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AUGUST 1946

THE

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS



- One-Man Crusade
by W. G. Polack
- 8,000 Men Die
by Wm. Herbert Blough
- The Miracle of
Migration
- Qui Tollis

VOL. IX NO. 9

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 9

AUGUST 1946

NUMBER 9

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Corrosion on the Court

THE nation has seldom been treated to a more disgusting spectacle than the open feud in the Supreme Court. The vitriolic attack by Justice Jackson upon Justice Black—unprecedented in the history of our highest tribunal—revealed most clearly what has happened to the Supreme Court since it has been prostituted to the service of political ends.

When, in 1937, Mr. Roosevelt sought to pack the Supreme Court, the prestige and integrity of the Court were such that even a New Deal Congress rose to its defense and blocked the President's plan. But Mr. Roosevelt ultimately achieved his objective after all and filled the Court with appointees who were chosen not for their judicial experience or tempera-

ment, but because, as New Deal partisans, they could be counted on to further the economic, political, and social policies of the Administration. The Court's record during the past eight years has written a sorry chapter in the history of American jurisprudence. The high traditions of Holmes, Brandeis, and Hughes have suffered violence at the hands of men like Black, Murphy, Jackson, and Frankfurter.

Now President Truman has appointed Fred M. Vinson as Chief Justice. No one will deny that Mr. Vinson is an estimable gentleman, or that he has rendered distinguished service to his country in various positions of high responsibility. But no one will presume to say that Mr. Vinson was chosen for this eminent post chiefly be-

cause of his notable qualifications and experience (five years) as a jurist. Or is it necessary that the Chief Justice of the United States be a great and wise and experienced jurist? Perhaps that conception, too, belongs to the "horse and buggy days."



We Free the Philippines

JULY 4, 1946, was a red-letter day not only because it marked the 170th anniversary of American independence, but especially because it symbolized the birth of the Philippine Republic. As *Time* put it: "The U. S. was the first great power in its right mind which had ever kept a promise to free a colony."

The circumstances under which the United States had acquired the Philippines reflected little credit upon our republic. "Manifest destiny" was a sonorous euphemism for a course of unabashed imperialism. Nevertheless, the United States, by its treatment of the Philippines during the past 48 years, has written a glowing chapter in the history of colonial enterprise. The Islands were made a working democracy, they were given a modern educational program, and the level of national health was raised to an extraordinary degree.

Now, as a fitting climax to that chapter, and as a happy aftermath

to the terrible years of war, the Philippines have been granted complete independence. This action, more eloquently than a thousand words, attests the fact that America seeks no territorial aggrandizement in the postwar era, and that it has renounced imperialistic ambitions. The liberation of the Philippines should also serve as a magnificent example to other great nations, which, in contempt of the Atlantic Charter—to which they gave tongue-in-the-cheek allegiance—are continuing on the course of territorial expansion and domination of weaker peoples.



Government for the People, Not the Politicians

TEXAS, like many another state whose population has been profoundly affected by the mass migrations of the war years, needs a legislative redistricting if its population is to be fairly represented. But the problem of bringing this about represents a political maneuver of the most delicate order. To accomplish this would mean upsetting the careful balance of power which various entrenched interests have established through the years. A proposition of this kind is usually left for the governors leaving office with no plan of reelection. They have no

scalp which outraged partisans can clamor for.

One of the fifteen gubernatorial candidates seeking election in Texas this year recently suggested leaving the matter of redistricting for a more auspicious time. He pointed out that certain representatives would lose their seats in the legislature and added, "You can't expect them to vote themselves out of office!"

And thereby hangs a tale. The will and welfare of the people is of no consequence. Their rights and privileges need not be considered. The government is an end to itself—an organization whose object is to support a vast number of incompetents who could not hold a job elsewhere either because they could not qualify or because they are too lazy to work. Is that it?

It has always been our belief that government existed to serve its citizens—all its citizens. It was not designed to provide employment. If the latter were true, then unemployment would be an unnecessary condition. Let the government simply hire anyone without a job and get rid of this troublesome economic ailment.

"You can't expect them to vote themselves out of office." And why not? Is it their office to do with as they please, or are they still the representatives of the people? A bureaucratic state and federal gov-

ernment is just a hydra-headed dictatorship. Instead of one man, there are many, each seeking to perpetuate himself in office, not because of the service he can render, but because he wishes to continue to exercise the power and enjoy the prestige that his office gives him.

It is high time that legislators and government employees as well as the common citizen review the basic elements of democratic government. They are fast slipping away from us, when legislators ignore the wishes of those they represent and use their office to feather their own nests.



Britain's Envoy Has a Filthy Mind!

LORD INVERCHAPPEL, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the newly appointed ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, was making one of his first public appearances in this country. Invited to address the National Press Club, he inquired whether any women would be present and when informed that his audience would be exclusively male, he replied, "Good, now I can tell some dirty stories." And a journalist who was present reported tersely: "He did."

That is the real introduction of

the British diplomat to this country. Whatever pious phrases he may have used at his first formal press conference will sound rather superficial in Christian ears. It is in such "off the record" appearances that we get a glimpse of the real person. This particular picture of Lord Inverchapel is not courageous and clear nor worthy of his high place. It is loathsome and repugnant.

So that's the kind of man Great Britain sends to represent her. That is the measure of the man who is to serve to establish peace, promote justice, work for a lasting world order. He has great responsibilities as a representative of one of the great nations of the earth. At work or at play, he is looked upon in this country as typical of the country he represents. Lord Inverchapel seems to have forgotten this in a very short time. If not for his own sake, his personal reputation, he should at least remember his position as a British ambassador.

In view of these things, we are not making much ado about nothing in scoring this exhibition of personal uncleanness. As we ponder upon the men into whose hands are placed the well-being of many millions of people, we have every right to examine not only their political acumen, their diplomatic finesse, their party manners, but their real selves as indi-

viduals stripped of their office, as men in the sight of God and their fellowmen. The immediate as well as the enduring value of their efforts depends upon what, not who, they are, all Orders of St. Michael and St. George notwithstanding.

We are not trying to single out Britain's ambassador as though he were the only one in high places thus afflicted. There are no doubt others. But we earnestly hope that this Knight of the Grand Cross will not find too many kindred spirits among the top men of his government or ours who spew the filth of their polluted hearts upon every opportunity. Our world is already sufficiently disturbed without the added concern that its temporal welfare must be entrusted to such leadership.



When Will V-C Day Dawn?

ALMOST a year has passed since our country celebrated V-J Day with gratitude and rejoicing; but at the present time it is certain that there will be no real peace in the world until it is possible to hail the dawning of a V-C Day. No, the C does not stand for a country; it stands for Confusion—confusion which is becoming worse confounded with every passing hour.

Confusion is sitting in the saddle in our own country. Poli-

cians are looking out for their own interests with far greater concern than they show for the welfare of the country at large. Serious and knotty world-problems are examined with one eye on the problems themselves and the other eye on the ballot box. Strikes are settled, not on the basis of fair play for all concerned but primarily for the purpose of interfering to as small an extent as possible with the game of politics. Lumber is generously allocated to gambling joints, bowling alleys, and prize-fight exhibitions while thousands of veterans go begging for homes. Black markets are doing a land-office business. Even a matter as grave in all its implications as the control of atomic power is examined and dealt with as a political issue. Meanwhile communism is striving with all its might to make hay. It thrives on the confusion which is an inevitable by-product of chicanery, bungling, and self-seeking.

Every day it is becoming clearer that the U.N. is a stillborn child and that at least one powerful nation which prated unctuously about the need for peace in the world made sure that the utterly ridiculous veto power would keep it stillborn. Pelf, power, selfishness, and a clumsily concealed longing for world-revolution on the terms of communism are infinitely more important in the eyes

of the Soviet Union than the welfare of mere human beings.

The great game of world-politics continues its course. An unquenchable thirst for power without let or hindrance is the order of the day. Instead of bending every effort to bring about peace in the true sense of the word the leaders of the U.S.S.R., as well as many so-called statesmen in other lands, are moving heaven and earth to create and perpetuate unrest, distrust, and confusion.

Our own nation and the world at large have need of the dawning of a V-C Day. Will it ever come?



Russian Despotism

NOT long ago we attended a meeting at which a man in close touch with foreign affairs was asked whether there was any prospect of an exchange of students between American and Russian universities. Almost all other countries welcome such an arrangement. The reply given was brief and factual: efforts were being made to bring about an exchange with Russia, but so far without success. One might wonder why this should be so. But, on second thought, is there really any room for wonderment? Is not the attitude of the Russian government toward the Western democracies, in this as in other matters,

perfectly transparent in its logic? It is not that Russia is suspicious of its allies and needs only to be convinced by gentle words and kindly deeds that they mean it no harm. That is an unrealistic and silly appraisal of the situation. No, the key to Russia's attitude lies in the fact that Russia is in the grasp of an absolute despotism which wants to control, in its own interest, all that Russians read or hear, say or even think. To carry out that policy it is necessary to let down an iron curtain, to establish a *cordon sanitaire*, round about the country, so that no unwelcome facts or ideas may penetrate to the people. The prevention of free intercourse between its own nationals and the rest of the world is a matter of life and death to the present Russian regime, and one gains nothing by closing one's eyes to that fact.



