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THE

JULY 1947

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

.....



• Who Is Disloyal?

• My Town

• A Modern Hegira

by Ray Scherer

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.....

VOL. X NO. 9

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

THOMAS COATES, *Assistant Editor*

The Cresset Associates: PAUL BRETSCHER, O. A. DORN, E. J. FRIEDRICH, O. A. GEISEMAN, THEODORE GRAEBNER, AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN, ALFRED KLAUSLER, A. R. KRETZMANN, THEODORE KUEHNERT, W. G. POLACK, O. H. THEISS
Cresset Contributors: ALICE BENSEN, GEORGE BETO, ANNE HANSEN, H. B. HEMMETER,

KARL KELLER

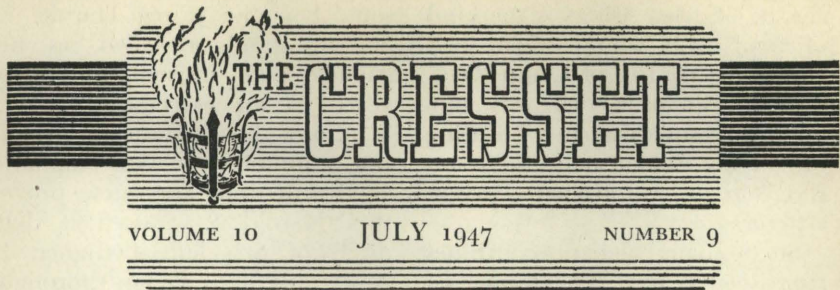
Assistant to the Editor: JAROSLAV PELIKAN

Business Manager: S. E. BOIE

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Notes and Comment

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

A Two-Ringed Circus

TEXAS politics, unlike Texas education, sometimes has a dull moment. However, those dull moments never occur in those odd-numbered years when the Texas Legislature meets in Austin for one hundred and twenty days of fun and frivolity. To him who is uninitiated in Texas politics the meeting of the legislature presents all the aspects of a two-ring circus with the governor standing by as an extremely vocal but ineffective master of ceremonies.

Recently a legislative committee visited the state institution for delinquent boys at Gatesville. While there the committee found two boys—would-be escapees—who had been brutally beaten by their guards. The committee, sparing none of the gory details,

immediately reported the incident to the legislature.

Carlos Ashley, hill country rancher and lawyer and chairman of the Board having control of the Gatesville school, when asked by newspapermen for his version of the almost sadistic beatings, allowed that the boys had received ten licks. The following morning a member of the legislative committee, in a personal privilege speech on the House floor, asserted that anyone who said that those two bleeding and pulp-beaten boys received only ten licks "is a damn liar."

Immediately Tom (Ole Tawm) Martin, who represents Ashley's hill country in the legislature, arose to defend Carlos Ashley. After descending at length on Ashley's spotless integrity, he closed his peroration with this

classic: "Carlos Ashley is the kind of man who would storm hell with a teacup full of Llano River water." All of which was supposed to prove that two bleeding boys, lying in Gatesville, were not the victims of a barbaric prison system.

Such inane debate continues from day to day. The humor of the situation in the Texas Legislature is considerably lessened when one considers that while mediocre men are talking at the rate of ten dollars per day, the valuable natural resources of the Lone Star state are enriching others than the people of Texas. Meanwhile, understaffed and inadequate schools are serving Texas youth, farm-to-market roads remain in the realm of campaign promises, and the entire state suffers from the lack of a proper public health program.

It is axiomatic that you cannot fool all the people all the time, but the situation in Texas would indicate that a clear majority can be fooled all the time.



The Stassen Interview

WE REFER to the extraordinary interview Harold E. Stassen, Republican presidential aspirant, had with Generalissimo Stalin this spring. The interview is extraordinary for several rea-

sons. For one thing, Harold E. Stassen stands revealed, as his friends have insisted for many years, as an extremely capable man, one able to state the American point of view with emphatic good will. The interview proves that Harold E. Stassen is definitely of presidential timber. If Americans want a man thoroughly alert to the problem of foreign relations, they will find Harold E. Stassen a candidate worth considering.

At the same time, the interview is extraordinary because it reveals the Russian dictator as a man ostensibly inclined toward peace with America. Although the dictator feels that American capitalism is headed toward ultimate collapse, he thinks that we can live together peaceably on this globe. Once more Generalissimo Stalin insisted that Moscow had no Messianic complex as far as Communism is concerned. He does not feel that Communist doctrine about the ultimate conquest of the entire world for Marxism is a bar toward peaceful relations with the United States.

We are happy to read this interview. We do worry, however, about the gap between Moscow's words and actions. Somehow Soviet Russia's actions at the United Nations and at the lamented Moscow conference do not bear out what Stalin told Stassen. Per-

haps Stalin is losing control over Molotov, who seemed to do most of the talking and disagreeing at the recent meetings of Soviet and American emissaries. Could it be that Stalin is falling out of favor and that he is a destined victim of a "purge" for not following the true doctrine? We don't know. But we hope that the Communists follow the line laid down in the Stassen-Stalin interview with the proper action. That interview spells in very certain terms: Peace.



Price Always High

A SOCIOLOGICAL tour with a group of college students took us to two Cook County institutions in Chicago—the Juvenile Court and the Jail. To the former hundreds of delinquents are brought every week and several judges sit daily in court reviewing the cases. Some of the offenders are released at once on parole while a large number are retained for shorter or longer periods of time in the adjoining Detention Home. The population of the jail exceeds 1000 offenders of all types, chiefly men but also some women. Some of the inmates have "liberty" within the walls of the building, others are confined behind bars; yes, the institution is also equipped with a

number of death cells adjoining the execution chamber where the electric chair is installed.

The inmates of these institutions range from pre-school age to adolescence and beyond. They do not differ in appearance from the rank and' file of people one meets on the street. But they were removed from society because they had endangered the social welfare. Why?

The causes of social maladjustment are in most instances found in we-group relationships. Children lacked affection and security in the home; adolescents found the inner circle of their family or their group of associates inadequate to satisfy their desires. Hence, these individuals, young and old, left the path which society has approved and struck out on their own. The results were delinquency and crime.

Our corrective and penal institutions are costly, and society pays the high price. More than that, society by and large is responsible for the existence of these institutions. Congested living quarters, brothels, and questionable places of amusement are among the chief breeding places of delinquency and crime, and these conditions are tolerated by society. Truly the words of Shakespeare find their application here, "What fools these mortals be!"

But let us turn to the real cause. Holy Writ strikes at the root when it points out that man strives with the Spirit of God (Gen. 6:3). When man refuses to walk God's way, sin enmeshes him. Individually and collectively man then pays the price, and the price of sin is always high.



"Experts"

WE AMERICANS are an odd people. Once a man has attained eminence in one field, we attach importance to almost any statement he may make.

Some years ago when Luther Burbank, California's glorified gardner, gave utterance to his infidel views, they were hailed as oracular utterances. When in the days of the first World War, Dearborn's master mechanic pontificated on world peace, the non-discerning public mind hailed him as the prophet of a new millennium. Not even the fiasco of the *Oscar II* shook the faith of the American people in their messiah and his attempt to usher in the era of the lion and the lamb. More recently Albert Einstein confessed his inability to believe in a personal God. The pronouncement of this outstanding mathematician who had made an unfortunate foray into the field of theology was received by the

press as a revelation from above.

Today Eddie Rickenbacker, a great flyer and an intrepid soul, is traversing the land speaking on social and economic questions—problems on which he is hardly qualified to speak as an expert—with the voice of an authority. Even more regrettable is the fact that his audiences and the press apparently receive his analyses and dicta as the final word.

As long as cobblers refuse to remain with their lasts, Americans must be more discriminating in their judgments.



Crossword Puzzles

ARE crossword puzzles good for the brain? Some psychologists say yes; others say no. Are crossword puzzles a waste of time? Some educators answer yes; others answer no.

Many years have gone by since crossword puzzles insinuated themselves into our civilization. Debates concerning their worth or their worthlessness have not yet been settled to the satisfaction of all. Meanwhile the ingeniously devised squares and the lists of brain-twisters, both vertical and horizontal, are enjoying a higher degree of longevity than the toughest tomcat.

Recently an Australian scholar tried to solve the puzzle of the

crossword puzzle. *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* reports his experiences and his conclusions in the following words:

Is the solving of crosswords a recreation or an educational process? Or is it both? Professor Walter Murdoch, of the University of Western Australia, was recently invited to pronounce on the educational value of the crossword puzzle. In order to equip himself for an answer he spent 20 minutes' hard labor on one of these problems published in an American paper, and he reports that at the end of it he found his vocabulary the richer by half a dozen words. He now knows that there is a South American monkey called a titi and a brilliantly colored tropical

fish called an opah; that a névé is an expanse of granular snow; that there is an Indian shrub called a lequirity whose seeds are used for decoration; that a glutton is afflicted with gulosity; and that a person given to writing is scribacious. He has also acquired the word "capacitation," and wonders how he can have done without it all these years.

Unfortunately, it is not easy to use all the words thus acquired. Professor Murdoch does not quite see how he is going to bring titis and opahs into casual conversation. Still, the crossword is, in his opinion, the best intelligence test yet invented, and he suggests that at the next election every polling booth should be equipped with some simple crosswords to test people's capacitation for voting.



The



PILGRIM

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

My Town

IF YOU are very sophisticated you had better skip this column this month. . . . I want to talk about my town. . . . Something personal. . . . I was reared on the sidewalks of New York. . . . My earliest memories include the recurring roar of the elevated, the steaming pavements of New York on hot July mornings, and the mysteries of the livery stable next door. . . . Our house was surrounded by immigrants from Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and the lands about the Mediterranean Sea. . . . In winter there was the long trudge to school. . . . Concerning nature we knew only that trees were in parks and grass was something to keep off of. . . . In the vacant lots covered with tall weeds and in the damp basements of tenement houses the preacher's kids learned to live tolerantly and to adjust life to its immediate needs. . . .

Our code of ethics was practical, though limited. . . . No rocks

(they were never called stones, always "rocks") in snowballs, at least not big rocks. . . . No telling a guy's mother anything when she tried to quiz you about Guisseppi Mattiani, or Moe Birnbaum, or Patrick O'Reilly. . . . No making fun of a guy's religion unless he was a Catholic. . . . Then an occasional jeer about incense and vestments was permitted. . . . If Pat O'Reilly was an altar boy, as he usually was, he was compelled to defend his religious activities with everything from rotten cantaloupes to sticks every Monday evening. . . .

Our code, however limited it may have been, was rigid. . . . Three whistles on a late summer afternoon as the sun stood low and red beyond the elevated meant that the Arthur Avenue gang had decided upon Blitzkrieg. . . . All good men and true forgot home and mother and internal strife in a united effort to repel the invader. . . . Now, thirty years

later, I read the news from Europe and recognize with something akin to surprise and pain my friends and enemies of the sidewalks of New York. . . . The same passions, the same loyalties, the same techniques. . . . On a larger scale, perhaps, and with more deadly results, but I have long discerned something deeply and essentially childish about the whole business over there. . . . The world is not run by adult minds. . . . Europe and my sidewalks share the same absence of permanent meaning. . . . The same loud boasts, the same dire threats, the same false sense of importance. . . . We, too, fought for "Lebensraum." . . . The old coal shed of the Mattiani brothers in the vacant lot on Arthur Avenue was our Polish Corridor. . . . Once upon a time it had belonged to us, but the introduction of cantaloupes (the "secret weapon" of the Arthur Avenue gang) made it impossible for us to recover it until we had made an alliance with the Tremont Avenue gang (Russia) by promising them the use of our baseball bat and catcher's glove. . . . We, too, fought for "freedom." . . . Were we to be permitted to walk home through Crotona Park (the Atlantic Ocean) without constant attacks by marauding raiders? . . . It was a question of life and death. . . . Such conditions could

no longer be tolerated. . . . We sent formal notes to the Arthur Avenue gang through Mickey, my little brother (who was so little that not even the Arthur Avenue gang would assault him), informing them that unless things were better by next Saturday our patience would be exhausted and we would have to fight. . . . Our honor demanded it. . . . Of course, like the children in Europe, we always knew what the answer would be. . . . Mickey invariably came back as though he were returning from Munich, with his shirt hanging out and one shoe held as hostage. . . . His report was always the same: "Dey said you guys can go jump in Crotona Lake." . . . But the amenities were observed, and our wars passed through the same preliminary steps which now mark the tactical movements of those whom we consider the great figures in contemporary history. . . . We even had our Balkans and our Mussolini. . . . North of us were a few nice homes inhabited by strange people called Baptists and Presbyterians. . . . They were all sissies. . . . With black threats they could always be persuaded to pay tribute in the form of a nickel or a dime for a new bat or for penny cones from Mr. Goldstein's store on the corner of 178th Street. . . . Our Mussolini was a big guy who strutted and shouted,

but even Mickey could scare the daylight out of him by looking him straight in the eye. . . .

In some ways, however, we were better than the dictators. . . . There was a truce every Sunday, not only on Christmas Day. . . . We always forgot our differences when there was a fire or a Fourth of July celebration. . . . Religion was stronger than the ties of race and blood. . . . I still remember my shock when I saw Pat and Dominic, leaders of rival gangs, walking in a procession side by side when St. Anne's was dedicated. . . .

All this has been digression. . . . The point was, and is, that now after many years I have come to a small town. . . . It has all the good of the sidewalks of New York and little of their evil. . . . Man apparently was not made to live in such Babylons as New York or Chicago. . . . When I am in Chicago I usually head for my town in the late afternoon. . . . I find my way through the net of steel that holds Chicago to the south, and come at last to the rise of a little hill. . . . My town lies before me to the left of the road, its lights twinkling in the twilight, its houses bright with preparations for the evening meal. . . . I turn off the highway, drive under our new viaduct, and turn right down a narrow street. . . . The trees, older now than most inhabitants,

stand gaunt against the sky black with clouds, but not with smoke. . . . Behind the trees are homes, and not caves or hotels. . . . The three cars standing in front of the house on the corner mean that the Smiths are having company again. . . . That's twice during the last week. . . . That must be Mrs. Smith's doing. . . . Mr. Smith would, I know, prefer to sit before the fire with his shoes off. . . .

The last corner. . . . I put the car away and unlock the door. . . . I close the door. . . . Suddenly I am conscious of a deep sense of haven. . . . This is my town. . . . I am a part of its life, a child of its quietness. . . . There was, I remember, a time when the American small town was in disrepute. . . . Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* uncovered some of the heartaches and evil which lie behind those broad porches. . . . But that was only one side of the story. . . . Anything that is human will partake of the faults of our common humanity. . . . And my town is warmly human. . . . The man who comes to read my meter inquires about my mother. . . . The laundryman stops to tell me that he will call for my laundry after working hours. . . . The mailman informs me that the streets are very slippery this morning. . . . Down on Main Street the grocery keeper saves an extra

sausage for me. . . . A few days ago the wife of the Presbyterian pastor died. . . . She was a good woman and very properly her death was announced in a banner headline. . . . At the moment of death, and even before, she was more important in our town than Europe. . . .

My town has a sense of permanent values. . . . It reduces life to its essentials. . . . Here is the biography of one of our citizens—individual and yet universal.

A sudden heart attack proved fatal today to Jacob Ehlers, well known resident and retired farmer of Porter county. Death occurred at 12:05 Wednesday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Clyde Blachly, of Valparaiso, R.F.D. 3, with whom he had made his home. He had been ill for several months, but his condition had not been considered serious. He was born on October 12, 1857, in Prinsemoor, in the Province of Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, and came to the United States on April 24, 1881. He has lived in and around Valparaiso for the last sixty years. On November 27, 1879, he was married to Margaret Dorothy Lippke, who preceded him in death on March 19, 1930. To this union were born five children, two of whom, Magdalena and August, preceded their parents in death. . . .

