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THE

NOVEMBER 1946

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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- The Parliament of Man
 - Ol' Man River
 - Small Town Editor
by W. G. Polack
 - Check List of Books
-

VOL. X NO. 1

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 10

NOVEMBER 1946

NUMBER 1

Notes and Comment

B Y T H E E D I T O R S

The Parliament of Man

As these lines are written, the United Nations Assembly has just convened, with customary fanfare, in New York City. The high hopes with which the new world organization was greeted by men the world over at its inauguration in San Francisco have already, in considerable measure, given way to cynicism and disillusionment. The intransigence of Soviet Russia and her intemperate attacks upon the Western democracies, which have steadily increased in violence since the war's end, have rudely severed the bonds of international bonhomie which appeared to be so firm and promising at the advent of peace.

At the root of the United Nations' troubles, of course, is the fact that there is no common

ground between the democracies and the totalitarian states that hold membership in the organization. They do not speak the same political, social, and economic language. As Prime Minister Atlee recently pointed out, such concepts as "democracy," "freedom," "fascism," and the like, mean something entirely different in the lexicon of totalitarian Russia and her satellites than they do in that of the democratic nations.

We can expect, therefore, that not everything will be sweetness and light at the current United Nations meeting, but that the air will be punctured by arguments and recriminations, by charges and counter-charges. And yet, even though the United Nations organization falls far short of the ideal which so many men had set

for it, this fact should not cause us to write it off as a failure. The United Nations can still serve a constructive purpose in providing a forum for the airing of international differences and for the relieving of international tensions. For it is still better to have men shout at each other across a conference table than shoot at each other across a battle-field.



Truman's Troubles

THE touch of the master politician is gone from the White House, and the difference is becoming painfully, pathetically apparent as the Truman administration stumbles from one crisis to the next. The present occupant of the White House has a curious penchant for putting his foot into his mouth, and the result is a mixture of dismay among his followers, undisguised glee among his political adversaries, and confusion among the citizenry.

The Wallace affair assumed the proportions of an international fiasco. The details are too well known to warrant repetition here, but it is apparent that the President's ineffable blundering greatly lowered his own prestige and brought real harm to the Democratic party. Worse still, it put the United States into an impossible

situation in the eyes of the other nations of the world, who were understandably confused as to just what the foreign policy of this country really is. Mr. Truman of course had no alternative but to dismiss Mr. Wallace—a step which was long overdue—but the harm had already been done. The President apparently failed to realize that his attempt at playing cheap ward politics could have international repercussions.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Truman again ruffled the international waters by advocating the immediate entry of 100,000 Jews into Palestine, thereby upsetting the apple-cart of British negotiations on the Palestine question and bringing outraged cries from Prime Minister Atlee and his government. It was hardly accidental that the President made his announcement on the eve of Yom Kippur, nor could his statement be viewed in any other light than as a crude political play for the Jewish vote in the New York elections.

The final contretemps was the nation-wide meat shortage. Again, Mr. Truman was backed into a corner where he had no choice but to reverse his original stand and order the immediate decontrol of meat. Meanwhile he had brought down upon his administration the wrath of a legion of housewives and had seriously jeopardized the chances of Demo-

cratic success in the November elections.

Mr. Truman should be the first to recognize the fact that he does not possess the qualities of leadership requisite for the presidential office, and should therefore surround himself with men of high caliber, who might spare him from many of the mistakes which have marred the course of his administration and have disturbed the nation's equilibrium. He should learn, too, to weigh his words with consummate care, for the President's words—for good or ill—carry international significance.

Mr. Truman obviously can never be a great President. But he can still prove himself to be at least a moderately good President for the remaining two years of his term. To concede him more than an outside chance for a longer tenure in the White House is to strain the laws of probability.



The Collapse of Christian Moral Standards in England

BEFORE us lies a copy of *Towards the Conversion of England*. It is the report of a commission on evangelism appointed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and is dated 1945. It is a remarkable document partly because of its unsparing exposure of spiritual and moral conditions in

England during the war and partly because of its remarkably profound and clear analysis of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the recognition that this Gospel be spread. We are here quoting only those paragraphs dealing with the collapse of Christian moral standards in England. If these paragraphs are descriptive of conditions in England, they apply with even greater force to conditions in countries on the European continent. They are a mighty challenge to American Christians seriously to undertake the work of evangelizing as the only effective means to stem the tide of further moral corruption which is engulfing the whole world. The paragraphs read:

Depravity is a sure symptom of spiritual disease. The war has revealed, and also accelerated, a sharp decline in truthfulness and personal honesty, and an alarming spread of sexual laxity, and of the gambling fever. Religious leaders of all denominations have drawn attention to the gravity of the situation in their public utterances and in the press. Magistrates have expressed their anxiety at the rise (in the serious nature as well as in the quantity) of juvenile crime. School teachers complain of the difficulty of impressing upon their young charges the abomination of lying and stealing which they copy from their elders at home. The Government has found it necessary to resort to poster propaganda against

venereal disease, and to issue to all medical officers of health a circular on the problem of illegitimate babies.

In the past thirty years the number of divorces has risen from upwards of 500 a year to approximately 12,250 in 1944. In the summer of 1943, the Minister of Health sounded the alarm when he spoke of a "widespread moral collapse" in a large section of our young people. Though war conditions have certainly accelerated sexual promiscuity, the Registrar General's figures for marriages and births for 1938 showed that prior to the war fornication was as prevalent before marriage as adultery after it.

The "double standard of morality" for men and women, against which Josephine Butler contended so nobly, no longer obtains. Instead, owing to the immunity which contraceptives and prophylactives promise, the "man's standard" is increasingly being adopted by both sexes. The present depravity can cause no surprise when we recall the sex-obsession that has demented a disillusioned people since the last war. Few greater wrongs could have been inflicted on adolescents than the ubiquitous sex-suggestion of hoardings, plays, films, novels and ordinary conversation. It has been continuous propaganda for sex-indulgence. Bawdy shows, for example, provided for men and women on war service, have been a shameful feature of the present war and an insult to their audiences who have often resented them.

If we have seemed to emphasize the declension from Christian moral standards more particularly in the realm of sex, it is because it is most

obtrusive in this field, not because it is not marked in other directions. In every department both of public and private life the same trend is clearly to be seen. The gravest feature in the whole situation is that there is so little feeling of shame in loose living, still less in untruthfulness or dishonesty. The sense of responsibility and of duty has become undermined. There is no longer a generally accepted moral standard by which men judge their own actions. Instead, they excuse themselves by an appeal to a pseudo-scientific determinism. Personal failings are dismissed as the result of repressions, or as due to the action of the ductless glands. Dishonesty in private or public affairs is waved aside as the inevitable result of the economic system. The idea of man as a responsible person is in danger of disappearing with the loss of belief in a living God. No wonder our generation has been dubbed the Age without Standards.



Teachers Miss the Mark

IN its issue of August 30th, *The New York Times* takes editorial notice of the World Conference of Teachers which met in Endicott, N. Y., August 28th, stating:

Delegates of thirty nations meeting in Endicott, N. Y., have now succeeded in their major purpose in coming together, the establishment of a World Organization of the Teaching Profession. A preparatory commission has been set up to lay the groundwork for the first meeting,

probably next summer, and this commission will make its headquarters in the United States. Charter ratification by ten countries will start the organization on its way.

The deliberations of these delegates over recent days have touched on a wide range of subjects: the desirability of setting up an international university, a world campaign to reduce illiteracy, the need for more foreign language study as a road to peace and better understanding, revision of curricula to emphasize intercultural relations, exchange on a broader basis of teachers and students from nation to nation, and the elimination of bias in textbooks. Merely to list these topics is to realize their importance.

The basic aims of the new world organization and the spirit of high purpose in which the delegates have gone about their work exemplify the conviction expressed to them by President Truman as they set out on this challenging venture, "that the tasks of education in this extraordinary age must not be narrowly conceived or meagerly executed." It is a time in world history when every teacher en route to his classroom of a morning must pray that he will, that day, be adequate to his responsibilities. Every one will wish well this new world organization with its great opportunity for good.

The World Association of Teachers meeting in Endicott, N. Y., approved an eight point program to implement its charter and to serve as a guide for teachers everywhere, which, together with its charter shows that this or-

ganization has not as yet become conscious of that which the Christian Church on the basis of holy Writ has always emphasized and which many of the leading statesmen of our day have been declaring, to wit, that that which the world really needs and which alone can turn it from its warlike ways, is theological, religious in the real sense of the word, namely, a change of heart. Without the new birth neither the Fatherhood of God nor the Brotherhood of man, is ever properly conceived or recognized in our earthly affairs.

Here is the eight point program:

1. The fundamental needs of mankind for food, clothing, shelter, health, recreation and security should be satisfied.
2. Every human being should enjoy, without any discrimination whatsoever, equal opportunity to develop physically, intellectually and socially.
3. The pursuit of truth and the expression of opinion should be unrestricted, except when they interfere with the rights of others.
4. Respect for human life and for the religious convictions of other peoples should be fostered.
5. No nation should impose its culture upon any other nation, since no people possesses superiority by reason of divine gifts, biological factors, or historical claims.
6. The natural resources of the earth should be developed by inter-

national planning and cooperation, and should be used for the general welfare of mankind.

7. The advances of science have now made all peoples neighbors, mutually interdependent and, therefore, morally responsible for each other's well-being.

8. The security of nations, their right to self-government, their cultural enrichment, and their economic prosperity can be realized only through international cooperation in an organization powerful enough to maintain peace and to facilitate world-wide economic cooperation.

The teachers say of the eight point program, which their body approved at Endicott, N. Y., "If put into practice, these principles would go far toward making world war impossible." It is pertinent at this point to inject the question as to who has been making world wars, and if these people were ignorant of the points which the teachers make. Is it not a fact that people may be well aware of all that these points declare and yet be so unmindful of their obligations to God and to man that they in spite of intellectual convictions are capable of following in the footprints of Cain and of slaying their own brothers? To us it is a sad commentary on the mental and spiritual insight and understanding of human society's *real* weakness and trouble on the part of the teaching profession. Mankind as it is by nature

suffers under a real heart trouble. Without a change of heart we are all inherently selfish, envious, and self-righteous. And that includes all merely nominal Christians.



Education Becomes a Boom Industry

APPROXIMATELY 2,000,000 applications have flooded our colleges and universities this fall. As a result, the needed expansion of facilities has launched a \$2,000,000,000 construction boom.

The great influx of veterans under the GI Bill is beginning to create a backlog of potential students which is predicted to cause the enrollment to continue soaring until it reaches its peak in 1950.

As a result of the war, new courses are offered and new fields of learning opened. Science courses are expanding rapidly which require increased laboratory facilities. One university is offering a citizenship course for foreign brides of GI's. At another, pre-foreign service courses are available for veterans. Still another is planning an Institute of Pacific and Far Eastern Affairs.

Campus life is undergoing great changes. Extra-curricular college activities are being taken over by the veterans. Reconverted army barracks, trailers, and Quonset

huts are housing veterans and their families. The number of women students will perhaps have to be limited to make room for the veterans.

Among the problems arising from these changes is the increase of the tuition costs, which will affect the allowances veterans receive under the GI Bill. Furthermore, the already existing teacher shortage coupled with the increased number of courses make the availability of needed instructors a vital issue.

Mass-education in our country has now reached the level of higher education, and mass-production methods and products are beginning to characterize our American colleges and universities.



School Teachers Again

WHILE American colleges and universities are filled to capacity with students, state teachers colleges are advertising vacancies. This shortage of teacher training students is particularly significant when the acute shortage of teachers in American schools is considered.

During the war emergency more than 50,000 teaching positions were discontinued. At the same time 175,000 emergency teaching permits were issued and 50,000 superannuated teachers were enlisted to staff the nation's schools.

Annually 50,000 teachers are withdrawn from the profession because of ill health, retirement, death, marriage, or for some other valid reason. This is the situation in our schools when our birth rate is highly accelerated and when three to five years beyond high school is required for training a teacher.

The situation is especially acute in Texas, America's last frontier. Two weeks before the opening of the school year Galveston and Hidalgo Counties lacked one-half of the required number of teachers. One large rural school in Scurry County lacked all fifteen of its teachers. At the beginning of the school year 17.1 per cent of the rural school jobs in Texas were vacant and 12.7 per cent of all the teaching positions in the Lone Star State went begging.

The solution to the problem in Texas as well as elsewhere in the nation is found in two words—higher salaries. Teachers simply cannot live on the salaries which are paid to them.

In Texas' recent gubernatorial race progressive Homer Rainey, deposed president of the University of Texas, promised to spend \$35,000,000 on Texas schools. But the electorate repudiated him in favor of Beauford Jester, wealthy Texas attorney, who felt that an expenditure of \$10,000,000 would adequately rehabilitate the schools.

The gravity of the situation is intensified when one considers that Texas ranks eleventh among the states in the number of children of school age who do not go to school, twelfth in the number of draftees who had to sign their names with an x, and thirty-first in expenditure for a median classroom unit.

It is lamentable that a state so rich in resources should be so signally lacking in educational facilities.



Disillusioned

RECENTLY we took a rather active part in a political campaign. Convinced that a certain candidate for the governorship was *the* man for the position, we made it our business while traveling throughout the state to speak to individuals in his behalf. Encouraged by the Scriptural injunction which enjoins us to "seek the peace of the city," we, together with several hundred

others who knew the candidate personally and were convinced of his integrity and Christian character, bestirred ourselves in the interest of his candidacy.

The response of the electorate to our candidate's intelligent and progressive platform has caused us to become somewhat dubious regarding our democratic processes. We have always felt that the words *vox populi vox dei* were blasphemy pure and simple. We are now forced to conclude that the corollary of that proposition—namely, that the majority is right—is almost as untenable.

It was our dubious pleasure to watch a gigantic and financially powerful political machine besmirch the character and impugn the motives of a man genuinely interested in improving the lot of the people in his state. The matter became more tragic when the people prostituted what should have been their better knowledge and believed the calumny heaped on their would-be-deliverers. Of such stuff is Texas democracy made.



The



PILGRIM

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

EDITORIAL NOTE: *With this issue THE CRESSET begins its tenth year in publication. For almost a decade the editors have watched its growth with gratitude and appreciation. It is becoming increasingly evident that men and women everywhere, even beyond the boundaries of the Church, are interested in the Christian approach to life and history. In view of the fact that many new subscribers have been added during the past years, it has been suggested that our original Statement of Purpose and Observations be reprinted in this Anniversary Issue. It still represents the philosophy and attitude of the CRESSET Associates.*

O.P.K.

ONE of the major tragedies of the Church during the first third of the twentieth century has been the insidious departmentalizing of the individual Christian life and personality. In our necessary concern over translating the divine standard "not of the world" into life and living we have too often forgotten the inevitable prelude "in the world." Artificial and unreal distinctions were made between the Christian as a member of the blessed communion of saints and the Christian as a citizen, as a student, or as an individual for whom the possession of the wis-

dom of heaven transforms and translates the wisdom of earth into something uniquely useful and important. The result has been that many Christians who by reason of predilection or vocation have become deeply interested in the ebb and flow of human thought and the troubled tides of human destiny, have been compelled by these distinctions to seek guiding lights and signposts beyond the walls of the Church. It is not unusual for a Christian today to arrange his views in all fields of human endeavor according to a pattern which is woven

by every hand but the hand of the Eternal. His economic views come from the newspaper. His social attitudes are determined by his immediate, often narrow, environment. His literary and artistic tastes are formed by voices from the streets of New York and the boulevards of Hollywood.

Our fundamental need, therefore, is a returning consciousness of the total presence of the Christian in the Kingdom of God and in the world. No part of life can be shut away from God. The departmentalizing of life has too long left the world and the Christian mind at the mercy of the worst forces of death and disorder. Only the presence of the total Christian, opposing the dark forces of evil with the highest affirmations and negations of a Christian philosophy of the whole of life, can hope to stop the world from falling into the abyss by which it is so fascinated. For a Christian, his presence in the world does not imply the division of life into compartments, some of which belong to time and others to eternity. The totality of life is God's. The last and highest freedom of the human soul is the surrender of all areas of life to the will of the Eternal.