Educational Miss

STYLES change in all things. The craze has now hit higher education right in the solar plexus. Fifteen years ago we had to specialize to be educationally practical; now we are told we must generalize to reach the same end. All that remains is the desire for the pragmatic. In principle, John Dewey, at 87, is still the educational man-of-the-hour.

An example of this trend is the so-called Communications courses being set up in many of our colleges to supplant the traditional work in English and speech on the junior college level. It is too soon to come to any absolute conclusion about the value of the new courses; however, it seems logical to assume certain things.

An examination of the content of the course of study of a typical Communications program reveals that during the year the student dabbles in reading, listening, speaking, and writing. Each of these is, in itself, a highly complicated skill requiring a great deal of practice. Any elementary school teacher will tell you that this is true in the grades. Why would it not be so on the higher levels of learning? Presented such a hodge-podge in one year, the student is likely to discover at the end of the session that he knows a great deal about communication in the abstract but that he is not proficient in any one of the four facets. A year's work in both English and speech should at least prepare the student to write and to speak in some sort of acceptable fashion.

Likewise, where do we find teachers capable of directing college students in all of these divisions at the same time? Very likely we can't find them. A six or eight year course in Communica-

tions must be set up to teach the teachers.

Page Chancellor Hutchins!



Plato Today

THE study of history is often recommended on the plea that it enables modern man to see current problems in the light of other times and other circumstances. Seeing them so, he should be able to judge them more impersonally and impartially. Many a man who thinks that the internal problems that plague the American people today are quite novel and unprecedented would get a surprise if he read Plato's *Republic*. Plato pictures an ideal state in which careful record is kept of the character and training of the citizens, so that those who are most distinguished for wisdom and devotion to the common good can be selected as rulers. He then characterizes other forms of political organization which he considers less desirable, among them democracy. A chief danger to a democratic state, he points out, arises from the fact that people take "too deep draughts of the heady wine of liberty," become impatient of control, and "end by disregarding even the law, written or unwritten." Then rulers behave like subjects, and subjects like rulers. Surely there is no need to argue the accuracy of Plato's insight in a day

when relatively small labor groups can impose their will on the nation ("behave like rulers") while the representatives of the people fume and bluster and finally evade the main issue ("behave like subjects"). And what will be the outcome of the process? Plato says such a democracy turns eventually into a despotism.



The Other Side of the Taylor Mission

IN order to complete the picture it may be in order to give the other side of the Taylor mission to the Vatican. The protest of the Protestant clergy to President Truman has brought the whole matter into the public limelight.

As a matter of history, it should be stated that in the early years of our nation we were represented at the Vatican by a consul, whose principal duties were to develop trade with the Papal States. From 1848 to 1867 we had a full legation at the Vatican. Then the legation was withdrawn as a result of anti-Catholic agitation and we had no further relations with the Roman See until early this century, when President Theodore Roosevelt sent William Howard Taft to Rome as his special representative to handle certain questions arising in connection with the Philippine Islands, which our government

had recently taken over. During this period the Pope had no temporal power, for this had come to an end in 1870, three years after our legation had been withdrawn. This temporal power was restored, as a result of an accord with Mussolini, in 1929. When President F. D. Roosevelt sent Mr. Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican, the appointment rested on the Taft precedent. Mr. Truman continued this appointment last May 3. Mr. Taylor, for convenience, holds the title of ambassador at Rome, but is essentially a go-between for the President and the Pope.

The *Washington Post* recently made the following editorial statement as to the other side:

The fact that the Pope, besides being a territorial sovereign, is the head of a religion claiming numerous adherents throughout the world does not, as far as we can observe, affect the question. No such question, as far as we can recall, was raised about the diplomatic representatives sent by the United States to the Sublime Porte, although the Ottoman Sultans of Turkey were also Caliphs of El Islam. Nor was it ever raised in the case of diplomatic embassies to the court of the Romanov Czars, although these monarchs were also heads of the Russian Orthodox Church. The United States also maintains an embassy to the Court of St. James, that is, to the court of the monarch who by virtue of his office and in name at least is head

of the "Church of England by law established." . . .

Apart from precedents, the advantages of having a representative at the Vatican are so numerous and so obvious that the objections seem almost frivolous. The United States at this stage of its history is very deeply involved in European affairs, and the papal influence on European politics just has been demonstrated by the results of the recent elections in Italy, France, Holland, Austria, and elsewhere. Moreover, it happens that the United States and the Vatican have a common interest in hastening political and economic stabilization of the Continent.

Great Britain and other nations in which Protestantism, in one or another of its forms, is an established religion, have also found it advantageous to have diplomatic relationship with the Vatican. This was also true of France even when anti-clerical influences were ascendant in French politics. . . .

The *Baltimore Sun* has the following points to add to a full consideration of the question:

It is hard to follow the reasoning of the group of clergymen who, as representing important Protestant organizations, are insisting that President Truman recall his personal envoy from the Holy See.

This is the kind of issue about which interminable hair-splitting is possible. But there are positive and practical reasons which make it important that the chief executive of the United States maintain a relationship with the Vatican.

Whether we like it or not, the Pope is a ruler, and an influential ruler. His temporal authority is limited to the few square miles of Vatican City, but his moral sway is all but absolute in much of western Europe and extends to some degree all over the world. To his court come many of the powerful persons in secular as well as religious life. Even in time of war, the Vatican is able to maintain relationships and communications with both sides.

If this means nothing else, it means that the Vatican is the world's best listening post. The country which maintains a representative there knows more about the currents and cross-currents of international affairs than the country which does not. Only the foolish man closes his ears to useful information.

In addition to this strictly tactical consideration, there is another. The Pope heads an organization which is truly international. It is, in fact, one of the most potent cohesive forces in Western civilization now so thoroughly shaken in its fabric. At present, when as a nation we are doing our best to knit together again in friendship the divided peoples who share our traditions, it would be a step backward to break off friendly intercourse with those who represent a special kind of bond.

There is still another consideration which Americans who are innately polite will hardly overlook. It is that to break off established relations with the Vatican would be a pointed discourtesy, almost certain to exacerbate existing animosities and make the

path toward world co-operation rougher.

As matters now stand, Mr. Truman has stated that Mr. Taylor will be recalled as soon as the peace has been made. No doubt this will take time.

Whether Mr. Truman's promise to the protesting Protestant clergymen will serve the best interests of our nation remains to be seen. One thing that might well be considered by all Protestants, is whether the maintenance of our embassy, official or otherwise, at Rome, for purely political reasons, is a real menace to our nation's welfare. The opposition to an embassy is hardly an effective weapon against the Papacy.



A Prophet Is Stoned

SERIOUS students of the American scene will be forced to place the town of Marysville, Michigan, in the same category in which Hood River, Oregon, and Representative John Rankin's Congressional District have been relegated.

In Marysville, the town's only Protestant minister, Methodist John Safran, accepted the invitation to deliver the baccalaureate address for the graduates of Marysville High School. In the course of the address Pastor Safran made some rather impolitic but never-

theless true remarks regarding the race question in the United States generally and in Marysville particularly.

His indictment on Marysville industry for its refusal to hire Negroes and his scoring of inadequate Negro housing in his community displeased his hearers, especially the good Methodists in his audience.

His displeased congregation was able to exert sufficient pressure under Methodism's episcopal form of church government to effect Mr. Safran's transfer to a church in a rural area.

In our refined twentieth century civilization we no longer stone our prophets; we reduce them to impotence by relegating them to positions where their influence is minimized. Safran had the courage to tell a group of young people preparing to face the hard and disheartening realities of life the truth. It is tragic that the Christian community in which he served could not bear that truth.



S. 2177

A PIECE of legislation which deserves the support of every American interested in better government is Senate Bill 2177.

The bill was introduced in the

Senate by Senator Robert La Follette. Mr. La Follette has long been interested in good government. His healthy interest is based on long governmental experience. For six years he served as secretary to his illustrious father, "Fighting Bob" La Follette; and for twenty-one years he has occupied his father's seat in the upper house.

S. 2177 would reduce the number of committees in Congress so that no one congressman could serve on more than two committees, thus permitting him to give his important committee work adequate attention. La Follette's bill would also, among other things, further restrict lobbying, increase the salaries of legislators, give each congressman an administrative assistant, and provide for a congressional pension plan.

The merit of the proposals coupled with La Follette's prestige carried the bill through the Senate. It has not passed the House. Lack of public interest and a congressman's unwillingness to favor legislation which would deprive him of an important committee post have blocked action in the House.

The congressman representing your district may be interested in hearing from you regarding S. 2177.



