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JUNE 1942

THE

# CRESSET

Christianity in the  
Present World

Why Be Educated?  
By John C. Evans

Liberty, of Thee  
I Sing  
By Elmer A. Kettner

Mental Fitness and  
War Effort

Check List of Books



A REVIEW OF  
LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 5

No. 8

*Twenty-five Cents*

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# THE CRESSET

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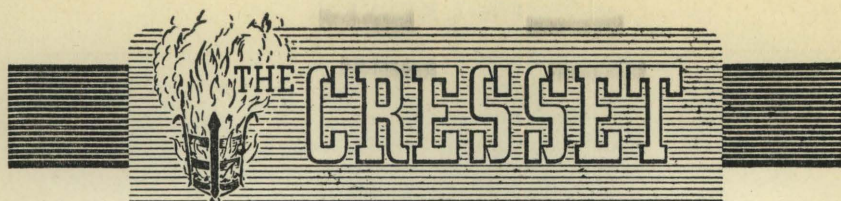
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VOLUME 5 JUNE 1942 NUMBER 8

# Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

## Christianity in the Present World

HISTORY presents a strange pattern of names, facts, events, ideas, and currents of thought which would be unintelligible except for two clearly discernible questions inscribed in this pattern. One question is, "How can the differences that exist between races, nations, and social levels of a people be reconciled?"

Such differences not only exist, but are sometimes fearfully exaggerated. The Nazis believe that the Aryan race is superior to every other. The Japanese have advanced a similar point of view with respect to their race. In ancient times the Jews prided themselves that they were the chosen people. Moreover, in times past and present, nations have unduly stressed differences existing among them. One nation has ris-

en over the other and maintained a position of haughty defiance. Within a given people, finally, various social levels have vied with one another for superiority: the privileged have regarded themselves superior to the underprivileged, and vice versa. Races, nations, and social levels of a people have ever by various means sought to bridge these differences, sometimes by arbitration, most often by conquest, war, and revolution. Yet they have never arrived at enduring agreements among themselves.

The second question written over the pages of history is, "What is the greatest good?" Buddha and his followers believed the greatest good to be a life of resignation, a complete denial of all desires. The Greeks and those who have adopted their tradition believed the greatest

good to be harmony, a complete adjustment, as modern psychologists would say, to the environment—an adjustment as thoroughgoing as that described a hundred years ago by George Sand:

There are hours when I escape from myself, when I live in a plant, when I feel myself leaf, bird, tree-top, wave, running water, color, foam . . . when I drink the dew . . . when I expand to the sun . . . when I sleep under the leaves, when I move with the larks and romp with the lizards, when I shine with the stars or the dazzling worms; when, in short, I live in everything which is a medium of development, which is like a dilation of my being.

Still others have sought the greatest good by satisfying completely whatever lofty ideals or sordid desires were their dominating interests.

Christianity faces both questions squarely. It answers the first by recognizing no differences among races, nations, and social levels of a people. It sees beyond the color of skin, the power of nations, and the degrees of social living. Its message and mission embrace every individual. It is inter-racial, inter-national, and inter-social in character. Its comprehensive view one can most fully appreciate now since we have moved into a world-wide fellowship of arms. For Christianity sees in everyone, whether he be a Japanese, a Chinese, a Ger-

man, an Italian, or an American, a lost and condemned sinner. But it also sees in that same individual a saint redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. Therefore, even in this internecine struggle to which the peoples of the world have succumbed, Christianity strives to unite the hearts of men by bringing individuals to a recognition of their sins and to personal faith in Jesus Christ.

Christianity sets out to do this because it alone supplies the true answer to the second question of the ages, "What is the greatest good?" It tells the world that the greatest good is not resignation, not harmony with the world, not the satisfaction of desires or ideals, but peace with God, and that the individual achieves this peace only through personal faith in Jesus Christ. They who accept that answer regardless of their race, nationality, or social level, and whether they be far removed from the ravages of war or whether they day by day face a terrible death, have found the solution to the meaning of history and to life's most important question. They are marching courageously forward to a radiant eternity.



### Memorial Day

MEMORIAL Day is again upon us. It is the day set apart

for decorating the graves of soldiers of the Union armies who fell in the Civil War. It was on May 5, 1868, that General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, appointed May 30 as Memorial Day, that being the date of the discharge of the last volunteers. In recent years Americans have on that day paid tribute also to those heroes who in the Spanish-American War and in World War I gave to their country the last full measure of devotion.

This year's Memorial Day takes on added significance. It reminds Americans of their obligations to our brave men in military service here and in foreign lands who have already brought, or who are prepared to bring, the supreme sacrifice to preserve for us and for our children the spiritual and material blessings which our country has enjoyed for more than one hundred and fifty years.

It is well and good that we celebrate Memorial Day by leaving our homes for a few hours to see the parades go by and to invite service men to our homes. It is well and good that we pledge ourselves anew on Memorial Day to support the work of the U. S. O. (represented by the Y. M. C. A., N. C. C. S., Y. W. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board, Travelers'

Aid, and the Salvation Army), which provide recreation centers and programs for the boys in camp, and to contribute generously for the Red Cross. It is well and good that we continue to confer honors on heroes who like Lieutenant Commander Edward H. O'Hare, distinguished themselves in battle, to hail and salute them, to pour confetti on them, and to get their autographs. These are indeed manifestations of tender love and devotion for our boys. But they are in a sense the least we can do.

May we also remember on Memorial Day those mothers, wives, and sweethearts who have been notified by the War Department that their sons, husbands, and friends were killed, wounded, or are missing in action, and whose hearts are torn with grief. May we pray God to assuage their aching hearts. May all Americans on this year's Memorial Day offer up to God fervent prayers that He might protect every American engaged in military service and enable him soon and safely to return to his country and his loved ones at home.



### Is Prohibition Coming Back?

ACCORDING to a recent Gallup Poll the prohibition sentiment is growing in our country.

We are told that 36 per cent of the voters of our land favor prohibition at the present time. The National Safety Council's report shows that alcohol causes more than 20 per cent of all motor fatalities. There is a growing feeling that the sale of liquor near our army camps is not conducive to good morals among our soldiers. After Pearl Harbor the authorities in Hawaii had the sale of liquor banned, apparently to the satisfaction of all thinking persons. All this points in the direction of the return of prohibition and shows why a number of bills are waiting to be introduced in Congress toward that end. If the present emergency lasts long enough, and the sentiment for prohibition continues to increase, it is entirely possible that the President who "brought back beer" may also have to take it away again.



### Independence and Interdependence

POLITICALLY, we are an independent people. We became such when the thirteen colonies carried into execution the last paragraph of the Declaration of Independence:

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, assembled, appeal-

ing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

By God's grace we have been successful in preserving this independence. We are even now determined to keep it intact and to pass it on unblemished to our posterity. We refuse to become a vassal state of any power or combination of powers of the world. We hope and pray that when the present war is over our political independence will have become immeasurably strengthened.

But though we are independent politically, we are not so economically. Among many lessons this is one which the present war is teaching us if we have not learned that lesson before. We

are not merely dependent on other countries for such items as rubber and tea, but for many others. Just how dependent we are on the rest of the world for the American way of life was clearly pointed out a number of years ago by the Western Electric Company in a booklet titled *From the Far Corners of the Earth* (1929). In this booklet the author tells the following about the composition of the telephone:

Thirty-seven raw materials go into it; only twenty-three of which are found in the United States, richest country in the world in natural resources. Rich as it is, the United States could not have its telephones without raw materials like tungsten and antimony from China, jute from India, platinum from Canada and Russia, tin from Bolivia, rubber from the East Indies, cobalt from South Africa, or kauri gum from New Zealand.

Indeed, necessity is the mother of invention. We shall have to get along with many substitutes. We are glad to note that American scientists are endeavoring to meet the needs of the hour. Only recently, for instance, the Monsanto Chemical Company announced that an estimated 100,000 pounds of tin could be saved annually through the use of a new organic chemical, known as D. P. solution, which will be used to replace tin as a coating for the insides of plain steel drums for the

shipment of lacquers, shellacs, and nitrocellulose solutions. But there is a limit to substitutes, as countries most dependent on them, like Germany and Italy, are bitterly experiencing.

Our hope is that when peace is made, relationships will be established according to which all countries will have easier and cheaper access to those resources of which they are in such urgent need.



### Hope Springs Eternal—Rubber

ANYTHING written about rubber these days is bound to be read. Our American civilization is built around the automobile. The rubber shortage, though the average citizen is trying to take it smilingly, is hurting us to the quick. And many of us, like Micawber, are hoping that something will turn up to make it possible to keep our 30,000,000 civilian cars in use for the duration. Most of us think we can keep our cars in mechanical repair indefinitely if only we can get some kind of tires after those we now have are worn out. We are beginning to realize that for most of us the automobile is not a luxury but a necessity, and that the removal of 30,000,000 civilian cars from use will confront us with so many problems other than



transportation and communication that the result will be something like chaos.

Personally, we have been unable to accept a pessimistic view of the matter—for the simple reason that we believe the inventive genius of our people will find a way out of the difficulty. All that has been reported from authoritative sources about the government's efforts to provide for the manufacture of synthetic rubber will undoubtedly take care of our war needs and those of our allies in addition to the supplies of natural rubber that are still available. We must look to other materials than rubber for our civilian needs. The much-publicized wooden tires will of course not do; but already reports are coming through that some of the large tire companies are successfully experimenting with other materials that will give us tires quite adequate to our needs. We hope this is true.



### Xenoglotophobia

WAR brings on a variety of phobias and hysterias. People become afraid of everything that has some connection with the enemy. After Pearl Harbor merchants deliberately destroyed articles such as teacups, necklaces, and glassware because these had been imported from Japan.

Many Americans insisted that broadcasting companies discontinue playing the music of German and Italian masters. Hats off to Deems Taylor for telling them the truth!

Now we are in for a phobia against languages spoken by our enemies, in particular against German, Italian, and even French. Departments of Germanic and Romance languages in colleges and universities are in a bad way. We are told by Robert Withington in *The German Quarterly* (March, 1942) "that students who crowded French classes before 1940 are dropping out, now that they regard Petain as a Nazi collaborator, and French civilization Vichyated. Should Franco join the Axis, the students who began to master Spanish with the laudable aim of strengthening our ties with South America feel that they must explain themselves when they are caught with a Spanish text in their hands." We have also been informed that school boards and trustees seek to abolish German courses entirely, and so prevent the "corruption" of our youth. Though some schools have introduced courses in Japanese, their efforts are not finding popular favor. "Yet," as Mr. Withington elsewhere observes in his article, "a polyglot has an obvious advantage over a monoglot for he can

speak the other fellow's language when the other cannot speak his, and it is more important to know the language of our enemies than that of our friends. . . . Furthermore, it is not the language, but the doctrines that count. One can recite a German poem—as one can drink Löwenbräu or Hochheimer—without endorsing Hitler's political philosophy. The Germans play Shakespeare on their stages with no thought of Churchill. It does not follow that because we can conjugate 'essen,' we can not decline Hitler and all his work, or because we can read Dante in the Italian we must support the politics of Mussolini."

We are at this moment not thinking of the cultural advantages of knowing foreign languages, but of their utility. Modern languages are indispensable for direct intercourse with peoples of other nations. They subserve the interests of industry and commerce. They are required for scientific information and research. They are needed to gather and disseminate that more intimate knowledge of foreign countries which is necessary for the wise conduct of affairs by a democratic people. They serve the purposes of peace by promoting international understanding and good will.

It is true, the study of foreign languages imposes a task on the

student. "To learn Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah," as Robert Morrison, the first to translate the Bible into Chinese, once said. Japanese may be equally difficult, but surely it will pay students rich dividends to know that language. European languages, for all their strangeness, are comparatively easy to acquire by students who possess ability, vision, and determination.

We believe that there is much truth in the commitment recently made by Rev. John F. Bannon, S. J., of St. Louis University:

"After the United States has achieved victory in the world conflict it will be up to us to police the world, and when this day comes complete knowledge of all foreign languages will be very important to Americans. . . . I believe that foreign languages should even be taught in our elementary schools to prepare us for the day when we will take over our place at the head of world affairs."



### Modern Martyrs

RECENTLY the *Presbyterian* carried a letter by one of its Korean missionaries which sheds

much interesting light on the question: What is the war doing to the Christian missions in the East? This field has been the paradise of modern Protestant missionary endeavor, and we are all concerned with what is happening there now and what the future may hold in store for Christian missions in that part of the world.

There are several noteworthy items in this letter. One is that in Korea, as in Japan, the government has forced all Christian denominations to combine into one federated church with a single police-dictated creed. A second is that the Japanese government has begun a program of forcing the Christians to worship at the Shinto shrines and is compelling every householder to buy and install in his home a small Shinto shrine shaped something like a mantel clock. A third is that thousands of Christians have gone to jail rather than submit, and some have died in the jails. A fourth is that though the missionaries have been compelled to nail up the doors of their Christian institutions, the personal mission work is going forward just the same. A fifth is that, as with the Roman Empire in the early Church, Japan has decided to unite its nation around the Shinto shrines. Not to worship means to be disloyal. Every per-

son in the empire and in any land that the Japanese can control must worship Amaterasu, the goddess of the sun, as No. 1 god. If Christians want to worship Jehovah God and His Christ as No. 2, they will not interfere. Finally, the letter strikes this fine note as its conclusion: "We Korean missionaries are not discouraged. We have a miracle-working God, and we are going back when He clears the way!"



### Nippon and the Vatican

IT is safe to say that the Japanese will do all in their power to make capital of the diplomatic relations recently established between Tokyo and the Vatican. The Chinese, who during the past four years have striven in vain for recognition on the part of the Holy See, are particularly concerned about the appointment of Ken Marada, acting Nipponese Ambassador to Vichy, as special envoy to the papal court and by the fact that full diplomatic privileges have been given to the Archbishop of Dolea, Apostolic Delegate to Japan since 1937. Pointing out that there are 8,000,000 Catholics in their country, the Chinese are wondering why the Pope and his advisers have chosen to pigeonhole their request for official representation

at the Vatican. Some of them have had the boldness to declare, without mincing words, that, in the final analysis, the Pope's action constitutes a recognition of Nippon's extensive conquests in the Southwest Pacific; and many believe that the Mikado's henchmen will now attempt to break down China's unity by setting Chinese Catholics against Chinese Nationalists. Furthermore, they are curious as to what kind of game Japan intends to play in her dealings with the Catholic Filipinos, who have fought so valiantly against the onslaughts of the ruthless marauders.

Does the Pope sometimes move in a mysterious way to gain whatever objectives he has in mind? We remember that he did nothing at all to prevent Mussolini's outrageous raping of Ethiopia. On the other hand, he bitterly denounced Germany's brutal conquest of Poland. During the bloody civil war in Spain he did all he could to ensure the victory of the rabid Fascist, Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Is it fair to censure the Chinese, and others, for wondering why, at this time and in the face of representations from Britain and the United

States, the Vatican has decided to receive an ambassador from Japan? We know, of course, that the war has placed the Holy See in an exceedingly difficult position. Nevertheless, since the Pope's influence is great in many parts of the world, he dare not complain when observers everywhere manifest keen interest in his words and in his acts.



### Good Medicine

ALTHOUGH spring will be about over when this issue of *THE CRESSET* reaches our readers, those of us who remember the old days when mother would assemble the entire household for dosing with a spring tonic like sulphur and molasses or sassafras tea will appreciate the following lines. They are by James B. Ellmore, the "Bard of the Alamo" who died earlier this year at the age of eighty-five. They are the conclusion of his poem, "Sassafras":

Sassafras, oh, sassafras,  
 Thou art the stuff for me;  
 And in the spring  
 I love to sing,  
 Sweet sassafras, of thee.

