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NOVEMBER 1948

THE

# CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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• A Note to Republicans

• The Christian Faith and  
the Problem of Divorce

By Luther P. Koepke

• Amsterdam

• Verse

VOL. XII NO. 1

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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# THE CRESSET

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# THE CRESSET

VOLUME 12

NOVEMBER 1948

NUMBER 1

## Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

### Come, O Come, Immanuel

SUNDAY, November 28, will mark the beginning of the Advent season for this year. Although many regard it as an unfortunate prelude to Christmas and have stopped commemorating it, Advent comes with peculiar relevance in 1948.

During Advent the Christian Church meditates upon the need for Christmas. The sentimentality with which Christmas has been beclouded in our culture often keeps men from recognizing that beautiful as may be the lights and the tinsel of Christmas Eve, the situation which made Christmas Eve necessary was by no means beautiful.

Without the penitence that Advent is intended to produce, the Gift of Christmas is merely added to the store of gifts which we re-

ceive without gratitude from the hands of God. After believing all year that we have received only what we justly deserve, it is very easy to feel that Christmas is the frosting on the cake of our labors.

Advent has to come to prevent and to destroy that feeling. It is not easy to repent in a time of prosperity or to be humble in the midst of patriotic boasting. It is easier to believe that just as America cannot get along without God, so God would have a difficult time without America.

Because Advent is the time in which the Church remembers the tragedy of Israel, American Christians will do well to ponder its meaning this year. Christ had to be born because men were—and are!—so selfish and evil that without the merciful intervention of God in Bethlehem and on Cal-



vary they would throw their lives away on themselves and be lost. No material prosperity or cultural progress can change this fact, and without it the celebrations of Christmas become part of a Roman carnival.

If Christmas is to become meaningful again, Americans must rediscover the meaning of Advent—its longing, its yearning, its humility. The plain-song melody of the medieval Church combines fittingly with its words to express the hope of the waiting and repentant Church: "Come, O Come, Immanuel, and ransom captive Israel!"



### Modern Martyr

WE DO not live to be happy ourselves, but to make others happy."

If that statement sounds trite, it is because too many people have mouthed it without really believing it or acting upon it or accepting the perils that are implicit in it. Actually, far from being a mere pious bromide, it is a terribly radical statement—as radical as the Christian faith or an assassin's bullet at dusk in the hate-charged streets of Jerusalem.

Folke Bernadotte, Count of Wisborg, was the grandson of a king. His life story might have been the familiar story of royal scions—at

its best a drab recital of punctilious performance of traditional duties, at its worst a record of the kind of irresponsible capers which have caused crowns to topple all over the world. But he held a patent of nobility greater than any that could be conferred by the Swedish crown. Like numberless men and women of all times and all ranks of life, he had responded to the divine "Follow me" and it was in this encounter that he found his purpose in life—not to be happy himself (although his life was a singularly blessed one) but to make others happy.

His assassination shocked the world. And the very fact that we were shocked shows how little we understand the true nature of goodness. Bernadotte had to die violently. A good man is reasonably safe only as long as he operates within a very restricted field. Once he is in a position to operate on a world scale, he becomes an intolerable danger. In the violent Asiatic world, a Bernadotte or a Gandhi can be stopped by a bullet. In the more civilized Western world, the same thing can be accomplished merely by breaking his heart and turning him out, like Woodrow Wilson, to die at his leisure. The Asiatic method has the virtue of sparing the good man considerable expense.

Bernadotte's name goes now in-

to the great testing furnace of history. It is safe to say that it will come through the test. It must come through because it is becoming more and more apparent that the only kind of leader who can keep man from writing his own death warrant is the kind of person Bernadotte was. Unless the world finds that kind of leadership, there will be no historians a hundred years from now to look back upon these days and separate the saints from the fools, the prophets from the charlatans.



### F. D. R. Wins Again

Whatever else it may mean in the history of American politics, the election of 1948 does signify a continuation of the people's confidence in the program inaugurated sixteen years ago by Franklin Roosevelt and christened by him "the New Deal."

Students of America in the thirties and the forties, both at home and abroad, are agreed that the late President managed to effect a major revolution in American political and economic life. Regardless of how one may feel about the wisdom or foolishness of that revolution, the plain fact is that without the violence of France in 1789 or of Russia in 1917 the New Deal brought about changes

in American society fully as far-reaching as those of the French or the Russian revolutionaries.

When the eightieth Congress was elected in the autumn of 1946, there were many who believed that the Roosevelt era had ended, and that the nation would now return to pre-New Deal ways of settling its disputes and ordering its life. The Wagner Act was replaced by the Taft-Hartley Bill, and anti-Roosevelt Republicans took over the chairmanship of the major House and Senate committees.

President Truman staked his campaign on the faith that the people still supported President Roosevelt's program, and that the Congress had sought to turn back the clock against the will of the majority of the electorate. Mr. Dewey gave his support to most of the measures enacted by the eightieth Congress, with some rather unclear reservations on certain acts, including the Taft-Hartley Bill.

By choosing President Truman over Governor Dewey the American people clearly indicated that they still support what the New Deal stood for, and that they were willing to go along with the principles and policies of the late President for a fifth time.

And so F. D. R. has won again, extending his influence to at least two full decades.



### If You Want Peace—

**S**I VIS PACEM, PARA BELLUM—"If you want peace, prepare for war." This has been the motto of soldiers and "practical politicians" since the days of the Caesars.

It is certainly true that when I venture into a frontier town full of outlaws and cutthroats, good sense dictates that I be armed. It is equally true that, having bought a six-shooter and having polished it and brandished it, I shall sense a little disappointment at not being able to use it should everything go peacefully. And insults and incidents that I might otherwise dismiss with a verbal retort can easily become provocative when I am armed to the teeth.

Therein lies the fallacy of the militarist position. No man can be trusted with absolute political or economic power, and no nation can be trusted with absolute military power. For it is an old but still valid axiom in the life of men and of nations that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

"If you want peace, prepare for war" was the theme of an address recently delivered by Winston Churchill, who has rarely shirked a fight. For stating this theme in bald terms he was severely censured—not by the Soviet Union, which has also permitted itself to be taken in by the militarist posi-

tion, but by the official newspaper of the Roman Pope.

The Vatican newspaper criticized Mr. Churchill for ignoring the moral and spiritual implications of the contemporary struggle and for making provocative challenges to the East. If such statements and tactics continue, the "cold war" might lose the support of morally sensitive men all over the Christian world.

It seems a pity that one cannot criticize the militarist position or most of the public utterances of Winston Churchill without being accused of Communist sympathy or subversive activity. It may well be necessary for the United States and the Western World to rearm in the face of possible danger. But the cynicism of old and bitter men like Winston Churchill and power-mad men like General Franco dare not still the voice of conscience and moral conviction even at a time of international crisis.

An army is a dangerous weapon, even in the hands of the United States, and it will have to be handled with care.



### Departed Joys—the Degenerate Present?

**F**ROM time to time we have reprinted in the CRESSET some of the parables of Safed the Sage



which at one time appeared in the *Watchman Examiner*. It seemed to us that the following parable has a point worth our consideration at this time:

#### THE PARABLE OF MOTHER'S COFFEE

I made a Journey on the train, and I sate me down in the Dining Car. And I consulted the Bill of Fare, and I wrote down the names of such articles of Food as were agreeable with mine appetite and within the limits of my Financial Resources and I did not discover the necessity for any Verbal Order, and consequently I held my peace. But there Sate across from me a man of Conversational Tendencies. And he gave the Waiter Instructions concerning the manner in which he desired his Food to be Prepared. And he said I want a Cup of Coffee such as Mother used to make.

And the Ethiopian said Yessir, and departed; and the man looked around to discern whether any approving Smiles assured him that he had made an Hit.

And the Ethiopian brought in his Breakfast and mine, and to each of us he gave a small Pot of Coffee.

And the man poured his Coffee, and he remarked, That is good, average Coffee, but not such as Mother used to make.

And I said, I was not permitted to drink Coffee in my Boyhood

and I cannot say from Personal Experience what Kind of Coffee My Mother used to make. But I know how she made it. She ground the Coffee in a Coffee-mill, and on Monday morning She put into the Pot so much as she thought well. And on Tuesday she put in some more. And by Sunday morning when the Pot was a third part full of Coffee grounds, then would my Father say, This surely is Most Excellent Coffee. But on Monday morning he looked solemn and said, What is the matter? Hast thou emptied out the Coffee Pot?

And the man said, That is the very way in which my Mother made Coffee.

And I said, So far as I Know, it was the most thoroughly approved method in its day; and far be it from me to speak ill of it. But I prefer Coffee to be made another way.

And he said, Nevertheless, there is no Coffee that tasteth so good to me as that which Mother used to make.

And I said, With that same yarn hath many a man made miserable his lawful Wedded Wife.

And I said, Hear me. When a man of Jaded Appetite recalleth his Ravenous Youth, and addeth to its delights his Manhood Imagination, he produceth a Combination such as never could nor did exist on Sea or Land. It is

well thou didst have the Coffee which Mother made when thou didst have the Appetite that was produced by Splitting Kindling Wood for Mother; for, believe me, it would be Pretty Poor Coffee now.

Now I considered these things when men complain of Departed Joys, and who Bemoan the Degenerate Present as compared with what they think they remember of a Glorious Past. For no boy more thoroughly than I enjoyed his Mother's Cooking; but I am not mourning for it, neither do I lament the lack of the Coffee which Mother used to make. Howbeit, my Father was a good judge, and he pronounced it good.



### We Gather Together

**O**UR family hasn't been together for many years, but this year we have resolved to gather together on Thanksgiving Day.

There will be the usual Thanksgiving festivities, fun, and food. We have our turkey all picked out, and Father has been sharpening his shining cutlery for months. All the extra leaves will be in the table, and still we'll be crowded.

But on Thanksgiving Day crowding matters little. For that matter, the turkey and the trimmings are not so very important either. For in 1948, in spite of

America's groaning and artificial prosperity, we hope to find the real meaning of Thanksgiving Day in the warmth of the family circle.

Thanksgiving is a good time for Pharisaical pride, especially in the United States. It offers a splendid opportunity for Americans to thank God that by dint of hard work, superior government, hal-lowed tradition, and free enterprise we have managed to escape the fiery trial of the rest of the world, and to resolve that with His help—or without it, if need be—we shall continue to feast until we are surfeited, happy in the knowledge that history is on our side and no evil shall come upon us.

Most Americans believe in God, to be sure, and on Thanksgiving Day they are grateful to Him. But what most Americans have lost is the ability to be grateful and humble at the same time. We have noticed this in our family. Each of us has gone into the world and each is at least moderately successful. In the midst of prosperity and success, it is difficult indeed to say: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

Such repentance, so necessary for a true Thanksgiving Day, cannot come except in the dimension of faith. It is an old custom in our



family to link Thanksgiving Day and Christmas in our decorations, thinking, and meditation. We shall be truly grateful when we know that our giving of thanks is as nothing in comparison to the giving of the Child on Christmas Day.

We gather together on Thanksgiving Day to beg forgiveness for our ingratitude and pride. Thanksgiving Day will be meaningful in our family, and in yours, if the "Lord, I thank Thee" of the Pharisee is replaced by the "Lord, be merciful" of the Publican.



### My New Car

IT FINALLY came the other day, bright and shiny and very expensive. By the time I got it, it cost a great deal more than when I ordered it. This is without counting accessories, which are too numerous to count anyway.

Financing it was hard enough, but that was only the beginning of my troubles. After taking the family out for its first spin and showing off to the neighbors, I decided to put my prize away for the night. A garage in which my old car used to fit easily with room for a small skiff to lean against the wall simply will not accommodate my sleek beauty unless I put in a new door and lengthen it by a foot.

Though the car is wide, it is also very low, especially on the bottom. It rolls well on the four-lane highway near home, but the oil-pan acts like a harrow on most country roads. The scratches inflicted by flying stones on one such road could not be repaired because the dealer had not yet received his supply of the exotic new color with which Detroit had decorated my car. At the same time he warned me not to scratch a fender or a door because that would probably necessitate replacing a piece of metal about six feet long and four feet wide; something to do with streamlining, he said.

And so it has gone: either the world must adjust itself to the new cars, or, as soon as the finance company is appeased, I shall have to find a Model A for driving and save the new car strictly for exhibition. But by that time this model will probably be out of style anyway and I shall have no compunctions about banging it up.



### End of the Machine Age?

ONE of the beneficial by-products of the recent election is what its results have done to the national public opinion polls.

The election produced no more amusing sight than the pollsters hired by three national networks



to comment on the votes as they came in. At 11:00 P.M. the pollsters were still saying: "As I had predicted, the large city votes are being cast for Mr. Truman; soon the rural votes will come through and swamp him." By 1:30 or 2:00 A.M., the only thing heard from the pollsters was: "No comment."

And so may end the machine age in American politics. In Isaac Newton's day, physical scientists believed that the universe was so ordered that when measurement and observation were sufficiently accurate, the forces of nature could be predicted with absolute reliability. We know today that the paths of sub-atomic matter are unpredictable.

With similar optimism, men like Messrs. Gallup, Roper, and Crosley were beginning to believe that by careful sampling and by the skillful manipulation of statistical measurement public opinion on anything from sex to grapefruit could be predicted to within a close percentage.

On November 2 the American people proved that they refuse to be forced into a pattern. There is still much of surprise in the people, and it took something like the election to demonstrate that the aristocratic notion of "the masses" which is implicit in so many polls is true neither to democracy nor to reality.

In our basement we still have

some old issues of the *Literary Digest*, once the favorite magazine of millions, which suspended publication after guessing wrong on the election of Franklin Roosevelt in 1936. These old magazines may have to move over now to make way for the pseudo-scientific polls which misfired so completely on the election of Franklin Roosevelt's successor, President Harry S. Truman.



### Face to the East

ON ARMISTICE DAY each year we rise at the sound of Taps and face the East in memory of those who died for their country and for us.

This year we face to the East with fear and trembling. For in the East we see a great and good and noble people oppressed and enslaved by the tyranny and madness of a few men.

The peoples of the Soviet Union could appreciate Armistice Day more than we. For in the late war they lost twenty million lives and many of the good things with which a munificent Providence has blessed their rich earth. Peace means much to a land where, on the average, every second family suffered a war death in its midst and where many millions are homeless.

Instead, the great strength of

the Soviet lands and Soviet peoples is being harnessed for war and conquest. It must be a tremendous fear and insecurity, coupled with the greed of a few, that can induce the magnificent Russian people so to dissipate their human and natural resources.

The East we see this year on Armistice Day belies the very peace for which Armistice Day stands—a peace which both the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. need very badly for the solution of the many domestic problems with which each is faced.



### A Note to Republicans

BY THE time this issue of the *CRESSET* appears, most Republicans will probably have recovered from the shock of the election and will be able to reflect more calmly on its meaning for the country and for their party.

The reflection that has been carried on by Republican leaders seems to indicate that the Grand Old Party fears that unless it adopts ideas that are less old than its present ones it may never be grand again. Even Representative Martin, Speaker of the House in the eightieth Congress and an outstanding Republican conservative, has expressed his misgivings about the "plutocrats" in the Party.

After having misjudged the mind of the people in five consecutive presidential elections, the Republicans will do well to re-examine their program very seriously and to make drastic revisions in the appeal which they have been directing at the American people.

To an outsider it seems clear that the type of Republicanism represented by *The Chicago Tribune* will have a difficult time ever gaining the support of the people. That paper's indomitable editor and publisher has suggested that the Republican candidate for the Presidency lost because he was a "me-too candidate," echoing the domestic and foreign policy of the New Deal. As a matter of fact, Senator C. Wayland Brooks, who has been called "the senator from Tribune Tower," lost in Illinois by about a quarter of a million more votes than did Mr. Dewey.

This would indicate that there were many voters in Illinois who believed that Mr. Dewey had repudiated the Old Guard Republicans, but that there were not quite enough, perhaps because Mr. Dewey received the reluctant support of the *Tribune* and Mr. Brooks.

