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JUNE 1945

THE

CRESSETT

Indiana Immortal
by W. G. Polack

San Francisco

Harry S. Truman

Letter from the Dead



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. VIII

No. 8

Thirty Cents

THE CRESSET

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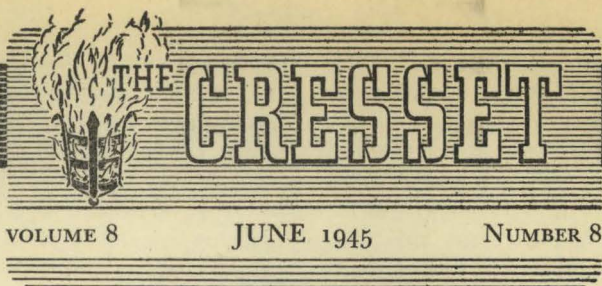
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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

San Francisco

As these lines are written, the results of the San Francisco conference are still so tentative, and so many issues are still awaiting a final decision, that we hesitate to express ourselves on the subject with any degree of finality. On the credit side of the ledger, it assuredly is heartening to realize that at least a beginning has been made in the matter of international cooperation. The fact that representatives of almost fifty nations have voluntarily assembled for the express purpose of maintaining the peace of the world, and that they have acknowledged thereby their preference for arbitration rather than armaments in settling international disputes is indeed a hopeful development. As long as men and nations can iron out their differences around a conference

table, bloodshed will be avoided.

At the same time, we cannot regard the San Francisco conference as the beginning of the millennium. The actions and the attitudes of many of the conferees leave entirely too much to be desired. Power politics is still far too much in evidence. Russia cannot expect to gain the confidence of the western world by her intransigent attitude. We see no reason for the exclusion of such genuinely peace-loving nations as Sweden, Switzerland, and Portugal. The veto formula seems to us to be patently absurd, and a fatal defect in the entire peace structure. It appears that the organization will be able to prevent wars among the small nations, but it would seem to be less effective in eliminating wars among the great nations.

We did not expect perfection at

San Francisco. But we did expect a reasonably effective and workable charter for the maintenance of world peace for at least several generations. Are we to be disappointed? If the statesmen at San Francisco fail us now, they may never have another chance.



Harry S. Truman

SUFFICIENT time has now elapsed since the sudden and dramatic elevation of Harry S. Truman to the presidency to allow us to form some judgments as to the character and competence of our new chief executive. To put it tersely: So far, so good.

Seldom, if ever, in our national history has any man entered the White House under greater handicaps or in the face of more staggering difficulties than did Mr. Truman. Catapulted from comparative obscurity into the most influential position within the gift of men, stepping into the place of a leader who had been at once the most colorful and the most powerful of any American president, possessing none of the attributes which are popularly associated with "greatness," Harry Truman might well have felt that history would consign him to the category of such presidential failures as Grant and Harding.

On the contrary, however, Pres-

ident Truman, during his first two months in office, has captured both the esteem and the confidence of virtually the entire nation. He has put an end to personal government and has signified his eagerness to work with, rather than to dominate, the Congress. He has moved boldly to eliminate the waste and confusion of war-time bureaucracy and to restore both sanity and efficiency to our complex administrative machinery. He has demonstrated his ability to pick good men as his associates. He has shown his desire for national unity by consulting Republican as well as Democratic leaders. He has steered a safe middle course between the reactionaries and the radicals. Meanwhile, the American people watch—and approve. Perhaps never before—except in the fateful days of December, 1941—has our nation been more united.

But something else should be said about our new president. Mr. Truman is a typical "average American." He has all the steady, simple qualities that constitute the best in the American character. He comes from the geographical center of the country; he springs from pioneer stock; his blood may not be "blue," but it is thoroughly American. He came up the "hard way"—but he reached the top. An "average man" *can* be president!

And so, Mr. Truman in the White House serves as a living proof of the genius of the American spirit. Our nation is greater than even the greatest of its sons. Men may die, but America lives on. We pray that President Truman may show her how to be worthy of her heritage.



Economy in National Expenditures

ONE of the factors that had helped to bring about a general confidence in President Truman among our people is his plan to introduce economies in national expenditures. Our people have viewed with much apprehension the meteoric rise of the national debt. Not because they were not willing or ready to spend huge sums in the war effort, but because they suspected a lack of circumspection in the war spending. There is a general feeling that much money could have been saved without harming or hindering the war effort in the least. For this reason it was with an almost audible sigh of satisfaction that the nation recently read the White House announcement: "The activities of all agencies will be continually reviewed to achieve economies where they will not interfere with the prosecution of the war." At

long last! Mr. Truman may be certain that he will have the bulk of the people behind him in this move, and also that the people will look to him for strict adherence to this policy.



Is Russia Playing Ball?

EVER since V-E Day, and for a long time before V-E Day, the Soviet Union has been pursuing a policy based largely on suspicion and self-interest. The U.S.S.R. seems determined to get exactly what it wants in spite of the world-organization drafted at Dumbarton Oaks and at the San Francisco Conference. There is every reason to conclude that the Kremlin will take unilateral action whenever it sees fit to do so and that it will work in harmony with other nations only when, for reasons of its own, it chooses to be convinced that such a procedure will suit its own concealed or unconcealed purposes.

Josef Stalin is a cagey man; but is he wise? Can he blame anyone for suspecting that in the Baltic States and in some of the Balkan countries he is resorting to practices which do not differ to any marked extent from what Hitler, in the heyday of his power, did in the lands which he succeeded in bringing under the Nazi yoke? It is evident that Stalin does not be-

lieve in freedom of expression and that he is afraid of freedom of voting. Even his much-heralded decision to grant some measure of freedom of worship seems, on close scrutiny, to be based wholly and solely on expediency; for Stalin knows well enough how to make a virtue of necessity, just as, according to an old saying, the devil will stoop to eating flies whenever, in his opinion, a need for indulging in such a diet has arisen.

Marshal Stalin is infected with the virus of a disease which makes its way inexorably into the blood of any dictator. His regime is founded on mistrust of his own countrymen as well as on mistrust of other lands. He does not permit foreigners to move about freely in the domain of the U.S.S.R. Even before the war he objected vigorously and, as a rule, with extraordinary effectiveness, to freedom of expression on the part of the press representatives sent to the Soviet Union from other countries. News has always been scarce in the U.S.S.R. It is even scarcer today. The strong arm of Soviet censorship reaches out even into those lands which the mighty homeland of communism has taken into its maw by unilateral action pure and simple. Does anyone outside the inner circles of the Kremlin know what is happening in the Baltic States and

in many portions of the Balkans? Is anyone who is not intimately associated with the policies formulated in Moscow aware of what is actually taking place in Poland?

The U.S.S.R. wants peace just as the other big and little countries of the United Nations want peace; but Stalin's isolationism, based as it is on suspicion and out-and-out self-interest, is not conducive to genuine harmony. No world-organization can be successful if the nations that have a part in it show such a deplorable lack of sportsmanship and sound statesmanship as has been evident all too frequently in the tactics of the Soviet Union. We must bear in mind that the task of dealing properly, wisely, and firmly with a crushed Germany will be far more onerous than the herculean task of defeating Germany ever was. The virulent bacilli which led to Hitlerian arrogance and aggression cannot be destroyed or rendered harmless if any nation, no matter how great its contributions to the glory of V-E Day, refuses to human beings the inalienable right of genuine freedom.



Germany and the Underground

DURING the past weeks a number of commentators have noted the absence of a German

underground and from that tried to prove the complete depravity of the German people as a whole. Their purpose was to advocate a "hard peace." (They prefer that word to "just.") Their thesis: The German people without exception are as perverted and inhuman as the most fanatical Nazis have proven to be. They point to France, to Holland, Belgium, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Italy. All these had their underground, providing a core of resistance. Where was Germany's?

But they forget that never in political history has any nation been so completely dominated by a political philosophy of force and fear as were the Germans under the Nazis. Their control was so gradual, so far-reaching, so complete, that it had fastened itself upon the people before they knew what had really happened. And then the Gestapo and the party members saw to it that no organized resistance could be maintained.

A great many other factors must be considered before the picture is complete. There is the undeniable injustice of the Versailles Treaty; the failure of the Weimar Republic and its causes; the diabolical ingenuity of the Nazi system, which made such cunning use of every quirk in the Teutonic mind and environment;

the thoroughness with which the party leaders concentrated chiefly upon just that generation in which their military strength lay; the weakness of the State Church, moribund and flabby, after the dilution of the Prussian Union and the inroads of rationalism. These were all contributing causes.

Take into account the well-known German passion for thoroughness and organization. Consider the size of the Reich and the density of the population. Do not overlook the industrial and scientific genius for which Germany was recognized. Remember that all these were concentrated upon one object through the leadership of the Nazis, who with ruthless hand cut down every sprout of opposition. When you regard the thoroughness of their domination and the completeness of their control, where could an underground begin within Germany? There were voices raised in other lands and lifted timidly, for the arm of retribution was long and no country until the very outbreak of war defied the sinister power that ruled the Reich.

Russia is also a totalitarian power. Its domination is just as complete; its power just as ruthless. Had Russia been as small, as compact, as well-developed industrially and scientifically, the same thing might have happened

there in a generation. Lacking these, it takes a little longer. But unless Russian communism is very greatly modified, it will also happen there. But even today one might ask, "Where is the Russian underground? Where is the voice of freedom and democracy, of the rights of man and the equality of humanity in Russia?" You will look a long while before finding it. The OGPU will see to that.

No, it is false reasoning and hasty judgment and woeful shortsightedness that would attempt to condemn the German people *in toto* upon such flimsy grounds.



Under Fire

As might well be expected in times of crisis, almost all institutions are objects of criticism today. The American college is no exception. Planning boards, committees, and commissions are all busily engaged in evaluating the present college curriculum in the light of post-war needs; and it seems to be the consensus of opinion that drastic changes are necessary in the offerings of most college departments.

The basic source of all this questioning is easily found. Service men and women, viewing life in varied places and living a life very much different from that of pre-war days, are demanding

change. Perhaps they place too much emphasis on education for practical pursuits; but they realize, better than do we in our ivory towers, that too much that is offered in our higher institutions is superfluous, that too much does not prepare one for anything, even the "good life," that our universities and their faculties live too much in the past, not enough in the future.

Certainly, not everything that is given in our present courses should be scrapped. But our educators must decide upon that material which offers values that are absolute and real. Traditionally conservative, those in charge of American education must come out of their caves of darkness to see the light which somewhere must be shining.



Peace Postulates

THE end of the European War has brought to the front anew proposals for an enduring peace. Among them we also have those prepared by a number of psychologists from some of our leading universities and approved by a convention of the American Psychological Association. They are set forth in the following ten points:

1. War can be avoided. War is not born in men; it is built in men.

2. In planning for permanent peace, the coming generation should be the primary focus of attention.

3. Racial, national and group hatreds can, to a considerable degree, be controlled.

4. Condescension toward "inferior" groups destroys our chances for a lasting peace.

5. Liberated and enemy peoples must participate in planning their own destiny.

6. The confusion of defeated peoples will call for clarity and consistency in the application of rewards and punishments.

7. If properly administered, relief and rehabilitation can lead to self-reliance and cooperation; if improperly, to resentment and hatred.

8. The root desires of the common people of all lands are the safest guide to framing a peace.

9. The trend of human relationships is toward ever wider units of collective security.

10. Commitments now may prevent postwar apathy and reaction.

These points are interesting. Some are true, others are only partly so, because they do not state the whole case. Take point one: "War can be avoided." Suppose we grant that it can be under given conditions. That is not the real question. The real question is, will war be avoided? We frankly have our doubts on that score. Considering the past history of our race and knowing our human proneness to evil, we may be pardoned for our skepticism. At that

we seem to have on our side many prominent world leaders of today. At the conference in San Francisco there has been evident an extreme caution in expressing any predictions as to the establishment of a peace that will endure more than a quarter century. It seems that two world wars within a generation have made us less Utopian and more realistic in regard to this question. We all hope for a permanent peace, yet deep down in our hearts we do not believe that this hope will be realized.



Good Little Man

ERNIE PYLE is dead. This was the bulletin flashed around the world on April 17 while all peoples were just recovering from the shock of another great tragedy.

To the mud-spattered G.I. in Italy, to the seaman aft on a battleship in the Pacific, to the gunners riding in steel in the air and steel on the ground the death of this great journalist was a blow indeed. For it was this man who had reported the war in terms of the men fighting the war. Pyle saw the horror of battle through the eyes of the common fighting man, the boy from Brooklyn, the boy from the crossroads in Kansas.

In Pyle's death the American

newspapers lost one of the most reliable, most conscientious interpreters of the battles on land and sea. But his death brings with it a realization—a realization of just how valuable is the work of these unsung heroes of World War II, our foreign correspondents. Too, the loss makes us realize that these men and the combat troops work side by side. In this war our reporters are in the front lines, armed with only pencil or portable typewriter. They experience all the hardships of the ordinary fighting man; they are strafed and bombed—all without the means of fighting back.

Ernie Pyle, in death, is the symbol of these writers of ours who go through the hell of war so that we in America can be the best informed people on earth. We lost Ernie Pyle. We shall lose many others. But they would probably want it that way if suffering and hardship and death are necessary that the news may go through.



Progressive Education

RECENTLY we were faced with the unpleasant task of informing a student that he had failed in algebra. We further informed him that he must either repeat the course, or study during the summer in preparation for a make-up examination in the fall, or obtain

credit by taking algebra during the summer in his local high school.

He chose the last of these three evils, and in the following September he presented a report card from his local high school—where the virus of progressive education had been particularly active—which credited him with one unit in algebra. Closer examination of the boy's report card considerably lessened our rejoicing over his summer work. The card listed a dozen desirable goals which the boy was supposed to achieve, or at least approximate, while he was exposed to algebra. Under the goals of Respect for the Rights of Others, Responsibility to Obligations, Willingness to Accept Suggestions, and Participation in Class Activities the teacher had indicated that our student had rated a P; he was progressing. However, in regard to Achievement in Subject Matter and Application of Knowledge he was rated N; he needed improvement. And yet he had received a unit of credit in algebra. His report card was documentary evidence of his ability to enter upon and to explore the fields of plane and solid geometry, advanced algebra, and the mathematical aspects of high school physics.

When we failed him we knew he had a high respect for the rights of others, that even in his

adolescent state he felt the responsibilities which were his, that any suggestion aimed at his improvement was willingly and graciously accepted. At that time we also knew that his knowledge of algebra was wholly inadequate. Further experience with the boy showed us that a summer spent in a progressive school did not make for *progress* in his knowledge of algebra.



Hutchins and Barth

AMID the welter of hysterical and hate-filled voices which are dinning in our ears from every side these days, it is heartening indeed to hear words of sanity and moderation from two leaders of thought who represent the highest expression of twentieth century Christian culture. Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, dynamic president of the University of Chicago, arose in Rockefeller Chapel on V-E Day to utter some courageous words—words that might well be heeded by our nation's political and military leaders, and by the rank-and-file of our citizenry, as well. Said President Hutchins:

We now come to the real test of our professed ideals, for the sake of which we claimed to enter the war. . . . We are now on the verge of forgetting history, and forgetting common sense as well, for common sense

tells us that if we do not intend to kill off all the Germans and Japanese in the world, and if we do not intend to rule them as slaves by military force till the end of time, we must treat them with justice and, if possible, with mercy. Otherwise we lay here and now the foundations of the next war. . . .

The peace of the world depends upon the restoration of the German and Japanese people. The wildest atrocity stories cannot alter the simple truths that all men are human, that no men are beasts, that all men are the children of God, that no men are irrevocably damned by God, and that all men are by nature members of the human community. . . . Every educated person knows enough about human nature to know that war is brutalizing and that propaganda should be received with skepticism. . . . The misbehavior of an individual man . . . does not permit us to forget that he is a man or to treat him as a brute, or to act like brutes ourselves.