What else goes on in our town? Not much, I suppose. . . . We are born, we go to school, we get

married, we visit, we have children, we visit some more, we do a little business or farming, we have grandchildren, we visit some more, we travel a little, we die. . . . I consider the following items, all in one column of our paper this afternoon, a complete picture of life in our town. . . . All of it is here:

Jay Spencer and his son-in-law, Mike Pendergast, of Chicago, came out last week to visit T. J. Spencer and family, and Harold Spencer and his mother, Mrs. M. E. Spencer. Jay is a retired engineer of the N.Y.C., having retired fifteen years ago when he reached the age of seventy. He is still hale and hearty and gets out and around the same as usual.

Miss Doris Fairchild, teacher at Fair Oaks, Indiana, spent New Year's eve and New Year's day as the house guest of her cousin, Miss Helen Curtin and family.

"Jack" Konovski says he saw what was called "rassling" matches at White City, last Monday night, but . . . never again; says it's too tough a game for him to watch.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Curtin were New Year's eve guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gibbs in Gary.

Tony Granger of Hammond, on his way to Delphi, Indiana, stopped in Demotte for a short visit last Tuesday.

Miss Pauline Granger and Miss Helen Ohr, of Hammond, were Sunday callers at the Curtin home.

Paul Thompson, who has a stock farm here, shipped seven more cars

of fat cattle to Cleveland, Ohio, and Buffalo, New York, markets last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Timson left here Sunday for Kirksville, Mo., he having received a message of the sudden death of his brother, Ben, there.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Morris, local dentist, had as their Sunday guests his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morris, of Cambridge City, Indiana. Dr. Morris, Sr., is also a dentist in his home town.

Kniman Indees and Demotte Indees played here last Tuesday night at high school gym, Kniman winning, 26 to 20. Officials, Evans and Curtin.

Quite a gang from here, including school marms Keever, Wakeman and Slocum, went skating last Monday evening on "a pond in a pasture somewhere west of Hebron."

Miss Beulah McIntyre, of Eenah, Ind., a teacher in the high school,

was the weekend guest of Coach Ruch, in Chicago.

Art Burk is getting all set for the '47 fishing, getting a new tent, boat and all cooking utensils for himself and "the woman," and he says he is going north this year in June or July—tired of that winter fishing in September. You can expect a card from near Tomahawk, Wis., most any time, after the weather warms up. . . .

Dull and drab? . . . I don't think so. . . . There is something real and warm and human about it. . . . We remember more than anyone else that men were not made for headlines and war. . . . To live, to work, to laugh, to believe, to pray, to die—this is our task and our destiny. . . . My town does these things and does them well. . . . When my laundryman gets my laundry and says: "I see you have been having company again"—I feel very much at home and very content. . . .



*The Amish seek religious
liberty*

A Modern Hegira

By RAY SCHERER

WE FEEL we must move to Tennessee to clear our consciences," declare leaders of 15 Berne, Indiana, Amish families. They are moving out of the state in protest to Indiana school laws.

Almost a century ago, in 1852, 72 Swiss ancestors of the present band of Indiana émigrés parked their covered wagons near Berne, unloaded plows and set about carving homes in the wilderness. All Mennonites, they had fled Europe to escape persecution. This summer about 80 of them are going through another mass exodus—this time across state borders in autos.

They are selling some of the best farm land in the United States and buying admittedly inferior acreage in Southern Tennessee near the Alabama border. Most of them are leaving the soil on which they have spent every day of their lives.

In a nation which professes complete freedom of conscience

such an exodus is difficult to understand. Behind it is a long story, a story complicated by religion, by public laws and by personalities. Some of the factors are so deep-seated members of the 15 families cannot communicate them to outsiders.

This much should be noted at the beginning—these Amish are convinced in their hearts they are doing the right thing. Their spokesmen emphasize that the decision to move was not made overnight but only after much deliberation and prayer. What it boils down to is this: they feel they cannot hold their religious beliefs and live in Indiana.

There are many small ironies bound up with the flight of the Amish families. They seek succor in Tennessee, a state notorious for political corruption. The families are not members of the traditionally conservative, buggy-driving, non-shaven clan. They claim membership in the branch

which has consistently kept pace with technology. Their reputation as progressive farmers is wide, as wide as their fame for thrift and unflinching strictness in moral matters.

The entire church totals 78 people. Nearly all the members are expected to go. At this point two families are still doubtful. David Graber and Enoch Habegger, farmers who serve as ministers of the congregation, assert that each member must make up his own mind in regard to the move. No one will be coerced. "We expect persecution wherever we go," says Habegger, "but such instances will test us. If we are true children of God, we'll not let this persecution change our course. We're not forcing anyone to go with us, but those who refuse to go are not of the light but of the world. It's just as well, since they no longer agree with us, that the split in our ranks is made now."

"Some men-folk are down in Tennessee now working the ground and getting everything ready. There is a truck on the road every day taking our stuff down. We are gradually getting all moved," Mr. Graber explains.

David Graber and Caleb Habegger, a brother of Enoch, started the search for a haven with compatible educational provisions early this year. When Ken-

tucky proved unsatisfactory, they probed further south in Tennessee. State school officials there proved sympathetic and advised the pair of a small Amish group of 17 families already established near Lawrenceburg, near the southern border. After the scouts had returned to Indiana, a committee of five drove south to buy land. They bought Tennessee soil at prices ranging from \$140 to \$200 an acre. This is considerably less than the emigrants received for their rich Indiana land. The Habegger farm brought \$278 an acre. Total was \$16,124 for the 58 acre farm. Each family arranges its own public sale. All the new southern properties are within a four mile radius. Many are unimproved, lack buildings.

The Berne Amish community is generally skeptical of the venture. Opinions range from those who openly label the movers as "foolish" to those who predict they will be back in three years. Some have called the 15 families "dreamers" and "visionaries." People in Berne whisper that the Tennessee land agents are making a killing. They say, "These people will be poor in a couple of years."

The 15 families are all members of the same closely knit congregation, the Reformed Amish Christian Church. Most of the families, moreover, are connected

through ties of blood. Historically Mennonites have stood for restriction of marriage to members of the faith. Their congregation is an off-shoot of several schisms which have cropped up through the years. The first split occurred in 1908 with the formation of the Amish Christian Church. This defection came about when members of the Old Order or so-called "long hair" group refused to sanction certain modernization moves urged by the "short hair" group. Even today the Old Order Church, which lists about 700 in the Indiana community, has withheld official permission for the use of electricity, cars, telephones, radios, refrigeration, paint and other "worldly" devices. Homes of the long hair Amish are severe. Walls are bare. Outside communities still refer to them as "hook and eye" people.

In 1936 the Amish Christian Church split again. Reasons behind this move are somewhat clouded but it seemed to hinge around the same issue as in 1908. The 1936 split resulted in the organization of the new "Reformed Amish Christian Church" which comprises the present 15 families who are moving to the south. Since then the families have held services in the homes on Sundays. Formal services last from 9 to 12 on Sunday mornings. The families also spend a religious Sun-

day afternoon together. The Rev David J. Graber, a pious, mild mannered farmer, acts as co-pastor of the group together with Enoch Habegger, also a farmer. "The reason we split from the other church is mainly because—I don't know how to say it—they was taking too much privilege. After we split we saw what we had to change," says Rev. Graber. Being members of the short hair Amish, his congregation accepted mechanization long ago. All the families drive cars and most of them own considerable farm equipment. Since they formed their own church a curious sort of retrogression has taken place. Radios were removed. "We found radios so much foolishness. So we thought it wasn't right for our children to have them in our homes," explains the pastor. Other bans were adopted. Men no longer wore ties. Two-colored clothes were forbidden for the women. Like the Old Order Amish, the 15 families permit no photographs. "As the Apostle says, 'For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.' Pictures are something we do. We get no good out of them. It is only the lust of the eyes," says Mr. Graber.

Chief reason why the 15 families are moving to their latter-

day Israel is to keep their children out of the public high school. "We do not object to them attending high school. We want them to be educated—but we do not want them to attend a public high school and associate with those not of our faith," he declares. "We are not sore at anyone and we don't want people to think we have had trouble. It is just that we want to live our own lives, worshipping under the Lord as we like," he adds.

The present discontent is closely related to the history of the Amish school system. Before the 1936 division within the Amish Christian Church, the congregation conducted its own parochial grade school with as many as three teachers. The school then broke up and students attended public schools. Indiana law requires that a student attend school until he is 16. Although the law was passed in 1921, Old Order Amish were never forced to go to high school. School authorities simply stretched a point and permitted students to go back to the eighth grade until they were 16. The advent of new county school officials brought a more rigid enforcement of the state law. After 1941 Amish students were ordered to attend the grade to which they had been assigned. The trouble started then.

Five years ago two representa-

tives of the 15 family church visited the office of the county school superintendent. The pair protested their children being compelled to listen to various ministers speak at weekly chapel exercises in the public high school. The school official promptly excused them from the services. "Of course, no religious observance is compulsory. I told them they could stay in the home rooms during the chapel time," he explains. During this conference the leaders maintained that they did not object to schooling. They did not ask the privilege—previously accorded the Orthodox Amish—of keeping their children out of high school. Later the same year David Graber and Enoch Habegger reappeared with a request to resume their parochial school for the eight grades. "Since they had quite often gone to the teachers in the public schools to protest against such seemingly innocent things as having their children help decorate a Christmas tree," says the school superintendent, "I thought it best to allow this to be done."

After consultation with state school officials permission was granted the Amish to rent a vacant school. They hired a licensed teacher, agreed to pay all expenses. Enrollment was 11 pupils. Six months later the Amish were back asking that they be allowed

to set up a combined grade and high school. They planned to hire one teacher to instruct all eight grades and two years of high school. At that time the families were sending three of their children to the public school. The elders maintained that the influence of the high school was bad. When the superintendent explained that a combined grade and high school was impossible, the Amish made several trips to the Indiana capital to appeal for a high school commission. "Being referred back to me they kept up their requests until I must confess I began to lose patience," comments the county official. "That Fall they told me plainly they would no longer send their children to the public high school. But after some court action they reconsidered and sent them until they were 16." During that year the congregation hired another teacher. She had but two years of training and thus failed to measure up to state standards. The church sent their three high school pupils to their own school. Faced with juvenile court charges, the families relented and the children attended public high school until they were 16.

"Now these leaders come out with a statement that they believe in high school—and it is true that they do; yet they are unwilling for their young people to take

advantage of the education provided for them," concludes the county school official. He states his case plainly: "During all this time I have steadfastly held to the theory that even a parent has no right to deprive his childrer of the minimum education guaranteed by the state."

To this the Amish reply, "He's there to see that the law is enforced. We don't blame him." The congregation has resorted to various stratagems in an effort to comply with the law. Two families moved to Michigan to keep a youth out of school. This came about when the families discovered that children in a certain Michigan district were not required to attend high school because the district did not furnish transportation. "We even went to correspondence schools for advice. They could get the same lessons they get in high school at home if the state would permit," declares Rev. Graber. "It hits us hard that we have to leave our homes on that account." The 1947 Indiana Legislature defeated a bill which would have permitted students to quit school after the eighth grade. This quashed hopes of the group to remain on their Indiana farms and still keep their children out of high school.

They feel that evil conditions in the public high schools will lead the children astray.) Graber

states, "If I left my boy in bad company, he'd be apt to pick it up. The Apostle said, 'Be not deceived. Evil communications corrupt good manners.'" He continues, "We don't believe in ball games, you see. We don't believe in a lot of things like smoking, and we feel that if our children go to school with other children who do these things, they'll want to do them too."

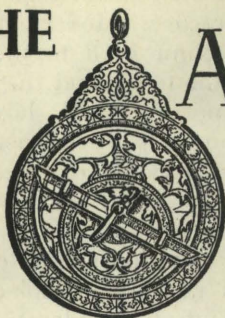
"We are good farmers. I recently sold my farm for almost \$300 an acre. I didn't have to have a high school education to do that. But still we don't object since the law requires. There was so much going on that we come to the conclusion that if we want to teach our children the right thing, we had to keep them in our own schools." Pastor Graber explains that Tennessee was chosen for the hegira after state school authorities in Nashville assured the Amish delegation that their children would not be required to attend a public high school. "They even tried to help us find a location down there. We will have our own school there just as we have here. But

we will have a teacher of our own faith. Tennessee showed us a real good heart. We don't want to evade school. We promised to qualify to their laws. But we like to do it among our own group." Enoch Habegger, the other leader, echoes the same sentiment. "I was born here in Indiana. I know every corner of this farm. It's hard to leave such a fine place. We don't object to education. We are going to cooperate with them down there. In Tennessee they go to 16 but not to high schools. I hope they won't put anything in our way. Do you think they will?"

These Amish have an intent look. They stare at the ground when they talk. They are reluctant to go but they seem resigned to begin life anew in Tennessee. For all their sincerity they seem to be trying to convince themselves that they will find what they seek in the South. They hesitate to blame anyone for what their consciences have dictated. David Graber speaks for all: "I am not dishonest. I try to get along with my neighbors. I hope to have a good name. We hope to be good citizens down there."




THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

WE FETCH UP SOME BILGE WATER

 I might as well admit that I have had a disagreeable and depressing time performing this month's leisure hour stint for *Astrolabe*. The thought had suggested itself that a magazine which inscribes on its title page as objective number one, "A Review of Literature," occasionally owes to its readers a truthful and scientific analysis of the more advanced type of modern fiction. The editor selected two titles which were held to be representative of the kind of fiction our educated people are reading in 1947. They were John Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus* and Bernard DeVoto's *Mountain Time*. Both productions bear the imprint of noted publishing houses, Steinbeck's book is print-


ed on good deckle-edge paper by the Viking Press and is offered by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Since our experience is still short 15 or 20 stories by Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope we had not yet reached Steinbeck, but know something of his realistic novel of Route 66, *The Grapes of Wrath*. DeVoto's book was printed by a first class house, Little, Brown and Co. and sells for \$2.75. Quite a price for any book, let alone fiction. DeVoto only two years ago wrote a history of the opening of the West, "The Year of Decision: 1846," of which we read some fine chapters in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

So we got to work on *The Wayward Bus* and *Mountain Time*. As a duty performed in the interest of discouraging the reading of these two volumes and caution-

ing all and sundry against trusting in the judgment of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the task (I trust) has not been entirely bootless. Someone has to draw the bilge water out of the old ship, and who is to compel us to read more chapters of such fiction than is necessary to gain adequate impressions? We skipped entire chapters and just read enough of others to speak from first-hand knowledge of the type of fiction presented by those who claim to know the taste of the American public. Well, so much worse for the American public, and the readers of CRESSET shall know the reason why. Put on your gas mask and first of all approach the plot and contents of *The Wayward Bus*.



HUMAN SOCIETY IN PUTRESCENCE

 That's the kind of people who make up the characters of Steinbeck's Book-of-the-Month Club offering.

