

8-1940

The Cresset (Vol. 3, No. 10)

International Walther League

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AUGUST

1940

THE

CRESSET

The Cresset Goes
to the Democratic
Convention

New Frontiers

Valedictory

United United
States?

Divorce

BENJAMIN E. BUENTE

Prize for Super-
human Infamy



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 3 NO. 10

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

O. A. DORN, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors

E. J. FRIFDRICH O. A. GEISEMAN AD. HAENTZSCHEL
WALTER A. HANSEN A. R. KRETZMANN WALTER A. MAIER W. G. POLACK

Contributing Editors

A. ACKERMANN THEODORE GRAEBNER ALFRED KLAUSLER
OTTO H. THEISS MARTIN WALKER

Volume 3

AUGUST, 1940

Number 10

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THE CRESSET is published monthly by the International Walther League. Publication office: 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin. Editorial and subscription office: 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter October 25, 1937, at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, \$2.00 per year; elsewhere, \$2.50 per year.

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THE

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT



THE CRESSET goes to the Democratic Convention—
New Frontiers—Valedictory—The Horsemen Will Ride
—United United States?

By THE EDITORS

The Cresset Goes to the Democratic Convention

A GOOD many mean things have been said about the Democrats . . . but at least they have shown great consideration for the CRESSET. . . . They brought their national convention right to our doorstep . . . and not only that, but they provided us with a ringside seat at their big show. . . . For that we are willing to forgive the New Dealers for one (1) congressional purge. . . . Or even for Madam Secretary Perkins. . . . Our accounts are now squared.

Several days before the opening of the convention Chicago is already teeming with loyal Demo-

crats. . . . They overflow the hotels . . . and the bars. . . . We take up a private observation post outside National Committee headquarters in the great Stevens Hotel. . . . Hither come senators and ward-heelers . . . cabinet members and precinct workers. . . . Harry Hopkins and One-eyed Connolly . . . either seeking or giving favors, all of them. . . . We bump into Secretary of Agriculture Wallace in a revolving door. . . . That's democracy for you. . . . He doesn't know it yet, but before the week is over, he will have become the party's vice-presidential nominee.

Monday. . . . The convention opens in Chicago's mammoth Stadium. . . . It was here that

Roosevelt was nominated for the first time in 1932. . . . "The largest and finest equipped building of its type on the North American continent," boasts the convention handbook. . . . The floor is jammed with delegates, 1500 or more of them. . . . Ahead is the speakers' platform, flanked on either side by the press . . . behind the stand are the glass-enclosed booths of the three great broadcasting systems. . . . From here issue the thousands of words that bring the convention into the living rooms of millions of American homes. . . . Platform and galleries are bedecked with red, white and blue bunting . . . overhead hang hundreds of American flags and streamers . . . the seats in the Stadium are all painted red. . . . It is a colorful scene . . . and typically American . . . even down to the raucous shouts of the soda-pop vendors.

Chairman "Jim" Farley calls the convention to order. . . . He is a huge, expansive man . . . and the most interesting figure at the convention these days, since he alone is supposed to know the third-term secret. . . . But most of the rest of us can make a pretty safe guess. . . . The band swings into "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." . . . Significant, and we don't mean perhaps. . . . From the very moment of its opening the convention is dominated by the

spirit of one man. . . . He is a thousand miles away, but he is holding all the strings . . . and he knows how to pull them. . . . You may think what you will of F.D.R., but there is one comment that he elicits from friend and foe alike. . . . "What a man!" . . . We would give a good deal to know what historians will say of him a hundred years hence. . . . That they will say plenty we have no doubt.

The opening invocation is offered by Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Chicago. . . . Rome always manages to get to the fore. . . . There should be some sort of lesson in that. . . . The delegates are welcomed by Chicago's red-headed mayor and Democratic boss, the Hon. (?) Edward J. Kelly. . . . He virtually nominates Roosevelt. . . . Well, one can understand his enthusiasm. . . . It will be just too bad for him and his city-hall gang if Willkie wins. . . . There is a little matter of an impending federal investigation (conveniently shelved for the nonce). . . . Yes, the mayor has his worries. . . . But just now he is beaming. . . . This is his party, and he's going to show the world a thing or two. . . . Incidentally, it was he who some time ago made the classic statement, "Roosevelt is my religion." . . . No further comment necessary.

The real show begins Monday

evening. . . . This time Methodist Bishop Waldorf offers the invocation. . . . Empty words, and nothing more. . . . All mention of Christ is studiously avoided. . . . These convention "prayers" are an abomination. . . . The poor ones are worthless . . . and the good ones are out of place. . . . We never saw more than ten persons in a reverent attitude during any of the prayers . . . the majority were talking, smoking, or just looking around . . . hardly a spiritual atmosphere.

The assembly rises to sing "God Bless America," which is rapidly becoming America's national anthem. . . . It sends a chill up and down the spine to hear 25,000 voices join in this stirring hymn of patriotism. . . . It is spoiled only by Harry Richman at the microphone, leading the singing. . . . It is so nice that he could get off for a couple hours from the Chez Paree, Chicago's hottest night spot . . . and so appropriate that this pal of the racketeers should invoke the divine blessing upon America. . . . It may sound inelegant, but we can't help saying, "Phooey."

Jim Farley leads off with a blast at the Republicans. . . . The Postmaster-General is beyond a doubt the most popular individual at this convention. . . . He draws a great and spontaneous ovation. . . . Speaker Bankhead is

presented as temporary chairman . . . he is an insignificant looking man in an ill-fitting white suit. . . . His keynote address is a rehearsal of the virtues and accomplishments of the Roosevelt administration. . . . Both addresses of the evening strongly denounce American intervention in the European war, to the accompaniment of great applause. . . . Encouraging. . . . But we are not unduly optimistic. . . . We still have memories of the 1916 campaign. . . . We were only in knee-pants then, but we vividly recall the Wilson slogan: "He kept us out of war!" . . . Within a year American boys were dying on the battlefields of France.

Tuesday. . . Senator Alben W. Barkley takes over as permanent chairman . . . a hulking, florid-faced man who has done a beautiful job of bungling the majority-leadership of the Senate. . . . His address is replete with quips and jibes at the Republicans. . . . We don't believe all the nasty things these political parties say about each other. . . . Nobody could possibly be that bad. . . . He mentions Hoover. . . . A chorus of boos. . . . Poor Herbert . . . the memory lingers on. . . . Suddenly he utters the magic name . . . ROOSEVELT. . . . The ovation makes the rafters ring. . . . Looks as though a parade is starting. . . . Yes, there it goes. . . . Mississippi

leads. . . . A purple banner is unfurled; it says, "North Carolina—26 votes for Roosevelt." . . . A brass band suddenly emerges from nowhere. . . . One state delegation after another joins in the *mêlée*. . . . Chairman Barkley beams indulgently. . . . Senator Tydings of Maryland stays in his seat, hanging on grimly to his state standard. . . . Roosevelt's attempt to purge him is still a vivid memory. . . . Pandemonium reigns in the great hall. . . . The galleries look on with amusement.

After 25 minutes order is restored. . . . Barkley concludes his address. . . . In a moment he returns to the rostrum and declares: "I have an official statement from the President of the United States." . . . So this is It. . . . At last. . . . It is a tense, dramatic moment. . . . A hush falls over the great throng. . . . The senator reads the president's message. . . . "No desire or ambition." . . . "The delegates are free to vote as they please." . . . Which, being interpreted, is, "I'm giving you the green light, boys." . . . The most adroit political maneuver in many a moon. . . . The delegates are quick to catch on. . . . From somewhere a voice bellows, "We want Roosevelt!" . . . That touches off another demonstration. . . . The inevitable parade starts. . . . The delegates are shrieking, stamping, singing,

milling, shouting into the microphone how ardently they desire Roosevelt. . . . It is all very touching. . . . Of course, some cynic might observe that what they really mean is, "We want to keep our jobs." . . . The parade gathers momentum. . . . Only Virginia, Montana, Indiana, Texas remain aloof. . . . This sort of thing goes on for 45 minutes. . . . Democracy in action. . . . For all practical purposes, the convention is over. . . . But Chicago wants to get its money's worth.

Wednesday. . . . The platform is read by Senator Wagner . . . a German immigrant boy, he has risen to a position high in the councils of his adopted country. . . . The reading of the platform completed, youthful Congressman Ryan of Minnesota offers an amendment denouncing a third term for any president. . . . He is greeted by a mighty chorus of outraged shrieks. . . . We admire his courage in espousing a hopeless cause for the sake of conviction.

Now it's coming. . . . The roll-call of the states begins. . . . "Alabama." . . . Lister Hill, the junior senator, steps to the rostrum to nominate Roosevelt. . . . He wins our vote as the greatest orator of the convention. . . . He speaks brilliantly and without benefit of manuscript. . . . While he is speaking, the Democratic

bosses of Chicago herd a swarm of ward-heelers onto the floor. . . . At a given signal, they start whooping it up for F.D.R. . . . Some more bedlam. . . . Another parade. . . . But this one looks phony. . . . Four-fifths of the delegates either can't or don't join in the parade. . . . The galleries are apathetic. . . . This is all a bit too cut-and-dried. . . . The band bursts into "Happy Days Are Here Again" for the first time during the convention. . . . After 20 minutes peace is restored.

"Arkansas yields to Virginia." . . . Senator Carter Glass steps to the platform. . . . It is an exciting moment. . . . Everybody knows what's coming, the first discordant note to mar the harmony which has been reigning so serenely. . . . The senator is a wizened little octogenarian . . . a statesman in the best American tradition, without fear or favor. . . . He has left a sickbed to nominate Farley for president as a protest against the third-term movement. . . . Mingled cheers and jeers greet his speech. . . . A parade for Farley begins. . . . But it's only a gesture. . . . The Great White Father has spoken. . . . As the roll of the states continues, there is the usual crop of fulsome seconding speeches. . . . Delegations vie with each other in their eagerness to get on the

bandwagon. . . . Maryland nominates Tydings . . . and Texas nominates Garner . . . but these, too, are only gestures. . . . The delegates and galleries are getting impatient. . . . "We Want Roosevelt." . . . Finally, the balloting begins. . . . It is now 12:10 A.M. . . . The reading clerk drones on. . . . When he finishes, F.D.R. has bagged 946 votes, with a scattering 148 for his opponents. . . . Egg-bald Sam Rayburn of Texas withdraws Garner's name. . . . Jim Farley rises to the occasion by moving that the nomination be made unanimous. . . . The crowd goes wild . . . as much for Farley as for Roosevelt. . . . It is now 1:30 A.M. . . . Adjournment at last, thank goodness. . . . Now for some sleep.

Thursday. . . . Do our ears deceive us, or is the band really playing "Die Wacht Am Rhein"? . . . Sure enough, but nobody seems to mind. . . . The only remaining business before the convention is the nomination for the Vice Presidency. . . . But this too has been predigested. . . . Henry A. Wallace has been given the nod, and the decks are being cleared for action to make it official. . . . But not without a battle. . . . The friends of Speaker Bankhead put up a valiant struggle. . . . Every mention of the Wallace name is met by resounding "boos." . . . Do the delegates

resent too much dictation? . . . There is a fight in the Pennsylvania delegation. . . . An Ohio delegate injects a bit of comic relief into the proceedings. . . . Ascending the platform, he peels off his coat and shouts his endorsement of both Charles Sawyer and Newspaperman Bascom Timmons for Vice President. . . . It won't be long now. . . . Here it comes. . . . Wallace is in. . . . If you like him, he's the "farmer's friend." . . . If you don't, he's "a blooming ex-Republican."

Mrs. Roosevelt is presented to the convention . . . a remarkable woman . . . and a gracious First Lady. . . . One thing remains . . . to hear the Voice from Washington. . . . The hour is past midnight. . . . Finally the familiar dulcet tones peal forth from the mighty loudspeakers. . . . "My friends." . . . We're ashamed to admit it, but we dozed off in our seat before he had spoken five sentences. . . . Just too much convention for one reporter. . . . And if the editor berates us for sleeping at the switch, we have an excuse all ready. . . . We'll show him the campaign button that somebody pinned on our lapel. . . . It says, "Just Roosevelt."

Well, the tumult and the shouting has died, and the captains and the kings—and kingmakers—have departed. . . . We have seen Democracy in Action. . . . And for

all its squeakings and groanings, for all its absurdities and tommyrot, it's still a mighty heartening spectacle in this day when dictators are on the march and personal liberty is being smothered. . . . And we hope to see lots more of it. . . . In Chicago they yell, "We want Roosevelt!" and in Berlin they yell, "Heil Hitler!" . . . The difference is that those in Chicago who choose *not* to yell "We want Roosevelt" are not placed in a concentration camp. . . . That's the difference between democracy and dictatorships. . . . Thank God for that difference!

The platforms of the two great parties are going to please many people and displease many others. . . . And to show how they feel, they're going to vote either for Roosevelt or Willkie, as their convictions dictate. . . . But in either case, they're still good Americans. . . . That, too, is Democracy in Action.

As we left the convention, we caught ourselves humming a tune. . . . It was "God Bless America!"



New Frontiers

THE age of geographic exploration, when men could set out to find and map new areas on the earth's surface, is about over. It is

otherwise with scientific exploration. Since Mendeléeff, in 1869, proposed the Periodic Table of Elements, in which classification is based on atomic weight, the highest atomic number, 92, has been held by uranium. Many chemists and physicists believed that this would remain the *Ultima Thule* of elements. Now, however, it has become evident that the chemical world extends still farther in that direction—how much farther, no one can even guess. Several years ago Prof. Fermi, of Columbia University, discovered element 93, but the discovery was questioned. Not only has it now been confirmed by research at the University of California and the Carnegie Institution at Washington, but it seems that still another element, 94, has been found. The hunt for element 95 has already begun. As thrilling as arctic exploration was to those who took part in it, will be to scientists the effort to discover still heavier elements and to determine their characteristics.



Valedictory

NOT only are empires being liquidated in our time and young men and old women having their heads blown off these days, but ideas and intellectuals are having a tough time in a tough world. Precisely what is back of

the tremendous upheaval that is going on in America's intellectual world remains vague. Possibly the definite fact of the emergence of the Stalin regime as a land-grabbing concern has caused more heart-searching and questioning than any other recent single factor.

What we are leading up to is the resignation of Oswald Garrison Villard from *The Nation* as contributing editor. There is no need, we believe, to go into the remarkable career of one of America's great fighting journalists. Editor and publisher of America's oldest liberal weekly, Mr. Villard made *The Nation* America's strongest ally of the Bill of Rights. All causes, whether in the minority or majority, from Jehovah's Witnesses to the CIO, were championed in the face of hysterical super-patriotism or violent totalitarianism of all sorts, American or foreign. In those forty-six and a half years Mr. Villard's contribution to our national life has been significant and positive.

Today Mr. Villard parts company with *The Nation*. The present publisher and editor of *The Nation*, Freda Kirchwey, accuses Mr. Villard of inhabiting a dream world, of avoiding reality, of fleeing into a dream of isolation. In sharp words Miss Kirchwey accuses Mr. Villard of wanting us

to recognize Hitler's conquests and to deal with his puppet governments. She states that Mr. Villard's valedictory message "means the end of democracy."

Forgotten in the present hysteria are the valiant appeals Mr. Villard has made time and again that we develop American defense needs on a scientific, efficient basis, that social justice and political idealism still have values in a blood-bathed world. Sadly we watch *The Nation*, now that Mr. Villard has left the staff, demand that violence be met with violence and that men like Villard be relegated to the dustbin of history.

We feel with Mr. Villard "that the present editors will some day awake to the realization that the course they are now proposing will inevitably end all social and political progress, lower still further the standard of living, enslave labor, and if persisted in, impose a dictatorship and turn us into a totalitarian state. America is not to be safeguarded by new inventions and new tactics, but only by greater economic and industrial wisdom, by social justice, by making our democracy work." And although Reinhold Niebuhr, together with the present staff, sneers at the power of "moral force" against Hitler's battalions, we have the strong feeling that a genuine, decisive

Christianity will be far more effective in making this world tolerable than any armed crusade for democracy.