To this end The CRESSET plans to make a humble contribution. It hopes to be a small lamp set on the walls of the Church to find

things of value in the surrounding darkness, to throw light upon hidden dangers, and to put into constant and immediate use the words of the royal Apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." This is our charter. In all matters of faith and doctrine—truth, not as men see it, but as God has revealed it—the editors assume joint and full responsibility. In matters in which truth is relative and fragmentary the editors will grant each other and all contributors the widest freedom of thought and expression. Since they represent no individual school of literary or economic thought, this latitude of opinion will be jealously guarded.



Mind and Spirit

DIVINE truth is truth in itself. It is independent of the men who serve it. It cannot be permanently twisted by them, for it is their judge. With this principle in mind The CRESSET hopes to point the way toward a new fusion of the intellectual and spiritual life, the unity of which is predicated on the absoluteness of spiritual

truth and the relativity of intellectual activity. Truth in every field of human endeavor must constantly be referred to the divine Word. Human nature cannot realize it completely. Absolute truth is written in eternity. To subordinate relative truth to the absolute and to examine it in the light of the spiritual realm is a necessary undertaking in the modern world. Particularly the rising generation is in need of a living demonstration that a childlike surrender to spiritual truth does not imply a childish intellectual life. A fusion of the two is not only possible but is demanded by the pain and terror of our dying civilization. The general weakening of our moral principles, the conflict of opinions, the decay of spiritual life, the immensity of human needs and the helplessness of human means, point to the immediate need that spiritual truth recover its dominant place in the intellectual and social life.

This attempt to fuse the intellectual and spiritual life of the individual into a surrendered unity will obviously determine the canons of criticism which will be applied to works of art. The modern view that there is no relation between Truth and Beauty is not only pernicious nonsense but also very dubious esthetics. To say that a work of art, in whatever field it may appear, is to be measured

only by its nearness to arbitrary standards of beauty and not by its truth or probable effect is to separate it entirely from life. Art does not exist in a vacuum. Only as it affects the life of men and women does it assume permanent significance. Censoriousness is not in the Christian tradition, but license is even less so. There are certain esthetic principles, directly or indirectly deducible from moral truths, which have absolute validity. The approach of the editors to the life and art of the twentieth century will be, when moral or religious questions are involved, frankly authoritarian. There are higher laws, immediately evident to the Christian mind, than the laws of esthetics applied in a vacuum. These higher laws alone give final meaning to the principles of literary or economic criticism. The true and the false, the important and the trivial, must be judged by a light which streams from eternal places. In the last analysis a work of art which is ethically bad can be considered esthetically good only by the application of a few arbitrary standards and an ignoring of vast areas of human experience and divine revelation. The gateway to Hell may be beautiful, but it must be viewed in its total setting.



The Church and Esthetics

THERE is, however, another phase of the question. Side by side with our concern over the moral and ethical standards to be applied to art there must be no lessening of emphasis on the requirements of sane esthetics. Within the walls of the Church that has happened all too frequently. If a given product of the mind and imagination was ethically good, we permitted it to be almost incredibly bad by all other canons of criticism. The Sunday school stories for childhood and youth, the moralizing essays which sugarcoated a lesson in goodness, and much of the religious poetry appearing in church journals, are examples in point. In the joy over their moral clearness their esthetic muddiness was eagerly ignored. That will not do. The highest moral precepts can be conveyed only by works of art which may be measured by a fusion of moral and esthetic standards. The Sermon on the Mount is majestic literature and noble ethics. Acceptable products of the human mind, illumined by religious thought and emotion, will differ in degree but not in kind. The editors will therefore apply to religious literature all the rigorous esthetic criteria of which they have knowledge. The gateway to Heaven is both beautiful and good.

Under the long view of Western civilization the terms "Christianity" and "culture" are inseparable. For a thousand years the highest cultural achievements of the Occident have been informed and illumined by the Christian view of life. Although there have been momentary and individual deviations from this general truth in previous centuries, there has been no general denial of its validity until the dawn of the twentieth century. It has remained for the past four decades to witness the veering away of literature and art from the moorings of a supernatural ethics. The rise of the new psychology which makes man an animal essentially, the evolutionistic bias of our educational system which makes man an animal genetically, and the hasty translation of half-absorbed scientific advances into art have ended in a situation in which much of modern literature and art moves from darkness to darkness and exerts a relentless downward pull on the human mind and heart. The editors are sharply aware of this tragedy. They are also conscious of the fact that the fourth decade of the twentieth century marks the last desperate stand in our generation of this barbarism and cultural anarchy whose doom is already sealed. They will aid in the battle against the dying cults

of the gutter and the sewer, the worship of the meaningless and the idols of the marketplace.



The Cresset

THE function and purpose of THE CRESSET are so distinct that it will not trespass on the field of any other journals published within the Church. Its task is definitely humble. Granted that the primary function of the Church is to bring human souls into the shadow of the Cross and keep them there, the place and work of THE CRESSET lies among the secondary functions of the Kingdom. The Church has every right to be the critic of the world. She has a deep interest in the cultural and social life of her people. Wherever and whenever opportunity offers, the Church should remove obstacles, direct thought, and fashion custom and habit. No corner of life is closed to her. Most journals published within the Church have as their primary objective the orientation of the Christian in relation to his God and his Church. THE CRESSET will devote itself to the orientation of the Christian life in relation to the world of human thought and aspiration. It will endeavor to become a place of perspective and coordination where

the dim confusion of jostling crowds and bewildering roads take shape and form and reason. It will attempt to reach especially those who have become conscious of the deep pulsations that throb through our time and are disturbed over the relation of the Christian life to the cataclysmic changes of the world. It is natural, of course, that through the hands and voices of its readers THE CRESSET hopes to reach out also to those who have come to the conclusion that Christianity no longer has a clear-sounding trumpet. The editors will be conscious of only two general qualities in their audience: It is adult and it is Christian. At times it will become necessary to call attention to a dangerous book or a pernicious tendency so that our readers may consider it for themselves—a patently impossible and useless task in a journal intended for mass distribution. At other times a book may be reviewed favorably for the clarity with which it presents a facet of the world's mad glare, even though its general tone and trend may be definitely anti-Christian or unmoral. The editors beg the indulgence of their readers in these matters in which their judgment must necessarily be experimental and tentative.

The response of the Church to the first announcement of The

CRESSET has been most generous. Through the inevitable period of trial and error our readers can be of direct service to the project by registering their opinions and comments with the editorial office. Contributions which meet the standards of the publication—from whatever source they may come—will be welcomed. Under the mercy of God also The CRESSET will help to bring the old yet ever new unity into life which alone can move every moment of our brief interlude between the shadow of the forgotten and the shadow of the unknown into the brightness of Eternal Light.



The essence of great journalism . . .

Small Town Editor

By W. G. POLACK

ON December 11, 1941, four days after Pearl Harbor and our entry into the late war, a thought-provoking editorial appeared in the *Frankenmuth* (Mich.) *News*, which was reprinted in many newspapers and periodicals throughout our country. When I read it at the time, I resolved to meet that editor some day, but wartime travel restrictions made it impossible until the summer of 1946.

It was on a warm July afternoon that I walked into the editorial sanctum of Edmund C. Arnold and found myself face to face with a young man, still in his early thirties, of medium height, dark-haired, handsome, vigorous. The broken-duck emblem in his coat-lapel showed that he had seen military service since he wrote the stirring editorial that had attracted nation-wide attention.

I told him that I thought the readers of *THE CRESSET* would be interested in knowing a little more about his background and his work and views.

"How did you happen to become an editor?" was the first question I asked him.

"After graduating from Holy Cross Lutheran School and Arthur Hill High School of Saginaw, I attended Bay City Junior College and got my A.B. degree. On the death of my father in 1935, I left school and since then have acquired my education the hard way.

"I have had a variety of jobs—soda jerk, apprentice pharmacist, window trimmer, sign painter, grocery clerk, truck driver, traveling salesman, advertising writer—but during that whole period I was busy at free-lance writing.

"When I was in the ninth grade, our school paper published an allegedly humorous piece I had written. I never recovered. From that time on I decided to be a newspaperman. I wrote school news for our daily, graduated to covering semi-pro baseball, tried my hand at poetry and fiction—with monumental indifference on the part of editors—began selling

occasional articles to trade journals and then did advertising and layout.

"In 1940, I began work as advertising solicitor for the *Frankenmuth News*. In six weeks' time I was editor and continued until I went into the Army. In January, 1946, a friend and I formed a partnership and purchased the paper and then I have been editor and publisher."

"Did you make use of your talents as a writer in the service?" I asked him.

"In July, 1943, I was drafted, sent to Camp Adair, Oregon, and joined the 70th (Trailblazer) Infantry Division which was then being organized. I stayed with the Division until its inactivation.

"After basic training as a rifleman, I was transferred to Division Headquarters and became the first man in the newly-formed Public Relations Office. I became editor of *The Trailblazer*, a picture magazine the size and format of *Life*. I wrote extensively for the Portland, Oregon, papers and had stories carried on all press wires. After a short training period in Missouri, our Division was rushed into Alsace at the time of the von Runstedt offensive.

"During our first action I was a map-maker in G-3, the planning section, but soon after became a section chief of Public Relations again (as a sergeant) and edited a

weekly Division paper. It was printed on paper captured from the Germans in a French print shop in Nancy.

"I wrote and edited two Division histories and was officially cited for my work as a combat correspondent, especially in covering the battle of Wingen in Alsace. Our Division took Saarbrücken and went through the whole of the Saarland and into Hessen. In Nancy I was with *Stars and Stripes*.

"I returned to the States in October, 1945, and was discharged just in time to get home for Christmas."

"What is it," I asked, "that makes a small town weekly attractive to its readers? No doubt many of them keep the Detroit or other large city dailies."

"I think the chief attraction of a weekly paper is its intimacy. It is written for and circulates among a smaller group which is well-acquainted with each other. So its columns are filled with news about the readers' friends.

"We capitalize on this. We handle only local news or, when the news is of state or national scope, we give it a local angle. For instance, when we landed in Normandy, we made a local story of it by writing of the men who had been getting invasion training in England. The atomic bomb was handled by having a local physi-

cist explain the probable reaction. VJ Day was important because of Frankenmuth's celebration of it.

"Of course, the dailies do the same thing but we have to do it more thoroughly. The *Detroit Free Press* can carry a story with a London dateline without a local angle; we can't.

"By stressing local news, we can truthfully tell our readers, 'No other paper in the world carries the news you read in these columns.' Consequently, the big dailies are no competition to us if we stay in our chosen field.

"Because we know our readers personally, we have a greater desire to keep our paper wholesome and refreshing. We don't carry scandal and crime stories. We have no compunctions about killing a story entirely if it would bring added heartache to some home. Daily papers just can't operate that way.

"We write informally although our standards of journalism are high. Much of our paper has the tone of a friendly letter. We treat of such homely things as the first lilacs in bloom, the appetite of the fish in our Cass River, or the housewife who used washing soda instead of baking soda. Our soldier-readers told us the *News* told them things that even letters from home considered too trivial. But nothing about home is trivial to an overseas soldier.

"Readers have more time to digest a weekly; there's no skimming the headlines over breakfast coffee. We have repeatedly found that we have unbelievably high reader-interest in items that have been buried in the far corner of the last page. Stories are read and re-read. Consequently we can write in a more leisurely style that will bear re-reading.

"We have a large subscription list of former residents. Even without our soldiers' list, we hit almost every state in the Union. We have our personal joke that we don't have to be afraid of the big Detroit dailies; we send more of our papers into Detroit than they send into Frankenmuth."

I asked him further: "How can a small-town paper compete with the influence of the big-city dailies, for instance, politically?"

Mr. Arnold smiled at the question. "Let me say, first," he said, "that I have—simultaneously—been called a Republican (by Democrats), a Democrat (by Republicans), a Socialist and a reactionary. I'd label myself a stubborn independent."

Then, in answer to my question, he added "We do wield a political influence. We do it by pointing out the facts, then letting the reader draw his own conclusion. It has been gratifying to note that most of the time their conclusion coincides with ours.

"Since I have been editor of the *News*, Frankenmuth has always voted the way our editorials have been slanted, although sometimes the state or country has gone the other way. That, however, is not due to the fact that we have an influence that would guide voters the wrong way; it is merely that we have reached an honest conclusion with which our readers, using the same logic and with the same social and moral background, can agree.

"We sometimes pay for our intellectual honesty, however. I have been personally subjected to bitter verbal abuse and have been threatened with physical harm. I am proud of the fact that many of my bitterest opponents are now my good friends. On my return from Europe, one man said, 'Arnold, you know I used to hate you but I'm sure glad to see you back.'

"I think the influence of the weekly editor is much greater than that of the editor of a daily. His readers almost all know him personally. They know his motives, his personal background, his temperament. They are apt to weigh his opinions on that basis. The reader of a big daily doesn't even know the editor's name.

"The recent primary campaign is interesting to note. Kim Sigler, the special prosecutor who cracked the state-house bribery scandal, was a late starter in the

Republican primary. Small papers all over the state came out in his support, even when his race looked hopeless. We supported him, not because of any possible personal gains nor even because we thought he would win, but because the little people were demanding that the state legislature and government be cleaned up. Sigler got a whopping majority in Frankenmuth and throughout the state.

"A weekly paper is the best means in the world of building community pride. Solely on the basis of such pride, Frankenmuth has rung up extraordinary achievements in war campaigns, charity drives and other efforts that demanded wholehearted community cooperation. We treat such news not only as a straight job of reporting but also as a means of expressing the pride that this paper shares with everyone else in the community.

"I feel personally that the editorial influence of big city dailies mailed into Frankenmuth is negligible. Our readers know that the dailies don't and can't have the personal interest in Frankenmuth and its people that we do."

As Frankenmuth is a preponderantly Lutheran community, in which there is, beside the public school, a large, century-old Lutheran parochial school, I was interested in getting Mr. Arnold's

opinion on the relative merits of these schools as far as their influence in the community is concerned. So I asked him to express himself frankly. He did.

"I'm thoroughly sold on the value of parochial schools. In the eight years that I attended a parochial school, I had covered material which I received as far as the 11th grade in public school. I think the business-like atmosphere and the friendly relationship between teacher and pupil in a parochial school makes for an easy discipline that produces more work.

"Of course, it all depends on the faculty. In my Walther League work I have visited countless Lutheran schools. When the calibre of the faculties are equal, parochial schools stand head and shoulders above the public school.

"As an ardent champion of parochial schools I feel I can offer a few constructive criticisms also. I feel our schools do not insist enough upon teachers continuing their own education by special courses and summer schools. There is a grave danger that an incompetent teacher can find a life tenure in a parochial school.

"There is too much emphasis on mere memory work. Some schools are reactionary in adopting modern techniques of teaching.

"In Frankenmuth we are for-

tunate that we have a public school of high excellence. Our principal is the grandson of a Lutheran minister and the primary grade teacher is the daughter of the Rev. August Bernthal, vice-president of Michigan District of the Missouri Synod. Consequently, when our children leave the eighth grade of parochial school, they find no drastic difference upon entering the public school. Their records are excellent and we have a consistently higher percentage of our students elected to the National Honor Society than their numerical strength would warrant when they go into the last two years of high school in Saginaw.

"This newspaper's relations are very friendly with both schools and their faculties and there is mutual cooperation in reporting the work of the schools and the children. The public school is small in the lower eight grades and I have noticed no appreciable difference between the graduates who have attended 12 grades of public school and those who have attended only the last four. Community responsibility is high in both groups. Obviously, the influence of the church is felt even by children attending public school."

My next question was: "What is your paper's relation to the church in your community?"

"The *Frankenmuth News* is

unique in that a preponderantly great majority of our readers are members of one or the other of our two Lutheran churches. Our paper thus becomes, in effect, almost a parish publication. Naturally that makes us even more discriminating in the material we allow in our columns although I personally would never put out a yellow-journalism sheet in any community.

"The doings of the church and its organizations are covered much more thoroughly than they would be in a community where religion is split by denominationalism.

"I am a personal friend of the pastors here and I work closely with them in all phases of my work. I like to think that my coverage of Lutheran activities and sermons is a small missionary endeavor when it reaches our non-Lutheran readers."