The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Qui Tollis

A NIGHT out of the tropics, hot and breathless. . . . The elms are still and the haze over the valley beyond the tracks shimmers with heat. . . . Lazy shadows make the campus a study in black and green. . . . At the foot of the hill the railroad tracks mark the mysterious path to the East and West and a red signal a half-mile down the track glimmers wanly in the coming dusk. . . . Inside the building a number of young musicians are listening to one of the great musical authorities in America. . . . The subject of the lecture is the "Mass in B Minor." . . . "A strange mixture of great, good, and bad music," the learned lecturer says. . . . "Never intended for performance as a part of divine worship." . . . "Seven themes directly appropriated from other sources." . . . "Almost every imaginable style of composition." . . . "Sometimes so crowded with notes

that it cannot possibly be performed well." . . .

He arrives at the choral section "Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi." . . . "This," he says, "is beyond description." . . . "The greatest choral music ever written." . . . "Matchless clarity, amazing profundity, marvelous solemnity." . . . "Here Bach was at home." . . . "His faith and his music merged into a tonal structure unequalled in the history of music." . . . "When a man believes, with depth and strength, and translates that faith into song, the result soars beyond the normal imagination." . . .

The visiting lecturer placed the recording on the machine and the music filled the quiet room. . . . "Qui Tollis." . . . "Thou Who Bearest." . . . I looked toward the rolling hills in the West. . . . They, too, have carried something these many years. . . . The pageant of the seasons, of summer and winter, of seedtime and harvest, of rain

and snow. . . . And beyond them lay one of the world's great cities in which men, thousands of them, carried the heat and burden of the passing day, the swift alternation of joy and sorrow which falls forever like a dark shadow over their souls. . . . Nature and men carry the common burden of their waiting and there is no escape from the task or the pain of it. . . .

And yet for men there is something beyond the patience of the hills and the burden of the years. . . . A lifting of the bleak and heartless present, a fountain of strength and hope for the heat of summer and the cold of winter, an unfailing source of serenity and lightness of heart no matter what the world is and does. . . . Seeing men, eyes uncovered by a greater hand, have talked about it for many centuries. . . . "Behold, I show you a mystery." . . . "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard." . . . "For God so loved." . . . "Be of good cheer." . . .

Occasionally, too, men have set the glory of their vision to music. . . . "Agnus Dei, Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi." . . . The words and the notes soared through the open windows and flew upward into the night sky. . . . The stars would not hear them, but the stars did not need them. . . . They were intended for men, all men, who needed them if they wanted to understand and live. . . . In them was the ulti-

mate reality—the realness of our sin and the greater realness of its transfer from the world to Him who bore them in His own body on the tree. . . . To this truth men must return ever and again, humble and adoring. . . . The musician of Leipzig knew that—not from books or music, but from the illumined heart—and because he knew it, he could say it more eloquently than it has ever been said, before or since. . . . The melody itself conveys the steady, strong, lifting which is the meaning of the text. . . . For some music one feels the urge to stand up; here, at the "Qui Tollis" one has the desire to kneel. . . . On this vision life depends for its worth and glory, and depends wholly. . . .

The music ended and the shadows on the campus merged into the general darkness of the night. . . . A single star appeared beyond the valley and the whistle of a train shattered the stillness for a moment. . . . The end of another day in the summer of the year of our Lord 1946. . . . Now, as seldom before, our task was to reconcile the world of the broken atom and the broken heart with the truth proclaimed in "Qui Tollis." . . . Two worlds, both true, both real. . . . The vast world of men and nature, hard, dark and cruel; and the vaster world of God, great, light, and warm. . . . Not an easy task. . . . Not to be dismissed with a

blind devotion to organization and routine and the observance of the trappings of religion. . . . More than ever, I reflected, a call for amphibious men and women, at home in two worlds, ashamed of one and proud of the other, holders of dual citizenship, living, by the lifting power of the Bearer of our sins, eternal life in the world of time. . . . "Agnus Dei, Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi"—give us the power so to live!



Staff's End

A FEW months ago I said some sharp words about the strange rite called housecleaning. . . . Discerning readers will have noted that the picture was somewhat distorted. . . . In more reasonable moments I must confess that even this barbaric vestige of primitive days has some values for living in the Twentieth Century. . . . One of them, as I have noted before, is the sudden and pleasant turning up of items which had been so safely stored that they were practically lost. . . . Item: Among my clippings I find a report of an address delivered several years ago by Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago. . . . As everyone knows, he is a new voice in Twentieth Century education. . . . His voice is clear, even though the words are not always

right, and the direction in which he is pointing is not always true. . . . Despite these strictures, however, Mr. Hutchins has made a tremendous contribution to the clarification of the muddled thinking which has been characteristic of modern education these many tragic years. . . . Listen to him for a moment as he describes the centrality of theology in the program of the modern University. . . .

Theology goes beyond all the other disciplines. Revelation is not, as Averroes thought, a means which God employed to get in touch with men too ignorant and weak of mind to find him out for themselves. Theology exceeds all other disciplines because God reveals what the wisest man does not know and can never learn—or at best can see but dimly and remotely—God's being and man's destiny. If this were not so, theology would add nothing to the rest of knowledge in the university. Natural theology, which is a part of philosophy, would represent the ultimate boundary of our attempt to understand God and his works.

The theologian pursues his studies in the context of all natural knowledge. Everything which any other part of the university knows is valuable to him. Without a university he is under the obligation to master all the sciences himself. Since he cannot do this, he is likely to relapse into indifference to them and teach his subject as though it were a complete and finished museum piece. In this view the closer the connection between the the-

ological school and the university the better it will be for the theological school.

And the better it will be for the university. Theology and the theological school are at the apex of the university and its studies because they seek to supply the answers to the ultimate questions about the most fundamental matters with which the university is concerned. Metaphysics and natural theology deal with these questions, too. But intellectual history reveals nothing so clearly as their inadequacy for the task. The existence and nature of God, the character and destiny of the human soul, and the salvation of man are problems which remain obscure in the light of natural reason. Theology, which adds faith to reason, illuminates them.

A perfect theory of democracy as the best form of government can be made out of the metaphysical and ethical writings of Aristotle. . . . But it is improbable that the practice of democracy now or in the future can be achieved merely by the demonstration of its reasonableness. Men, simply because they are men, are unlikely to find within themselves the power that can bring the good life and the good state to pass.

The good life and the good state—we have today the two things which were to give them to us, production and education. . . . But the good life and the good state seem farther off than ever. Production has increased poverty, and education has increased ignorance. One reason why may be that the education upon which we have relied for salvation is off-center. It is not merely anthropocentric; it

centers upon those aspects of human life least likely to elevate and ennoble the human spirit. Theology has been displaced as the queen of the sciences. Even in the theological schools it has been crowded out by imitation disciplines designed to make the minister "successful" in accordance with the standards of a materialistic society.

Not bad. . . . In fact, considering the environment from which such a voice comes it marks a tremendously significant revolution in modern thought. . . .

A mass of accumulated clippings presents an interesting study. . . . Sometimes I sit for several minutes trying to recall the momentary interest or enthusiasm which persuaded me to take the trouble to clip the paragraph that lies before me. . . . How quickly some items fade and die! . . . Something that interested me in February, 1945, leaves me indifferent and bewildered in August, 1946. . . . Now and then, however, I discover that an entire paragraph was laid aside for the impact of a single sentence. . . . Thus for example, the one I hold in my hand at the moment contains this epigram: "Cold cash has assumed the force of a moral imperative." . . . The writer happens to be referring to the authors who have succumbed to the siren call of Hollywood and have prostituted their talents in the service of the shoddiness which is reflected in the modern motion picture. . . .

The criticism, however, applies not only to writers. . . . It is a swift and illuminating insight into the deep rottenness of our age. . . . "They offered me so much that I couldn't afford to turn it down." . . . I have heard that before . . . even within the walls of the Church. . . .

Now and then I receive a gently reproving note from a reader telling me that this column ought to be a more accurate and immediate reflection of the world in which we live. . . . "It is too far removed," writes one, "from the realities of daily life." . . . I wonder. . . . A few weeks ago I picked up a

sentence from the astronomer Johannes Kepler, who during the Thirty Years' War wrote as follows: "When a storm is raging and shipwreck threatens the ship of state, we can do nothing more dignified than to cast the anchor of our peaceful studies in the bed of eternity." A charming and thoughtful phrase: "The bed of eternity." . . . Somewhere and some time, soon or late, all of us must do that if we want to live. . . . To reach for eternity is not an escape. . . . It is a journey to a high hill which is made possible only by Him who has built the road and gives us strength to travel it.



*The blacksmith-preacher
spoke from experience*

One-Man Crusade

By W. G. POLACK

I NEEDED a rake repaired, so I drove in to Fremont where I knew there was a blacksmith shop. I found a rather handsome, well-preserved man, who appeared to be about 70, at the forge. He greeted me in a friendly manner and said I might wait, because it wouldn't take long to fix up my rake. When he handed it to me some ten minutes later, I asked: "What are the charges?" The strong-armed, broad-shouldered smith replied: "No charge. You see, I never charge a preacher." "Is that so?" I said. "I did not know you knew me." "Oh, yes," he said, "I've seen you around. You have the new chapel at Clear Lake. I've seen it several times from the outside. I'd come out to hear you preach; but, you see, I'm a preacher myself."