The Horsemen Will Ride

THERE is every reason to believe that hunger and pestilence are relentlessly stalking the countries of Europe. Since the outbreak of the war, Germany has been forced to tighten her belt much more stringently than it was necessary for her to do during the years of preparation. The Norwegians, never entirely self-supporting and now rigidly blockaded by Britain, are reported to be on a starvation-diet. In conquered Poland, the wheat-crop is said to be far below normal. Rumor has it that the Danes, who exported large amounts of meat and dairy-products to Britain and other lands before they were brought under Hitler's heel, are being compelled to slaughter their hogs and cattle because of a lack of fodder. The huge fishing-industry in the North Sea has been dangerously crippled. Food supplies are running low in Holland, and conditions in Belgium are declared to be nothing short of desperate. France, crushed into impotence by her own pro-Fascists, defeatists, and opportunists no less than by the armed

might of the Nazis, is beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. England's great fleet is still able to keep important sea-lanes open for the benefit of her own people; but Germany is bending every effort to prevent the British from importing foodstuffs and raw materials. Italy, tightly bottled up in the Mediterranean and fearing nothing more frantically than a prolonged conflict, knows only too well that she will soon be in dire want unless she succeeds in subduing the Island of Malta, driving the British from the Rock of Gibraltar, and gaining untrammelled passage through the Suez Canal. Spain has not yet recovered from the ravages of the Civil War. It is evident that Russia, determinedly pursuing her own type of *Realpolitik*, cannot spare food for Germany. In fact, now that Stalin virtually controls the mouth of the Danube and seems to be moving steadily toward seizure of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, there is good reason to suspect that the Reich may soon be completely shut off from the East unless Hitler moves quickly and victoriously against the U.S.S.R. During the past eleven months, the seething Balkans have not been able to look properly and wisely to their food supplies. Horses have been pulling guns instead of plows. Throughout Europe, the

mobilization of men and materials has interfered to an alarming degree with the planting and harvesting of crops.

Yes, conditions on the other side of the Atlantic are dreadful to contemplate. The grim spectre of starvation is now rearing its hideous head. Pestilence follows famine just as surely as night follows day. Revolution, with all its ghastly horrors, thrives on hunger and disease.

Those, therefore, who, in spite of all the spectacular successes attained by the use of tanks and bombers, cling steadfastly to the conviction that sea power will eventually decide the issue of this war have sound reasoning on their side. Men-of-war guard the vital water-lanes. If Britain is able to keep her fleet and can hold naval bases in sufficient number to maintain her ships in an adequate manner, Hitler, whose ultimate objective must, in the very nature of things, be command of the sea, will not be able to reach his goal. It is easy to understand why England's swift and determined action to prevent the bulk of the French fleet from falling into the hands of Germany has been one of the major victories of the war. It may well have been decisive. At any rate, both the *Führer* and *Il Duce* were furious when they heard the news of the Battle of Oran.

The horsemen of famine and plague, however, will ride with devastating violence, no matter who wins the war.



United United States?

IN THEIR remarkable and disturbing story of American diplomacy and World War II, the Messrs. Alsop and Kintner offer one hopeful statement, near the end of the study, a statement which is almost a prayer, "As the Napoleonic campaign ended by uniting Germany, so a German victory will surely end by uniting the only outwardly United States." The Germany of the nineteenth century produced some remarkable results in science, music, literature, and the arts. Whether these products were the direct result of a unified Germany is, of course, a debatable question. One might quarrel with a thesis which insists that political developments have a recognizable effect on developments in the world of the spirit. In religion the rise of nationalism or the emergence of any form of political domination seems to have worked to the detriment of a growing Christianity. Not always, but often enough to uphold the validity of such an assertion.

The fact is: we do suffer from

sectionalism in the United States. We are far from united, despite the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the World War. We still think in terms of states' rights. The efforts of the New Deal to make the country national-minded have often met with failure. Tariff barriers between states are so commonplace that one hesitates to mention them. The South still looks suspiciously at the North. Vermont distrusts Boston because the Irish are in power. Class legislation, regional schemes, sectional differences are mighty potent forces in the chambers of the national capitol.

That this war is evil no one will gainsay. The one bright spot in the bloody fog is the fact that we might shed "the inability of our people to think in national terms." The threat of invasion, the knowledge that there is an ever-present danger of our nation's losing its precious political possessions, should unite our country. The United States is incomparably rich in human and material resources. The imagination staggers at the thought of the potential greatness of America in art, music, economics, literature, politics, religion, of resources now lying fallow, but ready to be brought to full growth. In the end, however, it is a disillusioning commentary on the nature of the

human being that it takes a war to weld together a community.



A Dreadful Prospect

IN HIS successful campaign to rebuild Germany and to bring other nations under the domination of Naziism, Adolf Hitler used the harsh terms imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles as effective propaganda material. He declared that his adopted country had been undeservedly humiliated by the iniquitous document.

For years, historians have been pointing out that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which Kaiser Wilhelm rammed down the throat of conquered Russia in 1917, was infinitely harsher than the penalties exacted from defeated Germany in 1918; and now we find that the armistice terms inflicted upon crushed France by the victorious Third Reich and by time-serving Italy are far more rigorous than the short-lived covenant of Brest-Litovsk and far more galling than the price which the Germans were forced to pay for the cessation of hostilities at the conclusion of the first World War.

It is safe to assume that a treaty of peace, if dictated by Hitler and Mussolini, will grind the vanquished into the dust of the earth

with a severity which will know no bounds. Naziism tolerates no half-measures. The Treaty of Versailles demanded that Germany adopt a republican form of government; a treaty dictated by the *Führer*, however, will compel millions upon millions of men, women, and children to be subject to totalitarianism—to be slaves of a system of tyranny which subordinates everything, including religion, to the state.

We hold no brief for the harshness of the Treaty of Versailles; but let us not overlook the fact that it granted Germany complete freedom of speech, press, and religion. A totalitarian régime, however, cannot consistently accord these privileges to its vassals.

It is entirely in keeping with sound logic to take for granted that Naziism, puffed up with victory, will interfere with religion even more seriously and more officiously than has been done since Hitler became *Reichskanzler* of Germany. We have the assurance that the gates of hell shall not prevail against Christianity; but there is grave danger that if totalitarianism eventually wins the day in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, those who confess Jesus Christ before men will be subjected to terrible trials, that their faith will be put to the test in the fires of cruel persecution.

The PILGRIM



By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

August Round-Up

AUGUST. . . . The breathless month. . . . I had hoped to write about the cool quiet of Chicago's 1940 summer. . . . Or the way the tree across the street looks in the light of the lamp. . . . Shadows like the map of Europe. . . . Or the story of patrolman 522, who, at 4:40 P.M. on July 11, suggested that I learn to drive and then told me about his long, hot day of directing traffic which never seemed to move right. . . . Traffic cops have a low opinion

of human nature. . . . Or the weird, yet somehow hopeful, tale of our 1940 political conventions. . . . All these, however, must wait until a better season. . . . For six months the file marked "Cresset" has been increasing in size and weight. . . . Time for reducing. . . . The semi-annual round-up of matters picked up here and there.

. . .



Perhaps the surest sign that Britannia still rules the waves is the fact that my *London Times Literary Supplement* still arrives as regularly as Thursday. . . . Somewhat thinner, to be sure, but still the same calm British evaluation of literature and life. . . . American correspondents in England these days are cabling their amazement over the stoic attitude of the average Englishman. . . . He seems almost indifferent to the shattering sequence of events across the narrow channel which makes England an island. . . . Such an attitude may be either blind pride or deep courage. . . . Before these lines appear in print we may know. . . . Meanwhile, the *Times Literary Supplement* devotes space to "Carry On" words. . . . In a review of a little booklet on "Slang," we read that there is a certain war slang which enables the speaker or auditor to carry

on. . . . Usually euphemisms. . . . The soldier in the ranks, for example, does not call the Germans "Boches" or "Huns." . . . The first carries a contemptuous hatred and the second an ancestral fear which seem to be foreign to the average soldier. . . . To him the Germans are just "Jerries." . . . Much better. . . . The man who is killed is said to "stop one." . . . Even in this little way the human heart throws up defences against the terror of reality. . . .



Bedtime reading this month is *The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln*, published by Random House. . . . The best one-volume collection of Lincolniana. . . . It contains not only his famous addresses, but also an excellent selection of letters and minor speeches which have been too often forgotten. . . . Surely one of the tests of greatness is the ability of a man to say words that have an everlasting ring. . . . Abraham Lincoln could do that. . . . There is no dust on any of his speeches and no decay. . . . Listen for a moment to Lincoln speaking to America in August 1940:

"We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducting more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty

than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed, race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task of gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, and love for our species in general, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform.

"I hope I am over wary; but if I am not, there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form

*A judge examines the heart of
America's moral problems . . .*

DIVORCE

By BENJAMIN E. BUENTE

MANY important problems are facing our nation today, such as the preservation of American neutrality and the answer to the question of unemployment. But there are few issues of deeper and more far-reaching social significance than the problem of divorce. Far from being a solution to social ills, divorce usually serves only to complicate a bad social situation.

It is estimated that 100,000 children are involved annually in American divorces. About six out of ten divorces are "repeaters," that is, either one or the other, or both, of the persons concerned have been married and divorced before. This alone makes it evident that every effort should be made to make the first marriage a success.

Marriages in which there are children appear to be more successful, on the average than childless marriages. The importance of children in cementing the marriage relationship and in holding

the parents together cannot be overestimated. Furthermore, marriages which have lasted five years have a greater chance for success than those under five years. It has been said that after five years the wife has learned to make a good cup of coffee or the husband has become resigned to drinking a bad cup of coffee. This refers, of course, to the period of adjustment, after which husband and wife have become so dependent on each other that one cannot get along easily without the other.

Marriages in which the wife is gainfully employed encounter more difficulty than marriages where the wife's entire interest is devoted to her family. The most common grounds for divorce are cruel treatment, non-support, and abandonment.

If the matter of marriage received more serious consideration, the problem of divorce to a great extent would solve itself. A vital factor in any successful marriage is the element of "compatibility."

A husband and wife who have common interests are more apt to be happy in their marital relationships than those whose interests are widely divergent. It has been said that opposites attract, but my experience has been that they frequently "blow up." One of the most important things to consider in the matter of compatibility is worship at the same altar. Time and again I have observed that the most serious difficulties arise in those homes in which husband and wife do not adhere to the same religious beliefs.

Other factors that enter into the question of compatibility are the capacity for agreeing on economic or financial matters, mutual respect of husband and wife for each other, and consideration for the feelings, and forbearance with the weaknesses, of the partner—the ability, as someone has expressed it, "to praise loudly and blame softly."

Most of the couples who take recourse to the divorce courts have no church affiliation whatever. It is extremely difficult for the Court to deal with these cases in which there is no spiritual background, because in them, there is nothing of a substantial nature to which an appeal for reconciliation might be directed.

Eventually, the American people must become aroused and see the future criminal or pauper in the neglected child. It is now a

generally accepted fact that most of the neglected children come from homes torn asunder by domestic strife. Indeed, here is where the seeds of crime are often sown. The family still is the social unit in America today, and the home is the social stronghold; and to the extent that these institutions are becoming weakened, to that extent our national life is being threatened.

Addressing itself to this premise, the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1887, spoke thus:

"Marriage is an institution, in the maintenance of which in its purity the public is deeply interested, and it is the foundation of the family and of society, without which there would be neither civilization nor progress;"

and the Supreme Court of Indiana, in 1938, commented as follows:

"The marriage relation is more than a personal relation between a man and woman. It is a status founded on contract and established by law. It constitutes an institution involving the highest interests of society and is regulated and controlled by law based upon principles of public policy affecting the welfare of the people of the State."

During the first week in June of this year the Court over which I have the honor to preside as Judge observed its fifth annual "No Divorce Week." The time was thought propitious and appropriate since June is commonly known

as the month of brides. No miraculous claims are made for "No Divorce Week," but it does afford an opportunity for the courts to call attention to the fact that the marriage relationship is intended to be permanent and to point to the evils that result from divorce, both for the individuals themselves and for the State in general. The favorable reception accorded this movement has been truly amazing. Many special days and weeks are observed with much less rhyme or reason. Some day, we hope, "No Divorce Week" may become an established institution in America.

Have you ever considered the part that modern transportation plays with regard to romance? Pick up your Sunday morning paper and look at the pictures of the brides, and you will find that in many instances bride and groom are from widely separated cities. Good marriage and divorce laws in one State will not help much if the bordering states are lax.

Legislation cannot substitute for attitudes, but uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the United States are highly desirable. As an aid to the accomplishment of this purpose, in my opinion, Congress should authorize the appointment of a study commission to draft a model marriage and divorce law. This model law could then be recom-

mended for adoption by the respective states, each state, of course, having the right to modify the uniform marriage and divorce law to suit its requirements. This would not mean a Federal marriage and divorce law, because this would be impossible without an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, but it would simply imply a study commission similar to the commissions that have been appointed for the purpose of giving consideration to other important questions and problems affecting our national life.

The Commission might consist of forty-nine members, one to be appointed from each State, upon the recommendation of the Governor, and one from the District of Columbia. The Commission could subdivide itself into committees for intensive study of the various phases of the problem. Their findings could then be summarized and be employed in the drafting of a uniform marriage and divorce law.

In such a study the following factors should be considered:

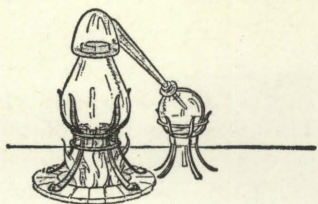
1. Minimum age of persons involved.
2. "Waiting period" between the time that application for license is made and granting of license.
3. Thorough medical examination.

4. Information pertaining to previous marriage, especially with regard to children; also, showing of financial ability to discharge obligations incident to marriage.
5. Minimum period that marriage relationship must continue, whether parties live together or not.
6. Minimum residence requirements in connection with divorce.
7. "Waiting period" between filing of complaint for divorce and date of trial.
8. Grounds for divorce.
9. Interlocutory decree and additional "waiting period" between time divorce decree is granted and time when it becomes permanent.
10. Court procedure, custody and welfare of children—consolidating all family matters in one court instead of administering piecemeal justice in several courts; consolidating all probation work in one department; co-ordination of all character building and welfare agencies in the community, together with employers, schools, police, and other civic agencies in a program for effective child guidance and crime prevention.
11. A program of pre-marital education as to compatibility, responsibilities, and the relation of marriage to citizenship.
12. Relationship of divorce and broken homes to delinquency and crime.
13. The extent of repetition of divorce after the first marriage has failed.

The public relief funds in all states are being burdened by cases in which the husband and father has deserted his wife and children. These derelicts are "playing checkers" with the United States of America by jumping state lines to avoid their family responsibility.

To aid the states and society generally, Congress should pass a law making it a Federal offense for a person upon whom rests the obligation to support minor children to cross states lines in abandoning the children without making reasonable provision for their support. So long as Federal and State governments sit calmly by, they will find the spectacle of crime and public welfare costs constantly increasing, and thus sapping our national strength.

If there ever was a time when the conservation of national strength was needed, that time is now. A nation which has dissipated its vitality is a nation easily conquered. The words of Emerson still ring true: "Let us realize that this country, the last found, is the greatest charity of God to the human race."



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*



The Prize for Sub-human Infamy, 1940 award, may have to be withheld because of a perfect balance in the merits of this year's candidates. We refer to the Duce for one, and to the Japanese captain who refused to save a sinking ship unless guaranteed pay for the rescue. If and when this captain's name shall become known, we shall know the two men who have done more to lower our respect for the human race in 1940 than any others.

Benito Mussolini is the leader of the Italian band of cut-throats, thieves, gangsters, and terrorists who constitute the Fascist party and government. His rape of defenseless Ethiopia is only surpassed in infamy by the entrance of Italy on the side of Germany last month, fittingly called by Westbrook Pegler "the most spectacular and wanton act of cowardice that has fouled the character of any nation in civilized times." Mr. Pegler is worth listening to in his analysis of Mussolini's declaration of war:

At an hour when the people of France were gasping for breath in a horrible struggle, when their women and children were stumbling over country roads and dying of wounds and exhaustion in dirty ditches, when the men and boys of France were opposing ordinary shoulder guns and bayonets against clanking monsters and bombing planes, the proud, valiant Italy of Mussolini, whose indomitable legions had run away at Guadalajara, still held the stiletto poised on the southern frontier, afraid to risk a bruise from a victim who was down but not yet out. The Italians will never be allowed to forget that the brave Duce withheld the deadly stab until he was absolutely certain that the French people were so weak from loss of blood that they could not even twitch. . . . Human beings will not consider the strict military facts of the case. The human race will only remember that the Duce, who blew out his cheeks and brandished his dagger for years, who

boasted of his ferocity and courage, was afraid to attack a dying man until he heard the blood gurgling in the victim's throat.