"Mr. Arnold," I went on, "you seem to like your job very much. Will you tell me, in conclusion, about your work and what you think of the future for small-town newspapers?"

"I am enthusiastic about country weeklies. I can invariably tell when a small town is progressive and has a good community spirit by the quality of its weekly paper. I hope people can see in our paper the indication of a life and prosperous community.

"Journalism school stresses big-town newspapering too much. Actually the weekly field offers professional opportunities to many more people than the big dailies do.

"The weeklies are a great way to learn the groundwork of all phases of journalism. Take my job, for instance; I consistently do things like these: Cover a news beat and write stories; read copy, write headlines and do layout; sell advertising, lay it out and write the copy; edit copy of other contributors; file stories for the big dailies for whom I served as staff correspondent.

"I actually make up my paper in metal by working with type and engravings on the composing stone; I set headlines by hand and occasionally set up advertising; I can in an emergency coax the linotype to produce a line or two of type; I run an addressograph and haul the papers to the post-office. Between times I do our bookkeeping, answer innumerable government questionnaires, sweep the floor, wash the windows when they become 100% opaque, throw type back into the cases and brow-beat paper salesmen in selling us enough newsprint to continue our publication.

"On a daily paper, a man would only do one of those things and remain ignorant of the basic elements of other jobs. But the

most gratifying thing about a small-town newspaper is that it is the heart of community life. Every scrap drive, every War Bond drive, every charity campaign that we ever put on is either born in my office or brought in as a tiny infant.

"People are constantly dropping in to discuss everything from their new grandson to the current tax rate. We print wedding invitations, act as toastmaster at the wedding, report the heir's arrival, record the silver and golden weddings, and eventually write obituaries. Practically everything else that happens in-between channels through this office.

"Kids drop in after school to watch the big presses clatter or to stand fascinated before the intricately clicking linotype. Farmers drop in to pay their subscription and wind up by taking a tour through the jigsaw-puzzle process of printing a paper. Visiting newspapermen come in and before they leave we have extracted a mighty good feature story from them.

"There are two popular misconceptions about weekly newspapers that 'get my goat.' One of them is that we sit around on the base of our spine all the time. The truth is, a weekly man writes more copy in any seven days than a daily reporter does. And if you ever see a weekly shop in action

on press day, you'll know that our deadline is as tight as the *New York Times*.

"The other conception is that weeklies have a monopoly on typographical errors. I read four daily papers, twelve exchange weeklies, two trade journals, half a dozen magazines and four or five books a week. The weeklies are as clean or cleaner of typographical errors than any of their big brothers.

"The weekly press is getting more progressive all the time. Especially since the end of the war, many weeklies are changing hands and servicemen who learned their journalism the hard way overseas are bringing new blood into the profession.

"Our paper is an example of the new trend in weekly journalism. Our make-up is more modern than that of the dailies in this area. We use no canned or boilerplate material. We have, by any standards, a good newspaper.

"These are the things I see as our obligations to our community and, in fulfilling them, our greatest opportunity for service:

"To keep the community aware of its part in county, state, and national affairs so that they can make decisions on the basis of accurate information. This applies particularly to the political field.

"To create an honest pride in the community which will spur on civic enterprise.

"To stress the homely, honest virtues of small town life so that the apostles of greed and cynicism are refuted.

"To report the small, everyday affairs of our people so that the bonds of fellowship are more tightly knit.

"To point out community problems, to serve as a sounding board for proposed solutions, to crystallize sentiment toward action and to report and encourage such action."

As I had enough material for a CRESSET article by this time, I thanked Mr. Arnold for his fine cooperation and for allowing me so much of his precious time. In parting I added: "No doubt you

could tell of many humorous experiences that occur in the course of a day's work."

He replied: "You have no idea how much occurs that is very funny. I think of one instance at the moment.

"We had a rural correspondent who would consistently neglect to get the names of people involved in news stories. 'Get names,' I dinned at her. 'Names make news; get names!'

"It bore fruit. Came a story: 'The storm here was awful yesterday. A barn burned down. A car ran into the ditch. The road was slippery. Lightning killed two cows. Their names were Bonny and Daisy.'"

Editorial in "The Frankenmuth News," December 11, 1941

The headlines on this issue of The NEWS are little different from those of any previous week. Right next to us there is the one about a new postoffice; over a couple of columns is one about the Wheat-ridge tuberculosis sanitarium; down a little lower is a feature on coffee-making.

Contrasted with the screaming black banners on metropolitan dailies, this may seem as insipid fare. Where others shriek the dramatic terror of war, we shall tell the simpler tale of homes and everyday life. While they tell in martial accent of the swift movements of destruction, we shall tell in a calm tone the slow labors whereby men and women here are moving in a consecration of construction.

This is no ostrich-like dismissal of war by refusing to recognize it. We are in the midst of a terrible struggle to see whether a nation conceived in liberty can long endure. The sacrifices that this country

must be and is making, will and are being made by this community, too. When such a sacrifice means the letting of Frankenmuth blood and the loosing of Frankenmuth tears, we shall record it as we have recorded all the happenings of Frankenmuth, the sad as well as the happy, for the past 35 years.

As it directly affects Frankenmuth shall we record the war. Other, abler journals shall chronicle the swift march of the juggernauts of slaughter; other, keener pens shall inscribe the history our nation shall write. Ours is the task—the only one we can do; the one only we can do—of recording the history of one small village; that we shall do.

And when this struggle is over, that history that we've written will not be one to be lightly dismissed as trivial.

For war will be fought; treaty will be signed and war fought again. Tojo, Konoye, Hirohito will rise and die and other aggressors will usurp their place in history. Roosevelt, Hull, and Marshall will resist but the torch will be handed down to other heroes as yet nameless.

But babies will be born; homes will be built; marriages will be made. Infants will be baptized; children will go to school; youth will grow into man's estate. Rains will fall; crops will grow; men will harvest them. These things will go on and on. The simple tale of these doings will never be broken.

This then is the history that will spell the greatness of a nation; these are the tales that spring from the soil of America and make it hallowed ground.

Statesmen and generals, warlords and politicians, battles and stratagems . . . these never make history; they merely mar it.

The real history of a nation, of a people, of an ideal is written in a loving home, an upright commerce, and an uncompromising church.

This is the history we propose to write during the black months that lie ahead.




THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

OL' MAN RIVER

 One of the sights of America is the joining of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers near Cairo. The maps seem to place Cairo at the confluence of the streams, but the town is not within sight where the waters join. There is a narrow point of land, to the east of it the Ohio and to the west of it the Mississippi, and where the two rivers join their waters there is a sharp line, the brown stream coming from the north engulfing the green waters of the Ohio. Both streams are about of the same width at this point, probably three-quarters of a mile wide, and below their confluence they spread out into a triangle which is probably the largest expanse of flowing water on the continent. On a clear day such as we had on a river excursion in August, the southern side of the triangle could

be only dimly descried on the horizon as one stood on the boat's upper deck.


If you wish to be impressed with the might of the Mississippi you must travel to the places where it swallows its great tributaries. The Missouri is as wide as the Mississippi where it empties into it but aside from getting its waters muddied by the tributary, the Mississippi rolls right on, only with increased flow and greater depth, much of its bottom being forty feet below normal stream level. This is repeated at the mouth of the Ohio, and what a sight it is! The confluence is an utterly desolate area of the Missouri, Illinois, and Kentucky shores, with no habitation of man in sight anywhere, nor any indication of his works except some white markers among the green, which are placed for the benefit of

the pilots, and then, as you turn the bend, the great Cairo bridge over the Ohio.

These streams have been appropriately named. Ohio means "the beautiful." Mississippi is an Indian word used by the Chippewas and signifies "big river." Ol' Man River he is called in the showboat song and if you have been floating on it days on end as I have this summer, the song will come to you full of meaning ever after.



THE GREAT AMERICAN WILDERNESS

 To one who travels these great streams by boat—and certainly also those who follow their course by air—the country through which the great rivers of America flow must appear as an uninhabited wilderness. Practically so, because every few hours the unbroken ranks of vegetation are broken through by the levees or at least landing spots of towns which have been planted on these banks. But not once in a hundred miles do we see more than a small trading mart. The great bridges seem to come from regions uninhabited by human beings and disappearing on the other side in a mass of vegetation, without so much as a clearing to indicate that man has found a foothold on these shores.

Day after day the green shores glide by, sometimes a sand bar, sometimes an eroded bank of clay, but as a rule the only signs of life are the birds which live at the water's edge, and not many of these. So there is nothing to detract from the impression of the immensity of the river.

Partly the evil habit of the river in overflowing its banks at certain seasons accounts for the sparsity of settlements on the Mississippi south of St. Louis and on the lower Ohio. Towns like Cape Girardeau and Chester are built at the head of steep slopes and unless there is such an elevation of land, people have not built on the river.

The Ohio had its great flood in 1937. As a result, the few towns which break the everlasting green of its shores have high walls facing the river. These have one point at which the main street of the town has an exit to the levee, and in concrete vaults near at hand there are gates which may be fitted into these breaks in the wall if another great flood should inundate the shores of the Ohio in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. These great concrete walls give the river towns a strangely medieval appearance, reminding us of the walled cities of southern France.


Standing at the top of the Paducah levee, for instance, it seems

incredible that the river had completely filled the great valley so that it stood in the second floor of the business blocks, stores, and hotels along the principal street. It does not seem possible that so much water could pour down these river valleys at one time. But I have seen the destruction of great railroad bridges across the Ohio in the flood of 1913 and more recently the great railroad terminus at Cincinnati completely engulfed by a raging flood. Traveling through southern Indiana you will find reservoirs for flood control of the tributaries, built at the cost of hundreds of millions of dollars.

These floods are a phenomenon altogether strange to our eastern friends. The great streams east of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge, also those of New England, hardly vary a few feet in their height from season to season. They do not flow through country largely overlain with many feet of clay. It is the erosion, ancient and more recent, that causes the tremendous floods of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ohio and it is these floods that today cause the traveler on these streams to view for hours on end, to the right and to the left, an uninhabited wilderness.



LAST OF THE PACKETS

 We made the trip south from St. Louis and up the Ohio past Evansville, Indiana, on the only packet steamer that is left in the St. Louis trade. We should not say "trade" since this ancient packet, the *Golden Eagle*, carries no freight at all but exists for excursion purposes only. It plies the Mississippi, Illinois, Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers for the benefit of those who want the unusual in the way of vacation travel. They are guaranteed a complete separation from home or office. They are disturbed by no radio, no magazines or papers are brought on board unless by the passengers at one of the infrequent stops, and you can spend a week as completely isolated as though you had taken a cottage a hundred miles north of Duluth. At that, it costs you less money, the expense being about ten dollars a day for cabin and meals, and you have no mosquitoes. No mosquitoes, no ticks, no chiggers, no house flies, no insects whatsoever. You eat your meals on the unscreened deck, where you see the verdure of the endless shores gliding by, and your nights are always cool so that in the month of August two blankets felt better than one—here, in the sultry Mississippi Valley.

Except for the addition of electric equipment the steamer practi-

cally is as it was built half a century ago. All labor is done as it was on the old packet steamers, by hand. The colored roustabout sits on his coil of rope, gazing into the darkness ahead, as he was sitting on the forward deck, ready to drop the gangplank, in the days when Mark Twain wrote his "Life on the Mississippi" and his "Huckleberry Finn." The boilers are filled with coal, laboriously brought on board in wheelbarrows and transferred to the inner hold by honest manual labor, no stokers, just shovels and human biceps.

The *Golden Eagle* is about 200 feet in length, has a displacement of about 135 tons, a figure which seems impossible until you learn that the boat sits no deeper than $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in the water.


There is no easier travel on water than in these old river boats. There is no rocking of the boat, ever; it always lies on even keel. Except on Lake Pepin, in the upper Mississippi, there are no waves to disturb the equilibrium of the vessel. Aside from the soft pulsation of the engines which drive the wheel at the stern, there is no vibration in the boat. Its motion is perfectly smooth, and one reason why we had a party of 30 from Chicago on the boat was that (we were told) "you can't get seasick." As a result, you enjoy your meals—and only the

choicest food, excellently prepared, and expertly served, is in the tradition of the packet steamers. Waiters from the best hotels and restaurants find summer employment on the river.

B. J. Winters was the captain. He has spent 60 years on the river. Also our chief pilot, Bruce Barnes, and the mate, C. H. Foster, had spent most of their lives since 1890 on the *Golden Eagle* or on one of its sister boats. In all there was a crew of 45 waiting on 90 passengers which looks like *some service*—and it was!



TWO OHIO RIVER TOWNS

 Two towns on the lower Ohio stand out in the memory—one because of its outstanding location, the other on account of its historic interest.

Some time ago the *Astrolabe* called for nominations for the best river fronts in America. It is surprising that our readers in Evansville, Indiana, did not put in a claim. Their city deserves high ranking as it is now close to the top of the list of beautified river approaches. We made a landing at the Evansville levee some time after dark. There was the high embankment as at Paducah and elsewhere, but it had been treated with terraces, well lighted, with automobile drives coming down

within a few feet of the boat landing. No unsightly warehouses, no beaches of weeds, no town dump, such as disfigured the river fronts at most Ohio and Kentucky towns, but a glimpse of well-lighted buildings and fine mercantile establishments, even the power plant at the river's edge fitting architecturally into an impressive river front ensemble.

Anyone interested in the life of western pioneers will be delighted with a stop-over at Rockport, a town of less than 2500 inhabitants with a steep approach from the river. As at other points, the boat is nosed in against the shore, two members of the crew carry ropes ashore which are played out from a pile on the front deck, they are fastened around some rock or cement block, and the gang plank is dropped on the bank. A path leads to a paved road which we follow up the bluff half a mile to the town, a walk down Main Street, and at the far end, in the city park, we find the Lincoln Pioneer Village. There are 16 log cabins, a memorial to Abraham Lincoln and his 14 formative years spent in Spencer County, Indiana, and to his pioneer neighbors and friends. Placards on all buildings give their history. All these buildings are reproductions but they are done exceedingly well and are furnished with many household articles which date from the

homes of the pioneers in this corner of southern Indiana. Inside the cabins you walk on puncheon floors, chopped out with a broad-ax and put down with pegs. There are trundle beds which slip under the bedsteads and can be drawn out and set up. There are gourd dippers, spinning wheels, of course, beds made of boughs from trees and fastened to the wall, wooden shoes and tools to make them.

There is a replica of the Old Pigeon Baptist church which Thomas Lincoln and his son, Abraham, helped to build. Here the Lincoln family attended church while living in Spencer County. All members of the Lincoln family, except Abe, belonged to this church. The stairway in this church was used by people who came so far to attend church that they were compelled to remain over night; the men slept in the loft, while the women and children would stay among the neighbors.

Here is the home of Aunt Lephia Mackey who taught all the colored children of the community, and who fostered all the orphans in the countryside. She took the colored children into her home which stood on the land where the Lincoln Pioneer Village has been built. From Josiah Crawford, whose barter house or store is reproduced in every de-

tail, Lincoln once borrowed a *Life of Washington*. The book was spoiled by rain that leaked through the roof of the shack on the Little Pigeon, and Lincoln, in great distress of mind, not only walked 17 miles to Rockport to tell Mr. Crawford of the tragedy but insisted on working out the debt. A 34-mile round trip to get a book. And another 34 miles to bring it back.

In one of the cabins were several genuine courting rods. We had never heard of them before. The caretaker explained their use. "Boys and girls in those days," she said, "had to stay at least six feet apart when they were in public. So naturally they carried courting rods with them.

"When a boy wanted to say something to a girl," she explained, "he put one end of the courting rod to his lips and tried to get the other end as close to the girl's ear as possible. Sometimes, I suppose, the girl helped the boy to get the listening end of the rod exactly right.


"Then he whispered to the lass; and she naturally whispered back to him through her rod."

Somehow, although these buildings are all replicas, there is a musty odor about the place and after leaving the village we have the sensation of having been close to the men and women who opened up the western wilderness.

All honor to the Spencer County Historical Society and Rockport City Park Board, which caused this village to be constructed some years ago, and to George Honig, painter and sculptor, who designed it.