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# The



# PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

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

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*Editor's Note: The address at the Sixty-eighth Annual Commencement of Valparaiso University was delivered by J. C. Evans, D.D., Religion Editor of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE. It made a deep impression on all who heard it. We are certain that our readers will be interested in this profound and scholarly statement of the basic problem which confronts American education. There can be little doubt that one of the great conflicts of the coming decade will rage in the field of education. Dr. Evans' address before a university community silhouettes the coming conflict against the dark curtain of our times. It deserves the careful attention of all thoughtful men and women.*

## Why Be Educated?

The Class of 1942, Faculty and Friends of Valparaiso University:

OUR subject, "Why Be Educated," is an old question. I raise it again in response to new insistence. Some of the old answers need reemphasis and restatement, especially against the backdrop of the current world scene.

As I speak of the current scene, let me assure you, for the purpose of this address, that the present war as the moment's violent phase of an ever present conflict, is of secondary relevance to our quest. You in this university community are accustomed to the disciplines of the longer look; hence, I ask you not only to see the current violence as the contemporary outburst of a conflict which has embroiled the world since man was first formed from the dust, but also a conflict which is recapitulated in every person. The direction in which we shall find signposts leading toward the answer to our question, "Why Be Educated?" is by the resolute facing of that conflict.

Just as from dimmest eras have come the cries of "Peace, peace, where there is no peace!" so today there are many who arise to contend that the question of international war and peace is the most important issue in the world. But I am convinced that

the answer to our present question is even more important. War is a relative matter. It is relative to the deeper conflict that lies beneath it. It is a degree of vehemence of phrase in the grammar of irrepressible debate.

War is like the volcano, suppressed for long or short periods by geological conditions. But at last it erupts to kill, smash, and burn. For us, at least, the volcano is constant even though dormant or presumably extinct; constant, because the forces of friction and conflict are ever at work beneath it.

Now persons in many sections of the world have had to learn to live with volcanoes. In some measure, mankind has learned to outwit the violence of the earthquake. But I hope that none here will arise to say that the purpose of an education is the outwitting of earthquake's destructive forces, or the getting on with volcanoes. Similarly, the purpose of an education is not in being an antidote for war.

But many persons say just that! It is different only in degree from saying that the reason for being educated is to know enough to come in out of the rain. Ponderously they tell you that the reason for being educated is in the interest of adaptability to physical environment; to save us from war, famine, pestilence, and to

visualize and achieve a higher standard of living through actual modification of environment by means of the better house, the better automobile, and the better bathroom. Now there is nothing inherently wrong in these things. But when it comes to primacy of the motive in achieving these things, we come to the focus of the eternal conflict of which we speak. In fact, the fighting word in the perennial conflict is motive. Motive forms the battle lines in education and in all other areas of human activity. Motive divides the world of darkness from the world of light. Motives point to the thing we seek *first*. Motives separate the prophecy of John Dewey, which declares that the earth shall be full of the knowledge of things, from the voice of Israel, both old and new, which declares that "The earth shall be full of the Knowledge of God." It is motive that demarks those who would build a new world by the wit and sufficiency of mankind, from those who, recognizing their dependence, seek life's consummation in Him, who, through His own redemptive sacrifice, alone may say, "Behold, I make all things new."

To those who assert that to give every person an education would lead to the outlawing of international war and drive it from the face of the earth, it might

well be said that the wrong motive for education is a basic cause for our present "blood and sweat and tears."

### The Functional View

**O**URS is the most educated generation of all history. On a world-wide battle-front at sea, on land, and in the air, we have the most educated war of all time. Education, as such, and as we have popularly known it, will not prevent war. Such a quantitative view of education not only entirely misses the point, but is also in itself one of the frictional causes lying beneath the present eruption.

The functional view of the motive for an education, especially of a higher education, forms, of course, the prevailing argument for going to college. This argument points to materialistic standards of living rather than to the texture and meaning of life itself. It deals with marketable skills and techniques for sale on the auction block of an industrialized world. It finds its highest rewards, not in widened horizons, not in sharpened appreciation and taste, nor in the formation of habits of independent inquiry and reflection, but in ends which may be purchased by means of an improved income as the reward of collegiate training.

Be educated and achieve suc-

cess. Be educated and enjoy a higher standard of living. Hire the mental sluggard to do your drudgery and your unpleasant tasks. Train yourself and get. Cease to be among the have-nots and join the haves. Cultivate the acquisitive within you, and, along with your getting, train your mind to be clever and smart in your transactions. You have vision. You have discovered that you must look out for yourself.

If such a plea were not at least implicit in prevailing attitudes of today, it could almost be regarded as being fantastic.

But precisely that sort of an invitation has been widely, though not quite universally, implemented on the American campus in one of the most astonishing and, at once, one of the most tragic developments of modern times. It is tragic not only because it is the same kind of plea which has been advanced by every dictator or war-lord of any age, but also because it relates the wrong motive to the process which provides skillful, productive and necessary vocational activity.

Nothing can be more dismal than our recognition of this generation's response to selfish and unfortunate motives for obtaining an education.

If I see rightly, I perceive that the appeal of such motives is already partially spent. The signs

appear but faintly. Evidences of any sweeping educational reform are completely wanting. For example, one secular educator who reveals no sign of essential conversion, is now speaking almost piously of the need of the metaphysical as a guide to the educational process. On the other hand, inarticulate questionings well up. As in the early 1930's, persons are observed to be talking to themselves as though they had lost something or other.

### Questions

HAS the magnificent and dazzling system of education in our democracy merely dazzled us by its material magnificence? Can it be that the system really has failed us? Or has the democracy whence it sprung let us down? In our pursuit of freedom have we not become enslaved by the means, which had been made to look like ends? Are not our bonds those that the classroom helped to forge about us when the tools for living often were made to appear like life's objectives?

If questions like these are beginning to take shape in these dark days, then the age-long conflict may be turning slightly toward the salutary and hopeful side. Painful questionings pre-empt thoughtfulness, or, as my old teacher, Dr. Studdert-Kennedy,

used to say, "thinking is the result of a pain in the head."

The hoped-for thoughtfulness, as it may be directed toward the American educational system, it seems to me, should face two considerations. First, a motive for achieving an education, particularly a higher education, which is comparable in selflessness and dynamic to the motive of a soldier who accepts rigid disciplines with possibly only death as his personal reward. Secondly, the question should be repeatedly asked if such a motive may be successfully nurtured if secular or state control of educational institutions is greatly increased as trends seem to demonstrate.

I am personally convinced that no more powerful dynamic than the Christian motive can be found for an education. Christianity magnifies the person, his integrity and his worth for his own sake. *The person* requires no reward other than the achievement of the end for which he was made. Faith discerns that end. The Christian college offers a main avenue of expression which leads toward it. The substitution of any rewards other than progress through that expression toward the ends seen by faith leads to frustration and disaster. Adherence to expression which leads to ends seen by faith is an



outreach toward the ineffable vision.

There may be those who will say that such counsel puts higher education into an impractical position and relegates it to the ivory tower. This is demonstrably not so, and of those who might raise the question of practicality even in this day of decadent pragmatism I simply need ask what they mean by practicality. If they answer that the word has to do with the immediate means of life, they would be partially right, but our duty would be to press its meaning on to include the achievement of the ends for which life was given.

For example, the present day is fascinated by the achievements,—the practical achievements—of applied science and engineering. I have no quarrel with applied science as such, but I would call your attention to the foundation on which all technological developments rest. It is the field of pure science, and it is interesting to note that motive is again a dividing line. Motive divides pure science from applied science. The pure scientist under his rigorous disciplines and objective test mechanisms seeks truth as it is revealed in formula and laboratory. He finds his joy in the definition of facets of truth, and that joy is sufficient reward. But who would call the pure sci-

entist impractical? To be sure, he has combined the fine imagination of poet and historian with the disciplines of science. He is, and must be, a visionary, sheltered in an ivory tower; but without him the applied scientist would be helpless, and the splendid achievements of technology would soon come to an end. The pure scientist supplies the grist for the applied scientist's mill; hence let no man call him impractical because his vocation and calling are not centered in rewards external to himself. His reward is the incorporation of truth in the very fabric of his personhood.

### The Christian Motive

THE finest, and at the same time the most striking, statement I ever encountered concerning the Christian motive, came from the lips of Dr. William Temple, the present archbishop of Canterbury. He said:

"In all our efforts to apply the Gospel to the affairs of this world there lurks an insidious peril. The world, though fallen, is still God's world, and conformity to His will is conformity to its deepest law. Consequently, righteousness pays. It is, in many ways, regrettable, but it is so. Thus arises the temptation to pursue righteousness because it pays, to follow Christ because that may save

us from war, to revive Christendom because it might ensure prosperity and peace. This is disastrous! It is at once the paradox and the commonplace of religious faith that only he can obtain its chief benefits who has ceased to care about the benefits in comparison with God himself."

Similarly, we may paraphrase that striking statement by saying that it pays to be educated. Thus arises the temptation to pursue an education because it pays. This is equally disastrous! Only he who has ceased to care about the benefits of an education in comparison with the apprehension of the Truth to which one day he may, by the grace of God, come, may achieve an education.

As we turn from the discussion of a Christian motive for an education to the institutions of education, we are compelled to gaze on the scene with mixed emotions. On the one hand, the growth of American educational facilities has been stupendous since the enactment of Governor De Witt Clinton's Town-School law in 1821. On the other hand, the main causes beneath such expansion permitted little or no over-all thinking as the building of faculty and facility rushed forward. It was an emergency, an all-out war against the tyranny of ignorance. Education was seen as the price of freedom. Educa-

tion was to be the handmaid of democracy. Education was the great leveler. Foolish social cases could not exist when all were enlightened. Crime would be abolished and jails razed. Give the potential criminal an education, and he would become wise enough to know that crime never pays.

There is little need to amplify further. The main thing is that while it is possible to be proud of much that the system has done for the country and the world, the matter of direction and control of the institutions of learning, except in certain religious communions, has been largely left to the discretion of administrative staffs by boards composed of benefactors and business men whose main interest usually has ended with a balanced budget.

As the question of the controlling thought behind educational institutions comes more and more into the forefront, one factor needs reiterated emphasis. It is this: No social institution can control itself. Social institutions, such as colleges and universities, are functional in character; therefore the motive for their operation, as well as their management and policy, ultimately is directed from the outside, toward objectives which were evolved and dictated by the way of thinking demanded by an organized set of ideas of one kind or another.

### Freedom in Education

To put it more forcefully is to say that academic freedom is, more than we like to admit, a catch phrase. Academic freedom virtually does not exist. It cannot exist! The teacher may enjoy a measure of freedom, provided his teaching does not transgress boundaries fixed, not necessarily by his administrative officers, but by the ideological structure under which his institution operates. An institution of learning, by its very nature, *must* be bound by the structure of ideas which control it.

What are some examples of such ideological structures? The state is one. Any state must be based on an organized set of ideas. For example, the constitution of the United States is an ideological structure, and the government of the United States came into being with a signed accord together with the means of its enforcement. But much as many might like such a condition, the constitution cannot remain static. Its ideology is modified by problems and such consequent legislative enactments as are able to obtain administrative and judicial support. However, try as it may, government can never be a social institution. It may operate many kinds of social institutions, —schools, colleges, hospitals, wel-

fare agencies and industries, but it never can be a school, hospital or an industry. It can dominate and control such institutions, and it may institute them. But there the state is compelled to stop.

If government is one of the structures which is based on an organized set of ideas, together with the accord and the means of enforcement, what might be another ideological structure? Here I point to religion. Through the church, religion may institute, operate, control, and dominate a college, university, welfare agency, or even an industry. Just as with government, however, the church does not thus become a social institution. It does not thus become a hospital, school, or a welfare agency; for a church, as a government, is composed of a system of ideas which we call its doctrines and the accord and constitution which guarantee their maintenance.

Thus the world has two kinds of organized sets of ideas—two ideological structures. If there is another, I do not know what it is. If there is no other, education will be dominated ultimately by one set of ideas or by the other. The church that operates and directs a school or college simply motivates that institution in conformity with its doctrines and constitution toward ends divinely received.

If the non-religionist scoffs at this and calls such education by the ever-convenient name of propaganda—propaganda for the church—my instant reply is that, ultimately if not now, schools operated under governmental control will become propaganda institutions in whole or in part for the dominant political ideology. There is no other way out. The government finally will control the policy of the school in conformity with prevailing political concepts.

The reason why this dilemma is not critically apparent at this moment in America is twofold. First, our situation has been modified by the tradition which was instituted in the first town-school laws. Those schools were to be town-schools, locally administered under localized controls. This was salutary because the administration of the local school was carried on under the eye and influence of the local church and was quite remote from opportunities of governmental interference. But an immense change is now taking place. Less and less authority is now vested in the local community's control over education while the centralized office of education is gaining more and more authority. It takes but little vision to foresee attempts to nationalize our schools and bring them under the dominance of

prevailing political viewpoint.

The second part of the reason why the dilemma to be confronted is not at present critical has been the balance between state operated schools and those under private or localized control. That balance is approximately exact at the present time with enrollments at state colleges and state universities virtually identical with enrollments in locally administered voluntary colleges and universities. The interaction of state and voluntary education thus for the present retards the inevitable crisis.

### The Coming Crisis

**B**UT the crisis is inevitable if the Christian dynamic for education is to be maintained, and if the churches do not capitulate to ever-increasing claims of political pressure and theory. Fortunately, however, as this coming battle is to be fought, we can be fairly well assured that the implements of the struggle will be the quality of lives produced under the competitive systems rather than in vituperation and open discord. The church-related college can, and does, produce the abler citizens because the church-related college possesses something state education can never have—a motive that looks beyond the immediate and the materialistic to the recognized responsibility for

the nurture of a deathless culture.

Therefore, in this day of accentuated struggle and conflict it is time to start without delay to do some honest thinking about this deathless culture resident in the meaning of human life. If we do that, it is more than likely that we will prevent the youth of today from being duped and led to the evaluation of means as more important than ends; not quite so willing to surrender to the glib programmatist, either social or political, and thus to become cogs in a vast machine; not quite as joyless as our present confused generation.

It is only the Christian school and the Christian college that can serve youth by pointing with utmost clarity to what God intends them to become and do. That is the task of this and many another campus across our land. That job is greater than any production undertaking or any war job.

I close with a warning and a wish. Let me warn that what has been said is no call for war against the state or against its institutions. That is not necessary, nor is it right or desirable. But I do warn that if the ideology, the organized set of ideas of the church cannot, by their sheer persuasiveness and spiritual power, be able to aid in shaping the ideology of government—to mother

the doctrines of state, then this graduating class and its children will be driven hither and yon by the ballyhoo which buffeted their fathers, subject to compulsions of superficial slogans, and condemned to the joyless pursuit of this and that, which merely leads here and there, but nowhere.

And the wish? May it be as a toast to this class of 1942. You have been residing here for four years, led by those who have rescued you from the mere snare of preparation. You have been guided into habits which will tend to make your lives worthwhile, and enable you to grow with the passing years so that joy may develop rather than begin to perish when youth is gone. As you enter into the world's age-long conflict unsheltered by these walls, you will pursue for your chief objective one of possibly five various ends. Some of you may try to make life mean something to you in terms of possessions, others in pleasure, or in power. Some of you—I hope all—will see the meaning of life in pure thought, or in artistic creativity which may cause one to lay down his life—toss it from himself in complete devotion to beauty and to love—lost that it may be found!

Only that can make you happy; only that can keep society from self-destruction.