At about the same time, Dr. Karl Barth, the famous Swiss theologian, sounded an earnest warning against indiscriminate punishment of the German people, as reported by Religious News Service. While condemning the crimes of the Nazis, Dr. Barth declared: "We warn all serious people against the illusion of justifying oneself by blind hatred, condemnation, and retaliation. We declare there can be no question of punishing the German people en

bloc, but only of making them responsible for preventing a renewal of the old order."

Dr. Barth then closed on this eminently Christian note, which might well serve as an antidote to the venomous effusions of Messrs. McNutt, Winchell, Rex Stout, et al.:

Man is inherently evil. The sickness, whose last frightful symptoms have been manifested in Germany, is not a German sickness only, but has roots in the hardness of heart which is found in all people. Apart from the Christian faith there is no real, radical help for this hardness of heart—and not the German people only have been in many ways untrue to the faith.



The Future of the Family

THERE are those who view with alarm the effects which modern cultural changes have had on the family. Comparing the family of today with that of yesterday gives them a rather pessimistic view and many are ready to join the prophets of gloom who predict that the family is doomed.

While it is true that the modern family shows the marks left by the sweeping social current, it is still securely anchored in our culture as our basic social institution. Despite marked deviation from socially approved standards, society still recognizes the family

as the only legitimate agency for procreation and frowns upon sex expression outside of it. Despite the amazing development of formal education on all levels, the family is still regarded as the basic institution for training children and our most effective agency for the transmission of our culture from generation to generation. The gloom as to the future of the family may also be dispelled when we consider that the percentage of married people has increased, which shows that more people find the family an attractive institution.

Margaret Mead (*Harpers*, April, 1945) calls the family a very tough institution, one which has survived the ravaging cultural changes through the ages. She does not regard the family the subject of worry and concern, but raises the question: "What about the people who live in families who were reared to expect one kind of condition within which to work out their relationships to each other and are now faced with another?" She defends the thesis that institutions are made for men, and not men for institutions. She believes that trouble is not to be found with the family, but with the people who refuse to adjust that institution to our changing social environment.

While we are not ready to join the wailing of the prophets of

gloom, we cannot agree with the view that social change must have undisputed right of way and social institutions must be rebuilt along the new blazed trail. History has proven that man's basic needs remain unchanged and that while methods of satisfying them have deviated from the original patterns, the fundamental institutions for the satisfaction of man's needs have remained firm and staple. Efforts to make a basic social institution, such as the family, conform to changing social standards of conduct seem to be as futile as attempts to change man's basic needs.

The family is a divinely established institution. As such it should serve as a stabilizing force in social life rather than become the victim of changes which all too often tend to weaken the moral fiber of human society and disrupt the social structure.



"The Little People"

WE have been hearing a great deal in recent times about the "little people." A certain great statesman was noted above all for his pre-eminent concern for the "little people." Politicos beat their breasts as they present themselves to spell-bound audiences as champions of the "little people." Conferences are convened to pass

high-sounding resolutions safeguarding the rights of the "little people." Editorials, reeking with maudlin sentimentality, are written in praise of Senator X or Secretary Y, who have distinguished themselves as friends of the "little people."

But who are these "little people" over whom so many crocodile tears are being shed? We venture to guess that if the readers of *THE CRESSET* were asked if they consider themselves as belonging to the "little people," nine out of ten would respond with an indignant "No!"

We find the term "little people" altogether obnoxious. It is a correlate of the "great man" myth which is so repugnant to our cherished American traditions, but which has gained such great authority in many parts of the world since World War I—with dire consequences, indeed. "Little people" is a patronizing term, a term of condescension. It conveys an affront to our dignity as free-born Americans, who are not subject to any overlord or master, but who hold within our own grasp the reins of democratic government. The "little people" concept is an outgrowth of the paternalistic type of government which has sprung up in many parts of the world—including, to an unfortunate degree, our own United States.

"Little people"? That term might be appropriate in the dictator-ridden countries of the earth. But it does poor honor indeed to free American citizens.



Put Yourself in His Place

HE had to leave his home and his job; after being shifted from camp to camp he was transported to foreign battlefronts; his were the jungle ordeals, the fox-hole experiences, and the horrors of battle. Finally, there came for him the hoped-for and prayed-for order of his discharge, the day of embarkation from a foreign shore, the voyage homeward, the glimpse of his native land, the journey across the mountains and plains, and the arrival at home in the midst of his loved ones.

Now what? He is looked upon as one who must be rehabilitated; he is regarded as a person to be readjusted. To what? To the life and conditions which he left when he went into service. He is considered a psychological problem. He must not be reminded of his past, and no questions must be asked about his experiences while away from home. He is to be pampered and babied. He wonders why. He cannot understand. He is disappointed.

That is, we fear, the reaction of the returning veteran if we re-

ceive him with the idea that he is out of harmony with the life and environment to which he has returned and, therefore, must be rehabilitated. That seems poor psychology and the sooner we realize it, the better. While there will be some psychological cases among our veterans, the rank and file of them are just as normal human beings as they were when they left us. We should treat them as such and disregard much of the prattle about their rehabilitation which unfortunately has found its way into print. The average service man wants to step back into the place which he left; he wants to return to his job and to the circle of his friends and acquaintances and be treated as he was before. Let us not impress him as though we are different and need re-adjustment.



Shall We Doff Our Hats?

THE type of thinking among church leaders that invites only disrespect on the part of responsible Christian people is well illustrated by a report adopted by the Toronto and Kingston Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, as relayed by Religious News Service. Incredible as it may seem, this is what the Canadian Presbyterians had to say, in part, in praise of Soviet Russia:

Russia's amazing achievements in the war have astounded the nations and have proved that there is within communism a spiritual as well as a material power. . . . There is no denying the fact that the social ideals of communism bear striking resemblance to the social emphasis of the Christian Gospel. . . . If Russia . . . has succeeded in removing forever the idle men from the market-place, then we should discover her secret. If she has established justice between man and man; given cake to none and bread to all; applied the teaching of Jesus' parable of the rich man and Lazarus more realistically than professedly Christian nations, then let us take off our hats to her.

This expression, to put the most charitable construction upon it, betrays an astonishing naïvete on the part of the Canadian churchmen—that, and an appalling ignorance of the true nature of both communism and Christianity. What "spiritual" power resides in a system which even its staunchest advocates will admit is materialistic to its very core and which brutally derides everything "spiritual" in the accepted Christian sense of the term?

The social ideals of communism can be said to "bear striking resemblance to the social emphasis of the Christian Gospel" in only the most superficial manner, for the motivating forces behind the two philosophies of life are as far apart as the poles.

Russia, to be sure, has "removed idle men from the market place." But at what cost! At the cost of individual liberty and of the basic human rights that Americans have come to regard as inalienable. By espousing a totalitarianism which is as complete and ruthless as any the world has ever seen, to quote the late President Roosevelt. That is the "secret" which the Canadian churchmen bid the western democracies to "discover."

Has Russia "established justice between man and man"? What would the exiles in Siberian concentration camps say to that? What would the sixteen Polish democratic leaders whose guarantees of safe-conduct were violated by the Soviets say to it?

Has Russia "given cake to none and bread to all"? What about the three million kulaks who were systematically liquidated by the great famine of the mid-thirties? What about the Lutheran pastors in the Baltic states, now occupied by Russia, who have been denied all ration privileges by the Soviet authorities and who have been fleeing to Finland to escape starvation?

This is the system of government, the philosophy of life, to which these Christian leaders of Canada would have us "take off our hats."

The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Letter from the Dead

A FEW weeks ago I saw a letter written by a soldier to his parents. . . . A part of it read: "I am writing this letter to you just before going into action at dawn. . . . I am about to take part in the biggest battle that has yet been fought in Europe. . . . My idea in writing this is in case I am one of the 'costs' and get killed. . . . I do not expect to be, but such things have happened and are always possible. . . . To be killed means nothing to me; it is only you who suffer, you who really pay the cost. . . . I have been looking at the stars and thinking what an immense distance they are away. . . . What an insignificant thing the loss of, say, forty years of life is compared with them. . . . Try not to worry about me and remember that we shall meet again quite soon. . . . This letter is only going to be mailed if . . ."

The letter was mailed. . . . The writer was one of the "costs" of war. . .

I shall attempt to finish that letter, not only for him but for all of the men who have fought and died in order that we might live. . . . It will not be as good a letter as they themselves could write, but I should like to speak for them through the veil which separates time from eternity:

"We who have died sympathize with you who live. . . . There is no sense of separation in our hearts and no loneliness in our souls. . . . We know now that all the mourning over death is on one side of the valley. . . . We wait for you, but it is not the waiting of absence and pain; it is the sure, quiet waiting of those who know that you will come and that you will not be late. . . ."

"And yet. . . . Before we meet again there are a few things we should like to say to you. . . . We would like to think that you will now listen to us as you have never listened before. . . . That our graves have given us a measure of authority and power which we,

who were young, did not have in life. . . .

"We would ask you not to forget us. . . . We know that time can heal many wounds and we believe that it should. . . . Our memory should not be sorrow forever. . . . But we do want to be remembered as your sons and friends and husbands and companions and brothers who died in the hope that your remaining days on earth might be a little happier, a little more quiet, a little nearer to the ways which God desires for His children in all the earth. . . . We died that you might have peace. . . . Not only the peace which is the absence of bloodshed and war, but the greater peace of good will toward all men. . . . The deeper peace which can come only when men, somehow and some time, bow their knees before Him Who brought into the world the peace that passes all understanding. . . . The higher peace that enfolds forever those who hear the voice of God and obey. . . . We were not always conscious of that when we lived, but it was there. . . . Deep down. . . . The consciousness that God has His purposes with us and that they are good and holy and blessed. . . . Now we know that as we know nothing else. . . .

"We ask you to make your memory of us a glowing act of

rededication to the tasks which remain undone. . . . That you will devote your days and your years to the bringing of a little more justice and honor and mercy into the world. . . . For this we died. . . . Our death will be a mockery if you will not remember. . . . Tell our country, our nation, that a land is not great because of the abundance of things it possesses. . . . That great wealth does not make a great nation. . . . That great armies and navies, guns and airplanes do not make it great. . . . These are not the things for which we died. . . . We died for the things of the heart and soul—for freedom, for charity, for peace, for justice. . . . If you forget these, you forget us. . . .

"But if you remember, we shall sleep in peace in the far and lonely earth of distant lands. . . . We shall know that there are great horizons and huge dawns before you because we died. . . . That you will follow us into immortality by placing your mortality at the feet of God, and country, and fellowmen. . . .

"And finally . . . We ask you to look again to your faith in God and in Christ. . . . Look in order to know more about its lifting and holding power. . . . Not only to comfort you when you remember that we are no longer with you, but to strengthen you in all the years to come. . . . We came

to the gates of death as unknown soldiers, but in one moment we found that we were known to God. . . . Known from all eternity and to all eternity through Him Who once also died here in order that we might live forever. . . . Our souls are in His hands and no sorrow shall touch us any more. . . . Unknown to the world yet known in heaven. . . . A few days ago, before we left you for a little while, we read some lines written by a soldier during the first World War. . . . It asked the question which must be in the minds of many men and women in the world tonight:

The stars are shining bright above
the camps
The bugle-calls float skyward faintly
clear
Over the hills the mistveiled motor
lamps
Dwindle and disappear.
The notes of Taps arise and blend
With the low murmurous hum from
tree and sod
And swell into that question at the
end
They ask each night of God—
Whether the dead within the burial
ground
Will ever overthrow their crosses grey
And rise triumphant from each
mound
To greet the dawning day?

“The answer to that question,
we now know, is ‘Yes!’”

Book of the Month

A PASSING note on one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of publishing. . . . On the morning of April 24, 1945, exactly twelve days after the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a memorial volume came to my desk. . . . I imagine that this is the fastest printing and publishing job that the world has ever seen. . . . The little volume, published by Pocketbooks, includes a fascinating description of the first news of his death, a series of editorials, a brief biography, President Truman's proclamation of mourning, excerpts of the speeches of the late President and a number of eloquent tributes. . . . The final estimate of this complex and puzzling world figure has not yet been made. . . . There can be no doubt, however, both among his friends and his enemies, that for many years he will loom large on the horizon of world history. . . .

Several passages from his speeches and addresses deserve to live. . . . For example, the eloquent closing paragraphs of his *Annual Message to Congress on January 3, 1940*:

Doctrines which set group against group, faith against faith, race against race, class against class, fanning the fires of hatred in men too despondent, too desperate to think for themselves, were used as rabble-rousing slogans

on which dictators could rise to power. And once in power they could saddle their tyrannies on whole nations, saddle them on weaker neighbors.

This is the danger to which we in America must begin to be more alert. For the apologists for foreign aggressors, and equally those selfish and partisan groups at home who wrap themselves in a false mantle of Americanism to promote their own economic, financial or political advantage, are now trying European tricks upon us, seeking to muddy the stream of our national thinking, weakening us in the face of danger, by trying to set our own people to fighting among themselves. Such tactics are what have helped to plunge Europe into war. We must combat them, as we would the plague, if American integrity and security are to be preserved. We cannot afford to face the future as a disunited people.

We must as a united people keep ablaze on this continent the flames of human liberty, of reason, of democracy, and of fair play as living things to be preserved for the better world that is to come.

A few lines from the undelivered address which was in manuscript on the day of his death:

The mere conquest of our enemies is not enough.

We must go on to do all in our power to conquer the doubts and the fears, the ignorance and the greed, which made this horror possible.

Thomas Jefferson, himself a distinguished scientist, once spoke of the "brotherly spirit of science, which

unites into one family all its votaries of whatever grade, and however widely dispersed throughout the different quarters of the globe."

Today, science has brought all the different quarters of the globe so close together that it is impossible to isolate them one from another.

Today we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together and work together in the same world, at peace.

Let me assure you that my hand is the steadier for the work that is to be done, that I move more firmly into the task, knowing that you—millions and millions of you—are joined with me in the resolve to make this work endure.

The work, my friends, is peace, more than an end of this war—an end to the beginnings of all wars, yes, an end, forever, to this impractical, unrealistic settlement of the differences between governments by the mass killing of peoples.

Today as we move against the terrible scourge of war—as we go forward toward the greatest contribution that any generation of human beings can make in this world—the contribution of lasting peace, I ask you to keep up your faith.



George W. Norris

I CAN still see him as he sat in the corner of my living room, a sad-eyed, stooped old man whose

shoulders seemed to be bowed not only by the weight of years, but also by the burden of the world. . . . For forty years he had served in the Senate of the United States. . . . A simple, honest, fearless man who served his nation and his people well. . . .

I remember that I asked him one night what he thought about conditions in the world. . . . His sad eyes turned to me: "I really do not know. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night in my little house out in McCook, Nebraska, and I can't go to sleep again. . . . I remember all the millions of people who are without food and shelter, I think of all the pain and death in the world; then I get so restless that there is no further chance for sleep. . . . I really do not know what will happen to us. . . . There seems to be so much stupidity and folly and hate in the world that it overwhelms me. . . ." This was the measure of the man. . . . A remarkable sensitivity to the hurt of the world. . . .

I am reminded of him by the posthumous publication of his autobiography *Fighting Liberal*. . . . A great story of a great figure. . . . Here are fifty years of American political history in brief review. . . . The filibusters, the cloak-room alliances, the men who thought one way and voted another, the parliamentary contro-

versies, the struggles behind the scenes. . . . It is a book singularly free of malice and bitterness. . . . By and large it is also an encouraging picture of democracy in action. . . . It demonstrates that there are many good men in the Congress of the United States, honest, earnest, intelligent. . . . Like all groups of men, Congress has also its clowns and mountebanks, but on the whole the American people choose their representatives well. . . .

Early in his career Senator Norris came to the conclusion that power, both electric and water, should belong in the public domain. . . . It was a deep, lifelong conviction beginning with the fight with Hetch Hetchy:

"The snows of winter wrap the peaks of the Sierras gently in a deep white blanket or, in howling gales, fill the deep canyons with ice and snow. And then spring follows, and spring's warm sun, and snow water happily courses down the mountain side, gathering in tiny creeks which rush rapidly to the river, seeking the sea.

"Men may build dams to pile those waters back in lakes, averting floods and providing cities with water and light."