He smiled genially at the look of surprise on my face. Then he said: "You know that St. Paul was a tent-maker and took no salary for his preaching. Now, I'm no St. Paul, but I'm happy to say that I

make my living as a blacksmith and serve my Lord by preaching at the same time."

When I thanked him for his service and made ready to leave, he said, "Here's my card. It may interest you." I thanked him again, put the card in my pocket and drove back to my cottage. Only then did I look at the card more closely. This is what I found.

On the face of it was a picture of the blacksmith, togged out in Sunday attire. Next to his name in bold type: "H. H. McMurtrey, Fremont, Indiana." Underneath his picture, the legend: "From the Anvil to the Pulpit." Then his telephone number and post office box number.

The surprise came when I turned the card over, expecting to find it blank. Instead it had a piece of original verse, entitled "My Experience," which read as follows:

What will a drunkard do for rum,
That would strike a sober man dumb?

He'll sell his hat and pawn his coat,
To satisfy his greedy throat.

He'll sell his stockings and his shirt,
And tramp about in rags and dirt;
He'll sell his shoes from off his feet,
And barefoot go in cold and heat.

He'll sell his blankets and his sheets,
And lie in barns or walk the streets;
He'll sell his bedstead and his bed,
Nor leave a place to lay his head.

His thirsty stomach cries for more;
He's starved or miserably poor;
His wife's in rags, has heartaches too;
O shame! But, drunkard, this is true.

His children are oft sent to bed,
Because, poor things, they have no
bread,
Nor fire, nor candle have they got;
Such is the dwelling of a sot.

He'll sell his home—once a dear spot,
Cheat his best friends; sell all he's got;
Even his Bible, Heaven and God;
Remain a tramp till 'neath the sod.

There's a cure—for Jesus saves as well
From rum, from sin, from a drunk-
ard's hell;

Those who will honestly give up sin,
Seek His pardon and cleansing within.

RED RUM—Spell Backward

Hm, I thought, the poetry may lack certain niceties of meter and style, but the sentiment is all right. I resolved to see the old smith-preacher again to find out if he was really relating his own experience in his poem. If so, there must be a worthwhile story there.

However, although I frequently saw "the Rev." Mr. McMurtrey on the streets of Fremont or at his forge, I had no occasion to have a heart-to-heart talk with him until the summer of 1944. When I told him, one day, that I was interested in the story of his life, he seemed pleased and invited me to visit him in his home. A few evenings later I accepted his invitation.

His small home was cozily furnished. Evidently little had been changed in arrangement of furniture since his wife's death two years before. There was an old time reed-organ in the front room, a well-thumbed Bible on the table, several hymnals on the organ, a number of framed pictures on the walls of conventions of the American Horseshoers Association which he had attended at one time or another. A cabinet-radio and some easy chairs completed the furnishings of this room.

I spent several hours with him that warm July evening, listening to his reminiscences. It was astonishing to observe his keen mind and accurate memory of names and places. His pink cheeks and animated eyes indicated a vigor that belied his years. He was seventy-five that summer. He had been a widower for two years after a happy marriage of twenty-five years. He did his own cooking and house-keeping, though a cleaning woman came in once a week; and

when he did not feel like cooking he ate his meals in a little restaurant a block away.

Henry Hill McMurtrey told me this story. He was born on a farm in Illinois about eighteen miles from East St. Louis. His parents were straight-laced Methodists. His father had been a school teacher, but had given up his work to go into the Civil War and on his return had taken up farming. He allowed no whiskey or playing cards in his home. Early in his boyhood Henry rebelled against the severe strictness of his home, often played hookey from school, and got into bad company. At eighteen he learned the trade of smith, but did not follow it at once. Instead, at twenty he became a member of the Belleville, Illinois, fire department. Three years later he was suspended for drunkenness.

Then he started out as an itinerant blacksmith. A less euphonious term would be more true to facts. After one season as blacksmith with Ringling Brothers Circus, he became a tramp, a hobo, working at his trade only long enough at a time to keep him in food and liquor.

One day, after having traveled over a large part of the West, he found himself lying outside of a small railroad station, dirty, hungry, much the worse from too much whiskey. He was so disgust-

ed with himself, "unfit to sleep in a decent man's bed," as he described it, that in his desperation he tried to pray. His prayer was: "God—if there is really a God—make a man of me."

A little later at Price, Utah, some Christian friends fed and clothed him and got him a job. Though he dates his conversion from the time he was twenty-five, he spent another eight years "on the road" following his trade as blacksmith in various places. For a time he shod mules in the Quartermaster Department of the U. S. Army. Again, he worked among the Indians at Ft. Duchesne.

After his conversion he spent some time with the Salvation Army. Then, at forty, he was ordained as a minister by the Christian Volunteer Mission in St. Louis.

He came to Fremont in 1917 and was licensed to preach as a "lay-preacher" in the Methodist Church. Since then he has preached regularly at mission stations in northern Indiana and Ohio. He is superintendent of the Sunday school in Fremont. He has earned his own living at his trade. He owns his home and has a little money laid away.

Ever since his conversion, moreover, he has conducted a one-man crusade against drunkenness. He is not in favor of a return of prohibition. "There has always been

drinking in the world; but a man can't be made to do right," he declares, "by putting him into jail. It is only the power of God, through the cross of Jesus Christ, that can change a man's heart. I saw the day when my parents could not help me. Only God could convert a person like me."

Today, at seventy-seven, he is still at his task. He works eight hours every day and often preaches several times on Sunday. He takes

pride in the fact that he is the only horseshoer left in all Steuben County. He lives simply and happily and firmly believes and preaches that the only cure for the vice of drunkenness is that expressed in his own poem:

There's a cure—for Jesus saves as well
From rum, from sin, from a drunk-
ard's hell;

Those who will honestly give up sin,
Seek His pardon and cleansing
within.



*Life and thought
in the Pacific*

8,000 Men Die

WM. HERBERT BLOUGH

HAVE you ever seen 8,000 men killed? I mean by slow attrition; by calculated precision firing; steel against flesh . . . steel from the air, from the land, from the surface of the sea and from under the sea; slowly but surely seeking out every hiding place, every protection formed both by man and by nature, until the last bit of quivering flesh could move no longer?

I have. I had a grandstand seat at a spectacle which by comparison makes an ancient Roman holiday seem like a Sunday school picnic. It was not men against men, with the ebb and flow of mass battle; waves of men now advancing, now retreating, until finally one wave breaks and makes a run for it. It was not actually seeing and hearing men die, with the sensibilities mercifully numbed by the excitement of the moment. No, it was not that easy to look at . . . an hour's excitement and it's all over.

For this was a new kind of war-

fare, with precision instruments and minutely timed organization. This was steel from the air, overwhelming in its devastation, driving the Japs into pill-boxes, block-houses, and underground. Then, more and still more steel from the air, from the sea and from the land . . . seeking out every crevice and every protection until 8,000 had died!

It lasted a week . . . this killing of 8,000. One had time to think . . . to feel . . . to meditate. They would not accept the offer of reasonable men to honorable surrender and humane treatment . . . these 8,000 who had been sent by power-crazed leaders to hold this mid-Pacific island. Was it fanaticism? Some said yes. But what is fanaticism; what is a fanatic; how does he get that way? Was it fear . . . fear of what we might do to them, or fear of the Hereafter which some men are taught to fear? Fear or fanaticism . . . these 8,000 died because they stood in the way of the rising tide of free

men on the march against the enslavement of humanity.

What does a fellow think about . . . watching 8,000 die? Listen to three U. S. Navy men as they stood high on the flying bridge of a ship in the lagoon of the Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands watching the greatest show of naval power in history to that date.

"The sooner we get rid of the rats the better." The first of the three men spoke, with two years of pent-up emotion finally released. His brother had been on Bataan, and nothing had been heard of him since its fall. "The only good Jap is a dead Jap."

"Oh, I know, you'll remind me that they are only cogs in a wheel, just like we are . . . that they have been taught for generations that what they are doing is right. But everyone knows right from wrong; and if the Japs don't, we'll have to kill every last one of them. Just because they have been taught that it's right to enslave everyone else, just because they think it's right, does not make it right. Right is right and wrong is wrong; that's all there is to it.

"Of course, it would be a lot easier on us if we did not have to come way out here to kill them off. I'd like to be at home with Betty and the kids right now. But every so often some men get the wrong ideas, so others have to kill off enough of them to teach them how

to behave themselves. There is always a right and a wrong side to every question. So I'm not worried about it; they asked for it and we'll give it to them."

As the first man finished speaking the shelling of a huge blockhouse was clearly visible off the starboard side. The second speaker took up the conversation.

"All right, fellows, let's agree that right is right and wrong is wrong. But what I'd like to know is—who or what makes right and wrong?" The speaker quickly warmed to his subject.

"It isn't a matter of right and wrong. It's not so simple as all that. What you have seen and heard for the past week is merely the momentary outward expression of eternal conflict, which is as universal as life itself; as continuous as all history of the past and future. Where you find life you find conflict.