Even the most loyal Republican has to swallow hard before he says that the Party has been right and the people have been wrong



for almost twenty years. The election of 1948 will be a blessing to America and to the Republican Party if it arouses the progressive elements within the Party to throw off their old and ineffective leadership and to seek to become, as they once were under Abraham Lincoln and again under the great Theodore Roosevelt, a party of the people.

The American people need the Republican Party for the wisdom and experience which that Party can bring to the serious problems of modern life. But even more, the Republican Party needs the American people, and until it makes up its mind to interest itself more passionately in the problems of all the people its chances of survival seem slim indeed.



### In Memoriam: Henry A. Wallace

THE saddest figure to emerge from the smoke of the election is not Thomas E. Dewey or

George Gallup, but Henry A. Wallace.

Staking everything on his ability to defeat the Democratic Party by drawing liberal votes in New York, Illinois, California and other strong Roosevelt areas across the land, Mr. Wallace lost everything—everything, that is, except the support of the Communists, and he seems to be losing that, too.

Henry A. Wallace is a tragedy in American political life, defeated by the very Roosevelt tradition he claimed to perpetuate. Extreme left-wingers agreed with extreme reactionaries that he was perpetuating the Roosevelt ideal, but the people were convinced that regardless of his own principles and beliefs Mr. Wallace was the tool of the Kremlin and not the heir of Franklin Roosevelt.

There seems to be little for Mr. Wallace to do but to leave public life forever and to return to the agricultural experiments for which he first won renown and in which he might regain respect.





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# The PILGRIM



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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY JAROSLAV PELIKAN

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DEAR Editor:

At last my chance has come. . . . You have asked me to write you a note for the Pilgrim. . . . I must confess that I have half hoped and half feared that you would. . . .

This isn't the first note I've written you in the two and a half years we have worked together. . . . I wonder how many there have been. . . . On some student's personal problem. . . . On some classroom situation. . . . Wondering whether we'll get the magazine out this month or ever. . . . Swapping impressions of the life of the Church beyond our campus, out there where what we lecture about really matters or doesn't matter at all. . . . But somehow, those notes were different. . . . Scribbled on the little yellow slips from your outer office. . . . Returned to me with your pencilled comments in the upper left-hand corner. . . . And that's all—except to try to do what you suggest in those cryptic remarks.

But now I have the feeling that somebody else might read the note. . . . That makes it tough, because they expected to read some notes on your pilgrimage. . . . Or at least on the pilgrimage of one of our learned Associates. . . . I still remember our Music Editor's observations on steak and salads in this column, back in the days when he was unsuccessfully trying to teach me Greek particples. . . . And, more recently, the wisdom and wit of our campus' elder statesman and my foreman. . . . But those men spoke from the wisdom and experience of the years, and I have little experience, less wisdom, and very few years to my credit. . . . Besides, I have never put more than one period between sentences before, and it feels strange.



## On Being Young

It feels strange, too, to be a pilgrim. . . . So far I've only been

a wanderer, and that's one short step from being a tramp. . . . Young hands can easily grasp a pilgrim's staff, but young feet have a hard time walking on a pilgrim's path. . . . It is hard to hear the trumpets sounding on the other side when they and it seem so far away. . . .

And yet many men my age and even younger have died in the years since you first picked up the Pilgrim's staff. . . . Being young in the twentieth century means more than serving an apprenticeship for the years of productivity. . . . More than sitting in an ante-room and waiting for maturity to beckon. . . . Growing up slowly is a luxury we can't afford any more. . . . Too many men, young and old, have died, and too many others are living in prisons built by men's hands or men's minds.

It's probably symptomatic of this situation that most of the men at Oak Ridge are young men. . . . Young enough to want to do something about the thing they have released. . . . Young enough to hope they still have time to do it. . . . Young enough to brood over it when night falls in Tennessee. . . . Young enough for God to get at them before it's too late for them. . . . And for us. . . . A wise man said once, "The devil can use young men, too." . . .

But so can God. . . . All of this sounds like an *apologia pro vita*

*sua*, and that's probably what it is. . . . But to any young man working in the Church it's a real problem. . . . That Melanchthon wrote the first handbook of Protestant theology at twenty-four. . . . And Calvin one of the greatest handbooks of Protestant theology at twenty-seven. . . . In fact, you will recall that both these handbooks got worse as the men got older. . . . The first editions are more valuable than the later ones not only as collectors' items, but also as testimonies to the Cross. . . .

Maybe there is the blessing of being young. . . . Young eyes have not yet seen enough of life's success and life's defeat to forget the greatest defeat in history that was history's greatest success. . . . Young minds have not yet become "practical" enough to forget the radical implications of the lordship of Christ. . . . Young hearts have not yet succumbed to the prudential allure of being moderate when the situation demands a clear-cut Either/Or. . . . The world's reformers have often been its young men. . . .

The world's destroyers have often been its young men, too. . . . The young Alexander. . . . Augustus Caesar. . . . Bonaparte. . . . Marx. . . . All of them started their damage before they were thirty. . . . Often, too, the young idealist becomes the aged cynic. . . . For cynicism is idealism with



a hangover. . . . My barber assures me that what we need is more realism. . . . Not, I trust, the realism of "The Artist as a Young Man." . . . Perhaps the realism of the Savior as a young man. . . . For He was never old as men measure age. . . . But He was from everlasting, wise in the realism of God, who alone sees things as they really are. . . . What passes for realism these days is often a demonic thing. . . . The realism of a Stalin, whom the years have blessed with cynicism but not with wisdom. . . . I strongly fear that the Iron Curtain doesn't have a patent on such realism. . . .



### The Hazards of Being a Christian

Young or old, it seems to me our greatest danger in the twentieth century is in such realism. . . . After all, so the line runs, one must be practical. . . . It is all well and good to speak of ethics, but I must make a living. . . . Give me a religion that works. . . . Works for me, that is, and not for God. . . . You can't expect a man to live up to the imperative of the Cross. . . . And nobody is perfect. . . .

Christianity has been tolerated for so long that being a Christian and being a gentleman are almost

the same. . . . Partly this is due to the effect that Christianity has had upon civilization and society for these many years. . . . But a good part of this unfortunate equation stems from the fact that the demands of the lordship of Christ have been watered down to a conformity with the ideals of existing society. . . . Emily Post's *Etiquette* is classified in libraries right next to books on Christian ethics. . . .

This domestication of the Christian faith has been effected in the name of realism and practicality. . . . It is respectable to be a Christian. . . . No one would dare aspire to the Presidency of the United States who did not belong to some church or other. . . . I sometimes suspect that Christianity has paid dearly for the respect it enjoys in the eyes of the world. . . . This was, you will remember, the theme of Søren Kierkegaard's *Attack on Christendom*. . . . And of St. Luke 6:26. . . . "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you. . . ."

It is no accident that the Roman Emperors who persecuted the Church were among the best Emperors Rome ever had. . . . They knew what they were doing. . . . If the Church was right, then the Empire was wrong. . . . For if God had really spoken in Christ's life and acted in His death and resurrection, then Caesar was not God.



. . . Rome was not divine. . . .  
 But if Rome was not divine,  
 neither is America. . . . If Rome  
 fell, so can America. . . . The  
 State is the idol of the twentieth  
 century, and the Iron Curtain  
 doesn't have a patent on that,  
 either. . . . Maybe it's time we  
 Christians took a long look at our  
 identification of Christianity and  
 respectability. . . . At the kingdom  
 of God and the American dream.

That is a theological task. . . .  
 I have often heard you say that  
 the times call for theology. . . .  
 Not a theology that constantly  
 apologizes for itself before the  
 world. . . . Or that strives so  
 pathetically for relevance that it  
 forgets to be Christian. . . . Or  
 loses itself in abstraction and rare-  
 faction. . . . Or, at the other ex-  
 treme, tries to be "practical" in  
 the worst sense. . . . A theology  
 for our times must be what one of  
 our contemporaries has called "a  
 full blooded, loyally Biblical, un-  
 ashamedly ecumenical, and strong-  
 ly vertebrate system of Christian  
 belief." . . . Only such a theology  
 is suited to the crisis of our age.  
 . . . Only such a theology is wor-  
 thy of the responsibility and op-  
 portunity entrusted to us by the  
 Lord of the Church. . . . I know  
 that is what you mean when you  
 say that the times call for the-  
 ology. . . .

Such a theology can also un-  
 cover the hazards of being a Chris-

tian. . . . It is hazardous to be a  
 Christian in the USSR because  
 that is an "atheist state." . . .  
 It is hazardous to be a Christian  
 in the U. S. A. because this  
 is a "Christian state." . . . Com-  
 munism tempts men by tell-  
 ing them that they need no  
 Church. . . . Western men are  
 tempted by the theory that the  
 State has become the Church. . . .  
 The Church is very popular today  
 as a bulwark against Communism.  
 . . . Men are admonished to turn  
 to God in order to save a political  
 or economic system. . . . But God  
 —or, at least, the Christian God  
 —refuses to be the means to an  
 end. . . . He will be God regard-  
 less of what happens to any polit-  
 ical or economic system. . . . And  
 He desires to be loved for His  
 own sake. . . . Otherwise, He and  
 His Church become tools for de-  
 fense against whatever I don't  
 happen to like. . . . As in Franco  
 Spain. . . . And Czarist Russia. . . .  
 And, now, Soviet Russia, where  
 the Church has muffled its witness  
 against the State. . . .

To be faithful to its Lord, the-  
 ology must emphasize again the  
 primacy of His will and work. . . .  
 "Seek ye first the kingdom of  
 God." . . . And nothing else mat-  
 ters. . . . "Though he slay me, yet  
 will I trust in him." . . . That's  
 hard to say when the national  
 income is over two hundred bil-  
 lion. . . . Harder still to believe

it. . . . And hardest of all to live  
as though it were true. . . . Be-  
cause it is. . . .

Such a task requires the time  
and talent of all, regardless of  
age. . . . Each has his contribution  
to make. . . . And as you have

often told me, that contribution  
does not consist in sitting at a  
desk. . . . But it comes in working  
for people. . . . And for God. . . .  
That's all for now. . . . I must get  
back to that work. . . . As ever,

JARY



### Kingsville, Canada: 1948

You can taste them, like you taste the sea:  
fish boats sleeping by the dock, gray fishing nets  
spinning on their wheels, logs smelling with water and years,  
white and sandcovered, flung haphazard to the beach,  
matchwood and dead fish adding their awkward pattern  
on the fringe of the patternless sea.

There are motionless huts, breathless in the sea sun,  
quiet in the terror of this day; and alongside  
the sighing ships, weathered and beaten and unsuffering.  
Beyond: the rich blue water and the rich blue yachts.

And I, sitting on the bent wharf with an easel,  
portray the scene (painting less painful than seeing).  
They will say when they see my work:  
How quaint those homes, and the delightful old fishing boats!  
and go back to their tea or their quaint paintings, smiling—  
not feeling the tiny fears which tear me here,  
not hearing the curse of the sun and the nets,  
these crumbling boards below me, or the low song of fishermen who  
sing.

In the distance a ship's bell calls the hour.

WALTER RIESS



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# The Christian Faith and the Problem of Divorce

By LUTHER P. KOEPKE

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AS INSTITUTIONS of primary significance, marriage and the family need no defense. Marriage has been instituted by God Himself. The home and the family is the traditional seat of humanitarianism in the human race, the center of the important informal education of the child and of personality development. The strength or wealth of a nation does not consist so much in its natural resources as it does in the character of the people who make up the nation. The family is the basic cell responsible for the production of those people and of that character.

The strength of the marriage relationship rests to a great extent upon the attitude and purpose of the man and woman who have entered into the marriage union. If the proper relationship between husband and wife begins to weaken, the structure on which the family is built also is weakened. The weakening and fall of

a nation will inevitably follow the deterioration of the marriage and family relationship.

## The Crisis

There is strong evidence that the institution of marriage and the family is at a crisis, not only in America, but throughout Western civilization. The metabolism of the family has measured the health of Western civilization ever since it began some three thousand years ago. Those who see in America's alarming divorce rate a repetition of factors which helped cause the decline of other nations are showing concern over the divorce situation in America.

The institution of marriage and the family has collapsed twice before in the story of Western civilization. This occurred in Greece about three hundred years before Christ and again in Rome around the year three hundred after Christ. In both of these cases the decline of the home

marked the decline of the state. Both times the manifestations were similar and were marked by the following causes: Almost complete and universal corruption and disregard for the marriage agreement; a declining and vanishing birth rate; juvenile and adult delinquency. Anyone familiar with the American scene can see the same destructive forces at work here.

In America today we are witnessing a divorce spree that is causing concern to all who are interested in the future welfare of our country. The birth rate has shown a steady decline during the past decades. The shocking events in connection with juvenile and adult delinquency are familiar to anyone who reads a daily newspaper. The underlying causes for these conditions are not so apparent.

### **Are Contracts Binding?**

The increasing disregard for the marriage contract, as an agreement that is to bind the parties of the contract, seems to stem from an ethical attitude that has developed over against all agreements. It seems that there was a time in our history when contracts were considered binding, and an agreement between two parties, even though it was made verbally, was not to be broken. In our time, few people consider

a contract or treaty to be of more value than the cost of the paper on which it is written. We think of treaties between nations as being of little value because we have seen too many breaches of treaties when selfish interest rather than ethical value was involved. The same holds true of agreements between individuals.

Since, from one point of view, marriage is a contract, and even though the essence of marriage is so much more than a mere agreement, yet the fact that marriage is a promise made between a man and a woman, makes for the worth of this contract being affected by the ethical attitude over against contracts in general. Since human nature operates as it does, the ethical values held in one area of life often are transferred to other areas. Thus laxity concerning the moral worth of a promise in general affects the specific promise in a marriage contract.

We have become familiar with an attitude that an action is permissible as long as it is not in diametric opposition to a law; if it is in opposition, then a process of rationalization can justify the action. Thus certain people will feel that they can step over the boundaries of the marriage contract either because the contract has no ethical value, or if it should have some such value,



the action can be justified on the basis of rationalizing the breach on a selfish basis.

Very likely the prevailing attitude concerning contracts stems from the fact that few people admit the existence, or right to existence, of a moral code higher than that they set for themselves. If an individual denies the existence of God or His right to set down an ethical code, he will hold that only his personal code of ethics is binding.

Instead of entering marriage with the resolve that the contract is binding and lifelong, some people enter with the idea that it is non-restrictive and may be broken off at will. The very fact that marriage is sometimes entered into with this attitude permits the marriage ties to be broken off at the slightest provocation. Since the aspect of a binding contract in marriage has little value, divorce frequently follows.

### The Seriousness of Marriage

The seriousness of marriage in relation to its values for the life of the man, the woman, the children, and society is often taken too lightly. The seriousness of marriage is being overlooked by the very fact that the solemnizing of the marriage rites is moving out of the area of the Church's function into that of civil authorities. According to recent figures, the

ratio of divorces following marriages performed before civil authorities is two to one as compared with marriages solemnized by the Church. The very fact that a marriage is performed before a civil authority may indicate that the parties already have lost much of the religious basis for life. Furthermore, the very fact that the civil authorities perform the marriage ceremony removes the deeper significance that marriage is something in which God has a definite interest.

### Sex and Modern Society

Another reason for the high divorce rate in America is connected with the modern view concerning sex. In his book, *The Condition of Man*, Lewis Mumford points out that one significant factor in the decline of the Roman civilization was the perverted ideas which were held in regard to sex and sexual relations. Mumford shows that when sexual relations were brought down from the level of the highest expression of love between a man and a woman to the level of personal satisfaction only, men and women began looking for this enjoyment outside the marriage union. Thus an increasing emphasis on sex appeared in the theater, in literature, in the games, and in the private lives of the Romans, until people became satiated with sex

and it no longer held any value in married love.

Nothing need be said of the overemphasis and wrong emphasis on sexual expression in modern America. Since many people hold wrong views in regard to sex and its function, it is inevitable that these wrong ideas appear in the marriage relationship and break the proper relationship.