I wish we knew the name of the captain of a Japanese vessel who refused help earlier in the year to the 8300-ton steamship President Quezon, which struck an uncharted shoal and sank, its passengers and crew rescued only after Captain Crispulo Onrubia had signed papers guaranteeing pay for the rescue.

The President Quezon, formerly the President Madison, founded south of Kanegashima Islands in the Japanese archipelago. The Japanese freighter Ukishima Maru effected a rescue. This is the story as told by the Associated Press:

Onrubia said he was forced to leave his sinking ship aboard the second lifeboat launched in order to sign papers assuring the rescue of his passengers, including women and children, and his crew. Many crew members still were aboard when he left the ship, he said.

The captain of the Ukishima Maru flatly refused to lower life-boats until the papers were signed, Onrubia charged, adding: "If I hadn't gone in the second lifeboat, half the crew men would possibly have perished."

Rescue work began after Onrubia signed the papers, he said, but he also charged that the Japanese radio operator aboard the Ukishima Maru refused to send messages of the liner's plight unless paid for in cash.

Who was it that dedicated an essay to the "inherent nobility of the human race"?



"The Prisoners' Friend." This was the title of an eight-page tabloid-sized journal published by the Finns during the early stage of the Russian invasion for distribution among Soviet prisoners. Out of the mass of correspondence from the European battlefields of the past twelve-month, this story, sent to the *Chicago Daily News* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* by special radio last March, deserves being preserved and remembered. The story is told by the ace reporter, Leland Stowe. He had seen copies of "The Prisoners' Friend" and describes it as a journal printed on excellent paper and well illustrated, its purpose being the entertainment and instruction of the Russian prisoners while under guard in Finland. The particular issue examined by Mr. Stowe had its front page devoted to a Finnish benevolent association:

On page 2 are five Biblical quotations and a scrupulously objective report on Adolf Hitler's February 21 speech, in which no word of criticism of the Nazi government is used. An article credited anonymously to "a prisoner" charged the Kremlin with leading the Russian people into war by means of falsehoods about the Finnish Republic. But the best fea-

ture is a back-page column entitled "Do You Know?" These are some of the questions which it poses:

"1. That during the Italian-Ethiopian war there were Finnish and Swedish hospitals in Ethiopia.

"2. That during the Spanish war there were Italians and Germans on the side of Generalissimo Francisco Franco and on the Republican side there were Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans.

"3. That on the side of Finland to combat the Soviet Union there were Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, English, American, German, Italian, French, Polish, Hungarian and other volunteers.

"4. That the Finnish specialized worker with one day's salary can buy more than six pounds of the best butter.

"5. That not a single Finn drinks his daily coffee without cream.

"6. That Finland is the only country in the world which has paid and is still paying its war debt to the United States.

"7. That despite the war in Finland there are ration cards only for sugar and coffee. Such a thing does not exist in Germany or even in England, where all food supplies are rationed."

Several thousand Russian prisoners received this unique journal each week.

Its plan and contents are reassuring to anyone whose faith in civilization has been shattered by the conduct of certain standard-bearers of culture during the past year.



It Was Just Petty Larceny. Orville Marsh stole \$10,000 worth of books, yet was guilty only of petty larceny. This sounds like one of those intelligence tests which the hostess likes to hand out after you have had your lemon chiffon pie and third cup of coffee. We can hear her say with a provocative smile: "Now, here is an easy one. We give you five minutes, and the prize is a furlined ash receiver: 'A man stole \$10,000 worth of books and still was guilty only of petty larceny.' You have five minutes." Well, here's the answer:

Marsh had his Master's Degree from the University of Chicago and was now, age fifty-two, instructor at a Cleveland college. One day in the spring of 1940 the landlord of an apartment where he rented storage space failed to receive his rent and examined the books which had been piled up in the rooms. That started a search which ended with Marsh's arrest. "I don't know why I took them exactly," he said. "Probably I need treatment from a psychiatrist. I knew it was wrong to steal, but when I saw expensive books in the library the desire to possess them got the better of me. I have been oppressed by poverty ever since I worked my way through Harvard University. I wanted books and I could never afford them." They have found

some books which have been missing since 1925.

Marsh helped a Cleveland Library representative determine the branches from which nearly 100 books were taken. Some 700 other volumes from libraries in St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and other cities were recovered. And now comes the fine point in law. Marsh could be charged only with petty larceny because the books disappeared one or two at a time! We have looked up our own meager reference shelf on criminal law and assure the reader that it does make a difference "Grand larceny is theft of property above a fixed value, generally \$25 to \$50—most States also classify as grand larceny theft of property from *the person* of the victim, irrespective of value, though, of course, accomplished without the force or fear which would constitute the crime of robbery. In the Federal Courts, grand larceny is punishable by not more than 10 years' imprisonment and a fine of not more than \$10,000." But the law counts each offense as a separate transgression, and, since none of the individual thefts amounted to more than \$25, Marsh was guilty only of petty larceny.

While we sympathize with every borrower of books who forgets the lender, we are here not conducting a school of crime, and we want no

one to follow the example of Orville Marsh, national champion of book borrowers, because after all to steal books *is wrong*. And don't let it become a habit until you have to rent a flat to store your unrighteous acquisitions and then become an addict in whom the fever of collecting swallows up the love of reading. We gather this from Marsh's poignant remark: "I always intended to read them when I took them, but they kept getting ahead of me."

All of which prompts me to ask, Who has my Busenbaum, *Theologia Moralis*? It forgot to come back around 1922.



"Now Please Pay Attention." I have referred to the intelligence tests which are introduced to inject some human interest into a dinner party, or get the people to mix and become acquainted, or something. At best, I question the propriety of asking our friends and those to whom we are socially under obligations to come to our house for a dinner party and then expose them to tests which involve their knowledge of astronomy, biology, anthropology, popular brands of toilet soaps, slogans of swim suit manufacturers, Lutheran Church history, and the generals of the First World War. At least, if such exposés of our social background are meditated, we should in advance be given a few

sample questions. For instance: "Is the back hind flipper of every sea turtle hexagonal?" Or: "Was the first Assistant Secretary of the Navy in President Lincoln's second cabinet a philatelist?"

The grievance which has been rankling in some of our hearts in recent years is caused by the advantage some have taken of the almost total blot-out of our thinking faculties after a good meal. Here we consume our share of fruit cup, pickles, olives, celery, pea soup, beef tenderloin, carrots, peas,* cauliflower, *pommes de terre soufflées avec beurre*, combination salad with French dressing,† pickled peaches, hot rolls, lemon chiffon pie, coffee, nuts, mints, Benedictine,—and then a cigar-box filled with little pencils of which you are asked to pick One. Then a penny tablet, and then the hostess says with the same provocative smile as usual—"Now everybody please pay attention." The pleasant conversational hum continues for another three minutes, and nothing would please us better than to chat all evening, but the hostess, with her ingratiating smile, repeats: "Attention, please, *p - - lease*, every-

* Not carrots and peas we hope. This column is definitely lined up with the OPK campaign against serving these two vegetables as one dish.

† If you would lose none of my intense personal regard, don't serve mayonnaise dressing.

body pay attention. This is a contest in which we ask you to identify the advertisements cut from *The Youth's Companion* of 1906 and match them with one quotation each from the plays of Shakespeare. You will find Shakespeare's complete works in one volume right under the canary cage. Now we all go to work." And work it is. We would rather write seven installments of the Alembic.

Medical science has established the fact that hard mental labor while the stomach does its work of digestion produces an active poison in the system. When a dinner guest some day passes out as he reads the third act of Macbeth to find a clue for the bicycle ad of 1906, will the lovely hostess have qualms of conscience? She will not. She will charge it to too much Bismarck herring.

Next time the pencil and paper is passed around at a party, we're going to start playing that game of heads and feet, where one person draws a head, and then folds the paper over, and the next person draws the body. If we get the thing started before the hostess has time to tell us what she's up to, we're saved.



They Seek the Office. If there is one thing that was plain to the most casual observer, it was the willingness, yes, eagerness of the candidates for the Republican

nomination to be struck by the Presidential lightning. There was no effort to imitate the shrinking violet. These men were willing and anxious to become President of the United States. Not only had they hinted as much to some of their more intimate friends, but they blazoned it out over the radio, on streamers fifty feet long, in advertisements, letters to the public, interviews, and by every modern method of publicity—not only the fact that they were willing to serve, but their superior claims by virtue of past services to the public, personality, and oomph. That was not enough: they were all there in person, smiled, shook hands, chucked under chins, with the lovely wife in her best make-up at their side. The strange thing is: not one of them lost standing by this frankness about his willingness to become President of the United States. It was a new lesson enabling us to gauge the American attitude.

For the real tickling of the grass roots, however, you must go to the political advertisements in the county papers, as, for instance, that put out by my friend, C. Hale Sipe, who is running for re-election to the Pennsylvania State Senate. His opponent is Mr. Jacob W. Carr, Pennsylvania Railroad Company station agent at Butler, "a man against whom I have noth-

ing personal in this world,"—but whom Sipe considers a complete misfit, as develops in the rest of the double column ad. As for his own qualifications, he reminds the voters of his record during the last session of the Legislature, to wit—

The Democratic administration wanted the "beer package" in the present liquor and beer law, so that beer could be legally sold at grocery stores. Consequently the bill passed the lower house triumphantly with flags waving and drums beating and with the package in it. I was then chairman of the senate committee on State Boards, which considered the bill in the senate. When my committee voted on the question of whether the package should be in the law or out, the vote was a tie. Then I, as chairman, cast the deciding vote, kicking the package out. The Democratic State Chairman was present at the time. If I had voted as he and the Democratic administration desired, beer would likely be sold in thousands of grocery stores today.

Score one.

Then there is the "milk issue." Concerning the "milk issue" friend Sipe is going to satisfy the farmer as well as the consumer—the folks who want as high a price as possible and those who want lower prices continually:

The milk issue is very vital to the farmers of this county, as they are not paid enough; it is also very vital

to the consumers, especially the poor, as they are paying far too much. I know something about the problems of the farmer. Having owned and operated a farm of 140 acres for the past six years and having sold milk during all of this period, it is natural that I should know something about the problems of the farmer. While I do not intend to attempt to be the leading farmer in this senatorial district, yet I DO intend to keep my valuable farm fertile and blooming as long as I live and, at my death, turn it over to charity as a home for the unfortunate, so that its smiling acres will continue to serve humanity long after I shall have been gathered unto my fathers. . . .

This is certainly working the beer package as well as the milk

pail on the highest human plane, and the man believes in a hereafter, too. Besides, here is a chance to make the "big milk senators" take some of their own medicine, the "big milk lobbyists" who had told friend Sipe "that the farmers never stick together and never stick to their friends." What an opportunity for the common Butler County farmer to make the lobbyists eat the dust! "And if you will help me in my running, as I believe you should, I will run better than a Pennsylvania Railroad Carr!"

Our best wishes for C. Hale Sipe, who sends us these advertisements because he believes that we "like a little harmless fun."



Fashion

Fashion is not public opinion, or the result of embodiment of public opinion. It may be that public opinion will condemn the shape of a bonnet, as it may venture to do always, and with the certainty of being right nine times in ten: but fashion will place it upon the head of every woman in America; and were it literally a crown of thorns, she would smile contentedly beneath the imposition—J. G. HOLLAND.

Young People

I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I do not like to think of myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.—DR. JOHNSON.

Night

This is deepest night.
 One by one
 The daytime sounds have gone:
 Only on the highway see
 The mad machines rush endlessly.

Was this the hour
 When Israel's timid ruler trod
 The silent streets to seek his God?

How the moments creep!
 Every tick
 Of time appears to stick.
 And beyond the open door
 The moonlight sleeps upon the
 floor.

Did thus the shades
 Hang lifelessly when Blood and
 Sweat
 Dropped in the dust on Olivet?

Cockcrow fills the night.
 One or two
 Awake and start to crow.
 And before the echoes die
 A score or more have made reply.

Are they as shrill
 As that sharp note, one early
 morn,
 Which pierced the heart of Jonas'
 son?

Soon the dawn will break.
 A feeble stir
 Is passing through the air.
 And from some high-towering
 limb
 A robin pours his early hymn.

Had thus the day
 Begun when in the garden's gloom
 A woman found the empty tomb?

Dawn.
 The blessed hour strikes.
 Pain and gloom
 Steal softly from the room.
 And with tender healing hands
 The miracle of sleep descends.

Will it be thus
 When life's brief toil and troubles
 cease
 And I shall see Him face to face?

ROSS PHILLIPS

Molding the Mind

"Daily reading of the Bible molds the minds of numerous Protestant families. Many of the best English writers owed their style to this continual reading of a great book, and if there are a number of women in England today who have a natural gift for writing, it is perhaps because they have been sheltered by this religious reading from too much family small talk and made familiar at an early age with a noble style."—ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

*Some Aspects Of Music In
Totalitarian Russia.*

♪ One often wonders how that quick-witted Russian modernist, Dmitri Szostakowicz, would have fared as a composer if the vicissitudes of history had not made him a mere pawn in a totalitarian state. Would the unfolding of his ability have been accomplished with more freedom and more naturalness if he had not been born, reared, and educated in a country which demands that each and every activity of each and every individual be made subservient to the curious ideology known as Bolshevism? Has the talent of the young Russian been ham-strung by the Kremlin?

Szostakowicz will be thirty-four

years of age next month. He began the study of music in 1915. At that time, Nicholas the Second, the last of the Czars of imperial Russia, was sitting on the throne. "The war to end war" was raging, and, two years later, the vast Muscovite empire suffered the crushing defeat which resulted eventually in the establishment of Sovietism. Lenin and his satellites soon saw to it that every phase of life and living in Russia was meticulously regulated to conform to the Bolshevistic credo. Music, too, was sucked into the seething maelstrom. Those who composed were told in no uncertain terms that their brain-children would have to be of such a nature as to strengthen and glorify the principles of the U.S.S.R.

Young Szostakowicz joined in the lock step. What else could he do? The urge to write music was powerful. Besides, his manner of expression was markedly original. But although he did not hesitate to set time-honored laws and rules at naught when he put his musical thoughts on paper, he knew very well that non-compliance in matters pertaining to the management of the state would bring on imprisonment or even death. Consequently, he began to put forth works which—so he and his friends declared—were conceived and planned for the greater glory of Communism. In his *Second Sym-*

phony—called the *October Symphony*—he attempted to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. His *Third Symphony* was written in honor of May Day.

We may be convinced in our own minds that it is utterly impossible for music to give expression to political tenets; but we must take for granted that Szostakowicz, who is by no means a free agent, does not share our view. For a number of years, he was hailed as a composer laureate by the high and mighty magnificoes in Sovietland.

Falls From Grace

♪ But, as said before, Szostakowicz had a bent for originality. He was audacious in his musical thinking and was evidently at pains to shake off the influence of his conservatively inclined teacher, Alexander Glazounoff. He had a penchant for new and startling effects. Much of what he wrote was nothing more than laborious groping and palpable experimentation; yet there were many kernels of real worth mingled with the chaff. In the course of time, a congenital inclination to kick over the traces in his manner of writing brought the enthusiastic young composer into disfavor. It was said that his music was not in accord with the true spirit of Bolshevism. The

authorities declared it to be too radical, too erratic. Although their stomachs were tough and inured to many new kinds of fodder, the works of Szostakowicz began to bring about severe attacks of colic. The writings of the bold adventurer could no longer be digested by the arbiters of taste and expediency in Russia. In fact, the opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, and other creations lay like cast iron in the gizzards of their Communistically indoctrinated minds. As a result, it was announced to all and sundry that the music of Szostakowicz was taboo.