The bus in question is the decrepit old vehicle by which Juan Chicoy is transporting passengers over a little end of a road in a mid-California Valley. He owns a lunch room and operates a filling station. Here are the possibilities of a rattling good story, and we would not be shocked by

the introduction of a few wayward and even morally questionable characters. Modern fiction need not limit itself to the portrayal of the noble and the good. We are not prepared, however, for the congeries of half-wits, neurotics, and vicious creatures that make up the roster of characters in *The Wayward Bus*. The parallel with Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, on which the Book-of-the-Month Club blurb depends for an alibi, will not do at all. Geoffrey Chaucer of 500 years ago may have known creatures as abnormal as those created by Steinbeck's imagination, but he was artist enough and had decency enough not to smear his parchments with them. In the *Canterbury Tales* we find no creature like Mr. Pritchard who occupies the position of a distinguished business man but joins with others of his rank in stag parties at which he "howls with laughter" when strip tease artists perform their stunts. It so happens that one of the girls is in the group which travels in Mr. Chicoy's bus and little effort is made to make a secret of her profession as an underworld denizen. Young and old, the characters are such as would cause American society to disintegrate if they were to constitute more than a small percentage of the population. Knowing them for what they are, a decent

man or woman could not associate with them for one hour. This picture of society as it congregates at a crossroads town is fearfully overdrawn. There may be half-wits like Norma the waitress, in love with a movie actor she has never seen, but our guess is that before reaching adolescence she would be the inmate of an asylum. Nothing quite so disgusted us as the elderly Van Brunt, lecherous wretch even in his doddering old age and dying of a brain stroke while in the midst of an erotic seizure. The last we see of him is his body stretched out in the bus while in the coma of apoplexy. An attempt at rape is going on elsewhere in the bus while he has the death rattle in his throat.

What does the Book-of-the-Month Club think of offering such hogwash to its subscribers?

And what does an author think of his readership who devotes an entire chapter to a description of the alcoholic spree in which the bus driver's wife indulges behind locked doors while husband and company are on a trip to the next junction? We doubt not that there is realism in the progress of the old harridan from beer to whiskey to wine until she collapses in a drunken stupor, but what purpose can be served by painting so repulsive a scene?

In fact, what object can a man have in writing a book like *The Wayward Bus*?

Possibly the answer is found in the observation that the sex theme is never absent. All the characters have some normal or abnormal trait in that direction, with the result that the story is transacted in an atmosphere of turgid eroticism. Books like these can be written only on the expectation that a dirty story will sell, and that if the publisher can get by the police censorship of American cities his book will demand a wide market. Even a wider one if here and there some court will prohibit the sale as purveying of "indecent and obscene literature."

The book has no such redeeming feature as an intriguing plot, or humor, or delicate portrayal of motives and character. There is no plot that we could discover and certainly no suspense. There are five or six episodes, all of which in some way show the human animal at its lowest. There are some good descriptions of weather and scenery, but when one has said that, one has said all. A dull book and one of a goatish aroma. It adds nothing to the stature of Mr. Steinbeck as a novelist.



A CASE FOR THE MEDICAL SOCIETY



And here is DeVoto's *Mountain Time*. It's a case for the medical society. If Cy Kinsman is the average American doctor then God have mercy on the American family; and he is the hero, at least the central figure, of the story. He is one of a staff of neurotic medical men who are doing surgery in a big metropolitan hospital. The story throughout has the smell of ether but stinks also in other ways.

There is much detail of surgery, irrelevant to the plot and of little interest to the practicing surgeon, but enough of it to leave the non-medical reader confused with terms derived from the Latin and Greek. Our complaint is not that this is not a "popular" novel but that it gives a perverted view of the medical fraternity. These doctors damn each other on little provocation, "bastard" is a term of fraternal intimacy. "He's a brilliant bastard," "Hell!" "By God," and "Christ almighty," are sprinkled through the ward and operating room conversations. There are pages and pages of goings-on in hospital wards and operating rooms. We are told this is a "psychological" novel. It does present a number of psychopathic cases, and they serve on the staff. Then there is Josephine. She is a novelist's wife and when she cannot


find her smock she says, "Damn!" And when the daughter disturbs the novelist father he says, "Damn it, leave me alone!" That's the company you're in. When the wife has completed the typing of her husband's manuscript, the author reads it and his enthusiastic comment is, "It's hellish good!" You get the general atmosphere. Profanity, cursing, blasphemy, and some plain smut.

There is Rose Stein, the nurse, who has illicit relations with the doctor, our hero, Cy. No one thinks anything of it. The novelist has his mistress but he explains to his wife, "No two people can be absolutely everything to each other," and tells her that she is Victorian, small-town. We skipped a chapter. It appears next that there was an explosion in the staff, and Cy leaves his office in disgrace. Meanwhile, we gather that Josephine has found her husband one too many and goes back home to her parents who live in the Rockies. Cy heads that way too, and on arrival gets a job in a garage. He's glad to be away from New York where "ash scows move down the Bay to dump char and dead rats and today's abortions." He ought to be glad. We skipped two chapters, and discover that Jo got a divorce. There is a good deal of psychological development with a steady undercurrent of illicit relations

which never develop into anything. Other characters in the plot are of the type that expect people to "support a normal number of surreptitious adulteries," and upon one of these the doctor performs an abortion. In the end there is a happy marriage by a Justice of the Peace. We thank Mr. DeVoto for not introducing a Protestant clergyman at this point. The book ends with two "damns" on the second-last page and one "hell" in the second-last paragraph.



SUGGESTIVE STUFF ON THE KILOCYCLES

 Speaking of standards of fictional literature suggests the need of directing some attention to the kind of people that make themselves guests in our home by means of the radio. It is the comedian and the master of ceremonies that has been riding the line of what is permissible during the past year or two. Drunkenness is treated as a casual matter, and murder, illegitimacy, brutality, and divorce are handled as day-in, day-out matters even on some daytime serials. Night after night major comedians try to get away with off color jokes. Eddie Cantor's programs in 1946 were barred from Canadian stations. No explanation was given as to

the reasons. And grossness, jokes with double meaning, are not necessary to success on the air. Fibber McGee and Molly head the radio parade on any rating, and yet they have one cardinal rule: Keep it clean!

A columnist, Larry Wolters, in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* said in March of last year:

Now that every network seems to regard it a necessity to have a bride and groom show it is time to think about handling engaged or newly married couples with delicacy. Innuendo and suggestion have no place in the treatment of marriage when they are part of radio programs.

The grotesque and frightening horror shows are not our theme, but Larry Wolters' remarks on this subject are so much to the point that we shall reprint them here:

Perhaps it's an aftermath of the war, but whatever the cause we have a crop of violence—ghouls, ghosts, and ghastlies—that exceeds anything of the pre-war years. Before the war NBC wouldn't air *Lights Out* in the midevening hours, lest it reach juvenile ears.

But now murder and mayhem ride the kilocycles throughout all the hours that youngsters usually listen. Fiends gallop through gruesome horrors for 29½ minutes, and justice triumphs for 30 seconds. Sometimes justice is cut even shorter because the commercial runs extra long.

Now, of course, listeners can turn

off the dial if they want to dodge smut, vulgarity, and excessive violence. That would be, in effect, throwing an offensive visitor out. It can't be done gracefully. It would be


so much easier if the visitor just remembered that he is often talking to a family gathering, with perhaps a mother, a 14 year old daughter, a father, and young son all listening in.



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Harvard Symposium

By WALTER A. HANSEN

 I shall interrupt my discussions of Richard Wagner and his music in order to write about the epoch-making Symposium on Music Criticism which was held at Harvard University in May, 1947.

One should never use the term "epoch-making" without realizing fully what it means and what it implies. There have been hundreds of gatherings for the purpose of considering the weal and woe of music; but the Symposium sponsored by the Department of Music of Harvard University and made possible by donations from Mrs. A. W. Erickson, of New York; the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress; Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island; and the Nieman Foundation in Journalism of Harvard University stands out as a

venture of extraordinary significance. It was unique in its character as well as in its far-reaching importance. Music is bound to flourish more luxuriantly in our land if from time to time it receives the stimulation afforded by gatherings of this nature.

More than a hundred music critics from all parts of the United States joined with leading musicians to devote their attention to some of the fundamental problems of their craft. The meetings were stimulating even when one disagreed violently with some of the conclusions that were expressed. It was particularly helpful to rub elbows and swap views at the three teas which made up the social part of the Symposium.

The proceedings will be published in their entirety by the Harvard University Press. When I receive the volume, I shall deal

with certain statements in detail. At the present time I shall speak somewhat sketchily about what was said and done.

The first meeting took place Thursday afternoon, May 1, in Sanders Theater. Archibald T. Davison, of the Department of Music of Harvard, was chairman. He declared that the music critic "must concern himself with the issue of musical taste as it exists in this country today."

Professor Davison said:

The radio and the phonograph, in particular, have in these last years incalculably increased the impact of music on the popular consciousness. For many, music has become, with comparative suddenness, a source of great interest and stimulation; for others it is no more than an incitement to louder conversation; and for still others it has become a persistent and violent abrasive. A picture you need not regard; a book you are not obliged to read; but from music in this year of our Lord in the United States of America there is no refuge. . . .

In view of this, an intelligent musical laity is certainly desirable, but enlightenment presupposes some powers of discrimination; and it is by no means fanciful to speculate whether the sheer bulk of undistinguished and even negligible music which day after day pours forth on the air will not eventually drug us into an acceptance of all music at the level of the commonplace. If, in

the future, the music critic is to command not the relatively restricted group which now reads his words, but a large and representative audience capable of understanding what he is talking about and of agreeing or disagreeing intelligently with him, then the critic must concern himself with the issue of musical taste as it exists in this country today. Many years ago President Eliot, in a pamphlet recommending needed changes in secondary education, declared music to be an essential in the life of every person who means to be—and these are his words—"cultivated, efficient and rationally happy." If there is a virtue in an effort to make generally available an imperishable resource of life; if it is really desirable that we should one day see a generation which will listen understandingly to music, which will love it for its own sake and which will have a reasonable interest in competent and knowledgeable writing about it, then it may be said that the music critic is in a most favorable position to advance that cause by raising his voice loudly and insistently in behalf of a better world in the wilderness that is music education in the public schools of America.

My hat is off to Professor Davison. I hope that what he said about "the wilderness that is music education in the public schools of America" will take root and bear fruit. It is high time that something drastic be done to remedy a state of affairs which is nothing short of disgraceful.

English Novelist Speaks

After an address by Provost Paul H. Buck, of Harvard University, E. M. Forster, the renowned English novelist, read a paper on "The *Raison d'Être* of Criticism in the Arts." The large audience listened with rapt attention as the author of *A Room with a View*, *A Passage to India*, *Aspects of the Novel*, and other books said:

I have been instructed to discuss the *raison d'Être* of criticism in the arts generally. The case *against* criticism is strong, and during much of the paper I shall be acting as the devil's advocate.

Our great difficulty is the *gulf between the creative and the critical state of mind*.

The *creative state* is nourished by the subconscious, and often after an artist has created a work he does not know how he has done it. A good example of this in literature is Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," and there is a good description of the state in a poem of the Frenchman, Paul Claudel.

The *critical state* relies not on the subconscious but on prepared apparatus, and there is consequently no spiritual parity between it and the objects it professes to explain. Moreover, a work of art is, or should be, eternally fresh and always presenting itself for the first time, whereas criticism naturally looks all around it and reconsiders it, and thus mines its freshness. Nor is criticism helpful to the artist who desires to improve his

work; it may teach him to avoid defects, it cannot help him to substitute merits; only inspiration—connected with the subconscious—can do that.

So criticism cannot establish its *raison d'Être* on major grounds. A good case can be made out for it on *minor grounds*, and the rest of the paper will be devoted to its rehabilitation. It is educational—it can raise cultural standards and expose fraud, and discourage crude appreciation. Even when it is off the mark, it may stimulate; *e.g.*, Walt Whitman's lovely description of the Beethoven *Sextet*, though worthless musically, enlarges our regard for music. It can form æsthetic theories, and—which is more important—it can analyze particular works. It can do anything except place us inside a work of art, and that step—the supremely important one in our æsthetic pilgrimage—we have to take without its aid.

Needless to say, Mr. Forster did not fail to point out that we have no *Sextet* from the pen of Beethoven. Furthermore, it is necessary to point out that by no means everyone present at the Symposium agreed heart and soul with the famous novelist in the matter of the role which criticism plays—or does not play—in creative work.

Mr. Forster concluded his discussion with the words:

Most of this paper has been written in my own Cambridge, and while it was in progress I received the kindest and most encouraging letters from your Cambridge. They stimulated me to complete a task which is really

beyond me. For I am not a musician, I am not even a critic, and it seemed somewhat impertinent to fly the Atlantic to address people who are both.

Roger Sessions, Professor of Music at the University of California and a composer of note, spoke on "The Scope of Music Criticism." To my thinking, his address was platitudinous to a striking degree. Some of his conclusions do not hold water. I may have more to say about his paper in a later article. How a composer can state that craftsmanship should not be a basis of judgment in evaluating music is beyond my power of understanding. Mr. Sessions stated that craftsmanship must be presupposed; but can it be possible that he overlooks the incontrovertible fact that there are numerous types, kinds, degrees, and purposes of craftsmanship and that they must be discussed and evaluated?

New Chamber Music

♩ Thursday evening the Walden String Quartet, which is now in residence at Cornell University, played three works commissioned for the Symposium.

Walter Piston's *String Quartet No. 3* abounds in pithiness and incisiveness of expression. The composer was evidently on his mettle when he wrote the work. Although Mr. Sessions will dis-

agree with me when I take craftsmanship into account in appraising the composition, I must lend a deaf ear to his queer view and declare emphatically that Mr. Piston's work owes much of its outstanding value to the elements of superb craftsmanship. In my opinion it is an important contribution to American chamber music.

Three members of the quartet played Arnold Schönberg's *String Trio, Op. 45* in the sweat of their brows.

I admire Schönberg, and I am convinced that he has done much excellent work; but why, in the name of common sense, did he perpetrate such a monstrosity as the *String Trio, Op. 45*? I discussed the work with many of those who heard the *première*. Not one of them liked the composition. The three artists played the work admirably, and their prodigious efforts were heartily applauded. One prominent musician said to me on the next day, "I don't want to be taken for a ride by a composer." When I telegraphed my account of the concert to the newspaper which had sent me to the Symposium, I could not resist speaking of Schönberg's brainchild as a strange assortment of street, factory, and nursery noises.

Bohuslav Martinu's *String Quartet No. 6* proved to be a

beautiful composition. It contains much that is down to earth. It is full of meat. Many of my fellow-critics discovered traces of Dvořák and Smetana in its pages; but I was inclined to shake my head

and to lift my brows when they told me so. It is so easy, you know, to discover traces when you set out to look for them.

I shall have more to say about the Symposium.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Symphony No. 5, in D Minor, Op. 107 (Reformation)*. The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.—This Symphony, written for the observance of the tercentenary of the framing of the Augsburg Confession but, because of political disturbances, never performed in connection with that event, does not represent Mendelssohn at his best. The composer uses the *Dresden Amen* and *Ein' feste Burg* in the work. Sir Thomas gives an excellent performance and, as an encore, conducts the overture to Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* (K. 621). Victor Album 1104.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Sonata in F Minor, Op. 120, No. 1*. William Primrose, violist, and William Kapell, pianist.—A stirring reading of this beautiful work, which was written originally for piano and clarinet and subsequently arranged by the composer himself for piano and viola. Victor Album 1106.

FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS. Susan Reed, ballad singer, with zither or Irish harp accompaniment.—This is the second volume of Miss Reed's admirable presentations of old folk music. She sings *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair* (Southern mountain song); *I'm Sad and I'm Lonely* (Southern blues song); *The Widow Malone* (old Irish); *Danny Boy* (old Irish); *Greensleeves* (old English); *Mother, I Would Marry* (old Irish); *I Know My Love* (old Irish); *The Three Gulls* (Italian); and *Lord Randall* (old English). Victor Album 1107.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*. IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI. *Minuet in G*. José Iturbi, pianist.—Iturbi's pianism, like the old gray mare, is not what it used to be. Victor disc 11-9514.

FRANZ VON SUPPE. *Overture: The Beautiful Galatea*. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—A brilliant performance of this tuneful work. Victor disc 11-9494.



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

Science and Morality

CAN SCIENCE SAVE US? By George
A. Lundberg. Longmans, Green
and Co., New York. 1947. 122
pages. \$1.75.

