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JANUARY 1943

THE

# CRESSET

New Year, 1943

Education for War?

The Nazi  
Persecution of the  
Church

by Otto A. Piper

Pictorial Section:  
Concordia Seminary



A REVIEW OF  
LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6

No. 3

*Twenty-five Cents*

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# THE CRESSET

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# THE CRESSET

VOLUME 6

JANUARY 1943

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## Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

### New Year, 1943

THE year 1943 B. C. was a black and troubled year. In the green valley of the Nile, old men sat in corners and recalled the departed glory of Egypt, a glory which had been cut short about a half a century before when the wild plainmen had overrun their country and set up a feudal state. In the Babylonian streets, barbarians were murdering and pillaging. And out on the open plains, one lonely, wandering family kept alive the knowledge of Jehovah and the promise of the Messiah. Through all of the rest of the world, the lights were out.

The year 1943 A. D. is, by comparison, a bright and promising year. Our civilization, which we had feared might have become soft and incapable of its own defense, has withstood the most vio-

lent assaults of the new barbarians. In our streets, we talk with guarded optimism of the victory which we can begin to discern through the shadows of a possible two or three more years of war. Throughout the world, men and women have fellowship in the little band of the faithful who are looking up to the Heavens for the glorious return of their Redeemer.

In the early church, New Year's Day was celebrated as the Day of the Circumcision of our Lord. Bach, in the fourth cantata of his Christmas Oratorio, memorializes the day with a magnificent glorification of the name of Jesus. We who are looking for a theme to give unity and solidity to the dizzying fugue of the coming 365 days will find no grander theme than that holy name.

1943 B. C. to 1943 A. D. is a

long time. Empires have fallen, philosophies have come and gone with their inventors, the concept of human worth has passed through cycles of expansion and contraction. In the whole long panorama of the centuries, only one thing has remained constant—the name of Jesus. In 1943 B. C., it was only a promise. In 1943 A. D., it is both a promise of things to come and an assurance of present help. In 1943 B. C., it was the hope that was to sustain the people of God through years of wandering and slaving and fighting and dying until they should reach the land of promise. In 1943 A. D., it is the hope that can sustain us through years of spiritual wandering and slaving and fighting and dying until we reach our Land of Promise.

These earliest days of 1943 should be days of hope and good cheer. The past, which looks so beautiful in retrospect, can count just as many heart-breaks and suicides as the present. The future, in which some see *Götterdämmerung* and some the Millennium, is in the hands of God and beyond our power to shape either for good or bad. We have the present, under God, to do with according to our wisdom and the measure of our faith. And if, in the present, we glorify the name of Jesus, we can safely trust the future to the mercy of God.

### Faith for the Future

**I**N the jungle of New Guinea, Vernon Haughland, AP war correspondent, slowly made his way through incessant torrential rains. He was alone. The crew of airmen with whom he had been flying and with whom he had parachuted during a storm of August 7 had scattered into all directions. Haughland did not give up. In his diary he notes: "I often repeated the Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' I would be unable to go one step further, and then I would remember 'I shall not want,' and, sure enough, there'd be some berries or chewable grass on a creek with good water ahead." After more than six weeks, natives found Haughland. Missionaries took him to the coast. He is miraculously recovering from the ordeal.

Obviously, Vernon Haughland did not share the despairing skepticism of James Thomson, who wrote:

Speak not of comfort where no comfort is;  
 Speak not at all—can words make foul things fair?  
 Our life's a cheat; our death, a black abyss.  
 Hush and be mute envisaging despair.

Nor did he agree with Matthew Arnold:

Wandering between two worlds—one  
dead,

The other powerless to be born—  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.

Vernon Haughland rather represents that heroic Christian faith which was David's, author of Psalm 23, who clung to God even when he found himself in uninhabitable caves and on infested hillside trails, hunted down by his enemy. His is the faith manifested by President Roosevelt, who in his proclamation of November 11 set aside November 26, 1942, and January 1, 1943, as days to be observed in prayer, publicly and privately, and who in the course of that proclamation recommended that all Americans bear in mind Psalm 23, which he quoted in full.

1943 will make great demands on all Americans. In order to win the war, we shall have to think faster and more intelligently; we shall have to work more hours, invest more heavily in the program of the war effort, and get along with far less than we were allowed to have in 1942. Perhaps many of us will feel the pinch of want. Yet if ours be the faith of Vernon Haughland, we will bear up even under the most distressing situations and, with the Lord as our Shepherd, suffer no real want.



### Education for War?

EDUCATORS are hard put these days. Our whole educational system is being seriously challenged. Robert M. Hutchins and Walter Lippmann are regarded by many as being out of tune with the times because of their stress on the "classics" and on "the liberal arts." John Dewey, champion of socialized education, is being attacked because it is claimed that in his philosophy of education he presupposes a country at peace and not at war. The latest hair-brained revolt against present-day education is expressed by Mr. H. M. Kallen in an article titled "The War and Education in the United States" (*American Journal of Sociology*, November, 1942). Mr. Kallen says in abstract, "The record of the past as well as predicaments of the present points to the necessity of rethinking our entire conception of the education of free men with respect to the theory and practice of war" (p. 331). According to him, education must prepare students not only for the pursuits of peace but also for the pursuits of war. To state it concretely, this would mean that we convert all our colleges and universities into West Points, Annapolises, and Randolph Fields, and that we expect our vocational schools to prepare students for peace-time vocations as well as for war-time in-

dustry. Mr. Kallen does not propose a system of education resembling that which obtained in Germany these past eight years and which was oriented in, and directed toward, preparation for war. Yet his argument comes dangerously close to what Fascists conceive the objective of education to be.

But are the higher schools of our country making no contribution to the war besides offering "diluted" courses and an "accelerated" program? What about facts like these? In the present academic year the army, navy, and allied services are sending 250,000 men to college for specialized training. Another 250,000 men are being trained by the universities and colleges themselves through the Student Enlisted Reserve Corps and the Army and Navy R. O. T. C. In addition, approximately 50,000 men in uniform are taking correspondence courses from the 77 colleges now participating in the army's correspondence program. Under the direction of the U. S. Office of Education, 800,000 other young men and women are receiving from three to six months' training in 250 colleges and universities for specialized war work. In all, approximately 1,350,000 men and women are being trained through the use of college facilities for either combat service or

work in war plants. In the light of these facts, colleges and universities are surely doing their share in the present crisis. But would this be their job in times of peace? Should they regard it their task to train machinists, welders, carpenters, painters, typists, and factory workers in order to train men for the next war?

No, a hundred times no! We need "the classics." We shall continue to need "the liberal arts." Or shall we, like the Epicureans of old and Fascists and Communists of recent vintage, scrap past culture and start out once more where the Greeks began? We have in the past half-century moved far away from "the classics," and in recent years we have begun to label "the liberal arts" as a course of study for people of leisure. We have in late years given a maximum of prominence to courses in the sciences and especially in the social sciences. What are the results? Perhaps we have become more scientific, but we surely have not become more social-minded. The fact of the matter is, next to the study and application of the principles of Christianity, a thorough study of the past, a profound acquaintance with Western culture, is the surest means to train citizens for intelligent participation in democratic procedures and for resistance against every encroachment

on the inalienable rights with which the Creator has endowed every individual. Therefore, also in war-time we must preserve the culture of the past. It will be an empty victory, if in training this generation of college men and women for war, we neglect to train them for the era of peace which, so we hope, will dawn some time.

But why don't educators rally their forces and speak out more clearly and courageously what they believe to be the objectives of education? If they don't, others will. Others are doing it now—and to the detriment of American democracy.



### The Small College

THE report in the *New York Times* that fifty small colleges have been forced to close since the beginning of the war and that scores of others are facing the same fate points the finger at a sore spot in our American educational system.

Despite maudlin alma mater songs and swarms of hoary traditions, many small colleges might just as well shut their doors. Ill-equipped, manned by second- and third-rate teaching staffs, often mere refuges for young men and women who would not be accepted by any college with worthy

standards, many of these small schools had long ago outlived any usefulness they may once have had.

There is a place, a very important place, for small schools. If a college has something really distinctive to offer, it is important, whether it is large or small. There are any number of such colleges—St. John's of Annapolis, with its return to the classics, and Valparaiso, with its re-emphasis upon spiritual values, to mention only two of them.

The small school which can live in the past, the present, and the future will pull through these years. But the small school which is still trying to live in a dead past or a lethargic present is doomed, and rightly so.



### A Living Reproach

THE reference is to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors by larger and larger numbers of American citizens. Taverns, grillrooms, and cocktail-lounges are doing a record business. There are more empty whiskey bottles disgracing the parkways of our streets than we have ever before witnessed. One morning when we went to work, a seven-minute walk, we counted six. Returning to the Middle West



from California last summer, we found the bar-room in the train filled with men in military uniform treated to as many cocktails as they cared to drink. The generous hosts were what we supposed to be cultured American women. When we met some of these men the next noon, they were still groggy from their adventure in the bar-room. Americans might do well to recall what President Roosevelt said in public statement when the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed:

I ask the whole-hearted co-operation of all our citizens to the end that this return of individual freedom shall not be accompanied by the repugnant conditions that obtained prior to the adoption of the eighteenth amendment and those that have existed since its adoption. Failure to do this will be a living reproach to us all. I ask, especially, that no state shall by law or otherwise authorize the return of the saloon, either in its old form or in some modern guise. . . . The objective we seek through a national policy is the education of every citizen to a greater temperance throughout the nation.

President Roosevelt's plea was not heeded. We again have the saloon both in its old form and in modern guises. Furthermore, people have not been educated to a greater temperance throughout the nation. In general, conditions today are at least as repugnant as those which obtained prior to the

adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and those which have existed since its adoption. Truly, a living reproach rests on us all.

What shall be the remedy? Another prohibition amendment? More stringent regulatory laws to protect our people from the devastating effects of alcohol? A scientific recital in the school-room of the pernicious results of over-indulgence? Aristotle's advice to be guided by reason and to follow the golden mean? All have been tried but found wanting. The sad truth is: there is no remedy for those who refuse to listen to God's voice. The remedy for over-indulgence operates only in those who have learned that their bodies are to be temples of the Holy Spirit, temples purified by the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ.



### Norwegian Religious Revival

ACCORDING to reports coming to this country via Stockholm through the Religious News Service, there is an unprecedented religious revival going on in Norway. We quote the report, as given in the *Living Church*:

Many persons, impressed by the courageous stand of Norway's Churchmen, have become converted to Christianity. Among the latter, not a few have faced firing squads and have been executed as "true Christians—

confessing Christ just before they were shot."

There are also many signs of an increasing opposition to the Quisling regime on the part of the Church leadership.

While an estimated 90% of all Norwegian clergymen have retired from their posts as public officials, each one staunchly maintains his status as spiritual leader of his congregation by virtue of ordination.

Quisling has been hard pressed to find substitutes for the opposition clergy. The few that have been appointed are all Quislingites and two of these have been "decommissioned" because they found it impossible to work with their subordinates. In a number of localities there are no clergymen whatsoever.

The lack of loyal Quislingites to fill vacant pulpits has led to the recent ordination of a musician, a church sexton, and an attendant in a lunatic asylum. Apparently, the sole qualification is an expression of loyalty to Quisling.



## Postwar Peace

WE have remarked in these columns several times that too much was being said about the kind of peace that must follow this war, and we added that the first and most essential task before us and our allies is to win the war. We were glad when Elsie Robinson, in her syndicated column, the other night expressed herself forcibly about some of the

utopian twaddle that is being talked around. She said:

That post-war peace; what will it be? It will be what peace has always been. It will be what each of us, individually, makes it. It will be as high and as wide and as beautiful as we can take it. . . .

People can't be made peaceful. They must choose peace, which is the last thing most of them want to do. For it takes a highly civilized person to prefer peace. There are so many things more exciting than peace, so many things which, in a way, are more profitable. Head hunting, to certain savages, is infinitely more thrilling and profitable than psalm singing. They cannot comprehend why anyone should like to sit by a fire and read a good book, any more than the book reader can understand the delight of taking a nice, gory scalp. And if you think the war's going to change that fundamental fact, you're crazy.

Then why fight? And what will the world be like after the war is over? Miss Robinson says:

That's easy. It will be like what it was before the war began. There will be revised treaties, different boundaries, various new laws and taxations for us all. But human nature will go on being human nature. Chances are, we'll get snooty at the English and the English will get snooty at us and the French will hate us both. The Italians will continue to be Italians. Germans, being Germans, will become Holy Rollers or something else that seems highly convenient. And the Russians and Chinese, being very

wise and realistic people, will probably wash their hands of all of us. And that will be the end of this fantastic dream of "world peace."

Pessimistic? No. But realistic. And if we are realistic about this war, we shall not be disappointed after the tumult and the shouting dies. Realism includes the recognition of the truth that peace is a personal matter; it is a matter of the heart. We still hear the echoes of the Christmas Gospel. Good will among men is a matter of the heart. There is but one means of inculcating peace and good will among men and that is through the Gospel of Him who said, "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you."



### Education in Poland

**M**ORE than three years have elapsed since Naziism began its systematic attempt to wipe Poland and Polish culture from the face of the earth. What are the results? Starvation, disease, and mass-murders have taken a terrible toll; but the Poles have not given up hope. They believe and are sure that their nation will rise again. In the July, 1942, issue of *The Journal of Education*, published in London, S. H. Kahn wrote as follows concerning the thorough-going methods employed by the Nazis to blot out

every vestige of education and culture in Poland:

After the fall of Poland a German commission was appointed by the administrators of the conquered territory to censor all reading matter in book stores, libraries, and publishing houses. The list of prohibited books covers 49 pages and includes the names of about 1,500 Polish authors. The number of books banned is between 4,000 and 5,000. . . . Nothing in the way of print has escaped the German censor—history, literature, sociology, economics, philosophy, politics, natural science, geography, statistics, tourist literature, juvenile literature, art—everything. . . . All biographies of Poles and all histories of Polish culture, civilization, and art have been destroyed. . . . Even the books concerned only with the trend of Polish cultural development were banned, no matter how insignificant or little known. Geography books, too, are banned, as is all descriptive and statistical literature. This discloses a careful plan of destroying everything that might show the development and progress of Poland during its twenty years of freedom.

In spite of all this,

Hundreds of thousands of Polish students are today attending secret schools and learning from literature printed in underground publishing houses in occupied Poland.

Imitating underground learning methods used during the century and a half when Poland was partitioned and the tongue forbidden, patriotic professors and teachers have organized what is referred to as "traveling"

universities. Regular high-school and university courses are arranged, and examinations are held at regular intervals as in normal times. This is free Poland's answer to the intense and thorough efforts of the Nazis to wipe out everything that would preserve Polish culture and literature.

### Entertaining the Fighting Men

OUR armed forces need entertainment and relaxation in these days of stress and strain; but those misguided persons who undertake to regale them with salaciousness and downright filth are doing incalculable harm not

only to the fighting men themselves but also to the nation at large. Lieutenant General Sir William Dobbie, one of Britain's great war heroes, recently declared that unclean entertainment was distasteful to nine-tenths of England's forces. He said:

I have been shocked to see some of the things considered suitable, and, as a soldier voicing the opinions of the other two services, I resent most strongly the imputations that are made by those who think that in order to entertain the forces something beastly and horrid should be provided.



### William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury

Inaugurating the British Council of Churches, Dr. Temple called for a "clear, united testimony to Christianity." Addressing a colorful throng of churchmen which represented Dutch, Czechoslovakian, Russian, Armenian, Norwegian, Swedish, and Greek Orthodox churches, the Archbishop declared:

"In days like these, when the basic principles of Christianity are widely challenged and in many quarters expressly repudiated, the primary need is for a clear, united testimony to Christianity itself. The difference between Protestant and Catholic is very small, compared with the difference between Christian and non-Christian. Our differences remain. We shall not pretend that they are already resolved into unity or into harmony, but we take our stand on the common faith of Christendom."—*The Presbyterian*.

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# The



# PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

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## Thou Hast Begun

1943 . . . Upstairs I have one of those modern clocks which tell time with moving numerals. . . . The last digit on the right changes with alarming speed. . . . Click—click—click—the seconds no longer tick, but roll. . . . It is salutary to sit before it and to watch the seconds fall back into the clock and the sea of the past. . . . Or better still, to set the clock on the desk and open the Book before it. . . . Here you have time and eternity together now. . . . The teller of time makes a noise, slight, regular, and as you suddenly know, temporary. . . . Pull the plug from the socket in the wall and its measure of time ends—just as quickly as time itself will end. . . .

The Book, however, is more quiet. . . . It speaks only to those who are not dismayed by the ticking of the years. . . . I have turned tonight to the magnificent farewell speech of Moses. . . .

There is something moving about the closing speeches of all great men. . . . They have seen everything that time can show them and their words, if they are wise, are full of the sweet finality of the vesper bell. . . . The greatest of them all, of course, was delivered to a small audience in the Upper Room in Jerusalem 1900 years ago. . . . I shall read that again tomorrow. . . .

Meanwhile Moses has something to say as 1942 becomes 1943. . . . Here he is at the end of a great and long life, but with his last and highest dream broken. . . . He will not be permitted to go into the Promised Land. . . . What does he say? . . . "O Lord God, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness". . . . I like that "Thou hast begun". . . . After all these years he realizes that he is still at the beginning. . . . "Thou hast begun to show"—we never get beyond that in the ways of God, however far

we go. . . . This sense of beginning, of being forever on the threshold of deeper understanding and greater faith, of new doors opening to higher ways—this is the divine lesson of the changing years. . . . Moses is not to go over Jordan, but he has the higher glory of beginning to see the greatness of the Lord. . . . It is this revelation year after year which brings power and glory to the changes of time. . . . As one good friend to another, God said to Moses, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter." . . . If we know that as 1943 dawns, we are ready for it. . . .