Paramount among the underlying causes for divorce is the fact that within America many people have pushed God out of their lives completely. They do not recognize the validity of God in their lives and actions. When God, in Christ, is removed as the unifying force and central objective in life, then the resulting conditions which are found in regard to marriage are bound to appear.

On the surface many reasons are given for the tremendous number of divorces in our country. Some of these reasons are: the instability of the war years, the easy marriage laws, economic security of women, hasty marriages, and easy divorce laws. Most of these reasons seem to be a recognition of the fact that something more serious is wrong.

### The Declining Birth Rate

The declining birth rate in America is another of the underlying causes of the high divorce rate in our country. The declin-

ing birth rate and its subsequent effect on marriage seems to be based on the following causes: the spirit of materialism, the change from a rural to an urban society, and the pleasures offered in the modern world.

The declining birth rate is caused in part by a materialistic philosophy of life and the subsequent machine age which seems to disregard completely the idea of children. It is surprising, but from a good deal of modern discussion one would presume that children were a misfortune, that the smallest possible number is the desirable number, and that each additional child is a step toward the grave for the mother, a step toward bankruptcy for the father, and a step toward misery for both.

This idea is an easy outgrowth of the whole spirit of a materialistic machine age and its accompanying movement of population from the rural to the urban areas. In rural areas the family is the unit, in the city the individual is the unit. Among individuals, the machine age is concerned only with the vigorous adult who is a maximum producer and who is preferably unencumbered. The materialistic machine age has no direct interest in the old or in the young. Children, from its point of view, are merely an unprofitable nuisance and an economic liabil-



ity. It does not take children into account in fixing the hours or place of work of the parents or the pay of the parents.

Urbanization, materialism, and mechanization also lay the groundwork for divorce in other areas. In an urban community the children cannot be taken to many places where pleasure is sought. The child is out of place in the theater or night club where the urban man and woman look for release and pleasure. One method of getting out of this difficulty is not to have children.

Urbanization and materialism also lead to a wrong focal point in life. Because of the nature of life in the city, each individual must of necessity watch his own interests first. The mass of humanity congregated in a city is not interested in the person who passes on the street or the person who lives in the upstairs flat. Life in a large city draws the focal point of life within the individual instead of focusing a part of it outside himself. This makes for self-centeredness and in a marriage may lead to serious difficulties between husband and wife.

### **Delinquency—Juvenile and Adult**

Juvenile and adult delinquency also is a cause for the mounting divorce rate in our civilization. Juvenile and adult delinquency

is merely the outward manifestation that something more basic is wrong. The recent laws concerning pre-marital health inspection and periods of waiting prior to the issuing of marriage licenses show that the state must take over in an area where parental control has broken down.

The breakdown of parental control in our society is caused in one area by the superficiality of American life. Many Americans take the movies, the theater, and night clubs as a realistic presentation of life. Romantic young people often suppose that marriage is just as pictured in the movies. Frequently they receive a terrific jolt when they get down to the realities of married life.

Parental delinquency is also a factor in the modern divorce rate. Many of the duties which should be the responsibility of parents are being abandoned by them. As one sees the young children of a city lined up before the movie houses on a Saturday afternoon, and then notices the type of picture which is playing, one must wonder if the parents are not more concerned in getting rid of their children for several hours than in how such a picture might possibly affect the children.

### **Toward a Solution**

These are a few of the causes of the tremendous number of mar-

riages which break up each year in our country. There should be a remedy that could be offered to correct these conditions.

Most remedies that are being advanced for correcting our divorce situation and saving the American family were grasped at by the Augustine Caesars in their attempt to restore the Roman family in the last two centuries of the Roman Empire. The remedies did not work then, they will very likely fail again. If dubious hope is offered by the sociologist, we must look elsewhere for corrective measures. The divorce problem is not only social, it is moral also. We have something here which the Greeks and Romans lacked when they struggled with a similar problem, and that is a moral code given by God, fostered by the Church, and accepted by at least a segment of Americans.

### **The Christian Conscience**

One foundation of a Christian society and a Christian marriage is a Christian conscience guided by a higher ethical code. If the ideals and the thoughts of men were directed into channels different from those fostered by our external society, conditions might be bettered. The Christian Church is really the only organization that has at its disposal the means to effect a radical change.

There seem to be no reliable over-all figures on the religious affiliation of the thirty-three out of every one hundred marriages that end in divorce. It is reasonable to assume, however, that relatively few of them are members of the Roman Catholic Church. There is just as reasonable a presumption that most of them have no operating connection with any church at all. Not much can be done about this group by the Church.

That leaves that group of divorces obtained by practicing Protestants. The case for divorce in this group can be stated most simply in the form of reasoning that marriage is not a sacrament but a contract, and thus can be broken. Even though this reasoning does not present a picture of God's view of marriage it seems to be held by many Protestants. This view puts the problem of the permanence in marriage directly up to the individual's sense of morality and ethics, and because that sight has been lowered, the marriage contract can be broken. A world of unworkable contracts is unreal and intolerable and finally becomes a world of chaos. We have this chaos in regard to divorce at the present time.

### **Three Choices**

There are three choices the Protestants can make in attempt-



ing to correct the divorce situation within their ranks. First, they could legislate, as does the Roman Catholic Church, and thus endeavor to bind the marriage union more permanently. This procedure would be legalistic and hence opposed to basic Protestant principle.

Second, the Protestants might ask the state to legislate so strictly in regard to marriage that the divorce situation would be corrected. This would only alleviate one condition and would make for worse conditions within an area it hoped to correct.

Third, Protestantism can instruct more fully in regard to the sanctity, the value, and the benefits resulting from a proper and permanent marriage relationship under God through Christ. It can attempt to correct the underlying causes in modern divorce rather than just the external results. It can attempt to make of marriage a union also of the spirit, united under God and His purposes, directed to things of the spirit in life, and held together permanently in Christ. In order to accomplish this, the Christian view of marriage will have to be fostered fully.

### **The Christian View of Marriage**

The nature of Christian marriage becomes clear only through

God's revelation. The New Testament points out three basic principles in regard to marriage. Marriage is an indissoluble covenant, ordained by God, enduring for life. It is an exclusive fellowship between two persons. The spouses enter into an obligation to each other in respect to all that they are and possess. The application of these principles means the unfolding of the Christian ideal of marriage. It is only if such ideals as these, motivated through Christ, begin to permeate the marriage unions, that a betterment can be hoped for in the present divorce situation.

In this connection Martin Luther already pointed out that the chief cause for divorce lies in the fact that people do not relate the state of marriage to God. Luther said, "For the trouble here [speaking of divorce] is due solely to the fact that men do not regard marriage according to God's word, do not pay regard to His will, that He has given to every one his spouse, to keep her, and to endure for His sake the discomforts that married life brings with it. They regard it as nothing else than a mere human, secular affair, with which God has nothing to do."

The only real remedy for our modern divorce problem is to have people understand and apply the ideals of Christianity in

regard to marriage and Christian love in their lives. It will be difficult to apply this remedy to the majority of people, but it is the only course, under God, that offers a solution to the divorce problem.



### To Count Bernadotte

(Assassinated in Jerusalem on Sept. 17, 1948)

Go, faithful brother of the cause of peace,  
 To meet the glory of the Prince of it—  
 You shall have much to talk about  
 On heaven's quiet by-ways or before the throne—  
 The tangled ways of men, their unrelenting hate,  
 Their greed for land and power and passing wealth,  
 Their sad forgetting of the wounded hearts—  
 Their blasphemy of "causes," rotten to the core.—  
 As you pour forth your passionate report  
 And tell Him of the Way of Blood that makes  
 The Via Dolorosa cry with pain again,  
 His eyes will fill with tears—the nail prints  
 Will begin to bleed again and, like a spear thrust,  
 He will feel the sting of what you say against His heart,  
 Remember, you are not the last to go this way—  
 The sadness of today and all the cold, still fear  
 That haunts the barracks and the camps at night,  
 Are but the travail of the world as she brings forth  
 New men, like giants, with the tenderness of God,  
 To fight the endless battle of the men of peace.  
 God keep us from the hate that flares like tinder  
 At this hateful deed or we shall add  
 New stones upon his spirit's cause  
 And hold it back with just the things  
 He loathed and fought against and died  
 To make impossible for thinking, praying men.



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# THE ASTROLABE



By  
THEODORE GRAEBNER

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## A MAD KING BUILDS CASTLES

 The mad king was Ludwig II, of Bavaria, who died in 1886, under circumstances that were never cleared up. His body was found, together with that of his physician, in the Starnberger See, near Muenchen. There are three castles which he built, and they belong to the sights of Europe. One is on an almost inaccessible cliff in the Bavarian Alps, and is called *Neuschwanstein*. This I did not visit. But I saw the other two, and they are worth telling about.

About sixty miles due south of the capital, Muenchen, is the Ammergau Valley, miles away from any human habitation, and in an area accessible in his day only to coach-and-four, King Ludwig, during 1870-1878, built *Linderhof Castle*. Surrounded by

wooded mountains, it lies in a valley reached by a well-paved road, and as you round a corner, there it is—like a jewel casket, surrounded by formal gardens, from which paths and stairs lead to upper levels, statuary and fountains on every side, and at the very top of the lay-out a little pillared structure enshrining—a female nude in marble. The guide books say it stands for Venus. The symbolism indicates it is intended for Diana, goddess of the hunt. Anyway, there she is, the climax of *Linderhof*, hunting palace of a mad king.

But what shall one say of *Schloss Herrenchiemsee*, on the Chiemsee island of that name? Once owned by a monastery, Ludwig bought it and built on it a chateau in the French (Fontainebleau, Versailles, etc.) style. It was never finished, since the King was


forced to abdicate as a lunatic, but what there is, must be called the last word in magnificence. None of the French originals hold a candle to *Herrenchiemsee*. Room after room, corridor after corridor, vast audience halls, decorated in the most costly drapery, furniture inlaid with costly woods and precious metals, marble statuary and priceless carpets, and wherever you see the gleam of gold, in the inlays, the drapes, the vases and table service, it is gold, and no question about it. The castle is valued at \$40,000,000, but that is an arbitrary figure. When there are huge chandeliers of Meissen porcelain, window drapes with gold thread, stuff weighing a pound to the square foot, and thousands of yards of such goods—on one of the curtains embroidery women worked for two years—you cannot talk about money value. And the object of it all? The glorification of absolute political power! The man who is pictured a dozen times, whose statuary is here reproduced in marble, whose achievements are pictured in scores of huge oil paintings, is—Louis XIV of France! The man who said, "The state? Why, *I am* the state!" Even the mistresses (polite word) of the Great King are honored with four or five marble portrait busts surrounding the writing desk of Ludwig III!

He visited this castle only 26 times. It is today a monument to a depraved taste wallowing in utmost magnificence, bankrupting the Bavarian people of 70 years ago with taxes.

There are large rooms filled with personal mementoes. Scores of photographs, and only *one* portrait, done in oil, shows the *King as madman*—in the horrible glare the artist was able to catch in the monarch's eyes.



### THE JUNGFRAU SNOWS

 Why will people continue to visit the Swiss Alps? Why should Americans get their tickets for plane or boat, pick up their necessary four suitcases full of belongings, get passports, leave their office to the tender mercies of the staff—and hie themselves off to the Alps?

Why not to the Rockies, Glacier Park, the Canadian Rockies, the Sierras? Because the Alps have what you cannot get elsewhere—or let us say, if we think of Mt. McKinley, the Andes, and the Himalayas—not elsewhere so conveniently and cheaply. All our Rockies are built on top of a high table-land. If a mountain rises to 14,000 feet above sea level, what you see is at most (and very rarely) 7,000 feet; usually four to five thousand feet. The



exceptions are isolated peaks like Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier. But the Swiss valleys are low, Interlaken about 2,000 feet above sea level, and when the Jungfrau, Eiger, and Finsteraarhorn rise to 13,000 feet you actually *see* 10,000 feet exposure, which is tremendous.

Furthermore, these Swiss heights are covered with everlasting snow in huge areas, miles up and along the slopes.

Again, you travel with comfort in electric trains (no coal is used in all of Switzerland for power), in *heated* trains, from lake-level to the 11,000 foot gap in the Jungfrau range. On to the Schynige Platte, one of the grandest panoramas of snow-clad, glacier-coated peaks. Grander things—the photographs tell us—are seen in the Himalayas. But it is a long trip\* to Darjeeling where you see the range first, and then you can spend \$2,000 for guides and equipment to get into the heights. At Grindelwald they carry you for \$3.00 (round trip) in a chair traveling on a cable to the heights of everlasting snow, and you can wear your Oxfords, and you don't need an overcoat.

That is why people go to the Alps.

The mountains are clothed with forests and green meadows to the snow line. Cattle graze up there.


\**Safe* enough, while England was in power.

If you have heard the sweet jangle of fifty cow-bells on the grazing uplands of the Eiger, 11,000 feet above sea level, you will never lose that music from your heart, I think, as long as life lasts.

The Swiss love their mountains. The trains, one every few minutes, to Lauterbrunnen and Wenger, are crowded, and most of the tourists are Swiss, viewing their marvelous country. Many are equipped for hiking. Always, too, some with ropes and picks for climbing. And you meet old folks up there, men and women in the upper eighties, who are past mountain climbing years—who stand and view the silent crags, the avalanche rent peaks, with misty eyes, knowing that they will not scramble up those heights again.



### THE SWISS GUIDES

 I suppose books have been written about the Swiss guides to the upper Alpine peaks, but no one but a confirmed mountain climber would search them out and read them. All I can say is that the profession is without question one of the most hazardous in the world. Where is the occupation that demands such sureness of foot and hand, such muscle and sinew, such keen sight and hearing (a little pebble roll-

ing down may presage an avalanche), such readiness and resourcefulness of action, and such an understanding of what is beauty—don't forget that, what they are after is a view such as you get on a mountain top surrounded by a world of peaks, and that, the *view*, is their goal, for which they risk their lives every time they bid *Mutti* goodbye.


It was the end of July, this year, when every good Swiss was in mourning for the Wenger guide who had taken up two climbers from Grindelwald, and was hurled to his death by an avalanche. It was Hans Schlunegger, born 1916. Like all Swiss guides, he was an amateur. His occupation was that of farmer at Wenger, with scythe and axe, with cattle; his guiding of climbers on the snowfields was a side occupation. On that fatal day in July, he had taken two expert hikers up the Grosshorn. In some way part of a glacier wall became loosened; it fell, carrying the three men to their death, 2,500 feet below.

The Alpine achievements of Hans Schlunegger have been talked about in England, America, India, wherever the exploits of the Alpine slopes are recited. The most unusual feat was that performed by him July 15, 1935, when he started at Grindelwald, traversed the entire *grat*—which

means the rock back-bone—of the Eiger, the Moench, to the Jungfrau, then up the difficult East *grat* to the pinnacle of the Jungfrau, and back into the valley, in *sixteen hours*. If you could see, right now, these three colossal peaks with their expanses of rock and snow, you would agree with the claim that such an achievement represents the upper limits of human strength and endurance. The winners at the Olympic games are just playing tiddledy winks by comparison. The best the American rodeo has to offer calls only for at most three minutes of exertion at a time, and depends on good muscle and sinew alone. The *Bergtod* of such men as the eight Wenger guides who perished during the past twenty years is a sacrifice to the ideal of beauty, such as the Creator has provided only in the high mountains.



#### JUST FOR MASTERS OF ART

 There are just now about a thousand of my readers preparing to get their Ph.D and the problem is—on what the thesis? I suggest two themes that have not yet been worked to an untidy frazzle.

There is the question—*When, and why, did Europeans first recognize the beauty of mountain*



scenery? Can you cite a single poem or narrative in praise of the mountains, older than A.D. 1800? I know who started it—the back-to-nature artists and poets of the late eighteenth century—but tell me why? How could men be blind to such beauty, to the glories of the Alpine world, the Tyrol, the Appennines? I can give you a hint—read Byron's *Manfred* (Byron, by the way, was a guest here in Interlaken in 1816; and Mendelssohn in the 'thirties—and he wrote music on Fingal's Cave, and of the mountain spirits). Read Goethe's impressions. Something was started in those years, of which the world had known nothing. But *why*? There is a theme for you!

