is the best sight you could show me. Brother Reynolds praised your cooking all the way down the street, and he was so anxious for me to see it with my own eyes that we took a short cut in the back way."

Again, the parson could pilfer an entire sermon and deliver it before a group which included its author if he felt a special situation could be met in such a way. At one time half a congregation organized against him because he was friendly to negroes. His enemies induced a number of jealous preachers to agree to tear apart a sermon he was to deliver at the annual meeting of the Northwest Iowa Conference. On the basis of sentences torn from this sermon, charges of heresy were to be leveled at him. The Reverend Mr. Spence delivered the conference sermon, let his "brothers" mangle it and "prove" it unscriptural, and then pointed out that he had memorized a sermon written and once delivered by the bishop who was presiding at the conference. The "brothers" almost strangled with mortification.

This practical parson served the Methodist church at several differ-

ent places between the Mississippi and the Rockies from 1904 to the 1930's. One feels that his compromises were sensible, that he handled the problems of his parish as well as they could be handled, and, above all, that he was the means by which hundreds of people heard the gospel. Hartzell Spence's informal style of writing emphasizes the fact that the parson served people.

OF special interest to the many readers of the June CRESSET who agreed with a letter headed "Wives," by "A Constant Reader, Mattoon, Illinois," is the tribute paid to Mrs. William H Spence. Naturally the preacher's family had to abide by the rigid Methodist discipline, which outlawed card-playing, movies, dancing, and many lesser amusements. Mrs. Spence was loyal to her husband and to the Methodist church, but she understood that frivolity and amusement were not always sinful. Her son says, "Father was the legislature that made the domestic laws, mother the police department that decided which regulations to enforce."

She was a busy woman. She taught a Sunday school class, led the devotions at meetings of the missionary societies, guided the Junior Epworth League, played hostess to the Ladies' Aid, and comforted widows and jilted maidens. She cared for her house and her three children and managed the household for years on an inadequate sum of money. Many were the weeks—perhaps during a revival, a church-building program, or an epidemic of sickness—when her husband could not give her even a

little help at home. But she was never too tired to smile at the many people who came to her door.

*One Foot in Heaven* is both an entertaining and a valuable biography. It is full of fun and good humor. It tells the story of an important American figure: a plain pastor who is loved because he is a shepherd. Within 300 pages Hartzell Spence has portrayed a man, a family, and a church without resort to sentiment, sarcasm, overly-smart humor, or asterisks.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

### Inside Stuff

*J'ACCUSE! The Men Who Betrayed France.* By Andre Simone. Introduction by Carleton Beals. The Dial Press, New York. 1940. 354 pages. \$2.50.

WHEN the Third French Republic was officially buried in the historic railway carriage in the Forest of Compiègne, the starting gun for writers who-tell-all was fired. The race is on. This volume is one of many which will flood the book counters the coming years. It purports to tell the reason for the collapse of the Third Republic and why the Hitler-Pétain-Laval era has begun in the home of revolutionary democracy. The statements in the book are nothing short of amazing, although every reader of America's liberal weeklies during the past decade knew the fact of the permeation of fascism through the French government. The French appeasers did not suddenly break into prominence at Munich.

They long had been in the government.

The story of *J'Accuse* begins with January 30, 1933, when A. Hitler was nominated Chancellor of the German Reich. At that time already, according to Andre Simone, France had been successfully invaded and defeated by a Fifth Column whose connections in the government, big business, and the army were amazingly intimate. Responsible French leaders considered Adolf Hitler a harmless German fancy. Of all the people directly responsible for France's collapse the fifteen regents of the Bank of France bear the greatest responsibility. These regents should be tried by the Vichy government. Here was a regency in a democracy, closely knit together by class ties, social bonds, financial obligations, having intimate connections with the military caste and a strangle hold on all Cabinet policies—an inner government which effectively controlled French money and inevitably doomed any kind of popular government. The French Chamber was presented with evidence that Eugene Schneider, the French director of the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, had made substantial contributions to the Nazi movement. This is just one item that M. Simone offers to establish the guilt of the French financial oligarchy. In 1933 Sennac, a Radical-Socialist delegate, stated that he had proof that Schneider-Creusot furnished Nazi Germany with the latest model French army tanks. At a secret session of the French Chamber in

March, 1940, the deputies learned that from September, 1939, on France delivered iron ore in staggering quantities to Germany by way of Belgium.