### Listen, Hans

THE coldest December in seventy-one years hits our town. This, then, is the time to retire to the lamp and the fireside for much reading. Two snowy evenings I have now spent with Miss Dorothy Thompson's latest volume *Listen, Hans*. I have often spoken unkindly of Miss Thompson, because too often she thinks only with her heart and rides off furiously in all directions. This, however, is probably her best effort. The book has two separate and distinct parts. The first is a long essay on "The Invasion of the German Mind." The second is a transcript of a series of broad-

casts directed to "Hans" in Germany. He, Miss Thompson assures us, is a real person. She writes of him:

Hans is a not unrepresentative German, of a certain class and type. His thinking is not unique. He is a German patriot and he is not a Nazi. Previous to the war our basic thinking on European and world affairs was harmonious. That line of thought was not confined to Hans and to me. Thousands and thousands of other Germans, of his generation and mine, thought the same way. I can presume that his basic thinking has not changed—as mine has not. I have evidence that it has not changed. Therefore, through him, I have sought to re-establish contact with men and women of like mind in an enemy country.

Miss Thompson's introductory essay is spotty. There are, however, her usual flashes of brilliant insight, some telling quotations from German writers, and an acute analysis of the complex factors which have brought Germany and the world to its present pass. The sense and logic of other parts are, however, far more dubious. Is there really such a thing as the "German mind"? Are Germans different from other nations in their attitudes, tendencies and weaknesses? Or is this sort of thing coming close to the heresy of racism which we condemn so violently in the Nazi philosophy? Miss Thompson seems

to feel that there is such a thing as the German mind. One wonders, however, if it should not be called the mind of the German leadership. The Prussian generals and the sinister crowd of adventurers around Hitler may have a common cast, but I wonder if we can include the genial Saxon, the life-loving, earthy Bavarian, and the hard-fisted, conservative Pommer in any blanket description?

Miss Thompson is particularly happy in her choice of quotations from German writers which show how far the present leadership in Germany has moved away from some of the mainstreams of German thought. She cites, for example, the statement of Bernd Heinrich Wilhelm von Kleist, who wrote during the Napoleonic wars. Hitler would throw him into a concentration camp:

He felt that the unity of Europe, established in the face of a common foe seeking to impose his own personal and national hegemony, should be the precursor to a new world unity based on freedom and equality. He wrote—and thousands of Germans have read his words in their school readers:

Is our stake the same as that in other wars which have been fought over the face of the earth? Is it for the glory of some ambitious prince that we fight? Is ours a campaign alike to those of the War of the Spanish Succession, directed like moves on a chessboard, where hearts

do not throb, emotions are not whipped by passions, and where the poison arrows of insult do not cause muscles to twitch? Do we fight for the cession of a province, the dispute of some claim? Or to exact payment of a debt, or some other object . . . possessed today, given up tomorrow, reacquired the day after tomorrow?

No! Our stake is a commonwealth, whose roots . . . strike deep in the soil of time. . . . A commonwealth which, foreign to the spirit of lust for power or conquest, is worthy of existing and worthy of the submission to be rendered it. *A commonwealth which cannot conceive of any glory for itself unless that glory embraces all others and the welfare of all who dwell upon this earth. . . . A commonwealth set up by the free choice of brother nations. A commonwealth, which belongs to the whole human race, and which even the wild natives of the South Seas would rally to defend.*

Everyone will agree with Miss Thompson when she writes:

The desire for peace is the uppermost passion in the minds of all peoples and the source of the deepest troubling of the spirit of man. There is an universal sense of guilt about this war, common to Germans and everyone else. That each tries to assess the entire guilt to the others is only evidence of the *common* sense of guilt. There is a universal feeling that all have sinned, whether by direct and terrible aggression, or whether indirectly by the chase after comfort and money, and the failure to comprehend what is a literal truth—

that men *are* their brothers' keepers.

And there is a universal apprehension, from which not a single nation is free, that if this war goes on indefinitely, it will destroy civilization itself and leave mankind dazed and exhausted upon a shattered planet.

Why, in God's name should we not turn this passion for peace, in full admission of all our own shortcomings, into our greatest instrument? Can we not ask ourselves the questions put by Kleist, and answer them in as noble a manner? Are we fighting for anything on earth except the freedom of our own nation and the freedom of all nations, in order out of this freedom to construct at long last a world in harmony with man's long-neglected Reason and Conscience?

That last sentence leaves something unsaid. Reason has not been neglected; it has been twisted. It would be far better and far more truthful to say, "Man's Reason purged and clarified by a Christian Conscience."

The conversations with "Hans" over the CBS shortwave are marvelous examples of direct speech. Vivid, sharp, they project Miss Thompson's emotions across the ether. One can readily imagine "Hans" huddled somewhere in Germany before a forbidden radio listening with profound attention to this voice from beyond the walls of his prison. She minces no words. Here is the opening of the broadcast for August 14, 1942:

Your last letter reached me just as I was about to write to you. The picture you give of Europe is appalling: it is heartbreaking. But the picture that you give of your own state of mind is what really perturbs me, for I see that you, a man so much under his own control, with an inner freedom so deep and natural, are yourself a victim of everything about you. Despair is eating away your will and eating away your faith. I wish I could speak directly to that despair and reawaken that faith, for without it, you and all Europe are lost—lost beyond anything that we can do for you now, or tomorrow, or in the future.

You realize now what you should have realized from the beginning—that there is no fate for Germany apart from the fate of Europe, and that every wound in the body of Europe is a wound in the body of Germany. You say, "Europe is being bled so white that even new infusions of blood cannot save her." You say, "Things can be camouflaged for a little while longer, but not so long as America seems to think." You speak of the sickness of the heart and mind that has become epidemic, and that you fear will make any reconstruction impossible, no matter whose may be the victory. "We have conquered," you cry, "only to be tied to a sinking ship—the sinking ship of our own conquests."

Hans, today I speak to bring you comfort. The war will not end as you think it will. You see things from far too short a perspective and from far too narrow a room. You are right in your cry against our lack of pre-



paredness, against our too delayed recognition of our duty to intervene, and to intervene long ago. You fear that our delay will bring us too late—before we bring liberation and succor the body of Europe will be dead. From every word of your letter I can see that you are convinced that Europe is a lost continent.

Dying in Russia, starving to death everywhere, rioting in the Balkans, Germany herself, bitter and grim, marching senselessly God knows where; every mouthful of bread eaten in hatred under the envious eyes of the neighbor, all courtesies departed from life—all the gestures of kindness that mitigate the lot of man on this earth—and the greatest of all curses: helplessness before the question, What it is all for?



### Moment in History

A LITTLE lighter reading as the hour grows late. The Dial Press publishes an unusual anthology edited by Whit Burnett. The new thing about it is that each author represented was asked to choose the selection from his writing which he wished to see included. The result is a curious mixture of good and bad. I suspect that a goodly number of the 150 writers represented in the volume chose their "best" with tongue in cheek. One might even suspect that the basic assumption is invalid. Does a writer ever know his best from his worst? All

preachers and public speakers live in a constant state of surprise over the public reaction to some of their work. They labor long and hard over an offering that is to be a masterpiece and the public reaction is exactly zero. Another piece, hurriedly dashed off, perhaps in the burning heat of a momentary emotion, is greeted with loud cheers. One wonders, therefore, if the principle of selection used in this volume is valid. There is, however, some excellent writing in its 100 pages. My vote goes to the selections from our European correspondents during the past four years. Here is, for example, William L. Shirer's famous description of the memorable afternoon of June 21, 1940 when the glory that was France faded in a little clearing in Compiègne Forest. Mr. Shirer's description of the scene will live long after its shame has been wiped out:

The time is now three eighteen p. m. Hitler's personal flag is run up on a small standard in the centre of the opening.

Also in the centre is a great granite block which stands some three feet above the ground. Hitler, followed by the others, walks slowly over to it, steps up, and reads the inscription engraved in great high letters in that block. It says: "HERE ON THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER 1918 SUCCUMBED THE CRIMINAL PRIDE OF THE GERMAN EM-

PIRE . . . VANQUISHED BY THE FREE PEOPLES WHICH IT TRIED TO ENSLAVE."

Hitler reads it and Goering reads it. They all read it, standing there in the June sun and the silence. I look for the expression on Hitler's face. I am but fifty yards from him and see him through my glasses as though he were directly in front of me. I have seen that face many times at the great moments of his life. But today! It is afire with scorn, anger, hate, revenge, triumph. He steps off the monument and contrives to make even this gesture a masterpiece of contempt. He glances back at it, contemptuous, angry—angry, you almost feel, because he cannot wipe out the awful, provoking lettering with one sweep of his high Prussian boot. He glances slowly around the clearing, and now, as his eyes meet ours, you grasp the depth of his hatred. But there is triumph there too—vengeful, triumphant hate. Suddenly, as though his face were not giving quite complete expression to his feelings, he throws his whole body into harmony with his mood. He swiftly snaps his hands on his hips, arches his shoulders, plants his feet wide apart. It is a magnificent gesture of defiance, of burning contempt for this place now and all that it has stood for in the twenty-two years since it witnessed the humbling of the German Empire.

Finally Hitler leads his party over to another granite stone, a smaller one fifty yards to one side. Here it was that the railroad car in which the German plenipotentiaries stayed during the 1918 armistice was placed

—from November 8 till 11. Hitler merely glances at the inscription, which reads: "The German Plenipotentiaries." The stone itself, I notice, is set between a pair of rusty old railroad tracks, the ones on which the German car stood twenty-two years ago. Off to one side along the edge of the clearing is a large statue in white stone of Marshal Foch as he looked when he stepped out of the armistice car on the morning of November 11, 1918. Hitler skips it; does not appear to see it.



### Christmas Once More

ONE more backward look at Christmas 1942. . . . We are pleased with the fact that the use of the creche seems to be increasing in America. . . . In churches and homes, on public lawns the number of reproductions of the Nativity Scene increases. . . . Good for us who are not afraid to be children this Christmas. . . . For your creche next year a little invocation written by Charles Ballard:

You will not hold a giant star  
Above this spot, on Christmas night,  
Or send triumphant choirs down  
To ring the town with forms of light;

Not for the wonder of first Noel  
Or mystic splendor will we pray,  
But only that Your angel pass,  
Silent, unseen along this way.

And bless here a shepherd with a  
lamb,  
A king with jewels bending there,  
A slave who leads a camel by,  
An ox that sniffs the strange, sweet  
air.

You who kept watch o'er Bethlehem—  
God of the Manger and the Star—  
Look earthward on this quiet niche  
Where the little waxen angels are!



### 'Atta Boy Herman

EVERY dog has his day and  
every worm has his turning.  
. . . . This cold winter night I find  
these axioms confirmed in the  
story of Herman Klix who in an  
hour of multiplying petty annoy-  
ances has struck a telling blow  
for the dignity of the common  
man. The editor of our local  
newspaper called my attention to  
him:

Herman Klix is a diminutive per-  
son of 83, whose chief claim to dis-  
tinction is a flowing white beard. The  
other day Herman, who lives in Chi-  
cago, started to cross the street when  
a street car blocked his path. Herman  
asked the motorman to back up, al-  
though admittedly Herman could  
have gone around the car. Naturally  
the motorman, seeing that nobody  
more terrifying than a little old  
white-haired guy was ordering him  
around, ignored the request.

So Herman let fly with a sack of

groceries which smashed through the  
door window of the street car. An-  
gered, the motorman jumped down,  
only to be met by feeble, but non-  
the-less determined, blows from Her-  
man's shriveled fists. A policeman  
finally broke up the scuffle and Her-  
man was ordered into court. A wise  
judge let Herman off with a lecture.

But consider Herman Klix. One  
wouldn't think there was anything  
heroic about him. There isn't even  
anything heroic about the name. Can  
you imagine a famous man by the  
name of Klix?

We don't know how the average  
person feels, but the spectacle of a  
street car or a truck arrogantly block-  
ing a street crossing has often aroused  
the baser instincts in us. Only unlike  
Herman Klix, we never felt potent  
enough to do anything about the  
situation. Outside of a mumbled  
epithet we've never felt capable of  
meeting the situation squarely.

Herman told the judge he had  
never been one to go looking for  
trouble, but that when trouble came  
he wasn't one to go around it.

Let us arise and salute Herman  
Klix. . . . He came to his heroic  
hour and faced his destiny. . . .  
I like to think of him as the  
bright herald of a day when we  
shall talk back to head waiters  
and railroad ticket agents, tell  
bureaucrats to jump in the lake,  
and give a number of traffic cops  
the Bronx cheer.



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*A first-hand account  
by a refugee scholar*

# The Nazi Persecution of the Church

OTTO A. PIPER

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BEFORE Adolf Hitler came to power he declared in his party platform that National Socialism supported "positive Christianity." The term was as vague and ambiguous as all his manifestoes; but it certainly indicated that the Nazi leaders did not feel any hostility toward Christianity at that time. As in so many other instances, the Nazis were surprisingly ignorant of their true motives and goals. When Hitler became Reichskanzler in 1933, one of his first actions was to conclude a concordat with the Vatican. The Roman Catholic Church in Germany was promised amazing privileges which it had never enjoyed before. The price was the voluntary dissolution of its political organizations and trade unions.

Toward the Protestant Church the new ruler showed himself less gracious. Against all law his pow-

erful government ordered that all the representative bodies of the Protestant Church should be dissolved and new elections be held. The government hoped to be able so to manipulate these elections that the majority of the new representatives would be organized Nazis. Through them the church would become an instrument of Nazi politics, giving religious sanction to the actions of the government and the Nazi party. This plan failed because faithful ministers and laymen immediately realized its dangers. Their opposition aroused the government's anger, because unlike the resistance of socialists and democrats this was an entirely non-political opposition that could not easily be suppressed by political measures.

But Hitler was firmly resolved to crush this limitation of his to-

totalitarian claims. In vain churchmen declared that they were prepared to be politically loyal, if only their religious and spiritual prerogatives were respected. The government arrested the protagonists of evangelical liberty, and not a few of them were brutally tortured and killed. Moreover, in order to muzzle the clergy, the government appointed an administrator of church finances, who had to watch lest salaries were paid to those ministers who took part in this struggle for the church's freedom.

THE most aggressive of the church leaders, Martin Niemöller, was tried for treason, and though his Nazi judges acquitted him eventually, the *Gestapo* has kept him as a prisoner in a concentration camp ever since. Finally the government promulgated a law by which any references made in sermons and in teaching to political measures and the philosophy of National Socialism were made a criminal offense. Since in a totalitarian country the whole life of the citizens is under the control of the government, this step meant that the Christian preacher had either to resign himself to truisms, or that the truth had to be expressed by a clever system of circumlocutions.

Far from silencing the church

by these illegal and brutal measures the Nazis drove it into fiercer opposition. The demoralizing effects that National Socialism had upon the youth and on family life, the Nazis' contempt of law and justice, and their rule of brutality and arbitrariness provoked constant protest on the part of the Protestant clergy. Under the pressure of radical elements in his party Hitler himself soon was unable to pursue any longer his plans of taking the churches into his service. The Roman Catholic Church, which for some time had experienced little serious trouble, then also became an object of persecution. The churches were gradually deprived not only of their privileges, but also of their property. Their schools were closed, monks and nuns were expelled from their convents and their estates given to Nazi organizations or to "deserving" members of the Nazi party. In the occupied countries things developed quickly in the same direction. It was not surprising that everywhere, in Holland, Belgium, and Norway, the brutal and illegal methods of the occupation forces called forth not merely political resistance, but also moral indignation and spiritual opposition. This led to the same suppression of the clergy and the churches as in Germany. Especially in Poland, Russia and

Yugoslavia, where the Nazis regarded the clergy as the center of resistance, the new rulers began a terrible and bloody campaign of extermination against them.

### The Significance of the Conflict

THE church conflict in Nazi Europe may seem to be negligible when compared with the millions of victims of actual warfare, with the ruthless persecution of all political opponents, and with the expropriation and the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Jews, Poles, Czechs, Slovenes, etc. Furthermore, the whole church conflict, heroic and pathetic as it is, can certainly not be compared with the spectacular feats of the underground movements in occupied Europe. This struggle is, nevertheless, of the greatest importance in the history of mankind. For as nothing else, it reveals the true nature of the Nazi movement and the meaning of the present world crisis.

The way in which the Nazis persecute the churches demonstrates that National Socialism itself is a new brand of religion. Other revolutions have fought the church as a social institution or a political power; that is to say, a church that had left its own sphere of activity and assumed functions outside the realm of its spiritual authority. The Nazis have no such complaint against

the church. They fight it precisely on account of its spiritual authority.

Much publicity has been given to new religious movements in Germany, which came to light under Nazi sponsorship: worship of the old Germanic gods, return to the German mysticism of the Middle Ages, or Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. But within National Socialism all these movements are purely peripheral. They affect small groups of intellectuals, but they do not reach the rank and file of those millions of Nazis who belong to the lower middle class. These were persuaded by Hitler that in him and his movement God Himself had interfered in the destinies of Germany. By doing so the *Fuehrer* has succeeded in making of his movement a kind of counterfeit Christianity. In appearance he preserved all the central Christian ideas and religious practices, but, in fact, everything was related, not to God, but to himself or to the Nordic race. He claims to be the Saviour, sent by God. He tells his followers that in him the expectations of the ages have been fulfilled, and the reign of glory is dawning. He teaches that those who do not accept the Nazi rule must be regarded as being of the devil, and that they must therefore be persecuted and extirpated without mercy.