And here is another: The genius of the people that gave the Alps their names. There is the *Jungfrau* (why?) and next to her *The Monk*. Such names as *Wetterhorn*, *Schreckhorn*—great peaks of the Oberland, and try to translate them: "Weather-horn"—"Fright-horn"—how silly! But in *Wetterhorn* you have the rumble of thunder, and *Schreckhorn*—well, look up at that naked needle of rock and know why. *Finsteraarhorn*—one of the most difficult of the peaks, "father of a black glacier stream" (most are milky white)—what a name, as you pro-

nounce it! *Gspaltenhorn*—don't put the usual German "e" after the first letter, and what a gorgeous name for a peak that has precipices cleft right into the top! *Matterhorn*—how weak the French name for the same peak, so mighty and menacing that it stands for all the glory of Alpine landscapes—they call it *Mont Cervin*. And what press agent could have invented a name like *Lauterbrunnen*? It is just what a Schweizer would tell his boy when asked what kind of valley you must take down from Wengen to Interlaken—he would say: "It's a valley where you see *lauter Brunnen*"—the water just pours down from the heights on all sides. No one deliberately named the *Schynige Platte* for the tourist, but there it is, a shining wall of rock reflecting the sun just where the panorama opens up and you see all the giant peaks of the Oberland. There are so many beautiful names—*Interlaken*, *Lucerne*, on the Italian side *Val d' Albula*, *Lugano*, *Como*, and on the French, *Mont Blanc*, *Chamouni*, and the *Dent du Midi*. Someone should write a descriptive history of Swiss mountain names. There would not be a sale for such a book, but who expects a Ph.D. thesis to sell?

Interlaken, August, 1948.

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# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Let's Have a Quarrel*

By WALTER A. HANSEN

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George and Bill are musicians. At any rate, their relatives, their friends, and some of their enemies speak of them as musicians. Music has been pumped into them ever since they began to toddle.

Forty years have come and gone since the birth of George and Bill. The two men have become composers.

George is serious by nature. As a result, he writes serious music. Bill has a large amount of lightheartedness in his make-up. Consequently, he strives to compose music abounding in fun.

George and Bill have been educated with care, with discretion, and with the utmost thoroughness. Both are able pianists, and both know all the resources and all the limitations of every instrument used in the symphony orchestra. They have mastered the laws of harmony, they are completely familiar with the rules of counterpoint, and they are well

versed in all the ins and outs of form.

George and Bill are friendly enemies. They worship at the shrine of Johann Sebastian Bach, they adore Beethoven, they marvel at the facility of Handel, and they place Mozart on a golden throne. Whenever Brahms, Verdi, Wagner, or Richard Strauss bob up in their discussions, there is quarreling. Sometimes it is good-natured, sometimes it is filled with heat.

George and Bill are staunch Americans. Consequently, they strive with all their might to put staunch Americanism into their music. No, they are not provincial. They realize that nationalism and nationalistic traits often play an important role in art; but both are agreed that a masterpiece in the full sense of the word must, and actually does, transcend the bounds of the land in which it comes into being.

"The music of Bach," said



George, "is, in large part, German to the very core. Yes, it's German even when the great master goes to Italian works for material and inspiration. Nevertheless, Bach's masterpieces, like all masterpieces, contain elements that are international in scope.


"Does one listen to Bach merely because of a desire to learn how a German composed or what a German had to say? No. In that case Bach would be nothing more and nothing less than a museum piece. Does one read Plato and Sophocles merely because Plato and Sophocles were Greeks? Certainly not. Plato and Sophocles put much of the essence of ancient Greece into their writings; but, since both men were great artists, they imbued their works with something that reached out far beyond the confines of their native land."

"I agree with you heart and soul," interrupted Bill. "Look at Mozart. He was an Austrian. His music is distinctly Teutonic even when it absorbs Italian traits into its make-up. Yet Mozart's works appeal to men, women and children of many nationalities. Why? Because they're music written by a great master.

"Think of the waltzes of Johann Strauss the Younger. They're Viennese. Nevertheless, they belong to all nations. Why? Because they're masterpieces."

George then reiterated his conviction that great works of art are bound to become common property of all nations even when they clearly reflect some of the traits of the particular nation in which they sprang into being. But George boggled at speaking of Johann Strauss the Younger as a great master. "The music of this man," he said, "lacks seriousness. It's music for entertainment, music for fun. Art at its best and finest must be serious in nature."

#### Much Fun in Music

 "You're wrong," declared Bill. "Music need not be serious at all times. Some compositions are packed with fun. Haydn and Beethoven often put humor into their works. Bach and Mozart didn't go through life with wry faces. Brahms enjoyed a good belly-laugh.

"Think of Domenico Scarlatti's *Cat's Fugue*, a composition said to have been inspired by a cat walking on the keys of a harpsichord. Consider Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*. Listen to Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals*. Give ear to parts of Strauss's—I mean Richard—*Sinfonia Domestica* and to sections of his *Der Bürger als Edelmann*. What about Zoltan Kodaly's *Hary Janos Suite*? Have you heard Deems Taylor's *Through the Looking Glass* or *Golliwogg's*

*Cake Walk*, from Debussy's *The Children's Corner*? What about Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf*? Do you know Dohnanyi's *Variations on a Nursery Tune*, for Piano and Orchestra?"

"Hold on!" shouted George. "You know that in my opinion Scarlatti, Richard Strauss, Saint-Saens, Kodaly, Taylor, Prokofieff, Debussy, and Dohnanyi can't be numbered among the great masters."

"But Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms were great masters, weren't they?" returned Bill.

"I'm not sure about Brahms," replied George.

"Well," said Bill, "I know that not every composer has been, or will be, great. But you're guilty of muddled thinking if you conclude that the minor prophets aren't worthy of serious attention—even when they write music which isn't serious in nature.

"Shall we argue again about George Gershwin? Or will you see red once more at the mere mention of his name?"

"Gershwin's music," replied George, "neither pleases nor amuses me; it bores me. Don't you realize that the man who inflicted the *Rhapsody in Blue* upon us was nothing more than a dilettante? Furthermore, he wasn't even a clever dilettante. You're thoroughly at home in harmony,

in counterpoint, and in the fundamental principles of form. How can you speak of Gershwin as a composer worthy of the name?"

"Well," said Bill, "I had a good time at an all-Gershwin concert a few days ago. The program contained *An American in Paris*, the *Concerto in F*, numerous selections from *Porgy and Bess*, and your own pet abomination, the *Rhapsody in Blue*."

"I've heard the *Rhapsody in Blue* two or three times," George put in, "and it's impossible for me to tell you how much I suffered. It's ugly. It's amateurish. It's noisy. It's vapid. It's shapeless. It's diffuse. It's meaningless. It's no good."

"You're one-sided, George, in spite of all your seriousness of purpose and in spite of all your learning."

"Could Gershwin have written an acceptable fugue?" asked George. "Could he have written a symphony stressing the serious aspects of life? Did he have an adequate understanding of form?"

"Probably not," declared Bill. "I'm sure that Gershwin knew his limitations. Do you know what he himself said about the first movement of his *Concerto in F*?"

"No," said George. "What was it?"

"Well, Gershwin stated, 'It's in sonata form—but. . .'"

"Doesn't that very statement



stamp him as a reckless bungler—as a bungler who should have confined his music-making to the concocting of sweet little ditties for the hoi polloi?”

The conversation had become heated. Bill had begun to ruffle George's feathers. "Have you ever written anything as attractive as *The Man I Love* or *I Got Rhythm* or *Wintergreen for President* or *Summertime*?" he asked George.

"I've never heard the concoctions you're talking about," replied the hard-bitten apostle of seriousness. "What's more, I don't want to hear them."

"Then you have no right to condemn Gershwin," Bill countered. "You don't even know whether it's correct to say that his music is typically American."

"As I told you," said George, "I've listened to a few performances of the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Besides, I know that it's commonly stated that this monstrosity reflects much of the spirit of the United States. But the *Rhapsody in Blue* is so crude and, in some respects, so, shall I say, unoriginal that no one has a right to speak of it as good music. Whatever national characteristics it may contain are expressed with such downright ineptness that a musician who takes his profession seriously is compelled by sheer honesty to spurn the work."

Dead or Alive?

♪ "Do you know how old the *Rhapsody in Blue* is?" asked Bill.

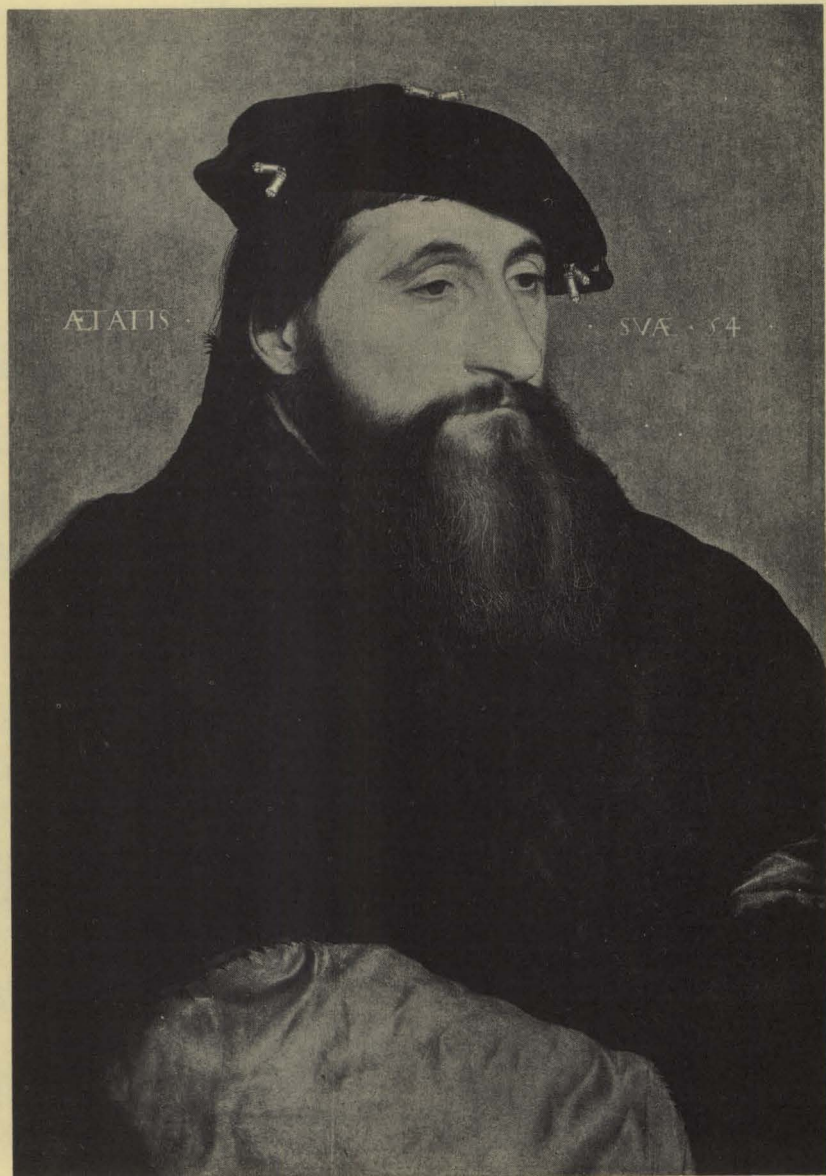
"No," said George. "Furthermore, I don't care. Such music—if one may call it music—is senile and decrepit the moment it's born."

"Well," declared Bill, "the *Rhapsody in Blue* has lasted for almost a quarter of a century. Wouldn't it have been dead and buried a long time ago if, as you say, it had been senile and decrepit at the very moment of its birth?"

"It's kept alive by bobby-soxers and jitterbugs," George replied. "Without artificial respiration given by such persons it would have been hurled into oblivion long ago."

"Your conclusion," Bill asserted, "is founded on misinformation and on reasoning that's hopelessly warped. Don't go through life with blinders over your eyes and with stubborn prejudices clogging your ears. I abhor the type of ratiocination which says that you or I can't adore Bach properly and, at the same time, take genuine pleasure in the music of a composer like Gershwin. Besides, I'm convinced that Bach himself wouldn't be as hare-brained as that if he were alive today.

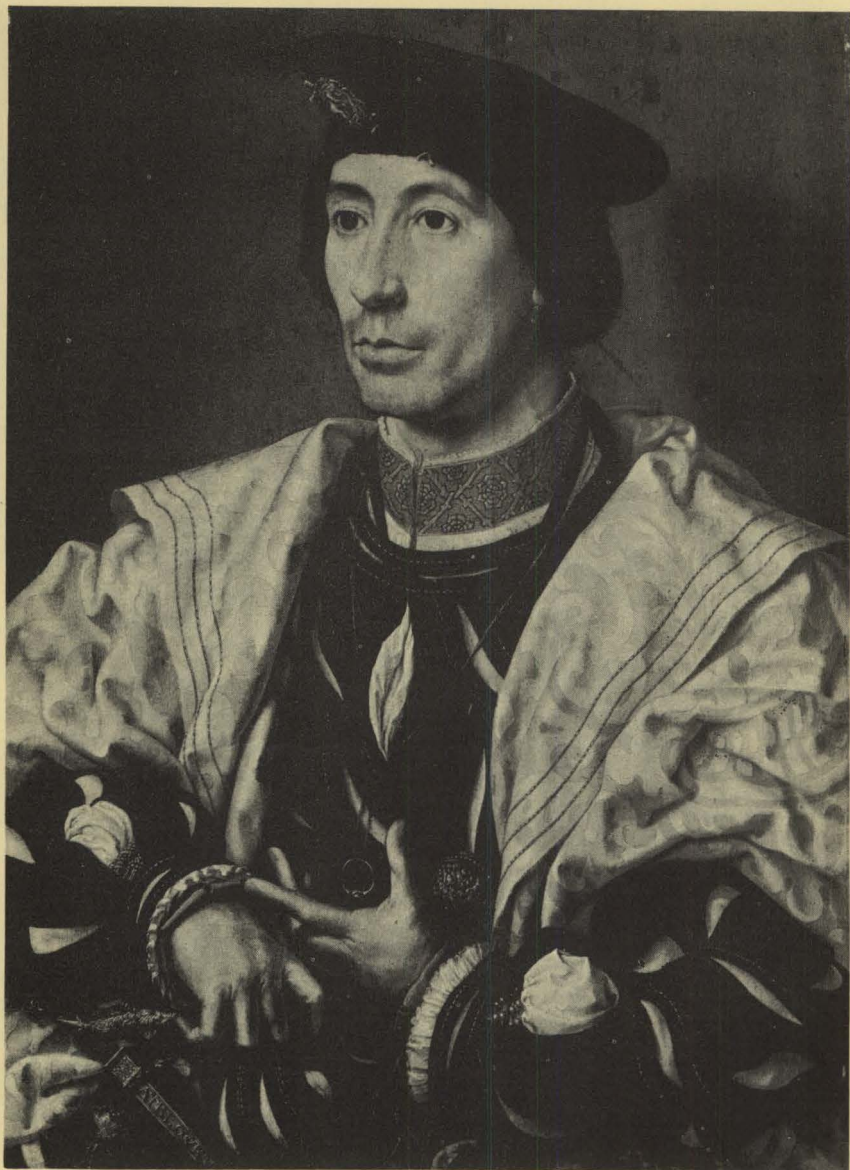
"If you don't like Gershwin's



PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Portrait of an Elderly Man  
by Holbein





PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Portrait of a Man  
by Jan Gossart



PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Malle Babbe, Witch of Haarlem  
by Hals





PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

**Singing Boy with a Flute**

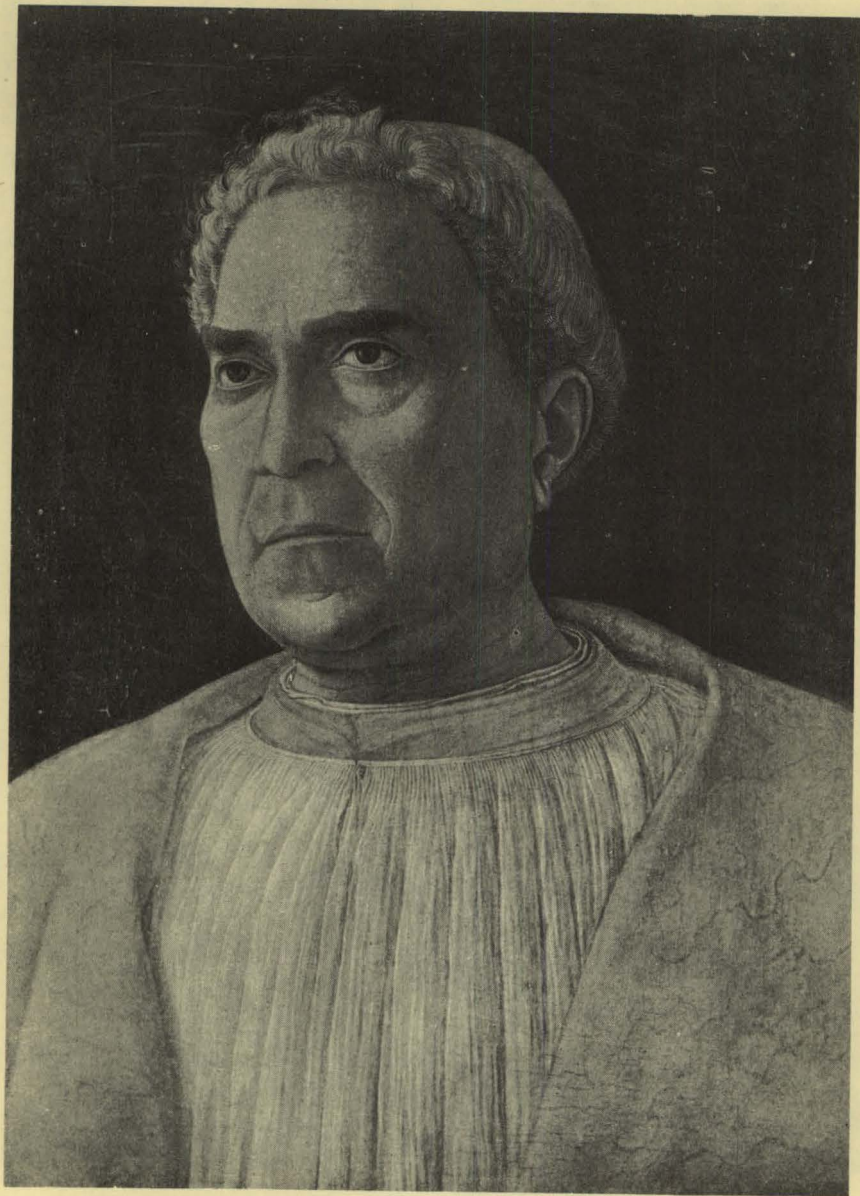
by Hals



PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

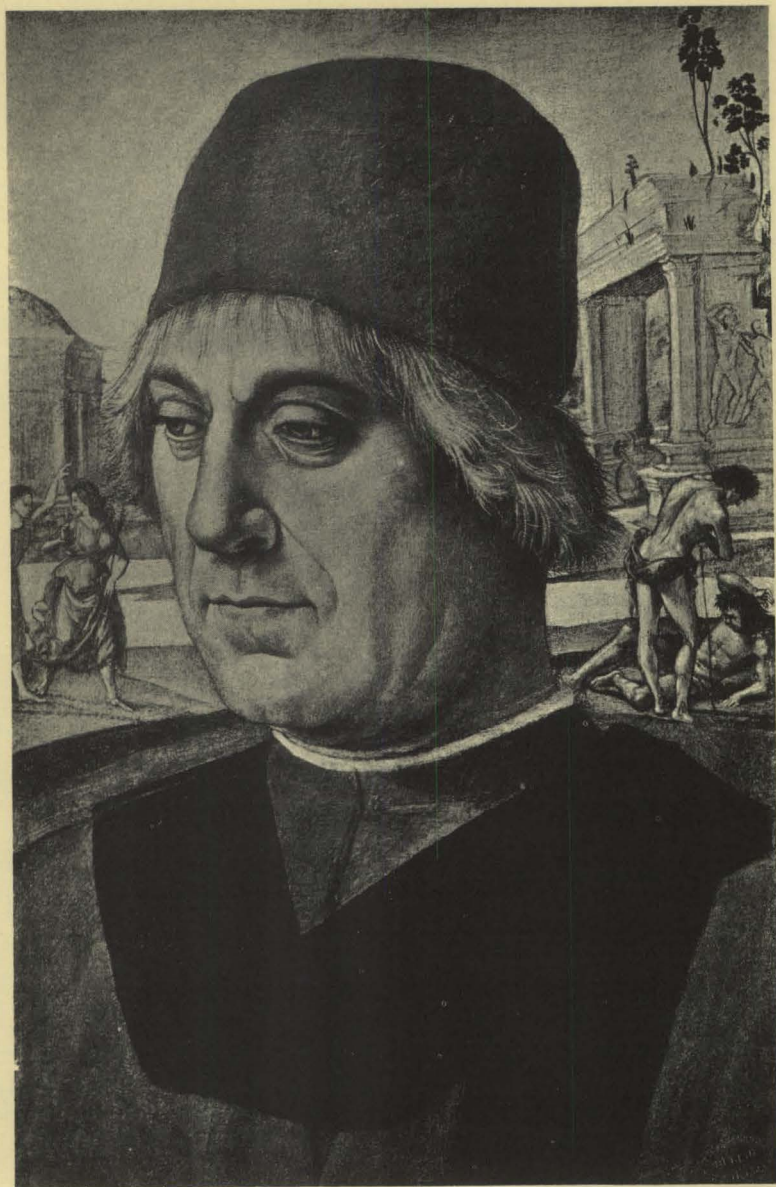
**The Man with a Golden Helmet**  
by Rembrandt





PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

**Cardinal Lodovico Mezzarota**  
by Mantegna



PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Portrait of an Elderly Man

by Signorelli





PAINTINGS FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Portrait of a Young Woman  
by Van Der Weyden

music, that's your right and your privilege. If the *Rhapsody in Blue* doesn't suit your taste, you have a right to say so with all the emphasis at your command. But is it fair or wise to condemn a work merely because this or that characteristic it possesses doesn't happen to strike one's fancy?

"You say that Gershwin borrowed when he wrote the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Has there ever been a composer—great, near-great, or insignificant—who never borrowed? Are you going to turn up your nose at Bach because of Bach's borrowing? Are you going to consign Handel to the scrap heap because of Handel's borrowing?

"I contend that there's much originality in art, but I believe with all my soul that there never is, and never will be, absolute originality in every detail of art. Absolute originality is neither possible nor necessary.

"I happen to like the *Rhapsody in Blue* in spite of its obvious weaknesses in the matter of form, just as I happen to like some of Bach's works in spite of their obvious weaknesses in the matter of melodic appeal.

"No, I'm not saying that Bach wasn't a great melodist. He was one of the greatest. But I do maintain that some of the melodies from Bach's wonder-working pen are as dull as ditch water.

One doesn't honor a composer in the proper manner by dinning into the ears of all and sundry that he produces a great masterpiece every time the spirit or circumstances moved him to create.

"I'm not fond of Gershwin's *An American in Paris*. I say this even though in my opinion this work contains one of Gershwin's finest melodies. I could do without the *Concerto in F*, just as I could get along without many other things that Gershwin wrote. But I happen to set great store by the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

"Maybe you'll say that the *Rhapsody in Blue* owes its success—and even you can't deny its success—to Ferde Grofé's clever scoring. It's my conviction, however, that scoring, no matter how ingenious, can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Otherwise Berlioz' *Corsair Overture*, with the magic of its instrumentation, would be acknowledged as one of the greatest masterworks in music."

The argument was never settled. George continued to loathe the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Bill kept on liking it. Meanwhile Gershwin's best composition proceeded on its way to immortality. Bill contributed nothing at all to its worth, and George did not detract one whit from its value. The *Rhapsody in Blue*, like all classics, stands on its own feet.



## RECENT RECORDINGS

GEORGE GERSHWIN. *An American in Paris*. The RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein.—Mr. Bernstein gives a vivid reading of this work, which, I believe, is far inferior in intrinsic worth to the *Rhapsody in Blue*. RCA Victor Album 1237.

MUSIC FOR TWO PIANOS. *Three Blind Mice*, arranged by José Iturbi and George Stoll. *All American*, by J. Clarence Chambers. *Andalusian Dances No. 1 and No. 2*, by Manuel Infante. José and Amparo Iturbi, duo-pianists.—*Three Blind Mice* and *All American* (*Chicken in the Hay*, *Lush*, *Bloozey-Woozey*, and *Parade of the Visiting Firemen*) are packed with fun. Infante's *Andalusian Dances* are filled with the fire of Spain. RCA Victor Album 1246.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH-FRANZ LISZT. *Prelude and Fugue in A Minor*. Byron Janis, pianist.—A clear-cut performance of this majestic work. RCA Victor disc 12-0379.

RICHARD WAGNER. *Five Songs*. Settings of poems by Mathilde Wesendonck, Eileen Farrell, soprano, with Leopold Stokowski and his sym-

phony orchestra.—The titles of the songs are *Der Engel*, *Stehe still!*, *Im Triebhaus*, *Schmerzen*, and *Träume*. Miss Farrell and Mr. Stokowski reveal artistry of a high order. RCA Victor Album 1233.

IGOR STRAVINSKI. *Dances Concertantes*. The RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra under Mr. Stravinski. *Scherzo à la Russe*. The RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra under the composer.—*The Dances Concertantes* are fascinating in spite of the dullness of their melodic content; the *Scherzo à la Russe* contains far more substance. RCA Victor Album 1234.

MARIAN ANDERSON SINGS SPIRITUALS. *Nobody Knows de Trouble I See*; *Hear de Lam's a-Cryin'*; *My Lord, What a Morning*; *Ride on, King Jesus*; *Sinner, Please*; *Honor, Honor*; *Soon-a Will Be Done*; *Were You There?*; *On Ma Journey*; *De Gospel Train*. Marian Anderson, contralto, with Franz Rupp at the piano.—The singing is exemplary, but the recording is not uniformly of the best. RCA Victor Album No. 1238.



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# The Literary Scene

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

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff*

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## The Plunder of the Earth

*ROAD TO SURVIVAL.* By William Vogt. New York: William Sloane Associates, 1948. 335 pages. \$4.00.

**D**ON'T let the title of this book deceive you. It is not another one of those tiresome Significant Books that have been the economic salvation of numberless mediocre writers since the literary gentry first discovered the cash value of the Crisis. This book actually gets down to cases, down to the earth itself—the earth upon which man makes his living, raises his families, fights his wars, and lives out his life on some plane intermediate between the blissfully happy and the terribly wretched.

William Vogt knows this earth. He knows its potentialities and its limitations. And his close acquaintance with the earth has led him to a conclusion which is by no means unique but which has seldom been so clearly and forcibly stated before: that our earth cannot continue to take the beating it has been taking during the past one hundred to two hundred years and even longer.

As we said, this conclusion is not

a new one. Geographers have been saying it for years. The conservation people have given their lives to spreading the word. People in the sciences and social studies have pointed out that ultimately the wealth of nations is not a matter of dollar balances but a matter of the resources—human and natural—that comprise the real living basis of the national well-being. Unfortunately, many of these people were unable to communicate the full intensity of their convictions to others simply because they lacked the eloquence or, if you will, the craftsmanship to present the truths they had discovered in all their naked ugliness. Vogt has both the eloquence and the craftsmanship to make a thing like top-soil erosion appear for what it is—a frightening loss of an irreplaceable resource which not only means lower yields of corn for some individual farmer but a dangerous weakening of the regional economy leading to a sapping of national strength which has world-wide implications, especially in our age when no part of the world can be an isolated, self-sufficient entity in itself.

And yet Vogt, with all of his



earnestness and all of his eloquence, misses the one grand idea which would set this whole problem of the misuse of the earth in its proper perspective. He presents a shuddering array of the facts of man's misuse of the earth. He points out what we may expect if this misuse continues. He suggests that we owe some sort of moral responsibility to generations yet to come whom we are in the process of dooming to a standard of life which we would consider intolerably low. He attacks the ideas that "freedom" and "free enterprise" give license to man to pillage and plunder the wealth of the world without any regard for the consequences. But—and here is just where we feel Vogt falls short of the mark—he either does not know or does not admit the validity of the Christian concept of stewardship.

The problem of conservation, like so many of the problems that are confronting us now, is fundamentally a spiritual problem. That does not mean that religion is a panacea for the world's ills or that we need more preachers in the Interior Department. It means that man doesn't know how to use his earth because he doesn't know what the earth is here for or what his place is in it. Before we shall get a proper respect for the earth and for our privileges and obligations in it we must first understand clearly that it is not an end but a means, a way-station between eternities.

Despite this criticism, though, this is by far the most effective and telling indictment of man's plunder of the earth that this writer has seen. It

deserves the widest possible audience and please Heaven that it get onto every desk in the Senate and House Office Buildings.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

### Parable for Today

*THE PLAGUE.* By Albert Camus.

Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1948. 278 pages. \$3.00.

DR. BERNARD RIEUX was lost in thought when he prepared to leave his surgery on the morning of April 16, 194—. He was thinking of his sick wife, who was to leave the next day for a protracted stay in a mountain sanitarium, and of the long, lonely months which lay ahead for him. The physician was crossing the landing to the stairway when his foot touched something soft. It was a dead rat. Dr. Rieux carelessly kicked the rat to one side. He was mildly surprised and a little annoyed. Oran was a modern city, with modern buildings and modern sanitation. It was not until the doctor reached the street that it occurred to him to turn back and report his strange discovery to the concierge.

M. Michel was not only indignant; he refused to believe that this thing could have happened. He insisted "there weren't no rats in this building." When he saw the swollen carcass, he was outraged. This must be a prank, he declared, the work of mischievous children; for "there weren't no rats in this building."

That evening Dr. Rieux had another unusual experience. He was standing in the entrance to his apart-

ment and was feeling for his keys when he saw a big rat coming toward him from the dark end of a passage. This is strange, the doctor thought; but as yet he was not alarmed. The next morning the concierge of the fashionable apartment building buttonholed Dr. Rieux as he was leaving the building. Some young scallawags, the concierge reported, had dumped three dead rats in the hall. He'd soon nab the rascals, never fear.

It was when the physician made his round of calls in the poorer sections of Oran that he began to feel a chilling alarm. As he drove along the dusty streets, he saw dozens of dead rats deposited in and around refuse cans.

The next day conditions were worse. Dead and dying rats were piled in every street and byway of the city. In his own building Dr. Rieux found the stairways from attic to cellar strewn with dead rats. It was then that the physician called the Sanitation Department and demanded that drastic action be taken immediately. The official in charge admitted that he, too, was puzzled and frightened. But what could he do? It would be foolish to alarm the citizens of Oran unnecessarily. Surely this strange visitation would abate before long. Meanwhile the sanitation authorities would quietly remove the dead rats without calling special attention to the citywide infestation.

Day by day the situation became more disturbing. More and more dead rats appeared in the streets; more and more truckloads were collected each morning. On April 25 no less than 6,231 bloated corpses were gath-

ered up and burned. Dr. Rieux and his colleagues fruitlessly urged that drastic action be taken at once. The town fathers still demurred. Any kind of isolation or quarantine, they said, would disrupt the life of the community and would be bad for business. Surely this was only a temporary condition—a condition which would soon pass. Why, then, throw the citizens of Oran into panic and confusion?

On April 28 the state of affairs suddenly became acute. More than 8,000 dead rats were burned on that day, and a wave of fear swept through the city. Then the rats disappeared as quietly and as mysteriously as they had appeared. Almost overnight the city was free of rats.

But now a baffling new illness appeared in many parts of Oran. Again Dr. Rieux urged immediate quarantine, and again the authorities advised caution and delay. The rats had gone. One couldn't even be sure that the outbreak of "the fever" had any connection with the appearance and disappearance of the rodents. The danger of an epidemic still remained fantastic and unreal.