THE REDISCOVERY OF MORALS.
by Henry C. Link, Ph.D. E. P.
Dutton & Co., New York. 1947. 223
pages. \$2.50.

HERE are two books by social scientists which seek a solution for the social problems that face our country and the world. The solutions proposed are at wide variance with each other.

Prof. Lundberg, of the University of Washington, affirms that science *can* save us from social and political disaster—not physical science, indeed, but social science. What we need, as he sees it, is to have social scientists in sufficient numbers, provided with ample funds, scientifically studying human behavior. These would then, in time, be able to predict, with the accuracy of physical science, the social and political effects of any pro-

posed course of action. For them such factors as human desire, choice, and will, which are usually regarded as unpredictable, would hold no mystery, for “all behavior, human and sub-human . . . is as regular and predictable as the behavior of the inanimate world.” As for getting men to guide themselves by these predictions: “Scientific solutions, in the long run, carry with them their own compulsions.” It appears, however, that for “the short run,” as it were, these social scientists would operate under governmental authority to recast society on the basis of their indubitable findings, thereby performing “certain functions that were hitherto imposed on each citizen.”

Like many other social scientists we have known, Prof. Lundberg is badly muddled on the philosophical implications of his position. He writes, “Why not leave the metaphysical questions to the taste, the temperament, and the needs of the individual?”—and then he blithely prejudices the fundamental metaphysical question involved by assuming

that man is a mechanism and basing his whole argument on that assumption. He makes the amazing statement, "I can predict the will and the choice of men by exactly the same technique I use to predict other natural phenomena." Quite a mouthful!—Again, he gives solemn assurance that artistic, moral, and religious values will not suffer, but rather be the gainers, in his projected social order. Yet, in keeping with his naturalistic bias, he writes, "When the nature of social science is better understood, there will be few who will want to throw mankind forever back into the brutish abyss of the animistic and supernaturalistic conception of himself and the universe." In other words, it is brutish to believe that God lives and rules and that man has a soul; the really noble and lofty conception is to regard man and the universe as a soulless mechanism. When men like Prof. Lundberg, proceeding on this assumption, are given a chance to do their stuff, a better day will dawn.

But enough of this, though there is more of the same caliber. Some might be tempted by Prof. Lundberg's conflicting statements to question his candor and ingenuousness. We prefer to hold that he is merely confused and in need of a good course in logic and the philosophy of science.

Dr. Link, the author of the other volume, is most widely known through his book, *The Return to Religion*. He is a psychologist. In *The Rediscovery of Morals* his thesis is that a return to sound moral principles on a religious foundation offers

the only hope in the face of social strife and disintegration. Dr. Link points out that our republic was founded on moral presuppositions but that with the advance in science has gone hand in hand a decline in the authority of religion and morals, until now relativity of morals is commonly taught in our schools, making right and wrong a matter of personal opinion, if not of mere preference and whim.

Dr. Link's sound judgments in the following should make good reading for Prof. Lundberg: "Whereas the physical sciences had undermined religion and morals by accident, the social sciences completed the process by intent." "These fields [the social sciences] even today are more speculative than scientific, more controversial than factual. The great gaps in their scientific controls permitted them to become the intellectual vehicles for wishful thinking. Through their undeserved scientific prestige, derived from the deserved authority of the physical sciences, the headlong materialism of the age was rationalized into an acceptable fiction."

The book devotes special attention to the perils inherent in race and class conflicts, carefully analyzing the situation and offering sober, well-considered suggestions for meeting it. A chapter on race differences presents the results of psychological tests without bias. The argument proceeds from such premises as "that moral laws are just as inherent in the nature of people as are physical laws in the nature of matter" and that they "apply equally to all nations, races, and individuals." Dr. Link's

interest in religion seems to be restricted to its moral influence.

We cull a few passages:

[Man] has no dignity except in relation to some moral order or set of spiritual values which lifts him above his natural barbarism.

[Some] progressive educators have emphasized *self-expression* at the expense of *self-discipline* and personal originality at the cost of social morality.

The more people are taught about the physiology of sex, the more likely are they to exploit sex for purely selfish ends.

The unique function of the church is to convert people through moral suasion rather than through political power. To the extent that church groups rely on political action to bring about social harmony, to that extent they are confessing their failure.

The Christian virtue of forgiveness is one thing but the toleration and appeasement of evil is quite another.

The Inner Self

HENRY ADAMS AND HIS FRIENDS, *A Collection of His Unpublished Letters*. Compiled with a Biographical Introduction by Harold Dean Cater. Illustrated with Photographs. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1947. cxix + 797 pages. \$7.50.

THE quest of an individual for enduring values and for genuine meaning in this world is reflected in many ways in the writings of Henry Brooks Adams, but nowhere more interestingly than in the letters he penned. A glance at any encyclopedia entry on this man will reveal the influential position he occupied in

his generation. Knowledge of Henry Adams, the writer, teacher, scholar, scientist, and thinker, is fairly common; the man, Henry Adams, however, is not well known. Here is where a collection of the man's own letters is doubly welcome, portraying as it does his essential warmth, friendliness, compassion—personality, in brief—that underlay the outwardly cold cynicism of this Bostonian Brahmin.

This is not the first compilation of Adams' epistles. Mabel La Farge selected passages pertaining largely to the subject of art, which were published as *Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres, with a Niece's Memories* (1920). Worthington Chauncey Ford edited two volumes: *Letters of Henry Adams, 1858-1891* and ditto *1892-1918* (1930 and 1938, respectively). Incidental publication of letters by Adams can be found in *The Yale Review* of October, 1920, and September, 1934, as also in *The Pacific Review* of September, 1921. Cater's edition adds some 750 letters to the total Adams' self-portrait-in-words, printed here in their entirety as documents written to a hundred people. Other known unpublished letters are reserved, for private reasons of their owners, for the future.

Adams was a voluminous writer, a fact one becomes doubly conscious of in this edition. Throughout, the social critic rather than the historian is impressive.

Probably the foremost letter-writer of his generation in America, Henry Adams is famous not only for the

fact that he wrote his letters well, but also because he packed them with stimulating ideas, curious prejudices and comments on the scene around him. More than that, his letters reveal one of the most interesting minds in American literature.

Wherever he was, the morning hours were utilized for his record of most recent thoughts, set down by him (in a handwriting described as "copperplate") on that crisp note-paper he tried always to have handy for correspondence. This habit, which he began in 1858 when but twenty years old, developed into a first-rate art in the best tradition of the eighteenth century. Cater's edition effectively organizes the hitherto unpublished letters all the way down to Adams' death in 1918. The style—of observer and commentator—is leisurely, and the contents present a picture of 60 years of American and world history with pungent comments on life in Boston, Washington, and the capitals of Europe.

Most important are the letters to his wife; to his niece, Mabel Hooper La Farge; to his closest lifelong friend, John Hay; to a much-admired friend, Rebecca Gilman Rae; and to his "Sister Anne," Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge. Other interesting series of letters are those to Whitelaw Reid, Henry Holt, James Russell Lowell, John Gorham Palfrey, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, Margaret Chanler, Theodore F. Dwight, Brooks Adams, William W. Rockhill, John Franklin Jameson, George Cabot Lodge—persons of distinction and merit. Limitation of space forestalls representative sampling here.

The long, informative, and scholarly introduction by Harold Dean Cater provides a necessary unity in this plethora of posthumous self-revelation by the man who epitomized the social revolution of his era and has become a significant historian of the confusing years between the Civil War and World War I. Cater had been trained in history (Ph.D. Columbia U.) and for six years had penetrated the growing Adamsian literature and the man's private life. A search at The Massachusetts Historical Society for the papers of John Gorham Palfrey, papers eventually discovered in a forgotten trunk in the basement, yielded to Dr. Cater the fascinating series of Henry Adams—Palfrey letters which became the nucleus of this collection. Patience and perseverance added the rest of the letters herein, and the continuing search promises another excellent volume. This reviewer applauds a book devoted to the seemingly lost art of letter-writing, but hopes the anticipated sequel may come closer to a final answer to the enigma of Henry Adams.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Community Planning

COMMUNITAS: MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD AND WAYS OF LIFE.

By Percival and Paul Goodman.

The University of Chicago Press.

141 pages. \$6.00.

PERCIVAL Goodman, Associate in Architecture of the Graduate School of Architecture at Columbia University, and his brother, Paul Goodman, a writer and student of

philosophy, have produced here a remarkable book on community planning. With pen-and-ink drawings on almost every page—ranging from blueprints through sketches of scenes to satirical cartoons—they “describe and criticize what seem to us to be the most original and serious major plans of the last hundred years” and “present, in a series of model solutions, what seem to us to be the fundamental issues that every contemporary physical plan must face and satisfy.” The book is not, they point out, one of “physical plans, but of issues and ideas.” And in spite of the gaiety of presentation, the dialectic that informs their discussions necessitates alert and concentrated effort on the part of the reader.

That most plans have as their purpose keeping the present economic machine in motion rather than realizing human potentialities is the Goodman brothers' chief criticism. They find even Le Corbusier falling into this error, producing “machines for living”—housing units that remove bad physical conditions for workers but offer no social satisfactions and that, in consequence, might be called “hygienic ghettos.” A planner whose work they admire is Camillo Sitte, who emphasized the importance of city-squares, of plazas for social congregation: “Without such squares—markets, temple squares, political forums, planned more or less as inclosures—there is no city.”

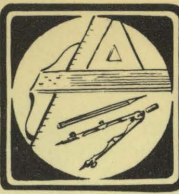
Just as an organic relation between neighbors seems necessary to most people's happiness, so an organic relation within the individual between

his entity as a producer and his entity as a consumer seems to be necessary; the “greenbelt” plans, which screen off the factories or set them many miles away from the homes, prevent this integration and are a contributing factor toward the workman's lack of satisfaction in his work. Electric power makes such isolation unnecessary except in a few types of factories. The Goodmans have, furthermore, little patience with the wasting of large fractions of human life in transit.

Not “housing” but “regional planning” is necessary if human activities are to be integrated, and if the social benefits of the city and the esthetic values and independence of country life are to be available to each individual. Small “satellite” cities surrounded or invaded by farms and vacation areas offer more satisfaction than a metropolis; with electric power, these can be developed in what are now sparsely settled rural areas, to their mutual advantage.

That much of our productivity is wasted on unsatisfying and useless products is another of the Goodmans' theses; of the average American home they declare: “This home is liberally supplied with furniture and the comforts of private life; and these private things are neither made nor chosen by personal creation or idiosyncratic taste, but they are made in a distant factory and distributed by irresistible advertising. At home they exhaust the energy by their presence (the energy that a bare cell would at least force back inward into sublimation) . . .”

Finally, they stress the fact that



Vezelay

"Vezelay—240 capitals show forth each phase of Christian life as well as all the forms of beasts and flowers. The colors flow from white to green through creams and yellows, browns, and mauves, and leave you standing breathless for its length. Here history breathes in every stone."

VEZELAY is a town of enormous surprises. It is steeped in the history of St. Louis, St. Bernard, the Crusades, and centuries of monastic life, and yet it gave birth to a leader of Protestantism—Theodore de Beze. He was successor to Calvin. Times certainly have changed since he was driven from the town as a heretic, for a street is now named in his honor.

The pictures presented here include some houses like the home of the DeBain family which dates back to the Thirteenth Century. The archways are still great and strong. It has a hanging garden, a tower staircase, and a great terrace in stone supported by two stories of vaulted cellars. A sample of this type of interesting cellar construction is seen in picture No. 1 of the Pension at Ste. Madeleine.

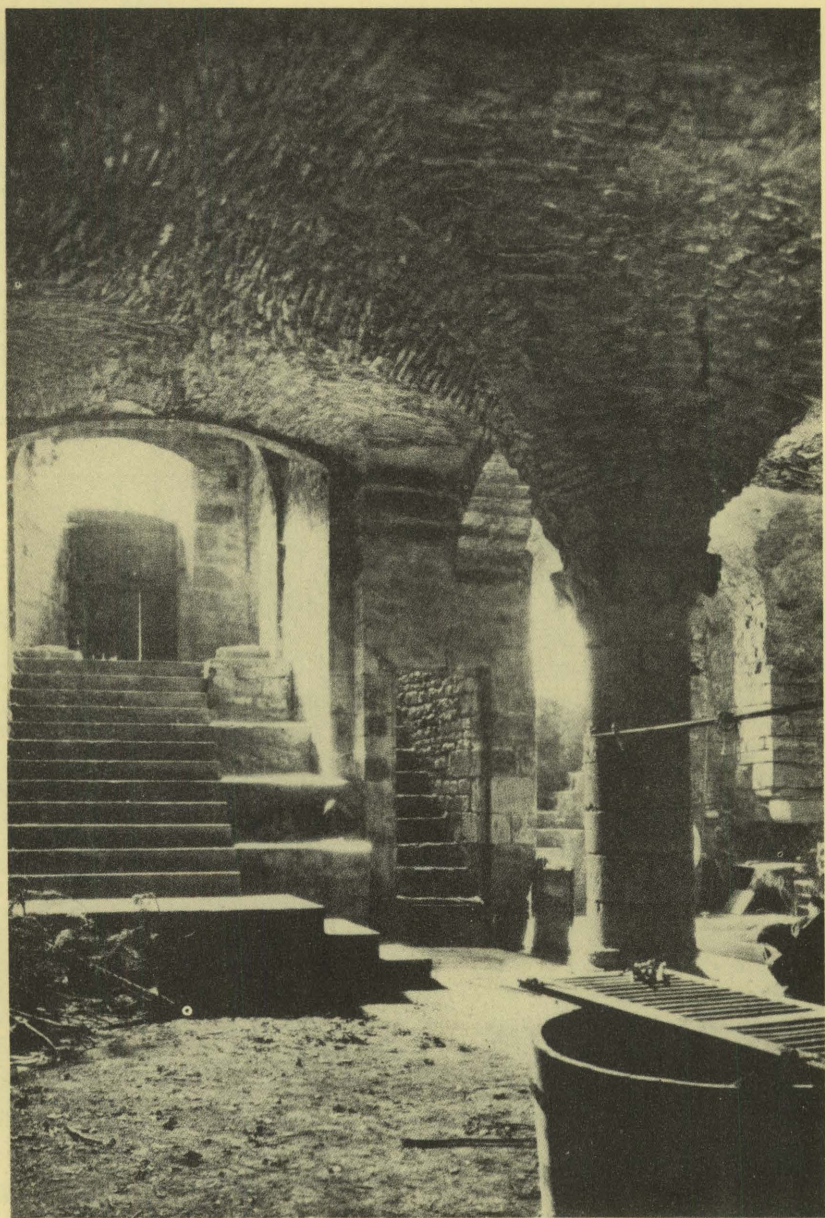
Someone has said that we shall never in America achieve the charm of these old towns because we spread ourselves too much. We do not concentrate enough on little spaces and that is where charm finally dwells. Note the gracefulness and easy charm of the scenes depicted in No. 3 and 4 of this series. Only a few of the eastern cities—Beacon Hill in Boston, and a few places off Monument Square in Baltimore, and some spots near the Village in New York, can give us comparable charm. Even some of the graceful New England towns had a great deal of room for expansion and only the real old places—like the crooked little streets of old Marblehead, and the space enclosed by the old wall at St. Augustine, Florida—show comparable values.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

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Cellar of the Pension at Ste. Madeleine



Courtyard of the Pension at Ste. Madeleine



Entrance to a Small House, Vezelay



Detail, A Small House, Vezelay



Gateway, Place du Marche, Vezelay



Gateway, the DuBois House, Vezelay



The DeBain House, Vezelay

community planning is not a science but an art; it does not deal with universals but with particular people and particular regions.

Eros and Agape

THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE. By M. C. D'Arcy. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1947. 333 pages. \$3.50.