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*"Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free."*

# Liberty, of Thee I Sing

By ELMER A. KETTNER

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## Prologue

A COLD, blustering wind fresh from the Atlantic was sweeping the streets one day in February as I rang the doorbell at the home of a couple which had recently moved here. I was calling to ask them to attend our church. The snow, which had fallen a week before, had turned first to slush and then to ice.

I was invited in and offered a seat. I had scarcely opened my mouth, however, when I realized that I was going to have some competition. I usually ask people to turn off the radio; but here competition came from the canary, who apparently had decided to give me his cheeriest welcome.

I was seated in a comfortable chair near the windows facing the street, acquainting the newcomers with a few high lights of our city, our church, and our religion, when I noticed about a half-dozen sparrows fluttering

against the window-pane and hopping on the window-sill. One, in particular, craned his neck to see what was going on inside. Whether he could see the canary in his gilded cage, or hear him, I cannot say; but it seemed to me that the sparrow looked in with envy and longing and that he would have been glad to exchange places with his thirty-second cousin.

I had finished my brief invitation and would have been on my way except for the continued interest shown by the lady's questions, when I noticed that the birds had flown down into the middle of the road to hunt for such a dinner as they might find there upon the ice. As they hopped about, a black streak of something shot out from the bushes, the birds vanished in space, and a disappointed black cat walked slowly back to the house across the street. I thought nothing of it, for I had seen similar incidents hundreds of times on the farm.

As I arose to leave, the lady of the house walked over to the canary and opened the cage-door. Promptly the bird took to his wings and lighted on the top of the door leading to the dining-room. I had never had experience with caged birds on the loose. All I knew was what I had seen in the comic strips, where such escapades usually end with a few broken vases, mirrors, lamps, and human spirits. Imagine my surprise to find that, after a few moments of exercise and at his mistress' whistling invitation, the bird flew back again to the cage-door and entered what I had always supposed to be an unwelcome prison for the feathered folk.

"Sometimes I leave the door open," the lady added. "Dickie always returns to his perch."

### The Birds—and Liberty

I DROVE away from the house with my thoughts involuntarily centered on the birds rather than on my church-prospects. It seemed that I couldn't forget the sparrow's pitiful, yearning look as he gazed into the house, nor the cheerful song of the canary. Shouldn't the reactions have been reversed? The canary ought to have been mourning the loss of his freedom, the sparrow enjoying the exercise of his. Wasn't it

at the opera that I had heard a famous soprano sing, "Would I Were Free as a Bird"? Hadn't I once shouted at the top of my voice the concluding sentence of an immortal oration, "Give me liberty, or give me death"? A new philosophy on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness seemed struggling to be born in my mind. The old beliefs were crashing to the ground like the proverbial house of cards. The birds had taught me that liberty is not what it seems.

"What is wrong with my old conceptions of these things?" I asked. "Where do they clash with the new? Is human liberty as desirable as I have always supposed? Doesn't it have its drawbacks? Isn't it dangerous? What are the analogies in human life to the cage, the cat, and the cold?" Faintly I remembered from high school days that

Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage.

Had someone else discovered this truth before I had? Why hadn't I realized it in high school? Perhaps that's what the professors meant when they talked about mental registration. The idea had been brought to my attention twenty years ago, but it hadn't registered then. Could it be true that happiness can be found without perfect liberty? Weren't

the Negroes glad to be freed? No one would want to be a slave! We're fighting for freedom now, aren't we? Then freedom must be desirable! So question and argument shot back and forth at each other, incidentally hitting me, the innocent bystander.

### What Is Liberty?

"WHAT is liberty?" I asked myself, and I answered, "It is freedom to do as one pleases."

No, that can't be! It would be impossible to live in this world if everyone did as he pleased. We wouldn't have much of an army if every man could do as he chose. Many men wouldn't join the armed forces, or, if they did, they'd all want to be generals. What would happen to business if everyone were free to do as he pleased? Reputation, property, and life would be unsafe if absolute liberty prevailed for one day.

There can be only a limited kind of freedom in this world, I reasoned—a liberty under law. I am free to do only that which will not interfere with the rights of others. I am not free, for example, to drive my car twenty miles an hour through the streets of Boston. That would be endangering the lives of others. I must cut down to five miles an hour.

I am not free to do as I please when the policeman hands me a ticket. I, who sing in such simple faith

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing,

am I in captivity? Are not all laws limitations to my freedom? Yes, it has always been so. Liberty in this world must wear a bridle. The green traffic-light, changing to red just as I reached the corner, reminded me forcefully of this truth.

### Liberty Limited

LET me get to the bottom of this thing while I'm waiting. What are the boundaries of a man's freedom? He is free to do anything he pleases as long as he doesn't interfere with the rights of his fellowmen. So far, so good. What are the rights of others? What laws will tell me when I am infringing on the freedom of my "brother" and thus enslaving him and destroying freedom? State laws? Are they adequate?

Take, for example, that couple at whose home I called last week. They are dreadfully unhappy. They are making each other miserable. Yet the husband provides well for his wife, and she's a faithful "home-maker." They aren't



breaking any state laws. The state couldn't help them, except by granting a divorce, which in this case wouldn't improve matters. Somehow, each one is depriving the other of a normal share of happiness without going beyond the bounds which the state imposes on a man's freedom. (The green light says, "Go," and I obey, scarcely appreciating the fact that the government has thereby temporarily lifted the ban on my driving and given me free rein.)

What state law is there to prevent the gossip which daily ruins so many reputations and deprives so many people of the right to be highly respected? The laws forbidding slander? No, this isn't slander. It's just idle talk, but it's a slave-maker nonetheless. What state law compels us to love, to pity, to help, and to forgive one another? Is not the practice of these virtues much better than doing as we please? Yet all of them hinder the exercise of free will. Or, to bring the matter home, what law compels me to get up in the middle of the night when the baby distinctly cries, "Mamma"? There must be some higher law than that of the state—a law which will give us liberty and yet in no way curtail the rich experience of the fullness of life for others.

### Liberty Under God

OF course there is! It's the law of God. Why didn't I think of that before? This is a law which is really all-embracing and all-penetrating. It tells us that we are not free to do as we please: we are to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. We want men to love us, to help us in distress, to speak well of us! Wouldn't it be interfering with our liberty and the pursuit of happiness if they didn't do so? We have an obligation to our Creator. Hasn't He some rights too—rights upon which we dare not infringe?

Is liberty just a name? Are we slaves after all—slaves of God and man? Are we who sing of freedom more like the canary than like the sparrow? Are we caged in by laws of God and of the government? Can we say that we are free?

Once more the envious sparrow and the singing canary came to mind. For another moment contradictory thoughts fought one another tooth and claw; and then, in a flash, the battle was over, and truth emerged victorious. The analogy of the birds to humans was clear. The canary *is* free. There was a little open door in the cage. He entered willingly. His liberty has its restrictions, like ours. But the cage in its lo-

cation was not only a restriction: it was a protection! It kept out his natural enemies as truly as it kept him in. He had good reason to sing. The "free" sparrow was justified in his apparent willingness to exchange his kind of liberty for the canary's.

### Our Liberty

WE are free to do, or not to do, the will of God, except for our inborn inclination to absolute freedom. Until we learn better, we prefer the liberty of the sparrow—to do as we please. We don't want to submit to the "cage" of God's law any more than we want to pay our income tax. We resist, and we submit only in so far as we must. Then one day—perhaps early in life, perhaps late—when we have experienced the bitter consequences of our self-chosen freedom and desire instead the protection of God's laws, comes the realization that we have shut ourselves out by our own choice. We are free, indeed, free to hunger, to meet our enemies alone, and to feel the chilling blasts of this world. We don't want that kind of lib-

erty; but how can we escape it? Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; I will give you rest." Because He loved us so, our gracious Savior laid down His life to open the door to the kingdom. He invites us, welcomes us, and, bewailing our ill-chosen past freedom, which was really a devilish rebellion against the will of God, we come. We know now that there is no liberty for all except that which the will of God permits. His commandments set the necessary boundary lines for our freedom. We understand, and we come, to enter for time and eternity the joy of our Lord where we can lead useful lives, concerned as much about the rights of others as about our own.

The "cage" of religion is as much a protection as a restriction. It prevents us from doing only that which would ultimately harm us and our fellowmen. It protects our freedom from abuse by others. It is not really a cage, for we are willing to remain in it by the grace of God. There is a door in the cage which leads to outer darkness. We may leave by it if we so choose.

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# THE ASTROLABE




BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER  
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

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## MENTAL FITNESS AND WAR EFFORT

 To state it somewhat crudely, the success of our war effort to some extent will depend upon the mental fitness which our soldiers and sailors bring to the task. Not our soldiers and sailors only, but our officers in army and navy as well, yes, and our industries and statesmen and diplomats too. It's a battle of tanks and torpedoes, it's a war of nerves, and it is a contest of wit, of brains, and intellectual ability.

Any weakness in the educational system is bound to place us at a disadvantage in a contest with Nazi Germany, intellectually one of the most progressive nations in the world. Any defect in American education is bound to plague us until by the sheer

weight of armament, good fortune, and a kindly Providence the deficiencies have been made up.

Now, what kind of an education is it in which the present generation of boys and girls have been trained? Largely, it has been the system of so-called "Progressive Education." Following the example of Rousseau, who, in *Emile* (1762), advocated a child-centered school, John Dewey has given us the central ideas of Progressive Education—that children should be treated as individuals, that a child's interests and needs should shape the curriculum, that children should learn by doing (i.e., taking trips, building, painting), should practice democracy, should learn to solve the same kind of problems they will meet after school. The effect of this kind of training has been aptly described by F. G.

Clark in his *Magnificent Delusion* thus: "In my humble opinion as a lay student of America's problems we are teaching our children entirely too little about entirely too many things. The problem of developing minds is exactly like that of developing muscles. Should you start out to teach a hundred boys to run, and adopt the rule that the fastest boy is not allowed to run any faster than the slowest in the group, you would have an exact parallel of our mass education. The mind, just like the muscles, can only be developed by constantly forcing it to do a little more than it can easily do."

When I read of the fearful bottlenecks in our war preparations, both in the political bureaus and in industry, of the discouraging setbacks in the task of co-ordinating labor with capital, capital with capital, and labor with labor, I am reminded of the findings of Dr. Luther H. Gulick, when he summarized a three-year study of the New York State education system, conducted by two hundred specialists. Dr. Gulick said investigation had disclosed American public school graduates were ill-equipped to meet the demands of life. He said:

America cannot be governed satisfactorily or administered industrially in the days that lie ahead on the basis of the kind of schooling eighty

per cent of the boys and girls now receive. They have no idea what work means, what sorts of opportunities there are, how to look for work—or how to work when they get a job. They are not prepared to be useful citizens or to enter community or home life. . . . Few have . . . any protections against mob hysteria, propaganda, shallow prejudice or economic gold bricks.

Above everything else, Dr. Gulick said, the whole school curriculum needs reconstruction "so as to develop the abilities of youth in working together in modern industrial life and in acting together in intelligent and self-restrained self-government."

This was in 1938. The industrial history of America since our defense program was inaugurated, reads unpleasantly like a fulfillment of Dr. Gulick's prediction.



### GOOD TEACHERS OF LESS AND LESS



Dr. Gulick's committee report was not the only red light flashed in the path of Progressive Education. Psychologists and students of educational trends have voiced much the same judgment ever since the scheme of Dr. Dewey was permitted to dictate educational methods. The criticism was couched in terms which even the average Parent-

Teachers' Association is able to grasp. The simple fact is that the child who has come through the typical course of Progressive Education is unable to perform any unpleasant task which is set before it.

"Do you know," asked Dr. Elizabeth Lee Vincent, psychologist at the Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit, while addressing an educational gathering,—“two adolescents who will stick to a thing in spite of handicaps and discouragements? That is what our very progressive education has done to them.”

“The idea behind the progressive movement, that a child has unlimited energy for something he wants to do, is sound, and we properly fight hard against a teaching system which doesn't recognize individual differences; but we have gone to the other extreme, in the homes as much as in the schools.”

Dr. Roger E. Bennet, of Northwestern University, holds that if the current trend continues unchecked the nation will shortly have “perfect teachers perfectly teaching nothing at all.” In his blast at the teaching profession Dr. Bennet said conditions had reached such a pass that nowadays “plausible liars make successful and popular pedagogues.” This is the way he viewed the situation:


College professors are poor teachers, according to a few of their critics. I wish the accusation were truer; for I understand it to mean that the professors do not inject into their students' minds a simplified body of dogma and doctrine, that they are poor propagandists, and that they are unskilled in the art of falsifying and emasculating the truth to make it easy to teach.

“Progressive Education” is the latest stage of this process of making teaching easier by asking the student to learn less. It is a big advance step in the progress toward that educationists' Utopia in which we shall have perfect teachers perfectly teaching nothing at all.

A college professor should not want to be an increasingly “good teacher” of less and less. His job is to know things, not to present what he does not know convincingly and attractively.



### TRAINING FOR A DAY OF CRISIS

 More even than its unwillingness to demand hard mental effort, Progressive Education has weakened the stamina of the younger generation by its sneering, supercilious attitude toward God and the Bible. The dangerous elements in society, the slackers, the selfish, the incompetent, the criminal as well as the delinquent, were a few years ago for the most part in

the public schools. It is evident that public education has not saved us from the menace of the worthless and combustible material in society. What are we to do about it, especially at a time which demands like none within the memory of living man, the highest qualities of intellectual and moral stamina? Wm. H. Burnham in *Wholesome Personality* confesses to the hopelessness of the situation and seems to sense the true remedy but fails to discover it. He writes:

On what do we depend today for law and order and the safety of society? Everybody knows the answer—knowledge, instruction, conventional education. In crises like the great war, on every public occasion in times of peace, whenever we recount the means of public safety, we refer with complacency and confident pride to the public school as the bulwark of the republic. When the realists call attention to the stern fact that many conditions today seriously menace the welfare of society, that we seem unable to cope adequately with selfishness and even with that pseudoeducation that paralyzes the intellect and makes learning difficult. The answer always is better education.

He continues a little farther down:

When we reflect also on the fact that ever since we can remember we have had the public schools, one naturally asks whether our problems after all are not too difficult for

present human knowledge and intelligence or else whether we attacked a wrong aspect of the subject and used a wrong method. Before the moral problems of society we seem helpless. The self-development and moral character of the individual somehow is as definitely and as fatally arrested as the intellectual development.

Some old-fashioned truths emerge with startling clearness. There is the supreme necessity of acquiring a wholesome attitude toward everything that concerns God, and that includes all our relations with fellowman. We may call it re-education, its objective being new attitudes and habits to take the place of old and undesirable ones. We may call it regeneration. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

The task of the Christian educator, of the Church, emerges in its superlative importance when viewed in its relation to problems such as these, which involve the preservation of every heritage of Christian culture.



We thought perhaps every one of the nine faithful readers of *The Astrolabe* would write in about the lengthy quotation from Zollmann's *American Civil Church Law* with which we closed our April column. But

not one wrote so much as a postal card. Perhaps they did not wish to take issue with a lawyer, for fear that he might measure them for a neat little damage suit. Yet the opportunity to show that lawyers also have their limitations was so inviting!

Did our faithful readers really believe that crossed swords, flags, etc., are to be regarded as of religious significance any more than the crossed hammer and sickle in the Russian flag? And what of the insignia of the Medical Corps, which are pronounced "the most significant of all military emblems"—the winged staff with the two serpents coiled about it? Is that actually a reference to the brazen serpent? Is it not, as J. McDowell Morgan says, in *Military Medals and Insignia of the United States*, p. 118, a "caduceus"? The caduceus, however, is the staff of Hermes, or Mercury—a symbol of pagan ancestry.