The failure of the Popular Front, which had achieved an enormous success in the elections, is a puzzle, but M. Simone shows how the government under the leadership of Blum was unable to synchronize the will of the people and the policy of the government in the matter of the Spanish Civil War. Leon Blum offered the half-hearted excuse that the British were exerting strong pressure on France and that the war caused the rise of class-consciousness in France. When in early 1937 capital began to flee out of France, Leon Blum decided that it was too dangerous to help the Loyalist cause. He initiated several currency reforms which were in charge of men directly associated with France's "200 Families."

The story of Munich is told again, and one is shocked to read that Daladier had a complete report from General Gamelin a month before Munich about the general unpreparedness of the German Army. Yet Daladier cowered before Hitler and sold France down the river. Firm words and positive action on the part of France at the time of Munich and in the year preceding Munich might have prevented, or at least postponed, the holocaust. But the rulers of France thought highly of Hitler, while the Popular Front feared him. "How could there have been unity? Unity cannot be achieved by

words. It centers around an idea, a necessity. The people did not feel any of these things in this war. Fight for democracy? The slogan lost its attractiveness for one part of the populace when democracy not so long ago was linked with betrayal and dishonor."

This book, written under a pseudonym by a French journalist apparently acquainted with many French leaders, is tragic reading. American democracy could learn many lessons from M. Simone's story. If democracy is worth sacrifice and blood and sweat, then our leaders must be democrats. If money and capital is permitted to dictate the tone of the conscription bill, if profits are more important than national security, then American democracy is at an end. Then some American journalist will write another *J'Accuse*.

## Genius at Large

*THE BELOVED RETURNS: Lotte in Weimar.* By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1940. 453 pages. \$2.50.

NO ONE has ever solved the riddle of genius. There are geniuses and geniuses. Some are humble, self-effacing; others are mainly concerned with the effect their ego has upon the immediate environment and ultimately the entire world. Some are totally unaware of posterity; others are acutely conscious of the coming centuries. Johann Wolfgang belongs, for lack of a better classification, to that type

of genius abnormally aware of its own ego. H. T. Lowe-Porter, in the preface to Thomas Mann's study of a period in Goethe's life, makes the subdued statement that Goethe was "exceedingly interested in the phenomenon which was himself."

*The Beloved Returns*, more accurately sub-titled *Lotte in Weimar*, is the story of Charlotte Buff-Kestner's visit to Weimar forty-four years after her first meeting with Goethe. This was the Charlotte who was the direct inspiration of Goethe's sensationally popular *The Sorrows of Werther*, a novel which was the distillation of a continent-wide malaise. When Charlotte registers at the inn "Zum Elefanten" in Weimar, Mager, the headwaiter, nearly swoons at the knowledge that the heroine of *Werther* is about to visit the Great Man. Mager quickly spreads the news of Charlotte's arrival, and soon most of Weimar is gathered in front of the inn to await the appearance of Charlotte. In short order various people connected with Goethe hurry to the inn for lengthy audiences with the greatest literary heroine of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Riemer, one of Goethe's associates, has a long talk with Charlotte, in which he tries to explain to Charlotte the bewildering and exasperating greatness of Goethe. Riemer's confusion and awe are touching. His involved explanations and theories confuse both Charlotte and himself. There are a few sentences which show that he can be a shrewd appraiser of the mighty one. "It is useful to bear in mind that one is not

dealing with an improvising mind; rather with one which hesitates, procrastinates, is very undecided and circumstantial. Above all, it is very easily tired, works fitfully, never sticks long at the same task, and often when most active is most digressive, so that it will take years to bring a particular work to completion." This may explain the years devoted to the writing of *Faust*.

After Riemer's departure, Adele Schopenhauer enters Charlotte's room and pleads with Charlotte to use her good offices in preventing the marriage of August, Goethe's son, and Otilie von Pogwisch, her dear friend. The portrait Adele paints is unflattering, although when August himself comes for an audience with Charlotte he arouses sympathy. Mann shows the tragedy of a son doomed to live forever in the shadow of his father's greatness.

At last the day comes when Charlotte is invited in perfunctory manner to Goethe's home for a formal dinner. Weimar's notables are also invited. In the last two hundred pages of the novel, the action is accelerated and one sees the tragedy, let us say, of age and greatness. Goethe ignores Charlotte, treats her as just another incident in his development as a poet. Only at the end of the novel, when Charlotte leaves the

theater where she has been a guest in Goethe's box, do the two meet again. The poignancy of the meeting is described by Mann with all his noted mastery.