The cocks of the walk in Russia, however, had not reckoned with the fact that in the mental make-up of their gifted countryman there is something that calls to mind the graceful agility of a tomcat. Szostakowicz soon showed that he is a past master of the art of lighting on his feet. After he had been duly pummeled by the pseudo-critics who write with one eye on their subject-matter and two eyes on the edicts of Josef Stalin, the composer realized who had been buttering his bread and proceeded to come to terms with the powers that be. He re-affirmed his belief in the political efficacy of music and re-dedicated himself to the proposition that "it is a source of great joy to a composer to be conscious of the contribution of his creation to the range

of Soviet musical culture, called upon to play a rôle of the first importance in the re-moulding of the conscience of humanity." Now Szostakowicz is in favor once more. We do not know, of course, how long the present state of affairs will last; for in the land of Bolshevism even the toughest tomcats do not seem to be endowed with the proverbial nine lives.

Szostakowicz's *Fifth Symphony*, which was written in 1937 to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution, purports to be music intensely political in character. According to Grigori Schneerson—a critic who has evidently swallowed the Bolshevik ideology hook, line, and sinker—the very first movement "unfolds the philosophic content of the work, the growth of the artist's personality with the revolutionary events of our time." Fiddlesticks!

No one can deny that there is much meat in the pages of the *Fifth Symphony*; but it is evident that Szostakowicz has made more than one genuflection in the direction of conservatism. For us, it is best to listen to the work without thinking of its supposed Bolshevik implications. Is it not true that, in the final analysis, the young Russian is deluding himself when he says that it is possible to express political ideals and aspirations in music?

Glorifying Industry

Another aspect of the curious use to which the tonal art is put in totalitarian Russia is to be found in those compositions that purport to glorify the era of industrialization. Listen to the noisy *Steel Foundry*, from Alexander Mossoloff's *Symphony of Machines*, and expose your eardrums to an unspeakable hodgepodge, called *Dnieper Water Power Station*, by a composer named Meytuss, and you will conclude, I believe, that both writers, clever as they are, try desperately to fit round pegs into square holes. It would be rash to condemn Mossoloff and Meytuss out of hand merely because they have made individualistic contributions to the grammar of music; but it is by no means presumptuous on our part to rave at the two men for their attempts to go far beyond the bounds of the art.

If it is possible for a composer to deliver himself of works that describe and glorify water power stations or steel foundries, then, I suppose, one could express in a composition that your grandmother came to visit you one night, that, when it began to rain pitchforks, you invited her to sleep in your house, and that she gladly agreed to do so, but informed you that, before crawling into the bed reserved for her, she would have to return in haste to her own

home to fetch her nightgown. It would, in all conscience, be no more absurd to attempt to unfold this little tale in an orchestral composition than it would be to try to give a description and a eulogy of a water power station or a steel foundry. Let us remember that music, pure and undefiled, does not consist in the devising of interesting sound effects. Even the ingeniously contrived rhythmical elements in the compositions by Mossoloff and Meytuss do not suffice to lift the works out of the morass of meaningless mediocrity. Soon, perhaps, we shall hear of a symphony from Soviet Russia, entitled *Joseph Stalin* and dealing in the first movement with

the dictator's blood pressure, in the second with his moustache, in the third with his snoring, and in the fourth with his triumph over an ingrown toenail. At the very end there will probably be a *Coda* in which the master of the Kremlin will be made to crow in true Hitlerian fashion over the "protection" he has so beneficently granted to small neighbor-countries. Why draw the line at attempting to express political beliefs in music or at trying to write tonal descriptions of industrial plants?

It is an axiomatic truth that music invariably runs to seed when totalitarianism reigns supreme.

Recent Recordings

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Concerto No. 2, in C Minor, Op. 18*. Benno Moiseivitch, pianist, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Goehr.—A praiseworthy performance of one of the finest piano concertos of recent decades. Victor Album M-666.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 14*. The Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Bruno Walter.—There are some barren spots in this autobiographical work; yet, by and large, it represents a great and epoch-making advance in the field of orchestral writing. Walter, of course, is a thoroughly reliable guide. Victor Album M-662.

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, Op. 64*. The Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski.—A stirring reading. Rodzinski feels and reveals the fire and the savagery contained in the *Finale*. Columbia Album M-406.—*Quartet in D Major, Op. 11*. The Roth String Quartet.—The exposition is clear and straightforward. It is gratifying to note that the performers do not tear passion to tatters when they address themselves to the famous *Andante Cantabile*. Columbia Album M-407.

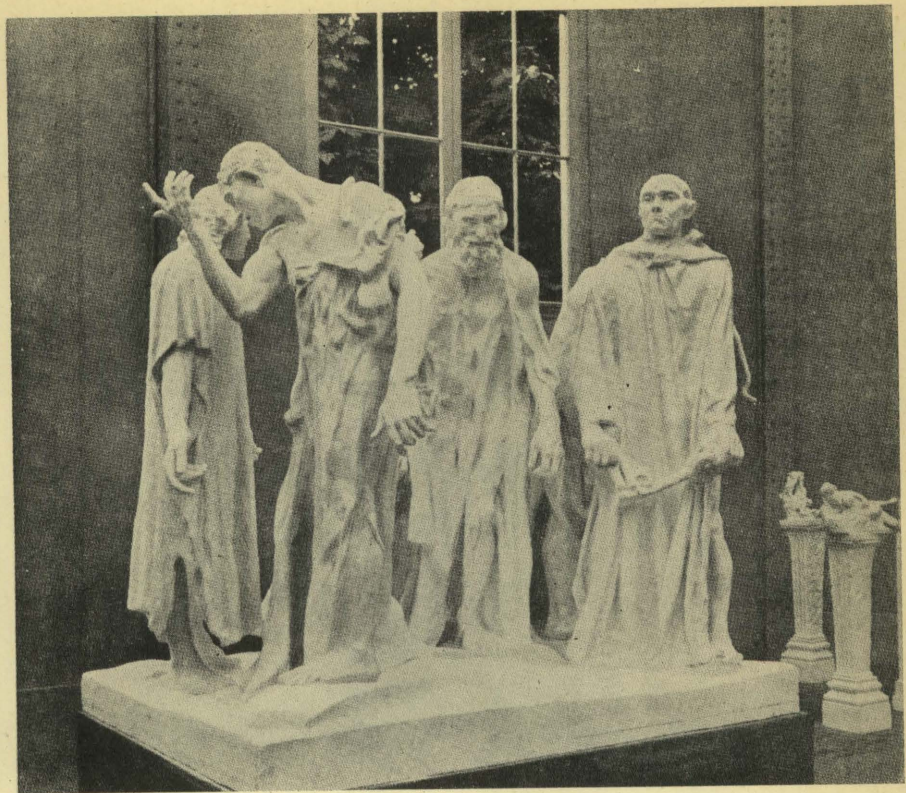
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Wedding Cantata (No. 202—Weichet nur,*



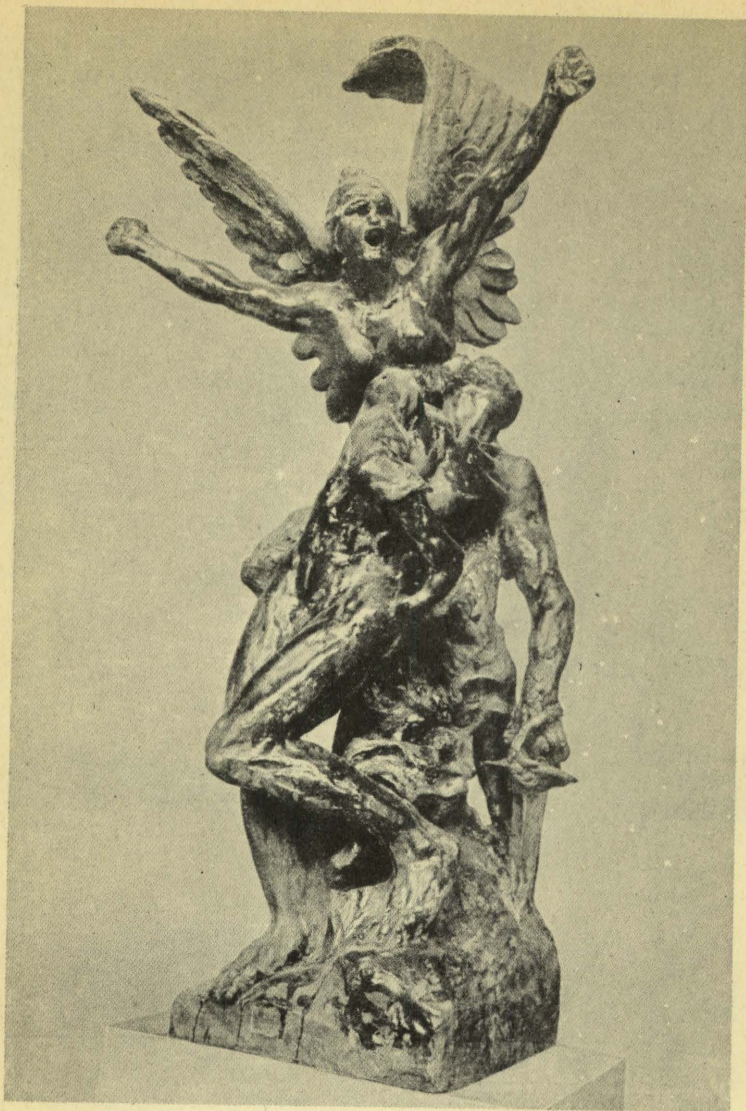
One of the greatest sculptors of all time was Auguste Rodin. In 1864, when he was only 24 years old, he sent this bust of "The Man with the Broken Nose" to the Salon in Paris. The bust was rejected and it was not until 1876 that it was finally accepted.



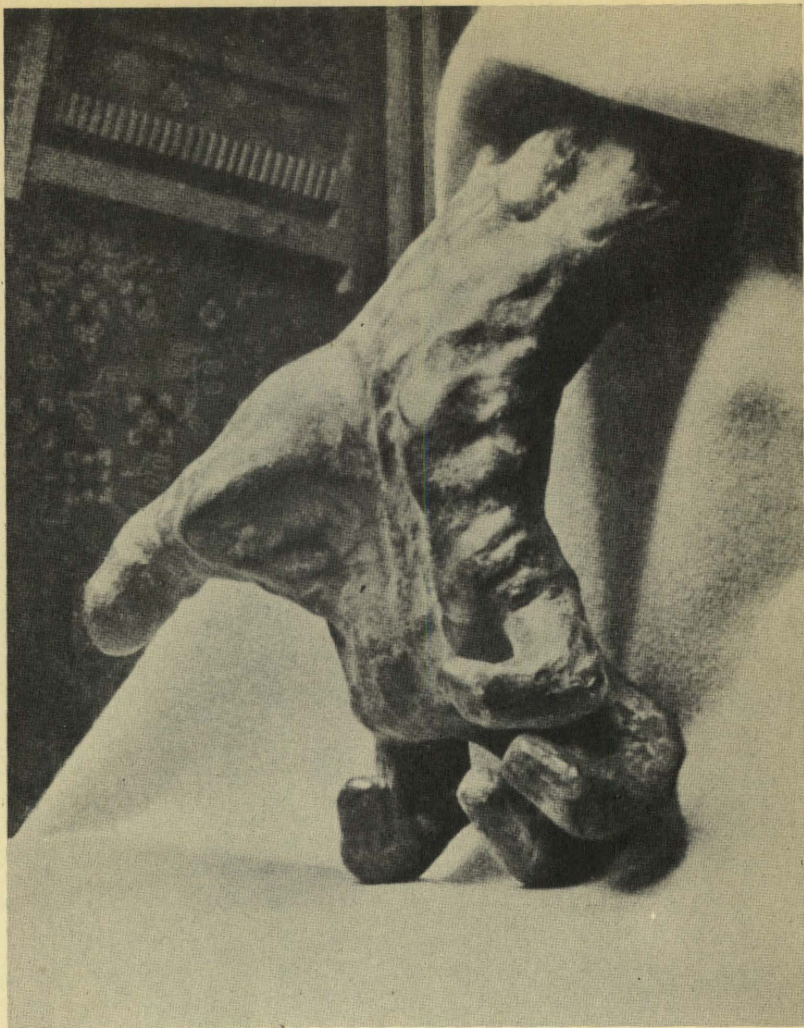
Rodin's second great work was "The Age of Bronze," also known as "The Awakening of Man." This figure created a scandal among the artists because Rodin was accused of exhibiting a figure cast from the model.



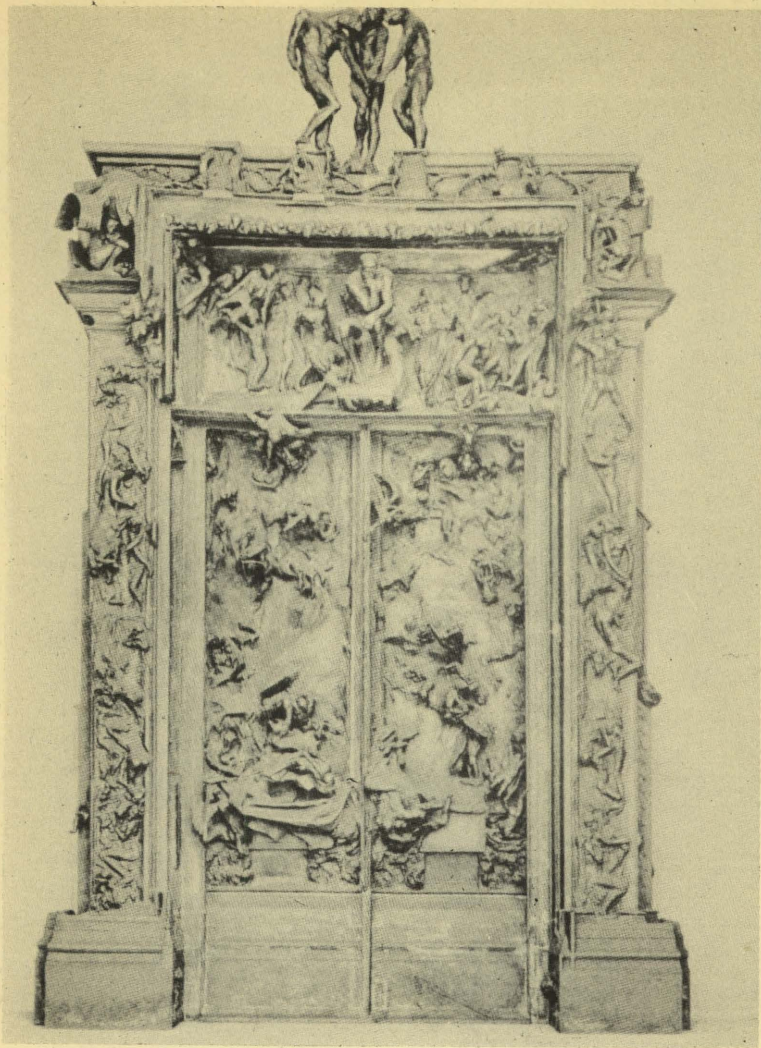
In 1889 Rodin produced his famous "Burghers of Calais" for the city of that name. It was unfortunate that the statue was afterward very badly placed and not at all as the artist intended it should be. The movement of the figures, their expression and costumes have been the source of much discussion.



The screaming fanaticism of war and its warping of men's minds and bodies is nowhere better portrayed than in his famous "Genius of War," executed for the Défense Nationale.



This "Hand" is typical of the power and vigorous modeling which characterizes everything from the hands of Rodin. Only in his two most famous hands—"The Hand of God" and "The Hand of the Devil"—does he smooth out and idealize the fingers and sinews.



"The Thinker" is known to almost everyone, but his original position at the top over Rodin's famous "Gates of Hell" is practically unknown. Unfortunately a better and larger reproduction was not available, but the figure of "The Thinker" may be noticed in the panel directly above the two great doors.



Almost prophetic is this face of the weeping little girl which was executed by Rodin in Brussels during the middle period of his activities.