In fine, Mr. Zollmann appears to be a better authority on law than on religious symbolism, and that is why we deprecated either praise or blame for ourselves in behalf of his interpretation.



### THE BRIDEGROOM GETS A BREAK



Not so long ago the editor of the *Augusta* (Iowa) *Union* got married. Remem-

bering how little attention bridegrooms usually receive at the hands of society editors, the editor of the *Union* decided that he would serve up the story of his wedding with a few embellishments, and, under the caption "Ye Editor Takes Himself a Bride," contributed this story to the "local" column of his own newspaper:

Clarence (Tudy) Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers of Osseo, became the husband of Miss Margaret Gilbertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gilbertson of Augusta, in a beautiful ring ceremony Saturday noon before a Justice of the Peace at Waukon, Ia.

Blushing prettily, he replied to the questions of the Justice in low but firm tones, never indicating that he noted the omission of the "obey" in the bride's answers.

He was attractively attired in a three-piece suit of black pin-stripe woolen material, consisting of coat, vest and pants. The coat was charmingly festooned with a white flower in the left buttonhole.

The vest was sleeveless, closed in the front and gracefully fashioned with pockets. It was held together at the back with a strap and buckle.


His pants were neatly pressed for the occasion and he wore them with an air as if he little suspected it would be the last time he "wore the pants" in that family, as the familiar expression goes.

Hose and necktie added just the right dash of color to complement

the effect. Shoes were of genuine leather, laced with strings of the same color, giving a chic effect.



### PLEDGING A LEAGENT

 A San Francisco junior high school teacher, curious to learn just how many of his pupils understood the Pledge to the Flag, tried a novel experiment on the first day of school last fall. He asked his students to write the Pledge, along with the first verses of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

Here is a sample of the work turned out by a ninth-grade pupil, supposedly of at least average ability:

"I pege a legon to the flag of the undidited states of America one natid in the enfiden for which it stands."

Here is another:

"I pledge you leagent to the flag of the United States of America one nation indidual for it stand."

To cut the story short, only twelve out of 344 papers turned in were correct in both wording and spelling. About a third of them were incorrectly worded, many on a par with the above examples. It was very clear that, as a whole, the students did not have the remotest idea of what

the Pledge to the Flag meant. Apparently they had just been mumbling meaningless words.

Having discovered this shocking state of affairs, this particular teacher, in co-operation with the other members of the faculty, proceeded to correct the trouble. The difficult phrases were explained in simple language. The words of the Pledge, of the "Star Spangled Banner," and of "America" were given meaning. The Scottish Rite 33rd degree Bulletin, which tells the story adds the following comment:

"About the only conclusion that can be drawn from this discovery is that some of our schools have been taking patriotism and the theory of democracy for granted. They have assumed that children knew these things. They have not bothered to find out.

"Obviously, children are not going to be very impressed with a Pledge to the Flag if they do not understand it. They are not going to be stirred by the 'Star Spangled Banner' if it's just a meaningless jumble. They are not going to be patriotic if they do not know what patriotism means and implies.

"A nation at war, or at peace, cannot afford to take such things for granted."





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
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# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Ruminating at Random*

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

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 Have you noticed that the programs of most concert singers have a high degree of uniformity? Recitalists are wont to begin their bills of fare by paying homage, for better or for worse, to composers who lived about two, three, or four hundred years ago. Sometimes they include a folk song or two, which may, or may not, transport the listeners back even farther into the dim and distant past. Next you will look for a group of German lieder or, in some instances, for a cluster of French art songs. Then opera will have its little day in court. After the excerpt, or excerpts, from works of composers who wrote for the stage there may be another assortment of art songs, frequently in French or in German. Now and then other languages will bob up; and, sad to say, it often happens that singers reveal a lamentable lack of

knowledge and discernment by resorting to translations. In conclusion, the audience will, as a rule, be regaled, or bored, with a bevy of English and American songs of relatively recent vintage. More often than not the epilogue will be a basketful of high-class rubbish. Occasionally there will be minor changes in the matter of arrangement; but, as they say in the parlance of the learned, such variations cut little or no ice.

If you have anything better to suggest, please raise your hand. I for my part confess that I look upon the program-architecture in vogue for a long time among most concert singers as ideal—unless, of course, an artist devotes a recital to works of one composer or to illustrations of particular phases of the art of song.

Unfortunately, two truths stand out like sore thumbs:

(1) The bills of fare presented by vocalists are, in numerous instances, far better than the singing.

(2) Too many singers and promoters of singers seem to take for granted that the musicianship of every listener is as atrocious as their own.

### Conductorless Choirs

♪ A short time ago I had my little say about conductorless orchestras. But what about conductorless choirs?

Recently I formulated a series of questions which, to my thinking, listeners must ask themselves before it is possible for them to arrive at a well-grounded appraisal of the ability and the achievements of a chorus. They are not, and do not pretend to be, comprehensive. Here they are:

(1) Was the diction—I mean the *composite diction*—of the singers clear, or was it muddy?

(2) Were the rhythms precise, sharp, and unmistakably alive?

(3) Was the phrasing based on a thorough understanding of the importance of symmetry, balance, and cohesion?

(4) Was the accentuation in keeping with sound logic; or was it erratic and, at times, even explosive?

(5) What about the quality and the blending of the voices?

(6) Was the singing defaced, and made hideous, by those unsightly pimples and carbuncles which are commonly, and somewhat euphemistically, called frills? For example: Did the choir try to make its m's and its n's sound like dive-bombers or giant bumblebees?

(7) What can you say about the ability, or the inability, of the choir to color its tones in conformity with the requirements of good taste and sound musicianship?

(8) Were the shadings—if there were any at all—musical in the exact sense of the word, or were they of such a nature as to raise the goose flesh?

(9) Was there a clear articulation of harmonic progressions? In other words, did the singers know their parts?

(10) Did the choir bring about a sharp individualization—a personalization, if you will—of the voices in contrapuntal music without losing sight of the axiom that in the tonal art, as well as in mathematics, the whole is made up of the sum of all its parts?


(11) Did the program contain music of genuine worth, or did it bring burnt offerings to trash and meretriciousness?

(12) Did the singers understand, and convey, the import and the true spirit of the music?

If, after giving thought to these

questions, you believe and are sure that a choir can sing artistically, or even moderately well, without benefit of a competent leader, then you have every right to look upon conductors as excess baggage. But who will deny that singers, by and large, are in far greater need of able leadership than instrumentalists?

### What About Pitch?

 Please don't club me to pulp for omitting a reference to pitch in my twelve queries. I know that choirs should always remain on the straight and narrow path of accurate intonation; but I don't blind myself to the fact that, conductor or no conductor, circumstances, and combinations of circumstances, frequently conspire to force singers to deviate from precision in the matter of pitch. Atmospheric conditions in the auditorium, posture, pains and aches, emotional disturbances, extraneous sounds, hostile or friendly faces in the audience, and a host of other things can, and do, cause the voices of the human beings who make up a choir to drop and sideslip. Singers seldom scabble *above* the proper tones. They descend to "flatness" far, far more frequently than they ascend to "sharpness."

Fluctuations in pitch don't an-

noy me unless they are due to carelessness or prove conclusively that a singer knows no more, or little more, about music than Hirohito—that's the name of the mouse who, some time ago, tried to keep house in our kitchen—knew about broiling a steak or about the amount of material a Nazi tailor must have before he can make a pair of peg-top pants for Herman Göring. Then, of course, deviations from the proper intonation give me "the creeps." After all, artists—even great artists—are human. Besides, I have learned to be suspicious of those critics and would-be musicians who delude themselves and others into believing that by a mere pricking-up of their ears they can measure pitch all the way up, or all the way down, to the smallest fractions. I have no such ability. When anyone says to me with irrefragable cocksureness that Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Singer was "off" one-half, one-quarter, or—save the mark!—one-eighth of a tone, I stand politely in awe of such astounding ear-technic. At the same time, however, I remember with gratitude in my breast that I once lived for three years in the state of Missouri.

But let's not forget that there are some exceptionally keen ears in this world of sharps and flats. Now and then one meets an indi-



June marks the birthday of one of the world's greatest artists, Rembrandt Harmenis van Rijn. His father was a miller by the name of Harmen Gerritsoon who had some years before the birth of Rembrandt adopted the name of the river which turned the wheels of his mill, van Rijn.

Rembrandt was the eighth child in this large family. This etching of a "Landscape With Three Trees" is one of his most famous works.



Most of Rembrandt's etchings were completed before he was thirty years old.  
This picture shows the "Resurrection of Lazarus."



The artist did most of his work in a little dark work-room with only a sky-light for illumination. That accounts for his fascinating treatment of the light beam in so many of his etchings. "The Descent from the Cross" shows the light beam most effectively.

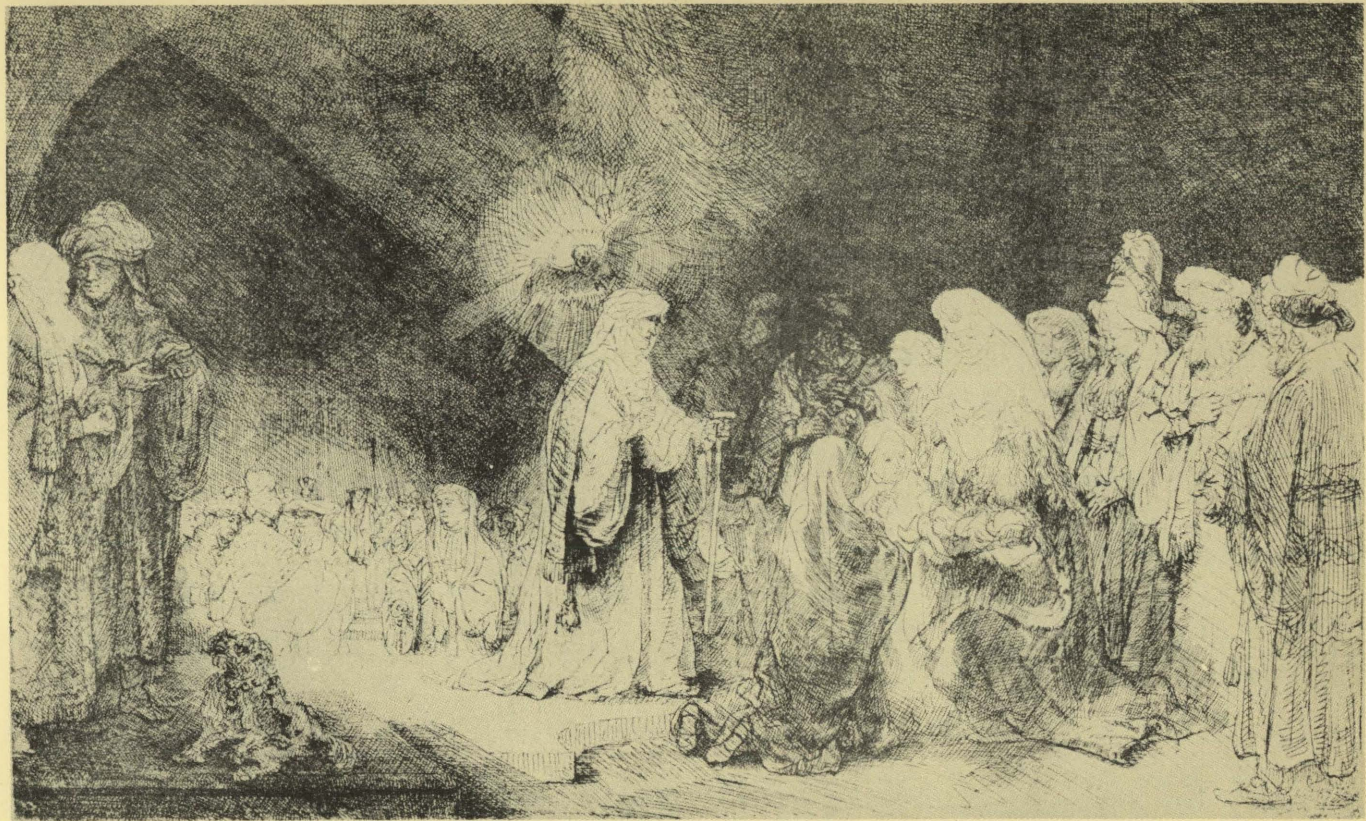


"The Judgment of Christ" is one of Rembrandt's most striking groupings of figures. The light is handled with a master's hand.



In "The Annunciation to the Shepherds" the artist has brought in not only sheep, but cattle as well and has shown this terror at this sudden apparition in a wealth of sudden action.





No architectural detail beclouds the idealism of "The Presentation in the Temple." Simeon is seated, the Virgin kneels and Anna, the prophetess, has the dove of the Holy Spirit hovering over her.



Along with the famous "Three Trees," this etching of the "Three Cottages" has become a favorite with collectors.



Rembrandt's "Flight Into Egypt" shows his tremendous capacity for detail in small compass. This reproduction is taken from the largest of the three which he made of this subject.

vidual who has what is commonly known as "absolute pitch perception."

### Domenico Scarlatti

Let's suppose that Robert Casadesus, the able French pianist, or an equally capable exponent of keyboard wizardry, makes up his mind to appear in recital in one of the important music centers of our land without revealing to the audience the titles of the compositions he intends to play. Let's assume, furthermore, that the spirit moves the artist to regale his hearers with a dozen or more of the little sonatas handed down to us by Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757). Will many of the listeners know that the delightful masterpieces were written more than 200 years ago? Will all the musicians, or all the critics, recognize the style and the authorship of the works? Will they be able to give a correct answer to those who nudge them and ask, "Can you tell me whether the music the pianist is playing is old, middle-aged, or new?"

A few of Scarlatti's sonatas are widely known; but when we consider that the able Italian wrote

hundreds of compositions of this type, we realize at once that the man, or the woman, who can identify each and every one of them either immediately or after brief reflection is endowed with a memory nothing short of phenomenal.

Some of the sonatas sound decidedly modern. At times they contain harmonic surprises—surprises reminding one of the subtle and sudden shifts of which Schubert was so fond. Besides, Scarlatti was a master-melodist. His works abound in wit, whimsicality, and gaiety. Let no one imagine that they are easy to play. They require fingers as light as feathers and as fleet as the winds; they presuppose a sure command of legato and staccato. Frequently the performer must cross his hands with the swiftness of lightning and with the unerring aim of an eagle swooping down upon its prey. There are embellishments in rich abundance. The compositions demand delicacy, strength, and the utmost clarity. They are not for fledglings. Scarlatti, the renowned master of the harpsichord, did much for the development of piano technic as we know it today.

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# The Literary Scene

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

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff*

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## Blunt, Stark, and Vivid

*ONLY ONE STORM.* By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 427 pages. \$2.75.

THE turbulence and the confusion which have descended upon the world at large as a result of Adolf Hitler's rise to absolute power in Germany have been fountains of inspiration for many of those who like to use fiction as a medium for the expression of their views, their fears, and their hopes. Communism and the tactics of Josef Stalin have performed an equally important function in the field of contemporary writing.

It is clear that Granville Hicks has thought long and earnestly about the perplexing problems which fascism and communism have thrown into the lap of the world; for he has set forth his convictions in a novel of uncommon power. *Only One Storm* has, in the main, three characteristics which raise it far above the level of run-of-the-mill fiction: (1) Its prose is simple, direct, and carefully wrought. (2) The story is fascinating and, on the whole, true to life. (3)

The men, the women, and the children about whom the author writes are personalities with flesh on their bones and blood in their veins. Mr. Hicks is far too competent to try to foist upon his readers the talk and the doings of mere puppets and paper dolls.