LAZINESS AS A FINE ART

 Really, when a movie at Pa-ducah and a stroll through a village of log cabins is a high spot of entertainment, you begin to realize the opportunities for relaxation offered by an excursion on Ol' Man River. There is really no languor like this to be found except in some far off mountain resort, and to be a guest at such a resort is very expensive business, or cause for a lot of equipment if you do your own housekeeping. Even then, somebody isn't resting—the mother and housewife. On the old packet liners you have the ultimate of rest. You cultivate indolence as a fine art. You have never conceived the possibility of doing *nothing at all* for seven days. No reading and certainly no writing. You don't play cards—of our company of 80 or 90 very few engaged in cards. The hostess arranged for a dance one evening and two couples took the floor. They soon retired to the promenade deck and gazed out on the dark waters. You could be socia-

ble, or retire into your shell for the entire week—no one made any demands. No one was considered queer for sitting up on the Texas—the upper deck, exposed to the sky—and gazing at the shores for three or four hours. Toward the end of the trip enough energy was

manifested for a stunt evening, with gentle banter aimed at passengers and crew. The Virginia Reel. Irish Folk Dance. Soon we drift to our cabins, the call for breakfast, then the string of cabs on the levee of St. Louis. We are back in 1946.




Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

 A writer with a penchant for an epigrammatic way of expressing his thoughts once said that greatness in art is either easy or impossible. If he meant that it is easy to achieve greatness, he was talking through his hat; if he intended to say that great artists often seem to manifest their greatness with little or no effort, he was speaking words filled with wisdom. It is self-evident, of course, that for most mortals greatness is utterly out of the question.

Those who heard the late Josef Lhévinne play Anton Rubinstein's *Staccato Etude* marveled at the agility with which he overcame the formidable technical difficulties contained in parts of the composition. His wrists had the lightness of feathers. At the same time they had the strength of fine steel. His speed was breath-taking. The famous pianist used to perform

the brilliant work with such amazing fluency that one was driven to exclaim, "Lhévinne plays the *Staccato Etude* with the greatest of ease!" The same exclamation came to the lips of listeners whenever they heard Lhévinne as he seemed to shake the troublesome double notes of Robert Schumann's *Toccata in C Major* out of his sleeves or when the intricate passage work of Chopin's *Winter Wind Etude* flowed in an apparently effortless manner from his wonderfully agile fingers.

Have you ever heard Vladimir Horowitz perform Tchaikovsky's *Concerto in B Flat Minor*? He tosses off the tremendous octave passages with such apparent nonchalance and with such speed, accuracy, and power that the listener literally gasps for breath. "That's easy," one says, "easy for Horowitz."

What are your thoughts as you

listen to Jascha Heifetz when he plays Paganini's *Caprices*, let us say, or the renowned Italian wizard's *Moto Perpetuo*? Is it not true that you are dumbfounded? Yes, you know well enough that nowadays there are many violinists who manage in one way or another to solve knotty technical problems; but when you listen to Heifetz, you no longer think of anything as prosaic as the solution of problems. For him there seem to be no technical problems at all.


What happens when one observes and listens to musicians who try in the sweat of their brows, with inexhaustible patience, and without success to triumph over technical difficulties? Then one realizes immediately that for most mortals true greatness is impossible.

The apparent ease with which great artists crack hard nuts results from much hard work; but for would-be artists hard work fails dismally to crack hard nuts.

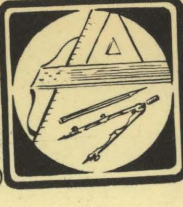
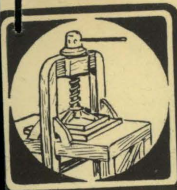
I have observed orchestra conductors as they tried with might and main to set forth the beauty and the essence of a symphony, and I have watched choir directors as they undertook with the most energetic determination to make a fugue sound like a fugue and not like six or seven squeaking wheelbarrows, or paradoxically speaking, like a barrelful of

wormy apples. It was obvious at once that for them greatness was impossible; but when one comes under the spell of artistry as great as that shown by Arturo Toscanini in his reading of Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony* or when one listens to an orchestra under Bruno Walter as it plays a symphony by Mozart, one may, on the spur of the moment, be inclined to say that greatness is easy. One need not analyze such a conclusion very carefully, however, to discover that it is utterly and tragically wrong.

A Book by Bruno Walter

 While reading Bruno Walter's autobiography entitled *Theme and Variations* (Translated from the German by James A. Galston. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1946. 344 and xx pages. Illustrated \$5.) I frequently asked myself the question, "Can greatness ever be easy?"

Great musicians never rise to eminence without encountering obstacles and fighting battles. Sometimes sharp thorns prick them unmercifully in the days of their youth; sometimes the main difficulties arise later in life. Nothing prevented young Bruno Schlesinger from receiving excellent training; the real struggles came after he had entered upon his career. He regrets that he left school prematurely in order to concentrate on what he liked most



Statues

IN the history of American architects the name of James Renwick will always be one of the truly great. His name will be most permanently linked with St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Out of his office came men of the highest professional distinction, such as Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue and others. St. Patrick's in New York has long been regarded as one of the really good contributions of America to Gothic architecture. The cathedral itself ranked eleventh in size among the cathedrals and churches of the world in 1908. The capacity of the entire building is about eighteen thousand. The length of the cathedral is 332 feet and the general breadth 132 feet. The total height of the towers, from the street to the top of the spires, is 330 feet. The walls at the center portal are $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick and the portal itself is 31 feet wide and 51 feet high.

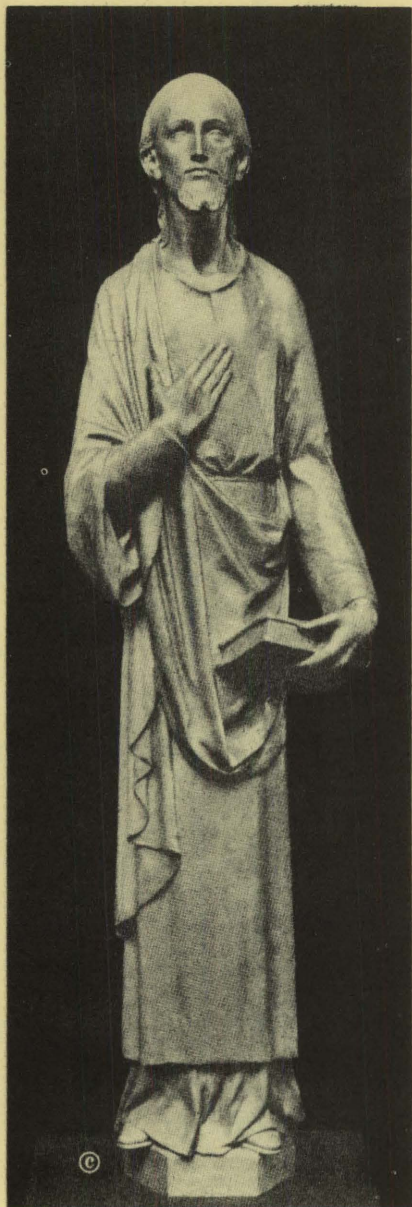
The only major change which has been made since the great cathedral was completed with its chapels was the change in the high altar which was dedicated in 1942. It is of interest to lovers of church art because of the splendid symbolism and iconography which was employed. The design is by Maginnis Walsh. The great baldachin which now takes the place of the former reredos, as the arresting architectural detail of the cathedral, is entirely of bronze of neutral tone. The outside width is 17 feet, 8 inches, and the pier openings are 38 feet high while the entire height of the canopy is 57 feet above the pavement of the sanctuary. The statues presented in the following pages are set in niches on the piers of the baldachin and represent progressively the redemption of mankind and its proclamation to the children of men.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

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The Messiah, the Teacher
of the Church



Christ as King and High Priest



Melchizedek, King of Salem



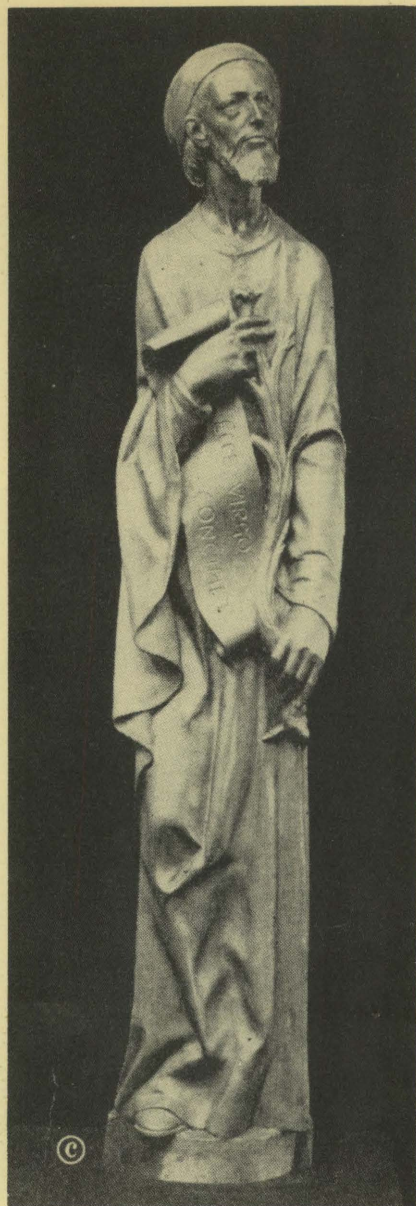
Abraham, Patriarch and Father
of the Faithful



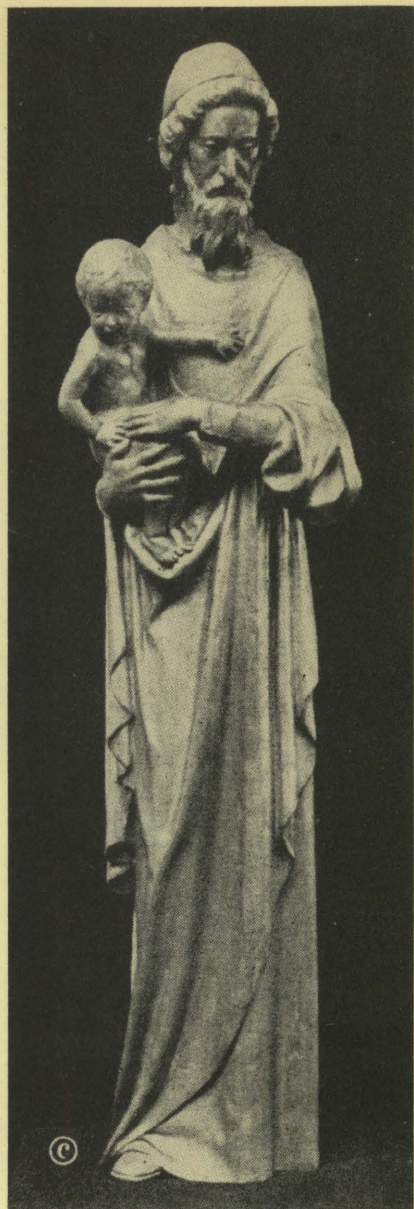
Moses, Hebrew Leader and Lawgiver



David, Prophet and King of Israel



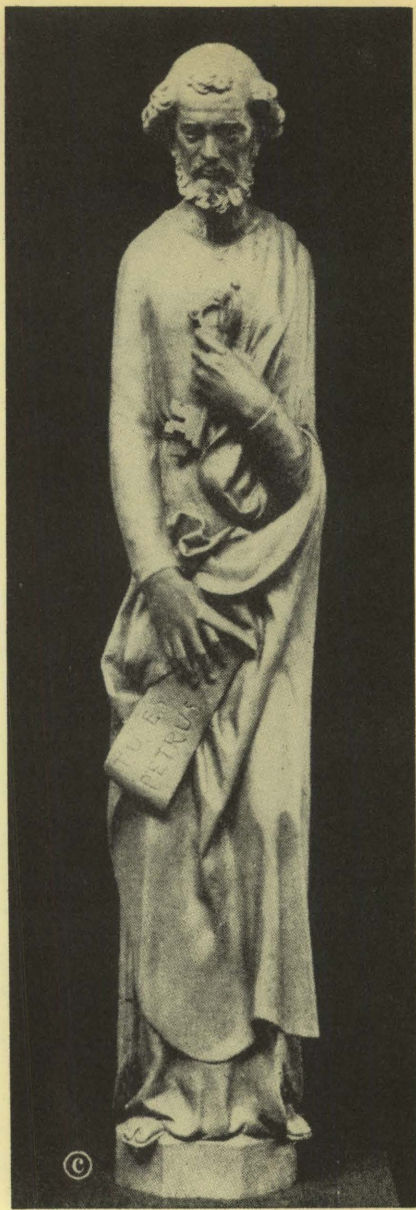
Isaiah, Head of the Prophetic List



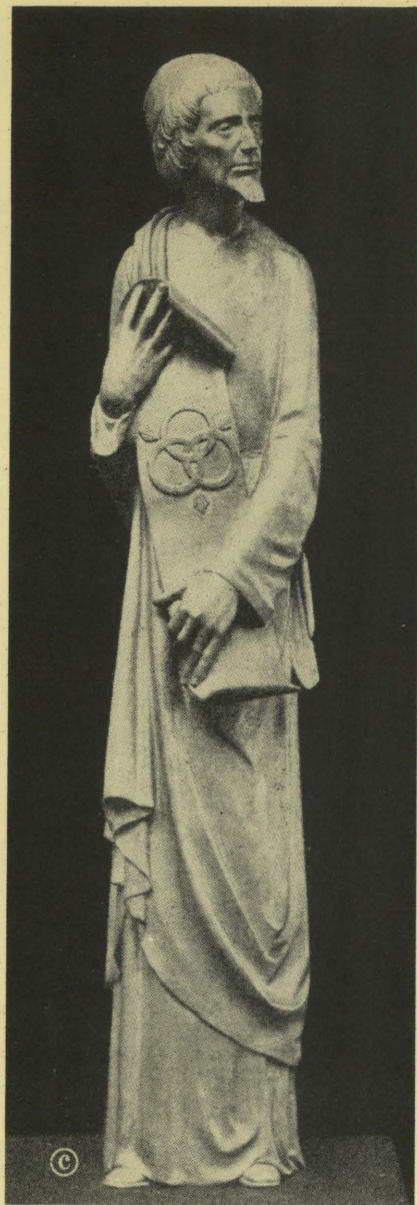
Simeon, the Watcher in the Temple



St. John the Baptist, Forerunner
of Our Lord



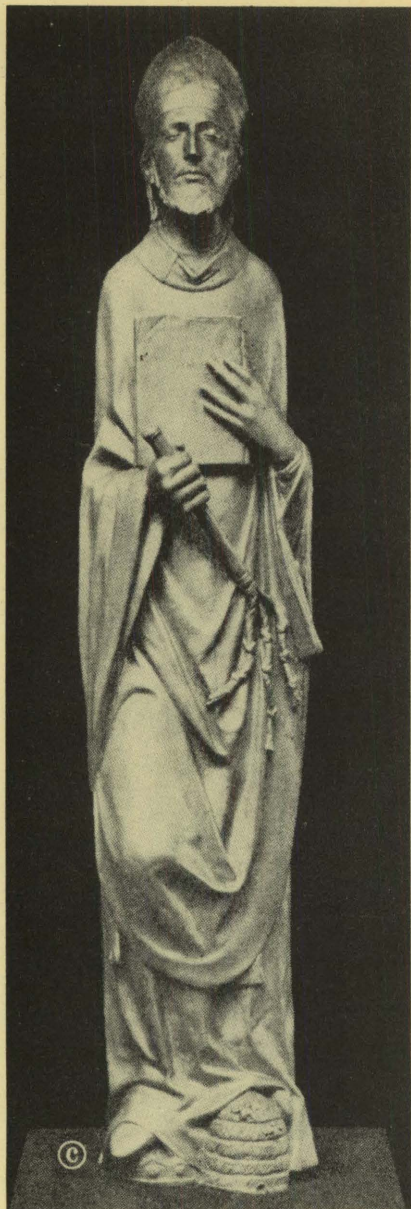
St. Peter, Apostle of Our Lord



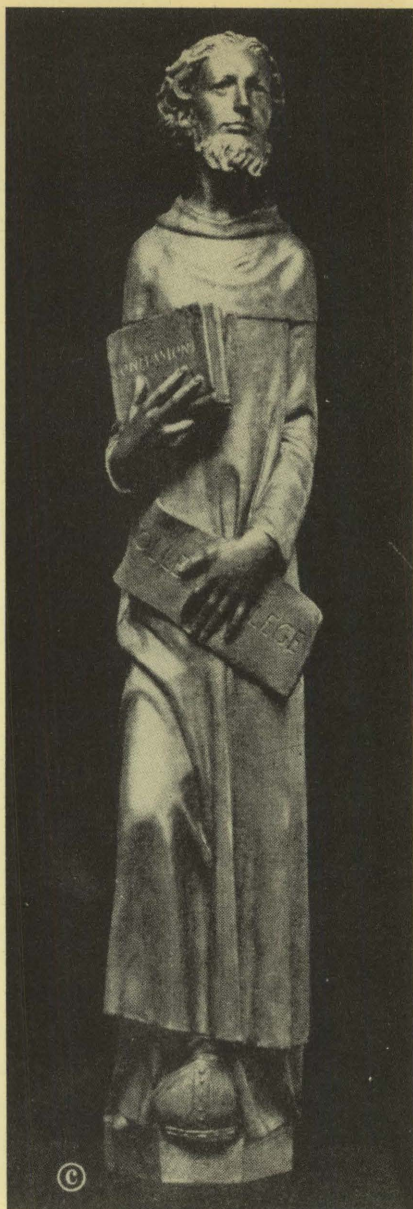
St. Athanasius, Confessor and
Doctor of the Eastern Church



St. John Chrysostom, Confessor and
Golden-tongued Orator



St. Ambrose, Confessor and
Hymn Writer



St. Augustine, Confessor and Greatest
of the Doctors of the Church

of all; but his autobiography makes it clear that he pursued the study of music with much zeal and energy. He became a proficient pianist. The Stern Conservatory, where he was a student, recognized his uncommon ability. His progress was rapid, and the foundation which he laid with the help of competent teachers was solid.