This bust of Madame Rodin idealizes to a large degree the woman who finally became Madame Rodin near the close of his life. Just what her power and influence was in the life of the artist has been much disputed. Within three weeks after the marriage in 1917 she died. Rodin himself died on November 17, 1917.

betrübte Schatten). Elizabeth Schumann, soprano, with an instrumental ensemble under the direction of Yella Pessl, harpsichordist.—The excellent recording of this beautiful work is a godsend. Bach, of course, needs no champions; but it is well to point out that the *Weichet nur* cantata provides ample and overwhelming evidence of the many-sidedness of his genius. Victor Album M-664.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Daphnis and Chloe, Suite No. 2. (Daybreak, Pantomime, and General Dance)*. The Phila-

delphia Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—A magnificent example of orchestral magic is played with consummate skill under an unusually able conductor. Victor Album M-667.

JOHANN STRAUSS. *Four Novelty Waltzes (Dichterliebe, Neu Wien, Cagliostro, and Lagunen Walzer)*. The Boston "Pops" orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Let no one turn up his nose at the waltzes of Johann Strauss! Fiedler brings us four of the masterpieces that are rarely heard. Victor Album M-665.



Too Close to the Trees

Too close to the trees, the woods I cannot see,
 Yet all the while I struggle viciously,
 To wander out beyond the hazy din;
 Climb to a topmost branch, cup up my mind and gather in
 A new perspective, understandingly.

Must we go on and live unceasingly,
 Forever blinded by the closest tree,
 Narrow our vision and draw our best selves in,
 Too close to the trees?

Someday, if far-off lands should beckon me
 And yet my narrowness I flaunt unscathingly,
 Then you, great urge, to nobleness akin,
 Lash me with your whip, lift me within.
 Don't let me simmer down and always be
 Too close to the trees.

DORA YOUNG

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

Summer Reading

TREES OF HEAVEN. By Jesse Stuart.
Decorations by Woodi Ishmael.
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New
York. 1940. 340 pages. \$2.50.

TREES OF HEAVEN presents a year of farming activities on the Anse Bushman farm in Ragweed Hollow, Greenup County, Kentucky. In August sprouts and briars are removed from pasture land. In early autumn tobacco and corn are cut, potatoes are dug, and cane is stripped. There is a sorghum frolic with string music and dancing. On an October day twenty hogs are butchered and meat is salted. November is corn-shuckin' time; the corn is stored in the crib and the fodder shocks are stacked in the field. In January newborn lambs that are weak and chilled must be revived and warmed. Month by month the work of the farm and the life on the land are depicted, often in sentences as simple and short as these.

The reader accompanies seventy-year-old Anse and eighteen-year-old Tarvin when they take tobacco knives and slit the tobacco stalks downward toward the root, hack off the stalks, and put four or five stalks on one

stick to dry. The smell of green tobacco and drying tobacco is on the loamy slopes. The reader is with Anse and Tarvin when they plow and plant in April, the time when life has come back to the hills after the "thunder showers of resurrection." Twisted green stems of corn peep from the furrows. Beside a charred stump two pumpkin leaves grow on a tiny stem. The reader becomes more interested in the pastoral portion of the idyl than in the narrative.

The two strands of the plot are simple enough. Thrifty, hard-driving Anse Bushman increased the size of his farm by buying the Sexton Land Tract, for which he had been saving money all his life, because he was land crazy, because he did not want to have a neighbor's dogs hunting over his land or a neighbor's chickens mating with his gray game chickens. Shiftless, lazy Boliver Tussie wanted to live on the Sexton Land Tract because his people, squatters like himself, had always lived there and because his kinsfolk were buried under the trees of heaven, a beautiful patch of ailanthus trees. Boliver agreed to cultivate fifty acres of corn, five acres of tobacco, and five acres

of cane in return for a three-room house, a garden, pasture, credit at the general store, and one-half of the crops. But he could not live up to the provisions in the "ar-tickle" of agreement between landlord and tenant.

The second strand is the unfolding of the love of Tarvin Bushman and Subrinea Tussie. Tarvin knew that the squatters were a dirty lot and a careless lot, but he told himself that when he loved a girl he did not have to love her family. When she could slip away from home, Subrinea helped Tarvin at his work, sometimes sawing wood, sometimes caring for lambs. Whenever Tarvin had spare time, he met Subrinea at the trees of heaven or picked flowers with her in the Hollow.

The story moves with the vividness of descriptive poetry and the slowness of a descriptive essay. It is an ideal book for late summer reading because one may read any one of the seven "parts" as a unit; indeed, one may start or stop at almost any page.

The author tried to reflect simple life and casual thoughts by writing simply and by using the present tense. These devices bring the reader close to the soil, but they lead to repetition and excessive dependence upon the simple sentence. Almost childish and certainly lacking in restraint is a paragraph like this:

"The water streams from Anse's beard in tiny streams. His clothes are rain-soaked. They cling closely to his skin. They outline the shape of his strong thick body. It is knotty with muscles, as an ancient tree is gnarled by time. The water squashes

in Anse's brogan shoes. The water feels good to Anse's feet. The water feels good to his body. This is a night that Anse Bushman loves. He walks over the loamy newground. Now the loam is soaked with water. Anse walks in the newground mud across the field. He goes down Ragweed Hollow. He walks by the cliffs beneath the chestnut oaks. He walks over the farm while the storm roars over the earth. The lightning flashes. The thunder roars. The rain pours. Anse drinks in the resurrection of a Kentucky mountain spring."

The blurb on the dust jacket compares Stuart to Thomas Hardy. The comparison is ludicrous, for Hardy portrayed simple life without resorting to absurdly simple language, Hardy let the minds of character be revealed without repeating ideas again and again, and above all Hardy made scene serve a deeper purpose than that of decoration.

However, a Kentucky idyl has its place in literature too. The flaws do not prevent one from enjoying a poetic portrayal of a farm, a sensitive interpretation of the world of field and cut-over forest land, homespun humor, and a Romeo and Juliet situation in Ragweed Hollow.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

Vermont Enigma

CALVIN COOLIDGE: The Man from Vermont. By Claude M. Fuess. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1940. 522 pages. \$4.75.

WHAT sort of man, really, was Calvin Coolidge? Opinions differ widely. Gamaliel Bradford wrote

of "the dry and unprofitable soul of Coolidge," and Walter Lippmann spoke of his "genius for inactivity . . . a grim, determined, alert inactivity." A famous *bon mot* has it that "he looked as if he had been weaned on a pickle" (and he often acted like it). William Allen White described him as "this runty, aloof, little man who quacks through his nose when he speaks." Yet, surely, there must have been something more to him than these things, to put him into the presidential chair for more than five and a half years and to make it probable that, in 1928, he would have been reelected for a further four years if he had not "chosen not to run."

COOLIDGE'S personality and life probably offer more of the enigmatic than those of any other American president. How, being such as he was, did he come to be *what* he was? This biography of Coolidge, the most careful and authoritative to be published so far, helps one toward an understanding of the man and his life. In his peculiarities and all his other traits, both weak and strong, he was the embodiment of the rural New England from which he came. He was the typical Yankee from Vermont. Just such laconic, wooden, self-contained, thrifty, honest, and hard-bitten men as he are common about little New England communities like Plymouth Notch, where he was born, July 4, 1872, and where he grew up. His education, which led up to his graduation from Amherst in 1895, broadened him mentally but seems to have left him otherwise as he was. One of his classmates wrote of

him, "A drabber, more colorless boy I never knew than Calvin Coolidge when he came to Amherst. He was a perfect enigma to us all." Others were to say similar things of him throughout his life.

Yet, for all that, Coolidge, who had taken up the practice of law in Northampton, Massachusetts, gradually climbed the ladder of political preferment till he was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1918. His firm attitude in the Boston Police Strike, the next year, gave him national publicity. Some years before this Frank W. Stearns, a wealthy Boston merchant, had attached himself to Coolidge and thereafter unselfishly and with almost dog-like fidelity pushed the silent man's political fortunes (occasionally absorbing almost dog-like treatment from him without complaint). As a result of Stearns's shrewd moves Coolidge was nominated for the Vice-Presidency in 1920, to become President with Harding's death.

His administration was not notable for any outstanding achievements, perhaps because the Ship of State, in his days, appeared to be sailing smoothly before a favoring wind, so that all that was required was to keep it on an even keel. Undoubtedly Coolidge possessed the confidence of the great mass of the people. They felt that he could be trusted to pursue cautious, safe, and dependable policies. He was no visionary, no innovator, but a conservative who believed in the principles of *laissez faire* and praised, and himself practiced, the homely virtues of hard work, simplicity, thrift, and honesty. In strik-

ing contrast to Harding, he did not let others dictate to him or even sway him but made up his own mind. Though he did not join a church until he became President, "he had an acute sense of his personal responsibility to God" and frequently prayed. He always declined to join the Masons or any other secret society.

His taciturnity, coldness, and brusqueness must have made it hard to live in close touch with him, though his biographer claims for him an inner kindness and warmth, which, however, appear to have broken through only rarely. His extreme reserve Fuess attributes to a constitutional shyness and diffidence, but this explanation is hardly sufficient to excuse the downright rudeness and boorishness of which he was often guilty. He could, for instance, be a dinner guest and be ungracious enough not to reply a single word to the remarks addressed to him by a lady seated at his side. At the White House he sometimes ate his dessert and rose from the table before all his guests had been served. It was not unusual for him to listen to a caller with no more expression or response than those of a mummy until the visitor grew embarrassed and left. One wonders whether these tactics of his were not a form of compensation for his own failing: that it gave him satisfaction to make others feel uncomfortable and ill at ease because he habitually felt so himself.

It is probably too early to form a final estimate on Coolidge. Later generations will judge more objectively. Claude Fuess, however, has done diligent and careful work and obviously

tries to be fair and unbiased. He has by no means written a panegyric, but it may be that regard for living friends and relatives of Coolidge, whom he has consulted, has somewhat colored his judgments.

An odd thing is that a letter from Coolidge to Stearns is printed twice (pp. 147 and 165), with the change of one word, once as having been sent for New Year's, 1916, the other time for Christmas, 1917. Whether this represents a slip by Coolidge or by Fuess we do not know.

The Hitlerian Technique

PROLOGUE TO WAR. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press, New York and Toronto. 1940. 332 pages. \$3.00.

THE manuscript of this exhaustive study of the troubled European scene was completed shortly before the airplanes, the tanks, the artillery, and the motorized infantry of Nazi Germany tore the military force of Poland to shreds and divided the spoils with Soviet Russia. It does not discuss the outbreak and the progress of the armed conflict with Britain and France; but it deals in a thorough manner with the undeclared war—the war of nerves—which raged with constantly increasing fury for several years prior to the actual eruption of the seething volcano.

Prologue To War shows us why and how the aspirations and the methods of Adolf Hitler led to the periodic recurrence of crises in Europe—crises that brought terror and suffering to the victims of his pressure-politics and caused the whole

world to watch the portentous happenings with bated breath. The *leit-motif* of the earth-shaking policy pursued by Naziism and its fanatical devotees is summed up in the following sentences: "And then came 1933 and the end of tolerance and clemency in Germany. Humane and Christian conceptions were taboo; German federalism, weakened as it had been by the Weimar constitution, was destroyed, in spite of the boasts of the Bavarian government that it would resist the Nazis; an uncompromising centralism was established which simultaneously rejected the whole idea of *Menschenwürde* (human dignity). Only a race had rights, so that race became the ruling criterion, by the side of which less tribal political conceptions were utterly discounted. And in the shadow of racialism lurked the figure of naked imperialism ready to spring into action when the racialist disguise should have served its purpose."

THE authoress makes pertinent statements about the outcropping and the governmental encouragement of ruthless Jew-baiting in the Third Reich and quotes chapter and verse to prove that influential elements in some of the neighboring countries—particularly in the Balkans—were induced to espouse anti-Semitism because propaganda descending upon them from Germany gave rise to the conviction that freedom of enterprise granted to Jews was one of the sturdiest roots of economic evils. True, persecution of the Jewish race had been going on in various parts of Europe long before Hitler became the cock of the walk on the continent;

but the example given by the energetic *Reichskanzler* led many to believe that a complete realization of nationalistic aspirations could not take place unless the Jews were hounded and starved out of existence. It is logical, therefore, to conclude that those Gentiles who are brought under the control of the dynamic bachelor of Berchtesgaden must not only connive at but actually resort to brutal pogroms. One does neither Hitler nor his fawning satellites an injustice by saying that the systematic maltreatment and mulcting of the Jews has put many additional shekels into Germany's war-chest and has also greatly enriched numerous individuals who were prominent and influential enough to consider themselves entitled to a portion of what gangsters refer to as the "swag."

We see, in the book, that the rapid dissemination of the Nazi ideology is due in large measure to subtle and open infiltration. The activities of the Fifth Column are just as important to Germany as planes and *Panzer* divisions. Nations in geographical proximity to the Reich as well as nations situated far away have their Quislings who are willing and ready to betray their countrymen whenever orders reach them from the *Wilhelmstrasse*. It is an open secret that in these countries certain bureaucrats, police officials, army and navy officers, and even highly placed members of the judiciary prepare to stand on the right side of Hitler in order that they may be rewarded when he decides to strike. Never before in history has the technique of the Trojan Horse been developed and employed

with greater effectiveness and to better advantage. The blueprints of expansion and imperialism which for years have been held up to the view of the world at large in *Mein Kampf* are being followed by Germany as closely as events and circumstances permit. Deviations as to moments and methods do not turn the Nazis away from their ardently cherished goals. "One must destroy one's enemies one by one," say the imperialistically inclined Germans. Those writers and speakers, therefore, who express the belief that the Russo-German pact concluded in August, 1939, indicates that Hitler has forsworn his designs on the Ukraine are guilty of reasoning as faulty as it is pernicious. Josef Stalin, the dyed-in-the-wool realist, knows full well that the war with Britain and France has merely postponed the Ukrainian issue. Does anyone believe that the wily dictator of the U.S.S.R. has massed troops along the German frontier in order to make it convenient for them to attend Nazi teaparties?

Naturally, Hitler and his obedient servant, Benito Mussolini, have ridiculed democratic forms of government with all the vitriol at their command; but the sturdy Swiss, who, now that Germany and Italy have triumphed over France, are in greater danger than ever of being choked into abject servitude by the ugly octopus of totalitarianism, cling tenaciously to the conviction that in a democracy "the bitter enmity hostile politicians express toward one another" must be regarded as "a mark of real political vitality, and that outspoken criticism is a thousand times

better than the sycophantic obedience and pernicious whispering which prevail in totalitarian states." Dr. J. Strebel, an influential Swiss patriot, a man who knows that the aspersions constantly cast upon free peoples by the Nazis and the Fascists reveal a boundless lust for conquest, has declared that "democracy, because of its virtues, is the most difficult form of government to work," but that "those who emphasize the difficulties condemn not democracy but themselves."

PROLOGUE TO WAR states that "the students of National Socialism are aware that its theories are those of pre-war Pan-Germanism" and that "when, therefore, British politicians or leader-writers beg the Germans to keep their National Socialism to themselves, they are making a meaningless request." The authoress goes on to say that "National Socialism means the dissemination of Pan-Germanism among the masses and depends upon borrowed Communist technique combined with post-war mechanical devices like broadcasting, which have made it possible to disturb the tranquility of the peasants in the remotest villages of Europe. National Socialism pursues its aims through undeclared war until no more can be gained without continuing the policy in the form of open war, and the overstimulation of Germans outside Germany has been one of the most successful methods hitherto employed."

The book deals in detail with the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Southern Slavs, the Poles, the Ukrainians, the Balts, and the Swiss. Much

space is devoted to a study of the knotty problems connected with racial and national minorities. The authoress is not an able stylist; but she has given us a volume packed with valuable information. *Prologue To War* is a comprehensive study of "that brilliant totalitarian German campaign in which propaganda is intertwined with politico-military threats—war is only the continuation of policy—with economic pressure, and the fullest exploitation of the presence of a German minority." The Nazis, we read, have "an almost mysterious ability of depriving their enemies of political common sense and reducing them to the 'hypnotized rabbit' condition."

Adventurous Living

I MARRIED ADVENTURE. By Osa Johnson. 83 Aquatone Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, and Toronto. 1940. 376 pages. \$3.50.

THIS IS ON ME. By Katharine Brush. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York and Toronto. 436 pages. \$2.75.