About twenty years ago Sinclair Lewis set the country agog with a novel treating largely of life in a small town. In spite of all its faults *Main Street* had many excellent qualities. Even those who thought that the book contained too much "muchness" and condemned it out of hand as utterly worthless were soon forced to admit that numerous writers of fiction were striving with might and main to walk in Mr. Lewis' footsteps. The clever novelist had set a fashion, so to speak; he had begotten a host of imitators.

At first blush *Only One Storm* may seem to be an echo of *Main Street*; but the thoughtful reader quickly realizes that the similarity in form and in subject matter is only skin-deep. Mr. Hicks, like Mr. Lewis, probes deep into the minds and

hearts of his characters, unfolds his story with artful vividness, and writes with sensitive attention to smoothness and clarity; yet he brings about an effect radically different in many respects from what the author of *Main Street* achieved. *Only One Storm*, like *Main Street*, deals with life in a small town; yet Mr. Hicks, who is by no means lacking in forthright individualism, imbues his absorbing novel with a quality distinctly its own. Life in the village of Pendleton, about which Mr. Hicks writes, echoes much that takes place in the big cities; and the descriptions he gives of some of the goings-on in New York are, in the final analysis, Pendletonian in effect.

Canby Kittredge was a native of Pendleton, a little New England hamlet; but he shook the dust of his birthplace from his feet when he had grown to man's estate. In New York City he rose to prominence in the field of advertising. His friends predicted for him a future filled to the brim with prosperity. But Canby was not made of ordinary clay. The business in which he was engaged began to irk him.

When success came and he began the process of looking around, he was in the Ladd and Burgess office, and there was a good deal to look at, not only the ruthless methods of their clients but also the equally ruthless struggle within the office itself.

Canby decided to give up his job and to return to Pendleton to live. Christina, his wife, agreed. After coming back to the village of his birth he threw himself heart and soul into the life of its inhabitants, bought a home,

acquired the Pendleton Press, and earned a living by doing job printing. He knew that the little town was "decadent, narrow, suspicious, uncharitable, immoral, and stupid"; at the same time, however, he saw that it was "humorous, shrewd, honest, generous." It would not be easy, nor entirely possible, to change the manner of living to which he and his family had become accustomed; but Canby and Christina plunged into the new surroundings with a will, and the villagers, for the most part, soon accepted them as fellow-citizens who could, and would, render valuable service to the community. After the Kittredges had stood the acid test of penetrating scrutiny on the part of the villagers, Canby was elected selectman for Pendleton. He realized that he had hated not merely the cynical, callous dishonesty of Ladd and Burgess but also the whole impersonality of city life.

BEFORE returning to Pendleton, Canby had been troubled by the rise of fascism in the world. The very thought of this vicious type of government filled him with horror. How could he combat the evil most effectively? Instinctively he loathed the policy of appeasement. He was convinced that Hitlerism would thrive on the tactics of men like Sir Neville Chamberlain; for he was sure, as one of his friends put it, that

a fascist is a person who never thinks of other persons as human beings, who asks only how he can use them, manipulate them, who does not hesitate to dispose of them if they get in his way.

Where was the solution? Did it lie in communism? Some of Canby's

friends, who had become Reds, tried to induce him to join the party; and on more than one occasion he was on the verge of offering himself as a tool of sovietism. But then came the Hitler-Stalin pact of August, 1939. Canby did not become a Communist. He was elected selectman in Pendleton on the Democratic ticket.

*Only One Storm* emphasizes the sordidness, the vulgarity, and the inanities prevalent in the village of Pendleton; but it does not fail to point out the humorous, shrewd, honest, and generous elements in the characters of those who called the little place their home. It is a book for mature readers—readers who are troubled in spirit by the turbulence and the confusion rampant in the world today and are eager to observe the reactions of some of their fellow-creatures. There is no romance in the pages of Mr. Hicks' novel. The book is packed with realism—realism blunt, stark, vivid, and, at times, brusquely offensive.

### Clarity and Strength

*GREATNESS IN MUSIC.* By Alfred Einstein. Translated by César Saerchinger. Oxford University Press, New York, London, and Toronto. 1941. 288 pages. \$3.00.

**I**F you fail to listen intently when Alfred Einstein, one of the foremost musicologists of our time, discusses aspects of the history and the significance of the art to which he has devoted painstaking and unusually fruitful study, you will deprive yourself of much stimulating pleasure. You will miss the wholesome joy

afforded by the consideration of views and conclusions which spring from penetrating scholarship and reveal refreshing independence of thought.

Dr. Einstein has the ability to combine clarity of expression in an uncommonly deft manner with strength. Even those readers who do not always agree with his assertions are compelled, willingly or unwillingly, to admit that what he has to say is based on wide-ranging erudition. *Greatness in Music* abounds in aphoristic statements. It is not a big book; but many writers on music have unburdened themselves of volumes much larger without putting into their discussions even a small fraction of the Einsteinian pith and learning. Few authors have the skill and the background that lead to the conciseness characteristic of the style of *Greatness in Music*. Many, it must be said, lack the time to be brief.

The abundance of learning contained in *Greatness in Music* makes any conscientious reviewer stand agape. How shall he begin a discussion of the book? Where shall he end? What shall he stress? What shall he omit? If he strives to write a comprehensive appraisal, will it not be necessary for him to have more pages at his disposal than Dr. Einstein himself has used? If he attempts to put on paper a succinct résumé of the work, will he not soon discover that the author's meaty thoughts on what constitutes greatness in music are expressed so compactly and so aphoristically that only another Einstein could give a brief summing-up of their essence?

After much head-scratching, blood-

sweating, and teeth-gnashing this reviewer has reached the conclusion that he will most effectively solve the knotty problem confronting him (1) by merely mentioning that the four chapters of *Greatness in Music* deal in a fascinating manner with questionable greatness, unquestionable greatness, esoteric conditions for greatness, and historical conditions for greatness and (2) by quoting a few statements which illustrate the arresting quality of the brilliant scholar's treatment of the subject.

If you believe that it is possible for a well-equipped critic or musicologist to write a comprehensive and incontrovertibly definitive history of the tonal art, you will do well to give thought to Dr. Einstein's statement that

there exists no eternally valid history of art, no "objective" history of music; its contents are stirred up again and again, influenced by the ever-quickenened sensibility and the intellectual needs of the time. And if ever there should be an objective history of music, we should be justified in assuming that music itself is dead.

If you have been thinking about the importance of form in music, you will undoubtedly derive much stimulation from the declaration that

Beethoven's greatness does not lie in the fact that he excelled Haydn and Mozart, that he filled prepared forms with more powerful matter, but in the fact that for this more powerful material, this stronger impulse, he sought a more powerful form.

If you yourself are convinced that program music has as much validity and worth as absolute music, you will,

in all likelihood, be nettled when you read what Dr. Einstein says about reactions to portions of Hector Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*.

If you have wondered whether filching ever helped bring undying fame to a composer, you will be glad to learn that

Handel made something out of his thefts, he usurped others' property not only as a mighty conqueror, but he made a usurer's profit out of it; and even where he copied, so to speak, word for word, the copy became, *in and through* the new context, his property.

If you have been wrangling with friends about the originality, or the non-originality, of a composer, or a composition, you may, or may not, be shocked to hear that

originality and mastery are almost incompatible: their co-appearance is the rarest of all rarities.

Furthermore, it will be fascinating to consider that

great artists distinguish themselves by the greatest and often incomprehensible lack of indulgence for their artistic colleagues, and by a truly matchless one-sidedness and lack of understanding.

You may not agree when you read that

as for Protestantism, it has had no living music at all since the time of Bach; and music has no longer a true home in the Protestant church.

Nevertheless, you will be anxious to find out whether Dr. Einstein's categorical assertion is based on fact, on wishful thinking, or on some strange hallucination.

You will become equally curious when you read that



the activity of the Catholic "Caecilians," too, with their fight against "rococo" church music and their return to Palestrina and the sixteenth century, only proves that the union between the church and creative music has been dissolved.

*Greatness in Music* will instruct, edify, and, at times, annoy you; but it is safe to predict that you will not be content to read the book only once.

### Enduring Beauty

*CROSS CREEK.* By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Decorations by Edward Shenton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1942. 368 pages. \$2.50.

FOR Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Cross Creek is an enchanted land—a land which

belongs to the winds and the rain, to the sun and the seasons, to the cosmic secrecy of seed, and, beyond all, to time.

More than a decade has passed since the author took up her residence in this remote spot in Florida. Although Cross Creek is little more than a bend in the road, Mrs. Rawlings says:

Here is home. . . . For me, the Creek satisfies a thing that had gone hungry and unfed since childhood days. . . . An old thread, long tangled, has come straight again. . . . I am often lonely. Who is not? But I should be lonelier in the heart of a city. . . . Folks call the road to Cross Creek a lonely road because there is not human traffic and human stirring. Because I have walked it so many times and have seen such a tumult of life there, it seems to me one of the most populous highways of my acquaintance. I have walked it in ecstasy, and in joy it is beloved. Every pine,

every gallberry bush, every passion vine, every joree rustling in the underbrush, is vibrant. I have walked it in trouble, and the wind beside me is easing. I have walked it in despair, and the red of the sun is my own blood dissolving into the night's darkness. For all such things were on earth before us, and will survive us, and it is given to us to join ourselves with them, and to be comforted.

Mrs. Rawlings has re-created the life of the Florida back-country with vivid realism. Years of personal experience and observation have been recorded here with tender understanding and fine artistry. This is the land from which Mrs. Rawlings drew her inspiration for *South Moon Under*, *Golden Apples*, and the Pulitzer Prize winner, *The Yearling*.

Life at Cross Creek is simple, hard, and primitive. The rich earth of the hammock and the unfenced pasture produce a lush fertility. The woods teem with birds and animals, friendly and unfriendly. Eagles nest in the tall cypresses; underfoot the deadly rattler and the evil moccasin go their silent, death-dealing way. Starvation and death are forever lurking in the shadows. Those who wrest a living from the soil wage an unremitting battle against the wind, the rain, the harsh sun, and the encroaching jungle.

The stable population numbers five white and two black families. Outsiders who have not succumbed to the charm and the beauty of the small settlement consider the Creek folk "just a little biggety and more than a little queer." But that, Tom Glisson will tell you, is because "they just don't know the Creek. Why I would-

n't live any place else, if I had gold buried in Georgia." For those who live in the hamlet are drawn together by a curious bond of understanding. "Old Boss" Brice, who has lived here for sixty years, has put this feeling into words:

The Creek doesn't amount to anything. The people don't amount to anything. But if you're sick and have no money, they'll cook for you and fetch it to you and they'll doctor you, and if you get past their doctoring, they'll send for a doctor and pay his bill. And if you die they'll take up a collection and bury you. I figure it's just as close to heaven here as any place.

Any review of *Cross Creek*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April, must make mention of another character. This is Martha Mickens.

When old Martha Mickens shall march at last through the walls of Jericho, shouting her Primitive Baptist hymns, a dark rock at the core of Creek life will have been shattered to bits. She is nurse to any of us, black or white, who fall ill. She is midwife and layer out of the dead. She is the only one who gives advice to all of us impartially. She is a dusky Fate, spinning away at the thread of our Creek existence.

*Cross Creek* is a remarkable book. It is packed with action and drama; it speaks with the manifold voices of a great symphony. It sings with surpassing beauty of the gayety of light-hearted laughter and unalloyed joy; of the agony of frustration and despair; of the burthening weight of toil and privation; of the ultimate triumph of spirit which alone can bring peace and understanding. Today our poor, proud world, with its carefully and wonderfully contrived man-made

comforts and conveniences, has suddenly, shockingly, been brought to the disturbing realization that, after all, these things are fragile and vulnerable. Every day that passes takes its toll in human lives and in human suffering. But when this mad orgy of hate and destruction has ended, we shall build again; for though

the individual man is transitory, the pulse of life goes on after he is gone. The earth will survive bankers and any system of government, capitalistic, fascist, or bolshevist. The earth will survive even anarchy.

## Lonely Road

### JOSEPHUS AND THE EMPEROR.

By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Caroline Oram. The Viking Press, New York. 1942. 466 pages. \$2.75.

THIS volume brings to a close Lion Feuchtwanger's brilliant epic of the life and the times of the Jewish historian Josephus. Deftly, sensitively, and forcefully Mr. Feuchtwanger has reconstructed the pomp, the power, the pageantry, and the violence of the last half of the first century of the Christian Era. There are many striking parallels between the turbulent world of the remote past and the troubled world of today. The words of the Roman senator Cornelius might have been written yesterday. Cornelius, in bitter, shamed revolt against the tyranny of Domitian, admonishes his colleagues:

It's important that you should stay alive, even if it's a miserable life. It's important that those who love freedom should survive this period.

The young Josephus who made his way to the court of Nero had been an eager and ambitious youth—a youth fired with the determination to impregnate Rome and the world with the Jewish spirit. Unfortunately for his peace of mind and soul, he learned to love Rome. Doctor Joseph Ben Matthias, priest of the first rank of Jerusalem, became Flavius Josephus, Roman knight of the second rank, a man who was lost between two worlds. Often the hills of Judea called him back to the home of his fathers; but he could not remain away from Rome. Here,

even if he locked himself into his room, he was comforted by the thought that he had only to take a few hundred steps to stand on the Capitoline, where beat the heart of the world.

JOSEPHUS was in Rome when Justus of Tiberius brought him news of an impending uprising of the fanatical Zealots. He was unwilling to be drawn into a new quarrel with Rome. He was almost fifty;

he had renounced the hurly-burly; he did not long for the wild life which lay behind him. He had in his time thrown himself with burning enthusiasm into the great war of his people, had taken part in it on the side of the Jews and on the side of the Romans, as politician and soldier. He had participated in the great episodes, in the intimate circle of the first and second Flavian Emperors, as actor and sufferer, as Roman, Jew, and citizen of the world. He had finally written the classical account of that Jewish War, had been honored as few others, and abased and vilified as few others. Now he was tired of the successes and defeats; the violent activity had come to seem shallow to him. Not to

create history had he been appointed by God and before mankind, but to order and perpetuate the history of his people, to seek out its meaning, to present its participants as admirable or warning examples. For that he was here, and he was content.

Josephus' contentment was short-lived. The Lord and God, the Emperor Flavius Domitianus Germanicus, hated and feared the Jews. Rome had destroyed the nation of the Jews, their army, their police, and their temple; but the religion of the defeated, the soul of Jewry, remained untouched and unconquered. The mysterious and unseen god, Jehovah, and the equally mysterious Messiah, who was to come from the seed of David, were dual threats against the power of the Roman god Jove. Domitian's police had told him of the activities of the small sect of Minaeans, or Christians, who believed that the Jewish Messiah had appeared and had died on a cross on Calvary. The emperor was not disturbed; for surely a god who permitted himself to be nailed to a cross could be neither dangerous nor powerful. But in the person of Josephus, the descendant of King David, Domitian's fear and hatred became crystallized. He decided that the house of Josephus must be exterminated. Cunningly he played on the historian's pride and vanity; carefully he lulled him into a false sense of security. Cheerfully, even amiably, the emperor encouraged the Empress Lucia to take Josephus' young son Matthias into her household as a page. Then he struck. Matthias, in whom all Josephus' hopes for the future were centered, was put

to death by Domitian's assassins. Too late Josephus realized the terrible price of his folly. Though dazed and benumbed by grief, he knew that it was he,

Joseph Ben Matthias, Flavius Josephus, the fool, the boaster, who had grown old but not wise, who had thrust his son upon the road to destruction. It was his ambition, his vanity, which had killed Matthias.