Soon however, there were furtive whispers of "plague." The newspapers carried brief references to "the fever," and small, discreetly worded official notices listing precautionary measures were posted in inconspicuous places. The death toll mounted steadily. Then, for a short time, the epidemic seemed on the wane.

All of a sudden, the figure shot up again, vertically. On the day when the death-roll touched forty, Dr. Rieux read an official telegram that the Prefect had



just handed him, remarking: "So they've got alarmed at last." The telegram ran: *Proclaim a state of plague stop Close the town.*

Abruptly Oran was isolated from the outside world. It became a city set apart—a city of terror, suffering and death, a city in which every man feared both friend and foe, a city in which despair and a dogged determination to live were engaged in a brutal and relentless contest.

*The Plague* is the powerful and moving story of Oran's grim fight against the scourge of pestilence. But it is much more than that. It is a dramatic and stirring parable depicting the age-old struggle between good and evil, and it is a poignant plea for world-peace and world-brotherhood. Albert Camus concludes his fine novel with an eloquent warning. He says:

And, indeed, as he listened to the cries of joy arising from the town, Rieux remembered that such joy is always imperiled. He knew what those jubilant crowds did not know but could have learned from books: that the plague bacillus never dies or disappears for good; that it can lie dormant for years and years in furniture and linen-chests; that it bides its time in bedrooms, cellars, trunks and book-shelves; and that perhaps the day would come when, for the bane and the enlightenment of men, it would rouse up its rats again, and send them forth to die in a happy city.

M. Camus was born in Algeria in 1913. He has been a reporter, a writer, and a theatrical producer. During the war he was a leading figure of the French Resistance and the editor of *Combat*, an important un-

derground paper. His plays have been published in and produced in France, and his first novel, *The Stranger*, appeared there in 1946. M. Camus is regarded as the leader of a new French classicism in literature.

### Modern Hero-Worship

*WHEN THIS YOU SEE REMEMBER ME: GERTRUDE STEIN IN PERSON.* By W. G. Rogers. Rinehart & Co., Inc., New York. 1948. 247 pages. \$3.00.

THIS is not a book of profound wisdom or of wide appeal. But in it one continuously hears the honest voice of friendly pride in a modern writer of as yet undetermined significance. Such voices are too often drowned out in the harsh clamor of our times.

"Nobody is so rude, Not to remember Gertrude." This quotation from *Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein*, edited by Carl Van Vechten, well characterizes the emphasis of our book. Mr. Rogers, now Arts Editor of The Associated Press, makes literary capital of his World War I and later memories of the inimitably creative Gertrude Stein and her more practical companion, Alice B. Toklas.

For this purpose he draws upon a special source of supply:

My principal sources for this picture of the unforgettable Gertrude Stein are, besides her creative works, our personal relationship and her two hundred and more letters and postcards to me, which will be deposited with the Stein collection of the Yale University Library.

Over many people Miss Stein cast a sort of spell. Why, Mr. Rogers tries

to explain. You can glimpse its workings in the pages of these nine chapters that suffer from lack of an index. Only one chapter, the eighth, because it attempts an appraisal of this baffling woman, is really worth careful reading; an introduction to the mistress of two manners, the one that made sense, and the one that didn't.

Readers will be amused by the author's comments on G. S. as literary theorist filled with unique ideas about composition; on the apparent conceit in her books as being not so much vanity as naïveté; and on Miss Stein's appetite for publication, recognition, and financial reward ("... she had something to sell and needed the money").

Even though Gertrude's numerous volumes confess voluntarily the self-claims of genius—and this with such conviction that in the end she probably half believed it herself—this reviewer remains unconvinced by Mr. Rogers' subtle suggestion that here was indeed a genius. Nevertheless, we do like the sketch of a real personality that breathes herein, as the title says, in person.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

### Liberal's Autobiography

*WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.* By Ellis Gibbs Arnall. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1947, 1948. 286 pages. \$3.50.

**A**FTER a 75,000-mile trip around the United States, Georgia's ex-Governor, Ellis Gibbs Arnall, has found that what the people want is what Americans have always wanted

since the writing of the Constitution—namely, "fair solutions to economic and social problems . . . a decent home, a life of reasonable comfort, in a peaceful world." Arnall translates these desires into what is happening in America today to prevent their realization and to what degree Americans' dreams have come true.

In his report on the nation, Arnall comments on American history and tradition and the men who contributed to our common heritage. Side-lights on his contemporaries, such as Roosevelt, Truman, Wallace and other men who have held or now hold high government office, are interesting and give the reader more than a mere report of America. Arnall also throws in a wealth of miscellaneous information which has no particular significance and which sometimes detracts from the intended line of thought. But on the whole, Arnall, as in *The Shore Dimly Seen*, adds much to the current discussion of the particular difficulties of each section of America and their problems of labor, management, race and, in short, he gives an over-all view of the economic, social and political life of America.

I believe that what Arnall says in his chapter on Indiana about Willkie's *One World* could be applied to his own *What the People Want*. Arnall thinks that *One World* is autobiographical because "it is the story of one man, and his momentous discovery that Earth is an extraordinary place because it is the home of many men, and that they have to get along together and respect each other's dignity as individuals, or all



of them will perish, and Earth will become a burned-out cinder in a meaningless Universe. That is an important discovery to make. It is one that every individual must make for himself, sooner or later, if there is to be any permanent peace for mankind. For peace is not obtainable by compacts between nations, but only by understanding between men."

I compare *One World* to *What the People Want* only in this one respect—that it is autobiographical in the sense that Arnall thinks *One World* is autobiographical, namely, that Arnall has made his own momentous discovery that America is an extraordinary place for the same reasons that the Earth is an extraordinary place. *What the People Want* is a book about Arnall and his discovery as much as it is a book about his trip and his views of the United States.

GRACE WOLF

## Unsung Heroine

*WOMAN WITH A SWORD: The Biographical Novel of Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland.* By Hollister Noble. Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York. 1948. 395 pages. \$3.00.

**W**OMAN WITH A SWORD, the fascinating saga of Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland, sheds new light on the activities and accomplishments of a colorful but relatively obscure figure of the Civil War period. Hollister Noble relates the circumstances which led to the writing of his excellent biographical novel. He says:

In January, 1945, while reading Carl Sandburg's monumental volumes on Lin-

coln, my curiosity was aroused by the page of general references the author devoted to the personality and influence of a Miss Carroll, commissioned by Lincoln and Seward to write a number of state papers. Elsewhere, among documentary references, Mr. Sandburg mentioned the William Wyles Lincoln Library at Santa Barbara College, now a division of the University of California, and only a few miles from my home.

I went there. On the shelves I found a slender volume entitled *A Military Genius: A Life of Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland*, by Sarah Ellen Blackwell, published in 1891 under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Association.

This little volume fascinated me. It answered at once a dozen important questions which had troubled me concerning obscure aspects of the Civil War. The book also revealed a hidden chapter of vital military history of which I had never even heard.

This was only the beginning of a long period of intensive research. Mr. Noble talked with descendants of Miss Carroll and examined her extensive correspondence with prominent men of her day. He read sworn statements regarding Miss Carroll's activities and explored the National Archives and the Library of Congress.

*Woman with a Sword* tells in novel form the amazing life-story uncovered by the author. It is obvious that Mr. Noble has great admiration for his gifted heroine. He believes that a combination of unfortunate circumstances robbed her of the renown and recognition she deserved. This great eagerness of his to do full justice to Miss Carroll's ability and charm weakens his characterization and reduces it to fiction.

## Handbook for Laymen

*ATOMIC ENERGY.* By Karl K. Darrow. John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York. 1948. 80 pages, illustrated. \$2.00.

DR. DARROW is a noted physicist who holds high office in the American Physical Society. Asked recently to deliver the Norman Wait Harris lectures at Northwestern, he came up with an easily understood series of four on what is popularly called "atomic" energy. This volume is composed of those discourses and is "must" reading for all who, though they be laymen in the field of the sciences, wish to have some conception of what is meant by "atomic" energy.

The concept of the atom is indeed a difficult one, but Dr. Darrow does not confuse the reader with talk of "potential curves." The work is replete with his excellent illustrations, e.g., he pictures the proton as a tiny marble. Cautiously he says, "You and I will play marbles among ourselves while the mathematicians puzzle out the details of their much more sophisticated image."

In a flowing, direct way, the author introduces the reader to the fundamental meanings of "isotope," "fission," "chain reaction," "radioactivity," and "alpha-particles." He explains why the terms "atomic" bomb and "atom-smashing" are misnomers, "boners."

Dr. Darrow refrains from cluttering the pages with names and historical dates and equations—he gives one formula, two dates and the names of Fermi, Einstein, Rutherford, and

Volta. For the record, he gives the authentic version of the historic telephone conversation between Conant and Compton in 1942.

Though he denies himself the utterance of weird predictions, the author gives the reader an idea of the direction of the fundamental paths now pursued by scientists. There is also some interesting comment on the military secrecy of scientific information.

LES LANGE

## Art of England

*OUTLINE OF ENGLISH PAINTING.* By R. H. Wilenski. Philosophical Library, New York. 1948. 133 pages.

RARELY does a book that outlines hastily a vast subject succeed in appealing to both laymen and specialists. However, in his *Outline of English Painting*, R. H. Wilenski produces a thumb-nail sketch that is both absorbing and authoritative, holding the interest of the casual reader through an informality that has no trace of pedantry and yet catching the attention of students of art through his trenchant comment on artists and their schools. Brief as is the book, the author includes masterpieces resulting from a wide range of artistic expression, such as illuminated manuscripts, tapestries, altarpieces, panels, murals, screens, miniatures, coach decorations, topographies, theatrical scenes, panoramas, and engravings, as well as the traditional ones. The reader is given an equally inclusive but hasty review of the historic development of art.

Beginning with the thirteenth and



continuing through the sixteenth century, the story of English art is told from a few surviving remnants of religious art. Most of the paintings, from the time of Henry VIII to the late Tudor reigns, were destroyed by commissioners of the Crown or by the struggle for mental freedom at the time of the Reformation. During the Restoration, the field was chiefly held by foreign artists who popularized portrait painting as well as allegorical frescoes in the baroque style for the decoration of royal palaces and noblemen's mansions. The eighteenth century is historically interesting with its pictures of social life, called "modern moral subjects"; its prints of "villains in the news"; its "history pictures"; its topographic views; its later landscapes, classified as picturesque-classical, picturesque, and picturesque-romantic—many of which were executed in the new medium called water-color; its portraits with landscape background, popularized by Gainsborough; its craze for oil portraits, which made world famous the major artists and which introduced a group of "sporting artists" who specialized in horses and dogs; and, during the last part of the century, its caricaturist-comments on abuses of the moment in water-color and in the draughtsman's pencil. The nineteenth century continues the tradition of landscape painting, introduces the Pre-Raphaelites, and later the Impressionists. The contemporary period seeks new adventure in Cubism, Purism, Rhythmic Decoration, Expressionism, Surrealism, and Neo-surrealism.

As Mr. Wilenski tells the story of

English art, he entertains the reader with interesting bits of information that establish pleasant informality. For instance, the reader is told that Queen Elizabeth fostered the tradition of Holbein, laying down a rule that no dark shadows should appear in the faces of portraits. She would sit in the open so that Nicholas Hilliard could have no excuse for inserting shadows, which, he agreed, were only appropriate when the sitter had some blemish to cover up. Again, the reader learns that Gainsborough never painted his landscapes in the open. He constructed a model theater where he placed bits of cork and vegetables and then moved the light about until he had achieved a good composition. Of Reynolds the author says: "He painted a number of portraits of children; in these he adopted the attitude of a bachelor uncle who looks upon children as kittens or puppies whose kittenishness and puppydom are pleasant to contemplate for an odd half-hour."

The relationship between art and literature is never lost sight of. The reader is reminded that the artists of the eighteenth century, "like the great writers of social comedy, symbolized whole classes of individuals by a few types which occur and re-occur"; of the role Ruskil played in bringing Turner to the attention of the public; that Dickens "(whose idiotic and savage attack on Millais' *Jesus in the House of His Parents* has become a standard example of bad criticism) was also his [Millais'] best friend"; that Joshua Highmore painted charming illustrations for Richardson's *Pamela*."

Throughout his book, Mr. Wilenski points out to the student of modern art just what qualities of a given artist greatly influence the art of today. For example, Blake, in his last period achieved a rhythm of cosmic growth and movements which Wilenski believes will influence English artists of the future even more than those of today; Crome reveals a three dimensional vision of natural architecture and a sense of integrated pictorial form that catches the eye of those students trained in the tradition of Cézanne; and Turner, argues Wilenski, will claim the attention of the student studying Impressionism, for upon him Monet based many of his ideas.

What makes the little book particularly valuable to both the lay reader and the student is the author's ability to seize upon the specific value of an artist in his relationship to the complete picture of English art—a picture not imposing when compared to those of Italy, Holland, and France, but one that is honest and distinctive. Another value is the inclusion in the book of the galleries in which are to be found the innumerable pictures mentioned in the little volume. The book is an introduction to the art of a nation written by a discerning countryman. VERA T. HAHN

**Lanny Budd—Ninth Installment**  
*ONE CLEAR CALL.* By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press, New York, N. Y. 1948. 626 pages. \$3.50.

**T**HIS is the ninth and latest in the series of quasi-historical accounts of Lanny Budd. Presumably more

are to follow. Followers of Lanny, meaning those hundreds of thousands who have already read the first volumes, will need no encouragement to pick up this latest and no word of criticism will restrain them. The reviewer directs his remarks to the uninitiated.

Lanny Budd, acting as confidant and agent for FDR, has a series of perilous adventures in Italy, Germany, Palestine, Spain, and Vichy France starting in the summer of 1943 and ending in November of 1944. He is sent to these places to dispense false information, mislead Hitler, arrange for the Badoglio government in Italy, drive Gestapo agents from Spain, and generally harass the leaders of those countries who are never sure whether Budd is a real hater of "That Man in the White House" (as he pretends to be) or a spy. At all events, Budd manages to accomplish several maneuvers which considerably shorten the war for the Allies and earn him the gratitude of his employer.

The adventures are interesting in an approved spy story way although the author has a deadly manner of insisting on explanations. If, for example, Budd changes to a different suit Mr. Sinclair thinks the reader wants to know which suitcase it was packed in and why he happened to have it with him. This can become quite tiring in a book that has 626 pages.

Overlooking Budd, who does not stand out with any degree of distinctness, the book has some merit. It presents an understandable picture of some of the ideological forces on



the continent of Europe that the gradual disintegration of the Rome-Berlin axis during this period brought into sharper focus. They are, therefore, somewhat recognizable to us in 1948 when we are witnessing the struggle between these forces. Mr. Sinclair claims a copyright for this volume in 1948, and I cannot tell to what extent he is using knowledge acquired in 1946, 1947, and 1948 in order to make his hero sound so prophetic in a story that ends in 1944. Maybe that is why these forces are recognizable to us today. Maybe this is a trick in the writing business.

One other consideration worthy of mention is the great popularity that this series has obtained in this country in view of the very definite socialist tendencies that Mr. Sinclair has Mr. Budd express. This may be accountable for one or more hypotheses. Either very many people have read and will read them simply because they are fond of Lanny as an adventurer, or there are a very great number of persons of socialist sympathy who are invigorated by the constant reiteration of the Sinclair theme.

JAMES S. SAVAGE

### The Blight

*THE NEGRO GHETTO.* By Robert M. Weaver. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. \$3.75.

THERE is a blight on the American scene. The blight is the presence of the Negro ghetto in many American cities. Within the past fifty years more and more Negroes, as they have moved to northern cities, have been forced to move into rundown sec-

tions. They have had to struggle with that vicious evil: the restrictive covenant clause. As a result, Negroes today are forced to live in tenements. Their children have been denied their rightful heritage as American citizens. Delinquency, disease, mental disorders, economic oppression have been on a steady increase.