As time went on, the art of conducting appealed to the young Schlesinger more forcibly than the bright prospects of a career as a concert pianist. Therefore he devoted himself assiduously to the orchestra and its literature. Richard Wagner's music was taboo at the Stern Conservatory; but Schlesinger had heard some of the great composer's works and was enthralled by the profuse wealth of beauty they contained. He pored over all the Wagner scores he could get into his hands; for he could not agree with those who, for one reason or another, kept declaring in spite of everything that Wagner was a composer of no significance whatever.

Schlesinger's career as a conductor began at the Cologne Opera House on March 13, 1894, when he was only seventeen years old. From Cologne he went to Hamburg to serve under Gustav Mahler, who became one of his closest friends and his most highly esteemed mentor. "After Ham-


burg," writes the author of *Theme and Variations*, "Breslau was in the nature of a come-down." It was "unhallowed ground." "I did not fall," he continues, "but neither could I boast of having overcome the treacherous obstacles in my path with a firm tread and a proudly raised head. I was in for trouble."

It was when the young conductor went to Breslau that he was induced to change his name from Schlesinger—which means Silesian—to Walter. At first he used Walter as a stage name. In 1911, when he became an Austrian citizen, Walter became his "legally authorized name." It was chosen because the conductor thought of "Walter von Stolzing, Walther von der Vogelweide, and of Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, who would have liked to be *Frohwalder* but who had been compelled to call himself *Wehwalder*."

Many difficulties beset Walter's path as he constantly gained proficiency in his art while conducting for a time in one city and for a time in another. Mahler's outstanding ability was always an inspiration to him, and Mahler's friendship buoyed up his spirits. Pleasant experiences were mingled with those that were unpleasant. Walter continued to work energetically and with earnestness of purpose. After serving at Pressburg—which, at that time, be-

longed to Hungary—at the Riga *Stadttheater*—which, in those days, was in Russian territory—and at the Berlin Opera—where “Prussian officials and the method of Prussian officialdom” held sway—Walter accepted an offer to go to Vienna to become associated with Mahler at the *Hofoper*. Here he remained for eleven years. From 1913 to 1922 he was general music director at Munich. In the early twenties he did yeoman work in founding and developing the Salzburg Festival, and in 1936, when Hitlerized Germany would have no more of his great art, he returned to Vienna, this time to become director of the *Staatsoper*. The *Anschluss* took place in 1938. Then Walter, who is a Jew by birth, fled from Austria.

An Envidable Reputation

 Walter's exceptional skill as a conductor of opera and his equally remarkable ability as an orchestra leader in the concert hall earned for him an enviable reputation throughout Europe and the United States. His debut in England took place in 1909, and in 1923 audiences in our country heard him for the first time. After Hitler's cruel persecution of the Jews had made Walter an exile from his native Germany and from Austria, he had numerous engagements in European cities which were not under the

Nazi heel. France was proud to grant him citizenship. When the German juggernaut overran that country, Walter took up his abode in the United States. On March 20, 1944, the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York observed the fiftieth anniversary of his career as a conductor. Then Walter retired for a year from public life to rest and to write *Theme and Variations: The Autobiography of a Conductor*.

In the preface Walter says:

This is the story of a life filled to the brim with music. Had it been my music, music created by me, I should probably never have written this book; an autobiography of sound would have satisfied my urge to express myself. However, I have made only the music of others sound forth, I have been but a “re-creator.”

Strictly speaking, the paragraph is not factual in every detail; for Walter actually has tried his hand at composing. He mentions some of his compositions in *Theme and Variations*; but he declares frankly that composing has not been his *métier*. I believe, however, that the world of music would be a better judge of Walter's ability in the field of composition than Walter himself. Modesty should not prevent the famous conductor from letting some of his works see the light of day in our land. He himself has for many years been an ardent protagonist of the mu-

sic of Gustav Mahler, another famous conductor—and, incidentally, a conductor whose compositions altogether too many conductors and altogether too many critics are in the habit of dubbing *Kapellmeistermusik*. At all events, one should not accept Walter's disparagement of his own works as the last word.

Walter has remained a staunch admirer and champion of Mahler's compositions in spite of the fault-finding of half-baked musicians and writers who are not worthy of kissing the hem of Mahler's garment. In like manner, he has steadfastly espoused the case of Anton Bruckner although, as he himself says, "I had to grow almost fifty years before recognizing a genius who, at about the same age, had begun to create his great works." It was a "stirring recognition." Walter continues:

I can hardly express in words the importance Bruckner's work has since gained in my life, to what degree my admiration for the beauty and symphonic power of his music has increased, what ever more richly flowing source of exaltation it has grown to be.

I am tempted to write in some detail about Walter's attitude toward Mozart, whose music he expounds as one having authority and not as the dabblers, and to speak about his veneration of Bach, whose *St. Matthew Passion*

he performed in this country in 1943 *without cuts* because "the work is an organic whole, and he who meddles with it violates it as well as a fundamental law of art"; but I must hasten to choose from my large Walter collection a few recordings for special mention.

Many pianists have far more technical skill than Walter; but I myself have never heard a more satisfying reading of Mozart's beautiful *Concerto No. 20, for Piano and Orchestra, in D Minor (K.466)* than his. He himself plays the piano part, and at the same time he conducts the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor Album 420). I am always thrilled when I hear the London Symphony Orchestra perform Schubert's *Symphony No. 9, in C Major* under his direction (Victor Album 602), and when I listen to Mozart's *Symphony No. 39, in E Flat Major (K.543)* as the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra plays it under his baton, I invariably say that, to my thinking, no one sets forth the real pith of Mozart's symphonies with more deep-felt understanding than Walter. His exposition of Brahms's *Symphony No. 3, in F Major, Op. 90* (Victor Album 341) is a joy even though the recording of the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra is greatly inferior in quality to what has been achieved subsequently. Yes, it seems as though

Walter conducts with the greatest of ease; but one cannot study his masterful readings without realizing that his sensitive artistry is the result of much hard work and that it has been tempered and refined in the fire and flame of difficulties and struggles.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

- PIOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 64*. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—A remarkably graphic reading by a conductor who knows how to set forth all the beauty, power, and vividness of Tchaikovsky's music. Victor Album 1057.
- SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Concerto No. 2, in C Minor, Op. 18*. Artur Rubinstein, pianist, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann.—This masterful performance of one of the finest piano concertos of recent decades has been issued at the present time to coincide with the release of the film *I've Always Loved You*, for which Rubinstein recorded the sound track of Rachmaninoff's stirring composition. Victor Album 1075.
- CONCERTO THEMES. Arthur Whittmore and Jack Lowe, duo-pianists.—The well-known duo-pianists have made a praiseworthy arrangement of the principal themes of Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 2, in C Minor*. Like Rubinstein presentation of the concerto in its entirety, this disc has been released to coincide with the first showings of *I've Always Loved You*. Victor disc 28-0409.
- JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 97, in C Major*. The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.—Elegance and a fine sense of style mark Sir Thomas' reading of this inspiring symphony. Victor Album 1059.
- JULES MASSENET. *Le Cid—Ballet Suite*. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—The playing is brilliant, the recording is superb. Victor Album 1058.
- KAROL SZYMANOWSKI. *Four Mazurkas, Op. 50 (Dedicated to Artur Rubinstein)*. Artur Rubinstein, pianist.—The spirit of Poland is contained in these fine compositions from the pen of the late Karol Szymanowski. Artur Rubinstein, a friend of the composer, plays the pieces *con amore*. Victor disc 11-9219.
- THOMAS MOORE. *Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms and Oft in the Stilly Night*, arranged by Gerald Moore. Christopher Lynch, tenor, with Gerald Moore at the piano.—The late John McCormack once said of Christopher Lynch, his fellow-Irishman, "He is the most likely to succeed me." I myself believe that the voice of the lyric tenor Christopher Lynch is even more beautiful in texture than that of the lyric tenor McCormack. Victor disc 10-1247.

OPERETTA FAVORITES. *Sweetheart Waltz* from Victor Herbert's *Sweethearts*; *Romany Life*, from Herbert's *The Fortune Teller*; *They Didn't Believe Me*, from Jerome Kern's *The Girl from Utah*; *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, from Kern's *Roberta*; *Donkey Serenade*, from Ru-

dolf Friml's *Firefly*; and *Giannina Mia*, from Friml's *Firefly*. Jeanette MacDonald, soprano, with Russ Case and His Orchestra and Chorus. —Fans of Miss MacDonald and those who take delight in the music of Herbert, Kern, and Friml will hail the release of this album. Victor Album 1071.



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The Literary Scene

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All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

All About Hurricanes

THE SUDDEN GUEST. By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. 1946. 250 pages. \$2.50.

THE thought-by-thought reaction of a New England spinster to her second hurricane in six years is told in *The Sudden Guest*. Both the propriety and sea coast home of Miss Carrel Leckton are threatened by the storms, making good material for an introspective novel.

Set in the framework of the 1944 hurricane are Miss Leckton's crowded recollections of the events accompanying the 1938 hurricane. The lapse between the two disasters finds the New Englander's circumstances altered.

Hurricane Number One brings a motley assortment of stranded persons to violate the sanctity of the Leckton home: a frumpy ex-nurse, a Frenchman, a baby, a trampish youth and two beautiful women. Hurricane Number Two finds Miss Leckton with the loneliness she achieved through her own efforts.

Miss Leckton meddles in the life of her niece and ward with the vigor of a Dickens villainess and at the same time ignores the human feelings of her servants. Her interference with these lives is ineffectual, for the people fly from her path with a kind of centrifugal force. Finally she is left in a hermetically-sealed solitude.

Every minute of the day that the hurricane lashes the Leckton estate in 1944 is painstakingly set down by La Farge. Although the happenings of the 1938 hurricane are telescoped into the second disaster, the passage of time is still too short to warrant the 250 pages.

La Farge is industrious about extracting miniatures from the total scene. As a result *The Sudden Guest* is overloaded with trivia. Miss Leckton's soliloquies, which compose the bulk of the volume, ramble on like this:

It was all very different from 1938, when she had been busy with a lot of other decisions . . . and the storm had broken on them while they were still scarcely aware of what had smitten them. There had been . . . La Perche

and his wife to send packing. . . . He had red hair. . . . Funny how one remembered such trifles!

A few deftly-drawn details would have seasoned the book more effectively. La Farge also tries to rattle his readers' spines with half-descriptions that lean heavily on words like strange, odd, depressing, sensation, emptiness.

The Sudden Guest has the makings of a good short story. As a full-length-er, the volume makes the reader feel justified in privately renaming it *The Sudden Gust* and wondering why it is so unbearably windy.

Russian Fable

ANIMAL FARM. By George Orwell.

Harcourt, Brace and Company,
New York. 1946. 118 pages. \$1.75.

GEORGE ORWELL, the author of this Book-of-the-Month selection, is an English critic, essayist, and novelist. He was born in India. In *Animal Farm* he entertains us with a literary form that is probably used more rarely nowadays than any other, namely, with a fable.

Major, an aged boar, calls together all the domestic animals on Mr. Jones's farm and inveighs against man, the exploiter. Man, he points out, consumes without producing. He gives no milk, lays no eggs, cannot pull a plow or run down a rabbit. The animals have to do everything for him and in return receive just enough food to live. They ought to run Jones off the farm and take it over themselves.

The animals are impressed and, a few months later, rebel and chase

Jones off the premises. They now look forward to a golden, happy future and lay down seven commandments to guide them in their relations with each other. Together they begin to work the farm. The pigs, who prove to be the most intelligent, appoint themselves managers. One of them, Napoleon, assumes supreme control—for the common good, as he says. Various things happen. After a number of years the animals find themselves just as much exploited as before the rebellion. Napoleon has taken the place of Jones.

This amusing book is evidently a take-off on recent history in Russia. The animals address each other as "comrade." There is internal strife among the rulers, leading to expulsion of Napoleon's rival. There are purges, confessions of traffic with the enemy, rumors of plots, falsifications of history, and all the rest.

The price of the book, which is quite small ($7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches), strikes us as rather high. Or is inflation now invading also the publishing field?

Life at Harvard

WE HAPPY FEW. By Helen Howe.

Simon and Schuster, New York.
1946. 345 pages. \$2.75.

WE HAPPY FEW traces the evolution of a woman from a "charming prig into a genuine human being" and is laid in the rarified atmosphere of Harvard University.

Dorothea Natwick, only child of Prof. and Mrs. Natwick, is nurtured on an esthetic diet of the arts, atheism, and pride that does not lie in

"this piddling little New England past."

An Idaho writer who comes awooing is rejected because "it was awfully cheek when you came to think of it—his thinking Dorothea would give it all up, to go and live in a sort of spiritual sunbonnet and gingham apron." Furthermore, the westerner was addicted to chewing gum and toothpicks.

Instead Dorothea marries John Calcott, professor of Seventeenth Century history, who in his wife's own words, "looks like somebody's ancestor . . . probably one of his own."

The Little Group, skimmed from the top cream of Harvard's intellectuals, gradually fills Dorothea's life. They gather before the Calcott fireplace to prattle about the world of letters in appropriate Briticisms, squabble over topics for research papers, and become amused over the antics of the "Philistines." The Calcotts fit snugly into the tight confines of this "fellowship of educated men."

World War II intrudes into the scholarly merriment. John Calcott enlists in the British Navy, wiping out Dorothea's chance to reign as mistress of Bromfield House. Set adrift by the war, she falls in love with a "Philistine" and is subsequently jilted by him. A journey to her adored son stationed with the Navy in Idaho completes her awakening to the griefs and joys of all people.

As a best-seller, *We Happy Few* is singular in that it is written with almost poetic care. Miss Howe weaves a pattern of imagery into the novel

with the subtlety of counterpoint of the Bach fugue preferred by the Little Group.

Dorothea has the same pathetic reality as Philip Carey in Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. One is inclined to predict that even in this era of book-of-the-monthism, *We Happy Few* may enjoy a similar long life. Its problem reaches a limited number of readers, but for them its appeal is timeless.