One might dismiss all these ideas as the crazy dreams of a lunatic but for the fact that they are accepted and believed as a gospel by millions of his followers. It flatters them to be proclaimed part of a divine process—especially since this honor does not demand any effort on their part—, to have their mediocrity hallowed and their instincts given free course. Hitler, on the other hand, needs this religious fiction and may even believe in it. For only on a religious basis of this kind can the totalitarian claims of National Socialism make any sense at all. But if their movement regards itself as being of God, then indeed there is no room left for any other religion with a similar claim. Thus they are bound to persecute not merely the church, but Christianity itself.

### Apocalyptic Drama

THE only explanation that will do full justice to the rise of Nazi religion are the visions of St. John the Divine in the Book of Revelation. This is not just one of the many religions that Christianity has met on its way through history. It is a beast that rises out of the sea and attempts to subjugate everything on earth. It is worse than skeptical nihilism. It has a definite aim. All the powers of evil are let loose in National Socialism, all the inhibitions that

civilization and religion have built up in a long and painful process in order to raise mankind to a higher level, are thrown away. Whereas all other religions believe in some objective values, in a reality that is beyond and above men, here the Germanic race, which for the Nazis is identical with membership in their party, is ascribed divine honor. Already one can see the fruits of this fundamental perversion. In their jurisdiction they have abolished legal standards and lawful procedure. Written laws would set a limit to the "divine sense of righteousness" in a Nazi judge. Whatever he thinks would be beneficial for his party is regarded as "right," with no chance for legal redress. Their ethical views are of the same character: good is what makes a good Nazi, or what a good Nazi likes. They have lost all sense of decency or reverence, all respect for other persons or for the dignity of personality. Sexual licentiousness has become a virtue. Not in his conscience but in his instincts does the Nazi pretend to hear the divine voice. Let nobody be deceived by the fact that the Nazis left intact many institutions of former days. It is only the shell that is left. It no longer serves its original purpose. Under the appearance of order, beastliness occupies the throne.

Yet this apocalyptic drama would not display itself before our eyes but for the fact that our whole generation was tempted for a long time to do the same thing the Nazis are doing now. We hoped to be able to dispense with objective values and to make the life of the instincts the true life. It is true to say that all our generation did was to experiment and to play with this idea. The Nazis took it in full earnestness, and with all the consistency and thoroughness of the German people they made it a religion that now dominates their whole public and private life. But we also are infected; we cultivated the

germs in our own midst long before the Nazi plague appeared. Thus political and military defeat of the Nazis, necessary as it is, will not suffice. We would cut off one head of the beast, but not thereby kill it. Modern mankind has taken moral and religious problems too lightly. It was hoped that technical and economic resources alone would rid the world of all evils and difficulties. This was the road that led to the Hitler religion. Unless we have enough moral and spiritual courage openly to face the Nazi religion and to forswear its basic principles, we may soon find ourselves under the sway of their error.



### Close by Java

We will not look again beneath the tropic seas  
At life—at life in all its varied loveliness.  
No more will we look down through green, translucent  
    deeps  
Into a nether world of gem and flower.  
Those very rainbow hues would chant a muted elegy  
And cool, exotic beauty leave us comfortless.  
Waters are dark, beclouded now, knowing he sleeps  
Below, wrapped by sea fern in his coral bower.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH



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THE



# ASTROLABE


BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER  
AND W. G. POLACK

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## FROM A NEW MEXICO DIARY

 Few people know that some of the finest mountain scenery in the United States is in the State of New Mexico. The Rockies have a tremendous outrunner from Colorado in the Sangre de Cristo Range. I have lived among them in summer and in winter, and now, years later, the desire to ride the snow-covered trails up Gallinas and El Porvenir canyons is almost irresistible.

It was the first week of January, 1934, and I had paid my farewell visit to the canyon which leads seventy-five miles away to the Las Truchas Peaks more than 13,000 feet high.

It is heavy going in the canyon trails, when they are under a blanket of deep snow. Sometimes only six inches wide on a ledge above the river; elsewhere, across sloping slabs of granite, they compel

you to pick your way carefully. After an hour's walk amidst unbroken silence, except by one's own breathing, the solitude becomes oppressive, and the great vertical sides of El Porvenir Canyon seem to bear a menacing frown. When the wind has swept down the gullies, the snow receives a hard surface, which breaks into fragments as you walk. The broken pieces settle with a strange crunching sound when you have lifted your foot, and you have the distinct impression that someone is following in your tracks. Late in the afternoon there are other illusions. When the canyon bottom is already in the dark, the snow catches a reflection of sunlight from the yellow granite slope half a mile overhead and glows in a golden-yellow light, the shadows an intense blue. That morning,

however, it was all a blanket of flawless white, and the balsams had never seemed so green.

Then, on the top of Hermit Peak, farewell to the mountains, the forests, and the incomparable desert view, with its limitless horizons. . . .

That afternoon, after a dish of frijoles at the Original Mexican Restaurant in Las Vegas—a famous institution (branch of the one at Albuquerque)—a trip by auto to Lamy, the station on the Santa Fe, 17 miles to the south.

Past the estates of Eastern millionaires who have moved here for their health.

Soon the desert.

In North Dakota one sees the headlights of the locomotive an hour before the trains arrive. I used to think the horizon there was wide. In New Mexico 30 miles is only foreground.

Colored bands of iridescent landscape.

Streaks of mist that represent miles of the Rio Grande Valley. . . . Horizons beyond horizons.

By turns the valley floor is level, undulating, weirdly sculptured by the slow force of erosion, or scarred with the dark wounds that mark walled mesa and canyon. The horizons built of range on range of distant mountains—the Jemez Range to the west, the Manzanos and Sandias to the south and southeast, the main

bulk of the Sangre de Cristos to the north. The Sandias, a wild, contorted formation, which fascinates the eye.

Nightfall, and the ten thousand stars that one cannot see elsewhere in North America, brilliant, breath-taking. . . . Then the lights of Lamy.

Lamy is only a station on the Santa Fe and beside it a Harvey House, the *El Ortiz*. This inn is very picturesque. Built of adobe brick after the old Spanish style, and rare Spanish prints, fine old furniture and china, a gorgeous fireplace, rafters from ancient missions, and a pleasant patio add to its atmosphere of quiet charm. *El Ortiz* derives its name from that of a Spanish family prominent in New Mexico for more than two centuries, while the name of the station itself is that of the late Archbishop Lamy.

The dining-room of *El Ortiz* has space for twelve, and there are bedrooms for eight guests—and it cost a hundred thousand dollars to build *El Ortiz*.

A cold night wind blowing from the distant ranges and rustling in the pinyon bushes.


Rattle of antique hardware somewhere in the court, as if the old archbishop were making his rounds to inspect the quality of his guests.

On the morning we bade good-by to New Mexico, its peaks, can-

yons, and desert, its fascinating cities, to the good friends we had made, and to the Santa Fe National Forest, its evergreens and aspen, its 6,375 deer, 1,140 elks (I am quoting from the 1934 Animal Census of the game warden), 400 beavers, 555 bears, 865 coyotes, 35 mountain lions, and more porcupines and squirrels than the game warden or any one else will ever be able to count.



#### NATURE IN ALL HER GLORY

 "Nature in all of her glory, has written her plans on a scroll as big as the heavens above." Thus writes El Haren, "famed astrologer" in introducing his peculiar racket to an Indiana community. No appeal to superstition so effective as when you can tie it up with the lore of ancient seers. Astrology has at least this one sound claim: it is ancient. To quote El Haren once more: "The wise men of old read in the stars the fate of empires and the fortune of men. So, too, can you discover the correct procedure for your undertaking and greater accomplishments," and it will only cost you fifty cents.

The newspaper in which El Haren addressed his public evidently thought it good journalism to give him the free run of a

page or so with a department entitled *Questions and Answers*. The readers were invited to mail a "free question" and then to watch for the astrologer's answer, initials being the means of identification.

A more perfect set-up for the horoscope racket can hardly be imagined. Here are two dozen questions with answers, the questioners being indicated only by initials, thus rendering every check-up for identification impossible. For example:

Mrs. H. W.—When will my daughter's health improve?

Answer—It is my contention that almost immediately after your 10-year-old daughter has her tonsils removed next week, there will be complete improvement shown in her general condition. This operation should have been performed a year ago, in compliance with her physician's instructions.

Isn't he wonderful? El Haren not only knows the age of the daughter but the nature of her complaint, the prospective operation, and its result.

Or take this one:

Miss M. I. P.—About how long will it be before I receive the money which was borrowed?

Answer—By March 1, it appears you will receive payment of \$75 from your brother, and the balance will be taken care of in two equal installments of similar amount on April 1, and May 1.

He knows that it was the brother who owes the money, knows the amount, and the exact mode and dates of repayment.

We could get more enthusiastic about such predictions if we knew that Mrs. H. W. and Miss M. I. P. had an existence outside the astrologer's fertile brain. But we have also questions and answers like these:

L. E. T.—Why is it that my wife and I cannot get along?

Answer—My friends, neither you nor your wife have been making any real effort to improve conditions in your home. Suggest that you be more congenial towards one another, and it is my sincere belief that a change will be noted. Born of your particular birth-sign which is Pisces, I find you to be very well-mated.

It takes real nerve to offer something like this to the people of an Indiana metropolis. Analyzing the advice given, it amounts to this: In order that you may get along with your wife, I suggest that you get along with her, and it is my sincere belief that you and she will get along. Not much prophecy in that.

Probably the L. E. T. letter was genuine. Also this one looks like an answer to a real question:

G. M. S.—Was the decision I made some time ago a wise one or just another mistake on my part?

Answer—With the intellect which you possess, being a Leo born, I find you are to accomplish your desires


through this procedure, and happy to inform you that the difficulties which you witness at present are only a temporary condition.

But there is a great deal of this, half a page, in fact; with headings thrown in by the newspaper, like: *Husband Will Not Return, Son's Mentality Will Improve, Twins Foreseen in Home*; and we imagine that a good many readers have sent in their fifty cents in coin for a "complete astrological reading." With a campaign like this extending over two weeks with column upon column of questions and answers every day, practically every weak-minded inhabitant would be tempted strongly to risk his fifty cents on one who can "discover the correct procedure for your undertaking." And has not "nature in all her glory written her plans on a scroll as big as the heavens above"?

Is astrology all fraud or delusion? Our astrolabists may be assured that it is all fraud or delusion. The signs of the zodiac have nothing to do with the fortunes of human beings. The planets do not control destiny. The horoscope, crystal gazing, and palmistry have as much merit as means of predicting the future as the reading of tea-leaves, which is precisely nothing.



## WHAT WILL THE PEACE BE LIKE?

 The soothsayer who told Julius Caesar to beware of the Ides (the 15th) of March is known to every student in the junior Latin class. A certain earthly immortality is in prospect also for the medium or diviner who will describe in advance what, even in outline, the peace which will follow World War II will be like.

No one can predict, but we may place on record a guess what the terms of the end of carnage will be when the victors ground their arms.

There is the Federal Council of Churches, which is really outside of its sphere when it makes political demands, and which has not been so happy in hitting the mark in its pacifist pronouncements of ten years ago. However, here are the goals which the Federal Council announces to the churches as a proper objective, if the religious forces shall have anything to say about the terms of peace:

*"No punitive reparations."*

*"No humiliating decrees of war guilt."*

*"No arbitrary dismemberment of nations."*

When we study these terms they are not quite as tolerant as they appear at first reading.

There may be reparations, but they must not be "punitive." There may be decrees of war guilt, but they must not be "humiliating." There may even be a dismemberment of nations, but this should not be "arbitrary." It looks to us as if the Allies can be pretty tough with the Axis and still act within this proposal, apparently so moderate and lenient.

Now the other temper has been expressed by people a little closer to the actual powers that will decide the terms of peace, if all goes as it should go. There is, for instance, Archibald MacLeish, who made an address at the Associated Press Annual Luncheon, April 20, 1942. He was the director of the Office of Facts and Figures, now merged with the government's Office of War Information, which is under the President's direct appointment. Mr. MacLeish said:

The strategy of truth has for the object of its strategy a truthful understanding by the people of the meaning of the war in which they fight. Specifically, the strategy of truth has for the object of its strategy an understanding by the free peoples of the world that this war is a war in which no outcome but their victory can be conceivable. Defeat in this war is not possible in the sense in which defeat in other wars was possible—a defeat now to be followed by years of recuperation and a victory in a later war to follow. There will be no war to follow later if this war is lost.

Now note the following:


Those who win this war will see to it—and will see to it with relative ease—that the defeated will not fight a war for many years to come; will not have the means to fight a war; will not have the means to build the planes and tanks by which alone a modern war can be attempted. The defeated in this war will be defeated as the French are now defeated, as the Poles are now defeated, as the Danes are. No French Revolution of pitchforks against armies will be possible against the victors in this war; the fighting of the last two years has proven that.

That is one fact which the free peoples of the world must understand—the fact that this war is the last war those who love their freedom will ever have the chance to fight for freedom—if they lose.

The temper of this statement is stern and menacing compared with the temper of the pronouncement from the Federal Council of Churches. In the end, both statements may have identical meaning.



### "GOD IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS"


 This is the title of a recent book by Dr. W. S. Fleming, published by the National Reform Association. It is another straw that shows whither the wind is blowing. Thoughtful people throughout our land have been

viewing with increasing alarm the effects of a nonreligious public school on the character of our citizenry, and Dr. Fleming, a Methodist minister who has devoted years of specialized study to this matter, is convinced that the public schools which make our nation cannot do a proper job of it without religion.

As we interpret the signs of the times, we believe that the question of putting the Bible back into our public schools is one that will agitate our country after this war. It will be well, therefore, to give the readers of *THE CRESSET*, for their consideration, the gist of the author's arguments.




### MOULDING THE CHARACTER OF OUR FUTURE CITIZENS

 Dr. Fleming holds that upon our public schools rests the tremendous responsibility of shaping the ideals and moulding the character of the future citizens of our country. Only upon the foundation of a Bible-inspired morality can true character be built. He therefore pleads for a return of the Bible and nonsectarian religious instruction in all the public schools of our nation. Only God, he maintains, in our public schools can save this nation and our civilization from downfall through irreligion and crime. Re-

leased time so that children may attend church schools once or more a week is not the answer. The school itself must face the problem of nonsectarian instruction and personal reliance on God. The Sunday Schools reach only a relatively small portion of our American boys and girls, the parochial schools even less. The vast majority at the present time are without any formal religious training. As a result, crime is increasing rapidly and a paganized philosophy of life is undermining the institutions created by former generations of Bible-believing Americans.




### THE BIBLE FORMERLY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

 During the formative period of our nation's history the Bible was in our public schools, and religion was woven into the fabric of our public education. The school sessions were opened and closed with prayer, usually our Lord's Prayer. Then, about 1870, the Bible and religion were gradually banished from the tax-supported schools, and education became secularized. The strong negative suggestions that are imparted by the omission of any emphasis on religion, the author believes, is a tragedy and fraught with grave danger to personal

morality and community well-being.




### "TEACHING RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL"

 This is the title of another recent book on the same subject by Conrad A. Hauser, published by the Round Table Press. Though one may not agree with this or the former author on all points, it is also a discussion that will interest and challenge everyone who is concerned about strengthening the spiritual foundations of our nation. Mr. Hauser states, "Our country will either teach religion in the public school or it will continue on the road of secularization until we have become totally paganized." He is of the opinion that today a great many public school and church school leaders and educators are agreed that religious teaching of a nonsectarian nature is not only possible but must be given a place in the public school curriculum.



### SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

 Separation of church and state is one thing. Separation of religion and the state is another and something quite different. There is nothing in our con-

stitution about it. The fact that certain beliefs about God and man that are held by the majority of our citizens, beliefs that are common to the three major church groups, gives Mr. Hauser the basis for the teaching of non-sectarian religion in the public schools. Among the educators quoted by him, we find the following significant statement by Luther A. Weigle:

There is nothing in the status of the public school as an institution of the state, to render it godless. There is nothing in the principle of religious freedom or the separation of church and state to hinder the school's acknowledgment of the power and goodness of God. The common religious faith of the American people, as distinguished from the sectarian forms in which it is organized, may rightfully be assumed and find appropriate expression in the life and work of the public schools.


We must keep sectarianism out of our public schools. But that does not necessitate stripping the schools of religion. To exclude religion from the public schools would be to surrender these schools to the sectarianism of atheism and irreligion.

Mr. Hauser is aware of the difficulties connected with the teaching of religion in the public schools, as well as of the fact that the best that can be done will be altogether unsatisfactory, when viewed in the light of what the Christian would like to see, unless

the religious work of the public schools is supplemented by an expanded and more thorough-going educational program on the part of the churches.