This is not a novel to be gulped at one sitting. As a matter of fact, for almost three hundred pages the novel drags, nearly bogs in an infinity of conversational detail. The last few hundred pages proceed at a faster pace. The novel does illuminate to a remarkable degree a period in literary history which has grown slightly fusty. Goethe will always remain one of the enigmas of the human race. Those who care to approach Goethe through the mind of one of the greatest living men of letters will enjoy the novel. On the other hand, the traditionalists will still read Goethe and learn just as much. Those who happen to have a copy of Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe* will discover a striking similarity between Eckermann and Goethe. This is not to disparage Mann's achievement. A historical novelist is forced to use the accumulated evidence in order to write a novel. Mann has taken that evidence and redistilled it through his own personality. Goethe's paganism and Mann's democracy make a striking blend.

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# THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS



BY THE EDITORS

*A brief glance at recent books—*

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## **STORIES TO READ AT CHRISTMAS**

By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1940. 230 pages. \$2.00.

**T**HIS book is a welcome addition to our Christmas literature. Miss Singmaster has not only collected the best of her published Christmas stories (for only one is new), but she has revised and condensed them so as to adjust "them to the time usually allowed for a single number on a Christmas program or for reading aloud at home." The stories are for

both children and adults. Some have their scene in the author's favorite Pennsylvania. As a group they spread the warmth and glow of Christmas-tide, its happiness, its music, its charity, and its peace.

## **THE MAGIC BOW**

*A Romance of Paganini.* By Manuel Komroff. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1940. 362 pages. \$2.50.

**M**ANUEL KOMROFF takes us back to the days when continental Europe trembled under the hand of Napoleon. The story begins in the year 1800, in the city of Genoa. Nicolo Paganini, the world-famous Italian violinist, is the leading character. Because of the phenomenal ability of this extraordinary virtuoso, his hearers were quick to ascribe to him supernatural powers. Many fantastic tales were bruited about. In *The Magic Bow*, Mr. Komroff has deftly mingled fact and fiction to fashion a warm, colorful romance. The reader follows the rise of Paganini from poverty to wealth and from obscurity to renown and meets many of the famous personages who were making history in those troubled times, among them Rossini, Schubert, Lord Nelson, Lord and Lady Hamilton, and the deposed Queen of Naples. It is safe to say that *The Magic Bow* would have become a far better book if the able author were at home in the field of music.

**LANDFALL**

*A Channel Story.* By Nevil Shute.  
William Morrow & Company,  
New York. 1940. 284 pages. \$2.50.

NEVIL SHUTE, of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, is thoroughly familiar with the locale of his story. Since he is an aeronautical engineer of wide experience, he bases his writing on first-hand knowledge of warfare as it is carried on in the air. In addition, the author has the ability to contrive a tale that never fails to go on all fours. Some readers may find *Landfall* particularly engrossing because it tells of an officer of the R.A.F. who falls in love with a barmaid and eventually becomes her husband; but the element of mystery which is skilfully woven into the narrative is the core of the book.

**WHAT'S DEMOCRACY TO YOU?**

By Joseph Gollomb. The Macmillan Company, New York.  
1940. 118 pages. \$1.75.

OSTENSIBLY a defense and laudation of democracy as against dictatorship, but intrinsically a commendation of leftism. The chief enemy of democracy would seem to be American business interests, whereas communism is regarded as democratic and Russia as by no means a dictatorship. There is no documentation, and the general level is about that on which *True Story* readers live and move.

**THE SHINING TREE**

*And Other Christmas Stories.*  
Alfred A. Knopf., New York.  
1940. 268 pages. \$2.00.

THERE is only one perfect Christmas story of such sheer unearthly loveliness that it will never be surpassed. In all of their stories of Christmas, the story-tellers of the world have tried to catch and to reflect some of this loveliness. The sentiments of simple kindness and of warm friendliness which are universally a part of Christmas are merely the reflection of the light that came into the world with this first Christmas story. So it is with these twelve Christmas tales. They are beautifully written to appeal to every age of childhood by some of the best-known authors of children's stories. They are rich and warm in such Christmas sentiments. Although a few of them, like *Evacuation Christmas*, might be regarded as purely sentimental at another season, yet at Christmas we enjoy this soft glow of sentiment, perhaps because like embers in the hearth it is the result of the fuller flame and the deeper warmth that has gone before.

The stories take us to different periods of history, to many localities, and to a variety of environment and circumstance. There is a story of Christmas among the stern Puritans of New England, among the mountain folk of Kentucky, among the lords and serfs of feudal days, and among the cowboys of San Tobar. Although the selection was made to satisfy a wide variety of interests and

of ages, the charm which runs through all of the stories makes them very fitting for family reading.