HERE we have highly entertaining autobiographies of two well-known American women. They are fascinating studies in contrast. Osa Johnson tells her story with the utmost simplicity and with a self-effacing modesty; Katharine Brush, on the other hand, writes gayly, frivolously, and almost flippantly of her life and her work. Mrs. Johnson shows us

strange peoples and far places; Miss Brush concerns herself almost exclusively with the familiar American scene. *I Married Adventure* is Osa's tender tribute to the memory of her deceased husband; *This Is On Me*, Katharine tells us, was planned at a table in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York City at two o'clock in the morning, while Eddie Duchin's orchestra was playing *Get Out Of Town*. "This fact alone," she adds, "might give you a rough idea."

Osa Leighty was just sixteen when she heard young Martin Johnson deliver a lecture on *A Trip Through Borneo With Jack London*. At best, she was only mildly interested; and then "the lecturer said something about cannibals, and on came a reel of film showing people of such horribleness, I couldn't look at them. I sent a whisper along the line that I had had enough, and we left in a body, seven of us." Surely, the Fates must have been chuckling, for in less than two months Osa and Martin were married, and a few years later were on their way to visit the land of the people of "such horribleness."

The Johnsons had been married six months when Osa suddenly discovered that her dream of "living the rest of her days" in Independence, Kansas, was not shared by Martin. Very abruptly, one November day, her husband told her, "We're going around the world, Osa!" Her rejoinder was equally abrupt and just as startling: "Well—all right, dear.—When do we start?" Dimly she had begun to realize that—as Mr. F. Trubee Davison tells us in his beautifully written foreword—"Martin was born

to adventure road as was Lief-the-Lucky, and when Osa married Martin, she married his destiny, too. It was to be always a-going, always a-seeing. Home was to be a schooner in the South Seas, a raft in Borneo, a tent on Safari, a hunt in the black Congo, sometimes a dash of Paris, interludes of an apartment on Fifth Avenue—but always a place to be going from." The results of these "a-goings" and "a-seeings" are well-known to most of us. They have been recorded vividly and truthfully in the many superb Martin and Osa Johnson films and in numerous thrilling adventure books.

Katharine Brush's account of her childhood is most amusing. By her own admission, she was a tomboy who "carried on feuds at recess, blacked the eyes of boys and girls alike, got lice in my hat in the public coatroom, and in general had an exciting time." Occasionally, for variety's sake, she retired to her room to write stories. During these creative interludes, the eloquent, though misspelled, sign, "Genyus is Burning," appeared on her door. The tomboy phase was succeeded by a year-long reign of terror during which the eleven-year-old, movie-struck Katharine fancied herself a dangerous vampire—a Theda Bara. In self-defense her long-suffering parents packed her off to boarding school. Here she made excellent marks in English, read omnivorously, "edited everything that anybody would let me edit, and sprang into print with purple prose on the slightest provocation." In addition, she kept a copious diary. Her parents had planned to have her enter Wellesley; but, as she

tells us, she "got deflected—thanks to Latin, and instead became a movie columnist on the *Boston Traveler* at the age of sixteen." Two years later, she married the managing editor of the East Liverpool (Ohio) *Review-Tribune*. The happy bride soon discovered that the dishpan made a poor substitute for the typewriter; so she again turned to newspaper work and freelance-writing.

Miss Brush tells in vivid detail of these first hard years. She wrote tirelessly and endlessly. Her expenditures for postage were enormous, and rejection slips arrived with relentless regularity. Success came neither immediately nor easily. But it did come eventually. There are several best-sellers, many fine short stories, and a number of popular movie scenarios to her credit. Hers is a facile pen. Her satire is keen and telling. A special point of interest in her latest book is the inclusion of a number of illustrative pieces—short stories and excerpts from diaries and articles. The informal illustrations by Susanne Suba are delightful.

This Is On Me and *I Married Adventure* should be welcome additions to book lists for summer reading.

ANNE HANSEN

Lonely Greatness

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO: AMERICAN JUDGE. By George S. Hellman. Illustrated. Whittlesey House, New York and London. 1940. 339 pages. \$3.50.

THE late Benjamin Nathan Cardozo was a great master of jurisprudence and a great man. He was

modest and retiring to a fault; but after his death on July 9, 1938, Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared, "No Judge ever came to this Court more fully equipped by learning, acumen, dialectical skill, and a disinterested purpose." When the University of London honored him with the degree of Doctor of Law, the Public Orator spoke of him as "a profound and illuminating writer on the province of law and its relation to the complicated structure of modern society." The Justice himself said that the London degree had given him "a little bit of a thrill" and added that "it is exciting, and surprising, too, to find that one is known abroad."

THE distinguished jurist was born in New York City in the year 1870. Albert Cardozo, his father, was a justice in the Supreme Court of the State of New York and vice-president of the congregation of Spanish-Portuguese Jews; his mother, Rebecca, "was noted for her culture, in part the inheritance from a long line of cultured ancestors." A shadow fell on the Cardozo name when the head of the household felt constrained to resign his high office because he was charged with malfeasance. Some said that he had been amenable to reprehensible suggestions on the part of Boss Tweed; others declared that "he had been made the victim of politics." At any rate, the blot was there; and throughout a long and brilliant career the famous son labored faithfully and indefatigably to vindicate the honor of the family. How well he

succeeded is known to every student of the history of our country.

In early childhood Benjamin learned the words of the Prophet Micah, "To do justice, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Ritualism in itself," writes Mr. Hellman, "was alien to his philosophy. Religious in spirit, he abstained from orthodox services while maintaining his status as a member of the congregation and as a hereditary elector therein."

Master Ben was tutored by Horatio Alger, the author of many widely read from-rags-to-riches stories which, according to Mr. Hellman, "had their value in the rousing of ambition, in the stirring of imagination, and, it may even be believed, in the strengthening of character." In later life the judge remarked, with the modesty always characteristic of him, "He (Alger) did not do as successful a job for me as he did with the careers of his newsboy heroes." At Columbia Ben was "by common opinion . . . easily the foremost member of his class in almost every study." He gathered honors upon honors; but he never competed for fellowships that carried financial awards. "His feeling was," declares the biographer, "that money should go to those that needed it more than he did, or to those, perhaps, who had less unhappy recollections associated with the power of money." When Ben was in his Senior year, his classmates "elected him as their vice-president for life and chose him as the first orator at the 135th Commencement of Columbia College, celebrated on June 12, 1889, at the Metropolitan Opera House." His ad-

dress, entitled *The Altruist in Politics*, revealed extraordinary keenness of judgment and clearly foreshadowed the uncommon lucidity of expression which characterized his style in the years of his maturity. Young Cardozo, the liberal, lashed out against the Socialists, charging them with forgetting "that we cannot make an arithmetic of human thought and feeling," and, speaking of Communism, he declared that "it marks the dawn of a new serfdom in which all men will be serfs and government the master." Could one paint a more accurate picture of the state of affairs existing in the Russia of today?

Cardozo practiced law in New York City for more than twenty years. He came to be known as a "lawyer's lawyer." Like his eminent predecessor in the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, he learned that "man must face the loneliness of original work." In 1913 he was elected to the Supreme Court of New York State, and, scarcely a month after he had begun his duties, Governor Glynn designated him to serve on the Court of Appeals. Twelve years later he became Chief Judge of this important body. President Herbert Hoover appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. "It is hard to make people believe me," Cardozo wrote to a friend some time before the appointment, "but I prefer my present office to a place on the Supreme Court. . . . I believe I have a greater influence on the development of the law where I am than I could have at Washington." Besides, he had many friends of long standing in Albany; in Washington

he "was never to lose altogether the sense of being an alien." He knew, too, that there were some who said openly that one Jewish member of the Supreme Court—Justice Louis L. Brandeis—was enough.

It is not yet possible, of course, adequately to measure the profound influence wielded by Cardozo, the man, and Cardozo, the jurist; but Mr. Hellman's sympathetically written and carefully documented biography enables us to understand that the learned, retiring, and lonely Jew was a figure of great and lasting importance. The eminent Justice interpreted the Constitution of the United States "as a living organism whose main motive is the benefit of the general public." He believed that, just as "the inn that shelters for the night is not the journey's end," so "the law, like the traveler, must be ready for the morrow. It must have a principle of growth."

Rome in America

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS. By George Seldes. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1939. 357 pages. \$3.00.

IN HIS earlier work, *Lords of the Press*, George Seldes characterized the Catholic Church as the most important pressure group seeking to control the newspapers in the United States, in so far as the attitude of the press on matters of interest to the Church is concerned. In this volume Mr. Seldes repeats his charges and supplies data which go far to show that editors as well as politicians have every reason to fear the ill-will of the Catholic hierarchy.

Really, *The Catholic Crisis* involves more than the relationship of American bishops to the political missions and the press. We have not forgotten that Seldes is a political radical, that he has elsewhere shown his sympathy for the anti-capitalist movements here and abroad, and particularly for the revolutionaries in Spain who were crushed by Franco's Fascists. In this volume he has a great deal to say about the support which Franco received from the Catholic Church, devoting entire chapters to this subject and to the liaison of the hierarchy with Fascism.

The meddling of the Catholic Church, its hierarchy and lay organizations, in American politics is proven beyond the possibility of any successful rebuttal in the second part of Mr. Seldes' volume. It is, no doubt, this section of the book which has kept all major publications in the United States from printing any review of *The Catholic Crisis*. Only *Time* took notice, and that magazine was altogether non-committal in its review. This, in itself, the silence of the press regarding the facts alleged, raises a presumption that the charges are true.

DIPPING into these chapters, we find evidence for the use of intimidation in the dealings of the Catholic Church with men in public life. The Catholic Church it was that killed the elder Charles A. Lindbergh's political career. In regard to the Spanish trouble, the decisive factor in the mind of President Roosevelt was the Catholic vote, the "cold political fact that the Catholic Church has taken a determined stand

in favor of General Franco." The President would not take the risk "of losing the votes around Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore." (Quotations from the *Washington Times* and *The Nation*.) In Montana the Catholic hierarchy was openly in politics, priests instructing their congregations to vote against a candidate for Congress, even cowing the Freemasons of Montana. More politics of the church in the Embargo Act as affecting Spain. Support of reactionary legislation, particularly the support of reactionary political machines. The régime of Mayor Hague in Jersey City, Catholic leaders occupying the stage at Hague rallies. Hague, by the way, is listed with a donation of \$50,000 (out of a salary of \$8,000 a year) for the Catholic church at which he attended mass.

Mr. Seldes makes the following more general allegations: "As every newspaperman knows—it is one of the things he must learn the first day—the most dangerous subject is religion, and the most sacred cow in the Journalistic menagerie is the Catholic Church. Protestants and Jews must be protected from criticism, and every mention of Christian Science which the leaders of this Church find objectionable will result in an immediate protest; but the sect which is most sensitive, less given to forgive an honest error, and most strongly organized for retaliation, is the Roman Catholic Church, and it must therefore be mentioned with the greatest caution. Except when in praise."

"To say that the Church is not in politics in Brooklyn is to speak nonsense. It is well known that the cardinal archbishop of Boston holds the

whip hand over the legislature; and the situation in New Orleans politics should also be studied."

As for the press, Mr. Seldes maintains that the United Press, the Associated Press, and International News Service censored their Spanish cables in order to eliminate anything that might permit Franco's campaign to appear in an unfavorable light. Of course, the boycott was the weapon in back of this dictation. "The department stores, fearful of losing trade, withdrew or threatened to withdraw advertising from all the Philadelphia newspapers which favored the Loyalists, and inasmuch as department-store advertising is the most vulnerable spot in a newspaper, the Catholic threateners in this way were able to affect the entire press."

The campaign against the magazines "was just as vicious." One of *Esquire's* editors lost his job. In a letter of protest he maintained that Mr. David Smart, publisher of the magazine, "is bowing to the express commands of certain advertisers, who in turn confront him with hundreds of postcards advising them to withdraw their advertising from magazines which employ writers like myself." Mr. Seldes mentions, as newspapers which did not take their Spanish news from the hierarchy, only the following: *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Washington Post*, the *Portland Oregonian*, the *Dallas News*, and the *Chicago Daily News*.

In reading *The Catholic Crisis*, the reviewer felt himself out of harmony with the attitude of Mr. Seldes in the economic and religious fields, but regarding the major contentions of the volume he inclines strongly to the

opinion that Seldes has definitely made a case against the Catholic Church as an organization that uses its numerical strength to enforce its own views in the political life of both Americas.

Good Reading

STORIES OF THE EAST-VIKINGS.

By G. Bie Ravndal. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minn. 383 pages. \$3.00.

THE publisher's announcement may be taken at face value: in *Stories of the East-Vikings*, G. Bie Ravndal has presented his subject "with the scholarship of a true historian and the narrative skill of a novelist." "East-Vikings" he calls the ancient Scandinavians who brought order and civilization to Russia. It is a story that has a special appeal during these spring months of 1940. Three great empires are contending for the mastery of the Baltic, and a thousand years ago it was the Baltic that witnessed the surge and tide of nations striving for the control of trade to the great Southeast and the Orient. It was the Northmen—Scandinavians, Danes, Finns, Englishmen—that saved Russia from Asiatic desolation and made it a part of European civilization. A new picture is given us of the Viking Age, which came to its close at the time of the Battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066. During the preceding centuries the dark and far-off regions of Russia "were brought into the daylight of history: colonies were founded, cities were built, commerce and government were established, and this hitherto unknown domain was opened to the

forces of civilization and progress. Russia became under Varangian rule a European kingdom." It was the Scandinavians that gave to Russia her political form, organized and developed her river-trade, chose her creed. Anyone who has the traditional picture of the Vikings in mind will revise his opinion after reading Ravnald's book, though even the sagas emphasize the military pursuits of the race: "While occasionally affording pleasing glimpses of peaceful everyday life, they more usually inject the storm and stress of warfare and blood-feuds, murder, rapine, and consuming flames, mortal single combats on lonely islands." Here we are introduced to the Northmen of the early Middle Ages, who "not only possessed the largest maritime tonnage in the north for war purposes but also out-distanced all nations except the Greek and Arab empires on the score of mercantile shipping."

No one should undertake to write on the history of Norway and the lands around the Baltic without studying this classic in the field of Scandinavian antiquity. There is a poignant note in many an incidental reference to the relations of Russia and Scandinavian countries, as when King Gustavus Adolphus, at the termination (in 1617) of the war of ten years between Russia and Sweden, solemnly declared: "Now cannot this foe launch but a boat on the East Sea without our leave. The great lakes of Ladoga and Peipus, the river of Narva, thirty miles of wide morasses and strong fortresses part him from us. Russia is excluded from the Baltic, and I hope to God it will henceforth be hard for the

Russians to leap over that brook." When this boast and prayer were uttered the ground upon which Leningrad now stands was Swedish territory.

Stale Stuff

NIGHT IN BOMBAY. By Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1940. 351 pages. \$2.50.

Louis Bromfield's latest novel is as good a story as *The Rains Came*, if not a better one. The novel is good melodrama, exciting, fairly plausible, and not too overburdened with irrelevant details. Bromfield recreates an India known to a certain class of people. It is to be doubted whether missionaries, social workers, doctors and politicians value this India very highly. Nor is the final solution of the dramatic problem at all compatible with the Christian ethic.

One angle of this novel interests us particularly. Buck Merrill, one of the leading characters, a social worker and a glorified county extension agent, has become one of the great white men of India through his efforts to teach the Indian the virtues of co-operation, of vaccination, of sanitation, of adequate housing, of proper medical care. One can easily understand that Buck Merrill is a credit to American civilization. On the other hand, Mr. Bromfield uses Buck Merrill as proof positive that Christianity is more or less a failure and that all the great things Buck has done for India have been without benefit of Christianity, past or present. Indeed, Buck Merrill's virtue consists in his not being a missionary.

As far as Mr. Bromfield is concerned all Christian missionaries are thin-lipped, Puritanic, slightly sadistic fanatics let loose on a helpless country.

Now this reviewer will grant that Bromfield may have met that type of missionary to the exclusion of all others. On the other hand, your reviewer has met several missionaries, and their outlook on life in India, China, Africa, or New Guinea has been neither perverted, or grimly hateful. Bromfield's thesis that there can be social progress absolutely divorced from Christianity and that Christianity is a detriment to all economic, social, and intellectual progress is so time-worn that one is tired of disproving it.