IN CHOOSING for his book the title, *The Mind and Heart of Love*, the author clearly indicates the problem with which he is about to come to grips. There is, as has long been recognized, a duality in love; there are two opposing tendencies in it; or, perhaps, better, there are two types of love: self-centered love and love that is self-forgetting. This is a simple and clear distinction. But when one asks how these loves fit into the rest of human nature, how they are related to each other, and especially what becomes of them in Christianity, various problems arise and thinkers differ widely. To what extent, for instance, can the dualisms of Eros and Agape, animus and anima, intellect and will, the masculine and the feminine be equated with the duality of selfish and selfless love? Being a Jesuit, D'Arcy operates in addition with the scholastic distinctions between individuality and personality, existence and essence. His chief problem is: Can man love God for Himself only, or is there in every love of God a concern for man's own welfare, and therefore a self-regarding element?

The book is calm and dispassionate and carefully wrought through-

out. Material from many fields is drawn within its scope. D'Arcy believes that by means of the distinction between an essential and an existential self in the personality he can show how the mind (the self-seeking intellect) and the heart (the self-giving will) are brought together harmoniously in the love of God. It is difficult to keep track of the threads of the various dualities as they meet and diverge and wind in and out of the argument, and we are not sure that D'Arcy has always been able to do so himself. The book is, however, a choice product of scholastic reasoning and offers valuable insights into the nature of love even to one who is satisfied that the method employed deals largely with abstractions instead of realities and cannot therefore solve the problem in question.

Justice at Nürnberg

THE NÜRNBERG CASE. By Robert H. Jackson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 269 pages. \$3.00.

MR. JACKSON, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was appointed by President Truman to act as chief counsel for the United States in the Nürnberg trial of leading Nazi war criminals. Here he brings together a number of important documents having to do with that trial. There is his preliminary report to the President, a month after his appointment, dealing with preparations for the trial; the text of the Agreement of London, which established the International Military Tribunal;

Jackson's opening statement for the United States, outlining the case of the prosecution under Count One of the Indictment (the conspiracy charge), which had been assigned to the United States; his speech on the law under which certain Nazi organizations were accused of being criminal; and his closing address on July 26, 1946. To this are added excerpts from the cross-examination of Göring, Schacht, Speer, and Milch. A Preface gives relevant data about the trial in general and includes a portion of Jackson's final report to the President. A number of photographic reproductions are scattered through the text.

Few people will have either the inclination or the time to read the seventeen thousand pages of testimony and the four thousand documents presented in evidence at this historic trial. In this moderate-sized volume, however, they are given a survey of the legal difficulties that had to be surmounted, of the agreement on legal principles and procedure that was reached among the prosecuting powers, and of the way in which the United States dealt with the issues that had been assigned to it. Many enlightening and little-known data are given *passim*. A striking fact is that the American case rested chiefly on captured documents, the authenticity of which was not challenged by the defendants except in one or two instances. Admissions and assertions made under cross-examination further strengthened the case. Less than half a dozen witnesses were called.

The Nürnberg case is unique in

the annals of jurisprudence, and the precedents established in connection with it are likely to be of great importance in the future. From material here presented in non-technical language one gains a good idea of what was involved.

In his opening statement before the Tribunal Jackson said, "We have no purpose to incriminate the whole German people. We know that the Nazi Party was not put in power by a majority of the German vote. We know it came to power by an evil alliance between the most extreme of the Nazi revolutionists, the most unrestrained of the German reactionaries, and the most aggressive of the German militarists. If the German populace had willingly accepted the Nazi program, no Stormtroopers would have been needed in the early days of the party and there would have been no need for concentration camps or the Gestapo, both of which institutions were inaugurated as soon as the Nazis gained control of the German state." There are still unfortunately too many Americans who would not subscribe to this temperate, just, and well-informed judgment.

Repentant Red

THIS IS MY STORY. By Louis Francis Budenz. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. 1947. 379 pages. \$3.00.

WHEN Budenz returned to the Catholic Church on October 10, 1945, his action created a sensation, for he had till then been managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, the

mouthpiece of communism in this country, and had held membership in the Central Committee of the Communist Party. In this book Budenz tells the story of his life: of his Catholic background, of his excommunication because he had married a divorced woman, of his espousal of communism and his experiences in the communist camp, and of his return to the faith of his youth.

Budenz's close connection with the innermost communist circles in this country for the space of ten years has given him a rare insight into the teachings, methods, and aims of communism and makes his revelations on that score unusually significant. He tells how he learned that the Communist Party in America is not properly a party at all, but a group of men whose every move and utterance is dictated from Moscow. Foreign emissaries and agents of the Russian secret police order the leading American communists about and on occasion kick them around like puppies. Not only have these Americans no will or initiative of their own, but they live in constant fear of not holding "the line" and being ruthlessly disciplined as a result. They must serve the interests of Russia, regardless of the welfare of America, in fact, in direct opposition to it.

Budenz explains why Russia refuses to co-operate with its western allies. It is because it does not want peace in the world but disorder and insecurity, since that is in the interest of its plans for world revolution. The American party, for instance, has been assigned the task of keeping Latin America in ferment against the

United States. In pursuing its ends communism uses every form of deceit, duplicity, and treachery that gives promise of helping it to enslave the rest of the world as it has enslaved the Russian masses. *This Is My Story* should open the eyes of many Americans to the true nature and the true aims of communism.

In addition to exposing the enemy within the gates, Budenz takes every opportunity to commend Catholicism, which to him, as to so many other Catholics, seems to be mostly Virgin Mary. It was Mary, he tells us, who fought for his soul with Marxism. It was "her amazing assistance" that rescued him out of the toils. To her he prayed and to her he made his vows. It is Mary here and Mary there. God is definitely retired to the background.

The editing and the proofreading of the book have been poorly done.

Masquerade

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT. By Laura Z. Hobson. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1947. 275 pages. \$2.75.

PHILIP Schuyler Green, newspaperman and Marine Corps veteran of Guadalcanal, came to New York to become a staff writer on a great liberal weekly. Under the by-line Schuyler Green, he had made a name for himself with a series of articles describing the plight of the migratory Okies and exposing and condemning the shocking conditions in which coal miners lived and worked.

Philip had shown courage, determination, resourcefulness, and un-

compromising honesty in his crusade for less fortunate countrymen; but when the editor of *Smith's Weekly Magazine* gave him his first assignment, "depression plunged through him." "You certainly didn't give me a pushover for a starter," he said at last. "Would anybody read five articles on antisemitism in America?"

"If I can just get some *idea*," Philip mused. He realized the tremendous importance of the task; he did not underestimate the difficulties that lay before him. Philip knew that he must find some way to communicate to those who would read his articles the full measure of the heartbreak, the injustice, and the danger of racial discrimination. His words would be flat and lifeless unless he found a new approach. It would not do "to spin out the same old drool of statistics and protest." He needed a new and arresting "angle."

Philip spent weeks examining old files and clippings pertaining to evidences of antisemitism in every phase and on every level of American life and American thinking. Time and again he believed that he had finally captured the elusive "angle"; time and again he discarded the idea before it was fully formulated. He began to be obsessed by the conviction that this was an impossible assignment. Nevertheless, he could not give up; for the more he read the more deeply he realized the disturbing scope and power of antisemitic sentiment in his own land. Many times he asked himself, "What's happening to this country? A country never knows what's *happening* to it!" He often wished that he could dis-

cuss his assignment with his boyhood friend, Dave Goldman. But Captain Goldman was still in Europe with the U. S. Army. Could Philip write, "Dear Dave, Give me the lowdown on your gizzard when you read about Rankin calling people kikes or a Jewish kid getting his face slashed by Jew haters in New York City?"

No. Nor could Philip avail himself of his editor's offer to introduce him to Professor Joe Lieberman, the eminent Jewish physicist who had worked on the Oak Ridge atomic project. "I can't just say 'How do you do, Prof. Lieberman, let's talk about how you react to antisemitism in the good old U. S. A.' I'd fall on my face first." No, this was another blind alley. "There was no way he could dig and prod and tear open the secret heart of a human being."

At last an idea came to Philip. When he had wanted to find out what it was like to wander over the highways to California in a desperate last attempt to find a living, he had joined a group of Okies and had lived and worked and suffered with them. For the time being he had been an Okie. He had learned of the dangerous and unwholesome life of the miners by working in a coal mine and by living in a coal-mining community. "It's the way. It's the only way. I'll be Jewish. I'll just say—nobody knows me here—I can just say it. I can live it myself. Six weeks, eight weeks, nine months—however long it takes."

Gentleman's Agreement relates the adventures which befell Philip during the eight weeks of his masquerade as a Jew. He experienced evidences

of every shade of antisemitism—from the violently outspoken person who feels a righteous glow of work well done when he assails or derides his Jewish fellow-citizen to the pleasant and intelligent men and women who profess to despise antisemitism but do nothing to curb it. The latter, Philip found,

are the nice people who aren't consciously antisemitic but who help it along and then wonder why it grows. Millions like them back up the lunatic vanguard in its own war for this country—forming the rear echelons, the home front in the factories, manufacturing the silence and acquiescence.

Laura Z. Hobson has written a compelling and challenging book. Obvious shortcomings in style and story are offset by a provocative theme. Naturally, *Gentleman's Agreement* merely scratches the surface of the complex and age-old subject of antisemitism. Because Miss Hobson is a skillful story-teller and because she sets forth her case with sincerity and earnestness, the scratch is deep enough to be both raw and painful. No other manifestation of man's inhumanity to man is uglier or more cruel than the deliberate discrimination against racial or minority groups.

Gentleman's Agreement has been at the top of the best-seller lists all over the country for many weeks. It has been discussed—widely and heatedly—everywhere. Motion-picture rights were purchased by Darryl F. Zanuck for 20th Century-Fox. Mr. Zanuck discloses that he has received many protests against the proposed filming of Miss Hobson's novel. The majority of these letters came from

men and women who admitted their antisemitism. Jewish objectors expressed the fear that a picture based on *Gentleman's Agreement* might increase rather than diminish intolerance. At the present time Miss Hobson is engaged in revising for the screen her first novel, *The Trespassers*, which was published in 1943.

Take and Read

IMPRESSIONS THAT REMAINED: A Book of Memoirs. By Ethel Smyth. Introduction by Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 509 and xi pages. Illustrated. \$5.00.

THOSE who dispense judgments concerning books sometimes have blind spots in their optical make-up. It stands to reason that no critic of literature can hope, or even desire, to read everything; but by a strange quirk books dealing with music are brushed aside altogether too frequently as unworthy of serious attention on the part of those who undertake to determine what is good from a literary viewpoint and what is not good.

One must say a word in defense of the critics. Numerous books dealing with music and musicians are entirely too technical to arouse genuine interest in the hearts and minds of the average reader. Consequently, it would be unfair to censure the verdict-hawkers for passing such works by with a shrug of the shoulders. Furthermore, many of those who square themselves on their haunches to grind out volumes concerning the

tonal art and its practitioners have, sad to say, never taken the trouble to learn even the rudiments of good writing. Why should one expect the critics of letters to honor such books with anything more than a squint?

Now and then a musician gives birth to a book which has indisputable value as a work of art. Cursed as it is, however, by being classed almost automatically among volumes of a technical nature or by being regarded, without careful examination, as just another example of poor writing, such a book has a hard row to hoe. This has been the fate of Dame Ethel Smyth's *Impressions That Remained*, a work which, like the books of James Gibbons Huneker, belongs to English literature as well as to music.

Dame Ethel's (1858-1944) volume of memoirs was published in England twenty-eight years ago. Some of those who read it—and their number was by no means legion—pronounced it great. Ernest Newman, one of the ablest music critics of this or any previous time, spoke of *Impressions That Remained* as "one of the half-dozen best autobiographies in the English language." In spite of this encomium the book did not achieve anything even approaching widespread popularity. Most of the musicians who speak and read English did not hear about the volume, or, if the good news did reach their ears, they failed to avail themselves of an excellent opportunity to use *Impressions That Remained* to improve their minds and whatever other parts of the human anatomy are benefited and blessed by works of art. Now,

thank fortune, an enterprising publisher in the United States has rendered an important service to music and to English literature by risking a new edition of *Impressions That Remained*. He deserves thunderous applause—even from those who are called critics of letters.

Dame Ethel was a composer. Her comic opera entitled *The Boatswain's Mate* gained popularity in England. *Der Wald* was produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. Another opera, *The Wreckers*, won enthusiastic acclaim. Nevertheless, it seems safe to say that Dame Ethel's homespun and extraordinary facility in the domain of words is greater than her ability as a composer. It will be the part of wisdom, however, to bear in mind that no less an authority than Mr. Newman declares, "Her quality as a composer was high, certainly the highest ever achieved by a woman."

Impressions That Remained will delight and instruct musicians—if they have the good sense to read it. It will afford equal delight and, one makes bold to believe, an equal amount of wholesome instruction to those who call themselves nonmusicians—or even critics of letters. The style has a brilliant simplicity. It is never heavy-footed, never shambling. The things and the persons dealt with by Dame Ethel send out sparks of magic at the impact of a remarkably clever pen. Besides, one must say that the book abounds in what the ladies and gentlemen of the press are wont to speak of as human interest. One could write on and on about the many excellent qualities of

the volume; but it would be difficult to formulate a verdict more adequate in truthfulness and succinctness than that of Mr. Newman, who says that *Impressions That Remained* will "give the American reader an idea of the quality of the personality and the mental power of one of the most noteworthy women of our times."

What Price Freedom?

A FREE AND RESPONSIBLE PRESS: A General Report on Mass Communication: Newspapers, Radio, Motion Pictures, Magazines, and Books. By the Commission on Freedom of the Press. Foreword by Robert M. Hutchins. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1947. 139 pages. \$2.00.

THE Constitution of the United States grants and, as one has every right to conclude, actually guarantees freedom to the citizens of the United States. How is the word "freedom" to be interpreted? Obviously, it neither implies nor postulates absolute lack of restraint. In other words, it is not synonymous with license.

What, then, does the word "freedom" mean when applied to newspapers, radio, motion pictures, magazines, and books? The commission which compiled *A Free and Responsible Press* has given the best and most concise answer to this question in the title it has chosen for the book. Freedom must walk arm in arm with responsibility. Freedom of the press must be ready and able at all times to be strictly accountable both to

itself and to those it sets out to serve.

Let us restrict ourselves for a moment to the newspapers of our land. Since the publication of a newspaper is, in most instances, a business, some will be inclined to argue that self-service is, and must be, the main concern of its owner or owners. One operates a garage, let us say, or a drug store to make money. Does this mean that the garage-owner or the druggist must be concerned primarily and exclusively with earning-power?

If the owner of a garage shows no sense of responsibility or accountability with regard to the quality of the work he has his employees do, his business will not last long. If the druggist reveals an "I-don't-care" attitude with respect to the filling of prescriptions, he is bound to lose in the long run.

Exactly the same thing can, and must, be said about the newspapers of our land. They are businesses, to be sure; but they cease to be businesses in the true sense of the word if and when they fail to serve their readers with honesty and efficiency. They have an obligation to themselves and to the public, and the emphasis placed on this all-important fact is, in reality, the gist and the burden of *A Free and Responsible Press*.

The book lays down some fundamental principles; it speaks in general terms. The fact that Henry Luce, of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*, contributed much of the money which made the investigation and the study possible has not biased the findings of Robert M. Hutchins and those

whom he chose to work with him in examining the press—including the radio, the movies, books, and magazines—as it has been, as it is, and as it should be.

The commission believes that freedom of the press is in danger. How can this danger be averted? Primarily by the efforts and the will of the press itself. There must be self-examination. There must be a sense of responsibility. There must be a concerted determination to root out weaknesses and abuses. Facts, for example, must be kept separate from mere opinion; the news must be given in all truthfulness and in its proper context. There must be no yielding or catering to individuals or groups of individuals who have their own specific axes to grind. There must be absolute impartiality in the dissemination of what is new and what is old.