"Now, I'm a doctor. I'm supposed to cure people of their ills. What is the basic fact in the practice of medicine? I'll tell you—it's conflict, or call it war if you want to. It amounts to the same thing. In every physical organism there is conflict between the factors which accelerate the life process and those factors which retard it. Even to maintain life, simply to continue its process, there is a conflict between germs which cause disease and the anti-bodies which fight

those germs. One destroys, and the other builds up by destroying the destroyers. What do I do with my medicine? All I can do is to send in 'shock troops,' as we might call them, which help the builders and hinder the destroyers. Sometimes we win the battle temporarily, and the patients get well. But in the end we always lose, for every living organism has its 'three score and ten.' The destroyer finally wins the day. The life process goes on in another organism, of course, but the original unit dies.

"And further, gentlemen, it's not only in the physical world that we find life a process of conflict, of warfare. Exactly the same thing is present in the social and economic activities of man. Take the struggle for social recognition as an example. Every man feels its urge. Whether we are conscious of it or not, the desire for greater and greater social recognition is there. And the effort, too. Don't forget that. One man's success is another man's failure, relatively speaking. And there you have the basic elements of conflict.

"What is modern business but conflict? It's controlled by social custom and law, of course, but nevertheless it's conflict, pure and simple. Some men go up; others go down. Two men can't have the same dollar, so they engage in economic warfare for it. And the game gets pretty rough at times.

"No, fellows, there is nothing to get excited about. What you see and hear over there is nothing but one more manifestation of life's universal and continuous conflict. It's more intense, perhaps, than that to which we are accustomed, but still it's nothing but life's basic process.

"Now if you'll excuse me I think I'll go over to port side and do a bit of fishing. The true fisherman can take anything in his stride."

"Wait a minute, men." The third man watching the battle was unwilling to leave the matter suspended on a 'so what' note, and to find escape through fishing.

"You have forgotten one vitally important factor which has had great influence in the affairs of man . . . the influence of ideas and ideals. No, don't interrupt; hear me out before you say there is nothing to it.

"You have correctly pointed out that the affairs of men are all too often ruled by unreasoned emotion, fortified by a conviction of absolute rightness. Also, it's true that revenge has frequently been the motivating force behind conflict, both between individuals and nations. But just because this has all too often been true does not mean that it has to be continued. We are capable of something better. On rare occasions we have seen it; perhaps we have experi-

enced it ourselves. A few choice souls in the world have proven its existence. Maybe some day enough of us can acquire it, and thus form a different basis for international relationships.

"Doctor, your appeal to the scientific world is almost convincing. If science included the whole of this thing we call life, I'd have to agree with you, and invite myself along on your fishing excursion. You base your argument on a world with man as an automaton. But there is more to life than the physical; yes, there is more to life than the often silly chasing around we do after social prestige and the almighty dollar.

"Man is more than emotion; yes, he is more than germs and anti-bodies. If man were nothing more than this, we would not be standing here discussing the issue. The very fact that we have presented three totally different ideas proves my point . . . that man's essential being is closely allied with

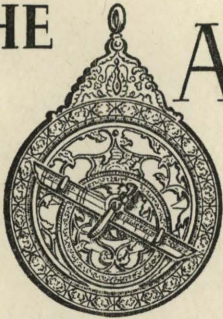
ideas. We know and are known only through those ideas we create, accept or express.

"Gentlemen, what you have seen and heard during the past week is the conflict between ideas or ideologies. Of course, personality is the center and core of life, but personality, in turn, is expressed only through ideas. Ideas need personality to instrument them. Now, it follows that when one idea or ideology conflicts with another, the issue can be decided only through personality. That's why you are witnessing the death of 8,000. They hold an idea which is repugnant, indeed which is feared by the rest of us. All they would have to do to save their lives is to give up the ideology for which they fight. That they will not do; so they must die.

"And let's hope and pray, and not forget again after this killing is all over, to the end that the ideology for which these 8,000 died . . . dies with them."




THE ASTROLABE



By

THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE MIRACLE OF MIGRATION

 Another month or six weeks, and the annual miracle of travel of migratory birds to their winter quarters will take place. High up, so high that only a good field glass can make out their species, the wedges of ducks and geese flying south and southeast can be made out, and down in Oklahoma, in Texas, in the delta of the Mississippi, and in the Everglades, there is the familiar sight of great swarms of birds settling down out of the stratosphere, in their winter nestings. How do they find their goal? What makes them head for this particular pool, or estuary, or lagoon, where they hibernated last year? The theory has been proposed lately that these migratory habits of birds can be explained by assuming that they use familiar landmarks, simple geographical features, streams, mountains, to

guide them to their destination. But while this may explain to some extent the homing of pigeons, it is a mistake to couple the words "homing" and "migration," as though they were different manifestations of a single phenomenon. One can not argue legitimately from the homing habits of pigeons to the migratory ways of other species. At any rate, how would the use of familiar landmarks explain the first annual migrations of the young of numerous species of birds which undertake their initial fall journey without knowledge of landmarks or the chaperonage of adults? And what about the birds that migrate by swimming? There are certain penguins, which cannot fly, yet migrate annually by swimming from the Antarctic to South America and back with infallible precision, through a murky ocean from

which they are presumably incapable of getting bearings and on which there exist no landmarks.


Prof. Wm. Rowan of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada, relates an experiment which is rather conclusive. On November 9, 1940, approximately a month after the last resident crow had gone south, he liberated fifty-four young crows of the year near Edmonton, Alberta, from the area on which they had been hatched and subsequently trapped as juveniles in July and August. They were merely held in a spacious flying cage during the intervening period; no adults were with them. By November 20th over 50 per cent had been retaken, the furthest 250 miles southeast of the point of liberation on a line directly joining Edmonton and central Oklahoma, the wintering ground of ninety-five per cent of Alberta crows. None of the birds recovered had deviated materially from this line and some of them were traveling at fifty miles per day, a remarkable rate for crows. The temperature was below zero and the ground blanketed with snow. They flew straight to their destination over territory on which not a single landmark could have raised familiar memories or been previously observed.

Do birds (and certain migra-

tory insects) possess a new sense organ, some natural radar equipment, by which, twice a year, in opposite directions, they are guided to their destinations? Science has no answer to this question.



A COLD, DEMOCRATIC PERIOD AHEAD

 Not so long ago we meditated on the theory of Prof. R. H. Wheeler, of the Psychology Department in the University of Kansas, basing certain cycles of history on progressively warmer or colder weather (see "A Better World in 1980," April *Astrolabe*, page 29). Adherents of this theory have lately been mightily encouraged by the report that the United States weather bureau has independently announced that the earth is passing from a hot period into a cycle of progressively colder weather and that a parallel transition took place between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Prof. Wheeler does not seem to mind that his work had not been mentioned in the announcement. "It's not uncommon for one investigator to come out with a discovery made by another, and it really doesn't disturb me in the least. I'm just pleased that their study confirms my research as far as the last cycle is

concerned." Then he added some interesting detail to the former elucidations of his theory. His faith in the effect of climate and weather on human activities is similar to that of the astrologer when he consults the constellations of the planets as he is about to cast his horoscope. As when he says:

During such periods as the one presumably ahead of us, major events are civil strife, class struggles, the revival of democratic ideas and institutions, decentralization of power, with chaos and anarchy in many places. There is usually a swing away from socialism and communism, away from dictators and fascism. It may be an era of franchise expansion, and on the whole of international good will because of the decline of nationalism.

"Nations rise and fall on tides of climatic change," he explained. "They rise on the transition from cold to warm and fall from warm to cold, each transition being manifested in an outbreak of wars.

"There has been a long time trend toward democracy with a subsequent reduction in the number of nations who actually want to start a war," Dr. Wheeler explained. "Possibly during the next cold period all nations will have become so democratic that they will never start another war!"


Even a brief survey of the distribution of wars during the past three or four hundred years will

demonstrate the weakness of the evidence. The professor admits the possibility of a temporary shift in the climatic period such as that around 1850 when the Crimean and Mexican wars were fought. A few abnormally hot years in the 1950's or '60's might bring on a war which would be short, but, "in view of modern scientific development, terrible."

The sequence of cold and warm cycles is not a matter of theory; it can be either proved or disproved by a reference to the records of the Weather Bureau. The bearing of such weather cycles upon human conduct is demonstrable only by evidence which has so many exceptions that it is valueless for purposes of prediction.



SCIENTISTS ARE PUSHED AROUND

 While no major progress in any field was reported to the scientists who met in St. Louis last spring at the annual Association gathering, the program was pretty well dotted with items indicating minor advances in the fields particularly of medicine, chemistry, and physics. It took a professor of philosophy to point out that, on the practical side, science has made life merely more comfortable, standardized, and medi-

ocre, climaxing all its work by developing a weapon for ending civilization. It was a Phi Beta Kappa address and the speaker was Dr. Irwin Edman of Columbia University. Add up the technical triumphs of science, he said, and the result indicates that science has complicated man's life rather than made it happier.