Dark Clouds

WHILE TIME REMAINS. By Leland Stowe. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1946. 379 pages. \$3.50.

LELAND STOWE is a pamphleteer. When he looked at a war-torn world, he saw that every prospect pleased and that only man was vile. He saw Hiroshima and Nagasaki usher in a new era in which "vile men" could so very easily bring total destruction on themselves. Immediately he analyzed man's malady, and having diagnosed the ailment, proposed a remedy.

Mr. Stowe's realistic analyses of men, issues, and trends elicit our wholehearted agreement. When he denounces English imperialism, American diplomatic bungling, or Russian intolerance, he is "calling the turns as he sees them." No one can controvert his evidence that there is no defense against the atomic bomb and that the old concept of sovereignty is untenable.

Stowe's clouds are indeed dark, but he permits them to have a silver lining. And that silver lining is world government. Man's salvation lies, he believes, in the weakening of nation-

alistic barriers and the erection of a super-state. It is true that Willkie, Norman Cousins, Culbertson, and others have preached the gospel of one world; but Stowe, pamphleteer that he is, does it with a much greater degree of urgency.

We have difficulty in understanding how anyone—especially a journalist—who knows anything about the nature of man and the facts of history can become almost ecstatic about anything as illusory as world government. We concur with Stowe: the atomic bomb presents a terrifying aspect; there is no defense against it. But in these last days we would put our trust in the last words of the Seer of Patmos rather than in world government.

Asiatic Neighbor

CHINA AND AMERICA: THE STORY OF THEIR RELATIONS SINCE 1784. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Princeton University Press, Princeton. 1946. 277 pages. \$3.00.

WRITING with the captivating style of a journalist and the painstaking accuracy of a historian, Foster Dulles, newspaperman and university teacher, has written a great book.

Beginning with early American trade in Canton one hundred and fifty years ago, he traverses the whole field of Chinese relations with the United States. He discusses early treaty relations, the Burlingame Mission, attempts to exclude the Chinese from the United States generally and California particularly, the Open

Door policy, the Boxer Rebellion, the rise of Chinese nationalism, the challenge which Japan presents to the United States in her dealings with China, and our stake in China.

It is Dulles' thesis that the United States and China, despite their sharp differences in the past, have much in common. He also believes that the future peace of the world as well as that of the Far East is almost wholly dependent upon our making common cause with China.

In the chapter dealing with our shabby treatment of Chinese immigrants, the author quotes a California newspaper of 1852:

Scarcely a ship arrives that does not bring an increase to this worthy integer of our population. The China boys will yet vote at the same polls, study at the same schools and bow at the same altar as our own countrymen.

Seventeen years later Bret Harte could caustically write of Wan Lee in the midst of an anti-Chinese uprising:

Dead, my reverend friends, dead. Stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace 1869, by a mob of half grown boys and Christian school children.

In appealing to Congress to repeal the discriminatory legislation passed against the Chinese, Franklin Roosevelt declared:

Nations, like individuals, make mistakes. We must be big enough to acknowledge our mistakes of the past and to correct them.

Congress was moved by his plea and remedied the evil which had been done.

While he realizes that China lacks much—physically, spiritually, and politically—which prevents her from taking her destined place of leadership in the Far East at the present time. Dulles nevertheless closes his account with an optimistic note:

Even though there undoubtedly would be grave difficulties in the future, and disappointments might be expected as China struggled to work out her domestic problems, any long term view of policy in eastern Asia thus clearly demanded that the United States continue to act in close collaboration with China. Moreover, the record of the past, in spite of the occasions when we had taken advantage of China's helplessness in insisting upon special rights and privileges, provided a solid foundation for carrying forward such a program. The common interests of the two nations, as history had clearly demonstrated, were a compelling reason for strengthening still further the bonds of what, despite all vicissitudes, had proved to be an enduring friendship.

Your reviewer cannot recommend this book too highly. It is a sane and interesting account of the common problems—viewed in their historical perspective—facing the United States and China.

Journey's End

MELODRAMA. By Joseph Wechsberg. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1946. 118 pages. \$1.50.

MELODRAMA would have been the most apt medium for this story of a G.I.'s return to his homeland in Moravia after V-E Day, where he finds ruin and apathy. *Homecoming*, however, is spared of exuberance of either joy or grief.

Wechsberg, who left Europe in 1938, makes his pilgrimage back to Moravska-Ostrava in the Russian occupation zone as an American citizen and technical sergeant in the Army's Psychological Warfare Division. He writes with the emotion-blanced restraint of a man weaned on sorrows.

Only Wechsberg's wife's parents remain to greet him—with cherished coffee beans and bits of old meat. He learns that his own family vanished with all but 80 of the original 8,000 Jews in Moravska-Ostrava. The city itself resembles a disinterred skeleton of its pre-*Anschluss* self.

"It is one thing to read in the papers that so and so many churches have been destroyed and another to stand in front of what once has been your House of God and see a vacant lot covered with weeds, grass and rubbish," writes Wechsberg.

For a reader caught in this misshapen year of peace, the book is satisfying in that it assembles the ailments of the war's aftermath.

Wechsberg quotes a survivor of Mauthausen concentration camp as saying, "People hate each other because one man was in Oswiecim and the other was "only" in Dachau. It's crazy, but I feel like that myself."

If the book has a point to make it is that a war, when it is over, dissolves into hate without the dressing of patriotism. Wechsberg provides no solutions, yet the volume is not depressing in the manner of most war stories.

Through *Homecoming* runs an underplay of humor gravely in keeping with the text. The author's account of Russian soldiers who thrilled at

riding atop freight trains makes the Russians suddenly seem as familiar as Daring Dan of our wild west movies.

Readers of the *New Yorker* will recall a trimmed-down version of *Homecoming* printed this summer. The full version presents a rounder story and merits rereading.

It is hoped that the unhappy photograph of the author on the book's jacket won't scare prospective readers from this excellent expression of our times.

Far East

RECONQUEST: ITS RESULTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1946. 305 pages.

HALLET ABEND was one of thirteen writers chosen by the War Department who in the summer of 1945 made an air trip to the Far East. They covered 34,000 miles and visited nineteen countries, and colonies and dominions, and thirty-five cities and towns. They were passengers of the Air Transport Command.

The author, who for many years was foreign-news correspondent of the *New York Times*, presents in this book an intensely interesting account of his experiences. He makes every effort to clarify for Americans existing conditions as these will affect world peace. The most valuable chapters in the book are those on Japan and China. We have read a great deal during the war years about the history of both these countries, but we have read nothing so clear and so well summarized as these

chapters. In another informative chapter titled "The Unsung Heroes," Mr. Abend tells of the tremendous efforts of the ATC to fly the Hump. Much of this material we have never before seen in print. The last chapter in the book, "The Ghosts of Yalta," opens one's eyes to some of the secret negotiations carried on by Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt. We quote:

It seems beyond question that many of the ills of today and the dangers of the future can be charged to the secret and individual diplomacy which was practiced during World War II to an extent not even dreamed of during the struggle which lasted from 1914 to 1918.

There is certainly nothing in our Constitution which could be interpreted as giving to one man, whatever might be his wisdom and greatness, the power to bind this nation by agreements made in secret and never submitted to the American people or to either branch of our Congress for debate or approval (pp. 303-04).

Mr. Abend's book deserves to be read by every American interested in the Far East and its bearing on world peace.

The Virgin Queen

FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH. By Edith Sitwell. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 227 pages. \$2.50.

IN his youth Henry VIII had excelled in manly sports, and as late as his thirty-ninth year the Venetian ambassador reported of him that "in the eighth Henry God has combined such corporeal and intellectual beauty as not merely to surprise but astound all men." Erasmus had called

him "a universal genius." Henry had written learned theological treatises and was shrewd in statescraft. In the arts he was an expert musician and "the arche Phenix of his time for fine and curious masonry."

But he found himself entering middle age without a male heir to keep the nation strong after his death, and his desire to give the nation a Prince, based on strong personal egotism and equally strong anxiety for his country, clouded his later years; for his shrewdness in judging character was often overborne by impatience and, consequently, his natural generosity gave way to a surge of desperate cruelty when he found, or suspected, that he had been deceived.

Into a court of such splendor and darkness Elizabeth was born—a girl baby who should have been the long-desired Prince, and whose christening her father celebrated with the greatest pomp to conceal his vexation and to overawe those who considered his connection with Anne Boleyn a mere adultery. By the time Elizabeth was three, the message proclaimed by the rich canopies and gold vessels had long been negated, her mother had been beheaded, she herself had been declared illegitimate, and the King once again was seeking a prospective mother for his Prince.

This court of rich furs and silks, of ambitious secretaries, of proud aristocrats haunted by fear of attainder for treason; the sunny gardens of the great houses, where the stench from the filthy streets could not enter, and where each month of the year brought new plants to their perfec-

tion—flowers, fruits, and evergreens; the garrulous, petty waiting women, who in lack of other interests gave themselves over to jealous plots and tale-bearing—all these things Miss Sitwell is unusually fitted to describe. She was brought up at Renishaw Park, an estate that her family had owned for 600 years, and most of her previous writings have been studies or fantasies dealing with the splendors and ceremonies of past centuries.

This book, however, offers much more than pageantry. It is a carefully documented investigation of the character of each of Henry's wives and of his three surviving children, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. The most interesting chapter is that in which the author demonstrates what she believes to have been the character of Elizabeth at the time the princess was fifteen. A scandal had broken out in which Miss Sitwell believes Elizabeth was innocent. From various letters that the young girl wrote at the time, the author convinces us of the nobleness and the extraordinary intelligence which were the core of the future Queen's character.

How the Light Failed

RELIGION IN RUSSIA. By Robert Pierce Casey. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1946. 198 pages. \$2.00.

WHY did the Soviet government take the anti-religious bent that it did? Why has the Russian campaign against religion failed? And what are the prospects for Christianity in the U. S. S. R. in the years to come?

Robert Pierce Casey, head of the Department of Biblical Literature and History of Religion at Brown University, sets out in these Lowell Institute Lectures to answer those questions. He brings to his efforts a rare acquaintance with the pertinent primary and secondary literature, including recent Russian works, and the keen interest in Eastern Orthodox affairs which Anglican priests often demonstrate.

Under Peter the Great a pattern of church life was set up which was to continue till the Revolution. The Tsar controlled the Church through the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and the Church was so weakened that it could not stand the test of the Revolution. "The lamp before the icon flickered and paled in the glowing fires of revolution. The droning voices of the priests were shouted down by the strident cries of the leaders of a new era" (p. 27).

The Church had allied itself with the forces of reaction and obscurantism. Pobedonostsev (d. 1905) and Rasputin were symptoms of that condition. When the Revolution broke on October 25, 1917, ancient institutions were swept away at a stroke. Nothing was spared, especially not the Church, and "atheism was made an essential part of the ethos of young patriots" (p. 95).

Unfortunately, the Bolsheviks made the same mistake of identification which the Imperial Church had made. In their eagerness to destroy the religious institutions of Tsarism—an understandable desire—they failed "to understand the nature of religion as a psychological force ei-

ther in the individual or in society. . . . In treating theological tradition as if it were current scientific theory which needed only to be refuted on the surface to be discredited, Soviet critics accomplished little more than the pruner who cuts the leaves and surplus branches from the treetops" (p. 105).

Realizing that Marxism, even at its best, is un-cultural, the Soviet leaders devised a literary and philosophical substitute for Christianity. Prof. Casey presents long translations and quotations from the literary productions of that *ersatz* religion. He also shows that war demonstrated how ineffective such a substitute can be.

Chances for a religious rebirth in Russia, Prof. Casey feels, are pretty good—not the obscurantist religion of the Tsarist regime, which has happily breathed its last, but a reassertion of the fundamental convictions of the Christian faith. The government may continue to oppose Christianity, but that matters little. For the author is convinced that the words from St. John 16:33 with which he closes his book are true: *In mundo pressuram habebitis; sed confidite, ego vici mundum* (p. 181).

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

As Others See Us

RELIGION IN AMERICA. By Willard L. Sperry. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1946. 318 pages. \$2.50.

THIS book is not, strictly speaking, a history of the Church in our country. It is rather a treatise intended to give the non-American a picture of religion in a country in

which there is freedom of religion and no official establishment. The reason for this is evidently that the author wrote his book in response to an invitation from the Cambridge University Press in England, as one of a series which is being published there to interpret certain American institutions to the English public. The method of presentation therefore makes it natural that the American reader must bear in mind constantly that the book is not meant for him directly. At the same time the American is given the opportunity to look at religion in his country as it may appear to the outlander. This factor no doubt has its value, though at times it may prove slightly irritating.

The author begins with an account of the religious situation in the American colonies and then goes on to discuss the causes and consequences of the separation of church and state in our country. His next two chapters present the denominations, of which there are, according to his figures, 256 in our land. The next chapters are devoted to the following subjects: The Parish Church, American Theology, the Negro Churches, American Catholicism, and Church Union. The appendices include A. National Elements in the American Colonial Population. B. Religious Denominations in the Colonies before the Revolution. C. Politics in the American Churches. D. American Religious Bodies with 50,000 members and over. E. The Negro Church in America. F. Conscientious Objectors. G. Denominational Colleges and Universities in the

United States. H. "A Just and Durable Peace."

While one may honestly differ with the author on some of his conclusions and judgments, as a whole he shows a sane and objective spirit. The reader will be interested in his conclusions about revivalism, pp. 161 f; on religion at our colleges, p. 166 and pp. 169, 170; on an educated ministry, pp. 178-180. His chapter on American theology and the present-day situation is a careful and thoughtful presentation of the problem without any effort to foretell what the future development may be and is worth the reading by any clergyman or layman who is interested in religion in America.

Pitiful Life

DEAR THEO. The Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh. Edited by Irving Stone. Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York. 1946. 572 pages. \$3.00.

THIS is not an autobiography in the usual sense, but one unconsciously written. The tragic life of Vincent Van Gogh, Dutch painter of the last century, is unfolded in a series of letters written by himself to his brother Theo during the last 27 years of his life. And if Vincent Van Gogh had wished to write an autobiography, he could have done no better nor given us a more accurate and honest account than that which came from his voluminous day-by-day reports to his brother.

Irving Stone, who had studied this vast correspondence in preparation for his novel, *Lust For Life*, saw in it a movingly human document that

deserved a greater public. Johanna Van Gogh, Theo's widow, had collected and translated these letters and published them in three volumes, totalling 1670 close-packed pages. Stone reduced this to the present volume. It is inevitable that in such a condensation something could easily be eliminated which would contribute importantly to the whole picture of the man. That is the weakness of the volume. But despite all that, Mr. Stone has succeeded in producing a portrait of a man, drawn with his own hands, painted all unaware with his own life's blood.

How starkly from beginning to end the spectre of poverty and failure stood looking over Van Gogh's shoulder as he furiously endeavored to capture the beauty he saw on every hand! And how, during the last months of his life, the grim shadow of insanity joined them! It is touching that the last letter of the volume, dated two days before his death by his own hand, carried no inkling of that dark fate.

It is a pity that a man of his feeling, of his compassion, of his energy should early in life have met with circumstances that estranged him from his faith and warped his mind to all religion. The whole of these recorded years was built upon the misunderstanding so deeply impressed early in life. That was where the first step down was taken.

Toward the end of his life he wrote, "I as a painter shall never stand for anything of importance. I feel it utterly. But if all were changed, character, education, circumstances, things might be differ-

ent." As it developed, Vincent Van Gogh did come to stand for something in his chosen profession, but in echoing his complaint after reviewing his tragic life, we add: "How much more!" Many notables in the history of modern art pass through the pages of this book, but it remains above all the record of one lonely craftsman and a monument to his understanding brother, "dear Theo."

Strange Religion

THE SIKHS. By John Clark Archer. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1946. 353 pages. \$3.75.