Brother and sister will enjoy particularly *The Shining Tree* by Hildegarde Hawthorne. It is the story of Longfellow's Christmas party to which Louisa Alcott introduced the ragged orphan boy who found a mother there under the first Christmas tree in Cambridge. There is an appeal for all of the family in *Young Hans Christian Andersen* by Elizabeth Yates. It was young Hans who exclaimed, "I wish I might hear an angel!" and heard his father, a cobbler, reply, "So you do, when your heart is filled with peace and there is born in you a great longing to serve the world." Little Hans was too poor to have a Christmas tree in his home, but he had vision enough to see the star-lit forest as God's Christmas tree and was sensitive enough to feel the brushing of angels' wings as he walked through the forest. Even the very young will delight in *Mister Skip* by Irene Smith. It is the story of Mister Skip, the Brownie, and of his friend, the seagull, who lived in the bell tower of the crumbling church in Elsenborg and were such very conscientious assistants to Santa Claus. There are chuckles, too, for everyone in *Christmas at Mulberry Lodge* by Angela Thirkell. Although William and Mary Mulberry lived in the England of Queen Victoria, their Christmas celebration was not without its strange mishaps.

In short, when the family is gathered around the fire and the room

is filled with scents of pine and evergreen, it will be pleasant to listen to the reading of these well-selected children's Christmas stories.

## CHRISTMAS

*An Annual of Christmas Literature and Art.* Edited by Randolph E. Haugan. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. \$1.00.

OUTSTANDING in the field of special Christmas literature is this delightful and richly illustrated Christmas magazine. This year's edition is the tenth anniversary number, and in beauty and distinctiveness it even surpasses its predecessors. Many of the readers of *THE CRESSET* are already familiar with *Christmas*. The rest will have a genuine treat in store for them when they buy it.

This year's edition contains five Christmas stories, two Christmas articles, a delightful selection of Christmas poetry, an interesting section on Christmas carols with historical annotations, and a rich variety of colored art reproductions and vivid photographic portrayals of scenes reflecting the joy and beauty of Christmastide. The format is similar to that of *Fortune* magazine. *THE CRESSET* is particularly proud that two of its editors—Pastor A. R. Kretzmann and Prof. W. G. Polack—are numbered among the distinguished staff of contributors to *Christmas*.

We are pleased to recommend *Christmas* as an amazing value and as an unforgettable Christmas gift.



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# The November Magazines

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

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## Fortune

### The Manpower and Mr. Hillman

One of the most difficult problems facing those who are in charge of the nation's defense program is how to provide enough skilled workers to meet all needs. Some believe that it cannot be done. Sidney Hillman, however, who is head of the labor division of the National Defense Advisory Commission, is confident that, if industry will plan ahead and work with the Commission, there need be no difficulty. He proposes two modes of procedure. The one is the process of "upgrading," which has been

used in the aircraft industry and a few others and which consists in letting workmen of lesser skill perform such operations as they can, then passing the work to the next more highly skilled workmen, and so on until the most highly skilled have only the finishing touches to put on. Meanwhile all underskilled workers will be trained, as fast as possible, to perform the next higher operation, and new young workers will constantly be fed in at the bottom of the line. The other point of the program is to take the jobs to areas where the necessary labor supply is to be found—a policy that will involve a decentralization of industry. In line with this policy, a large new explosives plant that is being projected will probably be located in Kansas, instead of in Ohio, as was first intended.

### Fascists in the U. S.

Fascism is numerically stronger than Naziism in the U. S. and is so well organized that it can begin formal collaboration with Nazi fifth columnists whenever the order comes from Rome. Where Hitler has been discreet in his propagandizing in America, Mussolini has been bold in his efforts to wean five million Italo-Americans away from democracy.

Italian consuls do nearly everything but administer the Fascist oath to converts. Large societies like the Lictor Federation, the Association of Italians Abroad, the Dante Alighieri Society, and many hundreds of clubs and *circoli* are under the direct influence of the Italian consulates. What success have the Fascists had so far? That is hard to say, but it is known that at least 25,000 have joined the Fascist party and are pledged to defend fascism to the death and that there are perhaps another 100,000 Fascist fellow-travelers. On the other hand, there is a large and passionately convinced body of anti-Fascists among the Italo-Americans, also estimated to number 100,000 and including some of the most prominent men of Italian blood in the country. The great mass of Italo-Americans are more or less apathetic about fascism, while retaining a sentimental attachment to Italy.

## The Atlantic Monthly For Mutual Advantage

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

Without a doubt the statements, predictions, and arguments in this article are nothing short of startling, let alone disturbing. The noted author of *Union Now* predicts that within six months

the United States will be directly involved in the European conflict. Urging that the United States of the World be formed for the simple reason that it is the one civilized solution left to a tangled world, Mr. Streit insists that the Italian-German hegemony can be broken internally through the strength of example. The article is from the pen of an enthusiast and an idealist. We need more such men.