"It has not, on the one hand, provided enough things for all," he declared, "and it has, on the other, provided elaborate and spirit-destroying luxuries for a few. It has robbed the believer of beliefs he may have had about another world without providing any ultimate significance or meaning to this one." Mass production does not automatically distribute goods equitably; there is in capitalistic and other societies starvation amid plenty. Instantaneous communication has not produced an era of perpetual good feeling and mutual understanding among nations. The triumph of understanding that emerged in the control of nuclear energy has simply brought a fearful threat of destruction into the world.

It has been observed now for several centuries that, if progress be defined in terms of our moving toward a society all radiance and peace, science has been a human failure.

Chancellor Arthur H. Compton of Washington University, who

had introduced Dr. Edman, felt impelled to answer the indictment of science. In a brief statement, Dr. Compton said the purpose of science has been "not to bring man happiness but to make man great by giving him more powers through understanding." Rather well said, you will admit.

Over in England the British Association for the Advancement of Science provides the annual picnics for the intelligentsia. Interviewed by a newspaper man, George Bernard Shaw made some acid observations:

Science is obviously a good thing. Then what is the matter with scientists? Only that they are not scientific enough. Physiologists think science is a routine of put-up jobs in laboratories. Mathematicians and physicists will believe in nothing but equations and the square root of minus one. And now Sir Arthur Eddington tells us there are sixteen square roots of minus one. Nobody else, they contend, is scientific.

When I was 16 I believed everything that the scientists said. I was what you may call a scientific fundamentalist. Now that I am five times sixteen and have seen scientific facts crashing, one after the other, all my free-thinking skepticism challenges science and leaves the religious legends alone as comparatively harmless.

Shaw hastened to explain:

I am not suggesting a return to the methods of the middle ages. I should say that the medieval scientist worked

with one very anxious eye on the inquisition. And this irrelevant pre-occupation certainly did spoil his intellectual integrity very much.


I must now reveal that this interview was recorded several years ago, since, speaking today, Mr. Shaw would not have given utterance to the following thought which then sounded smart enough:

Of course, you cannot expect science to devote itself first and foremost to a study of the means to make domestic life more spacious and inspiring. Can you seriously suggest that Einstein should have devoted himself to perfecting the vacuum cleaner instead of finding out what was wrong with the perihelion of Mercury?

Mr. Shaw here refers to the discovery of the Law of Relativity. Yet, as results show, it would have been far better for humanity if Mr. Einstein had occupied his time in perfecting the vacuum cleaner, for out of his famous formula $E=mc^2$ has grown the atomic bomb.



NOAH'S ARK FOUND?

 The first World War was being fought when a Russian airman named Vladimir Roskovitsky, gliding down the slope of historic Mount Ararat in Armenia, saw a strange sight. A huge boat with an overall deck lay

stranded against the shore of a glacial lake. Circling his plane as low as he dared, he noted all the details visible from the air—the stubby masts and curved deck, built as though the vessel's designer expected waves to wash right over it.

His report was greeted with roars of laughter, but when the captain of the squadron went aloft and circled the mountain himself, he came back with the announcement: "I believe what we have seen is Noah's Ark." The story is told in the magazine *March of Progress*, issue of March, 1946, published in the Pontiac Building at Chicago. The name of the writer is Henry Charles Suter, who is introduced editorially as familiar to readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and "many other literary as well as religious periodicals." He says that when the story of the finding of the Ark reached Moscow, two companies of soldiers were sent to investigate. Scaling precipitous cliffs and making their way over ice-fields, they finally reached the vessel, measured it, made drawings of it, and photographed it inside and out. As Mr. Suter tells the story, the boat was found to contain hundreds of compartments, in keeping with the Lord's instructions to Noah: "Rooms shalt thou make in the Ark." Some were very spa-

cious, presumably to accommodate the larger animals—elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses. Others had high ceilings, probably for the giraffes and camels, like the monkey houses in a zoo. Some had rows of tiny bars along the front, as if for the multitude of birds.

A few days after records of this investigation had been sent to Russia, the revolution broke out, and all the documents and photographs were destroyed, presumably by those who sought to destroy belief in things Biblical.

But this is not the end of the story. The scene now shifts to Turkey, where certain officials, hearing vague accounts of the Russian investigation of a few years before, sent an expedition to the scene. After great hardships the men reached the scene and found the vessel. It was in good condition, but embedded in ice. And they found that the wood was the "gopher" referred to in Gen-

esis, and that also the dimensions of the ship checked perfectly with those given in the Bible. The question of how a vessel built of even the stoutest wood, and "pitched within and without with pitch," could withstand the ravages of five thousand years was answered by the report of an old resident who explained that some fifty years ago huge blocks of ice were torn off the summit of Ararat, and one of these contained the Ark.

But there is still something to be told. Mr. Suter refers to a certain Archdeacon Nouri of Jerusalem and Babylon, a learned man and a noted traveler. With some companions he explored the mountain and after thorough examination of the ship declared his conviction, "I am very positive we are beholding the Ark of Noah."

The reasons for our complete scepticism regarding these accounts we shall set forth in next month's *Astrolabe*.




Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

 I know nothing whatever about navigation, and my ability to judge distances is worth far less than a small sack of peanuts. Nevertheless, nothing can keep me from guessing. My guesses may be pitifully wide of the mark; but for one reason or another they often give me more pleasure than I derive from cold computations.

At the present moment the boat on which I am sailing is—so I guess—not far from the middle of Chesapeake Bay. I am overwhelmed by the majesty of the sea. The mighty waters are calm, and the light of the moon lends its own unforgettable magic to the view.

I think of the sea as composers have tried to suggest it in tone. Anton Rubinstein, one of the Titans of the piano keyboard, once wrote a symphony dealing with the ocean. For many years I have been longing to hear that work—

not because I delude myself into believing that it is a masterpiece but because there are times when I have an almost overpowering desire to become acquainted with compositions which live on and on in the black and white of the history books without ever making their way into the concert halls.

Rubinstein was not a great composer. His *Melody in F* continues to bewitch those who like it and to annoy those who consider it cloying. His *Staccato Etude* still fascinates pianists who have wrists of the finest steel. His little *Romance*, his *Kammenoi-Ostrow*, one of his piano concertos, and some of his songs bid fair to remain alive for a long, long time. Nevertheless, Rubenstein the pianist was far more important than Rubinstein the composer.

I have wished more than once that in Rubinstein's days the pho-

nograph and the art of recording could have rendered to music the inestimably great service which it renders in our time. Then we who never had the opportunity to hear the famous Titan in the flesh could feast our ears and our minds on his fabulous artistry. In all probability there would be a recording of Rubinstein's intensely dramatic way of performing Liszt's transcription of Schubert's *Der Erlkönig*. Maybe a few of the bushels of wrong notes which, according to numerous reports, persisted in making their way into much of his playing would have been preserved for posterity. Doubtless there would be a recorded reading of the *Ocean Symphony*, the work about which we often read but never hear.

Conductors sometimes revive compositions which, in the judgment of most savants, have long since gone the way of all flesh. Why do they never resurrect the *Ocean Symphony*? Many listeners clamor loudly and persistently for new works on the programs of our symphony orchestras. I applaud their clamoring with whole-hearted enthusiasm; but I often think of organizing a society for the systematic resurrection of compositions which are looked upon as hopelessly dead—or as stillborn. I am sure that many would join me in listening with bated breath to performances of, let us say, Joa-

chim Raff's *Lenore Symphony*, Tschaikovsky's *First*, and Rubinstein's *Ocean Symphony*.

A Work by Debussy

As I continue to muse while looking at the calm waters of Chesapeake Bay, I think of a work which I have heard many times and which, in my opinion, is a great masterpiece. It is Claude Debussy's *La Mer (The Sea)*. I know that there is turbulence in Debussy's score—a turbulence of which the Chesapeake Bay, too, is capable when wild winds lash its waters.

Some commentators poke fun at *La Mer*. To them it is a hodgepodge of heterogeneous noises. They look upon Debussy as a reckless adventurer who turned up his nose at the rule books because, to their thinking, he was utterly unable to master the rules. Have they ever heard or read that the famed Frenchman was subjected to rigorous training at the Paris Conservatory and that he was an honor student? Debussy did not flout laws and rules because they were beyond his ken; he sometimes cast them to the winds because he was a prophet who developed a language all his own—a language teeming with color, a language which many composers have tried in vain to imitate.

Yes, would-be imitators of Debussy have been almost as numer-

ous as his detractors. Sometimes, it is true, protagonists do more harm to his cause than it is possible for out-and-out enemies to accomplish; but Debussy has triumphantly withstood the tragic blindness of many of those who, for reasons of fashion or pretentiousness, profess to worship at his shrine.