The most dramatic scene in his entire life came when he with five others voted against the declaration of war on Germany in 1917. In one of the most remarkable

pages in the entire volume he describes his feelings at that moment:

The mounting temper of my colleagues in the Senate and the reaction that came from the crowd in the galleries warned me that I had ventured very near to the border of public resentment and indignation. But I was powerless, had I desired, to stop the flow of words coming from my heart.

"I know that I am powerless to stop it. . . . I feel that we are committing a sin against humanity and against our countrymen. I would like to say to this war god: 'You shall not coin into gold the lifeblood of my brethren!' . . . I feel we are about to put the dollar sign upon the American flag."

In this connection he states his creed concerning representation of the people in a legislative body:

The war resolution, perhaps, more than any other issue upon which I voted during all the years in Congress, raised the issue of what should be the attitude of a member of Congress. Should he always follow what he believed to be the majority sentiment of his district, or should he obey

his own conscience even when, in doing so, it appeared he was voting against the wishes of a majority of his constituents?

I have thought conscience was the guide.

Otherwise, a member of Congress giving weight to expressed public sentiment becomes only an automatic machine. If that is the line of duty of a member, then Congress requires no patriotism, no education, and no courage. All a member has to do, if he does follow that which he believes to be the will of his constituency at all times, is to attempt to take such action as will bring him the most votes in the next election.

In the end, the only worth-while pay in congressional service is that which comes from a satisfied conscience in the knowledge that you have done your duty as God gives you light, regardless of the effect it may have upon political fortunes.

A great and good man. . . . As he himself writes: "So long as there are men, there will be knights to lift their swords and press their shields against the enemies' corruption and evil. This is my faith in America." . . .



A tribute to the memory of a great man . . .

Indiana Immortal

By W. G. POLACK

THE visitor who today comes to the thriving, bustling city of Evansville, Indiana, nestled around a huge crescent bend of the Ohio River, will meet the name of Benjamin Bosse in many places, even though the man has been dead for more than a score of years. When he opens the morning paper, the *Evansville Courier*, he will read underneath the editorial-page masthead the motto: "When everybody boosts, everybody wins.—*Benjamin Bosse*." If the visitor is interested in sports, he will be directed to Bosse Field Stadium, where, in season, baseball, football, and other athletic events are scheduled. If he settles down in the city with his family, he will perhaps move into the fine residence section surrounding Bosse High School, another stately memorial to this man. If he is interested in the city's beauty spots, he will have occasion to see Evansville College, which Benjamin Bosse helped to establish; the Coliseum, a brass-

plate inside its outer doors bearing his name in token of the leading part which he played in its erection; and the beautiful Lutheran Cemetery in which stands the tall monolith that marks Benjamin Bosse's grave. If the visitor is a business man he will perhaps do business with the Globe-Bosse-World Furniture Company, founded by him in the early years of his career, besides meeting men in the business and political life of the city who will at once become voluble at the mention of his name. In short, the visitor cannot help becoming conscious of the fact that this man had an unusually important role in the building of one of the large communities in our great Middle West.

The natural question is, who was Benjamin Bosse?

Self-made Man

BENJAMIN BOSSE was born on Nov. 1, 1874, near Hornville, in Scott Township, Indiana, about

a dozen miles north of Evansville, one of a family of eight sons and three daughters. He received his elementary schooling in the Lutheran parochial school at Hornville, which amounted to less than the equivalent of six grades today. He left his father's farm at fourteen, came to Evansville, where an older brother had a grocery store, in which young Ben clerked at \$10.00 and board per month. At night he attended business college. He stayed with his brother until he became convinced that the grocery business did not have enough of a future for him. He had saved some money and decided to go into the furniture manufacturing business. With three companions he organized the Globe Furniture Company, each of them investing \$4000 in the enterprise.

From this modest beginning until his death twenty-three years later his rise in the industrial, financial, and political world was phenomenal. At the time of his death, shortly after he turned forty-seven, his furniture company was a million dollar concern; besides, he was president of ten other companies and was directly and actively interested in at least eight other establishments in the community. He was president and chief stockholder of a bank, he was owner of the city's leading newspaper, the *Evansville Cour-*

ier, he had served two four-year terms as mayor of Evansville and was in the fourth month of his third term, he was chairman of the Democratic Party in Indiana and was slated to be his party's gubernatorial candidate at the next election. In church work, at the time of his death, he was a leading member of Trinity Lutheran Church and chairman of the cemetery board, charter member of the national Lutheran Laymen's League, lay-member of the Board of Directors of his Synod; he had served as chairman of the Lutheran Laymen's League Endowment Fund campaign, the objective of which was to raise \$2,500,000 for the support of superannuated pastors, parochial school teachers, and their widows; and as a member of the Board of Directors of his Synod he had given the weight of his influence to the purchase of the De Mun tract, west of Forest Park, St. Louis, for the location of the new Concordia Seminary, the largest Protestant seminary in our country. As a proof of the regard in which Benjamin Bosse was held by his Church, we need only mention that at his funeral the entire Board of Directors of the Synod was present to pay its respects to his memory.

However, this simple array of vital statistics is not sufficient to give us the full measure of the

man or to evaluate his career. We shall try to do this by citing a few incidents from his life, some of them generally known among his friends and associates, some of them known only to his wife and to the writer, who was his pastor for eight years. He was very close to his pastor, even though the latter was a much younger man. Very often, late at night, after a hard day he would stop at the parsonage, pick up his pastor and drive to his home, where they would sit down in the breakfast-nook and chat, while Mrs. Bosse served *kalter Aufschnitt*. Sometimes momentous decisions were reached at that breakfast-nook-table, not because the young pastor contributed much, but because he was a good listener, and Ben Bosse thus had an opportunity to clarify his own ideas by uttering them aloud, knowing that his listener was not only sympathetic, but would not betray his confidence.

Builder of Men

THE formal education which Benjamin Bosse received was indeed relatively meager; but he was naturally greatly endowed and he developed his gifts in an unusual degree, using them not only to amass a fortune but also to serve God and man. One of the secrets of his political success was his interest in his fellowmen. He was charitable, not only in the sense

of giving money to individuals or to charitable organizations, but in the constructive sense of helping men to help themselves. "Ben Bosse gave me a job when I was down and out." "Ben Bosse made a man of me by giving me help and encouragement when I was at the end of my rope." These were remarks that we often heard in our contacts with the citizenry of Evansville. Ben Bosse never forgot for a moment that there was a time when he too had little of this world's goods and had to work long hours in the sweat of his face to earn his sustenance.

He was a builder of men. In achieving prominence and fame for himself he did not do so at the expense of others, but he rather promoted his own interests by helping others and with kindly regard for their welfare. Throughout the community, at the time of his death, there were dozens of men who owed their success and much of their prosperity to the fact that Benjamin Bosse interested himself in them and gave them their chance in life. They were living monuments to his faith and guiding hand supplemented by their own efforts and divine blessing.

He was a devoted member of his church and was never too busy to work for it. In spite of the increasing demands on his time and energy, as his interests and re-

sponsibilities grew, he was a regular church-goer. When away from home, he attended church services where he was. He was unusually well indoctrinated, and although the little country parochial school which he attended as a child had not given him much in the way of training in secular subjects it had given him a sound foundation for his faith, a benefit which he gratefully acknowledged throughout life and on account of which he was always a staunch supporter of that church institution, even though he had no children of his own. As he had no sons to give to the ministry of the Church, he assisted other men's sons to become ministers of the Gospel. There are leading men among his Church's clergy today who owe a debt of gratitude to this man who supported them through college and seminary. Very few people outside of his wife and pastor ever found out about his benefactions in this respect.

Native Orator

A FURTHER reason for his outstanding rise in influence in Church as well as in politics was his ability as a speaker. Those who had the privilege of hearing him will not forget his dynamic force on the rostrum and his uncanny ability to present his subject in choice language and in a

clear and logical manner. Few people knew the dogged persistence through years of practice to which he subjected himself in order to excel in this field. Though American-born, his people were of south-German extraction, and his boyhood English, such as it was, was colored with a rich German brogue. When he made his first political campaign it was for the office of alderman. This required some speech-making before neighborhood groups. He arranged to have some of his friends present and to listen to his speeches critically and to take notes of all grammatical errors and mispronunciation. Later in the evening he would check with them and then, into the small hours of the morning he would practice repeating words and phrases and exact pronunciations and correct grammatical constructions until they were indelibly impressed on his mind and until he had accustomed tongue and lips to the proper formation of vowels and consonants. Remembering this humble beginning, under great natural handicaps, one would hardly expect him to have become what he did—a truly great orator.

Dr. Francis Pieper, late president of Concordia Seminary, related an incident to the writer to illustrate Benjamin Bosse's ability as a speaker. It was sometime be-

fore 1920 that Dr. Pieper and Mr. Bosse were scheduled to speak before a large church-gathering in Kansas. During Mr. Bosse's delivery of his address—delivered of course in English—he sensed that at least for a large portion of his audience, the older people, his message was not “going over,” because of their German background. So without more ado, as soon as he had finished, he repeated the entire address in a fluent, idiomatic German. “I would not have dared to attempt that myself, on the spur of the moment,” commented Dr. Pieper, who had a rather fine reputation as a public speaker himself.

An example of his great oratorical prowess that is unforgettable in our own memory, is one that took place during the Victory Loan Campaign at the end of World War I. Benjamin Bosse was chairman of the campaign in our congressional district. On the last day, when the campaign reached its climax, he had to address audiences in all the key cities and towns of the district, and then in the evening he was to be the principal speaker in the Evansville Coliseum, a building with a seating capacity of about six thousand.

He had invited the pastor and his wife to be with him and Mrs. Bosse on the stage of the auditorium. That evening, about sev-

en-thirty, he arrived at the parsonage to pick us up. He had spoken about a dozen times during the day and had taken little time out to eat. He was very tired. After taking a cup of coffee at the parsonage, we started out for the auditorium. “You're hardly in condition to speak again tonight, mayor,” we said to him as we drove through the city. “You're all worn out. Have you a set speech ready?” He answered, “I never write out my speeches. I have a clear idea of what I want to say tonight. I'm going to tell them what it means in my opinion to be an American in our day.”

At the Coliseum there was a capacity crowd that filled the auditorium to overflowing. The mayor received an ovation. After a brief introduction he addressed the huge audience of men and women from all walks of life. His oration lasted over an hour. He held them in spell-bound attention to the end, whereupon they stood and applauded to the rafters this erst-while country boy who had electrified and inspired them by his unforgettable address.

Benjamin Bosse's interest in young people and his eagerness to afford them educational advantages were evident in many ways. He was a warm friend and supporter of the Walther League, the young people's organization of

his church. While he was mayor, representatives of the Methodist Church came to Evansville for the purpose of establishing a college of liberal arts in that community. He at once became an active promoter of the enterprise. When it became evident that the people were interested in the founding of such an institution, he was the leading spirit in raising \$500,000 in the city for the school. In an address during the campaign, the mayor told his audience: "I hope that I shall never be responsible for putting in the way one thing that will keep the young people of today from receiving the education which I was denied."

Christian Patriot

THE following example is cited to illustrate his resourcefulness in meeting a critical emergency. Evansville has many citizens of German ancestry. Prior to our country's entry into World War I, a goodly proportion of these were pro-German in sentiment. When Congress declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917, many people were confused and some were rebellious. In the next meeting of the Board of Aldermen the acceptance of a set of loyalty resolutions was on the docket. The mayor, who knew his constituency, was apprehensive of what might happen, if something was not done to clarify the issue. On

the morning of that city council meeting, he came to the parsonage and asked for the English edition of Luther's Smaller Catechism. He knew that in his "Table of Duties" Luther had specific instructions as to the relation of citizens to their government. He had made up his mind that the only way to allay some excited spirits in the council was by means of the Word of God. That night he appeared before the aldermen and read to them from the Catechism what the Bible has to say concerning civil government and what subjects owe to their magistrates, adding pertinent comment of his own. That settled the matter and the loyalty resolutions were passed without a dissenting vote. During the entire war the city's support of the war effort was outstanding. We have often wondered whether, in all the history of our country, Martin Luther's Small Catechism has been put to such a use.

Benjamin Bosse was in his forty-eighth year when he was stricken with influenza in the spring of 1922. He recovered, but was cautioned by the doctors not to expose himself too soon. This advice he disregarded when an important matter of city business came up. He attended a meeting and over-exerted his powers. He had a relapse and died on April 4. His funeral was attended by dignita-

ries from near and far. His death was a tragedy for Evansville. The statement that no man is indispensable is only relatively true. Other men may succeed those who are taken away, but they do not always possess the same gifts and qualities of greatness which are given to but a few. The city of Evansville to this day has not altogether recovered from the loss of Benjamin Bosse.

On the day of his death, the *Evansville Courier* paid Benjamin Bosse a fitting editorial tribute, of which we quote a part:

In his case superlatives are essential; naught else will suffice. His genius for finance was amazing. His business vision seemed to border closely upon the supernatural. No man grasped the details of a proposition more readily nor pursued its logic more unerringly.

His mind was a veritable storehouse of knowledge concerning a vast number of subjects, upon which he was able to draw at will and un-

der all circumstances. His memory was the wonder of all who came to know him intimately. He appeared to absorb knowledge from nowhere and everywhere, even as he radiated virility and energized everything with which he came in contact. . . .

Business, politics, city building, religion, child welfare, better housing, education, civic undertakings of every kind, all found in him an enthusiastic supporter; yea, even more than supporter, he was a leader. He was advocate, logician, strategist, and organizer. Combined with it all, and accounting in large measure for his achievements, he was a tireless worker; his enthusiasm and his energy recognized no bounds. With him to desire was to achieve, and as a result he wrote his name high upon the scroll of state fame and inscribed it indelibly upon the hearts of men and women whom he found pleasure in serving. . . .

Only once a century and in widely separated places is there vouchsafed a community such a mayor as was Benjamin Bosse. . .




THE ASTROLABE



BY
THEODORE GRAEBNER

ABUSE OF SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY

 There is a streak of dishonesty that runs through the entire popular presentation of the evolutionary theory. I do not find it in the scientific textbooks. When Goldschmidt* argues against the evolution of structure through minute accumulations, and thereby destroys Darwinism, he remains an evolutionist, but his large and technical volume in no point gives a twist to facts or to laws which would support him in his evolutionistic faith. It is so with H. S. Jennings,** when he gives up the fundamental thought of emergent evolution, the assumption of small mutations developing into new structures and culminating in new species. But it is otherwise when scientists of the same persuasion make propaganda for their views among the

dear common people, including the segment which sits in their classrooms or laboratories. Then H. H. Newman,*** of the University of Chicago, not only cites the development of the chick from the egg as an example of "evolution," not only sets forth the transitory "gill-slits" of the human embryo as a proof of man's development from the fish, but avers his stout faith in the blood tests of Prof. Nuttall. Other examples are the sneering propaganda characteristic of such books as E. A. Hooton's *Apes, Men and Morons*, and of W. K. Gregory's *Our Face from Fish to Man*. By a double-jointed artifice, these books, on the one hand, create the illusion as if the evolutionary hypothesis

* Richard Goldschmidt, *The Material Basis of Evolution*, 1940.

** *Genetic Variations in Relation to Evolution*, 1935.

*** *The Gist of Evolution*, 1926. *Evolution Yesterday and Today*, 1932.

were an established scientific law, and, on the other, taunt the Christian believer with his presumed descent from the ape.

The latest example of a patent abuse of scientific authority in the interest of materialistic evolution is the article of Roy Chapman Andrews, condensed from a contribution to the Baltimore Sunday *Sun*, in the *Reader's Digest* of May, 1945. It is possible that what we shall have to comment on this article, entitled "How We Are Going to Look," may not convince many *Reader's Digest* subscribers of the arrogant translating of theories into facts which characterizes the article, but we can put this month's *Astrolabe* to no better purpose than supplying our readers with some cogent reasoning which will enable them to meet Mr. Andrews and all who uncritically swallow his claims regarding the brute origin of man and the mess which the Creator (if there is one) has made of the human body.