What is the cause of these Negro ghettos in many large American cities? Dr. Weaver feels, after careful investigation, that many Americans consider the Negro an inferior type of human being, that the Negro is naturally a slovenly housekeeper, that the Negro lacks the necessary social graces, that wherever there are Negroes real estate values rapidly decline.

That there is no justice or validity in any of these assumptions is the basis of a large section of this book. Dr. Weaver offers document after document and statistical report after statistical report to show that the presence of Negroes in a neighborhood does not necessarily depress real estate values, that Negroes are just as decent and neat and orderly as their white neighbor, given half a chance. The truth is, prejudice of a most violent kind keeps the Negro living in sub-human and sub-standard metropolitan areas.

There is a positive side to *The Negro Ghetto*. Dr. Weaver offers dramatic evidence that Negroes and whites can and do live together peacefully and happily, that racial covenant clauses can be destroyed and that adequate housing can be provided for the Negro if half an effort is made.

Most pathetic aspect of this searching study is the minor role the Christian church has played in the recognition and the abolition of this blight on American society. Many church members still deplore racially mixed congregations and advocate racially separate churches. Some notable pronouncements on Negro housing have been made by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ and the Roman Catholic Church. But action which will help arrive at a solution of Negro housing is still a conspicuous minus quantity on the part of the American Christians.

This is a "must" book for everyone interested in the Negro in America. That means that almost everyone would find *The Negro Ghetto* a valuable reading experience.

### For Armchair Outdoorsmen

*HOW TO TELL FISH FROM FISHERMEN.* By Ed Zern. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. 1947. 99 pages. \$2.50.

*HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE GREAT SMOKIES.* By Jim Gasque. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1948. 210 pages. \$3.75.

**I**F you are the type of man who prefers his sport violent and vigorous and who shuns the gentler arts, then, no doubt, you have nothing but scorn for those who write or read books when they could be out in the open. But if, like this reviewer, you get only two weeks a year in the open, you will enjoy the vicarious thrill that comes with reading and reliving the experiences of more fortunate sportsmen.

Ed Zern is familiar to those who read outdoor magazines for his completely inane and thoroughly delightful satires on scientific angling. The present volume, third of a series, contains numerous anecdotes and essays on the wiles of fish and the woes of fishermen. There are many smiles in the book, and at least two or three hearty laughs. You will find amusing descriptions of experiences that you yourself have had, and you will catch yourself (as this reviewer has) telling most of the stories as though they had happened to you.

Much more tranquil and dignified is Jim Gasque's description of outdoor sports in the Great Smoky Mountains. The book amounts to a guided tour of the streams, lakes and forests of this beautiful region. Gasque is a native and an ardent booster of North Carolina, and his enthusiasm is contagious. The first part of the book discusses the relative merits of various trout streams in the area, with narrative sections and free advice thrown in. In Part Two the author turns to lake fishing, especially for bass (obviously his favorite) and makes suggestions as to tackle and technique. The last section is devoted to hunting for large and small game; to the outsider the chapters on the Russian boar are by far the most interesting. Several beautiful illustrations help to make this more than a guide-book or collection of interesting data and stories.

As fall and winter come upon us, such reading is calculated to arouse and at least partially to appease a deep nostalgia for the outdoor life.



## Frightened People

*EARLY TALES OF THE ATOMIC AGE.* By Daniel Lang. Doubleday & Co., Inc. \$2.75.

NOT so long ago a lone pilot circled over the United Nations and dropped a home made bomb. He hoped to remind the assembled delegates that time was rapidly running out. The atom bomb stockpile was growing altogether too large for the safety and comfort of mankind. Well, they arrested the pilot and said he was crazy. But he wasn't crazy. He was just more alert to the suicidal atom bomb race than the rest of us.

For evidence on the development of atomic power, particularly the building of more and better atom bombs, consult Mr. Lang's horrendous, hair-raising book. As Carl Van Doren points out in his introduction, what Mr. Lang has to say is said without any embroidery or any resort to the sensational. The book is simply straightforward reporting on the most revolutionary development in western civilization since the Reformation.

The twelve chapters recount the story of the atom bomb up until the present. There is a remarkable chapter on the atom scientists' first visit to Hiroshima after the dropping of the bomb. More depressing is the chapter recounting the efforts of the Federation of American Scientists to make the American public aware of the implications of atomic power. The scientists feel they accomplished something positive by bringing about the passage of the McMahon bill. But the McMahon bill, which estab-

lishes civilian control of atomic energy, is not enough. The American people, let alone Congress, simply do not understand this monster of atomic power. Nor do the Americans realize that other countries, notably Soviet Russia, are working frantically to perfect the atom bomb. One of these days the Russians will calmly announce that they, too, have a stockpile of atom bombs. When that moment comes, the world is on the edge of destruction—unless some form of international supervision has been set up.

*Early Tales of the Atom Age* tells the story of the Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, the Brookhaven National Laboratory, and the other communities and factories which still have a significant part in the manufacture of atomic power. Some of the scientists have moral scruples about their contributions and have quietly withdrawn. Others feel that they might as well be collecting the pay checks as the next scientist. There is also a chapter on a speleological junket which by indirection tells more about the terrors of the atom bomb than any straightforward description of what happened at Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Perhaps the most terrifying incident is Mr. Lang's description of Mrs. McKibbin's efforts to persuade the painter, Cady Wells, not to sell his beautiful home because it was too close to the Los Alamos settlement. Cady Wells was determined, however, to get away from anything remotely resembling atomic power or research.

"Dorothy, I've got to get away

from atomic energy," Cady Wells said.

"Where will you go?" Mrs. McKibbin asked.

On that note the book ends. There

is no escaping the atom bomb. There is no place to go. It is time that every citizen begins thinking seriously about the atomic bomb. Soon there will be no time left to think.





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# The READING ROOM



By  
THOMAS  
COATES

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## Amsterdam

In the long perspective, perhaps the most important city in the world in recent months was not Berlin, or Moscow, or Washington, but Amsterdam. The Dutch metropolis—as the reader will hardly need to be reminded—was the scene of the greatest Protestant gathering since the Reformation during the latter part of August and the early days of September. We use the adjective “greatest” in view of the magnitude and world-wide character of the assembly, not in terms of its spiritual significance. The meeting of the World Council of Churches was impressive indeed, externally considered; as to its spiritual contributions, the story must be somewhat different.

We approach a discussion of the Amsterdam conference with some diffidence, inasmuch as two of our esteemed colleagues on the CRESSET editorial staff were present, and will undoubtedly record their personal observations in these pages. At the same time, however, we think it appropriate

to refer to the very exhaustive coverage of the World Assembly in the *Christian Century*, which devoted virtually its entire issue of October 6 to this subject. The *Century's* managing editor, Harold E. Fey, attended the Amsterdam sessions and brought back the most detailed summary of the Assembly that has come to our attention.

Christian churches from 44 countries were represented at Amsterdam, and 135 religious bodies had sent delegates. Mr. Fey mentions the absence of the Roman Catholic, the Russian Orthodox, and the Southern Baptist churches, although he pointedly omits any reference to the fact that the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod had no official representation at Amsterdam. While the Assembly was supposed to consist of 450 delegates, only 352 appeared. Most of the missing delegates were from countries behind the Iron Curtain.

## Karl Barth

The first major theological address to the Assembly was by Karl

Barth of Basle, the most famous theologian of our times. The *Christian Century*, in its report, appears to begrudge him his place of prominence on the Assembly's program, and lays the blame for this *contretemps* upon the alleged Barthianism of the general secretary and most of the prominent members of the World Council staff. As a matter of fact, Barth's theological emphasis is exceedingly distasteful to Protestant liberals. Barth, in their estimation, gives too much credit to God and not enough to man. They make it a practice to reverse the situation. We, too, have our objections to the Barthian theology—but for reasons quite different from those of the *Christian Century*.

Barth created a sensation, according to Mr. Fey, in his approach to the conference theme: "Man's Disorder and God's Design." This theme, declared Barth, was "upside down." "We should seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," he said, "so that all we need in relation to the world's disorder may be added unto us." This, complains the *Century*, did little to help the ecumenical movement!

### Communism and Capitalism

Section III of the Assembly studied the general topic of "The Church and the Disorder of So-

ciety." Mr. Fey reports that in these discussions Reinhold Niebuhr, the eminent American theologian, played a leading role, as did Charles P. Taft, brother of the Ohio senator and chairman of the Federal Council of Churches. This section dealt with the contemporary problems of Communism and Capitalism, among other things. "Communism is more dangerous than fascism," stated Dr. Niebuhr, "because it is a morally utopian Christian heresy, whereas fascism is an anti-Christian paganism."

The report of Section III listed five points of conflict between Christianity and the "atheistic Marxian Communism of our day." These are:

- (1) The Communist promise of what amounts to a complete redemption of man in history;
- (2) the belief that a particular class by virtue of its role as the bearer of a new order is free from the sins and ambiguities that Christians believe to be characteristic of all human existence;
- (3) the materialistic and deterministic teachings, however they may be qualified, that are incompatible with belief in God and with the Christian view of man as a person, made in God's image and responsible to Him;
- (4) the ruthless methods of Communists in dealing with their opponents;
- (5) the demand of the party on its members for an exclusive and unqualified loyalty which belongs only to God, and the coercive poli-



cies of Communist dictatorship in controlling every aspect of life.

In view of this blanket indictment, it is somewhat difficult to understand the action of the report in bracketing Communism and Capitalism and in declaring them worthy of "like condemnation." We are ready to concede the defects and errors of Capitalism; but it can be charged, at worst, with being an undesirable economic system, whereas Communism is a militant, highly organized, atheistic, anti-Christian movement. In rejecting the two in the same breath, as though they belonged in the same sinister category, the World Council stultified itself.

### Dulles and Hromadka

John Foster Dulles, according to Mr. Fey, was the speaker at Amsterdam in whom the press showed the greatest interest. Small wonder, since it looked then as though he would become the next American Secretary of State. Mr. Dulles' debate with Professor Hromadka of Prague captured the headlines in most American papers. Mr. Dulles "hailed the formation of the World Council as a great contribution to international peace and attacked Soviet Communism for its rejection of moral law and its denial of human rights. He denounced the idea that war is inevitable, or

that it will remedy the injustices which disturb international society."

Dr. Hromadka, on the other hand, maintained that Communism represents, "under an atheistic form, much of the social impetus of the living Church. . . . Many barbarians are, through the Communist movement, coming of age and aspiring to a place in the sun." We may be permitted to wonder how much the inmates of the huge concentration camp that is Soviet Russia—not to mention its satellites—are experiencing and enjoying this "social impetus."

### Press Coverage

Two hundred forty-two writers, commentators, and photographers were present at Amsterdam, with the result that the Assembly received "the most extensive press and radio coverage ever given to a non-Roman Catholic church event." An apparatus similar to that used at the United Nations sessions enabled the delegates and correspondents to follow the proceedings of the plenary sessions by means of short wave radio headsets, through which simultaneous translations were made in English, German, and French.

An unfortunate ruling prohibited newsmen from reporting any of the discussions of the sectional meetings—where the real work of the Assembly took place. Mr. Fey

aptly states: "Through this restriction, the Assembly denied that religious liberty and freedom of access to information which, in its declaration on religious lib-

erty, it voted to demand of governments. Until it decides to bring its own practices up to the standard it asks of others, it does not deserve to be heard on this point."



# A SURVEY OF BOOKS

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## A SURVEY OF BOOKS

### THE OUTSIDERS

By Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1948. 246 pages. \$2.50.

A ROMANCE, which makes delightful reading, *The Outsiders* is a welcome novel to this year's book list because of the absence of emphasis on sex and low-cut dresses. Rather, Jane Abbott has written a story refreshing in the atmosphere it creates of the simple life in a small community in a New Hampshire valley.

Six outsiders who are foreign to the ways and life of these valley dwellers and who come to live in New Interval for various reasons must first prove their value to their neighbors before accepted—or rejected. Eliza Forrestal, one of the outsiders, returns to New Interval to manage her grandfather's mill, upon which the town is dependent for its livelihood. Here she meets up with the other outsiders as well as the natives of the valley. The five other outsiders include: Chris Cameron who is an ex-clergyman and who has come to the valley to think; George Culbert, un-

scrupulous manager of the mill; Dr. John Streeter who is trying desperately to start a practice in New Interval; his unhappy wayward wife Marilyn; and Jeremy Penny, helpless and lonely, who comes to New Interval to teach school. Jane Abbott has taken her plot from the effect and influence the mill, the outsiders and the natives have on the other—and especially the effect and influence Eliza and Chris have on each other.

### ON BEING AN AUTHOR

By Vera Brittain. Introduction and notes by George Savage. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1948. 218 pages. \$3.50.

WRITERS young and old, budding and mature, will find much helpful information in Vera Brittain's book. The distinguished British author deals with the writing of fiction, drama, biography, film and radio scripts. She gives many valuable hints concerning articles for newspapers and magazines. In addition, she tells where, when, and how to market manuscripts. George Savage, professor of English at the Univer-

sity of Washington, has added notes that apply in particular to American writers. He is enthusiastic about Miss Brittain's book. "It is," he says, "an uninhibited, look-me-straight-in-the-eye account of how she was inspired to write in the first place, why she succeeded, what success has meant to her, and what positive advice she has for other writers, established or beginning."

### AMERICAN OPINION ON WORLD AFFAIRS IN THE ATOMIC AGE

Based on a report prepared for the Committee on Social and Economic Aspects of Atomic Energy of the Social Science Research Council: Winfield W. Riefler, chairman; Bernard Brodie, Rensis Likert, Jacob Marschak, Frank W. Notestein, William F. Ogburn, Isidor I. Rabi, and Henry DeW. Smyth. By Leonard S. Cottrell, Jr., and Sylvia Eberhart. Princeton University Press. 1948. 152 pages. \$2.50.

THE coming of the atomic age has thrown many new problems and many new issues into the lap of the world, and *American Opinion on World Affairs in the Atomic Age* deals with the significance of these problems and issues. What is the attitude of the American public toward foreign affairs at the present time, and how has its attitude been affected by the atomic bomb and the fact that the United States has developed and possesses the atomic bomb? What are the views of the public concerning international control of atomic energy? Do the men and

women of the United States understand the role of the United States in the world today? These questions and many more are carefully surveyed in the book.

### PATRICK CALLS ME MOTHER

By Ann Bailey. Drawings by Peter Burchard. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1948. 227 pages. \$2.75.

IT SEEMS unlikely that there can have been many dull moments in Ann Bailey's busy life. Miss Bailey is a graduate of the Yale Drama School. She has been on the legitimate stage, a member of the staff of *Time* magazine, and a successful script-writer for many well-known network radio programs. During the war she worked with the War Department as a designer and director of Army shows.

In the summer of 1945 Miss Bailey found herself at loose ends. She had broken her engagement to the man whom she had expected to marry when the war ended; she was undecided as to what she wanted to do next or where she wanted to live. At this time she met a Dutch official who had been head of the Dutch Food Administration during the Nazi occupation of Holland. When Dr. Louwes told her of the shocking plight of thousands of Dutch war orphans, Miss Bailey knew just what she wanted to do. She would go to Holland, and there she would adopt a baby.

*Patrick Calls Me Mother* is the heart-warming account of a spinster's exciting search for the child she wanted to adopt. Miss Bailey is an experienced writer and a competent



reporter. She has the ability to write with a light touch without obscuring or playing down the tragedy of war-shattered Europe.

### HOW TO PREDICT ELECTIONS

By Louis H. Bean. Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. New York. 1948. 196 pages. \$2.50.

**T**O MOST of us, politics, politicians, political parties and campaigns are a somewhat hysterical and amazing combination of a three-ring circus, a revival meeting, and a world series between the Dodgers and the Yankees. Every four years the presidential race gives the process of politics new life and vitality—and madness.