#### A VOICE FROM THE PAST

 As any proposal for the teaching of religion in the public schools always raises the question of the separation of church and state, we would give the floor to a voice from the past and from the Lutheran Church, which has always advocated the training of its own children in its own church schools. In an essay delivered by the sainted Prof. C. H. R. Lange, of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, before the convention of the Central District in Cleveland, in 1870, the relation of church and state with reference to several timely questions was discussed. Thus the essay was delivered at the time when, according to Dr. Fleming, the Bible was being removed from the American public schools. Space will not permit extensive quotations from Prof. Lange's essay; and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to certain pertinent statements:

The sovereignty of God is acknowledged on the part of man by the fact that (in the state) right shall prevail and wrong shall be punished: therefore the foundation and preservation



of every state presupposes religion in its members. . . . Without religion no state can exist. By "religion" is meant natural religion, i.e., the acknowledgment that there is a God, an eternal life, and an impending retribution. Without this there can be no concept of right and wrong, for the eternal law of God, which is heard in the voice of conscience, is the foundation of the positive law of the state or stands in relation to it. . . .

The Christian religion is the dominant religion in our land. . . . It is

the duty of every Christian in our country, who as a citizen ought to seek the best interests of the nation . . . to keep the schools of the state under Protestant influence; not to let the Bible, as the religious book on which oaths are taken and with which every citizen of the state ought to be acquainted, be forced out of the schools of the state; and to support with all lawful means, everything that is necessary for the strengthening and sustaining of the dominant religion and the public morality demanded by it.



Sir John Strange, in discussing his epitaph with his wife, said, "I wish no flowers and no fuss—let everything be as simple as possible when I am gone. Please do not even set my name upon the tombstone. Just one line I would have engraved upon it: 'Here lies a lawyer who always spoke the truth.'"

"But, my dear," said Lady Strange, "no one will know who rests there."

"Oh, yes, they will," said Sir John. "For all who read the inscription will say, 'That's strange!'"

—SEYMOUR HICKS: *Laugh With Me.*  
(Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

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# Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Conversations With a Sacred Cow*


[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

**A Sacred Cow Named Taste  
An Apostate**

 S. C. Yesterday I attended a dinner in honor of the Unicorn String Quartet. While we were sipping our cocktails, Mrs. Sardina Mootoomuch III began to talk about such terms as "quartet," "sonata," and "trio." "Those words," she said, "have long since been ready for the rubbish heap. You know, of course, that I adore chamber music; but why, in the name of sense, don't composers use catchy and descriptive titles? Why do they cling to terms that arouse antagonism in the average listener?"

Ordinarily, Mrs. Mootoomuch is addicted to aimless and pointless palaver; but now and then bells of wisdom tinkle ever so slightly in her dainty little mind.

I told her that I, too, had, on occasion, sunk my teeth into the thought which she was expressing and that I was inclined to agree horns, hoofs, and hide with her fault-finding. "Sardina," I said, "now you're really hitting the ball."

What's your opinion, Mr. Apostate?

A. I, too, have heard it said time and again that quartets, sonatas, and trios are, as a rule, dry and dull. For some strange reason those very words seem to shout into many ears: "Beware of music bearing our names! Keep it at arm's length! It's too deep for you. Stick close to such gems as 'My Mamma Done Told Me,' 'Walkin' My Baby Back Home,' and 'Don't Mind My Dandruff'; but, in the name of all that's tuneful, stay away from anything called a quartet, a sonata, a trio,

a quintet, a sextet, a septet, or an octet!"

It would be easy to prove that such statements are conceived in flapdoodle and born in hot air; but wouldn't it be far wiser to urge Mrs. Mootoomuch and her kith and kin to rid their minds of bias by attending concerts given by able exponents of chamber music? By the way, did Mrs. Mootoomuch ever hear the Unicorn String Quartet play? Naturally, she didn't miss the dinner; but did she actually expose her squeamish eardrums to the quartets by Mozart, Beethoven, and Schumann?

S. C. No, she didn't. Her little Ferdinand, she said, had the colic on the evening of the concert.

A. I wonder just how convenient that case of colic was. Did she hear Mischa Dvorfetz and Josef Rutt in their recital of sonatas for violin and piano a few days ago?

S. C. Yes, she was there. You see, she had a new dress; but she seemed bored to tears by the music. She told me that the pianist often "drowned out" the violinist. "When I listen to violin solos with piano accompaniments," she complained, "I don't want to sit idly by while the man at the keyboard tries in every way possible to steal the show."

A. There you have Mrs. Mootoomuch as she lives and breathes.

Poor thing! She doesn't know that the sonatas by Beethoven, César Franck, and Georges Enesco, which the two artists performed, are chamber music. She is in the clutches of a fallacious but widespread notion as to the character of the compositions which Dvorfetz and Rutt chose for their program. I'm sure, Mrs. Cow, that you don't share her view.

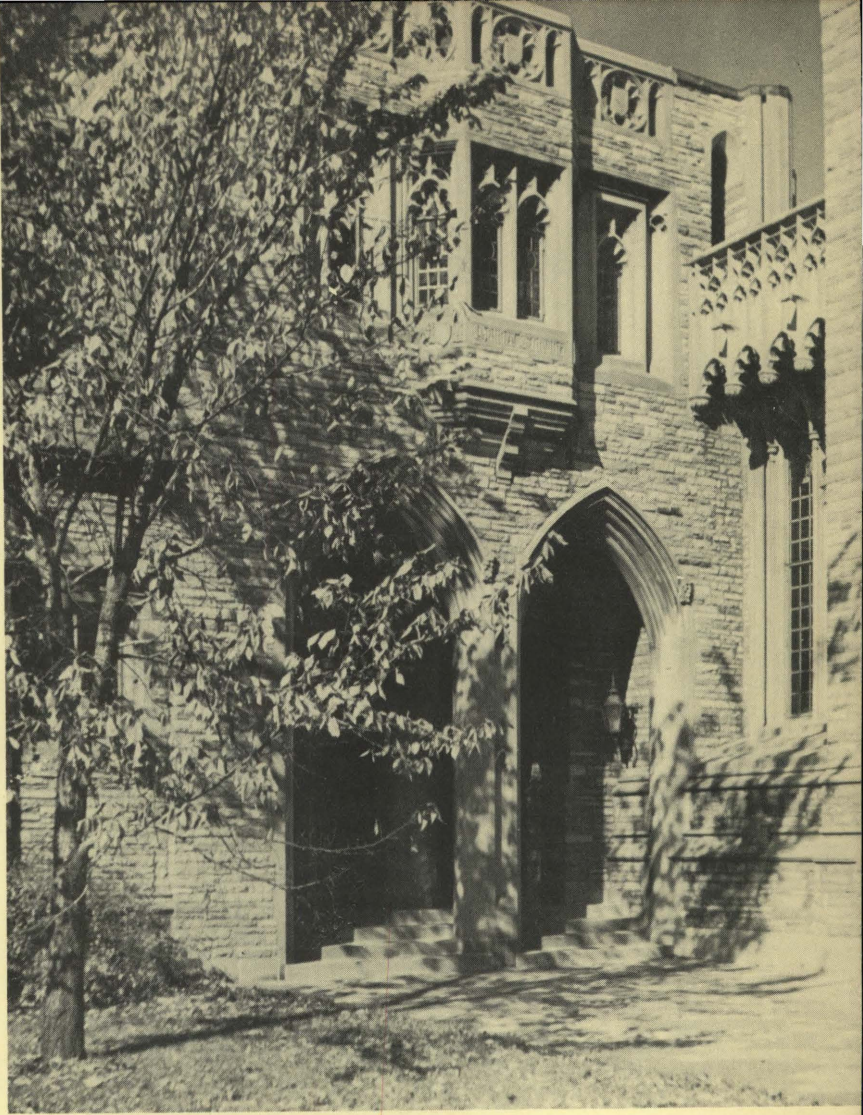
S. C. How could I? I know that those who focus their attention primarily on the violin when they listen to the sonatas you mentioned disregard half of the substance of the music. There are times, of course, when the fiddle must be prominent; and there are times when the keyboard instrument must come to the fore.

Please don't resort to insinuations. Don't you think I'm aware of the fact that the very essence of chamber music presupposes a finished blending of all the parts into a discreetly balanced whole?

A. Bravo! Let me expand your words of wisdom by saying that chamber music requires technic in abundance, accuracy to the highest degree, and musicianship of sterling quality. Do you think I've stated everything?

S. C. I couldn't add a single word to what you've said.

A. You could, Mrs. Cow, if you bore in mind what you said a moment ago about blending. You, as an individual, may have all the



*Photo by Pralle*

Concordia Seminary of St. Louis, Missouri, is housed in one of the most beautiful collections of college buildings in America. This great Lutheran Seminary was designed by the architectural firm of Day and Klauder of Philadelphia. Dr. Theo. Graebner, chairman of the Building Committee, was responsible, in large measure, for the many special features which make this group of buildings so outstanding.

This picture shows the famous Luther Entrance at the base of what is one day to be the Luther Tower.



*Photo by Pralle*

The "Perry County" Stone is an excellent example of the painstaking and thoughtful designing and craftsmanship which is everywhere evident. Nothing but the very best was considered good enough for the service of the Lord.



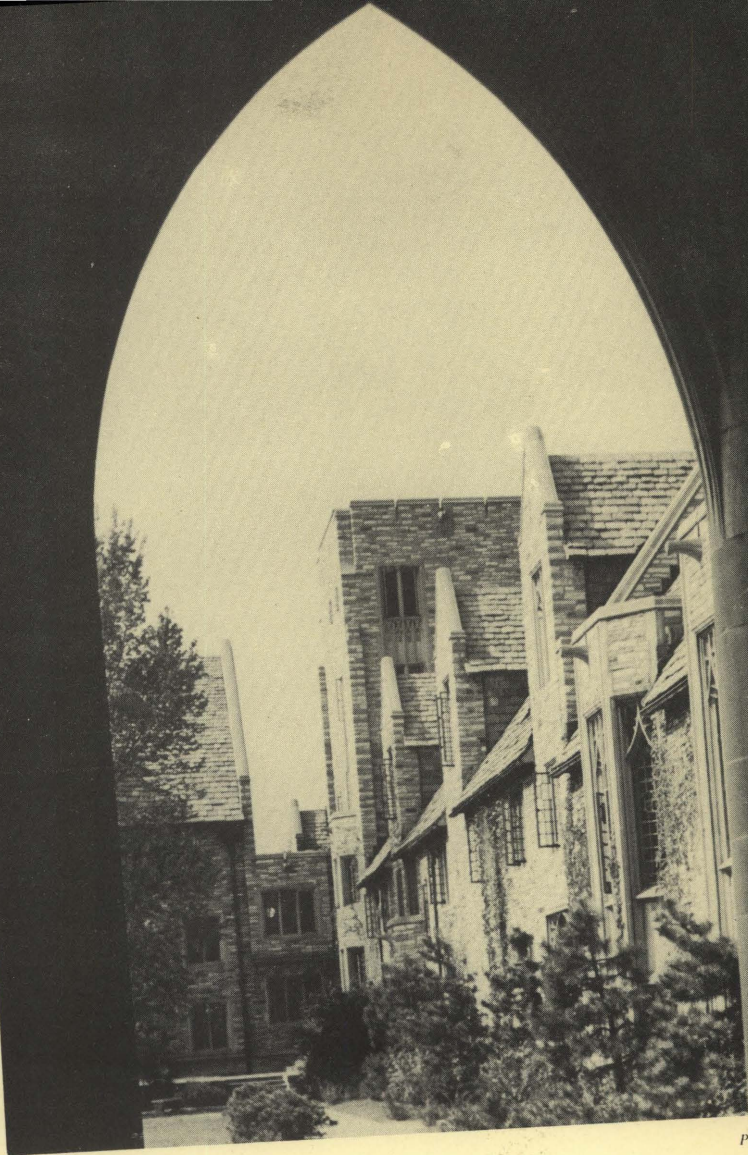
Photo by Pralle

Down past the doorway of the Pritzloff Memorial Library runs the Tyndale Memorial Archway presented by the Students of Concordia Seminary 1924-26. Stonecarving, wood carving and exquisite bronze castings are everywhere apparent as evidences of splendid taste and genuine understanding of historic values.



*Photo by Pralle*

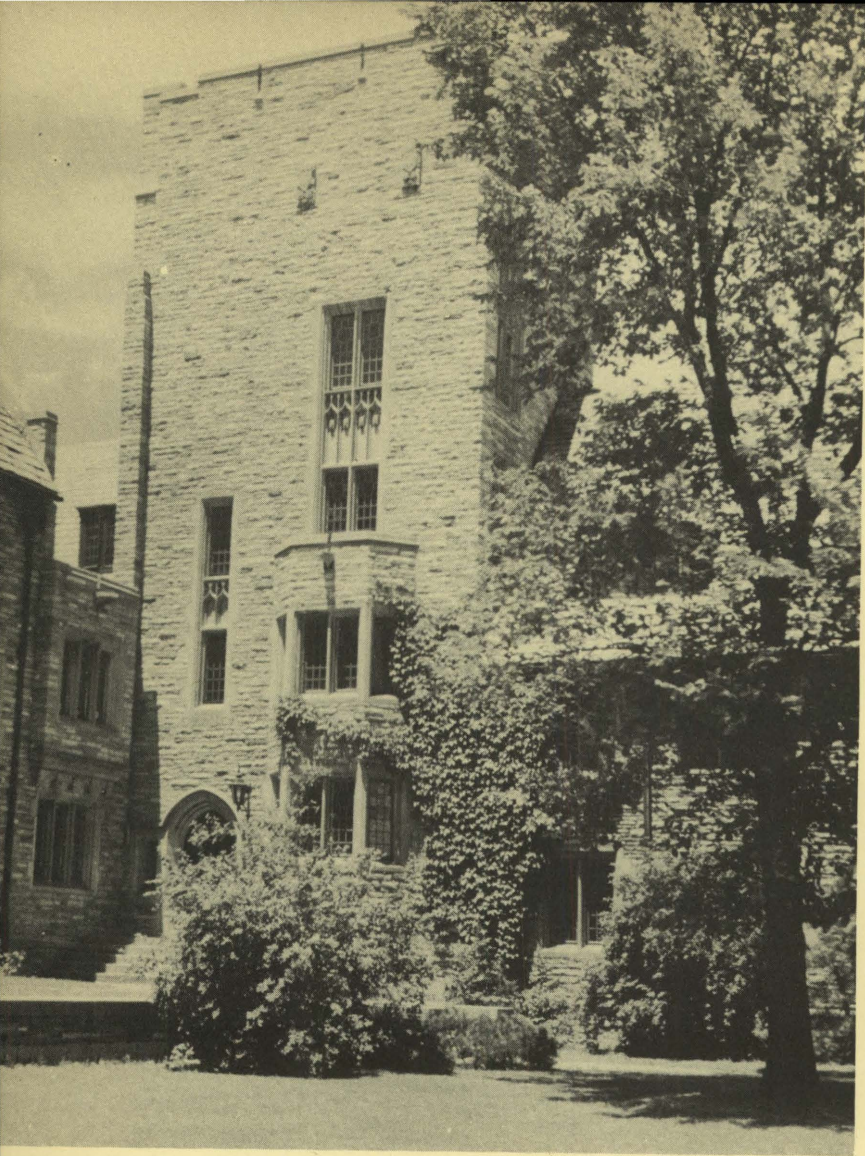
Beneath the arches of the Luther Entrance can be seen an example of some of the finest and most honest stone-work in America. Through these arches, the future preachers of the Lutheran Church move daily on their way into the Academic Court and the classrooms.



*Photo by Pralle*

Looking through the archway of the Tower Entrance into the Quadrangle, one sees the side of the Pritzlaff Memorial Library. Some of the fine detail of the stone and steel windows is to be seen in this picture. Landscaping has now been developed to a very high degree and matches up with the beauty and strength of the buildings.





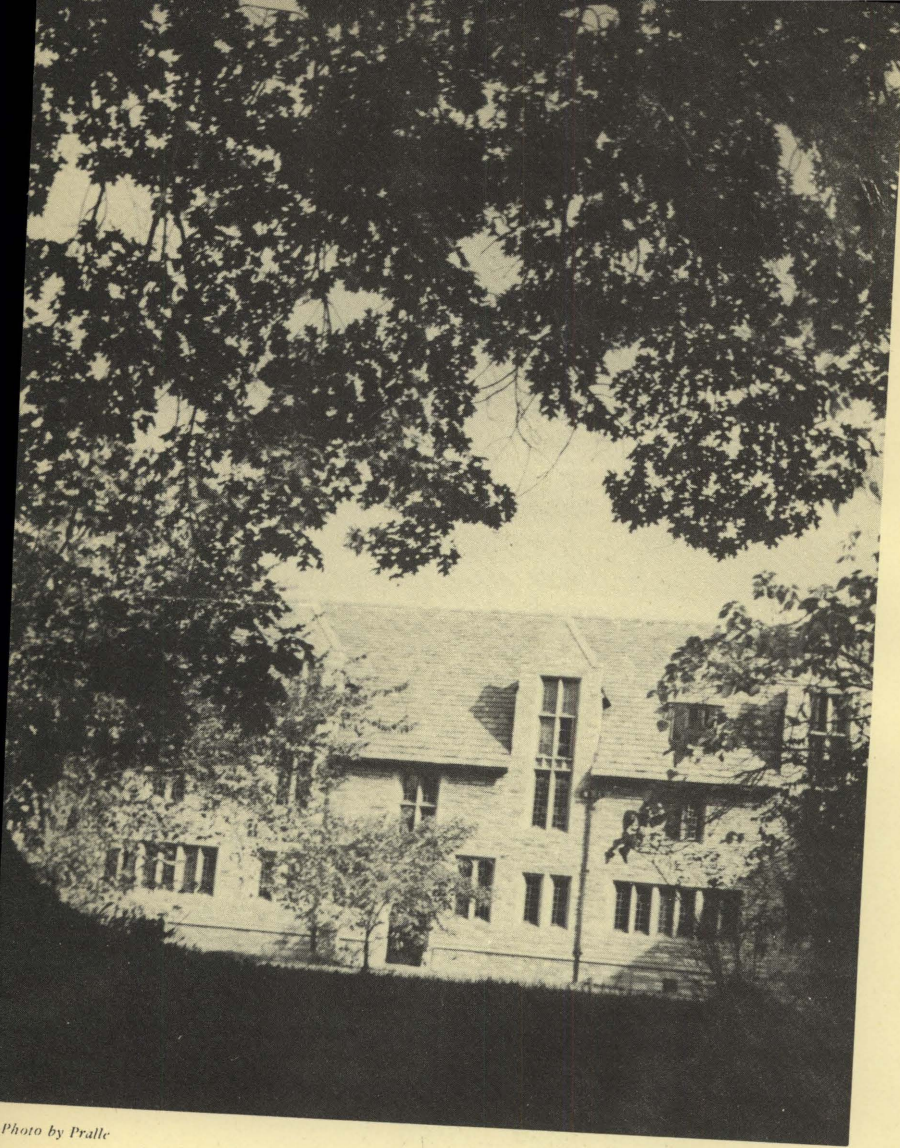
*Photo by Pralle*

Cramer Tower dominates the Quadrangle on the Northwest. The steps of these buildings opening on the Quad are the favorite lounging places of the students in Spring and Fall.