"HE WAS AN APE WITH POSSIBILITIES"



That's man, you understand. Man was an ape with possibilities. He was "a quadrupedal ape swinging blithely through the tree-tops," and so we are permitted to guess at the probable appearance

of man half a million years from now.—A little better than guessing, at that, since we may base our expectations on "the known progress of human evolution." Nay, there is "definite sequence" based on "the visible evidence of fossil human skeletons" connecting the ape man with the present human race. And so, though a new ape, he was "an ape with possibilities."

Throughout the article the references are to the "ape man," the "Java ape man," man in the "four-footed stage"—just as if there could be no question about the evolution of the human race from the ape. On this point Prof. H. H. Newman, of the University of Chicago, is really more to be accepted as a true spokesman of scientific anthropology when he contends: "Perhaps the most prevalent idea of people uninformed about evolution is that evolution teaches that the present apes and monkeys, or animals like them, are the ancestors of man. No evolutionist has ever held such a view." Of course, it is not true that no evolutionist has ever held such a view. It is the doctrine set forth by H. G. Wells in his *Science of Life* ("ape turned man-ape and man-ape grew to man"). However, advanced students of anthropology have long ago expressed their doubts as to the actual descent of man from an ape. The blood


tests have completely petered out as evidence, and when man and ape are compared in their details of structure the differences have been found to be so wide that almost any fragment of bone can be identified as either human or as originating from an ape. There is above all this tremendous difference that monkeys can live on cellulose while man cannot. No amount of scientific theorizing will explain how this radical difference in the digestive system of man and monkey could have been brought about. The female monkey is fertile only once a year, in the summer. Man's teeth are really more "primitive" than those of the lion or the ox, not to speak of the primates. His foot is likewise of a more "ancient" type, being built like that of the bear. Accordingly Professor Henry F. Osborn, writing in the *New York Times* of July 12, 1925, declared the ape, whether living or extinct, to be "totally different from the human family from its earliest history."

With this presentation agree all the textbooks in biology and zoology, which now invariably declare that neither ape nor monkey, neither Java man or Neanderthaler, are in the direct line of man's descent. Scientifically the "ape man" is about as genuine as Rumpelstiltskin, or as the Old Man of the Sea who hunched on

the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. Consult any tabulation of humanoid fossils, any diagram of man's ancestry in the textbooks, the works of reference, or the charts in the biology classroom. If you will point out to this column a single textbook or modern chart supporting the claims of Prof. Andrews' "How We Are Going to Look," this column* will be at the disposal of the reader.



NO MORE FALLEN ARCHES

 The best time for our race is still to come. It is not just around the corner; you may still have to wear those arch supporters in your shoes, but it's coming. It may be half a million years, but it's coming. Evolution is going to take care of our feet so that the arches will no longer fall. In a patronizing way, Prof. Andrews refers to the success which the Creator had in fashioning our hands. He says it was "a pretty good job on the whole." But "obviously," he says, "our backs must be shortened, or strengthened." He proposes that we either give up one of the joints in the back bone or permit one of these to become fused with the rear wall of the pelvis. And so we shall be rid of lumbago. Roy

* . . . and any other necessary space in THE CRESSET.—The Editors.

Chapman Andrews is a man entirely without human feeling. That the Chiropractors will be deprived of a vertebra which they now require for successful manipulation, means nothing to him. But what shall be done with this mess of an anatomical job, full of "weak spots"? It all came about when man left off hopping about in the trees and began to walk on his hind legs. This is Mr. Andrews' summary of man's body: "No automobile manufacturer would dare put a car on the market with so many defects."

The answer to this disparagement of the human body is found in the study of an anatomical atlas. Not that Mr. Andrews, who is an expert zoologist, is, unacquainted with these drawings of the human skeleton, its muscular and nervous system; undoubtedly he has worked with a scalpel over many a human foot or hand; but there is no one so blind as he who will not see. There is no place in Andrews' science for a Creator. Even man's highest endowment, his reasoning ability, is but the result of improvement of the brain "by folding and by a denser accumulation of nerve cells and fibers." If we do not believe that an all-wise Creator has fashioned our bodies, we shall welcome, of course, every defect that has developed under the unnatural conditions of modern life and at-

tribute them to some fundamental flaw carried over from an earlier stage. By the same token, the evolutionistic view will blind us to the evidences of heavenly wisdom displayed in the structure of the human body. Let the doubter study the small bones in the foot or in the hand. Let him view the interlacings of muscle in the human back. Let him trace the muscles found alone in man, large structures that permit man's erect position, muscles that are not related to anything similar in the backs of the higher animals and that must have been given to man as a special creation if he ascended from the ape. And it is the curse of the evolutionistic concept that it cannot permit any divine interference at any point of animal or plant evolution without discarding the very principle on which the whole system is built up. Grant that one muscle, or bone, or nerve strand, peculiar to man, is a product of supernatural intervention and you might as well believe the whole story of creation as told in Genesis, chapter one.



THE PRECIOUS THOUGHTS OF GOD



David says something about this matter in the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm. He traces in the physical and mental

makeup of man the hand of God, which was laid upon him, and the thoughts of God, which are realized from the first pulsations of human life. David mentions in particular the marvels of embryonic life, but adds that the thoughts of God realized in the human body are "more in number than the sand." He shrinks at the brink of the mysteries revealed in what we would call biology—"such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." There are to him, he goes on to say, in this bodily structure, mysteries which point to a cosmic Mind, infinite, eternal.

This attitude is far removed from that of the director of the New York Museum of Natural History: "No automobile manufacturer would dare put a car on the market with so many defects."

Now, who is right? Certainly, you need not be an experienced zoologist in order to make the test. Consider only the human eye. Is it, too, the result of improvement "by folding and by a denser accumulation of nerve cells and fibers"? Certainly this must appear like rank lunacy to one who has investigated the design of the human eye. Its ability to perceive objects at a distance of six inches and six miles, by ten layers of the retina which receive the different vibrations of light,

giving us the sense of color. The ability of the iris to expand or contract, always retaining its circular form. The million fibers in the optic nerve. The millions of cells in the retina. Vernon L. Kellogg (who accepted evolution as a theory) asks: "What faint probability is there of the occurrence coincidentally of the necessary variations (if determined only by chance, that is, the law of probability) to produce a gradual perfecting of so complex a structure as the vertebrate eye?"

Or take the standpoint of David in Psalm 139, remembering that the eye was formed before birth. It was of no use when it was made, it was intended for the future; and this goes for hundreds of other instances in the human body—the lungs or the heart, the kidneys and the ear. Or shall we follow Andrews and point out in one human specimen the presence of a squint, in another the myopic defect, in another the glaucoma? Shall we attribute these flaws to man's abuse of his marvelous organ of sight, or view them as proof that they cannot be products of the wisdom of the Almighty?

We conclude that the presentation of Prof. Andrews must appear as a perfect job to one who shares his disbelief in a Creator who fashioned man's body and endowed him with reason.



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

♪ The subjugating beauty of Beethoven's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major, Op. 61* has caused many an enthusiastic listener to ask, "Why did Beethoven give us only one violin concerto?"

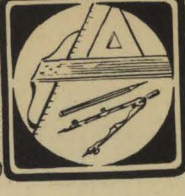
Brahms's majestic *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major, Op. 77* usually elicits the question, "Why did Brahms, like Beethoven, write only one work in this particular field?"

Mendelssohn's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in E Minor, Op. 64* gives rise to a similar query. So do the violin concertos by Tchaikovsky and Sibelius.

I shall not undertake to answer those thought-provoking questions. In all probability, they would lead me entirely too far into the well-fertilized and temptingly verdant field of idle speculation. It would be fascinating to unearth, to manufacture, and to

hazard explanations; but at the present moment I am interested to a much greater extent in talking about readings of the violin concertos I have mentioned.

Let us begin with the great work from the pen of Beethoven. I have heard it played dozens upon dozens of times and, incidentally, in dozens upon dozens of ways. Not once have I failed to discover new nuggets of beauty in its pages. Yes, even execrable readings of the composition have been helpful; for now and then one can learn much about the intrinsic character and quality of great music by listening intently to what, for want of a better term, I shall call caricature performances. It may be painful to expose one's eardrums to murderous playing; but it is wise for everyone, I believe, to give thought carefully and patiently to the unquestionable power inherent in



Raphael Again

*"The rose which now your eye doth see
Hath bloomed for God from all eternity."*

RAPHAEL was born in late March or early April of 1483, just a little bit before the birth of Dr. Martin Luther. It is almost a miracle that his parents chose the name of Raphael for him, for the Archangel Raphael is the most gentle of the mighty host of angels.

His father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter himself, a deeply religious man, whose art was for him a way of worship. His mother, Magia Ciarala, must have been a sweet and tender woman who loved her little son devotedly. "How otherwise could Raphael have become the most celebrated painter of the eternal Madonna and Child theme and given it the most human touch of any of the great painters."

Tenderly cared for by his mother, and already in his earliest years taught his art by his father, Raphael grew up without the hard struggle with which so many other artists have to contend, often all their lives. Good fortune seems to have prepared the right surroundings for him. The little residential city, the Capital of the Dukes of Urbino, was at that time a seat of artistic and intellectual and even "gallant" life.

At the court of Duke Federido, Raphael had an opportunity to study a great many paintings and objects of art, and they surely exercised a most profound influence on him during his most receptive years.

His father and mother died early in his life, however, and then Raphael came under the care of the painter Timoteo dei Viti. By the year 1500 he was in Perugia and by 1502 he was already established as an independent artist. The pictures presented here are all of them from the famous Le Stanze di Raffaello in the Vatican.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

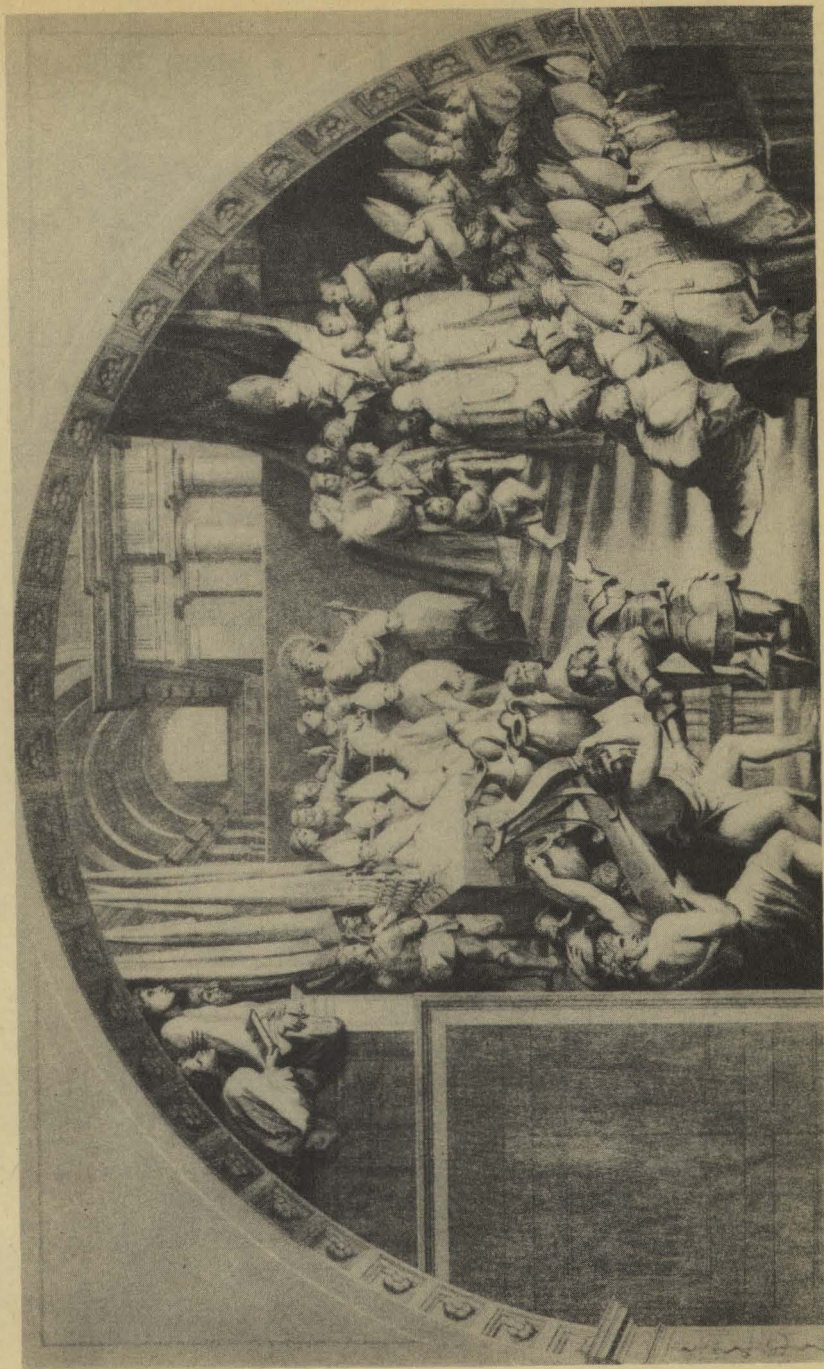
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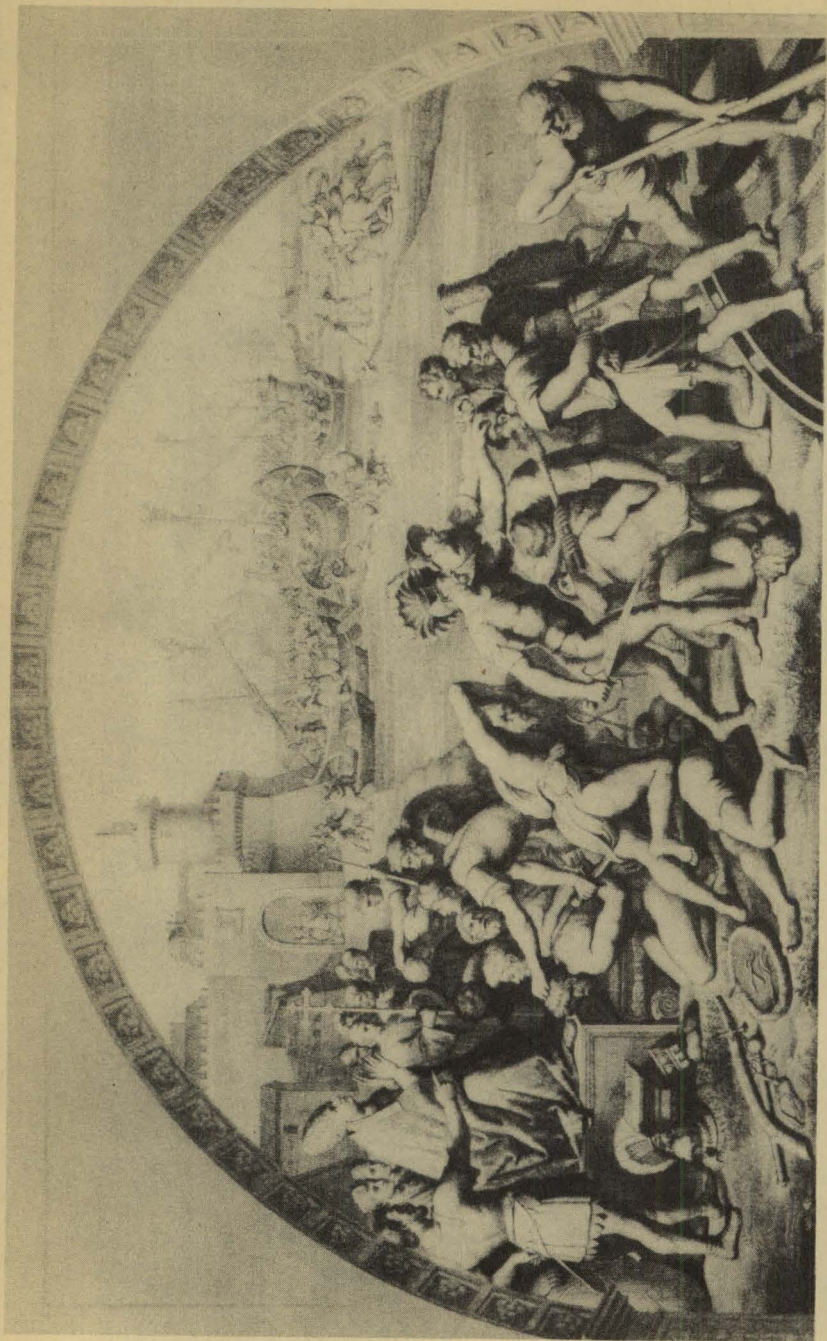
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The Vision of Constantin



The Coronation of Charles the Great



Defeat of the Saracens



The Battle of Constantin



The Deliverance of St. Peter from the Prison



Poetry, Philosophy, Theology, Justice



The School of Athens

the magic of contrast. If, for example, I submit willingly to the cruel torture inflicted upon me by a violinist who butchers Beethoven's violin concerto into unshapeliness and downright ugliness, I learn to appreciate with much more keenness the chaste and wonderfully potent artistry revealed by Jascha Heifetz and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini in their exemplary reading of the work (Victor Album 705). To my thinking, there is complete and unmistakable honesty of purpose in the performance. Heifetz and Toscanini bow down humbly and reverently before the throne of Beethoven. They do not strive to glorify themselves; they are intent upon letting the concerto deliver its message of beauty with eloquence which is never marred or weakened to the slightest degree by cheap and shoddy showmanship.