The terminology applied to music is often woefully inept. Think, for example, of the word "impressionistic." What does it mean? Is it safe to say that Debussy's *La Mer* is bound to give you an impression of the sea even if you hear it without knowing its title and its subtitles? Many think so. In my opinion they are tragically wrong. Debussy knew that it was, and is, impossible for any composer actually to *describe* the sea in tone. Furthermore, it was evident to him that an attempted description which might seem clear to one listener might appear hopelessly muddled to another. What, then, *could* he do? What *did* he do? He *could*, and *did*, put on paper his own impressions of the sea, and, with the help of the proper titles and subtitles, he said to the listeners: "These, ladies and gentlemen, are *my own* impressions. They do not pretend to be descriptions. Music, you see, is neither painting nor photography in the strict sense of those two words. In *La Mer* I have undertaken to suggest some aspects of the sea. Be-

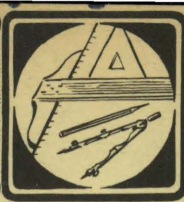
yond this no composer is ever able to go. I have written *my own impressions*, and I hope that you will regard them as such and that your own impressions will agree with mine."

Now you know what I mean when I speak of blind worshipers of Debussy. They say to themselves and to others: "*La Mer* is a graphic *description* of the sea. Yes, it's impressionistic; but it creates impressions which tally exactly with nature. Debussy painted the sea in tone just as a master of the brush would paint it on canvas. Even if you heard the work without knowing its title and subtitles, you would be bound to think of the sea."

Tommyrot! Debussy was a great artist. He was not naive in his thinking about music.

La Mer a Masterpiece?

 *La Mer* has three subtitles: *From Dawn Till Noon on the Sea*, *Play of the Waves*, and *Dialogue of Wind and Sea*. If you listen to the work without a knowledge of its title and its subtitles, you will, in all likelihood, try to guess what its purport is, just as I am trying to guess on what part of Chesapeake Bay this boat is sailing at the present time. Maybe you will have no thought of the sea while hearing the composition. But you will not be guilty of an unpardonable crime if you feel



Churches from Coast to Coast

"What is a church?" Let Truth and reason speak,
They would reply, "The faithful, pure and meek,
From Christian folks, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."

CRABBE—THE BOROUGH

SINCE we traveled westward last month and viewed some of the great churches across the continent, it might be well for us to start in California this time with some of the interesting missions to be found there.

The Royal Presidio at Monterey, California, was begun about 1793 and is perhaps the last remnant of the Spanish fort at that place.

The Mission at Santa Barbara is one of the most picturesque of all the Spanish missions in California. The older building was destroyed by the earthquake of 1812 and the present structure has been standing for more than 125 years.

In sharp contrast to the splendor of the Spanish missions is the Old Russian Chapel at Fort Ross, California. This settlement was begun in 1812 in an effort to obtain Spanish trade along the California shore. The little building was decorated in the interior with paintings brought from Russia. Since 1928 the Chapel has been restored and marked with a bronze tablet.

Speaking of churches that have a nationalistic background, we span the continent to find Old Swede's Church around which the city of Wilmington, Delaware, has grown. The church was dedicated on Trinity Sunday in 1699. It is one of the oldest Lutheran churches in America.

Near Norristown, Pennsylvania, there stands the Norriton Presbyterian Church, erected in 1698. A log church occupied the site as early as 1660. The Quakers have one of their oldest churches in Easton, Maryland. It was built in 1684 of massive timbers and is still serviceable today.

A good place to end the summer pilgrimage would be in the city of New York where St. Paul's is the only surviving ecclesiastical relic of New York's Colonial era. James Montgomery who died at Quebec in 1775 is buried beneath the altar, and George Washington attended services there regularly with his wife during the years when New York was the nation's capital.

It is good to be reminded of how well men built in the days when God and Christ were for them the whole hope and meaning of the world. It is a certainty that the only hope of the world still lies in that same direction.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN.

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Photo courtesy Hotel Del Monte