THE Hindus and the Moslems claim the allegiance of most of India's religious millions. Among the remainder the Sikhs and the Ahmadiyyas are important minorities, while the Christians, though numerically small must yet be reckoned with because of the enormous influence which they exert. Of all these it is Mr. Archer's belief that the Sikhs are best prepared to serve as the common ground upon which these widely divergent religions could unite. He does not predict such a union or specify a time but he takes as his thesis "Sikhism as an agency of reconciliation among religions." And it must certainly be admitted that India, where the Sikhs have had their origin and development, greatly needs a formula for the harmonious existence of conflicting religious beliefs. The recent Moslem and Hindu riots emphasize the urgency with which the problem of religious tolerance, if not unity, must be regarded.

Professing to see in Sikhism the hope of reconciling apparently irreconcilable religious beliefs the author presents a rather complete history of the rise and development of this religion. As an introduction to his theme he sends the reader on a tour of the principal shrines of Sikhism with a representative of the various classes of Sikhs as his companions. Then, taking up their historical development he provides a sketch of Nanak, its founder, and offers a summary of his message, together with a translation of his principal psalms. As he deals with each of Nanak's successors he also relates the impact which the Sikh religion had upon a hostile Moslem and Hindu population, from both a religious and political viewpoint.

The most important feature, in Mr. Archer's view, was the ability of Sikhism to adapt and modify itself to its environment and the conditions in which it found itself from time to time. It is just this faculty of modification and change which, to his mind, makes it a religion of religious reconciliation. He operates on the principle that no religion can claim to be *the one religion*. All religions offer some revelation of God and His will which deserves to be recognized and preserved. If any one religion can claim to be the one true religion, it will be a synthesis of all existing religions. And it is precisely that principle which makes the conclusions of this volume unacceptable to a conservative Bible Christian.

As an historical observer John Clark Archer is well qualified. He

spent a number of years in India and lectured at several Sikh educational institutions. At present he occupies the Hooper chair of comparative religion at Yale. His book is provided with a glossary of words and phrases, an index and twelve illustrations.

Beer-German

HOTEL BEMELMANS. By Ludwig Bemelmans. The Viking Press, New York. 1946. 380 pages. \$3.00.

WHEN your reviewer was a small boy he was transferred to a large city, into a neighborhood inhabited mostly by Germans. As he grew up he learned, in the half-conscious way in which boys learn such things, that there were two distinct kinds of Germans in America who had little in common with each other and who did not mix much. There was, for one thing, the kind to which he himself belonged: the church-going Germans, who sent their children to parochial schools and who centered most of their social life about the church. Then there were the *Bierdeutsche*, the beer-Germans. Not that the other group was averse to beer—but beer seemed to play a larger role in the life of the latter. They were likely to be freethinkers, might have their children baptized as a sort of tradition, but never went to church. They belonged instead to a *Turnverein* and a *Saengerbund*. Among them one could expect to hear a liberal sprinkling of cusswords and of indelicate and risqué turns of speech.

Bemelmans, who was born in the Tyrol and came to America in 1914, writes after the manner of the *Bier-*

deutsche. What he presents is not anti-religious, but unreligious and amoral. He says himself, "The tender plant that is morality does not thrive in a grand hotel and withers altogether in its private rooms." The thirty-six stories, however, that make up the book all deal with hotel life. Bemelmans has one of his chief characters utter blasphemous curses, and immoralities are taken for granted. It is to be regretted that the book is marred by these faults, for Bemelmans shows a gift for narration and description and a fine sense of humor. Only three of the stories are here printed for the first time, the rest having appeared in periodicals or in earlier volumes published by the author.

Great Thought

MASTERWORKS OF PHILOSOPHY. Edited by S. E. Frost, Jr. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1946. 757 pages. \$4.00.

THIS is the second volume of a series of six books which are to make available key classics in the fields of Economics, Philosophy, Autobiography, Science, Government, and History. The volume in Economics appeared recently (cf. *THE CRESSET*, August, 1946, p. 49).

The method followed is to offer condensations of one or more works of an author, giving the most significant portions in the author's own words. Eleven philosophers have been laid under contribution: Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Kant, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, James, and Bergson. Plato, for example, is given 110 pages, and

nineteen of his dialogues receive attention. The space assigned varies from a third of a page for the *Gorgias* to nineteen and a half pages for the *Symposium*. *The Republic* is not included since it is to form part of a forthcoming *Masterworks of Government*. Aristotle is represented by the *Nicomachean Ethics*. We did some checking on the translation of these two authors and found it excellent so far as we went.

It seems a pity that some of the other masterworks of philosophy did not find a place in the book. But, of course, a selection had to be made from the rich heritage available in order to stay within the bounds of one volume. Anyone who wishes to form a firsthand acquaintance with some of the great masters of thought can do no better than to occupy himself with this book. The brief introductions to the volume and to each author will be of aid to the reader.

On Luther's Youth

ROAD TO REFORMATION. By Heinrich Boehmer. Translated by John W. Doberstein and Theodore G. Tappert. The Muhlenberg Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 1946. 449 pages. \$4.00.

THE quadricentennial of Luther's death, being commemorated this year, has been the occasion for much writing—some of it worthwhile, some of it very ephemeral.

By translating Heinrich Boehmer's *Der junge Luther* (Gotha, 1925), Drs. Doberstein and Tappert have increased the stock of worthwhile writing. Boehmer's *Luther im Lichte der neueren Forschung* (1906 and

oftener) was translated thirty years ago; but for some reason the translation of *Der junge Luther* has had to wait until now.

It was well worth waiting for. Long recognized as a standard biography of the young Luther, Boehmer's book can now reach the American reading public. Many biographies, alas, tend to be so stodgy and "scholarly" that one cannot enter the life of the subject without constantly stumbling over the tools of the biographer. A definite exception to that rule, Boehmer's work can perhaps best be characterized by quoting his view of the purpose of biography and stating that he lives up to it. Here is what he writes:

Personality is not merely a collective name for the physical and psychical characteristics which happen to appear in an individual. . . . But it is rather that "something" which cannot be analyzed further, which is always found in motion and flux, which is mysterious and clearly perceptible, and which works in, with, and under the above-mentioned characteristics. The real task of the biographer is to grasp that "something" and describe its workings. Everything else he has to do, such as the gathering and criticism of sources, the establishment of specific dates and events which comprise the external history of the person concerned, and the ascertainment of the original relationship between these facts—all this is merely preliminary to his real task. The biographer will be able to accomplish such a task only if . . . he has not wholly lost the capacity for allowing a personality to work on him in its living wholeness. . . .

An ambitious task, but Boehmer performs it well. In his analysis of "The Reformer in the Making" (Part

I of the book), especially of the "Dawn of the Reformation Consciousness" (Ch. X) the reader will thrill to the sureness of touch and sensitivity of imagination that make this truly great historical writing. For sheer dramatic power there is little that can match Boehmer's description of the Leipzig Debate of 1519 (Ch. XXII) or of the Diet of Worms of 1521 (Ch. XXVII).

Many German works on Luther should not be translated, chiefly because they are of value only to the specialist, who will always be able to read German. But everyone who is interested in the beginnings of Protestantism can read Boehmer with profit; the pastor and teacher will find themselves referring to it frequently. The translators have turned Boehmer's German into crisp English prose, thus enhancing in form a book already rich in content.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

Life in England

THE SCARLET TREE. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1946. 373 pages. \$3.50.

OSBERT SITWELL, the middle member of the three Sitwells—he was born in 1892, five years after Edith and five years before Sacheverell—continues in this sequel to his *Left Hand, Right Hand!* his memoirs of the England of his youth. The volume opens in his seventh year, when the boy had become conscious of the differences between his father's view of life and his own. Sir George, like Meredith's Sir Austin Feverel, had a System, and in following it, and espe-

cially in applying it to others, he seems to have used the methods of Clarence Day's "Father." The system was founded on the axiom that Sir George was always right; in fact, when a certain event proved to him that he was wrong, he suffered a nervous breakdown and was ill for years.

In regard to the education of children, the System provided that they should devote themselves to whatever pursuits they liked least, and that, whatever their inclinations, they should become proficient in gymnastics and games. The fast walking decreed by Father, which prevented any observation of the fascinating minutiae of the countryside; the passion for killing which obsessed the country gentlemen—they "appeared to be consumed by some divine fury against the fowls of the air, and the soft, furry beings of wild creation"; the mental laziness of the private schoolmasters, the "arch-dribbler" and his subordinates, who set value on little but ability at games, deadening the intellectual zest of their pupils and condoning all sorts of brutality—these themes fill many pages of glittering satire.

The revival of splendor and of delight in art has been the matter of most of the writings of all three Sitwells. And so, in this book, Osbert writes how in his travels with his family through Italy he examined "the hard-edged, lily-towered palaces of Florence . . . the gilded galleries of Rome and Naples, full of furniture of tortoise shell or inlaid with marble . . . the palaces of Sicily, with their coved ceilings of looking glass

and their garden walls upon which strut stone dwarfs . . ." The dazzling catalogues which make up frequent page-long sentences are one of the triumphs of Osbert Sitwell's literary technique. He gradually learned, he says, "to rate the essential clarity of a sentence, the structure of it, high above all other virtues; it did not matter if the flesh clothed the bones in a Rubens-like abundance, so long as the skeleton was there to support it."

Among the anecdotes and descriptive passages are some valuable pages of artistic criticism, as for example the passage on Tchaikovsky's ballet music. There are also included many letters written back to England by Henry Moats, the long-suffering North-county valet who accompanied Sir George through the mosquitoes and dirty inns that failed to daunt the baronet on his artistic quests.

Shallow Wit

I LOVE MISS TILLI BEAN. By Ilka Chase. Doubleday & Company. 1946. 400 pages. \$2.50.

SINCE it is questionable whether a novel must be an accurate representation of the peoples or the countries around which the plot is written, it may not be so important that *I Love Miss Tilli Bean* is neither a faithful characterization of Pennsylvania Quakers nor an adequate description of Italy and Italians. It does contain stereotyped Quakers, rebellious (according to some standards) Quakers, and the sunny, winey Italy of popular opinion.

The occasion of the Quaker in

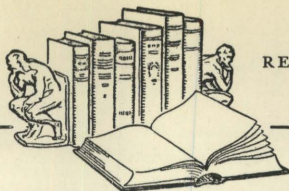
Italy is brought about by the international marriage of Tilli Bean's mother to an itinerate Italian peddler. The peddler transports Tilli and her mother to Italy and until Tilli becomes of age the story is a matter of a restaurant, a large bickering Italian family, the peddler's first wife "come back to life," and wine. Tilli, chaperoned by her mother, transfers to Paris for an apprenticeship in dress designing. Here she becomes the most feted of all Parisian models and the fiancée of the leading designer. On account of his impotence, however, the designer ends his life on the eve of the wedding; and Tilli returns to Italy, where she marries a healthier American. Eventually, she leaves this colorless husband,

returns to America, and sets up a dress shop in New York. Another set of admirers walk in and out of the shop, the most persistent and important being one who is faithful to an insane wife.

The story one can take or leave, the characters one would not care to know personally or even meet. Though falling consistently just short of pornographic, many details are more than suggestive. They are a rationalization of the immoral and an unfortunate attempt to condone the unclean through the good reputation of the Quaker people. Though witty in her own style, Miss Chase's book donates to the reader an un-fresh taste and a depressed mood.

L. L. PETERS





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

PAUL ROBESON

Citizen of the World. By Shirley Graham. Foreword by Carl van Doren. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1946. 264 pages. Illustrated with photographs. \$2.50.

SHIRLEY GRAHAM, co-author of *Dr. George Washington Carver: Scientist*, has written an engrossing account of the career of one of the greatest singers of our time. Those who have heard Paul Robeson, the famous Negro bass, either in the flesh or by way of the phonograph and the radio know that voices as rich in texture as his are by no means numerous. In like manner, those who are sensitive to the elements in singing that make for artistry of a high order are sure that Mr. Robeson must be numbered among the masters. He is great as a singer and great as an actor. Carl van Doren calls him "one of the world's heroes." An artist of exceptional ability deserves a biographer who is able to write in an artistic manner about the work, the struggles, the disillusionments, and the triumphs which go into the making of a brilliant career. The author

of *Paul Robeson* is equal to the task. It is to be regretted that Mr. Robeson has chosen to go outside his own field and to assume the role of propagandist for the ideology of Russian communism.

THE EGG AND I

By Betty MacDonald. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. 1945. 287 pages. \$2.75.

Is there anyone left in the United States who has not read *The Egg and I*? Within an incredibly short time after its publication late last year Betty MacDonald's rowdy and hilarious account of a bride's experiences on a remote chicken farm hit the top of the nonfiction lists on best-seller charts all over the country. It is still there, clinging tenaciously to its lofty perch until that fine day when it, like Humpty Dumpty, will have a great fall.

The Egg and I is chockful of graphic descriptions, amusing anecdotes, gay and decidedly earthy humor, and sound common sense. It is a record of hard work, high hopes, and gratifying achievement.

VOICES OF HISTORY

Compiled by Nathan Ausubel.
Gramercy Publishing Company,
New York. 1946. 810 pages. \$3.50.

LIKE its four predecessors, the *Voices of History* volume for 1945 brings the complete and authoritative texts of the significant public documents of the past year plus a chronology of the chief events and twelve useful maps. The San Francisco Conference, and Yalta before it, President Roosevelt's death, V-E Day, V-J Day, speeches by Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Truman, De Gaulle, Molotov, Byrnes—all are here. Particularly for this year, *Voices of History* is worth the price.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN FACT AND STORY

Being a Brief Account of its Writers and Their Backgrounds. By George F. Reynolds. Appleton-Century Co., New York. Revised Edition, 1946. 547 pages, illustrated. \$2.50.

BREVITY and interest with clarification of basic elements in British life are characteristic of this ever-welcome handbook. It combines with a strictly factual presentation of the history of English letters a wealth of interesting and significant information about the natural, economic, political, religious, and social influences which have made important contributions to literary development, such as chivalry, cathedrals, family life, education, sports, and the stage.

This edition brings the book up to date and in line with the scholarship

of the past twenty years. In addition to minor corrections and additions throughout the text, much new material has been introduced in the sections dealing with the Victorian and contemporary periods. Anecdotes and biographical sketches abound.

Written in a sprightly style, the text matter is systematically organized for easy reference. The numerous illustrations, moreover, vivify the discussion, being reproductions of old prints, paintings, and photographs supplemented by original drawings, silhouettes, maps, and charts. Here, then, is an appealing reference-outline of the facts and backgrounds of British literature. Prof. Reynolds (formerly of the University of Colorado) has succeeded in making the history of literature as interesting and enjoyable as the literature itself.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

TALKING THROUGH MY HATS

By Lilly Daché. Edited by Dorothy Roe Lewis. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. 1946. 265 pages. \$2.75.

THE fabulous hats of Lilly Daché are famous from Bombay to London and from Paris to San Francisco. In *Talking Through My Hats* the ambitious French-born milliner recounts the story of her childhood, of her coming to America when she was eighteen, of her first modest positions in New York City, and of her rapid and spectacular rise to the enviable position as the head of the largest millinery business in the world. It is an absorbing story—a story told with charm, wit, and simplicity.