If it is true that self-effacement is one of the salient characteristics of artistry at its best, then the performance of Beethoven's violin concerto by Heifetz and Toscanini is, in my opinion, a perfect example of indisputable greatness. It goes without saying, of course, that self-effacement on the part of an artist neither implies nor postulates failure to make full use of intellectual acumen and technical skill.

I like the performance given by Fritz Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under John Barbirolli (Victor Album 325), and I am thrilled whenever I hear the superb reading presented by Joseph Szigeti and an orchestra directed by Bruno Walter (Columbia Album 177); but I derive a larger amount of edification from the enthralling artistry revealed by Heifetz and Toscanini.

In the first and third movements of the concerto Heifetz plays his own revisions of cadenzas written by his famous teacher, Leopold Auer; in the second movement he uses his own version of the cadenza composed by Joseph Joachim. Szigeti clings to the Joachim cadenzas for all three movements. Kreisler retains the Beethoven cadenza for the first movement and plays his own cadenzas for the *Larghetto* and the *Rondo*. For years I myself have had a strong predilection for the Joachim cadenzas.

For me it is always exhilarating to listen to a reading by Toscanini even though that reading may arouse sharp disagreement in the inmost recesses of my heart and mind. I take keen delight in becoming acquainted as thoroughly as possible with a Toscanini performance even though my own judgment may tell me that the master is indulging in clear-cut

"Rossiniization." But there is nothing that smacks even remotely of "Rossiniization" in Toscanini's magnificent exposition of Beethoven's violin concerto.

Brahms's Concerto

♪ Critics are at loggerheads with respect to the inherent worth of Brahms's concerto as compared with Beethoven's; but it seems to me that there can be no dispute at all as to the outstanding excellence of the performance of the work by Heifetz and the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitzky (Victor Album 581). Whenever I listen to Beethoven's violin concerto, I say, "No work can be more beautiful." Whenever I hear the masterpiece from the pen of Brahms, I make the very same statement with reference to Brahms's composition. Therefore I listen to both works as often as I can, and I have long since ceased to try to find reasons why the one could be looked upon as more important than the other.

The Heifetz-Koussevitzky reading of Brahms's concerto gives me more genuine satisfaction than the performance by Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Barbirolli (Victor Album 402).

Those who write extensively about music and musicians must learn the fine art of dodging brickbats and other dangerous

missiles. Therefore I must be ready to duck quickly and skillfully when I declare that Mendelssohn's beautiful violin concerto is by no means on a par in every respect with the compositions in the same field by Beethoven and Brahms. Nevertheless, Mendelssohn's concerto is a masterpiece. Would any musician worth his salt want to be without it? If mere statistics were all-important, one would be constrained to call it the finest of the three works; for it is played far more frequently than Beethoven's concerto and Brahms's concerto. Many will say that it has a more potent appeal to the average listener, and no one who actually knows it would be rash enough to deny that a satisfying performance requires skill and musicianship of the highest type.

I shall mention recordings of three excellent performances of Mendelssohn's concerto: Szigeti and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia Album 190), Yehudi Menuhin and the Orchestre des Concerts Colonne under Georges Enesco (Victor Album 531), and Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald (Victor Album 277). In my opinion, Kreisler has the most satisfactory tempo for the slow movement; but I realize that there is room


for sharp debates about this point.

One needs only two adjectives and one noun to describe the artistry of Heifetz. The adjectives are "breath-taking" and "uplifting"; the noun is "wizardry." A short time ago I heard Heifetz play the monumental "Chaconne" from Bach's second partita for the violin alone. To most violinists the mechanical difficulties contained in that magnificent set of variations are terrifying beyond measure; but Heifetz overcame them with ease and marvelous fluency. His playing was impeccable in every detail. One ceased for the time being to think of the formidable technical problems which Bach threw into the laps of fiddlers when he wrote the "Chaconne." Heifetz' amazing mastery of all the big points and all the little points of violin playing enabled him to underscore Bach's matchless part-writing with the utmost clarity and with ravishing beauty of tone. But there was more in the reading. Heifetz showed that he understood thoroughly the tremendous musical import of the work. His enthralling performance added strength to the conviction of those who, like myself, believe and are sure that the "Chaconne" is one of the greatest works of art ever to come from the brain of a human being.

Now and then it is said—para-

doxically enough, to be sure—that the breath-taking perfection of Heifetz' violinism leads to readings that are iccold. Such a statement could never be founded on careful listening. Heifetz' playing is not cold; for beneath his calm outward bearing there are flames of intense feeling. How else could he give such memorable performances of the violin concertos by Tchaikovsky and Sibelius? He plays the Tchaikovsky work with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Barbirolli (Victor Album 356) and the Sibelius composition with the same orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Victor Album 309). I treasure both sets of discs; for both concertos are masterworks, and both performances are memorable.

Indefinable Beauty

 Sibelius' violin concerto is a work into which the lonely and stalwart Finnish master poured substance richly and lavishly from the abundance of his heart. It is a composition which has much to say to us, a composition surcharged from beginning to end with an almost indefinable beauty. Sibelius copies no one. There is independence in his thoughts and in the manner in which he gives expression to them; but the mighty Finn is not a man to wear his originality on his sleeve.

I have said that Sibelius is a lonely figure among the world's composers. This does not mean that he is not honored, admired, and revered by those who feel a quickening in their pulse beat when they hear music which is great in the complete sense of the word; it means rather that there is no composer, living or dead, who is like him. The most of those who write music today are not worthy of kissing the hem of his garment.

There is something vast in the works of Sibelius. He stands firmly on his own feet. He is neither a prophet of reckless revolt, nor does he follow slavishly in the footsteps of predecessors or contemporaries. His compositions are impregnated with a singular beauty—a beauty which is arresting, thoroughly original, and often startling. This man has much to tell us and, if we are wise, we shall prick up our ears and listen intently to what he has to say. Ernest Newman declares that

“Sibelius has enriched the art with a whole new range of experience—experience, however, that we easily make our own and revel in once we have overcome the first feeling of strangeness in connection with it.”

Yes, many listeners are aware of a strangeness in Sibelius' violin concerto. Some call it a strangeness that arises from sensation-mongering, reckless idol-smashing, and an intellect that falls lamentably short of incontestable greatness. Would it be rash to predict that the most of Sibelius' detractors will revise their opinion for the better as time goes by, that the strangeness will cease to exist for them, and that they will recognize and honor the lonely Finn as one of music's major prophets? Let us not forget that the glib-tongued Eduard Hanslick once declared that Tchaikovsky's violin concerto created a stench in his ears. Would Hanslick cling to that odoriferous statement if he were walking the earth today?

[TO BE CONTINUED]



RECENT RECORDINGS

LEONARD BERNSTEIN. Selections from *On the Town*. The Victor Chorale and Orchestra under Robert Shaw, with Betty Comden and Adolph Green as soloists, present the vocal excerpts; Mr. Bernstein conducts the *On the Town* Orchestra in the ballet music.—Generous servings of genuine worth are mingled with bits of outright banality in Mr. Bernstein's music. The recording is superb. Victor Album 955. \$3.68.

RICHARD RODGERS. Selections from *Oklahoma* sung by James Melton, tenor, Eleanor Steber, soprano, and John Charles Thomas, baritone, with an orchestra conducted by Al Goodman.—The album contains the following songs from Mr. Rodgers' record-breaking hit: "Oklahoma": "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top"; "People Will Say We're in Love"; "Out of My Dreams"; "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning"; "Kansas City." Victor Album 988. \$2.89.

SIGMUND ROMBERG. Selections from *Up in Central Park*. Jeanette Mac-

Donald, soprano, Robert Merrill, baritone, with an orchestra conducted by Robert Russell Bennett.—The music of Mr. Romberg's new score is tuneful; the recording of the selections contained in this album is excellent. Victor Album 991. \$2.89.

MORTON GOULD. "American Salute" ("When Johnny Comes Marching Home") and "Yankee Doodle Went to Town." The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Noteworthy examples of Mr. Gould's exceptional cunning in the field of orchestration. Both compositions will make the blood dance in your veins. Victor disc 11-8762. \$1.05.

MANUEL DE FALLA. "Ritual Fire Dance" and "Dance of Terror," from the ballet *El Amor Brujo*. José Iturbi, pianist.—Mr. Iturbi presents extraordinarily graphic readings of these two vivid dances. Victor disc 10-1135. Seventy-nine cents.



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

Inside the U.S.S.R.

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS. By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1945. 309 pages. \$2.50.

NO book published in recent months has given rise to more discussion, both acrimonious and commendatory, than W. L. White's *Report on the Russians*. Communists and all those who uphold the Soviet Union and its ways with whole-hearted enthusiasm have followed the lead of *Pravda* and called the report "the standard stew from the fascist kitchen." They have tried to induce the publishers to withdraw it from the market; they have declared that it is slanderous, hopelessly warped, and based on malicious ignorance. Those who have their fingers crossed when they think of the way of life as it exists—or is said to exist—in the U.S.S.R. have welcomed the volume as manna from heaven. In their opinion, Mr. White's account of what he saw and heard, and did not see and hear, in the course of his trip to the domain of Stalin with Eric John-

ston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, should be read, studied, and thoroughly digested by everyone—everyone whose freedom of thought, expression, conscience, and movement is not ground into the dust of the earth by a ruthless and completely autocratic government.

It goes without saying that a review of what Mr. White has written will, and should, reflect both the reaction and the viewpoint of the reviewer. Therefore this evaluation of the book will make no attempt to mince words.

Mr. White has gained fame as a reporter since the outbreak of the war. He is an able journalist—a journalist who strives to present accurate and interesting accounts of what he sees, hears, and thinks. In *Report on the Russians* his writing sometimes borders dangerously on what sticklers for grammatical purity and stylistic polish would be inclined to speak of as slovenliness; but it never lacks life or vigor. For the most part he reports just as a typical American with pride in his own land and with an inde-

structible sense of humor and fair play would report. Mr. White may be prejudiced against the Soviet Union with all his heart, all his soul, and all his mind; yet he has the right to give forthright expression to his prejudices. If he refuses to see the U.S.S.R. in the light in which the U.S.S.R. itself and all the perfervid partisans of the U.S.S.R. want him to see it, no power on earth should have the unmitigated gall to try to muzzle him. Is the Soviet Union afraid of adverse criticism? Do the upholders of Stalin's totalitarian method of managing a country believe for one moment that they will, and must, make ardent converts of everyone?

The Soviet Union seems to succeed ruthlessly and with extraordinary effectiveness in squelching and stamping out every vestige of opposition inside its own vast bailiwick; but what shall one think about Mr. White's account of what is said to have happened when the Germans were at the gates of Moscow and the outlook for the continued existence of the Bolshevik-controlled government was exceedingly black? In those days, declares Mr. White, "people began destroying all evidence which would prove that they were sympathetic with the Party."

It is undoubtedly true that the inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. cannot, and do not, know the value of real freedom. How could they acquire such knowledge in a land in which real freedom is never permitted to assert itself? How can they realize what genuine liberty is when "over everything rests the dull, unimaginative hand of a bureaucracy which, in the absence

of competition, produces only a dreary mediocrity"? It is easy to understand why the Communists spew out fire and brimstone at the mere mention of "capitalism." "The way to understand capitalism," says Mr. White, "is not to memorize the long words economists use. It is to go some place where they don't have any, and see what they do instead."

ONE wonders how the dyed-in-the-wool Communists in our land would enjoy life in the Soviet Union. Mr. White reports that some ardent souls, swept from their feet by the high-sounding slogans of the Bolsheviks, forswore the milk and honey of real freedom for citizenship in the U.S.S.R. They lived to regret the rash step they had taken. When they tried to return to their former way of life, the firm hand of totalitarian bureaucracy blocked their path. If their hankering after the fleshpots of capitalism became too evident to suit the Bolsheviks, they paid for their crime against the bolshevist state by eking out a wretched existence in the labor battalions about which the Soviet Union has little or nothing to say to the outside world.

It has been said that Mr. White has no right to base his indictment of the Soviet system on what he saw and heard in the course of a brief stay in the U.S.S.R.; but those who make that statement should not overlook the fact that the author of *Report on the Russians* finds his conclusions on exactly what he saw and heard while he made his short and rigidly supervised trip. Why should he not reach conclusions—

clear-cut conclusions—on the basis of what he saw and heard? If those conclusions happened to be strictly in keeping with the cherished beliefs of the Soviet bureaucrats, Mr. White would be held up by the U.S.S.R. as a noble prophet of all that is good and true, just as the writer of this review once heard an agent of the Soviet Union hold up George Bernard Shaw as a man who knew how to report factually on the land in which bolshevism reigns supreme. The very fact that *Pravda* and all those who think as *Pravda* wants them to think decry Mr. White's book as "the standard stew from the fascist kitchen" proves to the hilt that the Soviet Union fears forthright criticism as it would a plague.

To say that *Report on the Russians* is bound to lead to unfriendly relations between the U.S.S.R. and the United States of America is vicious propaganda pure and simple. Those who are guilty of such an assertion forget that the Soviet Union is not given to publishing eulogies of government as it exists in our land. Soviet writers may come to the United States, move about freely, and write of their experiences and their convictions as the spirit moves them. Why are Stalin and his coadjutors afraid to allow journalists from the United States such freedom in the Soviet Union? The answer is readily apparent to every clear-thinking individual. Is it not true that the masters of the U.S.S.R. are mortally afraid to let their subjects know how much better life can be, and actually is, in a land in which totalitarianism does not sit in the saddle?

This reviewer believes that Mr. White has tried to be fair to the Russians. Praise is mingled with censure in the book, commendation often goes hand in hand with sharp fault-finding. In addition, much of what the author has to say against Sovietland is founded on unmistakable friendliness and on a keen sense of humor. Maybe life in the U.S.S.R. would be far more enjoyable for Stalin himself and for his numerous bureaucrats if, by some miracle, heroic doses of genuine American humor could be injected into their veins. Yes, Stalin sometimes laughs, and sometimes he chuckles; but is it altogether wrong to suspect that he might become a far better ruler if he could learn to chuckle and laugh in true American fashion? Let him ridicule us if he desires to do so. We shall not object. Why, then, should he object when Mr. White—who, by the way, gives unstinted credit to the U.S.S.R. for the valiant way in which it has helped to win the great victory over Germany—laughs at some of the things that are going on under the leadership of the boss of the Kremlin?