## Those Who Come Back

By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

If this reviewer had the money, he would like to place a reprint of this article in the hands of every CRESSET reader. After discussing why certain aspects of religion fail to attract the intelligent man or woman, Dr. Bell shows why many of our leading writers and thinkers have returned to religion. Your average intelligent man dislikes the ecclesiastical bonhomie which many churches seek to cultivate at the expense of more important things. Nor does the average intelligent man find much to attract him in "the beating of the big bass drum of denominational enterprise." Why, then, are intelligent people returning to the Church? One class of people is trying to escape the lack of a sense of meaning which is commonly prevalent in the scientific professions. These

people seek a significance in life. Another group returns to religion to escape "the pressure of possessions." They long to live above material things. A third group goes back to the Church as protest against the tyranny of force. The world is full of ravening wolves in politics, business, international affairs. The Church offers a sanctuary. A fourth group returns to religion to escape self-consciousness. Self-expression has been one of the mottoes of this modern world. People are growing tired of it. Today thousands "seek to lose themselves in the comradeship of the saints and holy ones, their Master He whose word can never pass away." This article is an able exposition of a trend.

### The Yanks Are Coming

At the request of the *Atlantic*, three outstanding Boston reporters covered the recent American Legion convention. The reporters dismiss the hooliganism of the ex-soldiers as something negligible. What the writers are interested in is the cross-section of America which such a convention represents. Notable at the convention is the absence of racial and religious discrimination. Policy and candidates are all determined by an inner set, as in most organizations. So long as the "professional Legionnaires" deliver the goods,

they may keep their jobs. The American Legion is a natural nursery for politicians, and its effect on the national budget is too well known for comment. A revealing, impartial article.

## Harper's

### Plain Speaking About Latin America

By LEWIS HANKE

Few men are better qualified to discuss Latin America than the author of this article, who is now the Director of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress. In this article the author analyzes the efforts which are being made to improve our relations with Latin America. He criticizes many of these efforts, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, they are based upon a misrepresentation of Latin America which "makes us see Nazi troopers every time we peer across the Rio Grande." Secondly, the application of the "Good Neighbor" policy too often combines business and culture in such a way that Latin Americans "may look upon this combination . . . as a not too subtle and streamlined version of dollar diplomacy." These criticisms suggest the nature of the constructive suggestions which are made for mutual understanding and co-operation between the two Americas.

## Germany's Plans for Europe

By PETER F. DRUCKER

The question of the future organization of a Nazi-conquered and Nazi-dominated Europe is the only political question upon which the German government still permits discussion. That there is no one plan for this "Pax Germanica" is evident from the various views which are being advocated. Among the different plans discussed in Germany are the following: the *Grossraumwirtschaft* program with its provision for a European economic federation under German leadership; the plan of the military leaders for German hegemony by the creation of small vassal states; the plan of those Germans who believe that the world-revolutionary character of Naziism must be maintained to make victory secure. "These Nazi discussions are the only real information on the state of the submerged countries. By the problems they discuss, by their men-

tality and their approach, they show in lightning-like clarity what Europe under Nazi rule really looks like."

## The Strategy of War by Radio

By CHARLES J. ROLO

What part the radio plays in the *Angstkrieg* of modern warfare is interestingly set forth in this article. The author analyzes the broadcasts that come from both Berlin and London. He shows that in Germany the propaganda of the radio, particularly the broadcasts of Lord Haw-Haw, follows a fixed pattern and reveals clearly distinguishable phases. Despite drastic changes in technic and tactics, "British broadcasts still lack the vigor, the uncanny sense of timing, and the powerful emotional drive which characterize the programs of the German radio." This analysis should help us steel ourselves against the obvious purposes of foreign broadcasts to this country.

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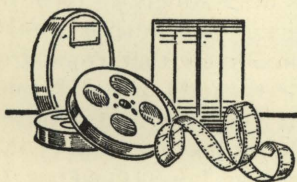
## For Reference

A special binder has been prepared in which you may keep a year's copies of *The Cresset*. This binder is well made with a deep red and black grained cloth binding and has the name of the magazine stamped in gold on the front cover and on the back. The price is such that every reader may have one, namely \$1.00. Orders should be sent to The Cresset, 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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THE  
MOTION  
PICTURE



THE CRESSET examines samples of  
Hollywood offerings.