Check List of Books Reviewed

March, 1946, through October, 1946

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

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

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| ★★★ <i>Men Without Guns</i> , by DeWitt Mackenzie | ★★★ <i>Masterworks of Economics</i> , edited by L. D. Abbott |
| ★★★ <i>John Dryden, A Study of His Poetry</i> , by Mark Van Doren | ★★★ <i>Santa Fe: The Railroad That Built an Empire</i> , by J. Marshall |
| ★★★ <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> , by Hilton Brown | ★★★ <i>Through the Looking-Glass</i> , by Lewis Carroll |
| ★★★ <i>Democratic Education</i> , by Benjamin Fine | ★★★ <i>Woman as Force in History</i> , by Mary R. Beard |
| ★★★ <i>Wartime Mission in Spain</i> , by Carlton J. H. Hayes | ★★★ <i>David the King</i> , by Gladys Schmitt |
| ★★★ <i>Big Business in a Democracy</i> , by James Truslow Adams | ★★★ <i>The Short Novels of Dostoevsky</i> , with an Introduction by Thomas Mann |
| ★★★ <i>Schubert</i> , by Arthur Hutchings | ★★★ <i>The Little Magazine: A History and a Bibliography</i> , by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn F. Ulrich |
| ★★★ <i>Our Roving Bible</i> , by Lawrence E. Nelson | ★★★ <i>So You Are Thinking!</i> by S. C. Michelfelder |
| ★★★ <i>The Question of Henry James</i> , edited by F. W. Dupee | ★★★ <i>Make Yours a Happy Marriage</i> , by O. A. Geiseman |
| ★★★ <i>The Great Divorce</i> , by C. S. Lewis | ★★★ |
| ★★★ <i>Harvest of the Lowlands</i> , compiled and edited by J. Greshoff | ★★★ <i>Gold in the Streets</i> , by Mary Vardoulakis |
| ★★★ <i>Last Chapter</i> , by Ernie Pyle | |
| ★★★ <i>I Chose Freedom</i> , by Victor Kravchenko | |

- ★★ *Twelve Stories*, by Steen Steensen Blicher
- ★★ *Mentor Graham, The Man Who Taught Lincoln*, by Kunigunde Duncan and D. F. Nickols
- ★★ *A Grammar of Motives*, by Kenneth Burke
- ★★ *Reveille for Radicals*, by Saul D. Alinsky
- ★★ *World Order, Its Intellectual and Cultural Foundations*, edited by F. Ernest Johnson
- ★★ *The Street*, by Ann Petry
- ★★ *Arch of Triumph*, by Erich Maria Remarque
- ★★ *The Wildcatters*, by Samuel W. Tait, Jr.
- ★★ *Mrs. Palmer's Honey*, by Fannie Cook
- ★★ *Washington Tapestry*, by Olive Ewing Clapper
- ★★ *A Wreath for San Gemignano*, by Richard Aldington
- ★★ *South America Uncensored*, by Roland Hall Sharp
- ★★ *The Pocket Book of Story Poems*, edited by Louis Untermeyer
- ★★ *The Single Pilgrim*, by Mary Roland
- ★★ *We Are the Wounded*, by Keith Wheeler
- ★★ *Lenin*, by Nina Brown Baker
- ★★ *Repent in Haste*, by John P. Marquand
- ★★ *I've Had It*, by Colonel Beine Lay, Jr.
- ★★ *Officially Dead*, by Quentin Reynolds
- ★★ *Brideshead Revisited*, by Evelyn Waugh
- ★★ *Tomorrow's Trade*, by Stuart Chase
- ★★ *The King's General*, by Daphne du Maurier
- ★★ *The Kenneth Roberts Reader*
- ★★ *The Snake Pit*, by Mary Jane Ward
- ★★ *Restless India*, by Lawrence K. Rosinger
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- ★★ *The Gauntlet*, by James Street
- ★★ *Wake of the Red Witch*, by Garland Roark
- ★★ *Diary of a Kriegie*, by Edward W. Beattie, Jr.
- ★★ *Western World*, by Royce Brier
- ★★ *Eisenhower, the Liberator*, by Andre Maurois
- ★★ *The Portable Woolcott*, selected by J. Hennessey

- ★★ *I See the Philippines Rise*, by Carlos Romulo
- ★★ *Dickens, Dali and Others*, by George Orwell
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- ★★ *Short Takes*, by Damon Runyon
- ★★ *A Pageant of Old Scandinavia*, edited by H. G. Leach
- ★★ *No Time for Tears*, by Laura W. Hughes
- ★★ *A Lady's Pleasure* (anthology)
- ★★ *From the Banks of the Volga*, by Alexander Roskin
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- ★★ *Men and Power*, by Henry Taylor
- ★★ *Years of Wrath: A Cartoon History: 1931-1946*, by David Low
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- ★★ *The German People: Their History and Civilization from the Holy Roman Empire to the Third Reich*, by Veit Valentin
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- ★ *Persistent Faces*, by William Steig

- ★ *A Season in Hell*, by Arthur Rimbaud
- ★ *Before the Sun Goes Down*, by Elizabeth M. Howard
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- ★ *The Bulwark*, by Theodore Dreiser
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- ★ *Love Has No Alibi*, by Octavus Roy Cohen
- ★ *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels*, by G. Santayana
- ★ *A Solo in Tom-Toms*, by Gene Fowler
- ★ *Patton, Fighting Man*, by W. B. Mellor
- ★ *A World to Win*, by Upton Sinclair
- ★ *The Christian Pattern*, by Hugh S. Tigner
- ★ *Then and Now*, by Somerset Maugham
- ★ *Yankee Storekeeper*, by R. E. Gould
- ★ *A Mighty Fortress*, by LeGrand Cannon
- ★ *The Case Against the Admirals*, by W. B. Huie
- ★ *Written on the Wind*, by Robert Wilder
- ★ *The Reasonable Shores*, by G. B. Stern
- ★ *A Frenchman Must Die*, by Kay Boyle
- ★ *Road to Calvary*, by Alexei Tolstoy
- ★ *Four Great Oaks*, by Mildred McNaughton
- ★ *A Bible for the Liberal*, by D. D. Runes
- ★ *The Hucksters*, by Frederic Wakeman
- ★ *Sgt. Mickey and General Ike*, by M. J. McKeogh and Richard Lockridge
- ★ *The Course of German History*, by A. J. P. Taylor



Verse

His Father's Eyes

"He has his father's eyes," the neighbors said
About a little Boy so long ago,
"His mother's ways, mild, gentle, unafraid,
Her features, and her smile; and yet you know,
When he looks up in pleasure and surprise,
You see it clear, he has his father's eyes!"

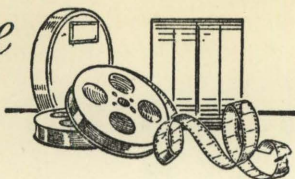
And they were right, although they did not know
Who was His Father, nor His Father's face.
How little did they understand the glow
And warmth of pity, tenderness and grace.
But this is sure, within their depths there lies
His Father's look, He *had* His Father's eyes.

His Father's eyes, in dark Gethsemane
Beheld the lonely pathway to the cross;
The scourge, the mockery, and then the tree
In bitter agony, yet did not pause.
He saw the cause, the penalty, the prize,
He went ahead. He had His Father's eyes.

Oh Father, help me see, I pray, like Him.
Brighten my eyes with His own light of love,
They are so often blind, and weak and dim
And downcast, lift them to Thy heaven above
That I may see the glorious city rise,
And look, with Him, into His Father's eyes.

—EDITH M. MARSH

The



Motion Picture

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

SEVERAL noteworthy developments in the motion-picture world came to my notice in recent weeks. The first of these is the following unusual advertisement which appeared in the *New York Times*:

Beginning October 1, the newly erected Park Avenue Theatre, at 59th Street, will offer an entertainment policy unique in cinema history.

All seats in this specially designed theatre will be reserved for members who subscribe by the year.

Members may specify the day or days of the week on which they choose to attend, and may also elect either of two evening presentations.

Only the finest of motion pictures will be shown. The program will be changed twice weekly.

It will be interesting to see what comes of this novel plan. Will it catch on? If it does, will it make for better pictures? Or worse? It may be that movie patrons who pay for a whole year's entertainment at one time will

feel a deeper, more demanding, and more personal interest in the films they see. It is possible that they may look for and expect a better return on their investment. If this proves to be the case, the innovation will take us a long step forward toward better pictures.

Then there is the announcement that a new production unit organized by B. P. Fineman, veteran Paramount producer, will make two-reel color films of many cherished Bible stories. The first pictures made by The Living Word, Inc., will be released some time in 1947. A board of consultants composed of well-known educators, prominent clergymen representing many church denominations, and editors of widely read religious publications will assist Mr. Fineman in selecting and editing the stories to be filmed.

In addition, independent producer Curtis Bernhardt will make at least three feature-length pictures based on Biblical material.

When we think or speak of motion pictures, we are wont to think or speak almost exclusively in terms of Hollywood and Hollywood productions. Do you know that there are six large all-Negro motion-picture companies in the United States? Four of these—Astor Pictures, Hollywood Pictures Corporation, Quigley and Todd, and Toddy pictures—are located in New York City. The Harlemwood Pictures studios are in Dallas, Texas, and All-American News has its headquarters in Chicago. More than 600 motion-picture theaters, located predominantly in eleven Southern states, are devoted exclusively to the showing of the all-Negro films produced by these companies. Negro producers and directors turn out Westerns, musicals, mystery thrillers, comedies, and dramas which closely follow the familiar patterns evolved in Hollywood. All scripts used are kept scrupulously free from any action or dialogue which caricatures the Negro. Judged by Hollywood standards, the Negro companies operate on a shoestring budget. Production costs range from \$20,000 to \$50,000 per picture, and full-length features average from \$40,000 to \$60,000 in box-office earnings. Principal film players are paid \$100 a week. Some of the outstanding Negro screen players have won prominence

outside their own circles. Lena Horne's successful Hollywood career grew out of her appearance in *Boogie-Woogie Dream*, a musical film produced by Jack Goldberg, owner of Hollywood Pictures Corporation. Louis Jordan, popular Decca recording artist, and Valerie Black, former leading lady of the Broadway stage hit *Anna Lucasta*, are co-starred in *Beware*, a late Astor Pictures release.

During the last four years All-American News has produced close to 200 newsreels stressing Negro activities and Negro achievements. In addition to a comprehensive twenty-four-hour news coverage, this company regularly releases excellent documentary films patterned after *The March of Time*. It would be fascinating to be able to see some of the films made by all-Negro casts under all-Negro direction.

The U. S. Office of Strategic Services grew out of the exigencies of World War II. In spite of the mildly disparaging nicknames, "Oh, So Social!" and "Oh, So Secret!" this office became an important link in wartime espionage activities and achieved a distinguished record. O.S.S. (Paramount, Irving Pichel) was made under the supervision of seven O.S.S. technical consultants, and it bears the personal endorsement of Major General William J. Dono-

van, wartime head of the O.S.S. Consequently, one might reasonably expect a direct, honest, and factual account of espionage and counterespionage. This is not the case. With the exception of the opening sequences, which depict the training of O.S.S. operatives, the film is very much like many other high-class Hollywood melodramas. Under Mr. Pichel's expert direction a good cast injects life and a measure of credibility into a thrill-packed plot.

Anna and the King of Siam (20th Century-Fox, John Cromwell) is an unusual and engrossing picture. Irene Dunne is excellent in the role of the Englishwoman who became governess to the wives and the children of the King of Siam. Although handsome Rex Harrison bears little physical resemblance to the frail and wispy King Mongkut portrayed by Margaret Landon in her widely read account of the adventures of Anna Leonowens in middle-nineteenth-century Bangkok, his characterization of the naive, intelligent, and ambitious monarch is superb. The other principals in the fine supporting cast achieve outstanding performances. The production is lavish and authentic. Sally Benson and Talbot Jennings deserve high praise for a well-made script.

The Strange Love of Martha Ivers (Paramount, Lewis Mile-

stone) is a dark and brutal record of murder, juvenile delinquency, sadism, adultery, civic corruption, and dipsomania. Obviously, this is not for the children. As a crime-and-suspense picture it is better than average. The acting is consistently good throughout, and Mr. Milestone's direction bears the stamp of an able craftsman. Nevertheless, unless films of this kind can be restricted to adult audiences, their production seems to me to be wholly unjustifiable.

In *The Searching Wind* (Paramount, William Dieterle) Lillian Helman indicts the conservative, middle-of-the-road diplomacy which made for compromise, delay, and appeasement during the crucial years between two world wars. Although the film version of Miss Hellman's successful stage play has many excellent qualities, it lacks power, drama, and conviction.

It's a far cry from the hilariously funny *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, to *Our Hearts Were Growing Up*, a sequel recently released by Paramount. Along with the growing-up there is a lack of spontaneous gayety and effective pranks.

If you believe in leprechauns, pixies, and fairy folk, and if you can be charmed by a precocious brat, who, fortunately for us, is totally unlike anything you will see

in real life, you may enjoy *Three Wise Fools* (M-G-M, Edward Buzzell). For my part, I think it is the most ridiculous mixture of fluff and drivel I have seen in a long time. My sympathies go out to the adult actors who were forced to have a part in this moronic film. M-G-M has a gold mine in talented young Margaret O'Brien. I wonder how long the gold strike will continue if they exploit the child so shamelessly. You may be sure that I shall approach the next Margaret O'Brien release with care, caution, and reluctance.

The subject of juvenile delinquency has been uppermost in our minds in recent years. *Boys' Ranch* (M-G-M) shows the methods used by one community in trying to solve the knotty problem. This simple picture presents a strong plea for prompt and effective action to reach wayward girls and boys before they become hardened and embittered social outcasts.

One More Tomorrow (RKO-Radio) is an up-to-the-minute remake of *The Animal Kingdom*, Philip Barry's hit play of the early 1930's. As the hero of Mr. Barry's amiable little comedy of life and love Dennis Morgan fails to measure up to the late Leslie Howard's splendid characterization in an earlier screen version.

Paul Henreid suffers a similar fate in *Of Human Bondage* (Warners). Good as it is, Mr. Henreid's portrayal of Somerset Maugham's crippled hero is inferior to Mr. Howard's performance in the film which was popular some years ago.

A Night in Paradise (Universal, Arthur Lubin) is another lavish superspectacle. It has the gaudy technicolor, the spectacular costumes, and the kind of humor and dialogue one has learned to expect from burlesque extravaganzas which are set against a harem background.



WITH this issue The CRESSET begins its tenth year of publication. It is a far cry to that November day in 1937 when this magazine began its course upon an uncharted journalistic sea. The experiences of this decade have served to justify the hopes that we held for The CRESSET at its inception. We are even more convinced than we were ten years ago that The CRESSET has a special niche to fill in the field of contemporary journalism, and a message of peculiar urgency and of unique significance for the men and women of our day. Events of cosmic importance have occurred within the ten-year span of The CRESSET's existence, and this magazine has essayed to chronicle those events with honesty and faithfulness and—most important of all—to focus upon them the searchlight of Christian truth. For, after all, the kaleidoscopic events of human history can be properly understood and evaluated only *sub specie aeternitatis*. To this transcendent purpose The CRESSET was dedicated at its beginning, and to this purpose

it has sought to remain true.



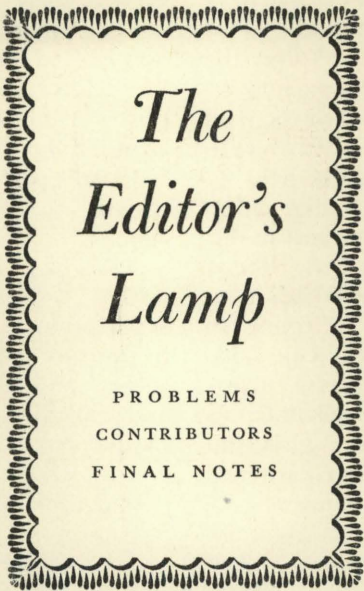
In our last issue, Dr. W. G. Polack told the graphic story of Frankenmuth, Michigan, in "A Village with a Character." This month our esteemed Associate continues the Frankenmuth saga with a pen portrait of one of its leading citizens, Edmund Arnold, editor of the *Frankenmuth News*.



Semi-annually The CRESSET offers to its readers a check list of the books reviewed in these pages over the course of a six-month period. We are glad again to include such a check list in this issue, with the hope that our readers will find it to be a helpful guide to their reading selections.



Guest reviewers in this issue include Jaroslav Pelikan (*Religion in Russia, Road to Reformation, and Voices of History*); L. L. Peters (*I Love Miss Tilli Bean*); and H. H. Umbach (*English Literature in Fact and Story*). All are of Valparaiso University.

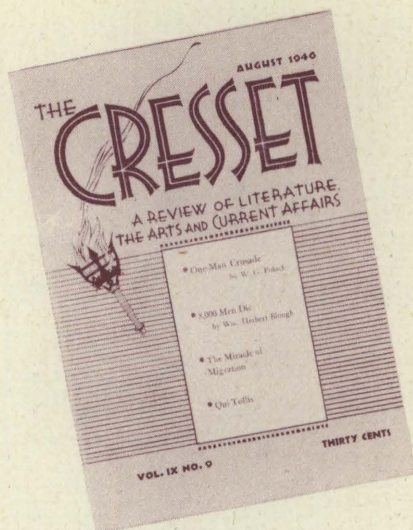


The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

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