*Photo by Pralle*

Koburg and Wartburg Halls are the dining rooms of the students. Named after the two great castles which gave refuge to Luther during his lifetime, they have preserved the characteristics of those strongholds in high vaulted ceilings, great windows and mammoth fireplaces.



*Photo by Pralle*

A general view of the Administration Building from the Academic Court. Here are housed the offices of many of the men who are responsible for a large part of the Lutheran literature in books and periodicals, among the members of the Synodical Conference in North America.

technic in the world and yet fail dimly when you try to reveal the essence of chamber music. You may be a stickler for accuracy, and, in spite of this virtue, your ship may run aground when you embark upon performances of the sonatas we've been talking about. Your musicianship may be built upon solid rock and still come tumbling about your ears when you undertake to blend your own playing with that of another. There's the rub! Ideal performances of chamber music are impossible unless there's a complete and harmonious fusion of the skill and the knowledge of the players. Able soloists, you see, aren't always competent in the domain of chamber music; and, contrariwise, skilful exponents of chamber music aren't always adept as soloists.

S. C. That seems to be that.

Let's talk about the art of conducting. Mrs. Mootoomuch told me that you admire Artur Rodzinski, who presides over the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Is she right?

A. This time your hoity-toity friend didn't moo too much. In my opinion, Dr. Rodzinski is a master. Great conductors, you know, have a way of firing our imagination and revealing to us new vistas of beauty. They put into their readings that priceless something which warms and glad-

dens the heart; they set forth their conceptions of music with such skill, sincerity, and potency that the mind applauds their ability even when it fails to agree in every detail with their conclusions. I'm persuaded that even if cold and dispassionate reasoning were to force a listener to disagree now and then with this or that aspect of Dr. Rodzinski's readings, logic equally cold and equally dispassionate would compel that same listener to admit that the leader of Cleveland's orchestra has those qualities that make for greatness.

I saw you sitting in a box the other evening, Mrs. Cow, and I noticed how vigorously you applauded Dr. Rodzinski and his excellent orchestra. May I talk about that concert now?

S. C. I'm all ears.

A. Think of Dr. Rodzinski's reading of the engrossing suite which Sir Thomas Beecham put together from music contained in Handel's *The Faithful Shepherd*. The tone of the orchestra gleamed with beauty, there was masterful attention to co-ordination and subordination, the various voices spoke with clarity, and every detail of the score received its proper share of study. "But," you'll say, "a conductor needn't be a Titan to accomplish all this." You're right. Yet when the man on the podium reveals a sensitive

and penetrating grasp of the import and the style of the works he interprets; when he expresses even the subtlest nuances of phrasing, tempo, and dynamics with clearness of vision and largeness of view; when his readings have intensity of spirit, perfect balance, and the pulsing throb of life; when he communicates his own vitality to players and listeners alike; then, Mrs. Cow, we have a leader worthy of being spoken of as a master.

Dr. Rodzinski made no attempt to decorate his performance of Antonin Dvorak's *Symphony from the New World* with the trappings of showmanship. There were no novel effects in his conducting, no frills and no furbelows. Guided by a keen sense of what makes for ideal proportion and real beauty in tone and color, he lavished loving care upon every measure of the symphony. He gave dramatic emphasis to the robustness that permeates much of the work; he captured and conveyed the spirit of its wonderfully expressive poetry. It was a virile reading—a reading filled with warmth and propulsive energy. Dr. Rodzinski brought out the contrasts with surpassing skill; he prepared all climaxes as only a master knows how to do.

I could say more about the work which Dvorak himself called *Symphony from the New World*

and not *New World Symphony*. There is a whole world of difference, you know. Out of the composer's own mouth I could explode the fantastic and utterly fallacious notion that the second movement is a spiritual; and, without in any way belittling the work, I could point out again, as I've done in the past, that if there are any Negroes and any Indians in the symphony, they're Dvorak's own countrymen with burnt cork and red paint on their faces. Could any masterpiece be more nationalistic in spirit than the *Symphony from the New World*? It's a message from a world in which the able composer could never feel at home; it's a message couched in the idiom of its creator's own native land.

Neither William Arms Fisher's "Goin' Home," beautiful though it is, nor the "Largo" of Dvorak's *Symphony in E Minor*, on which "Goin' Home" is based, can be called a spiritual if you want to use the term aright; and, thank fortune, genuine Negro spirituals didn't form the foundation for the melodic texture of Morton Gould's *Spirituals for String Choir and Orchestra*, which Dr. Rodzinski conducted after the symphony. I hope I'm right in assuming that Mr. Gould has no taste for garnished versions of the songs of the Negroes and that he agrees with me when I maintain

that they lose much of their force and character when they appear in "prettified" dress.

S. C. It's my conviction that Mr. Gould has precious little to say in his compositions. What's your opinion?

A. Mr. Gould is a resourceful composer. His works are fascinating; but much of his music is involved in entangling alliance with "corn," and his "corn," by the way, isn't escaping the ravages of the corn-borer. But will you deny that a little "corn," like a little wine, is good for the stomach?

S. C. Dr. Rodzinski conducted

a work by Maurice Ravel, didn't he?

A. Yes. Under his leadership all the exquisitely finished details of the second *Daphnis and Chloe Suite* came into their own. The ingeniously calculated instrumental effects, the swirling colors, the delicately balanced rhythms, and the picturesqueness of the music make exacting demands on a conductor as well as on the players; but as performed by the Cleveland orchestra under Dr. Rodzinski the suite appeared in all its glory as one of the most brilliant orchestral works of recent years.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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## RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No. 4, in G. Major, Op. 58.* Artur Schnabel, pianist, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock.—This recording was made in July, 1942. Both Schnabel and the late Dr. Stock are at their best. Their reading of one of the most impressively beautiful of all piano concertos is ideal in every respect. Victor Album 930. \$4.73.

EMIL WALDTEUFEL. "Estudiantina Waltz." The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—A vigorous and brilliant performance of a sturdy old war horse which

was brought into being by the man who was chamber pianist for the Empress Eugénie. Victor disc 10-1024. Seventy-nine cents.

CARNIVAL IN RIO. If you have a desire to become acquainted with the type of music which is now taking the Brazilians by storm, you will do well to listen to the six romantic, gay, and exciting tidbits contained in this set of three ten-inch discs. The lyrics are sung in Portuguese, and the orchestra plays with the abandon of a whirlwind. Victor Album (Pan-American Series) P-137. \$2.10.

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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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## Reporter and Crusader

*SUEZ TO SINGAPORE.* By Cecil Brown. Random House, New York. 1942. 545 pages. \$3.50.

CECIL BROWN is an able reporter. He is conscientious in his work; he tries with might and main to ferret out the truth. When he is convinced that he has been successful, he wants to make known what he has learned. Naturally, he realizes that in wartime it is often in the public interest to withhold this or that item of information; but he frequently disagrees with the powers that be as to what may be reported and what should be suppressed. Mr. Brown, you see, is a crusader; and his book, *Suez to Singapore*, proves the satisfaction of anyone that he places special emphasis on his determined and persistent efforts to convince censors of the error of their ways.

*Suez to Singapore* is an important book. It contains page upon page of fine writing; and it throws light on some aspects of the present war which, in the mind of many an observer, were, up to the time of the

publication of the volume, nebulous and wrapped in confusion. As a record of the harrowing experiences which Mr. Brown had while serving in the capacity of reporter for the Columbia Broadcasting System in Italy, in the Near East, and in the Far East, *Suez to Singapore* is fascinating from beginning to end; but one gains the impression that Mr. Brown is convinced to the very depths of his soul that, in certain respects, a detailed recital of his battles with some of Great Britain's censors is on a par in importance with accounts of the war itself.

Those who review books must strive to be fair in their appraisals. Who are they to say with Olympian certainty that Mr. Brown is not justified in writing eloquently and passionately in defense of his efforts to broadcast the whole truth concerning the tragic state of affairs existing in Singapore when the Japanese swooped down upon the island? Mr. Brown is loyal to the United States, and he is wholly in sympathy with the cause of Britain. Because he knew that England could not survive in

her war against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis without help from America, he did all in his power to persuade his countrymen to come to the aid of those nations that were at grips with Naziism and the allies of Naziism. His burning eagerness to tell the truth about Singapore's hopeless plight to the millions of men and women who listened to the war news as reported by the Columbia Broadcasting System was based on the conviction that factual news-casting would bring good results.

The Italians had thrown Mr. Brown out of their Hitler-ridden land shortly before Germany decided to unleash her lightning-warfare against Greece and Yugoslavia. Mussolini's henchmen knew that the American correspondent loathed the principles and the practices of fascism. The author of *Suez to Singapore* says:

From watching men's souls torn apart, twisted and destroyed, I went to Yugoslavia to watch bodies ripped apart. I arrived in Belgrade on April 4th; on April 6th the German bombers were over. Bodies were being ripped apart, but always, louder than bombs, there beat a heart that could not be shattered by the historic German inhumanity to mankind.

Soldiers of the victorious *Wehrmacht* captured and detained Mr. Brown in Yugoslavia; but he managed to escape to Turkey. From there he went to Cairo and arrived in time to cover the campaigns in Syria and in the Western Desert, where "the puzzle . . . is not to find out what makes these men go on fighting," but "how they go on existing."

The sun crashes down like a sledge hammer. You feel the blood cascading through the cords in your neck. It is so hot that most British keep on their pith helmets in action. They prefer a chance bullet through the head rather than a head constantly cooking under a steel helmet.

In August, 1941, Mr. Brown went to Singapore. There he found confusion and complacency. Would Japan go to war? Could Singapore hold out against a determined attack? In a short time he realized that the island was in a precarious position. Singapore was a naval base without a navy. In fact, it was, as Noel Coward had once said, "a first-rate place for second-rate people." Air power was practically nonexistent on the island.

**B**ROWN tried to broadcast what he had discovered; but the censors refused to permit him to report on the situation as he saw it. Singapore was in the clutches of a defensive mentality. Even after Japan had gone to war with brutally unscrupulous skill and thoroughness, the British leaders on the island persisted for a time in underrating their formidable foe. Mr. Brown knew, and said, that no soldiers on earth fight with greater bravery and tenacity than the British; but he was equally sure that bravery and tenacity were not enough. Singapore needed planes and guns; Singapore needed the wherewithal to take the *offensive* against the Japanese. The British did not scorch the earth in Malaya. Up to the last minute they refused to enlist the aid of the Chinese and the natives.



Shortly after the *Prince of Wales*, the *Repulse*, and a few smaller warships had come to Singapore, Brown was asked whether he wanted to go with the fleet on a mission against the enemy. Thinking that he would be aboard the mighty *Prince of Wales*, he went along. That would be news. When he learned that he would sail on the *Repulse*, he was confident that the real newsworthiness of the assignment had gone glimmering. But he was mistaken. Japanese planes caught sight of the two battleships through a rift in the clouds, and the enemy dispatched bombers and torpedo planes to send the vessels to the bottom. Brown's account of the last agony of the great men-of-war and the description he gives of his own feelings as he went overboard are breath-taking in their vividness. He had been part of one of the most gripping stories of the war.

UPON his return to Singapore, Brown continued his efforts to describe the perilous situation as it appeared to him. Finally, the authorities barred him from the air. He went to Java; but the Dutch, unwilling to offend their British allies, refused to place their facilities at his disposal. In Australia he had better luck. Nevertheless, Paul White, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, considered it wise to instruct him not to take a crusading attitude in his broadcasts and not to give the impression of "paying off old debts." In March, 1942, Mr. Brown arrived in San Francisco after spending four years abroad.

## Great Speeches

*THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE.* By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Published by Little Brown and Co., Boston. 1942. 371 pages. \$3.50.

THIS is a collection of the war speeches by the British Prime Minister, compiled by Charles Eade. They cover the period from November 12, 1940, to December 30, 1941, and they form a history of the war during some of its most important phases and carry the story of the unrelenting struggle from the death of Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill's predecessor, to the Prime Minister's visit to the United States and Canada during the Christmas season of 1941.

It is not using extravagant language when we say that in our opinion Mr. Churchill is the peer of all public speakers of our day. His addresses sound well to the ear and they read just as well when one sees them in cold print. His English is classic and yet simple, a simplicity that is reminiscent of the language of our own Woodrow Wilson, who with all the profound learning of a Princeton professor had the ability to speak plainly so that the common people heard him gladly.

In this volume we read again the great speech, entitled "We Will Not Fail Mankind," delivered at Glasgow, January 17, 1941. Also his broadcast address of April 27, 1941, which many of us heard and were stirred by, "Westward, Look, The Land Is Bright." But of all his momentous and significant utterances, there is none in the volume that surpasses in

beauty of thought and eloquence of expression his brief address of less than 450 words to the American people on Christmas Eve, 1941, delivered under the lights of the White House Christmas Tree. It will, we firmly believe, live with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in the hearts of freedom-loving people everywhere for years to come. Who will ever forget the closing words of that little speech: "Let the children have their night of fun and laughter. Let the gifts of Father Christmas delight their play. Let us grown-ups share to the full in their unstinted pleasures before we turn again to the stern task and the formidable years that lie before us, resolved that, by our sacrifice and daring, these same children shall not be robbed of their inheritance or denied their right to live in a free and decent world."

### A Profile of War

*STORM OVER THE LAND.* By Carl Sandburg. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1942. 440 pages. \$3.50. Indexed. Illustrated.

**T**HIS volume is taken mainly from Mr. Sandburg's larger work in four volumes, entitled *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*. Some sections were rewritten, however, and at least half of the illustrations of this volume are published for the first time, while the others, including drawings and maps, were taken from the larger work.

That our United States achieved their unity in the fiery caldron of the War Between the States we know.

This is Carl Sandburg's story of those historic years. It is not merely a dry as dust recital of facts and figures. The author makes the events live before our eyes, and the men who help to shape those events are human beings with faults and frailties, with character and nobility. The vividness of the narrative is refreshing, the poetical prose of the author is uplifting. This is a volume that should have a prominent place in our homes. Our young people should read it and be inspired with a renewed love for our great land and its people.

### On Borrowed Time

*HOSTAGES.* By Stefan Heym. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1942. 362 pages. \$2.50.

**F**OR a long, long time the term "hostage" had, for most of us, only a remote and wholly impersonal connotation. But since the lines of conquest on the tortured face of Europe have been etched in the blood of hostages seized and slain by henchmen of the Master of Berchtesgaden, the word has taken on new and terrible significance. Today we see hostages as flesh-and-blood people, as the victims of a tragic era in the history of the world.

The simple words which serve as a dedication to Stefan Heym's book eloquently testify to the author's first-hand knowledge of the word "hostage" and to his purpose in writing *Hostages*. The inscription reads, "Because my father was a hostage." It may well be that here, too, we find the key to the artistic shortcomings in Mr. Heym's novel; for, in spite of

a noble theme and a novel and ingenious approach, *Hostages* is, at best, only good melodrama.

The story of the Czech patriots who are put to death to avenge a false, trumped-up murder charge is a moving one. The words which come so hard from the heavy tongue and the battered lips of the man Janoshik find a ready response in the hearts of all who have dedicated their efforts to the cause of freedom.

Truth will conquer. Don't beat the walls . . . don't. They'll fall and crumble. . . . You will see . . . ! When they shoot us tomorrow, somebody will hear the shots. Bullets through good people's hearts make a long echo.

The thunder of falling and crumbling walls came too late to reach the ears of Janoshik; but the girl Milada heard them. Tauntingly she asks the Nazi commissioner:

Where is your power? Where is your greatness? Out there—your hostages are dead. But the men who killed them huddle behind closed doors in fear of the millions of Janoshiks you can't reach. And this is only the first slight tremor of the earth. There will be a time when it opens up under your feet, and you perish in darkness and oblivion.

Unfortunately, Mr. Heym permits his emotions to run riot. For him there is no middle ground. The characters portrayed are either black or white; they are either villains or heroes. Their creator not only points to the muck-heap, he buries our noses in it. One looks in vain for even a measure of detachment, objectivity, and a judicious economy of emotion.