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**BRIGHAM YOUNG**  
(20th Century-Fox)

There are many who know only one thing about Brigham Young—the unpleasant fact that he was a polygamist. In bringing to the screen the story of this able leader and pioneer, Daryl Zanuck has worked with a fine sense of delicacy and restraint. The title role is in the capable hands of Dean Jagger. With utter simplicity and great dignity, Mr. Jagger shows us a man who is neither a sensualist nor a fanatic.

Mary Astor, as Mary Anne Young, lends substantial and sym-

pathetic support to Mr. Jagger. Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell bring youthful dreams and a tender romance to an otherwise grim picture.

**NORTHWEST MOUNTED  
POLICE**  
(Paramount)

This is a wholesome picture, done in technicolor, which tells the fascinating story of the Canadian Mounted Police and their early conflicts with the Indians and untractable half-breeds. The scenery is superb. The picture portrays attractively the virtues of loyalty, kindness, and devotion to duty. It is free from smut, but is spiced with clean humor and is given warmth by the theme of love. Evil is made to receive its just reward. The principal actors are Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Preston Foster, and Paulette Goddard, the last-named playing the part of a half-breed in a very convincing way. The film is one of Cecil B. DeMille's super-productions, and its mass scenes are impressively effective.

**THEY KNEW  
WHAT THEY WANTED**  
(RKO)

Charles Laughton is still in a class by himself in the world of the silver screen. In this play by Sidney Howard, which won a Pulitzer prize back in the '20s

and which was filmed as a silent picture under another name, we have Laughton, for the first time in pictures, using dialect, in his portrayal of the part of Tony Patucci. He does his work convincingly well. We are told that he made a firsthand study of the Italian characters in the Napa Valley of California, which is the scene of the story. Tony is an elderly bachelor who sees a blonde waitress (Carole Lombard) in a restaurant and then woos her by mail, his foreman and friend Joe (William Gargan) doing the actual writing. The Miles-Standish-John-Alden slant is different, however. Miss Lombard plays her part well enough, but she is naturally at a disadvantage over against the genius of a Laughton. Frank Fay, as the *padre*, takes second acting honors, in our opinion. The plot of the story has a power to which the title does but faint justice.

### **THE MEXICAN SPITFIRE** (RKO)

Leon Errol is at his best in this hilarious comedy in which he, with the help of Lupe Velez, turns things very much topsy-turvy. His impersonation of "Lord Epping" is superb. There is not much to the plot, in which two rival companies are seeking a contract from the wealthy English-

man, "Lord Epping." There are some very good laughs in the picture, but a few incidents that border on the questionable might have been omitted to the general strengthening of the play.

### **ESCAPE**

For a "propaganda" picture, the dramatic quality of *Escape* is high. The story deals with the frantic efforts of a young American (Robert Taylor) to rescue his mother (Nazimova) from the concentration camp into which she has been placed while awaiting execution on a trumped-up charge of treason. Their escape from the Nazis is made possible only through the help of the Countess (Norma Shearer). We have a strong suspicion that the film's portrayal of life in the totalitarian state is rather close to accuracy.

### **SPRING PARADE** (Universal)

In this simple comedy interspersed with some very pleasing musical numbers, Deanna Durbin shows that she is growing up without detriment to her singing and acting. The scene is laid in Austria and particularly Vienna, the Vienna of a former day. Deanna plays the part of a country girl who unexpectedly has her dream fulfilled by getting to Vi-

enna, where she helps in a bake-shop and brings about complications by sending a message to the emperor by putting a note into his salt-sticks, as a result of which her patron, the baker, is arrested. The denouement is brought about quite naturally and gracefully. Miss Durbin is well supported by Robert Cummings, Mischa Auer, and an able cast. Here is good entertainment for the family.

### THE GREAT DICTATOR

(United Artists)

This is Charlie Chaplin's long heralded picture. As far as we are concerned, it is a dud. We say that with all due regard for his erstwhile ability as an artist of first rank. And the fact that the picture is shown at advanced prices, \$1.10 for an evening performance, does not help matters any. We remember the lines, a block long, that stood waiting for a chance to see *Gone With the Wind*. Well, the theater in which we saw *The Great Dictator* after only three days had many empty seats. This may have been due in part to the pre-election pre-occupation of our people, but we doubt it. The picture, as no doubt everyone knows by this time, is a take-off on Hitler and Mussolini, with Jack Oakie playing the Italian dictator. We failed to get a thrill

out of the entire picture, and friend wife, upon whose judgment we have learned to place considerable importance in matters of this kind, reacted in the same way. Chaplin, who plays a dual role, that of Dictator Hynkel and of a Jewish tailor, is at his best in the latter part. His attempts to make Dictator Hynkel ridiculous, and more or less a tool of designing associates, fall flat. No one who knows a little about the rise of Herr Hitler will admit that he is a puppet, whose strings are being pulled by others. There is more to this Hitler business than that. Finally, when Chaplin steps out of his role to act as a preacher and deliver a sermon on humanity to conclude the picture, he adds the finishing touch, in our opinion, to a poor picture. Jack Oakie's portrayal of Mussolini is pure slapstick. Paulette Goddard, as the Jewish girl in love with the tailor, does the best acting in the picture.