Advocates of communism should ponder the following words:

There is . . . one marked difference between inmates of the Soviet Union and of the Kansas State penitentiary at Lansing, where I have often visited an old friend. Food and clothing in both places are about the same, maybe a little better in Lansing. But should my Kansas friend decide that his penitentiary was not well run, and express the hope that there might be a change of wardens, he would run no danger of being shot were he overheard by a stool

pigeon. I concede, however, that in Russia a talented inmate can work himself up to be a warden, which would be impossible in Lansing.

Living on Borrowed Time

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Ira Wolfert. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1945. x and 301 pages, with map frontispiece. \$2.75.

THE once carefully guarded secrets of underground activity are now being revealed, as in this book, the Book-of-the-Month club selection for May. Here is a war-adventure story of one man and all he encountered when he refused to be knocked out of the Pacific war. It is a three-year odyssey of trouble and courage. We first heard of it on a March of Time radio broadcast of certain episodes that fixed our attention despite a natural inclination to be doing something more urgent. When we read the entire book, we readily discovered in detail just why the experiences of 24-year-old Lieut. Iliff D. Richardson, USNR (and Major in the Filipino guerrilla army), are unforgettable.

The author, Ira Wolfert, is a war correspondent who has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his Guadalcanal dispatches. His earlier ability in writing fiction was good training for this special kind of expository narrative. He says:

I decided the best thing was not to "interpret" or "edit" the story, but merely to set down its facts in as nearly true a way as could be. In that way the story could become larger than the story of Richardson himself—fascinating though that may be—and more important because it would be, instead of a

story which fits an adventurer or a hero of politics or a love affair, a story of the whole guerrilla movement. I wanted very much to tell this story because I was surprised and delighted to discover how closely the untutored and relatively primitive guerrillas who fought the Japanese conquerors in the Philippines resembled the politically mature guerrillas whom I had met fighting the German conquerors in France and Belgium.

Contemporary Philippine history parades realistically through these pages, as it does similarly in Edward Ruder's recent *Saturday Evening Post* articles about Mindanao, and in St. John's *Leyte Calling*. In this book Richardson is introduced to us as executive officer to skipper Bob Kelly of the famous Motor Torpedo Boat "expendables." In the retreat from the Philippines after Corregidor, he managed to get to Leyte. With several AAF pilots he tried to sail a 90-foot *banca*—wistfully named *Leyte Luck*—to Australia, but was shipwrecked after 200 miles and had to swim 13 hours to shore. Then begin the guerrilla escapades. No reader will have difficulty reading this far, for the action is fast-moving; but it is disappointing to have to wait until one-fourth of the book is finished before the emphasis indicated in the title begins. The rest of the book is contagious and apt.

Again on Leyte, now Jap-overrun, Richardson was busy just surviving. Native guerrilla groups were fighting each other over looting privileges, and only gradually became organized to harass the Japs. The hero joined these roving fighters. As chief of staff to Col. Ruperto Kangleon, he was given the job of coordinator for ord-

nance, communications, quartermaster, finance, and public relations. Usually he worked from scratch and with Yankee inventiveness. Eventually he was able to spy on Jap shipping, and to construct the radio intelligence network that provided the necessary information for Gen. MacArthur's return.

Pick up this book at any page and you receive your money's worth in excitement, suspense, horror, ingenuity, indomitableness, and actual survival against odds. We like the vivid picture of the typhoon and, elsewhere, the *chibasco* (a solid wall of rain with high winds). Stirring episodes include the improvised funeral of Milikan, "Long" Tom Baxter's shoe-horning his way out of jail, the taking of a town with the aid of a homemade Zapanta cannon, the native girl Curly's romantic influence over "Richy," and the unmelodramatic meeting of Richardson with MacArthur on the cruiser "Nashville" off Leyte at long last. Quantity almost jeopardizes quality in some places.

The backbone of the account is the generally unknown anguish and heartbreak found among smothering people on a temporarily forgotten island. The squeamish reader can skip such realistic description as the torture of Baxter by the Jap officer Gidoka, or the crudely primitive surgery when Rich sews up a bayoneted lad's stomach, or the natives' murderous treatment of a sniper. To read these unpleasant things, however, will sober our thinking. How could Richardson recall such sufferings without the help of a diary's details?

Fortunately there is some humor

for comic relief from stark tragedy. For example, at the end Rich tries to identify himself to Navy men and tells them he is an American officer but a guerrilla, whereupon they show that they do not know what a guerrilla is, in the Spanish way he pronounced the word; so he had to tell them he was a *gorilla*, and they now thought him crazy! Earlier, a good laugh is had when the U. S. Army is blowing up Cebu and a Britisher telephones in, saying he is greatly disturbed by the noise and confusion.

More than mere journalism and differing from biography in its plot appeal, *American Guerrilla* is a Now-It-Can-Be-Told sort of book which clearly shows (in Richardson's words) that "it takes all kinds to make war. It takes fighting men and technicians." Well, Rich was a fighting technician! And Wolfert's book about him is a convincing rebuttal of Walt Whitman's comment that the real war will never get in the books.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Cavalcade

TAKE THREE TENSES: A Fugue in Time. By Rumer Godden. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1945. 252 pages. \$2.00.

THE air raid drew nearer. The windows shook. The floors shook, too, as if many trains ran underneath, and the air was heavy with a pandemonium of sound. The sky was radiant with moonlight and with the crossed patterns and beams of giant searchlights. "Like arrows in the hand of a giant," thought old Rolls Dane as he steadied himself by the

window and "watched the searchlights that hid the stars completely by their near brightness." A moment ago Rolls had been frightened, but now he was calm. Death was very close. "I am ready," he thought. "I was born almost eighty years ago. It is fair." He pressed his face against the glass so that he could see the plane tree in the garden. Sometimes, lately, General Sir Roland Ironmonger Dane, K.C.B., D.S.O., liked to fancy that the plane tree was himself. "Its roots are in the house," he said, "and so are mine."

No. 99 Wiltshire Place, London, had been the home of the Dane family for almost a hundred years. The old house creaked and groaned with remembered sounds of the Victorian household of Old Eye, Rolls Dane's father. Every room was peopled with the ghosts of another day. Treasured family portraits invoked graphic pictures and vivid recollections of the past. Lonely, alone, and believing himself to be the last of his family, Rolls had permitted the house to become a symbol. "In me you exist," the house whispered to him. "In the house the past is present."

The quiet of Rolls' reveries was shattered by the unexpected arrival of a grandniece and, a little later, by the coming of the nephew of the lost love of Rolls' youth. The dreamlike past gave way to the demanding present. Once again Rolls thought of the future which was building in this harsh present. Grizel and Pax became the future. In them he saw the fulfilment of his own plans. The house would go on. Life would go on.

Take Three Tenses is an appeal-

ing and unusual book. In it Rumer Godden employs a novel method of narration. The past, the present, and the future are expounded simultaneously like the melodies of a well-made fugue. The themes depicting the past and the present are developed with admirable skill; but the theme of the future lacks strength and lucidity. It is overlaid with an air of vague wish-fulfilment and sentimentalism.

Joy and Rightness

POEMS FOR A SON WITH WINGS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1945. 123 pages. \$1.75.

The roosters were as gallant as a sermon,
The calves star-eyed as any Sunday-School,
There was thankfulness at every manger,
And a text for life in every tool.

AN old church now used for a barn, a storm along the coast, hard-handed farmers and their wives, flowers, little boys—an aspect of rural or nautical Maine has long filled Robert Tristram Coffin with joy and a sense of rightness. With few exceptions the poems on Maine in this new collection succeed in the expression of these feelings. The seven or eight poems on the present war are less effective.

Like Frost, Coffin writes in a simple style, one that the rural folk with whom he is concerned could easily follow. His poems give vividly the look and feel of some rural scene or act: "a smell of cuds and clover," "the scars of hammers, nails, ropes, and the fishbones," "And there was

a lamb, complete with wool and breathing, Working for life and milk upon each side . . ." But beyond these details there is the whole scope of life, which, in the compact Maine economy, becomes bone and nerve of each situation; so, with a woman making the week's twelve loaves of bread:

The mixing of flour, water, salt, and yeast

Was not a process measured by an hour,
It reached from the fruition back to hope,

The distance in between the fruit and flower.

Little boys, and the relations between fathers and little boys, are the matter of a great many of the poems. One of the finest, "Walls Are Not So Necessary as Love," makes clear why a father is willing to have his work hindered by the squirming ubiquitousness of his four-year-old son. The daring of boyhood throbs in the poem about a six-year-old in bed Christmas night with his new drum:

It is dark, and it is quiet,
You have the drumsticks in your fist,
And any minute you may try it.
May start a drumming that will shake
The bed, the house, the stars outside . . .

His "Maine Boy" is a hearty and charming successor to Whittier's poem on American boyhood.

Queernesses of the provincial life have a place in the collection. There is the frail old woman who, to lay the uneasy ghosts of her seaman ancestors, follows their command to save the family cottage from their old enemy, the wind, by burning it and herself. Two or three poems deal with certain horrors of life; in "Ter-

rible and Exact Geometrics," the poet watches a snake digesting a robin.

Robert Herrick's celebration of the country customs of seventeenth century Devonshire are recalled by several of Coffin's poems, and strikingly by "Epithalamion for a Western World," a poem for his daughter's wedding, in which he tells of the guests—human, faery, legendary, animal, and floral—who will gather for the festivities; and he concludes:

Light bayberry candles, break the claws
Of red lobsters . . .

For the sake of this slim bride,
Strew arbutus like the snow
Over the years she has to go.

End of an Era

THE LAST FLOWERING OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Joseph Van der Elst. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1944. 127 pages. \$7.50.

MR. VAN DER ELST has written a very illuminating book about the Flemish master painters of the fifteenth century, and he has given it a very appropriate title. Industrially and financially Flanders was well in the van of Europe, ready for the spiritual and intellectual change that was soon to follow. The very flowering of art seems to have been a by-product of its prosperity; but the men still retained the outlook and aspirations of the medievalists.

One of the characteristic marks of the Middle Ages was whole-hearted acceptance of the Catholic church's ideals. Devout patrons of the painters had their triptychs and devotional

pictures made, not for pleasure, but for worship; but—and this may be considered a sign of change—they had no scruples about having their own family portraits inserted in the most solemn Biblical scene. Devout artists gave every evidence of making their sacred masterpieces labors of love; but they also broke with tradition by using Flemish landscapes for backgrounds.

THE Middle Ages were characterized by love of the symbolical. The driest chronicler of the time seems incapable of writing without adornment. Instead of writing that something happened in March, he writes that it happened "when the spring had driven the leaden clouds of winter from the sky." Faithful to their milieu, the artists crowded their pictures with symbols, until they are hardly comprehensible to a modern. Colors mean something: blue stands for fidelity, red for ardor, etc. Ecclesiastical symbols are used to identify persons in the pictures: a jar of ointment labels Magdalene; a lily in the hand of Mary signifies her purity. The artists invented some of their own: local flowers, like the columbine and the iris, as well as costly cloths and draperies, signify the tribute of the land to the Madonna. The Babe of Bethlehem is usually misshapen and prematurely developed, because even in infancy it was the Man of Sorrow and the Mighty God. What seems utterly incongruous proves to be just another symbol: thus, a fly will be painted on Mary's robe—to indicate the genuine humanity of the whole situation. Saints

stand on great falcons—to show that they have overcome the mighty of this world. And just to make the pictures a little more incomprehensible a few details have been thrown in, which Mr. Van der Elst sets down as purely decorative.

Even the scholasticism of the Middle Ages is here. No simple devotional pictures were considered good, unless they plainly set forth some theological truth. If Thomas Aquinas propounded four cardinal virtues, Van Eyck must present them concretely by the members of the class which seemed to possess them: Justice, by judges; valor, by knights; temperance, by monks; prudence, by pilgrims. Always the pictures taught lessons or told stories.

The grotesque superstitions of the Middle Ages found a master-exponent in Jerome Bosch. His nightmarish representations of sins and evils were either the product of extreme fear or of bitter satire. In his painting, *The Way to Calvary*, Christ closes His eyes not to behold the utter corruption of the mob around Him. The penitent malefactor is disgusted at the ministrations of a crazy monk; Veronica carries away her cloth with the image of the Savior with the self-satisfaction of a successful autograph-collector; and the impudent malefactor snarls back at his jeering tormentors. Only the God-man has beauty and serenity; all human beings show corruption.

It is no wonder, then, that the works of the Flemish master are neglected. Even their accurate and penetrating portraiture, their brilliant coloring, their unexcelled craftsmanship,

their three-dimensional perspective, and their homely honesty and devoutness have not saved them. They are too complex and unintelligible unless some commentary is provided to explain them.

Precisely this commentary Mr. Van der Elst supplies with thoroughness and in detail. One hundred and seven full-page plates, sixteen of them in color, present adequate examples. After an historical introduction on the land and people of the artists, he treats nine of the artists in detail by giving short biographies and thorough explanations of typical specimens of their works. He treats his whole subject with a sympathy and an enthusiasm which most Protestants will not share; but which certainly add to the excellence of his book.

From the reading of this excellent book you will derive a deeper appreciation of the high intelligence of Van Eyck, the bumbling skill of Petrus Christus, the delicate tenderness of David Gerard, the plastic excellence of Roger van der Weyden, the robust realism of Dirck Bouts, the vague skill of Hans Memling, the gruesome satire of Jerome Bosch, and the healthy humanness of Pieter Breughel.

F. L. MILLER

War Novel

THE BATTLE WITHIN. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1945. 234 pages. \$2.50.

WHILE Britain's Eighth Army was fighting in Tunisia, and its army of workers was fighting on

the home front in factories and hospitals, personal conflicts were being waged within many hearts and minds. Philip Gibbs has recorded several examples of these struggles in his latest novel. Principal character of conflict was Pearl Haddon, who was engaged to a German before hostilities broke out. She had promised to wait for Karl when he returned to his homeland. A distant American cousin wanted to marry her. In view of the atrocities they had committed, what should she believe about Germans? If she decided to marry Edward, should she wait, or should she grab for what happiness she might find before he was sent into combat?

On the other side of the channel Karl was having his conflicts, too. He did not believe fanatically with his fellow pilots. He yearned to get out of the war and to return to Pearl. In one of his raids over England his plane crashed, and he walked into Pearl's life again.

Other people's inward battles are woven into this tapestry of thought and emotion. Pearl's brother Peter discovered on one furlough that he loved his best friend's wife, a childhood chum. Marjorie loved Peter, too, but she also felt affection and responsibility toward the father of her children. Vicar Marlow found it impossible to reconcile his objections to war with the stand his church took on the bombing of German cities. Myra Lehmann, Austrian refugee, had just about lost her battle when she tried to drown herself. Quentin Fellows returned home blind but determined to fight self-pity and to make a success of himself.

Dr. and Mrs. Haddon, so courageous and cheerful to their neighbors, had their moments of pain, fear, and uncertainty.

The lives of the villagers of Ashleigh Heath are skillfully blended into a thought-provoking novel.

JESSIE SWANSON

A Great Movement

TELL THE PEOPLE. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Co., New York. 1945. 84 pages. \$1.50.

SOMETHING big and worthwhile has been going on in China during the past quarter century. We thank Pearl Buck for bringing us within the scope of these few pages not only the plan, but also the splendid spirit of it. *Tell the People* is an account of several interviews with James Yen in which he describes the Mass Education Movement and its system for quickly and effectively educating hundreds of thousands of Chinese in the past few years. James Yen, an aristocratic scholar by birth, came to know the common people of China during World War I. Ever since he has dedicated his life to helping them solve their four great basic needs: education, economic security, public health and self-government. A great part of the Movement's amazing success undoubtedly lies in James Yen who was able to transmit his own vision and courage to his colleagues and call forth their own noble and selfless service often at great personal sacrifice.

Tell the People is the offer of the Mass Education Movement to a world in which three fourths of its

population are still confronted with illiteracy, poverty, disease and misgovernment. James Yen follows Dr. Frank Laubach's plan of "every one teach one" to some extent. But where Dr. Laubach confines himself to reading only, the Mass Education Movement immediately applies literacy to the problem of reconstructing the other basic needs of humanity with which it is so closely related. One has only to contrast the democratic procedures of "self-help" at Tinghsien, which was the control unit in Yen's experiment, with our present practice of governmental control to realize how far we have drifted from our original ideals.