Born and educated in Germany, Stefan Heym incurred the enmity of

Nazi party leaders by contributing vigorous anti-Hitler articles to the leading democratic German journals. Soon after Hitler's rise to power in 1933 the *Gestapo* began its ruthless campaign of vengeance and reprisal against those whom the Nazis chose to call "enemies of the State." A telephone call warned Mr. Heym of his impending arrest and gave him time to make his escape into Czechoslovakia. His father was less fortunate. The elder Heym was taken into "protective custody" and for six weeks was held as a hostage for his son. Soon after his release he committed suicide. Stefan Heym remained in Czechoslovakia for two years. In 1935 he came to the United States to accept a scholarship from the University of Chicago. Here he continued his fight against the evils of Nazism. Two years ago, at the age of twenty-seven, he accepted the position he now holds: editor of the anti-Nazi weekly, *Deutsches Volksecho*.

### "Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

*THE DAY MUST DAWN*. By Agnes Sligh Turnbull. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 483 pages. \$2.75.

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL has set her fine new novel in a region which is near and dear to her. Her own ancestors were among the hardy Scotch-Irish pioneers who settled Westmoreland County in western Pennsylvania. As a small girl she often drove with her parents to the spot where Hannastown once stood. Each time the child begged to be told again the story of "Hannastown

that-was-burned-by-the-Indians." Mrs. Turnbull says:

Gone, long gone now, are the town, the court, and the tavern. Only the old spring bubbles still where the stockade once stood. But the ground is soaked with memories. I have tried to evoke some of them in this story.

*The Day Must Dawn*, the November selection of the Literary Guild, is not only a tender, beautifully written romance of pioneer life; it is a chapter of genuine Americana. It is a sincere tribute to the courageous spirit and the stubborn endurance of the men and women who blazed new trails in the wilderness of the new world.

When the story opens, more than a year has passed since the voice of a bell had proclaimed the birth of a new nation. The cause of liberty still hangs in the balance. Years of suffering and bloodshed must still be endured before victory and peace can be achieved.

THE winter of 1777-1778 was a dark and desperate one. The British were in Philadelphia, and the American Congress had been forced to move to York. At Valley Forge the army of General George Washington had been reduced to a naked, starving remnant. Detroit was in the hands of the infamous "hair-buyer" Hamilton, and General Hand was ready to abandon Fort Pitt. Food and ammunition were scarce; and everywhere the woods were full of hostile Indians, ready to descend upon the white settlers at the first breaking-up of the snows.

The faces of the men gathered in

The Tavern, at Hannastown, were grim as they discussed the bitter facts before them. Experienced frontiersmen, they did not underestimate the perils which beset them. They knew only too well that death in multitudinous forms walked daily with the pioneer and his family. Yet, without hesitation and without a dissenting voice, they rose to echo the toast proposed by Lieutenant Arch Lochry. "We'll still drink to *Liberty*," Lochry said simply. Then and later, despite overwhelming odds, the men and women who guarded and nurtured the roots of our freedom and culture were sustained by the spirit which prompted young Hugh McConnell to say, "I guess Americans aren't likely ever to give up."

What were they like, the people who lived in the thirty log cabins at Hannastown? We see them all through the sensitive eyes of gentle, well-born Martha Murray. Mrs. Murray knew all the harsh discomforts; the pathetic makeshifts; the merciless, unending toil of a frontier woman's life. But the years had not dimmed the memories of her girlhood days in her father's comfortable home in Philadelphia. Through all the changing fortunes of her married life she had managed to preserve the three books given to her on her wedding day. Over and over again she read the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a volume of Shakespeare.

She read them as an opiate in the Cumberland Valley when her first babies died, and later when her two small sons were killed by the Indians; she read them as food for her eager mind when the round of physical work all

but overmastered the spirit, as comfort for her soul when she wrestled with bitterness, as a stay for her reason when memories would not let her rest.

Martha's dreams were now all for the one child left to her. Tirelessly she planned and schemed to find a way to send lovely young Violet back to the sheltered way of life she herself had once known. Night after night Martha sent a prayer to the throne of grace. "O God, spare her what I've been through. . . . Spare her. . . . Spare her!"

In 1782 the Indians burned Hantastown. Standing beside the blackened ruins of her home, Martha knew that her hopes, too, lay buried beneath the smouldering ashes. Once again Sam Murray was determined to seek a new home in another wilderness. Violet and Hugh, too, had decided to establish their home in the wilds of Ohio. Martha's treasured books were gone. Only a few charred pages of Hamlet had been salvaged from the fire. She knew that her own earthly journey was run. She gave Violet the journal she had kept for so many years.

I've always kept it secret-like, but I want you to have it. If you get lonesome sometimes it might bring things back to you. And don't worry about all the plans I wrote down for you. I've just been thinking, lying here, it'll be *your* child, maybe, yours and Hugh's that will have the nice house some day and the papered walls, and the flowered dishes. . . . There's some that must cut down the wilderness and break the rough ground, and there's some that come after and live on the fat of the land. God sorts out which is which. . . . And mind, Violet, get a Bible before

you start for the Ohio country. Whatever you may lack, be sure you have that. . . . Never forget, however long and dark the night may be, *the day must dawn.*

## Idyl of Nantucket Island

*THIS SIDE OF LAND: An Island Epic.* By Elizabeth Hollister Frost. Decorations by Pierre Daura. Coward-McCann, New York. 1942. 464 pages. \$2.75.

ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST has recreated the details of living in a colonial household on Nantucket Island during the years from about 1790 till after the War of 1812. It was the time when the men of Nantucket sailed in forty whalers to the farthest isles of the Pacific. Gull's Rest (the House), the play of children, the spinning, dyeing, weaving, and all the happenings of the island-world are pictured through the eyes and emotions of twins, Dorcas and Damaris, and of their mother, Deborah Macy.

The book is the story of the growing-up of the two girls and of the romance of each, but it is their capable mother who becomes the chief character. Deborah was born with a song on her tongue; and though she "had been blown down the aisle of the Quaker Meeting into the arms of the world's people for this dalliance," it was a blessing that she had the gifts of song and good cheer. She, mistress of Gull's House, was also mistress of the Island, and upon her management of community affairs, tacitly accepted by all, lay the welfare of many families. She directed

the old men and the young boys, the strong women and the young girls, in the community activities of wood-cutting and peat-gathering. In spring she organized the women, the boys, and the old men in companies to plow, rake, and seed the Commons. In these times, as well as in a day of grief, the neighbors and the townspeople appreciated Deborah's cheer.

The language of the book is like that spoken and written during colonial days. One must admire the skill with which the author has reconstructed the old idiom and the poetry of her sentences. One must admire the effective dialogue and the sensitive attention to nature. Nevertheless, the language of the book may be the greatest barrier to the reader's delight. Whether the writing of four hundred sixty pages of highly mannered prose, with balanced clauses and phrases, with modifiers aggregated in patches, was the best way to achieve a certain artistic effect must be left to the reader's taste.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

### Doctor's Story

*SAFE DELIVERANCE.* By Frederick C. Irving, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1942. 308 pages. \$3.00.

*Safe Deliverance* is a story of the medical profession, particularly that division of the profession devoted to obstetrics, the science of the care of women during pregnancy, childbirth, and the puerperium. The author, Dr. Frederick C. Irving, of Boston, is chief of staff of the Boston Lying-in Hospital, an institution car-

ing for mothers and their new-born infants.

The book was the choice of the publishers as the fourth in their *Life-in-America Series*, and we would be presumptuous enough to venture that no better side of life represents the growing American culture than does the nation's achievements in the care of child-bearing women. America originated Mother's Day; and surely *Safe Deliverance* is a happy choice for a collection depicting life in the expanding United States.

Dr. Irving opens his book with a resumé of his own early experiences. His grandfather was a pious and strict Presbyterian country doctor, a veteran of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. The old army surgeon "unknowingly and unintentionally made me wish to become a doctor," Dr. Irving reminisces. "If he had known that I wished to become a doctor, I am sure that he would have been displeased, for his life had been a hard one, and it would have pained him to picture a similar experience for me; and so I kept my counsel."

After the vicissitudes of his prep-school days at Phillips Exeter Academy and his pre-medical years in Harvard College (where study was "leisurely and contemplative"; we rather like the author's way of saying things), Dr. Irving matriculated in the Harvard medical school. During his second year in medicine, he made his first professional contacts with his field of specialty, obstetrics. As a Harvard sophomore the future physician served an externship helping to deliver babies in the Boston slums. The

young *accoucheur's* experiences, especially as he recounts them, are exceedingly amusing; in fact, the entire book is punctuated with dry humor. The doctor's quips, anecdotes, and comments make reading a welcome pleasure.

The Harvard students were assigned to the out-patient services of the Boston Lying-in Hospital, and it is here that the future obstetrician began his life-long relationship with the Bay maternity.

Dr. Irving's internship, in surgery, was spent in the historic Massachusetts General Hospital under Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, then dean of Boston surgeons and a luminary in the American surgical orbit. Then came the World War, and the future head of the Lying-in abandoned his present interest to minister to the wounded in France and Italy.

*Safe Deliverance*, however, is not solely the story of the author; Dr. Irving devotes more than a third of his text to the Boston Lying-in Hospital. The first attending physician was Dr. Walter Channing, a brother of William Ellery Channing. Opening its doors to patients in 1832, the Lying-in institution has occupied four different sites in the city in its 110-year history; the hospital has not enjoyed consecutive operation during these 110 years but has on several occasions closed, only to reopen with an enlarged and expanded organization. The Boston Lying-in Hospital stands today as a monument of service to the poor and needy of the great Eastern metropolis.

In the closing portion of his book, Dr. Irving discusses in detail obstet-

rical forceps, implements of his trade; puerperal convulsions, the terrifying condition known to the profession as *eclampsia*; Cesarean section, in which operation the new-born sees his first light of day through an abdominal incision rather than coming into the world *via* the conventional route; abortion; and illegitimacy. In each of the chapters on these subjects, the doctor presents a very interesting dissertation from both historical and technical view-points, enriching his descriptions with actual cases.

We were considerably pleased with Dr. Irving's philosophy of living and working. In a materialistic age even those professions dedicated to service seem to be infiltrated with an insidious lack of spirituality and ethics; but Dr. Irving's attitude throughout is pervaded with an essential Christian approach. To us he represents an ideal in the great healing art.

### Handbook to a Strategic Region

*CANADA MOVES NORTH*. By Richard Finnie. Macmillan Co., New York. 1942. 227 pages and 65 photographs. \$3.50.

THE map "Arctic Arena" and Vilhjalmur Stefansson's essay "Arctic Supply Line" in last July's *Fortune* betoken the value of Richard Finnie's new book. Mr. Stefansson wrote, "The most important geographic fact of World War II is that it is being fought on the northern half of that temperate zone which, on a spherical earth, lies in a circle around the Arctic. . . . The capitals of all the great warring powers, with the exception of Chungking, are closer to

the Arctic Circle than to the Equator."

It takes articles like Mr. Stefanson's and like Earl Parker Hanson's "The Polar Route to Victory" in the November *Harper's Magazine* to convince us Americans that air routes across and bases in the Arctic area are practicable. It takes Mr. Finnie's book to show us the importance of Canada's Northwest Territories. They are the northern third of the Dominion of Canada, the one million three hundred thousand square miles north of the 60th parallel of latitude. In this area much of Canada's future lies. Here are found the romantic minerals—gold, silver, and radium; deposits of tungsten and platinum; base metals such as zinc, lead, copper, and iron; and petroleum. Here the romantic days of the fur trade are drawing to a close, and fur farming is becoming a new industry. Here is pasture land for enough reindeer and musk oxen to supply a great nation with meat. Here live a people—the Eskimos—who can be fitted to any trade or profession applicable to the Far North, whether it be the herding of reindeer, the mining of minerals, the operating of radio and weather stations, or the maintaining of air bases. Here is the future aerial crossroads of the world.

APPROPRIATELY, Mr. Finnie starts his book with a chapter on geography, in which he dispels common misconceptions of the North.

What about summer in the Northwest Territories? Yes, most definitely there is a summer, and it is longer than the textbook writers think, if you include

spring and fall. In some parts of the Territories temperatures rise to 90° and more in the shade, with average daytime temperatures approaching 70°. Summer is at its height in June, July, and August, when these discomforts must be endured: heat and flies and mosquitoes. During this period the snow has vanished from the land except, of course, at high altitudes, and the inland waterways are not only free of ice but warm enough in places, especially in the Mackenzie Basin, for people to go swimming for pleasure.

In the matter of vegetation, trees eighteen inches in diameter grow a hundred and fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle in the Mackenzie Delta; then, several hundred miles eastward the tree line dips southward until, near the western coast of the Hudson Bay, it does not extend much beyond Churchill. But north of the tree line, trees do grow in the river valleys; and even on some of the Arctic islands, notably Baffin, where there are not supposed to be any trees at all, willows eight feet tall have been seen in sheltered places. The so-called Barren Lands, for which a more apt name is the Arctic Prairies, are rich in vegetation; in the Northwest Territories, west of Hudson Bay, more than seven hundred fifty species of flowering plants and ferns are known to grow, providing a vast, rich grazing area for caribou and musk oxen.

Then he devotes a chapter to exploration and a chapter to the fur trade, two subjects whose early history is interwoven. The bulk of his book deals with the Northwest Territories today. Chapter topics include missions, government, transportation and communication, oil and gold and radium, farming and stock raising, tourist traffic, and civilization.



Until 1920 the population of the Territories was limited to Indians, Eskimos, and a few whites. Then oil was struck near Fort Norman (latitude 65°), which started a small stampede down the Mackenzie River. In 1930 Gilbert LaBine discovered silver and radium at Great Bear Lake. In 1935 mining engineers staked claims for gold mines near Great Slave Lake. These discoveries brought a thousand more whites into the Territories. Latest population figures are as follows: Eskimos, 5,000; Indians, 4,000, concentrated in the Mackenzie Basin; whites, 2,000, half of whom are scattered throughout the Territories as trappers, traders, mounted policemen, missionaries, wireless operators, and doctors, with their wives and children.

FOR THE Indians and the Eskimos Mr. Finnie makes a special plea. Civilization has not been kind to them. It has brought them disease and discontent. Their numbers have decreased. After explaining the distress caused to self-sustaining peoples by civilization, Mr. Finnie pleads for the maintenance of schools and hospitals by the Canadian government, for an interest in native folkways; and points to the progress of the United States in dealing with Indians and in preserving native culture.

Mr. Finnie closes his book with a brilliant chapter on literature and the arts. He points out that while polar writings have been greatly influenced by the tradition of the great white North and derring-do, they have been influenced little by the discernment of readers. Then he dis-

cusses briefly the authoritative books about the North; the poetry, the paintings, and the drawings of the North; and aboriginal art.

On the dust jacket the publishers have printed a statement of fact:

This is the only authoritative, timely and popular book on the Northwest Territories as a whole. Nothing like it has ever been written, for the only man with the first-hand knowledge, the ability and the freedom to tell the unbiased story of the Northwest Territories is Richard Finnie—a Northerner by birth and an explorer and student of the Canadian Arctic and sub-Arctic since 1924.

*Canada Moves North*, with its gallery of beautiful photographs, is a book for all alert Canadians, for every American interested in our northern neighbor, for every person watching industrial expansion, and for those who are air-minded. For Canada *must* move north.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

### Sea Power

*A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO NAVAL STRATEGY.* By Bernard Brodie. Princeton University Press. 1942. 291 pages. \$2.50.

THIS is two books in one. Professor Brodie, of Dartmouth College, has written a book explaining to the layman how the tools of sea power are used, what constitutes command of the sea, the strategy of naval war and tactics of sea battles. At the same time, running through these chapters is the discussion by an expert of the question whether through the airplane and the torpedo the days of

the heavy battleship are counted. The book appeared sufficiently late in 1942 to include a scientific analysis of the Midway Island encounter in June.

PROFESSOR Brodie discusses the development of naval power from the days of the 2,600-ton *Victory* which carried Nelson at Trafalgar to the 45,000-ton *Missouri* of today. Since that time the power of big guns, has so enormously increased that many sea battles are fought while the chief antagonists are barely within sight of each other. Whether on land, sea, or in the air, the guns of a large fleet are the greatest and at the same time the most mobile concentration of intense firepower to be found anywhere. Indeed, fifteen battleships of the strength of our *North Carolina* could, by their main batteries alone, lay down a barrage of fire which it would require at least 3,000 of our newest "flying fortresses" to match, and the more one reads on in the book the more one begins to look with misgivings upon the persistent editorial campaign of several great American newspapers against what they conceive to be the colossal folly of continuing to build battleships, or for that matter warships of any type. Especially the relationship of air power to battleship is luminously discussed with illustrations from recent naval engagements. While it is true that a single torpedo costing \$8,000.00 can sink a cruiser which has cost \$10,000,000.00, the military significance of the torpedo is inherently limited. After all, Dr. Brodie points out:

A small, crowded submarine boat can carry but a limited number, and the usual torpedo-dropping airplane can carry only one, and that generally of reduced caliber. Despite its phenomenal accuracy, range and speed, the torpedo bears no comparison in these respects with the gun projectile. To sink its victim, the torpedo-launching craft must make a close-in attack. The torpedo must run its course at proper depth. Many small warships and merchant ships have too shallow a draft to permit effective torpedo attack against them.