### THE GREAT DICTATOR

(United Artists)

(ANOTHER VIEW)

This Charlie Chaplin production far surpasses the claims made for it in the advance publicity. Vastly entertaining, full of action, replete with excitement, and colored by that unique pathos which is typical of Charlie Chaplin's lat-

er films, *The Great Dictator* is a notable picture indeed. Everybody knows by this time that Chaplin impersonates Adolf Hitler, that Goebbels and Goering appear in their characteristic activities, and that Jack Oakie takes off Mussolini as Benzino Napolini, dictator of Bacteria. Originally designed as a protest against totalitarianism, the film far transcends the propaganda type of photoplay. Not to have seen it is to have missed a production which in its harmony of contrasting dramatic factors is outstanding. Anyone who, even after *City Lights*, still believes that Chaplin is simply a master of drollery or farce will know better after seeing him here. He is still the master of rhythmic action, as illustrated in the marvelous scene where the barber shaves a customer in rhythm with a Hungarian Dance by Brahms, and in that other scene in which the Dictator is toying with an inflated balloon-map of the world. When he talks a jumble of German syllables and *Umlauts* in his Adenoid Hynkel orations, he is a "scream." Chaplin here speaks for the first time in a film, and his is a fine, vibrant voice, with beautiful English

enunciation. Chaplin, by the way, is not a Jew, but an Englishman. And his film is not British propaganda. It is tempered with humor even in the Storm Trooper scenes in the ghetto. Here and there Chaplin is still the old wistful, pathetic little nobody, lost in an environment that leaves him so helpless. Like all Chaplin films which this reviewer has seen, *The Great Dictator* is without suggestiveness or anything offensive to the moral or religious sentiment.

#### **HIREWIFE** (Universal)

The story of *Hired Wife*—directed by Wm. Seiter—is both absurd and impossible. No one would expect such nonsensical "goings-on" to happen in actual life. Nevertheless, in the hands of a capable cast, the picture provides exhilarating and innocuous entertainment. Top acting honors go to Rosalind Russell, who, as Brian Aherne's gay but efficient secretary, demonstrates a real flair for comedy. Miss Russell and Mr. Aherne are ably aided by the glamorous Virginia Bruce, by that irresistible wag, Robert Benchley, and by John Carroll, a promising young newcomer.



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# LETTERS

to the

# EDITOR

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## Printer and Alembic

SIR:

Please convey my congratulations to your esteemed columnist of *The Alembic* on his escape by a narrow squeak on the front cover of the November CRESSET. The caption there was evidently to be "Nightmare in the Alembic," a combination the weirdness of which might have easily given him the synthetic shudders for the rest of his days. His guardian angel (who, it seems, is not above making an honest penny on the side by serving as printer's devil) made it "Nightman in an Alembic." There are possibilities in that which I hope he will develop. Let him be frank about it: Who is this nightman? Why did he want to get in? How *did* he get in? What did he do in there? How did he look and act when he got out? What did his wife say about it all? Is she still living with him?

LLOYD WARNER

Buffalo, N. Y.

## Thank You

SIR:

Please allow me to express my appreciation of the good work you do with THE CRESSET. I like having my mental current directed in the right direction—the work of wading through so much chaff to find the desired kernel as one must do in this day, proves just a bit too much for budgeted hours. It is with great pride that I circulate THE CRESSET among friends and acquaintances. The comments are always favorable.

EDNA S. KLEINE

Birmingham, Alabama

## The Real Problem

SIR:

Somewhere between the covers of every issue of THE CRESSET we are reminded that our Christianity demands a forcible relation to life. In our day life is fighting the powers of darkness and listening for the still small voice in which God is.

It is of the nature of states, as of men, to yield to the temptation to oppress, rob and murder. It is not the mere commission of these crimes which is the symptom of the approach of spiritual death; it is the assertion that, when the British Empire, the Nordic Race, the Catholic Church, or the International Proletariat do these things that they are not crimes, but virtues. True knowledge is virtue, and the Scriptural admonition, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy

both soul and body in hell," is also profound political wisdom.