Improvement can come about through government action, it is said. But can it? History has said no in the past, it says no in the present, and it will say no in the future. What about action on the part of the public? Maybe. But action by the public can be as volatile and as licentious as action by the government. Self-regulation, which implies self-improvement, is the one and only sane and safe remedy. Naturally, this means self-improvement in every nook and cranny of the huge field of communications which the commission headed by Dr. Hutchins speaks of as the press.

The book is valuable; but one cannot escape the conclusion that its value would have been greatly en-

hanced if the general statements in which it deals had been illustrated by specific instances. Even though this would have made the volume much bigger than it is, one must remember that generalities are apt to go down in history as nothing more than generalities. One longs for books on the press which combine the sterling objectivity manifested by Dr. Hutchins' commission with a *free and responsible* citing of chapter and verse.

Grace and Vigor

THE ODES OF PINDAR. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1947. 170 pages. \$2.75.

PINDAR is a neglected master. Even some of those who are called Hellenists leave the famous Greek severely alone. Pindar's writings abound in grace and vigor. They perplex the translator. Matthew Arnold once said of the nimble-witted Pindar that he "is a poet on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect."

To this day no scholar has completely solved the problems inherent in Pindar's meters. Shrewd, sensitive, and worldly-wise Horace concluded that the mellifluous and sturdy verse of the Greek was a law unto itself. But Horace's scholarship was by no means holeproof. The Roman poet was far closer to Pindar than we are, yet even he did not understand the principles of choral composition, intimately bound up as they were with music, which must have determined

and, shall one say, conditioned the Pindaric meters. One wishes that the art of recording sound had been invented in the days of Pindar, just as one wishes that there were recordings of the early uses of polyphony in music, of the manner in which the works of Palestrina were sung, or of the way in which compositions from the pen of Bach were presented under the direction of the master himself.

It is possible—though not probable—that patient and painstaking research will unearth bits of information which will throw much-needed light on the purely mechanical aspects of Pindar's poems. Meanwhile one must be content with the lore and the theories actually available.

Richmond Lattimore's free-verse translation of Pindar's odes is beautiful. It captures much of the characteristic Pindaric flavor with admirable felicity and sensitiveness. Those who have a penchant for fine poetry will read Mr. Lattimore's English version with profit, pleasure, and edification.

The Chinese People

THUNDER OUT OF CHINA. By Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York. 1946. 331 pages.

CHINA is more than an area of land covering thousands of square miles. It is more than the Great Wall, more than vast acreages of rice beds, more than treacherous rivers overflowing their banks. It is more than Chungking, Nanking, Hankow,

Shanghai, Peiping, and other cities for these are but "excrescences recently thrown up by the impact of the twentieth century."

What is China? It is a land teeming with close to half a billion human beings, "a nation of toiling, weather-worn men and women who work in the fields each day from dawn to dark." It is a people caught between the millstones of cruel feudal barons who keep them in economic subjection, and of ancient superstitions which control their religious outlook. It is a people, too, who believe as we do that they are endowed by the Creator with such inalienable rights as life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and private property. It is a people yearning and struggling for the day of their economic and political redemption.

It is these masses of Chinese people which, like the weavers in Hauptmann's great play, steal across the pages of *Thunder Out Of China* and produce in the reader a wholesome katharsis of fear and pity. For him the Chinese-Japanese war, the Kuomintang, Chiang K'ai-shek, General Stilwell, Patrick J. Hurley, and even the Chinese army fade into insignificant episodes, appearances if you will, behind which like the stark and impenetrable realities of the Chinese people.

The book is the outpouring of two reporters of *Times* who during their stay in China in the past decade saw more than brass hats and corrupt politics and the revolting results of modern warfare—they saw the Chinese people. And so they tell us in the concluding chapter of their book,

"There is no doubt that Chiang K'ai-shek has been a valuable Ally, but the Chinese people as a whole are more important to us than the personality of a single individual; what they want, not what he wants, is important."

A Christian reader lays aside *Thunder Out Of China* with the prayer, "Lord, let mercy and truth, righteousness and peace prevail also in China. So that Thy will may be done also there, send to the Chinese people thousands of apostles of the everlasting Gospel of divine redemption."

War Information

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SECRET INTELLIGENCE. By George S. Pettee. Published October, 1946, by Infantry Journal Press. \$2.00.

DR. GEORGE S. PETTEE has developed one of the first sound, adequate, and comprehensive briefs for a specialized United States Secret Foreign Intelligence Service which should be required reading for all congressmen and especially those on the Military Affairs Committee.

Dr. Pettee first points out some failures in World War II intelligence procurement, errors in judgment due to lack of information, and the actions taken on the basis of incomplete and inaccurate reports. Most of the situations mentioned are known to the general public through newspaper and radio commentators' publicity.

He then discusses the place of intelligence in war and in peace. With

the U. S. now taking a major part in the handling of world affairs, it is imperative that our representatives have up to the minute facts on political, economic and military affairs of other nations. Under no other conditions can they capably deal with the problems under their jurisdiction.

At the present time there is no one agency which can give them such facts. This is due in part to the development of intelligence sections within governmental agencies as the need arose. The army has its Military Intelligence Service, the navy has developed its Office of Naval Intelligence, etc. During the war a host of new agencies, each concerned with a particular phase of intelligence, was established. The overlapping, the jealousies, and the lack of understanding of the basic purpose of the U. S. intelligence needs are a well known story to those who took part in their activities. The attempt to coordinate and consolidate intelligence efforts through the use of committees and liaison officers was at best less than adequate.

Dr. Pettee develops a philosophy of organization, management, and professional doctrine which is well worth study and thought by those charged with the responsibility of carrying on our intelligence activities.

The book is significant in that it makes available to the public information on secret intelligence work which is normally not possible to secure. During a war, intelligence assumes new importance. The entire subject becomes a "military secret" and little if any information is revealed. The book also presents the

problem of the place of a centralized intelligence service in the structure of our Government. Dr. Pettee arrives at the conclusion that a committee headed by the President, composed of various cabinet members, army and navy chiefs of staff and the head of the Central Intelligence Agency is necessary to formulate policies, and have sufficient authority to carry them out.

It is interesting in this connection to note the recommendations of Wm. J. Donovan. Major General Donovan formed the Office of Strategic Services and directed its operations during the war. In the 30 September 1946 issue of *Life Magazine* he sets forth what he feels to be (as a result of his experience) the essential precepts of a good national intelligence agency. It is surprising, though perhaps not to be wondered at, how closely the two men coincide in their thinking with regard to the proper set up for a good central intelligence agency.

Dr. Pettee was engaged in intelligence work from 1943 to 1945 as chief of the European Enemy Division of the Foreign Economic Administration. He is now teaching political science at Amherst College.

ROBERT B. SPRINGSTEEN

Blandings Revisited

FULL MOON. By P. G. Wodehouse.

Illustrations by Paul Galdone.

Doubleday and Co., Garden City, New York. 276 pages. \$2.00.

M^R. WODEHOUSE was caught in France by the outbreak of the war and his political status for some

time was in doubt. He was said to have collaborated with the German invaders, and then the cables were silent. Things must have straightened out, for here is Wodehouse again, with a new book, written in England and printed on this side by a noted house. The plot of *Full Moon* is conceived in the best Wodehouse manner, the usual mad farce, yet immensely entertaining. The locale of the story is again Blandings Castle, with situations involving the Ninth Earl of Emsworth, Lord of Castle, and proud possessor of the Empress of Blanding—a prize pig; an American agent for a dog biscuit concern; and various young folks whose courtship adds much to the divertissement. The descriptive terms of phrase for which Wodehouse is famous, again abound. These specimens may not seem so funny out of their connection, but they will illustrate:

"Veronica Wedge stood gazing at Tipton Plimsoll with her enormous eyes, like a cow staring over a hedge at a mangel-wurzel."

"He looked like a gorilla which has bitten into a bad coconut."

"Voronica Wedge was, as has been indicated, not a very intelligent girl, but she was capable, if you gave her time and did not bustle her, of a rudimentary process of ratiocination."

"'Niagara is a town in America, is it not?' 'Not so much a town as a rather heavy downpour.'"

"Colonel Wedge's pent-up feelings expressed themselves in a snort so vehement that a bee which had just settled on a nearby lavender bush fell over backwards and went off to bestow its custom elsewhere."

" . . . , said Tipton, and having spoken allowed his mouth to remain

open like that of a sea-lion expecting another fish."

The aversion of the honorable Galahad towards his cousin Freddie is thus described:

Years ago, he recalled, when shown the infant Frederick in his cradle, he had been seized by a strong conviction that the sensible thing for his parents to have done would have been to write off their losses and drown him in a bucket, and to this view he still adhered. Much misery might thus have been averted.

And so, Wodehouse is still in the running. There is some satisfaction in the thought that this most highly paid of modern humorists, is able to achieve his results by the magic of an imagination which never descends to the vulgar. There is not an indecent scene or phrase in the book.

Whitehead Symposium

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Alfred North Whitehead. Philosophical Library, New York. 1947. 348 pages. \$4.75.

THIS is a collection of twenty-two essays by the noted mathematician, originally printed in a variety of periodicals and books during the period 1912-1939. It would have been well if each essay had been dated in the text. That would save the reader from being puzzled by certain statements until he wakes up to the fact that an essay was written, say, before the first world war or right after it. Only a little more than half of the book deals with science and phi-

losophy, the rest being devoted to autobiographical material and to thoughts on education. To include all this in the title would probably have made it too unwieldy.

In the essays under the head of "Science," Prof. Whitehead concerns himself with the foundations of mathematics, *e.g.*, the axioms of geometry, non-Euclidean geometry, and the theory of numbers and classes. Mathematics, having no necessary relation to reality (as Whitehead agrees), is a science only if the latter term is used loosely. Among the philosophical essays is one on "Immortality" which defends the thesis that values, and therefore also personalities, are immortal. The immortality so achieved is, however, too vague to serve any particular purpose.

Whitehead writes clearly and interestingly on topics of general appeal, but when he deals with philosophical and mathematical questions he fails to define some of the terms he uses. His use of these terms was perhaps familiar to those for whom the essays were originally intended, but they cannot be presupposed with a wider audience. In an essay dealing with symbolic logic, for instance, some of the simplest symbols are explained and others are taken for granted. An admirable feature about Whitehead is his modesty as regards both his own achievements and those of the human mind. He writes:

The history of human thought in the past is a pitiful tale of a self-satisfaction with a supposed adequacy of knowledge in respect to factors of human existence.

What I am objecting to is the absurd

trust in the adequacy of our knowledge. The self-confidence of learned people is the comic tragedy of civilization.

The final outlook of philosophic thought cannot be based upon the exact statements which form the basis of special sciences. The exactness is a fake.

Wisdom should be more than intellectual acuteness. It includes reverence and sympathy, and a recognition of those limitations which bound all human endeavor.

Nothing is more difficult than to distinguish between a loud voice and vigor, or a flow of words and originality, or mental instability and genius, or a big book and fruitful learning.

Sophisticated Realism

THE MADEMOISELLE HANDBOOK FOR THE GIRL WITH A JOB AND A FUTURE. By Mary Hamman and the editors of *Mademoiselle*. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 196 pages. \$2.00.

Some psychologists hold that at six months you have a past, a past that will haunt you for life. They go so far as to say that your emotional nature jells while you are still in the crib, and that your future is conditioned by the way your diapers are changed and your earliest nourishment is administered. The Jesuits allow a little more time for development, but they too believe that as the twig is bent, so shall it grow.

THE authors of *Mademoiselle Handbook* admit that they might be foolishly optimistic but they are writing this book under the impression that you can develop even after you leave the nursery. Indeed, they subscribe to the sentiment that a bright girl can learn from her mistakes. This book is intended to save

the girl aiming at a career from making mistakes in the first place and helping her to correct them when they have been made. Mary Hamman and the editors of *Mademoiselle* are certainly not living in a land of mirage. Largely, they see the world right-side-up and in its true colors. What they see causes them to lay a heavy hand upon delusions, pretense, and make-believe. The book is fairly permeated with realism. It pictures the office in which a young woman works, her associates and the boss, the big town, the future husband, the wardrobe, the home, the family, as they look with eyes that are trained to view reality without wishful thinking. The book is witty without being cynical and while the field of religion and conscience are significantly remote from the interests that dominate the book—chiefly the interest of world success—there is nothing here that would encourage irreligion or a striving for success that ignores the moral law.

In style the *Mademoiselle Handbook* conforms to the most modern standards of sophistication.

Under the heading, "Pardon Us, Your Education Is Showing," some of the foibles of the girl with a college education are described.

There is the girl who drips French words—who is *bouleverse* when things go wrong, *enchantee* when all's well. Her girl friends are *les filles* and they have *accouchements* instead of babies. She calls you *mon petit* or *mon vieux* or *mon chou*, according to her mood. Well, we have a French word to say to her: *adieu*, and we don't mean *au revoir*.

Then there are so many men in a woman's life! Besides your relatives there is your doctor, your dentist, the one who says, "Now can't we open our mouth just a wee bit wider?" and is on intimate terms with your molars, your tonsils, and your esophagus.

There's your boss. There's your teller at the bank. There's the burly moving-man with the gentle hands; the conductor on the train, the porter, the taxi driver, the expressman, the mailman, your lawyer, the man who helps you figure out your income tax; the butcher, the landlord, the bartender, your obstetrician, the headwaiter.

And some wise words of counsel are given how to conduct yourself in their presence.

The nice thing about beaux is that you're not married to them. Nor is it necessary to contemplate this eventuality in the case of every man who takes you tea dancing. In fact, that eager nesting look in a woman's eye is the light that causes a bachelor to stop, and detour.

Naturally, the editors of *Made-moiselle* are in their element when they discuss beautifiers and make-up. Here is a report from the boys on make-up.

They do not admire the girl who acts as if the restaurant table were a dressing-table; who opens her bag, takes out her comb, compact, lipstick and mirror, strews them nonchalantly among the cutlery, and settles down to repair her puss. The boys are not so naive as to believe that your complexion is an act of God, but they prefer not to watch you help providence.

A wise little book and one that is easy reading. The illustrations are excellent examples of the interpretative power of line-drawing.

Morality and Reason

ECLIPSE OF REASON. By Max Horkheimer. Oxford University Press, New York. 1947. 187 pages. \$2.75.

THE author, who was director of the Institute of Social Research at the University of Frankfurt, in 1933 transferred the Institute to Switzerland because of the rise of Hitler; the next year the Institute was taken to the United States and has since been affiliated with Columbia University.

The argument of the book rests on the thesis that reason, in our industrial civilization, has become a mere instrument for adjusting the individual to the demands of the present-day social system. This is *subjective* reason. There is involved in this situation an abdication of the role which reason formerly played as *objective* reason, when it pronounced on the nature of reality and gave sanction to moral and political principles and to the ends of human existence. Reason in its subjective form is no longer an agency of moral and religious insight but only a tool by means of which men dominate nature, including other men, in their own interest by obeying the rules and methods of science. Positivism and pragmatism are its philosophical expression. Justice, equality, happiness, even truth, have lost their intellectual roots. All values become relative. Man's individuality is submerged; conformism is the key-word of human life.

Horkheimer hopes that philosoph-

ical awareness of this situation may help to correct it, that a Hegelian synthesis of the two forms of reason will overcome their duality. He does not, however, "suggest anything like a program of action," and on his own showing there appears no possibility that his hopes can be realized. His suggestion sounds like a counsel of despair.