And so, while the torpedo has widened the range of fire in a naval battle, these battles are still being determined by the guns of the big ships. This is illustrated also by the recent experiences of British convoys in the Mediterranean. Of two such convoys, the one which faced only air attack pushed through while the one which faced superior surface strength did not. The author summarizes this part of his investigation thus:

The surface warship is potentially far more effective against shipping than any other type of craft. Submarines and aircraft may take large tolls, but only surface forces destroy whole large convoys or strangle enemy commerce.

Naturally, a work of this kind will give much space to that new arrival in the field of naval strategy, the airplane. The comment frequently heard, that air power is a cheaper means of doing what the warship can do, is pronounced a myth. Dr. Brodie asks us to consider the cost of air forces large enough to accomplish really decisive results and the terrible losses which they sustain in carrying out their missions.

If we had spent on capital ships during the last twenty years one-half the sum we are now spending yearly on aircraft, we would have such a fleet as would enable us to take calmly the loss of a few battleships. The same is true of the British. On the morning of Jutland they possessed altogether forty-two dreadnought capital ships, none over ten years old. On the morning of September 3, 1939, after an era of "Faith, Hope and Parity," they entered another war with fifteen capital ships, none less than fourteen years old. No wonder the loss two years later of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* was such a disaster!

Submarine warfare is treated with much interesting detail. The U-boat became a menace to shipping when the long-range airplane became the eyes of the submarine pack. The supersensitive hydrophones also were a great aid to the submarines, since they enabled the groups to hear their quarry approaching from distances of over fifty miles. In June, 1940, the losses of shipping useful to Britain reached 397,000 tons. In other words, the entire shipbuilding resources of the British Commonwealth itself and of the United States, could hardly replace in a year the amount of shipping that was going down every fifteen weeks. The rate of sinkings fell, due to the increase of vessels protecting convoys. An average of about six submarines were sunk every month, and U-boats are surrendering more often when subject to attack—a certain sign of deteriorating morale. Nevertheless, the experience of two world wars has shown beyond doubt that the convoy system cannot by itself control the submarine menace. Especially the bombings of submarine

and submarine engine factories in Germany are contributing to the campaign at sea.

The book contains many sidelights on current history. Without mentioning details, the author tells us that "several times in both world wars a whole convoy, including its protecting warships, has been completely annihilated. Here again it is the battleships that seem to have done the big damage." In March, 1941, the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* made a sortie into the Atlantic in which they destroyed an entire convoy amounting to almost 100,000 tons of shipping. Concerning the British failure at Dakar, earlier in the war, the author remembers that it was "attributable to errors in political judgment as well as in strategy. The probability of resistance was not foreseen, and no plans were formulated in the event of a landing being resisted."

PEARL HARBOR was the scene of "one of the most damaging air raids in history." "Four capital ships were sunk or capsized as a result of attack from the air and perhaps half a dozen others disabled through the same means."

The importance of morale is illustrated by the example of the huge German super-dreadnought, the *Bismarck*. The crew was first in ecstasy through the sinking of the *Hood*, but after the first attack by British aircraft in which one relatively unimportant torpedo hit was registered,

Admiral Luetjens, who seems to have shown manic-depressive tendencies, called the crew together and made a

speech in which he implored them to meet death in a fashion becoming to good Nazis. This had a catastrophic effect on the morale of the ship's company, mostly very young men. It was the first they had heard of the necessity of dying. The gun crew of one turret fled their guns, and in another turret officers are said actually to have fired on the men to keep them at their posts. The result was an abysmally poor showing by the mighty *Bismarck* in her second and final action.

"An army," it is said, "is as brave as its privates and as good as its generals." But Dr. Brodie points out that in a navy the admirals determine the bravery as well as the merit of the whole force. The admiral of a fleet or the captain of a ship shares the hazard of battle equally with the lowest ranks. He directs from the line of fire itself, not behind it, and if physical courage is needed for victory, as it is inevitably, he above all men must have it. The ships and crew members will go where he directs them—discipline and training will guarantee that—but his is the choice of the hazard that all will incur. If the admiral is aggressive and resolute, the ships under him will reflect the tone of his command.

## Woman's Book

*DACEY HAMILTON*. By Dorothea Van Doren. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 303 pages. \$2.50.

MRS. VAN DOREN, speaking of this book, says, "The story of a woman who was in a sense beginning her life after she had had five children had been annoying me for years in various forms. I wrote the book

to get rid of the annoyance." Readers everywhere may well hope that she will be further annoyed, for *Dacey Hamilton* is a novel of great interest and, in spite of an unwholesome overtone of suspicion and mistrust, it is charming.

Dacey Hamilton is the sort women dream of being in their more romantic moments. She has a secret sorrow, a mysterious past, an unsurpassed beauty, a keen intelligence, and at twenty-seven she is already the mother of five charming children. She has become extremely adept at the trick of suddenly retiring within herself, an art very alluring in literary heroines and very annoying in women of the flesh. From the bits of intelligence that Dacey lets drop of her life with a flirtatious mother and a cold and self-centered husband, however, the reader feels that she is justified in withholding herself from too intimate human contacts.

Married at fifteen to an outstanding artist for whom her attractive young mother had her own cap well set, Dacey lived for a number of years in a torment of suspicion toward her mother and her husband. Her life in lovely Hawaii was brightened only by her love for her children and the long evenings she spent with the village priest reading Greek and Latin. It was her mother and her husband who received guests, held gay parties, and talked and laughed into the night.

After the death of her husband, Dacey, her children, and her mother came to New York, where Dacey found employment and met Urian Oakes. The principal theme of the

book is the love story of Dacey and Urian. Both of these charming sensitive people feel shut out from normal human relationships, Dacey because of the scars of her unfortunate marriage, and Urian because of his lameness. Oakes is cured of his sensitiveness by the matter-of-fact acceptance of his deformed foot by the Hamilton menage. Dacey is cured when she is soundly kissed by a group of tipsy sailors celebrating the false Armistice.

Mrs. Van Doren is particularly skillful at character presentation. All of her characters are human and complex. The reader, to be sure, often grows impatient with Dacey and Urian and their game of spiritual peek-a-boo. On the other hand, Julie, although not a good mother, is an excellent grandmother and is often as gay and witty companion as one could wish. Of the many minor characters presented in this book, Mammy, the faithful old Hawaiian servant is the most lovable and touching. Poor fat Mammy is so devoted to Dacey that she leaves beautiful Hawaii to hover over the Hamilton brood through the long dreary New York winters. When she dies of influenza, the reader knows that an unbearable loneliness and a longing for bright sun and blue water helped bring about her end.

*Dacey Hamilton* is not meant for adolescents, but it will be absorbing to many women. It is written from a woman's point of view about a feminine heroine in whom many women will find a trace of themselves.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

## Louder and Funnier

*INNOCENT MERRIMENT: An Anthology of Light Verse.* By Franklin P. Adams. Whittlesey House, New York. 1942. 523 pages. \$3.00.

**M**R. ADAMS is widely known through his role on the radio program, "Information, Please." For many years he was conductor of the newspaper column, "The Conning Tower," which printed much light verse. Here he has brought together 390 poems selected from English and American sources, old and new.

The Introduction frankly states: "The verses in this anthology are the light verses I like, and only those. Nor is anything included that I don't like, regardless of its appearances, and countless reappearances, in other treasuries and anthologies of light verse. Certain writers have bored me. I just don't like them." Such delightful frankness deserves a return in kind and emboldens us to say that, while we have long been partial to literature in lighter vein, Adams' likes and our likes are sadly at variance. We have, in fact, been terribly bored by quite a few of his offerings.

To define the quality that distinguishes light verse Adams suggests "nonponderousness." Well and good! But now listen to this:

Then *abiiit*—What's the Ciceronian phrase?—

*Excessit, evasit, erupit*—off slogs boy;  
Off like bird, *avi similis*—(you observed  
The dative? Pretty i' the Mantuan!)—  
*Anglice*

Off in three flea skips. *Hactenus*, so far,  
So good, *tam bene. Bene, satis, male*—

"Nonponderous," did he say? There are 129 lines to this particular gem—some worse than the ones quoted—and we could extract from them no merriment whatever, innocent or otherwise. Not that the Latin buffaloed us, for it is easy Latin, the sort one gets in first semester Freshman. But the thing strikes us as a laboriously groaning, drearily ponderous effort at being funny. Yet the perpetrator, Charles Stuart Calverley, is a special favorite of Adams'.

Lest we be misunderstood, we hasten to add that there *are* good selections in the book, such classics as "Plain Language from Truthful James," "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," and "Casey at the Bat," in addition to some good modern bits that were new to us. But there is so much that we waded through only because we are conscientious in reviewing even when it pains us.

Still—who knows?—there may be people who will go into convulsions and have stitches over selections that struck us as altogether flat and wearisome. That is their privilege, a privilege that we would not for the world deny them, though their sense of humor must forever remain beyond our comprehension. By all means, *chacun à son gout*.

### Forgotten Greatness

**WILLARD GIBBS:** *American Genius*. By Muriel Rukeyser. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1942. 465 pages. \$3.50.

**W**ILLARD GIBBS, 1839-1903, Professor of Mathematical Physics in Yale University, 1871-1903, is

hailed by McKeen Cattell as the greatest American man of science—but, paradoxically, of all American savants, he is the least known, even by cultured readers.

Gibbs's supreme contribution centered in his formulation of the phase rule in physical chemistry—"the Rosetta stone of science." An almost universal application of the phase principle is pointed out by this biographer in industry, history, economics, and sociology, to say nothing of the laboratory sciences. Rukeyser definitely implies that the Hitler-subservient I. G. Farben chemiworks in Germany only attained their fatal superiority through Gibbs and Fritz Haber, the man who saw a concrete future in Gibbs's abstractions. As Miss Rukeyser declares, "This man, the father of physical chemistry, that science which above all others will shape the course of the war we now are in and the course of our lives after this war . . . is an unknown man to us."

Gibbs was the descendant of a line of New England scholars; his father was a cleric turned philologist. The son grew up in the atmosphere of his father's study and later entered Yale University. Young Willard had a normal childhood and youth. His formal higher education began at Yale; and his life-long (with the exception of years spent in Europe) connection with his *alma mater* impresses one in reviewing his life. His years were quiet, uneventful ones—so drab, in fact, that one readily understands why this biography is not the easiest reading. But the fact that such an unassuming, almost obscure character made such a tremendous addition to

the world's knowledge justifies any amount of historiography.

Muriel Rukeyser's *Gibbs* is not for popular consumption; and while this fact does not proscribe the book as a literary achievement, it does preclude a wide circulation. In the first place, the author has included, in our opinion, too much of the work and not enough of the man. The 465-page volume is in some parts taken up with intricate and enigmatic formulae—all, naturally, to illustrate what the great physicist was thinking at which time, but hardly succeeding in throwing any additional light upon the average reader's conception of his scientific labors. The average man knows nothing of physics and mathematics, let alone mathematical physics and physical chemistry; consequently, he is impossibly challenged by this book.

The lives and events contemporary to the Yale genius are so well delineated that the biography almost perfectly serves as a source book for American history, 1800-1900. In a way, however, this helpful discussion of the developing American culture eclipses the hero.

If we are allowed to coin a term, we would say that the book has, or will have, *chronistic* troubles. Miss Rukeyser writes in 1942, and her book will not have in 1952 the important significance it has in these days of World War II.

One last word on the author's style: for those who are attracted to poetry and anything poetic, Miss Rukeyser's rhythm and expressions are perfect. We were not overly satisfied, however; we believe biographical

writing should avoid any philosophical tendencies. But then, this is a matter of personal taste.

CHARLES W. KERN.

### Important Book

*THE TRUTH ABOUT SOVIET RUSSIA.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. With an essay on the Webbs by Bernard Shaw and a Summary of the Constitution and Working of Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation by Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1942. 128 pages. \$1.50.

THE importance of Russia as an influential factor in the affairs of mankind is now apparent to all thinking people. Russia is a nation with almost two-hundred million inhabitants. Its heroic resistance to the once seemingly invincible war machine of Adolf Hitler has won it universal respect. The contribution which it is making toward what we hope will be a victory of the United Nations insures for Russia an important place at the peace table when the war has come to a close. Because of the aforementioned factors, any book dealing with Russia and written by some one possessed of adequate information and sound scholarly judgment deserves interested attention and consideration.

The volume here under review is such a book. Its contents are divided into four parts. The first part is a glowing tribute, in Shavian style, to the world famous students of sociopolitical problems, Sidney and Beatrice Webb. The second part presents an analysis of Russia's social-political

life by way of comparison with the political democracies in the world. The third part presents the Constitution of the United States of Soviet Russia as amended in 1936 and as translated by Mrs. Anna Louise Strong. The fourth part offers in succinct paragraphs what the Webbs believe to be the chief excellences of the Russian constitution.

Mrs. Webb, who with her husband Sidney has through a long life promoted socialistic ideas, definitely asserts that "Stalin is not a dictator," in the primary meaning of that term as it is defined in the *New English Dictionary*. She states that Stalin has nothing "like the autocratic power of the President of the USA." She declares that, "tested by the Constitution of the Soviet Union as revised and enacted in 1936, the USSR is the most inclusive and equalized democracy in the world."

If one accepts the statements of the Russian Constitution at their face value it is doubtful whether one can successfully contradict Mrs. Webb's conclusions. The USSR, which in 1936 consisted of eleven and since 1940 consists of sixteen Soviet Socialist Republics, affords the right of suffrage to "all citizens of the USSR who have reached the age of 18, irrespective of race and nationality, religion, educational qualifications, residence, social origin, property status or past activity, . . . with the exception of insane persons and persons condemned by court with deprivation of electoral right." (Article 135.) Article 124 deals with the subject of religious freedom. It reads: "In order to ensure to citizens freedom of con-

science, the church in the USSR shall be separated from the state, and the school from the church. Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda shall be recognized for all citizens." Safeguards have also been thrown around the general liberty of Russian citizens. Article 125 reads: "In accordance with the interests of the working people, and in order to strengthen the socialist system, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law: a) Freedom of speech; b) Freedom of the press; c) Freedom of assembly and meetings; d) Freedom of street processions and demonstrations."

THE inviolability of the person is guaranteed by Article 127, which reads: "Citizens of the USSR are guaranteed inviolability of the person. No one may be subject to arrest except by an order of the court or with the sanction of a state attorney."

Unique in the Constitution of Russia is its emphasis on the right of the individual to work. Article 118 reads: "Citizens of the USSR have the right to work, that is, the right to guaranteed employment and payment for their work in accordance with its quantity and quality."

"The right to work is ensured by the socialist organization of the national economy, the steady growth of the productive forces of soviet society, the elimination of the possibility of economic crises, and the abolition of unemployment."

The constitution also makes provisions for the care of the aged, the sick, expectant mothers, children, the education of worthy students, etc.

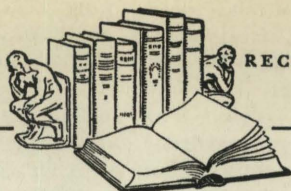


ANYONE seeking to evaluate the Russian way of life must necessarily bear in mind: first, that the tyranny of the Tsarist Regime brought forth an inevitable reaction which was characterized by unbelievable violations and indescribable cruelty; second, that much of the information which has come to us about Russia since the overthrow of the Tsarist Regime has been highly colored by the prejudices of those who either favored or opposed Russian Communism; third, that many changes and adjustments have been made during the course of the USSR's brief period of history, so that the Russia of today may in many respects, well be quite different in temper from what it was twenty years ago; fourth, that Stalin, Russia's present leader, opposed Trotsky's program which was to bring about a world revolution of all workers in all lands; and fifth, that further modifications and adjustments in the Russian way of life will no doubt have to be made.

The very essential difference between freedom as it exists in Russia and as it exists in the United States to us seems to be this that Russia tolerates only one political party and permits no criticism of its governmental system as such, whereas a citizen of America may be a member of any one of several political parties and be free even in his criticism of our form of government.

Whatever one's views concerning Russia may have been, it is right to say, we believe, that this book deserves to be read by all who would be fair in their judgment of the Russian way of life, even though the presumption is justified that the Webbs would be inclined to understate the terrible mistakes made by the USSR, to overstate the bright sides of the Russian government, and to ignore the whole question of religion in Russian life, which, in the judgment of a Christian student of human society, is of primary and paramount importance.





## A SURVEY OF BOOKS

### THUNDER IN HEAVEN

By Armine von Tempski. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1942. 361 pages. \$2.75.

ARMINE VON TEMPSKI was born in Hawaii. The first word she learned to say was "Aloha," which means "My love to you." She spent her childhood on the 60,000-acre ranch Haleakala—The House of the Sun. The story of her exciting, happy youth has been recorded in her recent best seller, *Born in Paradise*. Her latest book is a glowing tribute to the breath-taking beauty of sun-drenched, palm-fringed Hawaii. Miss von Tempski has written her own deep love for her island home into every page of *Thunder in Heaven*. Her admiration for the friendly, hospitable Polynesian natives is genuine and wholehearted. She has learned their customs, their manners, and their language. She knows, too, that the dread spectre of leprosy stalks the inhabitants of this earthly paradise. Much of the plot in *Thunder in Heaven* is built around the intensive fight which has been, and is still,

being waged against this horrible disease.

In the matter of style, one suspects that Miss von Tempski permits her heart to rule her head; for throughout her novel there is a marked tendency toward maudlin sentimentalism and stylistic exaggeration. *Thunder in Heaven* deals with Hawaii as it was before December 7, 1941.

### BEYOND SURRENDER

By Marian Sims. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1942. 492 pages. \$2.75.