Josephus was powerless to avenge the youth's death; but the Empress Lucia, who knew that her own name had been added to the list of the emperor's prospective victims, betrayed him into the power of his enemies. Domitian was not a coward: he fought bravely to defend himself against the blows of his assassins. But when Lucia calmly told him, "It's for Matthias," he defended himself no longer. The God Jehovah had triumphed.

Josephus, old and broken, retired to his estates in Judea. The years passed quietly until, during the reign of Trajan, a new uprising against the Empire broke out in Galilee. Josephus knew only too well that it was sheer madness to take any part in the revolt; yet he longed to see Galilee again and to take his place on the side of those who must surely be defeated. He had almost reached his destination when a band of Roman soldiers took him captive. The Governor of Galilee had decreed that any Jew not native to the province who was found on a Galilean road was to be regarded as a spy. The men who held Josephus were not cruel or vindictive; but they were Romans, and they were soldiers. In a little while

Joseph Ben Matthias lay dying by the roadside.

The whole land was filled with his ebbing life, and he was one with the land. The land came to get him, and he sought it. He had sought the world and had found only his land; for he had sought the world too soon. The day had come. It was a different day than he had imagined, but he was content.

## Unconquered

*THE LAST TO REST.* By Ernest Raymond. H. C. Kinsey & Company, Inc., New York. 1942. 344 pages. \$2.50.

**T**HE LAST TO REST is a distinguished novel. In concise, vigorous prose, stripped of exaggeration and emotionalism, Ernest Raymond portrays the inexorable progress of events from the momentous days in which a weary old man fancied he had secured "peace for our time" to the blazing months of the Nazi *Blitz* over England.

The shadow of Hitler was already over the young Republic of Czechoslovakia when the International Congress of the P.E.N. (lightly camouflaged by Mr. Raymond as I.W.M.) met in Prague during the summer of 1938. Writers from all parts of the world were welcomed by Premier Milan Hodza, by President and Mrs. Benes, and by the late great Czech author and patriot, Karel Capek. The city of Prague was bright with the flags and the banners of many nations; all its golden old-world beauty stood silhouetted against a porcelain-blue sky like "the record of a thousand years of history on a single page." The cobbles of the public

square gleamed and glistened in the sun. The Staroměstské náměstí has been the scene of countless uprisings and demonstrations, of innumerable trials and executions. Here the twin spires of historic Tyn church rise against the blue. Here, too, stands a striking and impressive memorial to John Hus. An admonition uttered by the famous martyr 500 years ago is inscribed on the pedestal on which the gaunt, draped figure stands. In the summer of 1938 these words take on new significance, "Keep alive, ye people, and perish not."

The streets of Prague were alive with the babel of strange tongues and the sound of children's voices raised in joyous song. It was the time of the Sokol Festival, and almost seventy thousand children from all parts of the nation were billeted in schools and public buildings.

Less than a year later the Swastika flew over Hradcany Palace.

One of the visitors to the convention was Stanley Shepherd, a shy, introspective middle-class Englishman. Mr. Shepherd was acutely aware of Czechoslovakia's impending tragedy. Moreover, he believed that the forces which threatened the Czechs also endangered free, liberty-loving people everywhere. *The Last to Rest* is much more than the story of the Shepherd family: it is a record of tremendous world issues. Stanley Shepherd was only one of the countless thousands who carried on during the months of the "Bore" War and through the days and weeks when every Englishman fought with stubborn tenacity to preserve the heart of the British Empire. The death of his young daughter

Enid—a volunteer ambulance driver who was killed in line of duty—and anxious concern for his soldier son Peter cannot shake Mr. Shepherd's belief that he, in company with all the free men of the world, must, and will, be the last to rest. "For we, so free to rise at will, shall be the last to rest."

### Reverent But Inaccurate

*IN THE YEARS OF OUR LORD.*

By Manuel Komroff. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1942. 311 pages. \$2.50.

**T**HIS book, on its cover, is characterized as "a novel of the days of Jesus which makes vivid and deeply moving the people and scenes of the immortal story and of mankind's greatest hope." In a "Postscript to the Reader" the author tells of the studies which he made in order to be able to present as authentic as possible a picture of the lands and times of which he writes, and here he avers,

I have tried to hold strictly to the chronology of the Gospels. And I have taken no liberties which might be considered contrary to accepted doctrine.

We are willing to regard this statement as made in full sincerity. The term "accepted doctrine," however, lacks precision. And what if a doctrine that is accepted as fundamental by orthodox Christians is not, indeed, denied, but is simply avoided? But of this more presently. Komroff writes simply, beautifully, and reverently. That some of his main characters are fictional and that he supplies connections and happenings of his own invention to fill in the gospel account

is in keeping with the technique of the historical novel. These things also are done in a reverent spirit.

The book opens with the coming of the Wise Men and closes with Matthew's dictation of their story. Considerable space is given to the flight to Egypt, and a whole chapter is devoted to the visit of Jesus to the Temple at the age of twelve. A number of further events in the Savior's life are pictured in detail. Many others are reported by witnesses. This is the case with the betrayal, trial, and crucifixion of the Lord and with His appearance among His disciples after His resurrection. Miracles, e.g., the healing of the ten lepers and the raising of Lazarus, are presented without reservation as historical facts.

YET there are things that one sadly misses in the book. The figure of Jesus in it is drawn with a loving hand, but it is a figure that is fully characterized in the following words, which are laid into the mouth of Peter on the night of Good Friday:

We loved him because . . . All reasons are vain. Because he gave hope to the poor and lonely. And he blessed the meek and the merciful and the little children. And he preached the gospel of love for one's neighbor and the love of peace. All these things he did and he taught us the way for man to walk. And we loved him.

There is here nothing of the atoning sacrifice through which Jesus made peace for mankind with God. It might, indeed, be argued that Peter, at that time, did not understand the redeeming power of his Lord's death—with Pentecost not yet come. But, as indicated above, the

picture of Jesus which is drawn in these words is the picture drawn throughout the book. The sacrificial meaning of the Savior's life and death is avoided.

That the term "avoided" is not too strong is clear from, for instance, the account given of the scene described in John 1:29 ff. John the Baptist is made to say:

"This is the one of whom I spoke. He went into the wilderness to seek the one I spoke about. For forty days and forty nights he wandered in the desert and in the end he found himself. And that is more than any man has ever found." Then turning to those who followed him John added: "Let us be the first to give him faith."

Obviously the most striking words of John are omitted: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—Is Komroff perhaps hesitating before the last step—the acceptance of Jesus as the One whose blood cleanses from all sin? If so, may he take that step and then write again of the Lord's life on earth!

A number of errors have crept into the book, of which we shall mention a few. The costly ointment with which Mary anointed Jesus at Bethany is ingeniously identified by the author with the myrrh which was presented by the Wise Men. Unfortunately, the identification is not admissible; for the ointment was spikenard (from India) and not myrrh (from Arabia). Several other statements cannot be harmonized with the gospel account.—The word "Magi" appears as both singular and plural. It is, of course, a plural, the singular

being "Magus."—There is a bit of nature faking in the sentence, "A fragrant morning aroma from the blossoming orchards of olives and figs floated gently through the air." The olive has blossoms that are fragrant, but the fig tree is in a class by itself. Figs do not grow from flowers, but, instead, bear minute flowers on the inner surface of the fruit. This concealed bloom sheds no fragrance. A fig grower would not say, in spring, that his trees are blossoming, but rather, like Cant. 2:13, "The fig tree putteth forth her green figs."

In several instances the geography of the Holy Land is violated. Thus a caravan travels southward from Jerusalem, and at sundown Jerusalem is "far behind them." They then drive on all that night, and with the dawn they arrive at Bethlehem. Now that is incredibly slow motion even for those days, for Bethlehem is only six miles from Jerusalem. Again, it is barely two miles from Jerusalem to Bethany. Yet it takes a chariot "an hour or so" to go from Bethany to the Mount of Olives.—Two fantastic celestial phenomena whose meaning is obscure are injected into the story.

Still, making allowance for the exceptions taken, the book is on the whole so beautifully and well written that it may be read with both pleasure and profit.

### Superb Character Study

*THE FIREDRAKE: A Novel.* By Elgin Groseclose. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1942. 354 pages. \$2.00.

**T**HE FIREDRAKE has received approbation in metropolitan newspapers, where too many books re-

ceive compliments, and disapprobation in a weekly review. One reviewer says that Elgin Groseclose "fails to give life to his characters"; another, that his portrait of a woman "has real power." These are reader-impressions; and a third reviewer's comment that the story is "intense" and "compelling" is Literish\* pure and simple.

It is the purpose of this review to consider *The Firedrake* as an imaginative structure and to provide evidence that it is a fine novel. In the first place, it is necessary to express the theme of the book. The reviewers have misunderstood the theme, or they have taken literally the statement of theme on the dust jacket, or they have failed to read the last chapter and the epilogue. Mr. Groseclose's theme is the Christian duty of humility; he states this theme clearly at the beginning and at the end of the novel, and he mentions it in each of the three major parts into which the novel may be divided.

The plot consists of a series of changes in the thought of the chief character, Abigail Carfax. At the end of the book Abigail has discovered the truth of Matthew 11:29 and James

\*"Not words expressly about books and writing at all. They are words about readers and the experience of reading—impression-words, emotion-words, ego-words, registering nothing but the critic's claim to sensitivity."—Wilson Follett. Further defined by Mr. Follett in the November, 1939, *Atlantic Monthly*, pp. 699-700.

An invitation to CRESSET readers to detect Literish in these book columns was extended in the December, 1939, CRESSET, p. 66.

4:6—"God giveth grace unto the humble."

TO ambitious Boston in the early spring of 1850 returned Mrs. Martin Carfax, wife of an American missionary to Persia, in order to place in school her two children, Jason, eleven years old, and Estelle, ten. She was a woman of eager intelligence, of a vital passionate nature, and of remarkable beauty. Thirteen years before, at the age of seventeen, she had journeyed with her husband to Salamat, city of peace, in the Persian land of the mauve plains and the purple mountains.

The separation from her husband did two things to Abigail: it filled her with a sense of universal loneliness, and it stirred the development of her pride, two moods which dominate the first seven chapters of the book. Her husband had been passionately devoted to her; she had joyfully accepted, and grown strong in, the bondage of love; but she had never quite understood what Martin meant by "bondage in Christ." Dependent upon Martin, now removed from him, she told herself that she must courageously dispel loneliness. "I must have strength to live alone. That is the secret of true greatness—the courage and the will to soar on one's own pinions." Abigail Carfax became a novelist.

Her position as a successful author was maintained by her unremitting effort at composition. Within two years she had written four novels and signed a contract for five more. Her writing, her lecture engagements, and invitations to teas took so much

of her time that she began to feel that she was allowing her children to grow up without her knowledge and influence. However, this tension she pushed aside with the thought that her novels with their philosophy of freedom and enterprise would inspire people. She would tell people about an assertive spirit.

So Abigail continued writing. Life acquired new color and interest for her, as well as unaccustomed ease. When the time came for her return to Persia, she exclaimed petulantly to her kind friend Dr. Ahren Helder,

I am not suited by temperament for the life of a missionary. Thirteen years is enough. Why should I return? Why doesn't Martin come home, if he loves me, and take a charge here?

Thus another tension was set up in Abigail's mind. The power of the two tensions was declared one night by Jason on his seventeenth birthday. When his mother forbade him to go to California, the boy reproachfully overruled her with, "You have no need of me . . . as you have no need of Father."

Chapters eleven to thirteen tell the story of the conflict in Abigail's mind between pride and duty and the eventual resolution of this conflict in terms of humility—a resolution the critics have failed to see. Filled with a sense of frustration, Abigail held on to her proud life in America, though she knew her duty lay in Persia at her husband's side. The blow of Jason's departure was followed by the suicide of an admirer, Fenton Sweyton, a marine architect; by her morbid feeling that Martin did not want her back; by the death of Estelle. Her



conscience troubled her. She felt that she had given her affection to the creatures in her books instead of to her family. She had not discharged a sacred obligation.

It was the lowest ebb in her life. "Her emotions had burnt out, and there was nothing to feed her intellect." Then came Dr. Helder with a parable on humility. He pointed out that Christian humility, inasmuch as it seems to keep the mind and heart submissive to reason and to God, has its own function in connection with faith. He urged Abigail to return to her husband. The spark of faith in Abigail's heart flamed anew, and for the first time she understood Martin's humility; she understood what he meant when he said that

men hunger for heavenly food, for the bread of righteousness, and the meat of grace, and thirst for eternal life, and forgiveness of their sin.

Now it is the conviction of this reviewer that the imaginative structure just outlined possesses the elements of unity in sufficient degree to give the reader a large amount of aesthetic pleasure, and that the theme is significant. The story is one of disintegration of character under stress of circumstances. Abigail moved from unhappiness to wretchedness, and her only possible recovery from anguish of soul was her discovery that "our search is to know Him, and to lose ourselves in His being."

Space does not permit more than a reference to the author's mastery of his structure. All the major tensions are supported by subordinate tensions; there are always a delicate

balancing of rival considerations and a scrupulous development of competing claims to attention. Rich surface detail is made meaningful. The precision of psychology and observation, as well as a subtly evocative style, also add to the aesthetic beauty of this book.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

### Preacher-Farmer

*OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM.*

By Angus McDonald. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1942. 278 pages. \$2.75.

NOT long ago we reviewed in these columns M. G. Kains' book *Five Acres and Independence*. We had asked for the volume. Since then the editor-in-chief of THE CRESSET has been referring other books on farming to us. One was Warwick Deeping's *Corn in Egypt*, and the latest is this volume with its intriguing title. Now we must confess that our interest in farming in the past has been purely academic, or shall we say, platonic. We were neither born nor reared on a farm, nor have we done more than occasionally visit farmer-friends; so we are no different from millions of our city-bred fellow Americans. We must confess, however, to a deep and lasting interest in life on the farm and to a secret hope of spending our declining years closer to the soil than we have been in the past. Whenever we voice this sentiment to the good wife, we admit that her more practical nature expresses itself in an open skepticism of our ability to endure the rigors of farm life with zest and equanimity. Perhaps she is right. A wife usually

knows her husband's capacities better than he himself. Be that as it may, there must be a more or less similar hankering for farm and country life in the breasts of millions of others in our land; otherwise our canny book publishers would not be risking their shekels in the production of farm and garden books in times like these. *Five Acres and Independence* bids fair to become a 1942 best seller, and some additional eighteen books on the subject of gardening and farming have issued from the presses this spring. Among them is the volume *Old McDonald Had a Farm*. As we are a member of the cloth, this book was read with keen enjoyment by us because Old McDonald was both preacher and farmer.

The author, Angus McDonald, has here written the story of his own father. He tells us how he came to write the book, and what he says is worth repeating.

I wrote this book because I had to. I kept putting it out of my mind and it kept coming back. Finally, it bothered me so much that I dashed off 1600 words in about an hour and sent it over to Wellington Brink, Editor of *Soil Conservation*. He works for the Soil Conservation Service, too. He printed it in September, 1936.

Some of the boys around Washington, D. C., saw that story, and they said, "Why, you ought to write more like that." "Oh," I said, "I'm not one of these literary 'fellers.' Some of my friends are writers but not me. I don't know enough big words." They said, "That's the reason you ought to write more and especially about your old man; you're writing doesn't sound like writing. And you leave out the big words, which is a good sign because

people mostly use big words to try to cover up their own ignorance."