As Christopher Dawson has ably demonstrated, such a thesis is based on the religion of Auguste Comte, who worshipped man and man's ability to raise himself to a higher level. That that religion has been

discredited long ago is obvious. On the other hand, the moral idealism of Christianity has done much to recreate the society in which we live. Humanitarianism is not the product of a disembodied force in man that leads him to do good. Ultimately only Christianity can, through its redemptive and sanctifying force, bring enduring happiness to the Indian underdog or the Dead End kids.

Mr. Bromfield is old-fashioned—horrible word for him! But, unfortunately for him, the world in which we live has suddenly discovered that man's ability to save man is absolutely nil. "The vital and creative power behind every culture is a spiritual one." For this and other reasons, Mr. Bromfield's novel reads like the mouthing of a sophomoric atheist back in the days when it was considered quite fashionable to side with Mr. Charles Darwin and to consider the Church too, too *passé*.



The Anvil

"The Christian in name has in recent years been growing cold in his devotion. Our achievement in perfecting the material apparatus of life has produced a mood of self-confidence and pride. Our peril has been indifference, and that is a grave peril, for rust will crumble a metal when hammer blows will only harden it. I believe—and this is my crowning optimism—that the challenge with which we are now faced may restore to us that manly humility which alone gives power. It may bring us back to God. In that case our victory is assured. The Faith is an anvil which has worn out many hammers."—LORD TWEEDSMUIR (John Buchan).

THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS



BY THE EDITORS

A brief glance at recent books—

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING.

By Jean Giono. Translated by Katherine Allen Clarke. Viking Press, New York. 1940. 458 pages. \$2.50.

FIRST published in France in 1935, Jean Giono's story of Bobi, the acrobat and tumbler, might interest the 1940 American who wants to escape the headlines for a few hours. The novel is the story of a group of French peasants living in a region of France where life and death are experienced in the drab-best form. The struggle for existence nullifies all striving toward higher planes of living. Religion of any sort

is non-existent. Jourdan and his wife are strangely excited by the appearance of a traveling acrobat who shows them that nature can be beautiful and that the simple, small things of life are the worthwhile facts of existence. The novel is an apotheosis of mystic paganism. It is a sad commentary on the spiritual decline of a certain segment of the French artistic world.

ASIAN ODYSSEY

By Dmitri Alioshin. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1940. 322 pages. \$3.00.

THE only word which can describe this personal memoir is the rather insufficient one: incredible. The book is an account of several years' adventure in Manchuria, Siberia, and the Gobi Desert shortly after the fall of the Kerensky regime in Russia. Much of Dmitri Alioshin's tale loses credibility through the disregard of the time element. The reader grows confused. The cruelty as well as the horrible bloodiness of many of the scenes might appeal to some readers.

AS I REMEMBER HIM: THE BIOGRAPHY OF R.S.

By Hans Zinsser. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1940. 443 pages. \$3.00.

R. S. is, of course, Hans Zinsser, the noted student of typhus fever and famous member of the Harvard Medical School. This book is not just a biography, but a series of essays on the art of living. There are some admirable philosophical

discussions about the relation of religion and science. It is hard to single out the best portions of the biography. The account of his experiences in Russia in the post-War years, when Communism was still considered an ideal, are both amusing and horrifying. Chapter XXV, which sets forth Hans Zinsser's philosophical confusion, is one of the most apt commentaries on the spiritual disintegration which has seized many of America's intellectuals. "Science, instead of helping to release mankind from toil, poverty, and war, actually seemed to be accelerating materialism, hatred, and the forces of destruction. And in its fundamental aspects science was demonstrating that, however deeply it might penetrate into the mechanisms of nature and the universe, it would never—alone—solve the ultimate problems or appease that hunger of the spirit."

As I Remember Him is a Book-of-the-Month Selection—and one of the best in a long time. We recommend this story of an American who is honest enough to admit that he doesn't have the answer for everything.

THE PEOPLE TALK

By Benjamin Appel. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York. 1940. 502 pages. \$3.00.

OUR economic chaos has been the favorite theme of scores of writers during the past decade. Mr. Appel has not attempted to analyze causes, predict results, or offer suggestions. Instead, he paints his picture through the mouths of the people who have talked to him.

His people represent a fair cross-section of working America. They are men, women, and children from every walk of life, each with his or her own set of problems. They talk freely and intimately.

There is, however, something apathetic about the book. Perhaps this is not Mr. Appel's fault. A country torn by economic disorder naturally produces an increasing callousness on the part of its people, an alarming acceptance of existing circumstance. One would like to think that in another cross-section there might be a few more people who can hope and dream.

INSIDE EUROPE—1940 WAR EDITION

By John Gunther. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1940. 606 pages. \$3.50.

THIS is still the most accurate analysis of the chaos that is Europe in 1940. It was originally published in 1937. Mr. Gunther has brought his famous volume up to date with new maps and additions to each chapter. Other books on Europe may be as informative as Mr. Gunther's, but none is so consistently fascinating. If you have not already read the volume, be sure to put it on your Fall reading list.

WHAT TO SEE AND DO IN NEW ENGLAND

By George W. Seaton. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1940. 302 pages. \$3.00.

PERHAPS some of our readers are planning a trip to New England before the first snowfall. Here is a

volume which will make an excellent Baedeker. It will tell you where there is good swimming, good sailing, all other forms of sport, shopping for antiques, and so on. Other sections of the country may be more impressive, but there is nothing more incredibly lovely than New England in September and October. A book for the map compartment in the car.

M-DAY

By Donald Edward Keyhoe. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1940. 96 pages. \$1.00.

IN DRAMATIC form the author traces the effects which Mobilization Day will have upon the life of every American. The M-Day plan which has been prepared over a period of years by the War Department assigns a rôle to every person and a duty to every industry. By following the implications of the plan for individual representatives of the various class and groups of American society the author succeeds in making M-Day very real and very personal.

The assumptions that our country will go to war either "tomorrow to join in Europe's last desperate stand against world anarchy" or on a later day "against a Nazi invasion of the Western Hemisphere" may be regarded as propaganda or as realism, depending upon individual opinion. Certain it is, however, that these assumptions together with the dramatic presentation bring the realities of war shudderingly close. It is no dispassionate analysis of the M-Day

plan, but rather an effort to prepare us for the shock of war. In this fact lies both the strength and the weakness of the presentation.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1940. 310 pages. \$2.50.

IN HIS preface to this volume of short stories, Mr. Maugham reports that the review of his previous book was headed by the *Times* with the title, "The Mixture as Before." That sums up the volume. These are really stories from another world—the hard, cynical, brilliant world of Capri, Cannes, and the Riviera. This world has been dead now for a long time.

Of course, Maugham is still a good story teller. Some of the tales in the present volume are as well made and exquisitely turned as anything that he has ever written. Apparently, however, it is too late for him now to leave the drawing room and the terrace. In them there is only death.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1940. 264 pages. \$2.00.

AGATHA CHRISTIE at her very best. If you like mystery stories these warm summer evenings, this will keep you interested. The theme is one of the most unusual we have ever encountered.

The JULY Magazines

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

Forum

Nippon Ponders

THE subjugation of Holland has caused much head-scratching in Japan. No doubt, the Nipponese are eager to take the Dutch East Indies under their wings in the way in which the Third Reich recently extended its dynamic "protection" to Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. Nippon needs rubber, tin, and oil. The islands are tempting; but there are good reasons why the Mikado and his advisers are being forced to mark time.

More than three years ago the Nipponese notified the world that

they were bent on establishing a new order in Eastern Asia. If it were possible for them to conclude peace with Chiang Kai-shek, they could declare that their purpose has been accomplished and then focus their attention on other imperialistic aims. But the resourceful leader of the Chinese refuses to come to terms with the invader. Besides, Japan is prevented from beginning negotiations with him because many months ago she asserted formally and categorically that she would have no dealings with the man who has put so many flies into her carefully concocted ointment. We all know that the Nipponese dare not lose face. But even if Japan were to swallow a generous portion of her pride and decide to invite Chiang Kai-shek to a conference, nothing could be accomplished, because, in spite of many reverses on the battlefield, the Chinese generalissimo is still powerful enough to insist on a peace which would restore the status of 1937. That, of course, would be tantamount to re-establishing the old order in Eastern Asia.

Some observers believe that Japan's path of imperialism will be smoother if totalitarianism succeeds in carrying everything before it in Europe and Africa; others hold to a diametrically opposite opinion. At present, the Mikado is between Scylla and

Charybdis. Much more than military victories will be required to subjugate the Chinese; and the United States is by no means the only nation which would be likely to rise up on its haunches if Nippon undertook to seize the rich Dutch East Indies.

Will Stalin Switch?

THERE are signs that Josef Stalin has been re-reading Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and devoting particular attention to those paragraphs which deal with the Third Reich's designs on the Ukraine. The dictator of the U.S.S.R. knows that the *Drang nach Osten* is by no means a dead issue and that a victorious Germany will be able to carry out the *Führer's* plans. Consequently, there are persistent rumors about a possible *entente cordiale* between Russia and Britain.

Eduard Beneš is reported to have gone to Moscow for the purpose of weaning Stalin away from Germany, and much importance is being attached to the appointment of Sir Stafford Cripps as British ambassador to the U.S.S.R. It is an open secret that Sir Stafford, who has long been on friendly terms with the powers that be in Russia, told Lord Halifax months ago that, in his opinion, the Russo-German pact concluded in August, 1939, could be nullified; but the government

of Neville Chamberlain would have none of his advice. Now the situation is changed. Prime Minister Winston Churchill evidently believes that a determined effort should be made to blast the Hitler-Stalin agreement.

It would be rash to predict at the present time that Russia will leave Germany in the lurch and give aid and comfort to England; but no great amount of acumen is required to see that Mussolini's jackal-like rôle in the war and his designs on the Balkans have done much to incline Stalin's head and heart toward Britain and France. It may or may not be significant that the official newspaper, *Izvestia*, recently praised the fighting forces of the Allies.

Scribner's Commentator

Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie

By EDWARD M. BRECHER

Dr. William Worrall Mayo, English-born pioneer physician and surgeon, came to Minnesota with his wife in 1855. Settlers were so few and so healthy that he had to eke out his medical income by surveying, working on a Mississippi River boat, and serving as Army Surgeon during the Indian wars. A trophy from those wars, the skeleton of Chief Broken Nose, mounted, stood in his office

for the next thirty years; from it his sons, Will and Charlie, learned to name every bone in the human body at an age when other youngsters were struggling with the multiplication table.

The elder Mayo kept abreast with the times and achieved a notable reputation as surgeon, drawing patients from many miles around, using spare bedrooms as makeshift operating rooms, and allowing his two sons to act as nurses. Because of this training, Will and Charlie are said to have known more about the human body and its ills when they entered medical school than many others know at graduation. Will took his M.D. at Michigan in 1883; Charlie, at Northwestern in 1888. Both took post-graduate courses and attended lectures and demonstrations whenever they had the opportunity. Their journeys took them many times around the world, to inspect medical centers as far away as Melbourne, Moscow, and Buenos Aires.

They served as general practitioners in Rochester, Minnesota, and became specialists in many fields of surgery. St. Mary's Hospital, established by the Sisters of St. Francis, Rochester's first hospital, was opened late in 1889. During the first year and a quarter Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie performed 219 operations in the mornings, attended to their general practice

in the afternoons, and served as male nurses nightly. They became pioneers in major surgical operations. For instance, by 1935 more than 27,000 goiter patients had passed through their clinic, and Dr. Charlie had performed more than 5,000 goiter operations. Surgeons from far and near came to witness and to learn. Physicians from all parts of the land sent their most difficult cases to Rochester. As their practice grew, the Mayos surrounded themselves with the most competent young associates they could find. Today the Mayo fellows come from all parts of the world. Some 1500 in number at present, they spend three years or more in Rochester, and then carry off the Mayo tradition to the remotest medical outposts. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie died two months apart in the summer of 1939, but their Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, administered as part of the University of Minnesota Medical School, was established to aid medical research for the benefit of coming generations.

Fiscal Foolishness and Defense

By CONGRESSMAN DANIEL A. REED

The Congressman states that President Roosevelt has known for the past seven years that peace or war abroad has depended on the

caprice of any one of several dictators. Yet the President has demanded and received from Congress billions of dollars to squander on political boondoggling projects without giving thought apparently to the relationship between national credit and national preparedness. Mr. Reed then goes on to analyze the gross debt of our Government as of May 6, 1940, and to show how the continued increase of the debt may affect the beneficiaries of the various Federal Trust Funds, and what seven years of loose fiscal policy have done to weaken national credit when world conditions demanded that it be strengthened.

Congress has appropriated more than \$8,000,000,000 for national defense purposes since 1933, including the funds approved in the 1940 Appropriations Bills for the Army and Navy. With what result?

We are told in the Senate halls that we have not the full field equipment for an army of 75,000 men; that our airplanes, for the most part, are not suitable for combat service against the latest European equipment; and that we cannot catch up in supplies in less than two years. "The preservation of representative government demands a clear restatement of our whole defense policy, and the submission of a sound and workable program for its attainment."

United States News (July 5)

A "New Era" for the G.O.P.

The victory of Wendell Willkie at Philadelphia is called a defeat for the old leaders of the Republican Party and a revolt against professional politicians. The basic explanation of the spectacular rise of Wendell Willkie is that his frank and effective statements of position, without regard for political effect, brought for him a popular uprising against professional politicians. The old leaders found themselves unable to control their delegations. Resentment of the old guard fanned rapidly into anger and bitterness. Almost every strategem was used to defeat the Willkie nomination; but in vain. The popular demand for Mr. Willkie's nomination finally swept over the Convention like a tidal wave, overcoming all opposition. "Should Mr. Willkie's initial success be crowned with victory at the polls in November, his candidacy will be unique in the history of American campaigns. For never has a man been elected who had never before held public office, never before been active in politics, and whose closest connections have been with the biggest elements of American 'big business.'"

Fortune

Allied War Economics

Why were the Allies so decisively defeated in France? Premier Reynaud said bitterly, on the day Abbeville fell, "Our classic conception of warfare has run counter to a new conception." The "new conception" meant was evidently that of the *Blitzkrieg*. But this was a mere rationalization, an attempt at self-exculpation. The Allies had had eight months to digest the novelties of the *Blitzkrieg*. No, the real reason for the defeat was given by Stanley Baldwin when he said, five years ago, "One of the weaknesses of democracy, a system I am trying to make the best of, is that, until it is right up against it, it will never face the truth." The two empires had vast resources in men, money, and machines, resources which were potentially overwhelming but which had to be mobilized for war and could be effectively mobilized only through systematic, maximum effort. Such effort was not made, especially not in England. Britain tried to fight a "cheap war" by attempting to balance armament expenditures with increased exports of other goods—even at the expense of war production. This left the armies improperly equipped when the attack came and prepared the defeat.

Further financing of the war will entail painful sacrifices on Britain unless we should be found foolish enough to hand them our purse again. The disaster in France ought to teach the U.S. that half-measures do not win wars.

Nylon

Two years ago the word *nylon* had not been born, but by the end of this year nylon is expected to gross \$11,000,000 for du Pont, who makes it. Nylon is not a discovery, but an invention. It is a substance that, so far as is known, has never been produced in nature, but has been deliberately forced into being in the laboratory. The efforts of which it is the result started back in 1928. In that year du Pont began research on polymers—large molecules made up of many small molecules which together form rings, balls, twists, and sometimes long parallel chains, as in fibers. Dr. Wallace Hume Carothers was brought from Harvard to explore this almost unknown region of chemistry, and during nine years of tireless work he solved one problem after another until, by 1937, he had charted the whole field of polymerization and, as one of several practical results, had invented a large number of synthetic fibers with varying physical properties. One of these fibers, its chemical constituents drawn from

water, coal, and air, was selected to become the rival of silk in women's stockings. It has also been found far superior to animal bristles for toothbrushes, will soon be used to string tennis rackets, and in a few years will probably furnish us velvets that are really non-crushable. What possibilities are held by some of the other fibers and by non-fibrous polymers (which have already given us synthetic rubber and synthetic musk) must be left for the future to disclose.