ONE of the most heartening portents in a dark and troubled world is the ever increasing realization that an official declaration to the effect that hostilities have ceased does not necessarily assure an end to bloodshed and suffering. We need only turn to the years which followed Appomattox to understand that, for the vanquished, a hard, vengeful peace may be more bitter and more punishing than open warfare. The political picture in the South during

the Reconstruction Era is not a pleasant one. The men of the defeated Confederacy were faced with the herculean task of restoring a land laid waste by the ravages of war. The odds against them were needlessly increased by indignities inflicted on them by greedy, shortsighted politicians. *Beyond Surrender* is primarily the story of the cotton-planters of South Carolina. In a larger sense, it is the tale of the entire South. Although Marian Sims is a native of Georgia, she writes without bias or prejudice. She neither condones nor excuses the desperate measures adopted by the embittered planters in their efforts to re-establish a decent government. In fact, Mrs. Sims points out the danger of any type of violence or lawlessness, no matter how great the provocation may seem. She is quick to give credit to the newcomers from the North who were honest and unselfish in their desire to help the befuddled Negroes who had not learned to make use of their newly acquired freedom. White or black, Yankees or Southerners, the characters portrayed are delineated with honesty and understanding.

### CARRY ME BACK

By Rebecca Yancey Williams, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1942. 320 pages. \$3.00.

THE Yanceys are here again: Cap'n Bob, Miss Rosa, Elizabeth, Rebecca, Bob, and the very young fry. Those of us who became acquainted with this amusing family in Rebecca Yancey Williams' earlier book, *The Vanishing Virginian*, or in the mo-

tion picture of the same name, are happy to see that the Yanceys haven't changed. Cap'n Bob still goes his blustering, bumbling way; Miss Rosa remains lost in her own gentle thoughts; and the children are full of vim, vigor, and mischief. A new personality complicates life in this boisterous household. It is lovely Cousin Lucille, who, though she neither toils nor spins, goes her cool, selfish way, clad in beauty and aloofness. The comings and goings of the Yanceys, duly recorded in Rebecca's diary, make delightful reading. Mrs. Williams has been singularly successful in capturing the infectious gaiety of youth and in re-creating the quiet, peaceful days which came to a sudden, crashing end on August 1, 1914.

### THIS IS AMERICA

By Eleanor Roosevelt and Frances Cooke Macgregor. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 187 pages. Illustrated. \$3.00.

THIS is truly America, strong and proud and free. This is America, a land of extremes and sharp contrasts and sheer beauty. It is a land of mountain ranges reaching into the skies, of rolling green hills, of sun-scorched deserts, of mighty rivers. . . . It is a land of people. People of all colors, and from all the other lands on earth—people whose creeds and faiths are as diverse as manmade thought and conception can be.

America is a land which has not escaped the imperfections of democracy. Not yet have we achieved

a democracy which has no economic or racial slaves, but which instead holds all human beings in respect, and be-

lieves in every individual's right to personal development and satisfaction.

But we have faith in democracy, and we are determined to carry on the work begun by our forefathers, to merge our differences into a unity.

Frances Cooke Macgregor's photographs are superb. The camera travels from east to west, from north to south, faithfully recording the changing face of the nation. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote the explanatory text which accompanies each photograph.

*This is America* is dedicated

To the Youth of America—inheritors of a land where the extremes of nature's bounty and of man's failure meet, a scene of rugged strength, of great spaces which man's spirit has conquered, a land still of limitless opportunity.

### TURNING LEAVES

By Ellen Proctor. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1942. 384 pages. \$2.50.

DULLNESS and drabness come into their own in this novel which won the 1942 Dodd, Mead-Red Book \$10,000 Fiction Prize. The story deals with a big family and is decidedly and distinctively pedestrian in character.

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By Albert Halper. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 402 pages. \$2.50.

SINCLAIR LEWIS speaks of this book as a magnificent portrait-gallery of the people we half notice in shops and streets; who seem so little, but who are so dra-

matic, so pitiful or so startling, when we know them.

A penchant for emphasizing sordidness and salaciousness goes hand in hand with the author's commendable skill in description and character-portrayal.

### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Denver and Jane Lindley. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1942. 310 pages. \$3.00.

ANDRE MAUROIS became widely known in the United States more than a decade ago, when the Book-of-the-Month Club chose his brilliantly written biography of Benjamin Disraeli as a book of the month. Since that time other works from his pen have enjoyed extensive popularity in our land. Shortly after the fall of France, in 1940, Maurois, who had come to our shores as a refugee, set forth the reasons for his country's collapse in a book entitled *Tragedy in France*.

*I Remember, I Remember*, is a frank autobiography of the famous Jewish and Alsatian-born author whose real name is Emil Herzog. He took the nom de plume André Maurois during World War I because his book, *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*, written while he was in liaison service with the British army, could not be published under his own name. Herzog's family operated a prosperous woolen mill in Elbeuf. Emil himself took an important part in the business after he had completed his formal schooling and had

served in the French army. But manufacturing was not to his liking. Writing and teaching lay close to his heart. As soon as circumstances permitted, he left the mill. His autobiography is an ingeniously and beautifully written account of an unusually interesting career. Furthermore, it is a work of art.

### WORLD HISTORY

*A Christian Interpretation.* By Albert Hyma, Professor of History at the University of Michigan, with exercises for student activities by J. F. Stach, of Concordia Lutheran High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan. 1942. 435 pages. \$1.75.

THIS work is recommended to those who have been looking for a textbook which interprets the history of the world from a Christian point of view. The authors have tried "to fill the urgent demand on the part of devout Christian parents who feel that their children need not any longer be exposed to a pagan or at least a materialized conception of world history."

### MEN AT WAR

*The Best War Stories of All Time.* Edited with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Crown Publishers, New York. 1942. 1,072 pages. \$3.00.

YOU may not agree with those who say that Ernest Hemingway has collected the best war stories of all time in *Men at War*; but you must

admit that the well-known novelist has put together an imposing array of breath-taking accounts. The book is divided into the following eight parts: "War is Part of the Intercourse of the Human Race"; "War is the Province of Danger, and Therefore Courage Above All Things is the First Quality of a Warrior"; "War is the Province of Physical Exertion and Suffering"; "War is the Province of Uncertainty"; "War is the Province of Chance"; "War is the Province of Friction"; "War Demands Resolution, Firmness, and Staunchness"; "War is Fought by Human Beings." The stories survey wars and their havoc up to the recent victory of the United States forces over the Japanese in the great Battle of Midway.

### THE TALL BOOK OF MOTHER GOOSE

Harper & Brothers, New York. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. 120 pages. \$1.00.

THIS is a Mother Goose book that all children will love, that is, if Mama doesn't get hold of it first to cut out the pictures for framing and hanging in the nursery. There are more than one hundred and fifty delightfully original and gay pictures in the book, and fifty of these are in striking, vivid colors. Cold is the heart of parent or child who can resist the baffled Lucy Locket or the hardboiled Johnny Green. The illustrations appeal, not only because Mr. Rojankovsky is an accomplished artist, but also because his picturizations are exactly right. He manages

to keep the spirit of the centuries-old Mother Goose and, at the same time, to introduce into many of his drawings sly touches that are decidedly modern. Humpty Dumpty bears a striking resemblance to one A. Hitler, and Peter the Pumpkin Eater's wife gazes dolefully from her shell which is equipped with a radio and a war-bond poster. Any child will be entranced for hours finding these deft and humorous touches for himself.

Mr. Rojankovsky's settings are distinctly foreign, and his charming

peasant interiors seem to make Mother Goose more cosmopolitan than she has been heretofore. His children look more like little Ivans than little Johnnies, and all mothers will love them because they are all robustly healthy and completely innocent of allergies and permanent waves.

This reviewer has incurred the wrath of several parents of small fry by refusing to part with *A Tall Book of Mother Goose*. Buy the book for your child—but be sure to give it to him. PATTERSON McLEAN FRIEDRICH.

Order Form for CRESSET BOOKS Reviewed in January, 1943

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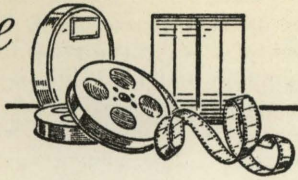
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The



## Motion Picture

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

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ON March 15, 1941, President Roosevelt announced a program of all-out lend-lease aid for the hard-pressed government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. The tidings of the president's announcement brought new hope to Colonel—now General—Claire L. Chennault. Retired from the United States Army Air Corps in 1937 because of partial deafness, Colonel Chennault had gone to China to undertake the seemingly hopeless task of building an adequate Chinese air force. For four years he had worked against disheartening odds. Ill-equipped and flying obsolete planes, his young pilots had kept China's life line, the Burma Road, open for the transportation of vital supplies. Colonel Chennault knew, however, that his hopes for China—and those of Chiang Kai-Shek—could not be realized without substantial aid from the United States. He came back to his own country and, during May, June, and July of 1941, supervised the

recruiting of expert fliers and skilled mechanics from the ranks of the United States air forces. Ninety pilots, 150 technicians, and two volunteer nurses were selected to form the first unit of the American Volunteer Group. On December 20, 1941, the A. V. G. went into action for the first time. Since then the entire world has applauded, and marveled at, their achievements. Under the inspiring leadership of Colonel Chennault the Flying Tigers have made combat and flying history. Again and again they threw their bullet-riddled Tiger Sharks against numerically superior forces of Japanese planes. Their combat record is an impressive one. On July 4, 1942, the Flying Tigers had chalked up a score of 286 Japanese planes brought down—this figure has been confirmed—and an estimated 1,500 Nipponese pilots, navigators, bombardiers, and gunners killed or put out of action. They themselves lost eight pilots in action; one was known

to be a prisoner; and three men were killed on the ground. The story of their amazing exploits is told in Russell Whelan's fascinating book, *The Flying Tigers* (The Viking Press, New York, 1942, \$2.50). As radio director of United China Relief, Mr. Whelan had ample opportunity to observe the work of the A. V. G. His book is a fine tribute to their courage and heroism.

The film, *Flying Tigers* (Republic, directed by David Miller), is another sincere tribute to the A. V. G. The air sequences are excellent; but the picture is weakened by Hollywood's stock plot No. 11. Can't we give the brash young American who goes about sacrificing his all for a good, fat pay check a speedy and permanent burial? In a spoken foreword Chiang Kai-Shek expresses the gratitude of the Chinese people to the Flying Tigers and to the United States.

One short year has not erased from our memories the events which made the month of December, 1941, one of the darkest in our nation's history. For a day or two the Japanese juggernaut rolled forward with ominous speed. Then came the electrifying flash which said that the small detachment of United States Marines stationed on Wake Island had dug in and refused to surrender. For two breathless weeks

their resistance held. Stubbornly and tenaciously the Leathernecks clung to their precarious position, undismayed by punishing bombardment from the air and from the sea. The Stars and Stripes did not come down until the detachment of Marines had been reduced to a starved, exhausted, ammunitionless remnant. There was no disgrace in the surrender. They had written a glorious chapter in the war which began on December 7; they had served notice upon the enemy that Americans are no "push-overs."

The story of Wake Island has been brought to the screen by Paramount. Director John Farrow has made his picture "as accurate and factual as possible." *Wake Island* does not afford soothing or entertaining diversion. How could it? Modern warfare is horrible. Not even the sensitive lens of the camera can capture the full horror of battle. At best, the screen can give us only a pale picture of the suffering and the sacrifice of the men who go into action on our far-flung battlefronts. It is difficult, too, for actors to invest with full-bodied and convincing authority their characterizations of men who have lived through a great and terrible moment in history. Brian Donlevy, Albert Dekker, MacDonald Carey, Preston Foster, and William Bendix merit high praise for



the simple and forthright manner in which they handle the roles assigned to them.

*Thunder Birds* (20th Century-Fox, William A. Wellman) affords us an excellent opportunity to see the United States Army's Thunder Bird and Falcon flying fields. Here young men from China, Britain, and the United States are trained for combat duty. A foreword by the famous author and war correspondent, John Gunther, explains the scope and the importance of the work done by the new soldiers of the air. Technicolor brings the Arizona countryside alive with vivid and glowing beauty. The story isn't new; but, by and large, it's entertaining enough.

A little less than a year ago a famous young Englishwoman, on duty as an A. T. A. ferry pilot, lost her life in the cold waters of the English Channel. Her death brought an end to a remarkable career; for Amy Johnson Molli-son had blazed a shining trail across the skies of the flying world. The film, *Wings and the Woman* (RKO Radio, Herbert Wilcox), is an unpretentious one; but it has genuine warmth and an appealing simplicity. Much of its success is due to the fine acting of Anna Neagle.

*Tales of Manhattan* (20th Century-Fox, Julien Duvivier) makes use of the vignette or episode

technique to tell the story of a gentleman's full-dress coat. We follow the adventures of this tail-coat from Broadway to the deep South, from the shoulders of a famous Broadwayite to the shoulders of a field scarecrow. The history of the coat is traced from shining elegance to tattered and frayed shabbiness. Acting and directing are excellent. Two of the scenes depicted are in questionable taste.

The title of Warner Bros.' film, *The Gay Sisters*, is decidedly misleading. The Gaylords are anything but gay. The elder sisters are more than a little vicious, the youngest is emphatically pathetic, and the story is ugly. A sordid and grossly exaggerated legal entanglement makes thoroughly unappetizing film fare.

Now comes *My Sister Eileen* (Columbia, Alexander Hall). This frothy, frolicsome confection has all the staying qualities of a marshmallow or a meringue. It's one of those pictures which don't bear close scrutiny. Fast action and a series of ridiculous complications can't quite hide the fact that much of the dialogue is decidedly off-color.

*Holiday Inn*, a Paramount picture directed by Mark Sandrich, has many excellent qualities. The music, by Irving Berlin, is, for the most part, fresh and melodious. The acting is good, and

the plot is developed in an interesting manner.

As a serious dramatic offering, *Crossroads* (M-G-M, Jack Conway) misses fire. Only occasionally does the atmosphere become charged with the fear and the suspense necessary to a completely successful portrayal of a difficult plot.

*The Big Street* (RKO Radio, Irving Reis) is neither fish nor flesh. It's a curious mixture of the noble and the ignoble. Henry Fonda suggests that he forgot to wear his wings and his dunce cap, and Lucille Ball is so very hard-boiled that one is rather glad she doesn't make the famous sidewalk test. At last I've found a good

way to use the expression so popular with the younger generation. I should say that *The Big Street* is really "out of this world."

*Maisie Gets Her Man* (M-G-M, directed by Roy del Ruth). It's a good thing somebody gets something; for the cash customer surely doesn't. The famous "I dood it" boy doesn't "dood it" in this picture. Isn't the Maisie series beginning to wear a bit thin?

*Orchestra Wives* (20th Century-Fox, Archie Mayo). Thumbs down on this thoroughly unpleasant picture. It hasn't even one redeeming feature. The acting is mediocre, the action is stupid, and the lasting virtues and values in life are horribly twisted.



### Indictment

Follow the cannon's roar back to its throat,  
 trace every shot to its first whence, and tell  
 me what you find! To what harmonious note  
 of brother-love do you ascribe this hell,  
 and what ennobling trait do you detect  
 in all this futile carnage? Ponder it!  
 Search out the cause and check with this effect  
 your find! Or can you plumb the grimy pit?  
 How far you've come! Left to yourselves, you slid  
 from the upward climb down to the headlong plunge,  
 advancing from culture to vulture; and, God forbid,  
 you changed His handiwork to blood-soaked sponge!  
 Here now before your vaunted Sodom halt  
 and gaze until you turn to posts of salt!

—JAROSLAV VAJDA

THE editors extend good wishes for a blessed New Year. Somehow we feel that 1943 will be good to America. There are no striking facts to support this feeling, but there is something new and fresh and wholesome in the air. The dark clouds begin to have a silver edge.



Our leading article this month is by Otto A. Piper, D.D., Ph.D., professor at Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. The best thought among the United Nations today inclines to sharp distinction between the German people and the leaders who have brought them to their present tragedy. Professor Piper's article is a clear account of the religious and moral implications of the Nazi system.



Our new magazine column is somewhat slow in getting under way. Our greatest difficulty lies

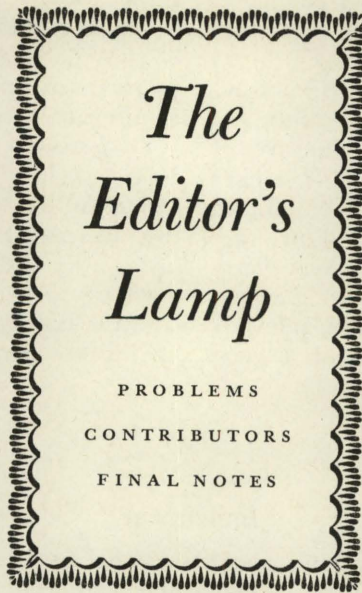
in the limitations of space. We hope to find an acceptable solution in time for the February issue. Meanwhile, we are grateful to the subscribers who have expressed their interest in this section of the magazine.



Our schedule of major articles for the next six months looks unusually interesting. We hope to present observations on India, a number of the moral problems involved in the present world situation, and some tentative thoughts concerning the nature of the post-war world.



Our guest reviewers this month are Palmer Czamanske, Professor of English at Capital University (*This Side of Land: An Island Epic; Canada Moves North*); Patterson McLean Friedrich (*Dacey Hamilton*) and Charles W. Kern, of Boston University (*William Gibbs: American Genius*). Our poets are Ryder-Smith and Vajda.



# The CRESSET

*in 1943*

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