We fully agree with Horkheimer's analysis of the situation: reason, after breaking away from religion and opposing it, for a time thought that it could, on its own authority, supply moral foundations and give meaning and purpose to man's life. As time went on, it became aware of its inability to do these things and gradually restricted itself to pragmatic considerations, thereby more and more depriving those who depended on it of objective standards. How can this process be reversed by reason's own effort? Are not naturalism, materialism, and relativism logical results of a thoroughgoing rationalism? Is not the dilemma in which Horkheimer finds himself insoluble from the standpoint of reason, however regrettable this fact may be?

Religion offers the objective standards for which Horkheimer yearns and which he rightly regards as essential to make life worth living. But he rejects religion in the name of reason. While he is distressed at the effects of the Dead Sea fruit which the idolatrous cult of reason has matured, he fatuously seeks a remedy from the very plant that bore the fruit.

A Stirring of Deep Waters

AS THEY LIKED IT: An Essay on Shakespeare and Morality. By Alfred Harbage. Macmillan, New York. 1947. 238 pages. \$2.75.

BECAUSE human conduct is debatable and discussion of it stretches from gossip at one end to social reform at the other, a book on morality will invite argument. When the data under discussion is as far-reaching in significance and influence as the dramas of Shakespeare are, then the topic becomes not only a revelation but a challenge as well.

Professor Harbage, Graduate Chairman of the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is qualified as an Elizabethan scholar to work out this provocative theme. (See the CRESSET, March, 1942, review of his book entitled *Shakespeare's Audience*.) His purpose, moreover, is commendable. In his own words,

My central idea is that Shakespeare's plays are designed to exercise but not to alter our moral notions, to stimulate but not to disturb, to provide at once pleasurable excitement and pleasurable reassurance. Their basic conformity with the most deeply-rooted moral convictions of men is what distinguishes them from the more pretentious fiction of our own day. The latter is often unaware of these convictions or pioneers against them—and as art it pays the penalty. It excites but does not reassure, disturbs but does not stimulate, engages our interest but does not win our love. Our minds grope with the apparent necessity of saying yes to its inversions and negations at the same time that our hearts say no. To the plays of Shakespeare our hearts say yes.

Not a mere accumulation of pertinent excerpts and apt quotations, *As They Liked It* treats the 38 Shakespeare dramas, exclusive of his other writings, with impressive documentation and under two chief headings: Pleasurable Excitement, and Pleasurable Reassurance. This reviewer finds only half of the 13 chapters important, namely, the symposium of what the critics generally have said (Highroad Leading Nowhere); the pointed discussion of Falstaff (Paradoxes), and of Hamlet (Enigmas); the analysis of Shakespeare's treatment of sin, penitence, and punishment (Justice in Comic Fable); and the classification of his characters on the side of right or wrong (The Safe Majority).

It was Walt Whitman's preface to *Leaves of Grass* that asserts, "The greatest poet does not moralize or make applications of morals—he knows the soul." Harbage's thesis throughout is, in our opinion, a commentary thereon.

Shakespeare is moral but not a moralist; if his plays teach at all, they do so casually rather than by conscious design; they are not didactic but exist within a moral frame.

This book refreshes our memories of Shakespeare who, seemingly without effort and certainly without exposing how it is done, brings to bear on our individual selves the spirit of any and all events, passions, and persons. As we hear or read the plays, we cannot be passive with drowsy approval such as we vouchsafe some homilies. Oh, no! Our fundamental responses to Shakespeare's characters and plots and themes are, as Prof.

Harbage reminds us, moral. The Bard's technique offers us questions rather than statements, the heterogeneous instead of the homogeneous, basic doubts as well as clear certainties, human enigmas rather than mechanical demonstrations. He stimulates our moral nature by making us take sides under his guidance.

A major flaw in this otherwise useful volume is its failure to draw by name upon the obviously best source-book for principles of morality, the Christian source which Shakespeare clearly used with emphasis, the Bible. Harbage makes only one mention of Scripture, in a secondary reference to *Ecclesiastes*. That this oversight is unfair to Shakespeare can be seen by reference to studies such as Richmond Noble's *Shakespeare's Biblical Knowledge* and Carl Ackermann's *The Bible in Shakespeare*, wherein is demonstrated that the great dramatist owes a large debt to the Bible in the material he used for illustration and allusion, in the influence it exerted on his language and style, in the moral tone it gave his works, and in the principles and characters it enabled him to portray.

Also a caution is in order lest we confuse what Shakespeare wrote with what he believed; a playwright's own ideas cannot always with certainty be identified with those of any of his characters, for the *dramatis personae* are not puppets but independent entities. For example, Hamlet's assertion that there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, is demonstrably true of Hamlet but not of Hamlet's master, the writ-

er Will Shakespeare. In brief, Harbage's long essay does not treat specifically the Bard's habitual attitude toward particular vices and virtues, but it does offer a good explanation

of the contention that Shakespeare accepted and worked successfully within the prevailing, namely, Christian, moral code of his age.

HERBERT H. UMBACH



The
READING ROOM



By
THOMAS
COATES

AN EVENT of more than usual interest and significance in the field of American journalism is the recent retirement of Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison as editor of *The Christian Century*. Readers of this famous Protestant weekly have long since come to appreciate Dr. Morrison as a literary craftsman of the first rank, and as one of the profoundest thinkers in the realm of American Christendom. The fact that we do not share Dr. Morrison's theological position should not permit us to gloss over his significant contributions to American social, literary, and cultural development. As regards his theology, it is interesting indeed to note that Dr. Morrison has, in recent years, veered to the "right," and that he has come to recognize and deplore the spiritual bankruptcy of theological liberalism. Succeeding to the post which Dr. Morrison occupied with such distinction for 39 years is Dr. Paul Hutchinson, former managing editor of *The Christian Century*.

Legalism or Love?

WHILE on the subject of the *Century*, we were impressed by the timeliness of an article by Prof. Roger L. Shinn in the June 18th issue on "Confusion in the Colleges." The author points out that college youth is groping for spiritual absolutes, is waiting to hear a voice that will speak with spiritual authority. The Roman Catholic Church, to be sure, purports to offer just such absolutes and to speak with just such authority. As a consequence, the author declares, "the trained Roman Catholic feels himself at an advantage confronting the Protestant." And this is particularly true because of the fact that Protestantism has been speaking with such an uncertain and equivocal voice. As a result, "the religious illiteracy of Protestant youth is very noticeable in the colleges."

Many students, writes Dr. Shinn, are groping for something—anything—objective and tangible to guarantee the truthfulness of

Christianity—"Eddie Rickenbacker's sea gull, the statement of some scientist or a 'proof' of God." But, he rightly argues, "This is an evasion of the real religious problem, which demands the commitment of faith and knows that not all who have eyes can see."

Perhaps the most telling statement in Dr. Shinn's article—and one that we underscored with a heavy pencil—is this: "It is always easier to resort to an objective, definable legalism than to keep alive the motivation of Christian love." That, we submit, is the factor which underlies not only the spiritual confusion on American campuses, but the theological confusion in American Christendom generally. The legalistic approach to Christianity has become current because it obviates the need of constructive, intelligent thinking about spiritual problems, and because it takes so much less effort than "to keep alive the motivation of Christian love." But just on that account it is nothing else than a caricature of Christianity and a perversion of the spirit of Christ.

Economic Problems

IT is evident from a cursory reading of the journals that confusion exists not only with regard to spiritual problems, but to economic problems as well. Whether

—and when—a depression will hit us is a much-mooted question among politicians, economists, leaders of labor and industry, and practically everyone else, as well. In the June *Survey Graphic*, Daniel S. Gillmor, the magazine's new executive editor, takes a look at the problem in the lead article, entitled "Are We In For Depression?" Mr. Gillmor's answer is "Yes, unless—." The "unless" seems to be decisive government action, congressional compliance with the President's economic proposals, and constructive measures undertaken jointly by consumers, farmers, labor unions, and business men. This article presents an excellent analysis of America's current economic situation.

Still on the subject of economics, the June issue of *Harper's* carries a forthright article, "Labor Relations on a Hard-Boiled Basis," by Charles Luckman, youthful president of Lever Brothers. Inasmuch as Mr. Luckman has already proven his capacity to deal fairly and intelligently with the labor problem, he deserves an especially respectful hearing on this issue. He lays his finger on the heart of the problem—*i.e.*, the desire for security. Rejecting the artificial and uneconomic safeguards that some labor leaders have sought to create, Mr. Luckman offers a sane and constructive solution to the problem, with

special emphasis upon a guaranteed annual wage. There has been so much fuzzy thinking, so much emotionalism in connection with the recent discussion of the management-labor question that Mr. Luckman's presentation comes as a welcome and refreshing contrast.

Our Foreign Relations

IN RECENT weeks *The Nation* has carried a series of articles on the Balkan situation by Constantine Poulos, correspondent of the Overseas News Agency. Mr. Poulos presents the Leftist cause in Greece in a somewhat more favorable light than that which has become customary in American journals since the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine. For the present Greek government he has nothing but bitter contempt, and he decries the actions of our administration to abet and sustain it through economic and military aid.

In the *Survey Graphic* for May, however, Mr. George Britt presents a different approach to the same situation in his lead article, "The Greeks—Major Test for Us." This writer admits that the present Greek government is anything but a shining example of democracy and points out the crying need for the reform of Greek economy, particularly with reference to the problem of taxation. At the same time, however, he

maintains that it is the responsibility of the United States in the present crisis to undergird the Greek economic and social structure and to stem the tide of Communist influence. Ultimately, of course, this should be the task of the United Nations, but until the international organization is ready to assume responsibility, America should fill the breach. It is this thesis which Mr. Britt, at considerable length, undertakes to support—and, from our viewpoint, successfully.

In the same vein, Paul Porter, writing in *The Progressive* for June 23, cites the need of physical rehabilitation and economic reconstruction in Greece. While Mr. Porter is not oblivious to the very real shortcomings of the existing Greek government, he argues: "I sometimes wonder at the devotion to democracy of those who denounce the so-called tyranny of Greece and remain indifferent to total extinction of political opposition in, say, Tito's Yugoslavia." He concludes that food and fuel are two very potent weapons in the rebuilding of Europe. These weapons, he contends, will not be used by the United States simply in support of reactionary governments nor in an effort to impose *laissez-faire* capitalism on Europe. They will rather be used in the interest of economic security and political

liberty for those who stand in need of our help.

One of the most illuminating discussions of the situation in Palestine is that offered by *The Nation* in a special 32-page supplement to its issue of May 17. Titled "The Palestine Problem and Proposals for Its Solution," this supplement offers an abridged version of a memorandum to the United Nations by a group of leading American liberals. This suggests itself as a helpful guide to study groups, open forums, and high school or college classes.

Whither Civilization?

THE eminent contemporary historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, has come to be looked upon as something of an oracle. His article in the June *Atlantic*, "Civilization on Trial," is considerably less than oracular. He presents a brief analysis of our five contemporary types of civilization—Western Christian, Orthodox Christian, Islamic, Hindu, and Far Eastern—and tries to determine which of them will be most likely to survive as the world hurtles onward into an uncertain and somewhat frightening future.

For one thing, we are far from ready to accept all of Toynbee's premises. We reject utterly his secularistic approach to history. We are repelled by the bland way in which he catalogs Zoroaster,

Jesus, Socrates, Mohammed (he spells it "Muhammad"), and a few others as "the greatest benefactors of mankind." And we are totally dissatisfied by his trivial and somewhat flippant conclusions. If this is the best that this renowned historian has to offer, we shall have to look for a different oracle. In any event, this article only serves to confirm the fact that the Christian philosophy of history alone affords the proper understanding of mankind's development and illumines the dark and uncharted pathways of the future.

The American Taste

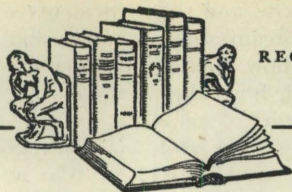
THE *Saturday Review of Literature* reprints a biting article by Ross Campbell, "Books and Ballyhoo," which first appeared in the English journal, *New Statesman and Nation*, and which seeks to "debunk" modern American literature. Mr. Campbell's contention is that most American authors write primarily with an eye to the sales appeal of their product and its attractiveness to the moguls of Hollywood. With heavy satire he describes the commercialization of American literature, which has become enmeshed in "the great machinery of mass entertainment." Literary integrity and individuality, he argues, is "lost among the sales charts and dictaphones."

In an accompanying editorial, however, the editors of *S.R.L.* take sharp issue with Mr. Campbell and rise heroically to the defense of current American literature. Nevertheless, allowing for some obvious exaggerations and sensationalism in the Campbell article, we still believe that he has a point. In such products as Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber*, Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*, and Sinclair Lewis' *Kingsblood Royal*, American literature has a lot to live down.

Passing from literature to art, the June issue of *Harper's* carries a highly interesting feature article

on "The Taste Makers," describing the current boom in American art. Despite all of the propaganda in behalf of modern art, the rank and file of the American public still favors the conventional, tried-and-true style of art, rather than the futuristic creations of the modern school. Regardless of what one may think of President Truman's politics, we still opine that he delivered himself of a classic observation, when, in describing a piece of modern art, he declared: "The artist must have stood off from the canvas and thrown paint at it. If that is art, I'm a Hottentot."





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

A GARDEN TO THE EASTWARD

By Harold Lamb. Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. 1947. 374 pages. \$2.75.

A ROUTINE report from the American Legation at Baghdad contained the following notation:

Captain Jacob S. Ide, USAFIME (United States Armed Forces in the Middle East) has not reappeared in Baghdad after his departure on a trip to the mountains in the interior. He had been seen to leave the railroad at Kirkuk after being warned by British authority not to proceed toward the mountains.

A Garden to the Eastward relates the details of Captain Ide's quixotic journey into the mysterious mountain area in Kurdistan which is known as Araman. By chance the American officer had gained possession of a small, exquisitely fashioned bronze statuette of a flying horse. A determination to trace the age and origin of the curious *objet d'art* led Captain Ide to the very cradle of civilization, to a fabulous garden to the eastward.

Harold Lamb's first novel contains a wealth of information on religion, culture, archeology, ethnology, anthropology, world travel, and international politics. A love story, the evil machinations of a polished German master-spy, a clash between a Russian expeditionary force and bands of armed Kurds, and a plea for world peace are other ingredients in Mr. Lamb's loosely integrated romance of adventure and present-day politics. In spite of sound learning and a fertile imagination *A Garden to the Eastward* does not measure up to *Alexander of Macedon*, *Genghis Khan*, and *The Crusades*, the distinguished author's excellent biographical and historical narratives.

THE STORY OF THE FBI

By the Editors of *Look*. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1947. 286 pages. \$3.75.

THIS is a pictorial history of the FBI, fully half of the space being given over to pictures. J. Edgar Hoover, in an Introduction, outlines

the origin, the development, and the functions of his famous organization. The text tells in detail how Special Agents are trained and how they solve crimes, relates the story of some of the FBI's most famous cases and of its war-time activity, and forecasts its role in the future. The book should have a wide popular appeal. Crime fans will, however, detect glaring inaccuracies in some of the pictures. Dillinger, for instance, wore no coat when he met his end (as he does in the picture). Al Brady was cut down with a machine gun from a second-story window, not by two men running up to him with pistols.

BLOOD BROTHER

By Elliott Arnold. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1947. 558 pages. \$3.00.

DR. FRANK C. Lockwood, widely recognized authority on the history of the North American Southwest, sums up the excellent qualities of Elliott Arnold's first major American novel in these words:

I wish to commend *Blood Brother* for four things: the timeliness and the nobility of the theme—the blood brotherhood of all men; the depth and breadth of research; the masterly organization of material; and the flashing originality of style—forceful, swift, full of color, yet characterized, also, by high seriousness of purpose.