Louis H. Bean, however, in fourteen chapters and sixteen tables and charts attempts to outline the methods in our political madneses. Without being too dogmatic about his conclusions, he has pointed out the factors, habits, forces, trends, and oddities in American political life that are fairly consistent from year to year. In other words, one can after a study of the facts predict our various elections with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

If one has analyzed, as he points out, the business cycles of depression and prosperity, the importance of "the president's coat-tail," the apathy toward an administration long in power, one can anticipate in a measure the "end-results" of a long and tedious campaign. A basic understanding of third parties, regional political patterns, the economic and

foreign issues, the strength of religion in our national life, and our curious electoral system may make of party activity a better planned job. *How to Predict Elections*, though mainly concerned with presidential elections, is not a glamorous book; but it is significant and interesting.

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

### CONTEMPORARY RELIGIOUS JURISPRUDENCE

By I. H. Rubenstein. The Waldain Press, P.O. Box 97, Chicago 90, Ill. 1948. 120 pages. \$2.50.

**M**<sup>R.</sup> RUBENSTEIN, a member of the Illinois Bar, has prepared this small treatise on the legal implications, civil and criminal, of fortune telling, faith healing, and pacifism. His title is somewhat deceptive. The word jurisprudence is often used to indicate a separate department or corner of the law, such as medical jurisprudence. To couple the word jurisprudence, then, to the word religious indicates that there is a separate department of law dealing with religious matters. This the reviewer denies. Even if such a department existed, its scope would be greater than the three aberrations mentioned above.

However, the title would probably not confuse a lawyer, and the audience for this book will be among lawyers, prosecuting attorneys, and police officials. Ministers and civic minded persons hoping to see fortune telling and faith healing eliminated or controlled in their community will find the book helpful in charting the limits of the police power of the state. Draft board mem-

bers will find the pacifism section illuminating in view of its reëmergence as a present day problem.

Of special interest is the section dealing with faith healing and the Christian Science movement, and the section dealing with the Jehovah's Witnesses and their efforts to remain out of the last war.

JAMES S. SAVAGE

### BRIDIE STEEN

By Anne Crone. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

**L**ORD DUNSANY puts himself way out on the limb when he says that this novel will be remembered one hundred years from now after many other current novels are forgotten. Maybe he's right. *Bridie Steen* is above the average but whether it will be remembered before Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh is something else again.

Bridie was brought up a Roman Catholic. Then she moves into her grandmother's home. Grandmother is an ardent Protestant. To complicate matters Bridie falls in love with a Protestant. The novel portrays all the conflicts and emotional upheavals such a situation would create under any circumstance. Miss Crone is extremely fair in her portrayal of both Roman Catholic and Protestant protagonists. But the solution to the ancient problem is tragic.

The novel's prose captures all the variegated moods of the Irish character and countryside. Bridie is well drawn as is her grandmother. Miss Crone reveals definite talent as a novelist. We shall have to wait for

several more novels before we can pass final judgment on the permanence of her work.

### WITH HIM ALL THE WAY

By Oscar A. Anderson. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 1948. 216 pages. \$2.00.

**T**HIS volume of Lenten sermons comes from the pen of a young preacher who gives promise of developing into a significant pulpiteer. The sermons are carefully constructed, presented in choice but simple language, and relate the message of the Gospel to the needs of the people. The author reveals a broad background of reading and a well balanced understanding of the world in our day. Both ministers and laymen will find his messages helpful.

### THE HOME PLACE

By Wright Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

**W**RIGHT MORRIS has attempted an interesting experiment in presenting his latest novel. He tells the story by means of words and photographs. The words are in many instances closely knit to the pictures. It is difficult to judge his final success, however, because the pictures are constantly obtruding on every page. Mr. Morris would insist that was the entire aim of the experiment. We are not quite sold on the verbal story, perhaps because the theme is not sufficiently developed.

Told in the first person, *The Home Place* is the record of a New Yorker's attempt to find himself again in his



home town in Nebraska. Unfortunately, he cannot convey his delight over the rediscovery of boyhood scenes to his wife. His two children are baffled at first by the sights and smells of a Nebraska farmyard. Not until near the end of the novel do the wife and children understand what it is that lends durability to the Nebraska scene, a durability which is harder than the flinty shininess of the Manhattan scene.

As a "different" experiment in the technique of fiction, *The Home Place* deserves an "A" for effort. The photography is brilliant. The prose is something else again.

### THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN

By Frederick W. Brink. Association Press. 1948. 79 pages. \$1.50.

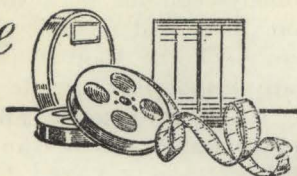
THE author of this volume has had a wide range of experience in the ministry and in the field of education. He treats important aspects of marriage in a frank and simple manner. Although his subject matter is not specifically Bible centered, as would be most desirable for Christian readers, the author does afford a great fund of wholesome counsel which should stand young married couples in good stead.



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The



## Motion Picture

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

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FOR a long time this reviewer has deplored the fact that so little progress has been made in providing suitable motion-picture entertainment for the youth of our nation. The September issue of *Film News* contains an excellent article entitled "Everybody's Responsibility, Children's Films for Children," by Dr. Irene Cypher, a member of New York University's School of Education. Dr. Cypher reviews the whole sorry situation and suggests ways and means by which changes and reforms can be brought about. She says:

American parents know that the need for children's entertainment films is a pressing one which cannot be postponed indefinitely. No one has to tell them what effect films can have on children. They know full well how vivid and lasting an impression is made by "gangster" scenes, "glamor girls," and "ultra mode." It is agreed by educators, social workers and parents that movies alone cannot be blamed for juvenile delinquency or emotional problems; that many

factors enter into a full consideration of these situations. Motion pictures could and should do much, however, to offset and counteract; to help set desirable patterns for sane, sensible living.

The term "children's film" does not mean an unintelligible, nonsensical flight of fancy. Children are intelligent members of society, young in terms of years but with keen minds and an ability to weigh and pass judgment. To be acceptable, films must possess the elements of good drama, must hold the interest, and provide entertainment. In other words, they must do exactly what books, plays, and records for children try to do: to present subjects of interest to human beings of all ages, but in terms, narrative and pictorial, that can be understood by children.

Although Dr. Cypher is speaking specifically of children from eight to twelve years of age, the basic requirements she lists are equally applicable to other age groups.

In January of this year the United Parents Associations of New York City sponsored the first



public meeting designed especially to discuss the lack of suitable children's films and to plan a campaign to publicize the crying need for clean, constructive motion pictures. Representatives of the motion-picture industry and of children's radio, stage, and book programs took part in the forum. In presenting the eighteen-point statement prepared by the United Parents Associations, Dr. Cypher declares:

So reasonable are these requests that it is astounding that it is necessary to make them, so reasonable that it is astonishing to realize that nothing "new" is being proposed. All that is wanted is good films, well made, for all American children who attend motion-picture showings in their local theaters. Children will go to see such films—and so will the whole family. It is the responsibility of everyone interested in child welfare, in family welfare, and in better citizenship to see that such films are produced.

Perhaps a real beginning has been made at last.

Everyone who reads the papers knows that many big-name Hollywood stars visited Europe during the past summer. Magazines and newspapers dutifully reported the thoughts and the reactions of the pampered idols of filmland. One supposes that unscrupulous and over-eager publicity departments dreamed up some of the inane

prattle attributed to the stars and dished it up for mass consumption. It is hard to believe that a man of Eddie Cantor's years is really responsible for the following stupid statement: "Films are just as important as coin in rebuilding war ravaged Europe. The people of Europe are looking to Hollywood for a cure for their ills!" Could anything be more disgusting?

Here, by way of contrast, is another comment on the impression made on foreign peoples by altogether too many motion pictures. Soon after his return from Germany, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, veteran actor, producer, and director, regretfully declared that the German people evidently believe that the citizenry of the United States is made up of "cowboys, gangsters, and play-boys sipping champagne."

Is this surprising? Can we expect anything better so long as our motion-picture producers make and export films which give to our world-neighbors a false and distorted picture of America and Americans? For example, were you proud or happy when you saw *A Foreign Affair* (Paramount, Billy Wilder)? It seems to me that this so-called comedy is a shameless travesty on all the basic virtues and fundamental values on which our vaunted civilization has been building through the

ages. It is bad enough to set a flimsy comedy in any of the devastated cities of Europe; it is simply indefensible to make the stark ruins of a once-great capital the subject of cheap and tasteless wisecracks. Surely no adult sees a shattered city merely in terms of brick and mortar and stone. The bleak and blackened walls of Berlin—and of all the war ravaged cities of the victors and the vanquished—stand as terrible reminders of tragedy, suffering, and incalculable loss. I should think *A Foreign Affair* would provide effective ammunition for those who would destroy our way of life; but it will bring small comfort to the wives, the mothers, and the families of the G.I.'s who are still serving in Germany. Even when divorced from its social and moral implications, *A Foreign Affair* rates only a C— for artistic merits.

*A Date with Judy* (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) presents in harsh and garish technicolor the adolescent antics of a group of teen-age high school students. Although there are moments of engaging humor in this picture, an excellent capsule criticism is contained in the title of one of the songs featured in the production. The title? *Strictly on the Corny Side*.

*That Lady in Ermine* (20th Century-Fox, Ernst Lubitsch, Otto

Preminger) is the last film produced and directed by the late Ernst Lubitsch. The veteran showman died before the production was completed. Otto Preminger took over the direction. Even the most ardent Betty Grable fans will find this lush technicolor period piece thin and vapid cinema fare.

Although *One Touch of Venus* (Universal-International, William A. Seiter) lacks the color, the sparkling humor, and the delicate fantasy of the original Kurt Weill-S. J. Perelmann stage play, it is moderately entertaining.

Would you like to meet a leprechaun? *The Luck of the Irish* (20th Century-Fox, Harry Koster) presents a sparkling and frothy tale of the Emerald Isle.

Just how much whimsy can one take at a single sitting? *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid* (Universal-International, Irving Pichel) makes a clumsy, heavy-footed, and, from the viewpoint of this reviewer, wholly unnecessary excursion into the realm of fantasy. The most amazing thing about this mess is the fact that adult actors would have any part in it.

Alan Ladd has been around so long and has appeared in so many sinister tough-guy roles that it is a little hard to think of him as a West Point cadet, even though the script for *Beyond Glory* (Paramount, John Farrow) carefully



points out that he is a veteran of World War II. This is just another shallow and pretentious pseudo-psychological study of postwar problems and adjustments. It does not deserve a colorful and authentic West Point background.

*Tap Roots* (Universal-International) presents an undistinguished stock formula screen version of James Street's best seller novel of the same title.

*The Babe Ruth Story* (Monogram, Roy del Ruth) had its *première* performance a few weeks before death came to the famous Bambino. An honest and

factual account of the career of the King of Swat would have been a lasting tribute to his memory. Unfortunately, once again the real life story of a popular figure has been turned into a soggy, tasteless, and largely fictional script.

Murder, robbery, suspense, and mystery are the chief ingredients in these run-of-the-mill releases: *The Velvet Touch* (RKO-Radio); *Four Faces West* (United Artists); *Sorry, Wrong Number* (Paramount); *So Evil My Love* (Paramount); *Mine Own Executioner* (20th Century-Fox); and *Pitfall* (United Artists).



# Verse

## Gershwin — Bach

Gershwin, child of the street. . . .

With syncopated tones  
You show us  
Glittering, blinking signs,  
    Uncertain, it seems,  
    Of their message;  
Restless, erratic traffic,  
    Ever moving,  
    Never arriving. . . .  
With melancholy melody  
You drag us  
Down narrow alleys,  
    Where the raucous laugh of women,  
    The raspy shouts of men  
    Pierce the smoky haze,  
    Echoing through the maze  
    Of sagging buildings;  
Into forgotten slums,  
    Where despair has left  
    The stench of beer,  
    The derelict beneath the lamp-post,  
    The glaring light above the tavern;  
Past yesterday's paper,  
    Lying, like a worthless memory,  
    Distorted,  
    In a lonely corner;  
Into the pathos,  
Dirt, smell, tears  
Of a city  
At night.

Bach, child of the church. . . .

With securely-patterned chords  
You lift us  
Up  
To the Cross,



## The CRESSET

Where His blood  
 Washes the uncertainty,  
 The dirt, the stench  
 From  
 The slums, the alleys  
 Of human hearts. . . .  
 With soaring descants  
 Which scatter pearled steps  
 Reaching to eternity  
 You carry us  
 Up  
 To the mansions of God.

ROBERT SAUER



## After His Resurrection

Why did John hesitate when Peter's stride  
 Brought him to where the napkin and the clothes  
 Showed him vain death defeated and defied?  
 John then went in to see. No angel chose  
 To show himself to John, who won the race  
 With Peter to the tomb from which their Lord  
 Had risen. Yet when Peter left the place  
 He did not know his Lord's life was restored.  
 Nor had poor Mary understood the word  
 That pledged the Lord to rise on the third day  
 Until her name upon His lips so stirred  
 Her soul to rapture. From her blank despair  
 She shed such tears of joy while weeping there  
 As when she dried her Lord's feet with her hair.

ALEXANDER HARVEY

### Promise

An evening dawn around Camlachie, the wild fern cut  
from sea and sailor by the jagged forks  
of night. Laughters cry out among the weeds and sand,  
and on the shore the waves dash up, dash out,  
splashing the laughter with a pale tone.  
But the laughers do not hear, they do not want to hear. . . .

It is late to promise anything here on Camlachie's shore,  
and God may think me human for choosing such a time.  
Yet I can vow (slave to my love for Time and Place)  
never to cherish laughter in the weeds, or the waves  
striking the midnight hour, or the walk that leads  
down to the beach; only the still Breath of God  
which fills all, only the Silence of Him  
out in the sea air, only the Touch of Him  
with the cool wind and the warm wind and the fire  
and the wild fern, only the Voice which answers  
and does not answer as I breathe my Prayer  
toward the night skies.

WALTER RIESS



LIKE many of their countrymen, the members of THE CRESSET staff awoke with a shock on what Republicans have come to call Black Wednesday. The drubbing which the people administered to the pollsters, the newspapers, and Thomas E. Dewey caught us by surprise fully as much as it did other observers of the American scene.

That Wednesday morning also found us somewhat belated in the publication of our November issue. This unfortunate and somewhat chronic situation gave us an opportunity to revise our Notes and Comment section in terms of the outcome of the election.

Future historians, perusing American periodicals for November, 1948, will no doubt express amazement at the contemporaneity with which THE CRESSET treated a phenomenon that surprised most of the remainder of the American press. We hope that those among our readers who are living when those historians begin their task will guard our secret.



One of the problems which the election did not change is the problem of the American home. No

amount of campaign oratory or political promises can alter the fact that the basis of American society, the family, is disintegrating, and no political agitation will be worthwhile until that condition is corrected.

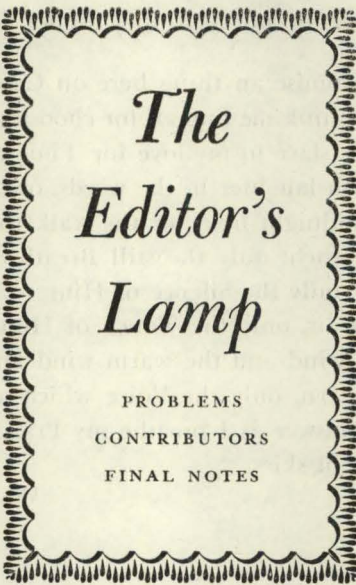
We therefore thought it not inappropriate in our election issue to fea-

ture the problem of marriage and divorce. Luther P. Koepke is Assistant Professor of Religion at Valparaiso University. His analysis of the reasons underlying the breakdown of the American family will be of interest to all who are sensitive to the basic dynamics of American society, and his realistic appraisal of the possibilities of redemption will commend itself to anyone who wishes to see things as they really are, and not as they

ought to be.



Our poets this month are Walter Riess, Robert Sauer and Alexander Harvey. We hope to be hearing from them again soon. Guest reviewers include John Strietelmeier, Herbert H. Umbach, Grace Wolf, Les Lange, Vera T. Hahn, James S. Savage, and Victor F. Hoffmann. All are or have been connected with Valparaiso U.



# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS  
CONTRIBUTORS  
FINAL NOTES