Well, to make a long story short, I finally wrote this book, and when my friends read it the first time this summer, after I had written it out in New Mexico, they said that it was a good story. Then I began to ask myself why. Why is "Old McDonald" such a good story? There have been a lot of men like Old McDonald. America has been made largely by men like him. "That's it," I said, "I have found the answer—Old McDonald is the stuff that America is made of. If it hadn't been for men like him, we wouldn't have such a fine country and maybe not any country at all."

He believed that this was a fine country that ought to be taken care of and that the people, and I mean the plain people, ought to have this land and have freedom to use it, but not abuse it, and that this country and all its people should be free and not enslaved. He believed that our ancestors fought for something worth fighting for, and that anything worth fighting for is worth defending, and that means from wind and water and aggression, and I believe it, too.

You will enjoy reading the story of this hard-headed preacher who had such tenacious determination that he made a fine farm out of a place that had been shamefully neglected and, at the same time, carried on his preaching and pastoral work over a wide area. We say that you will enjoy it even if Old McDonald's preaching was, judging from his son's quotations, largely moralizing, because you will admire the courage and fortitude of a man who fought with rocks and floods and drought and storm amid the taunts of his neighbors, and because you will find the old man lov-

able for all his obstinacy, sharp trading, and other faults. You will also love the woman, the mother of his children, who valiantly stood at his side, doing her full share toward family success and, in her quiet way, managing to hold her own with her preacher farmer husband.

### Breath-taking

*FLIGHT TO ARRAS.* By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc., New York. 1942. 255 pages. \$2.75.

**F**LIGHT TO ARRAS covers but a few hours in the life of an army pilot fighting desperately but hopelessly for an already doomed France; but these hours, packed with horror, dread, fear, excitement, and a kind of fierce exultation, are hours the reader will long remember. Saint-Exupéry and a crew of two men knew before they started on a low-altitude sortie to Arras and back that their flight was useless; but France was still playing at war, and "the blueprint of war requires that intelligence officers make use of intelligence. But even war-by-the-blueprint had broken down," Saint-Exupéry says.

We knew perfectly well that they would never make use of our intelligence—luckily. It might be brought back by us; but it would never be transmitted to the Staff. The roads would be jammed, the telephone lines would be cut. The Staff would have moved in a hurry. The really important intelligence—the enemy's position—would have been furnished by the enemy himself.

Nonetheless, the gallant crew had nothing to say of their "awkward" as-

signment save "Very good, sir"; and away they went, a sacrifice to the game of war. That they returned was the result of very good luck and, no doubt, expert piloting by the author.

The book divides itself into two parts: an actual description of the flight and the author's reflection in the quiet village that same night. Before leaving he had promised himself, "If I am alive . . . I shall do my thinking tonight."

The description of the flight is breath-taking in its beauty and in its horror. M. Saint-Exupéry has an artistry for describing the most frightful and frightening things in a way that makes them seem lovely. At one time all the anti-aircraft artillery in a sector burst forth upon their plane and surrounded it with sudden and horrible death. Yet the author writes:

Each burst of a machine gun or a rapid-fire cannon shot forth hundreds of these phosphorescent bullets that followed one another like the beads of a rosary. A thousand elastic rosaries strung themselves out towards the plane, drew themselves out to the breaking point, and burst at our height. When, missing us, the string went off a tangent, its speed was dizzying. The bullets were transformed into lightning. And I flew drowned in a crop of trajectories as golden as stalks of wheat. I flew at the center of a thicket of lance strokes. I flew threatened by a vast and dizzying flutter of knitting needles. All the plain was now bound to me, woven and wound round me, a coruscating web of golden wire.

This quotation is typical of the entire earlier part of the book, which gives the reader shudders and thrills at one and the same time. In the more

uneventful moments of the flight the author laments the fall of his country and those factors which led to its collapse. Of his people's defeat he says, "We set up our haycocks against their tanks; and the haycocks turned out useless for defense." Everywhere in France there was complete chaos and confusion. Villagers left their homes, not because they were afraid, but because they had been ordered to evacuate. That the resulting stream of a wandering people clogged the roads and made military movement impossible is known by everyone. The whole tottering and corrupt political and economic system symbolizes itself for the author in an airplane rudder which, because of inadequate testing and poor construction, failed him when he most needed it. Yet his deep love for his country and his people is evident on every page.

Thus, I shall not divorce myself from a defeat which surely will humiliate me. I am part of France, and France is part of me. France brought forth men called Pascal, Renoir, Pasteur, Guillaumet, Hochedé. She brought forth also men who were inept, were politicians, were cheats. But it would be too easy for a man to declare himself part of the first France and not of the other.

The latter part of the book tells of the quiet walk in the village and the thinking in the night that the author had promised himself. He sums up his thoughts in a credo which embodies his hopes, his beliefs, and his aims, and which fully answers the question, "What are we living, and fighting, and dying for?"

Lewis Galantière's translation succeeds in conveying to us the poignant beauty of Saint-Exupéry's thought

and style, and this beauty has been heightened by the superb illustrations of Bernard Lamotte.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

## Remembrance of the Past

*NEW HOPE.* By Ruth Suckow. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1942. 342 pages. \$2.50.

THE novelist who tries to recapture the past finds himself in difficult straits. He may fault in the direction of presenting a cold, kaleidoscopic recital of past events; or he may pour so much warmth into his narrative as to leave the impression that the period which he re-created was a golden age. If he does the former, he is accused of being a heartless chronicler and a bloodless historian. If he does the latter, he must expect to be charged with maudlin sentimentality and tearful romanticism. Ruth Suckow skilfully escapes both shoals. She reconstructs a past age in such a way that though she weaves into it abundant and varied historical and sociological data characteristic of that age and though she brings to her story tender warmth and sympathy, she presents the age which she portrays as just *one* movement in the grand symphony of time whose general theme is recognizable, however, in all ages, past, present, and future.

The story tells of the two-year ministry of a young preacher in New Hope, Iowa, at the turn of the last century. Though the minister is the central character, he does not intrude too conspicuously on the scene. We learn to know him, not so much as a result of what he says and does, but

rather as a result of the influences which he exerts not only on his parishioners but also on the entire community. As to his theological bent and his place in American Protestantism, we are told:

Although he had chosen to preach in the Puritan church—he had left the church of his immigrant parents, and made his own choice—it was not for the old stern theology; rather for its simplicity, its freedom and community of action. The Puritan faith of New England carried westward, and lost the narrow stringency of the mountain valleys and become diffused with the open prairie light.

Though the minister has a pronounced predilection for the New Testament, we deeply regretted to read that at the funeral of John Budd, an unrelenting Calvinist, "the minister selected hymns which he detested, words of blood and sin and grief fixed in dreary patterns of wailing singsong."

The author's heart beats with the villagers, the hospitable and big-hearted Dave Miller and his lovely family, the self-assured Mr. and Mrs. Stiles, and, above all, with five year old Clarence Miller and with Delight, the minister's little daughter. Clarence and Delight become friends on the day the minister arrives in New Hope; an inseparable attachment grows up between them, and one can't help feel the painful void that settles on Clarence's heart when, what had seemed to him impossible, Delight leaves the community, her father having accepted a call to Oregon. He sees Delight the last time as she looks at him from the window of the train:

His eyes searched wildly for his little playmate. There he saw her—saw her own little face! . . . but still set in that outraged astonishment, its brightness drowned in tears. Her eyes were seeking him too, as he went along close to the train, so close he could almost feel the iron wheels; his Aunt Belle propelling him—he couldn't have moved of himself. He was making futile motions to her. Now she caught sight of him. For an instant, Clarence looked straight into the great deep pupils of her frightened eyes. They belonged together, and didn't want to part. They were here together now—at this moment—but with the glass of the train window, shutting her off from him. . . . The train had begun pulling out. . . . Clarence ran a short futile distance along the wooden platform. He was living still in the moment of parting, still saw Delight's face looking out at him, her shining eyes open . . . but all the while she was being carried farther and farther away. . . .

It's a beautiful story. It has all the color of life in a small community which we who are approaching the half-century mark so well remember: Mollie, the gentle horse; the two-seater buggy; the narrow and winding roads; the wooden and creaky bridge; the merry outings in the country; the festivals at church, in which everybody played his little part; the kindly uncles and aunts and neighbors; and the simple but genuine gayeties of home life.

The author's strength as a novelist lies in her marked ability at characterization; in her whole-hearted love for the natural and eternal beauties of life; in her sure style, which is never too solemn and sublime, never too light and airy, and which despite—or shall we say because of?—its state-

ly grandeur does full justice to every situation. Ruth Suckow possesses moreover in a consummate degree the technique of describing the most commonplace scenes by means of fast-moving action. Here is a sample. Dave Miller takes the minister up the street to show him the town. The author continues:

They went into the Murdock hardware store, Day's drugstore, Vance's lumberyard; into the creamery where Hans Larssen came across the damp floor to meet them through clouds of smelly steam; into the office of the *Citizen* where Cass Story held forth, sitting at a big untidy desk under flag-draped pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and Benjamin Franklin; and out to the printing shop for a moment to speak to Lute

Fairbrother; up the outside stairway to the photograph gallery to call on Mr. and Mrs. LeValley; and finally into those smaller establishments, little one-story buildings, harness shop and blacksmith shop, which formed the petering out of Main Street at the further end.

A spell of nostalgia seized us as we completed Ruth Suckow's novel. Was it because Ruth Suckow came so near to describing a community where we had spent our early life, or was it because the story afforded a delightful escape from the frightful realities of the present? We don't know. We are sure, however, that we shall not soon shake off the mood that is hovering over us since we concluded *New Hope* three weeks ago.

Order Form for CRESSET BOOKS Reviewed in This Issue

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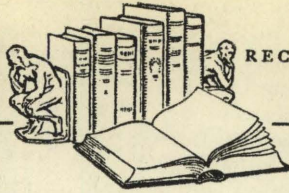
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## A SURVEY OF BOOKS

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### THE BAY

By L. A. G. Strong. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1942. 382 pages. \$2.50.

**T**HIS novel, a selection of the English Book Society, exemplifies extraordinary literary skill. Furthermore, the author, who was born in Devonshire in 1896 of Irish parentage, has the rare ability to create characters that actually live and to imbue his absorbing story with the authentic tang of the surroundings in which it takes place. Hugh Walpole has spoken of Mr. Strong as "perhaps the best poet writing fine novels and the best novelist writing fine poetry that we have." *The Bay* has sparkle as well as depth.

### THE TALL BROTHERS

By Leslie Evan Schlytter. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. 1941. 449 pages. \$2.75.

**T**HE timber country of the American Northwest has been the inspiration for many thrilling tales. Mr. Schlytter has chosen a lumber town

in his native Wisconsin as the setting for a colorful story of the powerful and ruthless men who despoiled and laid waste vast tracts of forest land. *The Tall Brothers* presents a vivid picture of a way of life which was hard, sordid, and brutal. The book testifies to the author's professed interest in philosophy. This reader found Mr. Schlytter's sense of values a bit confused and confusing.

### SOPHIA

By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1941. 351 pages. \$2.50.

**A**FAMOUS author and playwright speculates on the life which comes after death. After months of intense suffering, which she had carefully concealed from her family, Sophia Alderson died at the Rectory of Great Torping. Her surprise was great when her spirit remained in Great Torping. Other shades of recently departed men, women, and children joined her. Soon a host of wandering souls had banded together. They exchanged confidences and

memories; they hovered over the loved ones who still struggled with the trials and the cares of living, anxious to help and protect them. The theme of *Sophia* is utterly fantastic. Only a clever craftsman could have imbued it with spirit and humor. One has a suspicion that the author does not expect to be taken too seriously.

### SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN

By Eric Knight. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1942. 285 pages. \$2.50.

THE flying Yorkshireman is back. He who several years ago confounded all Hollywood and disappointed untold thousands when he failed to soar from the Empire State Building after losing faith in his power to fly has finally caught up with the war.

Call it fantasy, tall humor, or what you will, the book has caught a healthy slice of English character in the tale of the incorrigible little Englishman. Besides that, Eric Knight, also author of another kind of work, *This Above All*, has here stuffed a neat bit of satire between the lines and Paul Bunyanish fiction.

All the chappies that slop their ale at the Spread Eagle are here with their Polkingthorpe Brig jargon, their rollicking good humor, and their amazement at the shrewdness of old Sam.

The volume is a loose collection of ten of Sam's adventures, including "The Truth About Rudolph Hess," in which the remarkable Sam finds himself flying to Germany and ends up nipping an invasion of England when he transports Hess across the channel.

Some of the chapters are in rather questionable taste when compared with the earlier Knight chronicle of Sam's didoes. Then again, if your sense of what's humor has broad enough dimensions, you may enjoy the whole book despite its occasional juvenile slant.

### GATES OF BRASS

By Donald Rodgers Fletcher. Presbyterian Press. 1942. 44 pages. \$1.00.

THIS is a narrative poem on the passion and resurrection of the Son of God. The author is a son of missionaries now being detained in Korea by the Japanese authorities. His poem follows the biblical account accurately, and his running applications are most timely. Particularly dramatic and impressive are his lines as he surveys the dying Christ on the cross, beginning with the line, "Our sins rise up, Christ, over Golgotha," which is repeated again and again as he reviews the sins of men who nailed the Son of God to the accursed Tree. We recommend the book to all lovers of Christian poetry.



# Check List of Books Reviewed

February 1942 to May 1942

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

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

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|---|---|
| ★★★ <i>Black Lamb and Grey Falcon: A Journey Through Yugoslavia</i> by Rebecca West | ★★ <i>Music in Western Civilization</i> by Paul Henry Lang    |
| ★★★ <i>The Doctors Mayo</i> by Helen Clapesattle                                    | ★★ <i>The Opera</i> by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock |
| ★★★ <i>Windswept</i> by Mary Ellen Chase  | ★★ <i>Opinions of Oliver Allston</i> by Van Wyck Brooks       |
| ★★★ <i>Shakespeare's Audience</i> by Alfred Harbage                                 | ★★ <i>Broad and Alien Is the World</i> by Ciro Alegria        |
| ★★★ <i>Norway: Neutral and Invaded</i> by Halvdan Koht                              | ★★ <i>Censorship 1917</i> by James R. Mock                    |
| ★★★ <i>American Journalism</i> by Frank Luther Mott                                 | ★★ <i>The Man on My Back</i> by Eric Linklater                |
| ★★★ <i>A Treasury of Democracy</i> edited by Norman Cousins                         | ★★ <i>Middle East</i> by H. V. Morton                         |
| ★★★ <i>Admiral of the Ocean Sea</i> by Samuel Eliot Morison                         | ★★ <i>The Trojan Horse</i> by Christopher Morley              |
| ★★★ <i>Clara Barton: Daughter of Destiny</i> by Blanche Colton Williams             | ★★ <i>Northwest Gateway</i> by Archie Binns                   |
|   | ★★ <i>Walt Whitman</i> by Babette Deutsch                     |

- ★★ *War and the German Mind* by Wm. K. Pfeiler
- ★★ *That Day Alone* by Pierre van Paassen
- ★★ *Mrs. Appleyard's Year* by Louise Andrews Kent
- ★★ *Young Man of Caracas* by T. R. Ybarra
- ★★ *Five Acres and Independence* by M. G. Kains
- ★★ *Dragon Seed* by Pearl Buck
- ★★ *Botany Bay* by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
- ★★ *Dragon's Teeth* by Upton Sinclair
- ★★ *Between the Acts* by Virginia Woolf
- ★★ *Lost Worlds* by Anne Terry White
- ★★ *The Revolt Against Beauty* by John Heming Fry
- ★★ *Corn in Egypt* by Warwick Deering
- ★★ *Cordell Hull: A Biography* by Harold B. Hinton
- ★★ *Return to the Future* by Sigrid Undset
- ★★ *Comics and Their Creators* by Martin Sheridan
- ★★ *Renegade* by Ludwig Lewisohn
- ★★ *Pied Piper* by Nevil Shute
- ★★ *I Paid Hitler* by Fritz Thyssen
- ★★ *Amerigo* by Stefan Zweig
- ★★ *The World We Want to Live In* edited by Everett Ross Clinchy
- ★ *Faith for Today* by Stanley High, Frank Kingdon, Gerald G. Walsh, S. J., Louis Finkelstein, Swami Nikhilananda
- ★ *A Subtreasury of American Humor* edited by E. B. and Katherine White
- ★ *The Ivory Mischief* by Arthur Meeker, Jr.
- ★ *The Germans: Double History of a Nation* by Emil Ludwig
- ★ *Marion Alive* by Vicki Baum



## M A G A Z I N E S

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

## Fortune

### FORTUNE SURVEY

A sampling of public opinion on matters connected with the war yielded the following: Predictions regarding the duration of the war run up to ten years and over; but the median prediction is about two years and eight months, or until August, 1944.—As to the outcome, opinions are as follows: This war is not as serious as it looks, and we will win it without much trouble, 5.1 per cent; while there is absolutely no doubt that we will win this war in the end, it is going to be a very tough job, 80.6; it is entirely possible that we may not win a decisive victory, even if we all pitch in and make every minute count, 10.8; it is clear now that we will never win a decisive victory over the Axis, .7; don't know, 2.8.—While 80.6 per cent believe that

the war will be won with great difficulty, only 67.4 think that the general public agrees with this view, and only 60.4 think that Washington feels that way about it.—Decisive majorities are in favor of drastic measures to line up the civilian population behind the war efforts by means of such actions as taking over factories for war work from non-co-operative owners, registering men for defense industries as needed, rationing scarce foods and materials, having all able-bodied women without small children give three or four hours weekly to war work activities, and making men who strike on defense work join the army or navy.