Since the people who would profit most by the Mass Education Movement are also a part of Christianity's vast mission field, we commend its careful study to our missionaries and future missionaries, particularly in China where this program will be put into nation-wide effect as soon as the war ends.

It is only when Pearl Buck offers this as a plan for permanent peace that we believe she goes too far. As a plan of education it is splendid. As a plan for peace, it must fail, for it deals only with the body and the mind and ignores the soul. It does not take into account that vital necessity of spiritual regeneration in the Bible sense without which all human relationships must fail. But if our missionaries will supplement the preaching of the Gospel with the Mass Education Movement's techniques as they deal with the whole man, body and soul, they will perform an inestimable service to each

individual whom they serve and to humanity as a whole.

This book is being issued in a 25-cent pamphlet by the Institute of Pacific Relations for use by the Mass Education Movement. The bound volume reviewed appears only in a limited edition. We believe Pearl Buck has done every thoughtful American and world citizen a distinct service in bringing James Yen and his work in China to the attention of a world that so greatly needs the noble service he has done his own countrymen.

Superb Volume

YOUNG BESS. By Margaret Irwin. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1945. 274 pages. \$2.50.

WE read a proverb somewhere to this effect: "Woe to that country over which a child rules." Margaret Irwin portrays a chapter in English history that amply illustrates that truth. Henry VIII really complicated the succession to the throne by his many marriages, and there were plenty of unscrupulous nobles to utilize this tangle in trying to achieve their own advantage as royal protectors in fact and aspiration. These intrigues provide an exciting background for the adolescent years of young Bess, daughter of Nan Bullen, who had not quite become Queen Elizabeth as the story ended. We rather wish the author had carried her effort that far since, to our mind, *Young Bess* closes on an unfinished note.

Nevertheless Margaret Irwin, who has made historical novels her forte,

has produced a superb volume. Across the pages of *Young Bess* stride many bold and fascinating figures whose lives and doings kept English society in the 16th Century in constant turmoil. The author has the fine gift of using historical facts without distorting them. Only in one place we wonder whether the author wasn't writing with an eye to the present rather than the past, when she injects an unnecessary conversation to indicate that the militarism, the racial superiority and purity practices of Nazism were already in full force among the Germans of the 16th Century.

Young Bess shows an intimate knowledge, not only of the general history that provides the plot, but also of many minor descriptive details which set the characters in an authentic setting and bespeak much assiduous research on the part of the author. The book has the common, but nevertheless indefensible, fault of frequent careless use of the name of God. *Young Bess* was chosen as the Literary Guild selection for April. The jacket, featuring the coat of arms and signature of Queen Elizabeth, was designed by Miss Irwin's husband, J. R. Monsell.

First Novel

AN ITALIAN TRAGEDY. By Nicola V. Curinga. Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York. 1945. 310 pages. \$2.50.

IN this novel, his first, Curinga measures by the standards of Western Enlightenment the superstitious life of a Calabrian hill village. Giacomo Cervo, a middle-aged man,

returns from four years in America to try to redeem his wife, son, and daughter from poverty and ignorance. With careful detail the author presents the superstitions, the social taboos, the unsanitary conditions, the hardships, the hate and petty violence that enslave the Calabrian peasants.

But can Calabrian life be effectively known by means of this approach? A great novel would show us the life as the Calabrians themselves see it. This Gorki does for his unfortunate slum-dwellers in *The Lower Depths* and Dostoevski in *Crime and Punishment*. Similarly, it is this internal point of view that distinguishes many of the stories of a minor writer, Erskine Caldwell, when he studies backward types in the South. Curinga's novel reads with the unreality of a "case history." The characters seem invented to illustrate points. What hopes and faiths have enabled Calabrian peasants to persist under such conditions? What knowledge of evil, what disappointments have caused them to keep their superstitions and taboos?

In spite of the central inadequacy of the story, the book is useful and interesting in its plentiful offering of external details. We are given an accurate picture of the peasant homes, blackened by smoking fires and petroleum lamps, and made noisome by rats, bugs, and the stalls of the domestic animals. We see the social snobbery, the hard bargaining among the poor in their very acts of friendliness. We see the abuses of the Church, the inadequacy of the civil authority, the lack of regard for hu-

man affection. The daily tasks in the house and in the field are explained. There is a typical carnival, a betrothal, and a wedding; and there are glimpses into the activities of the Black Hand. Many wise folk-sayings are quoted by the old grandmother, and the author frequently stops to explain certain Italian words. In its exposition the book is of considerable value. These details interest the reader more than the rather nebulous love story of Giacomo's young daughter Marietta and Leonardo, an unwed mother's courageous son, or the adolescent adventures of Giacomo's son Natale.

Text-book

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PHYSICS AND THEIR APPLICATIONS IN MODERN LIFE. By Bowen C. Dees, Ph.D. The Blakiston Company, Philadelphia. 1945. 486 pages. \$.69.

ALTHOUGH this volume from the New Home Library is easily worth its modest price, it is not a popular book that just anyone can pick up to read for a few nights and then emerge with a knowledge of physics. The best and worst features of the book are, paradoxically, the same. It is extremely comprehensive in subject matter. However, the claim on the jacket that it contains "a full explanation of the basic concepts of length, mass, time, speed, velocity, force, gravitation, energy, mechanics, heat, sound, music, light, color, electricity, magnetism, electronics, quantum theory, relativity, etc." is misleading. Dr. Dees, Professor of Physics at

Mississippi College, uses twenty-seven pages on balanced forces and simple machines; yet he needs but two to explain the quantum theory. Einstein's theory of relativity likewise requires two pages. The discussion of radar takes less than a page. The phenomenon of radio-activity is disposed of in less than forty lines of type. More space than this is used to explain the micrometer, and twice as much is devoted to the thermometer. Some of the highly technical and extremely complicated items might just as well have been omitted as to have been glossed over so lightly.

The book is accurate in its information, as far as we can discover. It is very well written as a college textbook; perhaps it is even more concise. Even so, the dearth of equations and the complete absence of problems make its classroom adoption unlikely. As a supplementary text or as a reference book for someone who once upon a time knew a little physics, the book is fine.

JESSIE SWANSON

North of the Border

CANADA AND THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By the Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, M. P. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1944. 326 pages. \$3.50.

THIS fifth published work of Canadian Prime Minister and leader of the Dominion's Liberal party for the past quarter century contains a selection of speeches delivered between September 1941 and May 1944 before various audiences in Canada,

Great Britain and the United States. A number of them are speeches broadcast to the Canadian people to present various phases of the war effort. The dominant theme in the majority of these speeches is the government's policy of compulsory military conscription for overseas service—a question which caused considerable bitterness during World War I and which became the focal point of opposition also in this conflict, more among the political parties than among the Canadian people themselves, if these speeches are an accurate reflection of popular opinion. This collection of Mr. Mackenzie King's public utterances effectively mirror the progress of a nation in this global conflict with each succeeding step of government control as the war increased in scope and bitterness.

Canada's Prime Minister takes his place as an eminent public servant in Canada and a statesman of world stature. His speeches display a wide grasp of national and international affairs, an accurate sense of public opinion, and a pleasing facility of apt expression. Notable individual speeches in this reviewer's opinion, were "Labor and the War," an address to the American Federation of Labor 1942 Convention at Toronto, "Temperance and a Total War Effort," a CBC broadcast from Ottawa, 1942, and "The Battle Against Inflation," also a CBC broadcast in 1943. Two fine introductions by Eric Estorick and B. K. Sandwell, review the political history of Canada and of the Prime Minister himself and these provide the necessary back-

ground for an appreciation of these collected speeches in their proper setting.

Puzzling History

PURITANISM AND DEMOCRACY.

By Ralph Barton Perry. The Vanguard Press. New York. 1944. 688 pages. \$5.00.

THIS is a difficult volume to explain; and it is even more difficult to evaluate or to criticize from sociological or philosophical viewpoints. Professor Perry, well-known teacher of philosophy at Harvard, attempts to explain that which we so glibly call "the American way of life" in terms of the backgrounds of this life. He concludes that the puritan movement in religion and the democratic philosophy of political science are the two outstanding contributors to present day Americanism.

Not only, however, does he show how these two factors have worked both together and at variance in producing our "Christian democracy." He also traces the beginnings of each, explains the minute details which make each distinctive in its own realm, and finally appraises the two. All these things attempted by the writer are important. As he writes:

The chief source of spiritual nourishment for any nation must be its own past, perpetually rediscovered and renewed. A nation which negates its tradition loses its historic identity and wantonly destroys its chief source of spiritual vitality; a nation which merely reaffirms its tradition grows stagnant and corrupt. . . . There is a third way—the way, namely, of discriminating and forward-looking fidelity.

However, while we do need to re-examine our past in order better to prepare ourselves to face the future, the great mass of detailed information contained in the book, much of which information is very technical, will tend to baffle and to discourage the average reader. The trained philosopher and historian and the minister of the Gospel will be almost the only ones who find themselves prepared actually to gain a deep and true and comprehensively understanding of the writing.

The theologian will be interested to note the wide definition placed on the word "Puritanism" under which term the author includes such different bodies as the Lutherans, the Anabaptists, the Presbyterians, all the Reformed churches, and the Quakers. The theologian will also be interested in some of Professor Perry's appraisals which, at the least, are extremely unbiased and fair if perhaps not wholly true. On the credit side of the religious movement, the philosopher writes:

He who would reject these ideas [of the Puritans] must be prepared to accept in some degree one or more of their opposites: a frivolous disregard of moral questions . . . ; a blurring of moral distinctions, and a lack of principle . . . ; self-indulgence, infirmity of will, corruptibility, lack of self discipline . . . ; a cynical admission of failure and acquiescence in the meaninglessness of life.

However,

. . . there are certain ingredients in which the puritan mixture is deficient, or which it lacks altogether. . . . The puritan saw a limited truth, and what he saw was distorted because of what he failed to see. This distorted puritanism

consists of a narrow preoccupation with morality . . . ; a pharisaical emphasis on the letter of the rule at the expense of its spirit; evil imagination, prudishness, and canting humility . . . ; a morbid habit of introspection; censoriousness; hardness, intolerance, and an aversion to joy, especially the joy of other people . . .

And his criticism of democracy is likewise Janus-headed. He pulls no punches in these discussions either.

The book is as simply written as its subject matter allows. It is good browsing for anyone; for the specialist in American civilization it represents a weighty contribution to the literature of that field. If nothing else, it rectifies some serious errors we have committed, in the past, in our thinking about and judgment of these two vital forces.

Lonely Voice

BOLTS OF MELODY: New Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1945. 333 pages. \$3.00.

Their names, unless you know them,
'Twere useless tell;
Of bumblebees and other nations
The grass is full.

NATIONS—of exciting friends, pompous victims, curious and poignant thoughts—Emily Dickinson discovered in the village of Amherst and in her eventual seclusion in her father's house. Bearing further witness to her alertness comes this group of over six hundred poems, published now for the first time since

her death, sixty years ago. Jotted on the insides of envelopes, backs of advertisements, grocers' brown bags, and small scraps, they lay during these years in a wooden box while family dissensions and lack of opportunities for proper editing postponed their publication.

All of these brief poems are interesting, and several of them equal the best of her previously-published work. Some of her most remarkable triumphs have been as an imagist; in this volume are some startling stanzas on autumn:

The name of it is autumn,
The hue of it is blood,
An artery upon the hill,
A vein along the road,

Great globules in the alleys,
And, oh, the shower of stain
When winds upset the basin
And spill the scarlet rain!

The accuracy of her observation gives her brief quatrains firmness; she lists the details of a flower's responsibility toward nature:

To pack the bud, oppose the worm,
Obtain its right of dew,
Adjust the heat, elude the wind,
Escape the prowling bee . . .

What is probably her chief power as a poet arises from this accuracy; it is her ability to effect "that perpetual slight alteration of language, words perpetually juxtaposed in new and sudden combinations, meanings perpetually *eingeschachtelt* into meaning, which evidences a very high development of the senses," of which T. S. Eliot wrote in 1920 in an essay on an Elizabethan dramatist, and which many contemporary poets

have particularly sought to achieve. She writes of the flying sparrow that he "rode immensity"; of two waltzing butterflies that they lost themselves in "eddies of the sun/Till rapture missed her footing/And both were wrecked in noon." Death is the "white exploit"; a charming example is the title given this volume, "bolts of melody." Often this juxtaposition involves syntactical violence, at the prospect of which, like the Elizabethans, she does not hesitate; thus she writes of "death's immediately."

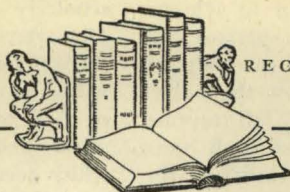
The present editor, Mrs. Bingham, daughter of Mrs. Todd, Emily Dickinson's first editor, has agreed with the practice of her predecessors in arranging the poems in classes according to their subject matter. In addition, she has attempted to ascertain the general period of composition and to arrange the poems within the classes upon this basis. Recent scholars believe that the full significance of these short poems can be perceived only if they are read in terms of the interrelations which they had in Emily's mind. Apparently Mrs. Bingham has observed extreme

scholarly precaution in her work. However, since she found many of the poems in an inconclusive state, with lists of variants for one or more of their words or lines, and chose to select from among these the one which seemed best, instead of printing all of the variants, readers cannot be sure without recourse to the manuscripts that these poems are in their optimum state. For a few Mrs. Bingham has supplied a facsimile of the manuscript, and in one at least of these it would seem that a different choice from among Emily's words would have produced a more effective poem:

A friend too straight to stoop,
Too subtle to be seen;
"Come unto me," accomplished how,
With firmaments between?

The slight pun in "accomplished" is entirely in keeping with Emily's style, and "subtle," with its fourth *s*, does not offend, as the editor seems to have feared when she chose a flat word. Readers are left wondering if all the other choices were the wisest.





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE WILD HORSE OF THE WEST

By Walker D. Wyman, illustrated by Harold Bryant. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1945. 348 pages. \$3.50.

PARTICULARLY the lover of horses and of stories about horses (a la *My Friend Flicka*, and *Thunderhead*), and all romanticists generally, will enjoy this expository and research-authenticated study of the dean of mammals, the feral or wild horse. Only the briefest mention is made of things fanciful. Instead, we discover in these pages how the modern horse was introduced into America by the early colonists. Later, we see how, through escape or by Indian thievery, the horse of the Spanish conquistadores became widely distributed over the trans-Mississippi West. And finally, we learn how the horse by breeding with the estrays from emigrants, ranchers, and miners, and by roaming in great herds over the uninhabited plains, became part—an essential part—of the legendary inheritance of the West. Al-

ways this natural history is well substantiated.

Mr. Wyman wisely refrains from being merely prosy and academic in this discussion of his special segment of Americana, but I wish his work had been enlivened by more illustrative anecdotes and tales about, e.g., the stallion and the mustang. For the romantic quotient in all readers does respect scholarship and patient research; yet it necessarily yearns, in our workaday world, for as much legitimate color and charm as is attainable in a book whose generalized hero is the wild horse of the West.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

FIGHTERS UP

By Eric Friedheim and Samuel W. Taylor. Edited by Arthur Gordon. MacCrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. 1945. 275 pages. \$2.50.

HERE is another "war book" which no one will want to make a part of his permanent library. Written by Captain Friedheim, former military and aviation writer for I.N.S., and

Sergeant Taylor, a magazine writer, this rather drab chronicle of the exploits of our fighter pilots in the ETO was edited by Major Arthur Gordon, currently editorial director of AIR FORCE magazine.

Perhaps there are too many technical terms in the book; a layman probably would have presented the material in a more interesting fashion. Perhaps the constant factors in the various missions of the fighters make for monotonous reading; the planes take off; they meet with flak and enemy fighters; some come back. Perhaps it is impossible to portray modern mechanized warfare as interestingly and as glamorously as authors have done in the past when men and not machines won wars.

Fighters Up lacks those characteristics which could give it a place among the classics which have been written in this war.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN

By Walter Bernstein. The Viking Press, New York. 1945. 213 pages. \$2.00.