The Atlantic Monthly

Supercolossal: The Movies

By MORRIS ERNST

When George Eastman, in 1889, started manufacturing a film that had a flexible nitro-cellulose base and when, on October 6, 1889, the Edison Kinetoscope made its appearance, something new and amazing was on the way: Hollywood. Morris Ernst, the noted New York lawyer, analyzes the paradox which at present is bedeviling Hollywood: an amazing array of talent and the inability to put it across. Mr. Ernst claims that if Wall Street would divorce itself from all control of Hollywood, then America might see a more mature product on the screen. Today the controlling interests in Hollywood

are more concerned with a return on the financial investment. Much of the material and the principal thesis of the article were presented to CRESSET readers in the feature articles of May and June.

Trojan Horse: 1940 Model

By FERDINAND TUOHY

In an interesting account sent to the *Atlantic* by wireless, Mr. Tuohy offers an account of the amazing Nazi success via the Trojan horse in the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, France, Switzerland, Jugoslavia, Rumania, the Balkans, Egypt, Turkey and, presumably, in England. The article is notable for its lack of hysteria regarding fifth column work. The reader is left with the feeling that England is doomed and that it should have started counter-attacks in 1933.

God in the Public Schools

By DEAN HENRY W. HOLMES

The Dean of the Graduate School of Education at Harvard tackles the difficult problem of religion in secular education. Admitting that the Roman church has something concrete to offer in its system of education, Dean Holmes maintains nevertheless that the public schools in America might inculcate, directly or indirectly, a feeling for religion and spiritual values. This will sound

tenuous and nebulous to the Lutheran or Roman Catholic but at least it illustrates the troubles which beset religious liberals who feel a vague need for religion in education.

Harper's

M-Day and the Business Man

By LEO M. CHERNE

What is the M-Day plan for the control of business? It is this question which the author discusses. The article reveals that the government has carefully planned to avoid the mistakes and delays of our mobilization in 1917, and is determined that the one business of the country on M-Day shall be the grim business of prosecuting the war successfully. That the plans which have been made are no "pipe-dream" is indicated by the fact that "approximately 10,000 private plants have been earmarked for wartime service" and also by their far-reaching implications both for business and for labor.

Business and Religion

By EMILY NEWBOLD

"General Mills is sponsoring

over a nation-wide network a fifteen-minute six-day-a-week broadcast dramatizing Bible Stories." This fact leads the author to investigate the contemporary alliance between business and the churches in a campaign to revive religion for the preservation of democracy. There is soundness in the conclusion that "the roused feeling is not enthusiasm for religion itself," but rather an effort to use religion for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

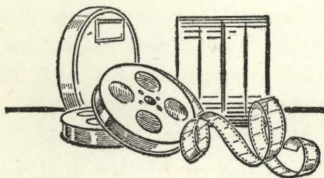
The God of Hitler and Spinoza

By ELMER DAVIS

There is something deeply shocking in the virtues which Elmer Davis believes America should now cultivate. He is offended at Hitler's brutality and broken promises, but he suggests him as an example of the success which comes from a steadfast faith in ultimate victory and from reliance upon ourselves rather than upon God. To rule God out of history, however, can only lead to the barbarism which Elmer Davis condemns. It means a full devotion to the god of success, an idolatry which is one of Hitler's strongest allies in Europe and also in America.



THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET *examines samples of Hollywood offerings.*

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS (Paramount)

It is surprising that this picture got by the censors. It is not only silly and pointless, but decidedly offensive from the standpoint of Christian morality. Drunkenness is featured, and there are many suggestive elements. Stay away, by all means.

SAFARI (Paramount)

"Safari" is a Paramount production starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Madeleine Carroll. Fairbanks, the hero, wins the heroine from a rich, self-willed, and jealous count. The picture portrays

the cruelty of selfishness and, except for an over-emphasis on drinking, would provide an evening of unobjectionable entertainment. The photography of wild game and African scenes from the air, though obviously faked, is good. A note of pro-ally propaganda is also introduced.

THE GHOST BREAKERS (Paramount)

There is a pretense of a story in this one, but nobody, least of all the author, pays much attention to it. The main excuse for "Ghost Breakers" is to give Radioman Bob Hope plenty of opportunity for his wisecracks, some of which are genuinely funny and some of which skirt dangerously close to the edge. There is a little shooting, and there are several assorted ghosts, and in the end, of course, Bob Hope marries Paulette Goddard. There is certainly nothing uplifting about this one.

TWENTY MULE TEAM (M-G-M)

To our thinking, Wallace Beery's part in this interesting film represents a curious blending of ham-acting and good acting. For this very reason, the picture fascinated us from beginning to end. At times, the famous star, who has the rôle of a mule-skinner, misses the bus by resorting to forced strutting and un-

natural swaggering; at times, his work is decidedly commendable. We know that many will disagree with our verdict; but we are confident, nevertheless, that "Twenty-Mule Team"—which, by the way, is both harmless and instructive—will afford some pleasure and a good deal of relaxation.

NEW MOON (M-G-M)

If you like the singing of Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald, you will like this picture, which is the screen version of Sigmund Romberg's operetta. The story deals with the adventures of a young French nobleman (Nelson Eddy), who flees from France because of his opposition to the king and makes his way to the colony of Louisiana, where he enters the employ of a beautiful young French plantation owner (Jeannette MacDonald). Their experiences, which culminate in the inevitable way, make a very pleasant two hours' entertainment—that is, if you like light opera on the screen.

SUSAN AND GOD (M-G-M)

This is a thinly veiled travesty on the Oxford movement. Susan Trexel (Joan Crawford), a wealthy young society matron, returns from a trip to Europe, completely captivated by a new "movement" to which she has become con-

verted and which has helped her "to find God." She immediately sets out to "convert" the group of worldlings with whom she associates, but, very inconsistently, has no interest at all in converting her drunken husband (Frederic March), or in discharging her maternal duties toward her young daughter. Through a succession of events which place her enthusiasm for her "movement" in a ridiculous light and reveal that her basic motive is to attract attention to herself, she finally comes to see her duty toward her own family. The picture is highly objectionable because of the levity with which it treats God, the soul, and sacred things in general. It is very evident that Susan—and a good many other people—still have a great deal to learn about God.

OUR TOWN (United Artists)

Sam Wood, director of this truly great movie, is acutely aware of the fact that the cinema and the stage are two entirely different mediums. As a play, Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* was notable for its lack of scenery and its short scenes introduced by the narrator. In the screen version there are two variations on the play: there is scenery, and the tragedy of the play has been softened until, strangely enough, the tragic implications of our life in this world

are heightened. Briefly, the movie is a factual, prosaic account of life and death, morning and night, love and laughter in an American town. Frank Craven, who introduces the people of the story, does a beautiful job of acting. The photography is impressive and the direction is of the highest calibre. Do not miss this movie.

BROTHER ORCHID (*Warner Bros.*)

This is an amusing tale of a gangster who enters a monastery. Edward G. Robinson, who is Little John Sarto, the gangster, in the first part of the movie, does his typical bit of leering as an

American gangster and then turns into a meek brother in a monastery with poor conviction in the second part. We liked Humphrey Bogart as a fellow gangster. His leers are without parallel. The movie is far from being in the Grade A class.

WATERLOO BRIDGE (*M-G-M*)

A little parable on what happens to morals during war. The scene is London, and the actors are Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh. The parable does not come to the point, and the acting of Robert Taylor is as hammy as ever. The less said about Vivien Leigh, the better. Thumbs down.



Russian Interpretation

“Soviet Russia showed a newsreel to its citizens in 1933. It was made in America and pictured long lines of people standing before soup kitchens. The obvious purpose, of course, was to demonstrate to the comrades the distress of the people of a rich democracy. After a few showings, the reel was abruptly withdrawn. The comrades were mumbling in their beards. ‘If the unemployed in America are so well dressed,’ they said, ‘what must be the condition of those who have jobs.’”—DAVID COHN.

LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

What?

SIR:

Things are happening in this world of ours which are tremendously important. Important changes are continually taking place. New ideas are being daily expressed. *THE CRESSET* with its object of being "A Review of Literature, the Arts, and Public Affairs" has so far been rather careful in discussing some of the more important and fundamental questions of the day. It is probably well that the editors were careful as long as the magazine was in an experimental state, but now that it has found itself in so many respects—except that the book reviews are still too long and there is too much Bach—it is time the editors face some of these issues squarely and strike out from the shoulder. Of course, some of your readers will be offended. Some of them may cancel their subscriptions. They shouldn't, but some of them may. These, however, are the ones who would not be helped if the magazine continued to be careful in

its policy. The numerical loss of these subscribers would be far outweighed by the greater value the magazine would have for those who continued to read it.

ARTHUR WALTER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

[*Is there anything we have missed?*
Ed.]

The Movies Again

SIR:

Ever since *THE CRESSET* inaugurated a movie column we have been wondering. Unfortunately the back numbers of *THE CRESSET* are up in the attic in an orange crate located somewhere between the old galoshes and the baby's chair. We haven't the heart to climb up there now. The only number that escaped interment is the February issue. That can be Exhibit A.

The conclusion one arrives at is that your movie critics draw their pellucid liquid from clearer waters than we are accustomed to. They stress the esthetic, the beautiful, with no hint that people may go to the movies for less transcendent reasons. Don't they know that some of the more benighted go there for escape from the harsh realities of life into the beautiful never-never land? Culling from memory we bring up this notation in *THE CRESSET*, "The story is of no significance, neither is the movie." Perhaps that is just the movie we ought to see.

We went to the movies, mother and I. The theater occupies a building which once housed a long since defunct bank in a community on the

outskirts of Detroit which the Federal Housing Bureau aptly dubs "Fringetown." You've seen these settlements, —low-lying houses surrounded by chicken coops, trailers, piles of ashes and tin cans, goats, and exterior bathrooms. The program was in keeping with the surroundings: Murder on the Yukon, The Invisible Man Returns, a Walt Disney Silly Symphony, and a chapter of the ineluctable Fu Manchu. A reviewer who bestows kudos on The Grapes of Wrath would squirm, or at best give a slight nod to The Invisible Man and Disney. As for the rest he'd sneer. We aren't so squeamish. We'll string along with Benjamin De Casseres, who writes, "Grapes of Wrath isn't a movie, it's a pictorial social pamphlet with little intelligence and enlightenment."

A delightful proletarian evening was had by all. Every time the mounties socked one of the counterfeiting varlets we felt our own emaciated biceps swell in a vicarious glow, and when they in turn planted a haymaker on the proboscis of the constable and the sergeant we winced as it penetrated to our own beezers. True enough, the mounties burst into song without the slightest provocation (there wasn't a bathtub in miles), and neither of them even pretended to fall in love with the beautiful clerk at the trading post. But in the end virtue triumphed, and what more do you want for your money?

Fu Manchu displayed an unusual fund of sinister attacks and counterattacks upon the due processes of the law. It isn't possible to anticipate all the devious paths he will tread until the minions of the F.B.I. and Scot-

land Yard finally bring him to heel, but we'd like to be in on the denouement which will probably occur a year from next September. It's all good horror and fully a year wide.

Walt Disney's position is too firmly established to permit of cavil, and we can pass on to that fine example of goose-pimple opera, "The Invisible Man Returns." Your patronizing reviewers admit, "It is interesting (sic) to see what blood-curdling effects can be produced by means of trick photography." Interesting, my eye! That's an understatement. After the prisoner had shed his habiliments and vanished into the ether we had identified ourselves with him and had completely shed such mundane considerations as "trick photography."

The jargon of the reviewer happens to be an indispensable tool of his trade: but is it necessary for him to leave his tools lying around so prominently and promiscuously?

The only jarring notes of the evening were the previews, one of them blaring an invitation to see The Hunchback of Notre Dame. It may be magnificent, unforgettable, memorable, superb, impressive, remarkable, and finally—colossal (see February CRESSET), but we won't see it. Rather an evening of rummy with the neighbors than a descent into the abyss of morbidity and sadism. Perhaps the movie is very unlike the previews, but we aren't taking any chances.

HERB. BRUMMER

Roseville, Michigan

SIR:

I enjoyed your movie articles very much but I think the writer placed

too much emphasis on the mechanical elements involved in the making of a movie. After all, there *are* actors. According to your reviewer, the actor is a mere puppet in the hands of the director. Don't you think that Spencer Tracy or Charles Chaplin or Greta Garbo have at least one ounce of intelligence?

In regard to your movie reviews I would like to say that you make them entirely too long. In instances where such outstanding movies as *Grapes of Wrath* or *Our Town* or *The Fight For Life* are to be discussed you may use additional space. On the whole I think you should adopt some form of tabulating the merits of the various movies and let them go at that.

H. V. JENKINS
Avalon, Connecticut

SIR:

I have enjoyed the last several articles by Prof. Walter Hansen in the "Music and Music Makers" Column, although I cannot agree with his contention that the "swinging" of some of J. S. Bach's music was justified, or did it no harm. I think it as much a crime against art as the burlesquing of a famous painting or a bawdy burlesque of a great piece of literature. It would seem to me these masterpieces have earned an eternal copyright not to be debased by burlesques, or cheaper imitation or caricature. Nor can I see the logic that a masterpiece will survive such maltreatment. Does not one's taste become seriously offended and outraged over such treatment? If such logic is permitted to stand, a burlesquing of a serious religious

play as "The Passion" (Oberammergau) into an operetta on the style of the "Hot Mikado" would be justified. I think there still are canons of art, taste and beauty which can be seriously marred. In a sense the governments have established such a right by permitting no reproduction, alteration, arrangement, at least of musical works, without consent of the copyright owner, thus protecting a composer from any debased rendering of his works. In private such treatment might be permitted, but the public rendition or display evokes a serious question.

DONALD SCHUMM
Three Rivers, Michigan

Ethical Drug Stores

SIR:

As I have installed drug stores for quite a few years for one of the largest chains, I was quite interested in your article in the June CRESSET regarding the new Liggett store at 7th Avenue and 57th Street in this city. I doubted very much that any of the chain drug stores could overnight decide to put in an "ethical" drug store, so I took the first opportunity today to visit this Liggett store. Evidently your reporter and I do not agree on the definition of an ethical drug store. First of all, in the Liggett store mentioned I had lunch, on the shelves I saw, in addition to drugs, the following: clocks, electric fans, coffee percolators, juice extractors, electric irons, etc. These items are not carried by an ethical drug store.

HERBERT A. RIEDEL
New York, New York

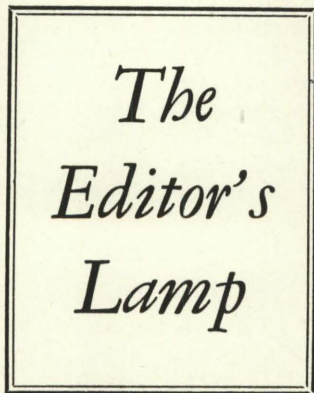
Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

STORIES from defeated France during the past month indicate that it was not only military unpreparedness which brought the country to the brink of ruin in a few weeks.

Beneath the surface manifestations of weakness were several profoundly important factors which had sapped the vitality of the nation. One of these was a general looseness of the moral fiber of the upper classes in France. There can be no doubt that something like that is also imminent in America. For that reason as well as for many others our major article this month is timely and significant. A strong State can be built only on strong homes. When the walls of our homes begin to totter, the foundations of the State are no longer secure.

Judge Benjamin E. Buente has studied the problem of divorce at close range. He is Judge of the Superior Court of Vanderburgh County, Evansville, Indiana. The comments of our readers are invited.

Our guest reviewers this month are Palmer Czamanske (*Trees of Heaven*) and Anne Hansen (*This Is On Me and I Married Adventure*).



Some of our poetry this month comes from a hand now still in death. Mr. Ross Phillips of Tavistock, Ontario, Canada, died shortly after he submitted the verse which we print in this issue. May he rest in peace.

A little note from Mr. W. C. Ollenburg of Seward, Nebraska, pleases us. He writes: "In the February issue I had some doubts about a statement on page 56: 'Although Mr. Thomas E. Dewey will probably not get the Republican Presidential nomination,' etc. That is proof of the high qualities of the editors' foresight!" Unfortunately we cannot lay claim to an unusual gift of prophecy. Almost every intelligent commentator in the country knew that Mr. Dewey would not be a Presidential candidate.