The story of the North American Indian presents a grim and terrible record of ruthless ferocity, savage cunning, and shameful treachery. No one will attempt to deny that this chapter in American history is marred and blackened by shocking

incidents of the white man's greed and deceit. No one will defend these incidents or minimize the guilt of those who had a part in them. But it is just as true that the Indian nations, too, produced powerful leaders who were wily, treacherous, and completely inhuman in their treatment of those whom they considered their enemies. The Indians, too, had their renegades and traitors. In *Blood Brother* Mr. Arnold shows an unfortunate tendency to idealize the red man and to justify his cruel practices as natural and instinctive reprisals by a persecuted racial minority.

Mr. Arnold is the author of the wartime best sellers *The Commandos* and *Tomorrow Will Sing*; he is co-author of *Mediterranean Sweep* and *Big Distance*, official A.A.F. publications.

PRINCE OF DARKNESS AND OTHER STORIES

By J. F. Powers. Doubleday and Company, New York. 1947. 277 pages. \$2.75.

LIONS, HARTS, LEAPING DOES, an extremely sensitive presentation of two elderly monks, attracted attention to Mr. Powers when it appeared in *Accent* in 1944 and was reprinted in the *O. Henry Memorial Award* anthology for that year. To this Mr. Powers has added ten other stories to make up this volume. Most of the stories study Roman Catholic milieus, though the problems are of universal occurrence.

The title story, "Prince of Darkness," is of a priest who finds himself entering middle age without hav-

ing achieved distinction in his calling. He has tried to console himself by trying to excel at sidelines, here and there, by fits and starts, but he has pursued none of them, always surrendering to inertia. The cause of his vocational failure, which he cannot understand, is the same; as a priest he is willing, but perfunctory. "The Forks" is a sketch of a fervent young priest, eager to set about doing Christ's work, who finds himself assigned as an assistant in a wealthy parish, frustrated in all his efforts by the cautiousness and horrified elegance of his Monsignor. "The Lord's Day" is concerned with the petty tyranny of a vulgar mind over the sensitive minds of a group of subordinates—in this case the relation between a rector and the convent nuns.

A charming story is that of "Jame-sie," a little boy whose world is peopled with heroic baseball players, sans fear and sans reproach, and dirty villains who smoke, drink, and fix games.

NATIVE AMERICAN HUMOR

By James R. Aswell. 396 pages.
Harpers, New York. \$3.75.

A COLLECTION of humor drawn from the almost forgotten age which preceded Mark Twain and Bret Hart, tales, anecdotes and sketches from colonial days to the 1890's. A little story told in 1830 by the first man born west of the Alleghenies. Incident of the Yankee schooner Sally Ann beating up the Connecticut River in 1800. Tales told of experiences in backwoods inns on the

Pennsylvania border, experiences of preachers among the Susquehanna Indians, a satire on the Royal Navy of Great Britain written in 1778, lodging with the natives of the upper mountain counties of Tennessee in 1851, Broadway theatrics of 1855, and the experience of Mr. Mudge when he arrived at San Diego from Arkansas bringing with him four yoke of oxen, seventeen cows, nine children, and Mrs. Mudge. The humor of Petroleum V. Nasby (over whom Lincoln roared), of Honest Abe himself, of Josh Billings, and Bill Nye, is represented. Some of the stories are in dialect and in a few the flavor is quite high, but there is nothing here that would prevent anyone from making a gift of *Native American Humor* to some elderly friend, and the younger generation will read it with screams of delight. Leo Hersfield has contributed a large number of pen drawings which excellently tie up with the frontier atmosphere which characterizes the entire book. To the student of American life the book receives additional value through the brief notes, in an Appendix, on the lives of the American humorists represented in the volume—which, one should not fail to state, is a beautiful job of printing.

MIRROR, MIRROR

By Elinor Rice. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1946. 312 pages.
\$2.50.

MONA BIRO, reared on New York's East Side by immigrant parents, becomes Monica Birot, wealthy dress designer. On her aggressive

plunge to fame the heroine is ruthless with the happiness of the people that somehow love her.

Miss Rice's portrayal of Mona's youth is nothing more than an adult grotesquely scaled down to a child. The main character fares better with age. Otherwise, the plot is brittle, the writing undistinguished.

ROBERTA IHDE

WHERE TWO WAYS MET

By Grace Livingston Hill. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1947. 256 pages. \$2.

WHERE TWO WAYS MET is Mrs. Hill's seventy-ninth and last novel. The 81-year-old writer died in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, this spring while working on an eightieth book for her insatiable public. Her Presbyterian-flavored novels (*Happiness Hill, In Tune With Wedding Bells, A Girl to Come Home To* and 76 others) have sold over 4,000,000 copies.

In *Where Two Ways Met* Paige Madison returns from World War II to a high-salaried job which obliges him to foreclose mortgages on widows. Right triumphs when Paige resigns to join the Brown Brothers at lower wages. "They were more quiet and conservative, yet sterling true in their dealings and standards." Paige spurns the painted daughter of the crafty boss to rescue June, the Sunday school teacher, from a train wreck.

Characters in this latter-day Horatio Alger tale fall into one of two brackets: good or bad. Mrs. Hill doesn't recognize the half-tones of

evil that rankle men. Nor does the author tamper with the idea that Christians may be troubled by failings within themselves even more than by hardships the world may impose on them.

How sad that one of the few novelists of this century motivated by Christianity should trade its emotional power for a watered-down sentimentality.

ROBERTA IHDE

AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNMENT:

Its Organization and Policies

By Hajo Holborn. Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. 1947. 243 pages. \$3.50

HAJO HOLBORN, known to members of the Church History Society and the American Historical Association for his contributions to those organizations in the form of papers, monographs, and books, served in the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. In that office he was in charge of civil affairs and military government research. His scholarly background and intellectual honesty coupled with the courses and opportunities afforded him by the war office he held enabled him to write a first class account of American military government.

Holborn maintains that American military government successfully performed the tasks entrusted to it. He admits that there were shortcomings. For instance, the lack of a clear definition of American foreign policy made it difficult for the representatives of American military govern-

ment to act decisively in many situations which called for immediate and decisive action. Too, our lack of an extensive civil service with men trained in the governing of "lesser breeds without the law" made the recruitment and training of a staff more than difficult.

The appendix, covering more than one hundred pages, brings together the major political documents on American and Allied Military Government, among them a number of those not previously published. The primary sources found in the appendix make the book a "must" for the reference shelf of high school and college libraries.

A DEVOTIONAL INTERPRETATION OF FAMILIAR HYMNS

By Earl E. Brock. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1947. 88 pages. \$1.25.

YOU may consider English hymnody as a sub-topic of poetry or as a special musical form of worship. This little book does neither. Instead, and unlike other popular discussions of this interesting subject, Brock's brief essays are meditative and devotional—not historical and documentary or analytical and critical. As the Foreword expresses this technique,

A song should be more than mere words musically uttered. There must be a heart touch before it can touch an-

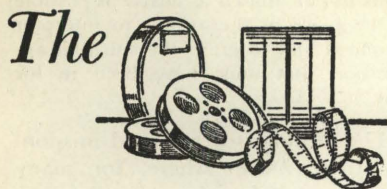
other heart. To appreciate it fully one needs to put himself as nearly as possible in the place of the author to interpret his mood and to grasp the spiritual application that must have been in his soul.

The author is a returned missionary from Assam where, for many years in the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, he was head of the Jorhat Christian Schools. Having heard tribesmen singing heartily a hymn whose words had no actual meaning for them, he conceived the idea of this devotional exposition of twelve long-loved songs, to show that they are more than melodies. "Too often men sing because they like the sound of a song rather than because they appreciate its thought."

This thesis, that hymns are devotions or prayers of praise, is set forth unevenly and in emotional language. Avowedly, interpretations may differ! Nothing new is presented for *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*, *Silent Night*, *It Is Well with My Soul*, *Follow On*, and *O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go*. Mere popularity, moreover, does not warrant inclusion of *I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go*, *In the Garden*, *Tell Me the Old Old Story*, *Wonderful Words of Life*, and *The Ninety and Nine*. There is an open question, also, about the essential merit of *The Old Rugged Cross* and *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* in a collection like this.

HERBERT H. UMBACH





Motion Picture

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

THE Commission on Freedom of the Press was created to consider the freedom, the functions, and the responsibilities of the major agencies of mass communication in our time. Operating under a special grant of funds made to the University of Chicago by Time, Inc., and Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., the Commission made a careful and unbiased study of books, magazines, newspapers, radio, motion pictures, and news-gathering media.

Dr. Ruth A. Inglis, research assistant to Robert D. Leigh, director of the staff of the Commission, has drawn up a special report on the motion picture in a sound and scholarly treatise. *Freedom of the Movies: A Report on Self-regulation from the Commission on Freedom of the Press* (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1947. 241 pages. \$3.00) examines and analyzes the history and the background of the motion-picture industry. It traces the first hectic years of un-

trammled freedom and cut-throat competition and the flagrant deviations from accepted moral and social principles—freedom, competition, and deviations which led finally to the drawing-up of the Motion Picture Production Code.

Dr. Inglis' research is thoroughgoing and impartial. Her findings are based on factual evidence and should prove invaluable to the industry itself and to the public. A thirty-two page statement by the Commission makes the following general recommendations:

- (1) The constitutional guarantees of freedom of the press should be recognized as including motion pictures. The growing importance of the documentary film gives fresh emphasis to the need.
- (2) The government should use its antitrust powers to destroy monopolistic control of production, distribution, and theatrical outlets.
- (3) The motion picture industry, by its own action, should place in-

creasing stress on its role as a civic and informational agency conscious of the evolving character of many political and social problems.

(4) The industry should be constantly alert to opportunities to develop further the screen's artistic and intellectual possibilities.

(5) The public itself should insist upon the highest attainable accomplishment by the movies.

(6) Finally, the public should sponsor a national advisory board to review and propose changes from time to time in the Motion Picture Production and Advertising Codes.

In short, the Commission believes that the movies can realize their full promise only by unremitting effort from all concerned: the government, the industry, and the public—each in its own sphere. It further believes that the industry, possessing most of the means, can, if it has the will, cure most of the serious ills of its own motion.

Movie-goers will readily agree with Dr. Inglis when she says, "Research discloses that the world of the movies is one of unreality."

The Farmer's Daughter (RKO-Radio, H. C. Potter) is a gay and engaging farce with a dash of satire and a somewhat perfunctory plea for tolerance. Acting and directing are unusually good; but who will deny that the film calls to mind Wolcott Gibbs' stinging charge that "movies are an astounding parody of life devoted to a society in which any-

thing is physically and materially possible"?

Mr. Wolcott's words are equally applicable to *It Happened in Brooklyn* (M-G-M, Richard Whorf). This entertaining comedy leans heavily on the expert clowning of Jimmy Durante, the magnetism of Frank Sinatra, the popularity of Kathryn Grayson, and a generous assortment of wise-cracks aimed at the home town of "dem Bums." Box-office figures indicate that this seems to be more than enough to bring in the cash customers.

Smash-up (Universal-International, Stuart Heisler) makes use of a serious theme. It attempts to show the suffering and the moral and spiritual degradation of a dipsomaniac and to picture the pain and unhappiness which come to her family. Unfortunately, the entire production is overlaid with a slick veneer. It is weighted down with a phony stock plot which effectually smothers serious implications and flashes of penetrating insight under a blanket of corny clichés and maudlin sentimentalism. There are many indications that audiences have begun to grow restive under the current barrage of pseudo-psychological films. *Smash-up* should hasten the process.

The Sea of Grass (M-G-M, Elia Kazan) presents a long, reason-

ably accurate, and, alas, rather dull screen version of Conrad Richter's distinguished novel. The grade A cast is headed by Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, the acting is good throughout, the frontier life of the 1880's has been re-created with genuine artistry, and the photography is superb. But the magic spark which transforms make-believe into reality is lacking.

In recent months screen actor Laurence Tierney has been involved in several unpleasant brushes with the law. The release of his latest film, *Born to Kill* (RKO-Radio) coincides with the report of Mr. Tierney's new conviction on a drunk-driving charge. *Born to Kill* is a sordid and sadistic Class B gangster film. It glorifies lawlessness and violence and is sadly lacking in artistic merit. It is bad enough to make and release such a film at any time and under any circumstances. To do so in the face of the principal character's real life record seems to me to be an example of intolerable effrontery.

Back in 1934 the magnificent acting of Elisabeth Bergner gave impetus and glamor to a puny little play. With Miss Bergner in the cast, *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* had a long run on Broadway. The motion-picture version, directed by Peter Godfrey and re-

leased through Warner Brothers, does not fare so well. Without a counterpart of Miss Bergner in its cast, the screen version accentuates the frailty of the vehicle. Consistent overacting on the part of the expensive cast does little to lighten the gloom.

Horses and the great outdoors figure prominently in *Stallion Road* (Warners, James V. Kern), *The Homestretch* (20th Century-Fox, Bruce Humberstone), and *That's My Man* (Republic, Frank Borzage). Without setting up any new records, *The Homestretch* is the winner. I should add that this does not constitute an enthusiastic endorsement. For my money the horses and the scenery have the best of it in all three pictures.

The Macomber Affair (United Artists, Zoltan Korda) is the taut and exciting screen version of Ernest Hemingway's somber and penetrating short story, *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*. This is a cruel and ugly tale of cowardice, humiliation, and murder. The inconclusive ending employed in the film weakens the bleak finality of the original story. Mature movie-patrons will appreciate the fine acting, the expert direction, and the magnificent settings which make this an unusually effective picture. It is not for children or adolescents.

The Private Affairs of Bel Ami (United Artists, Albert Lewin)

brings us a watered-down adaptation of Guy de Maupassant's coldly sardonic story of a scoundrel's rise to wealth and prominence. The Frenchman's novel had strength, point, and power; the film has none of these qualities.

If you can stomach still another Raymond Chandler thriller, here it is. *The Brasher Doubloon* (20th Century-Fox, John Brahm) follows a formula familiar to every seasoned movie-goer.

A good cast, sensitive direction, fine settings, and highly effective photography elevate *Ramrod* (United Artists) a little above the general run of westerns.

"Ladd's in Calcutta." How oft-

en have you heard and read this earthshaking message! For all of me Ladd could have stayed at home. *Calcutta* (Paramount, John Farrow) is a conventional and lackluster Ladd opus.

American motion-picture studios are meeting with stiff competition from foreign film-makers. *Odd Man Out* (Two Cities: Universal-International, Carol Reed) has been enthusiastically applauded by New York critics. *The Captive Heart* (Rank: Universal) is described as a poignant tribute to British prisoners of war, and *The Barber of Seville* (Tespis: Universal) is a tuneful Italian adaptation of Rossini's popular comic opera.



THE crisis of any system of toleration is its ability to grant freedom not only to the great and mighty, but to the insignificant and lowly who cannot fight back if their freedom is destroyed.

In the main article for this month, Ray Scherer discusses this problem in connection with the emigration of the Amish folk from Berne, Indiana. His careful reporting of their convictions and their plight writes an interesting footnote to the question of freedom in an ordered society.

Ray Scherer is a graduate of Valparaiso University and has completed graduate work in International Relations at the University of Chicago; he is a member of the staff of the *Journal-Gazette* of Fort Wayne, Indiana.



In response to many requests, THE CRESSET for June saw the revival of magazine reviews. From now on, "The Reading Room" will be a regular feature. It will be conducted by the Rev. Thomas

Coates, President of Concordia College, Portland, Oregon. Your comments and suggestions are invited.



Among the guest reviewers this month are: Herbert Umbach (*Henry Adams and His Friends, As They Liked It, and A Devotional Interpretation of Familiar Hymns*); Robert B. Springsteen, formerly of OSS (*The Future*

of American Secret Intelligence); and Roberta Ihde (*Mirror, Mirror and Where Two Ways Met*). All are of Valparaiso University.

The next issue of THE CRESSET will appear in September.