EXCLUSIVE of *See Here, Private Hargrove*, *Keep Your Head Down* is the first war story we have read with sustained interest.

Sergeant Bernstein has given us a detailed account of his activities in the Army beginning in April, 1941, and continuing to May of 1944. His description is so casual and yet so realistic that we almost participate in his experiences. We sympathize with the apologetic draft board official; the dust of Fort Benning rises in our nostrils; our knees become

weak as we prepare to jump with the airborne troops; the meretricious juke joint in Alabama fails to impress us; we pity rather than laugh at the drunk who spends the night in the guard house with us; we are relieved when the light on the horizon becomes a Liberty ship; the slowness of the Italian campaign irritates us. Bernstein becomes tedious only when he describes his walk through Yugoslavia with the Partisans.

Bernstein's soldiers are real; in reading the book you will undoubtedly meet your neighbor's boy. He portrays warfare as it is—mean and distasteful. The *Prologue* and the *epilogue* are two classics. The fact that much of *Keep Your Head Down* appeared in the *New Yorker* will recommend it to many readers.

A WOMAN IN SUNSHINE

By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1945. 344 pages. \$2.75.

THE heroine of this long, dull, and wordy drama of domesticity is, we are told, "that rare combination—a good woman who is also an exciting one." That isn't all. Letitia is "a good, yet glamorous lady who is rudely caught up in a conflux of turbulent family problems. In the depths of her remarkable personality she finds unexpected strength and wisdom to cope with the sudden crises that threaten to overwhelm her."

Not even the facile pen of Frank Swinnerton can breathe a spark of life into this preposterous clay figure. Too heavily plotted and too ob-

viously contrived, *A Woman in Sunshine* falls far short of the excellent quality of Mr. Swinnerton's earlier novels.

EUROPE NOW

A First-hand Report. By H. V. Kaltenborn. Didier, New York. 1945. 187 pages. \$2.50.

A FEW months ago H. V. Kaltenborn made a trip to war-torn Europe to observe at first hand some of the earth-shaking events that were taking place. He has recounted many of his observations and experiences in a chatty manner in *Europe Now*. The book deals with his airplane trips to and from the scenes of action

and with conditions in North Africa, in Italy, in France, in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany, and in England. It is particularly helpful to read Mr. Kaltenborn's straight-forward statements regarding the tactics of the Communists and the dangers which threaten Europe as a result of their clever machinations. The sixty-three-year-old dean of American radio commentators pays a glowing tribute to the fighting men who have finally succeeded in bringing Nazi Germany to her knees; he speaks wisely about many of the perplexing problems which must be solved satisfactorily before there can be genuine peace, prosperity, and happiness throughout the world.

Order Form for Books Reviewed in the June Cresset

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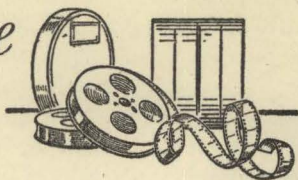
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The



Motion Picture

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

DURING the same week in which a humbly grateful nation celebrated V-E Day motion-picture theaters throughout the United States exhibited Army Signal Corps films depicting the unspeakably horrible conditions which existed in German prisons, concentration camps, and hospitals. It seems to me that no better time could have been chosen for the release of these graphic factual records of moral depravity and sheer bestiality. Nordhausen, Buchenwald, Dachau, and the many other Nazi institutions of death constitute a flaming, never-to-be-forgotten indictment of the Nazi ideology. This is the ignominious end of the march of conquest of the self-styled *Herrenvolk*. Here we see the atrocities and the abnegation of kindness and decency which wellnigh transformed the land that cradled the Reformation into a funeral pyre for everything the Reformation symbolized. It is almost unbear-

able to sit quietly in a comfortable theater when one realizes that this black chapter in human history was written just yesterday—not by barbarians but by a people which had achieved extraordinary success in the arts and sciences. Inevitably we feel pity, horror, and fierce anger. That is not enough. More than anything else these pictures should awaken or intensify in each of us a feeling of awareness and personal responsibility. They should remain in our memories as a grim warning against *any* creed or *any* social or political plan which is built on injustice, intolerance, hatred, or aggression. It is extremely dangerous to imagine with smug confidence that “it can’t happen here.” It is far better to decide with unshakable determination that, please God, *it shall not happen here.*

When Adolf Hitler and his fellow-conspirators set out to conquer Germany, they inaugurated

a special program for the German youth. Deliberately, cleverly, and scientifically they subverted German children to the debasing creed of Nazism. *Tomorrow the World* (United Artists, Leslie Fenton) presents an engrossing study of the problems that arose when one Nazi-indoctrinated fledgling was transported from the doomed Third Reich into a Midwestern university town in the United States. There are exaggerations and weakness in the James Gow-Armand D'Usseau play *Tomorrow the World*. These have been carried over into the film. Nevertheless, the picture is worth seeing. The direction is excellent, and the acting of the fine cast is exceptionally good. The contrast between the destructive force of tyranny and the constructive force of democracy is clearly indicated.

Guest in the House (United Artists) provides a suitable companion piece for *Tomorrow the World*. In this instance it is a ten-year-old, emotionally twisted, and physically ill girl who brings unhappiness and disaster to an unsuspecting family. *Guest in the House* has been adapted for the screen from a play written in 1942 by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson. In spite of its dark and depressing theme it is a better-than-average picture.

Hotel Berlin (Warners, Raoul

Walsh) follows the familiar pattern Vicki Baum used so successfully in *Grand Hotel*. This time the action is set against a background of war, and the characters are designed to represent the clashing forces which are at work openly and underground in bomb-shattered Berlin. In spite of a top-flight cast and a realistic background *Hotel Berlin* is just another war picture.

Objective Burma (Warners, Raoul Walsh) is Errol Flynn's latest contribution to the war effort. After winning the battle in Europe Superman Flynn now turns his attention to the war in the east. Some of the jungle scenes in *Objective Burma* are painfully and convincingly realistic; otherwise the picture is completely phony. It is easy to understand why one G.I. veteran wrote to *Time* magazine to protest against this and other equally absurd films.

I'll Be Seeing You (United Artists, William Dieterle) touches upon a delicate and serious theme: the return of the wounded and shell-shocked war veteran to civil life. I suppose—I should say I fear—that we shall have an avalanche of pictures dealing with the neuroses brought on by battle fatigue. This is not a theme from which Hollywood should even attempt to wring entertainment val-

ue. If producers are willing to state the case simply, honestly, and constructively, well and good; otherwise any film using this theme will be nothing more nor less than a shameless exploitation of suffering and heroism. *I'll Be Seeing You* solves no problems; but, by and large, it is told with warmth and understanding. Joseph Cotton, as the soldier, gives one of the best performances of his career, and Ginger Rogers plays the girl with intelligence and restraint.

National Velvet (M-G-M) offers a welcome change from war pictures. Translated to the screen from Enid Bagnold's novel, this is a tender and poignant story of children and horses. The action may seem a bit preposterous at times; but the film has an abundance of charm and a fair share of pathos and excitement. The youngsters will enjoy it, and so will you.

A Song to Remember (Columbia, Charles Vidor) is a colorful and entertaining release. A technicolor film, it displays some of the screen's brightest luminaries, and its value is further enhanced by the fine piano-playing of José Iturbi. But it is not the biography of the famous Polish composer Frédéric Chopin. Space will not permit a point-by-point refutation of the nonsense palmed off as factual

on unsuspecting movie-goers. Suffice it to say that this romantic hodgepodge is a total misrepresentation of the conduct and the character of the great Pole.

Back in the 1890's Oscar Wilde wrote a fantastic tale of a man and his portrait. The man, Dorian Gray, went his profligate way, remaining physically young and untouched by debauchery. His portrait, however, recorded the gradual degeneration of Dorian's mind and body. It has been said that Mr. Wilde intended his novel as a fable depicting the conflict between ethics and aesthetics. If this is true, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (M-G-M, Albert Lewin) fails to capture the essence of Mr. Wilde's book. Some of the acting is good, and the costumes and the period settings have been reconstructed with great care. If you are inquisitive enough to want to see this picture, do not take the children. Mr. Wilde's dialogue has been tailored to Hays-office dimensions, it is true; but it still smells.

This reviewer found *The Three Caballeros* (RKO-Radio, Walt Disney) decidedly disappointing. Mr. Disney is unexcelled in a field which owes much to his skill and initiative, and we have come to expect technical perfection in Disney releases. *The Three Caballeros* bears the unmistakable

stamp of Disney, and some of the character creations are irresistible. The story, however, is ridiculous and in execrable taste.

The thrillers are still with us. They should all be labeled For Adults Only. *The Suspect* (Universal) is the suspense-filled story of a mild-mannered business man who commits two murders. This character is portrayed so sympathetically by Charles Laughton that, illogical and reprehensible

as it may seem, he makes a strong bid for audience favor.

The Ministry of Fear (Paramount, Fritz Lang) is adapted from Graham Greene's spy story of Nazi intrigue and infiltration.

The Thin Man Goes Home (M-G-M) inaugurates a revival of the popular Thin Man series of a few seasons ago. The plot is as thin as Myrna Loy is in the picture. For all of me the Thin Man can *stay* home.



Chapel in Italy

No carved, no gold-tipped spires mark your place
 Of worship in that strange and distant clime;
 Its architect was God. That rock-hewn church
 Defies the blunderings of man—the tests of time.
 Behind green valleys, snow-capped mountains stand
 Majestic symbols of far greater skill.
 God spoke and mountains, seas and land
 Took shape and stayed within the bound'ries of His will.
 O little man, while cannons' thunder roll
 Flee to the Rock and let God fortify your soul.

—ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

Frailty

The "common man"
Is praised each day.
We have built,
We will say

What must be done
For peaceful land.
Ours the strength,
Ours the hand

Of power and might
That guides and leads.
What fools! For work
And man's frail deeds

But seek and strive
And *never* gain,
For man is weak
And poor and vain.

"Be not deceived—
God is not mocked."
His is the victory.
Doors are locked

He does not free.
Into *His* hand
We thus commend
Our fatherland.

—JANICE PRIES

Bibliography

I see a poem in everything:
In a shattered flower; a butterfly wing;
A mouldering stump—a rug of moss;
A cob web's sheen of dewy gloss;
A faded carpet of last year's leaves;
A pattern of shadow a tree branch weaves:
The red bud blaze on a dogwood drop;
The pale blue haze where skylines stop;
The cool embrace of a shadowy nook
But some get their poems out of a book.

—GEORGE ROSSMAN

LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

Racism in America

Sir:

In a recent issue of THE CRESSET you had an editorial on the action of the Hood River American Legion against the Japanese-Americans in the Hood River Valley in Oregon. Your criticism was directed against the policy of the American Legion. Apparently you misunderstand who is to blame for this intolerance on the part of the Hood River American Legion. It's the farmers of the Valley, who are the economic competitors of the Japanese-Americans or Nisei.

Since this action farmers near Portland, in Gresham, formed an anti-Japanese organization. In Hood River a group has organized to purchase all land that is at present owned by Nisei.

Several days ago I was fortunate enough to hear the reactions of a Nisei college graduate who has returned to Portland from a relocation camp. He spoke before several classes at the college I am attending. He said, "These farmers who have been

making \$10,000 a year are afraid they will make only \$8,000. They don't think of the welfare of the other person." The way he said this made me feel more ashamed of these fellow Oregonians of mine than I had previously felt. Unfortunately, there is an anti-Japanese resentment throughout all the western states where they have lived.

I want to pass on two of the significant things he said. He believes the first requirement for solving the problem of Japan and of the Japanese in America is a spirit of humility on our part. I think he's right, but very few Americans have this spirit.

A student with a "holier-than-thou" attitude asked him about the differences between the Japanese religion and the Christian religion. One of the things he said in reply was that many people call themselves Christians who don't know what it means to be a Christian. When he said that I thought of all the "Christian" anti-Japanese Americans and of all the "Christian" anti-other-minorities Americans. If only these people could see themselves as others see them! If only they could realize how un-Christian and selfish they are!

MARIE WOLFRAM

Portland, Oregon

Letter from Germany

Sir:

I received the first issue of my new subscription to THE CRESSET a few days ago. The editorials in it, and the interest shown by others of my unit prompted me to write a few congratulatory remarks on the magnif-

icent job that you are doing on this magazine.

It is with great pride that I forward all Walther League publications to others in my Company, and am delighted to say that in comparison with publications of other denominations it is highly rated. I am proud to have these issues of THE CRESSET in my magazine library.

T/4 CLARENCE A. KREMER
Germany

Unwanted Gifts

Sir:

I have for several months been greatly enjoying the reading of THE CRESSET. To me it is one of the best pieces of religious journalism today—unique in its class.

To say the least, I was deeply shocked and hurt to read your paragraph entitled "Unwanted Gifts" in the May issue. I am neither a Baptist nor a Methodist, but it seems to me that both S.M.U. and Baylor were

doing the only Christian thing when they refused the gifts of the liquor interests.

In saying you believe the refusal was ill-advised you appear to imply that the traditional stand of the Baptist and Methodist denominations on the liquor question is wrong, and you further charge these worthy groups with holding a "non-Biblical piety."

You furthermore seem to contradict yourself when you say that by this action these two bodies seem to place "their stamp of approval upon every business endeavor from which they, directly or indirectly, receive contributions."

Am I to assume from this that your denomination would knowingly accept contributions from individuals who let property out for operation as houses of prostitution? I hope this is wrong, but it seems to me to be a "logical conclusion" of your position.

CHAPLAIN T. H. MAKIN, USNR
Rising Sun, Md.



THE name of Benjamin Bosse deserves to be remembered. It is but rarely that a man of his stature arises, combining the qualities of a great public leader and a humble child of God. Our associate, Dr. W. G. Polack, has rendered a real service in his engaging pen portrait of this "Indiana Immortal." Dr. Polack is well-known as an author, poet, historian, and theologian. He is professor of Church History and Liturgics at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, and is president of the Concordia Historical Institute. He was honored several years ago by Valparaiso University with the degree of Doctor of Letters.



THE CRESSET is still operating

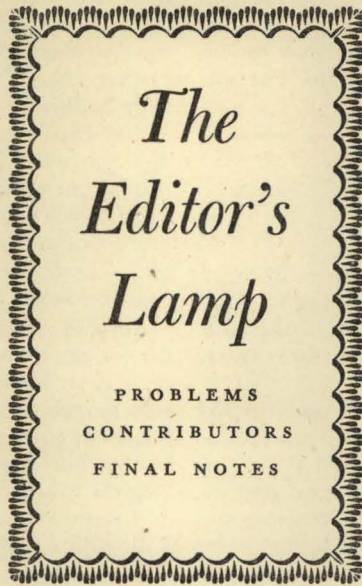
under the restrictions imposed by the continuing paper shortage. It will, accordingly, again be necessary to eliminate one issue in order to keep within our allotted quota. The July and August issues will therefore be combined, and will reach our subscribers during the last week of July.

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Guest reviewers in this issue include Herbert H. Umbach (*American Guerrilla in the Philippines* and *The Wild Horse of the West*); Jessie

Swanson (*The Battle Within* and *The Fundamentals of Physics and Their Applications in Modern Life*); and F. L. Miller (*The Last Flowering of the Middle Ages*). All are of the staff of Valparaiso University.



Forthcoming Issues

- I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

- II. Major articles during the coming months will include:
 - Wit and Humor
 - The National Gallery
 - A Study of Race Relationships

- III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:
 - The Public Debt William Withers
 - The Ballad and the Source Rosamond Lehmann
 - Up Front Bill Mauldin
 - Full Employment in a Free Society
 William H. Beveridge
 - Commodore Hornblower C. S. Forester
 - Pleasant Valley Louis Bromfield
 - My Rival, the Sky Margo Kurtz
 - Pride's Way Robert Molloy
 - City Development Lewis Mumford
 - The Plot Against the Peace
 Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn
 - Enrico Caruso, His Life and Death Dorothy Caruso
 - The Moral Conquest of Germany Emil Ludwig