### AN AMERICAN PROPOSAL

The editors of *Fortune*, in collaboration with those of *Time* and *Life*, offer their idea of what should be done to organize the

postwar world in the best interests of mankind. They assume that the United Nations will win a complete victory, that America will emerge as the strongest single power in the postwar world, and that freedom for individual enterprise will be added to Roosevelt's four freedoms. On this basis they recommend these steps: (1) That the U. S. and the United Kingdom maintain their military alliance through the postwar reconstruction period; (2) that they unite their economies at once in complete free trade and allow complete freedom of mutual migration for their respective peoples; (3) that their governments take parallel action to forestall depressions and promote freer world trade; (4) that they invite other nations, including the British dominions, to join their alliance on the same terms, or on special terms to be negotiated with each.—A series of reports will deal with the various angles of this program. The first report, a twenty-page supplement on "Relations with Britain," accompanies the May issue.

## Harpers

### THE TRUTH IS GOOD NEWS

*By Herbert Agar*

This article is brilliantly writ-

ten, but it is also a penetrating analysis "of the sickness of our civilization" that made the disaster of today necessary. "The war is the military phase of a worldwide revolt against civilization." To win the war we must understand its nature and its deeper causes, for "the prerequisite to victory is not only military defense but moral reform." Military victory is not the cure for the sickness of our culture. Our thinking and planning must reach beyond victory to the disease at the roots of our civilization. The implications of this fact for the Christian Church today are wide and deep.

### HOW DEMOCRATIC ARE LABOR UNIONS?

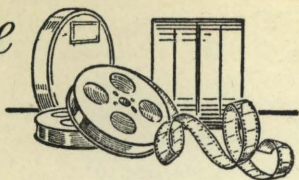
*By Norman Thomas*

Lack of democracy in the labor union setup is its most serious evil. Norman Thomas demonstrates this defect in the closed door policy of many unions, the partiality in job placements by the labor bureaucracy, and the dictatorship of labor's bureaucracy. To remedy these evils the author suggests specific provisions in the constitutions of labor unions which would make for trade-union democracy.

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The



## Motion Picture

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

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FOR too long a time Greta Garbo's ill-starred confession, "I want to be alone," has been the butt of many would-be witticisms and "wise cracks." No one ever believed that the famous Swedish actress really wants to be alone; but it seems entirely logical to assume that, given one more picture as bad as *Two-Faced Woman*, she may get her wish. M-G-M's attempt to transform a fine actress into a run-of-the-mill "oomph" girl has been a stupid mistake. *Two-Faced Woman*, directed by Gottfried Reinhardt, got off to a bad start. Last December the Legion of Decency condemned the picture as "immoral and indecent." Thereupon M-G-M recalled the film, deleted the most objectionable scenes and dialogue, and inserted a brief sequence to show that Hero Melvyn Douglas had not been taken in by Heroine Garbo's masquerade and so knew all along that the woman who posed as his sis-

ter-in-law was really his wife. This revamped version of *Two-Faced Woman* is now being shown in theatres everywhere. I do not know whether or not the Legion of Decency has lifted its ban; but I do know that the picture still merits the original condemnation. It is cheap and vulgar: both by implication and by direct action the values in life which uplift and ennoble are perverted and debased. The plot is stupid and uninteresting. Garbo rhumbas, Garbo skis, Garbo swims, Garbo indulges in witty persiflage, and Garbo becomes more than a little intoxicated; but Garbo is neither amusing nor attractive. She is pathetic. Mr. Douglas, in the role of the amorous publisher, serves only to remind us that prowling goes on amid luxurious surroundings as well as in any dark alley.

Writing motion picture reviews would be greatly simplified if all the film-offerings fell into dis-

tinct categories. *Two-Faced Woman*, for example, *must* be labeled objectionable. It would seem that it should always be easy to judge motion pictures as to their moral tone and, on this basis, categorically to classify them as objectionable or unobjectionable. It isn't. If we apply the yardstick of Christian principles and uncompromising morality, how many pictures can be classified as entirely unobjectionable? Very few. Too few. Could one pass any film which depicts drunkenness? Or profanity? Or any form of debauchery? Would not every murder or mystery "thriller" be automatically labeled objectionable? And what of love triangles—especially when they also have to do with marriage? What of the pictures which deal with divorce and broken homes? What of all the films that flout one, or more, of the Ten Commandments without in any way pointing a moral? And even though some, or all, of the aforementioned categories *do* point a lesson or a moral, who is to say that movie-goers, especially the girls and boys whom we want to protect, profit by the lesson and are not harmed by the evil which has been portrayed? It is a big subject and a difficult problem. If by some miracle one could keep off the silver screen everything meretricious and destructive, what about the radio? And

books and magazines? What of the nauseating lyrics of popular songs? The shadow-world of Hollywood is only one part of a circle—or, perhaps, the reflection of all its parts.

The youth of today is amazingly and distressingly uninhibited. To be "smooth," to be "modern," to "get around"—that's the thing! This doesn't make for peace and harmony; but it does turn the family circle into a lively place. Director George B. Seitz has been singularly successful in capturing the spirit of adolescence. It is this appealing quality which has made the Hardy series so tremendously popular. *The Courtship of Andy Hardy* (M-G-M) continues the chronicle of the Hardy family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, and Fay Holden head the familiar cast which has appeared in earlier releases. This picture is highlighted by a brief scene in which Lewis Stone, in the character of Judge Hardy, strikes a telling blow at drinking and drunkenness.

Screen critics have already predicted that *Woman of the Year* (M-G-M, directed by George Stevens) will be listed with the best pictures of 1942. This adroitly made and amusing comedy is a clever fusion of romance, slapstick, and social satire. The picture moves swiftly and smoothly. Katharine Hepburn is excellent

as the spoiled, selfish, ambitious newspaper columnist who tries unsuccessfully to have her cake and eat it too. Spencer Tracy, in the role of Sam Craig, sports writer and husband to the "Outstanding Woman of the Year," convinces Miss Hepburn that marriage, too, is an important career. Mr. Tracy's acting is simple and direct, and the supporting cast is unusually good. *Woman of the Year* is another feather in the cap of Mr. Stevens, one of Hollywood's youngest and ablest directors. A protracted drinking bout and occasional innuendo in the dialogue add nothing to the value of this film and might well have been omitted.

On June 25, 1876, at Little Big Horn, in Montana, a small troop of U. S. cavalry, under the command of General George Armstrong Custer, was ambushed and massacred by a band of Sioux Indians led by Chief Crazy Horse. The story of Custer's last stand, as it is more familiarly known, has become an American legend. *They Died With Their Boots On* is Warner Bros.' screen version of the career of the hero of Little Big Horn. The picture is crowded with action and romance; but it is not history. Errol Flynn is the swashbuckling, sword-waving cavalryman, dashing hither and yon in the customary Flynn manner, taking by

storm everything and everyone—including lovely Olivia de Havilland.

*Captains of the Clouds* (Warner Bros., directed by Michael Curtiz) is a magnificent color film. The camera has caught the matchless beauty of the vast Canadian north country, its stately timbered slopes, and its lovely, gem-like lakes, with breath-taking fidelity. War suddenly becomes very real and very near when we see the crowded and busy training schools of the Royal Canadian Air Force; the ferry bases in Newfoundland, from which the camouflaged bombers take off for their perilous flights across the Atlantic; and the evidences of stepped-up war production in field and factory. *Captains of the Clouds* was filmed by permission of the Canadian government and with the full co-operation of the R. C. A. F. The sequence in which Canada's Air Marshall, William Avery Bishop—a famous ace during World War I—awards shining wings to a thousand young, fresh-faced, eager-eyed cadets is sure to bring a lump to your throat. James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, and Brenda Marshall are the principals. They spin the threads of a thin, unsavory plot.

Once again Rex Beach's colorful adventure tale has been revived by the shadow screen.

This is the fourth film adaptation to be made since *The Spoilers* appeared in book form in 1906. In this most recent release (Universal, directed by Vincent Sherman) John Wayne and Randolph Scott are the principals in the long-drawn-out brawl which begins in the heroine's room on the second floor of the Northern Saloon, carries them onto the balcony, down the stairway, into the barroom, and out into the street. Marlene Dietrich is the chief bone of contention, although the possession of a gold mine also figures in the dispute. *The Spoilers* isn't a gentle picture: violence, greed, and lawlessness are depicted against a crude and sordid background.

Propaganda which serves to awaken the people of the United States to the seriousness of the problems confronting our government is unquestionably justifiable. It becomes both justifiable and constructive when it goes a step farther and points out a way in which every citizen can co-op-

erate with the government in solving these problems. In this respect *All Through the Night* fails lamentably. Fifth columnists are dangerous enemies. They must be ferreted out and rendered impotent. But this can, and must, be done by regularly appointed officers of the law, not by gangsters and hoodlums. *All Through the Night* (Warner Bros., directed by Vincent Sherman) is an exciting picture. It is charged with fear and suspense. Acting and directing are excellent. Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt, and Kaaren Verne are the featured players.

If you consider superb technicolor photography a sufficient return for your money, you may be satisfied with *Bahama Passage*, a Paramount picture, directed by Edward H. Griffith. The acting is only fair, and the story lacks everything which a good story must have. It's the old, old triangle pattern again—improbable, uninteresting, and slightly “smelly.”





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# LETTERS

## to the

# EDITOR

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### Prayer at High School

Sir:

We have followed with keen interest the discussion between the "Astrolabe" editors and others entering the debate in regard to religious programs in public schools. The fact that we have experienced considerable controversy over this same question explains our unusual interest.

Upon entering senior high school three years ago, we first encountered the subject under discussion. Attending the initial assembly program, we were impressed (favorably or unfavorably we didn't yet know) by the meeting's opening with prayer. In the stricter sense, however, it wasn't prayer because it bore no reference to Jesus Christ, our Intercessor. This bothered us.

At first, prayer of any kind in a public institution seemed pernicious. After contemplation, however, we concluded that such prayer, if irremovable, should be made appropriate by praying correctly. Stating our conviction before the authorities we met less opposition than had been supposed, especially after bringing to

their minds John 16:23, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you."

Our assembly prayers are now *prayers* in that they are prayed in Christ's name. Moreover, there has been a general revolution within Central High in regard to prayers. The student council opening prayers, as others which hitherto were definitely unchristian, seem to have taken a turn for the better. If nothing more, the students seem to be learning how to pray. All this has aroused the curiosity of the school authorities. They began to wonder about our conviction and recently attended our church services. In addition, our pastor was recently asked to give an address for the annual Easter program.

We have related the foregoing, not to bring any credit to ourselves, but rather to prove the fact that Christian influence in public schools can bring about definitely beneficial results.

We agree with the "Astrolabe" editors that Christianity is the basis of all our laws and institutions and laud the Texas Supreme Court decision quoted to the effect that the prohibition of prayer, religious songs and reading of the Bible in public buildings would "starve the moral and spiritual natures of the many out of deference to the few."

WM. T. SEEBER

St. Joseph, Mo.

### It Will Not Happen Again

Sir:

I just finished reading the April CRESSET, and am certainly delighted

to find that I am not the only ignoramus that subscribes. Each month THE CRESSET makes the rounds among several of my office associates and then in our spare time—if any—some of the articles are discussed. After reading the February issue we decided that perhaps we should go to the library so that reference books might be readily available when we read the next issue, since we were completely lost in the article "From Adam to Hitler." I can just struggle through the German phrases, and

even some of them are quite beyond my meager knowledge of that language. I, too, think something should be done for us who unfortunately do not have a very extensive education.

Thanks for the many comments on the world situation today. It has become a habit with me to let these opinions serve as a compass to guide me through the mass of information that reaches me through the press and radio.

CLARA BEWIE

Austin, Texas



The Quislings in Norway have "ordained" as priests a Norwegian deacon and a free preacher who have not had the usual theological instruction, according to Oslo reports received in Vichy. This is the first use of a recent law which it is believed will now be widely applied.

—*Manchester Guardian*

THE CRESSET presents two major articles this month. Both are timely and important. The space usually reserved for "The Pilgrim" is occupied by J. C. Evans, D.D., Religion Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. He presents a thoughtful study of the crisis confronting education that is worth careful attention. E. A. Kettner, the pastor of the Wollaston Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Wollaston, Mass., considers the equally important subject of liberty in the modern world. Everyone agrees that this much-abused word has only a relative meaning. Its true meaning, however, can be found only by reference to divine revelation. Freedom is the freedom to do what we ought to do. This freedom is always captivity until the human heart has been regenerated by the grace of God in Christ.

Our Literary Scene this month contains some thorough reviews of outstanding books. I should like to call attention especially to the review of *Only One Storm*, the story of the odyssey of one of

our contemporaries, and the discussion of *In the Years of Our Lord*, a remarkable reconstruction of the life of Jesus. Although individual flaws in both volumes are pointed out in the reviews, they are nevertheless of sufficient merit to demand our attention.



Our guest reviewers this month are Palmer Cza-  
manske, professor at Capitol University, Columbus, Ohio (*The Firedrake*), and Patterson McLean Friedrich (*Flight to Arras*). The attention of our readers is also called to the check list of books, which appears periodically in these columns.

## The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS  
CONTRIBUTORS  
FINAL NOTES

# *A Chaplain*

## *Writes to The CRESSET*

In sincere appreciation of the excellencies of THE CRESSET, I felt compelled to write you regarding the great enjoyment reading this Christian magazine has afforded me. My duties here do not allow me much time for reading voluminously, hence it is necessary that I select, with considerable care, those things that I think worthwhile. THE CRESSET is on that list, and I can assure you that it is not because this magazine is a publication of our Church, but purely because of its own merits that I have included it. I think, too, that our boys are enjoying it, since it is usually hard to find in the reading-racks during off-duty hours.

EDWARD J. MATTSON

*Captain, Chaplain*

*U. S. Army*