Amid the storm which is now sweeping over Europe, one sees the rolling smoke and light of blazing cities, the flaming meteors of falling planes which the finger of death has touched. To the people of this world there seems to be no safety save in strength, no security save as that security is vigilant and armed. Current events seem to prove that the nation which would preserve its institutions, its dignity, and its right in a world where force rules, must, in the phrase of Gilbert, "make its arms to be feared, though never its ambition." The Church approves of adequate national defense—however, the difference between a man of this world and a man for this world is this: that the former puts his trust in arms and the man, while the latter puts his trust in God.

ORVILLE GENSMER

Portland, Oregon

## The Preacher

SIR:

I always enjoy reading *THE CRESSET*. Though not every issue is equally good, it is always a pleasure to read it. Perhaps it is my fault that not every issue is equally good.

In the November issue I like the words about preachers. It is really true—we preachers are of a long line of God's witnesses. Sometimes we feel that we have spent our strength in vain. It gives one courage to carry on in the face of adversity and hardship

when one looks upon those who have gone on before.

May *THE CRESSET* continue upon the high plane upon which it has moved throughout these years.

G. E. MELCHERT

Waterloo, Iowa

## The Motion Picture

SIR:

I would like to endorse what the "Voice from China" wrote. That which is written there, is a clear trumpet. We need no encouragement as to movies (as these reviews seem to give). What we need today is a clear-cut view based on Scripture and not on a mind that is swayed by popular feeling. Because our people attend is no reason we should only plead for a discriminate use. As you state in your note our people have lost much of the sense of right and wrong. I wonder where we are steering?

J. RESNER

Great Bend, Kansas

SIR:

Reviews of the movies in *THE CRESSET* have seemed to me to be worth while and a valuable index as to the merits of them. Recent letters to the editor in regard to the reviews have prompted me to do a little research to find out just how many times I was in accord with the sentiments of the reviewer. The results show that I am justified in saying that I hope the reviews will be continued.

ALICE GRIESE

Wausau, Wisconsin

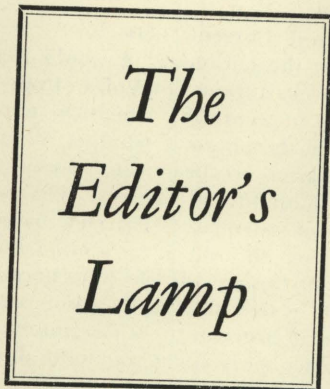
## Contributors = Problems = Final Notes

THIS month THE CRESSET is happy to present the second part of the article "Naturalism in American Education." In this section Mr. Bickel brings his discussion up to date by considering the men who have determined the course of American education during the past twenty-five years. It is becoming increasingly evident that their philosophy and method have been tragically wrong. Dr. Bickel's essay is welcome evidence of the fact that we are developing Christian educators who are able to apply a basic Christian philosophy of life to the problems of education.

Somehow it pleases us that two of our learned associates saw *The Great Dictator* and came away with impressions which are diametrically opposed to one another. Our readers may take their choice. It is probable that, as usual, the truth lies half-way between the two opinions. The let-

ters concerning the motion picture question are still coming hard and fast.

Our poets of the month include several new voices of authority and charm. Miss Dorothy Meyer is a student at Valparaiso University. Mr. Roland Ryder-Smith also shows definite promise.



Since everything possible has already been said about the results of the recent elec-

tion, THE CRESSET has decided to refrain from further comment.

Our letter column has again become the most crowded section of the magazine. Lack of space has compelled us to hold over a number of communications for future issues. Some of our recent correspondence contains a note of sadness, even despair. The world weighs heavily upon many observers. Despite this, however, THE CRESSET extends to all its readers good wishes for a Blessed and Happy Christmas.

## FORTHCOMING ISSUES

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

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

COLLECTIVISMS: SECULAR AND DIVINE

"A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS" — T. S. ELIOT

IN "MODEL SLOVAKIA"

WHAT ONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT DRINKING

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

ESCAPE FROM FEAR.....*Walter Pitkin*

GUSTAV ADOLF—THE GREAT.....*Nils Ahnlund*

I SAW FRANCE FALL.....*Rene DeChambrun*

MADAME DORTHEA.....*Sigrid Undset*

MEN AT THEIR WORST.....*Leo L. Stanley, M.D.*

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS.....*Matthew Josephson*

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE.....*Jules Romains*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.....*Hendrik Willem van Loon*

MAKE BRIGHT THE ARROWS.....*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL.....*Willa Cather*