Royal Presidio, Monterey, California

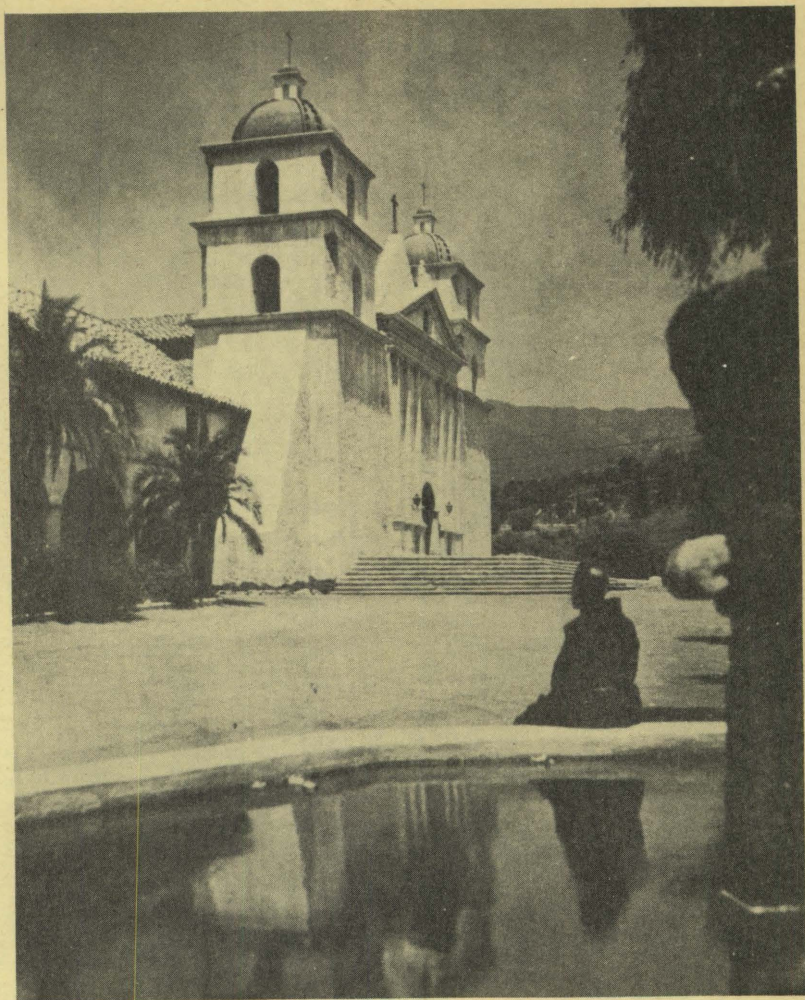


Photo courtesy Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce

Mission Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara, California

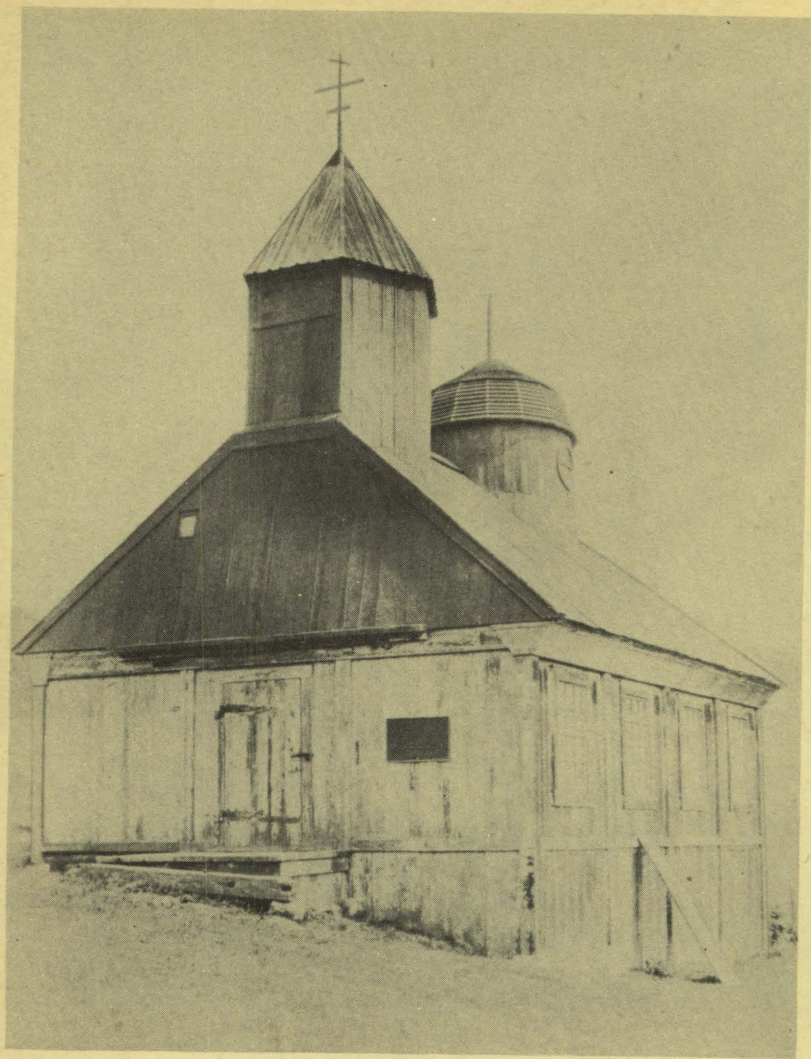


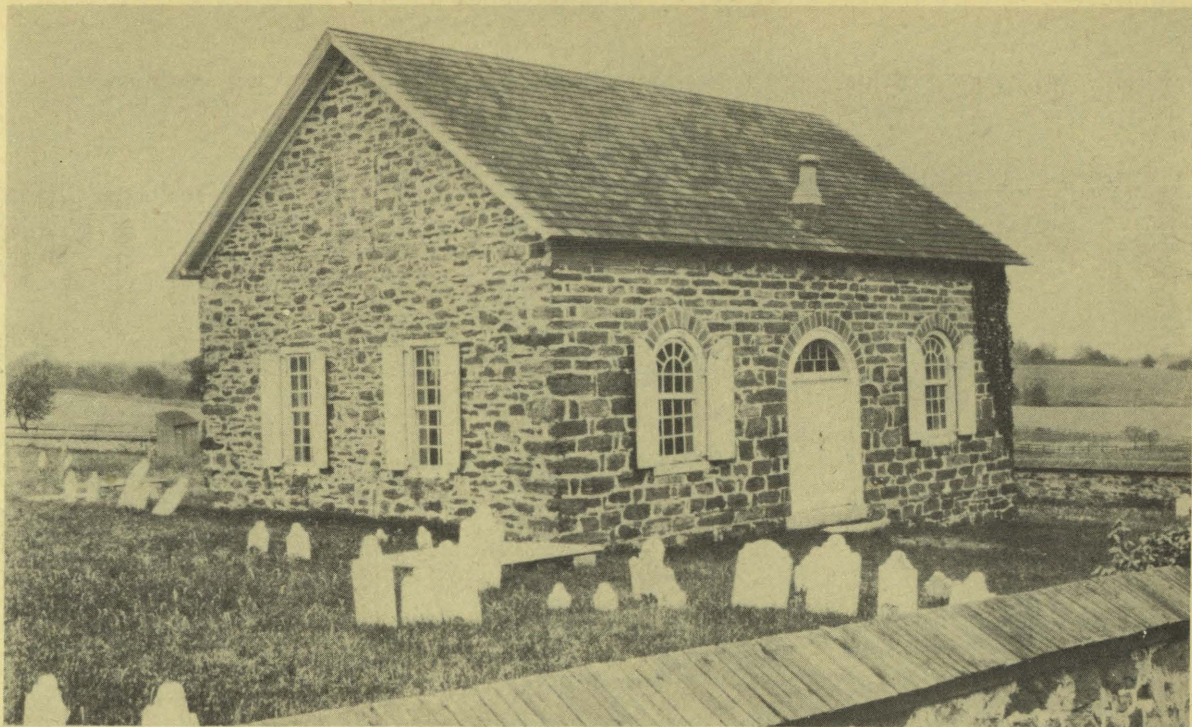
Photo courtesy W. H. Turk

Old Russian Chapel, Fort Ross, California



Photo by Sanborn Studio

Old Swedes' Church, Wilmington, Delaware



From Wallace's "Colonial Churches and Meeting Houses," Courtesy Architectural Book Publishing Co.

Norriton Presbyterian Church, Norristown, Pennsylvania

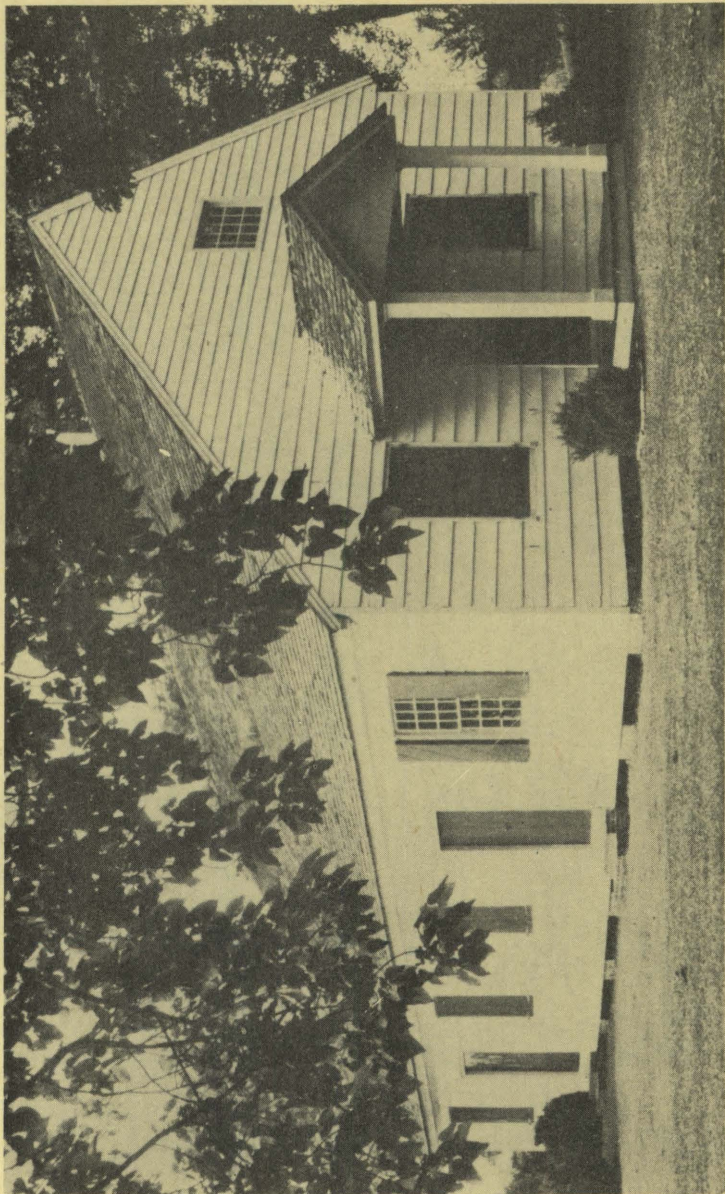


Photo courtesy James Dixon

Friends Meeting House, Easton, Maryland

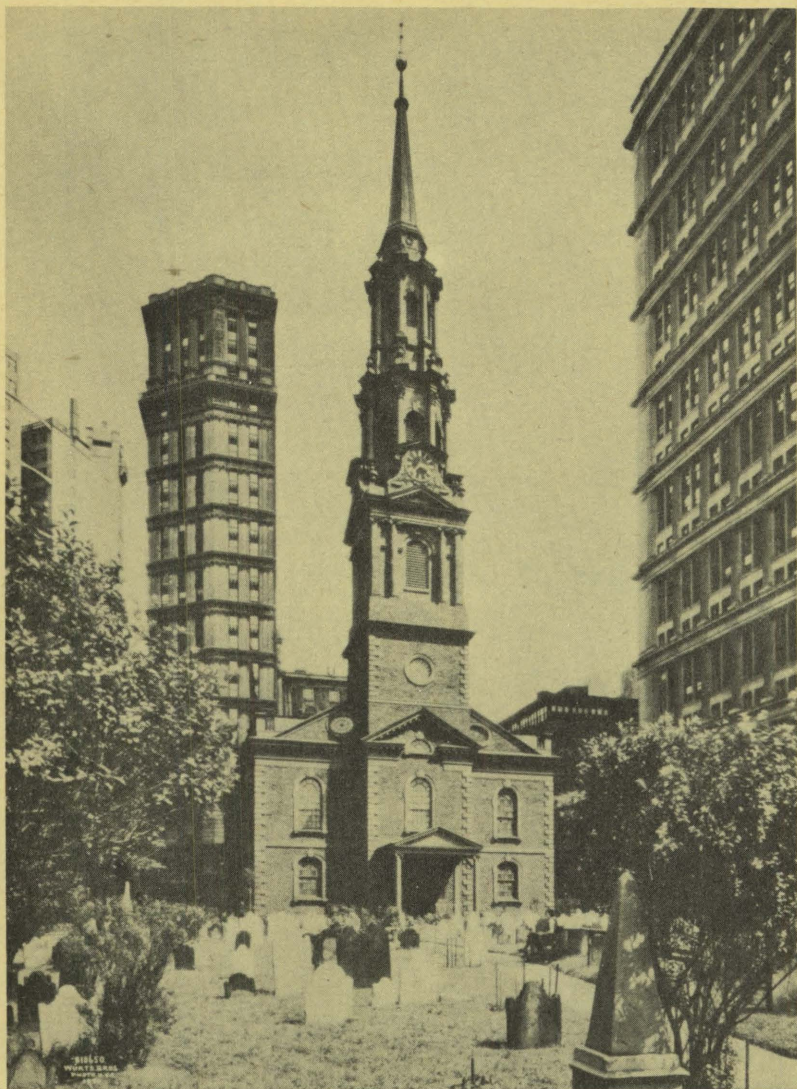


Photo by Wurts Bros.

St. Paul's Chapel, New York City

sure that Debussy had something else in mind when he wrote the work. After learning, however, exactly what the composer's intention was when he devised the score of *La Mer*, you have the right either to applaud or to condemn what he has done. You may conclude, "This work has nothing in the wide world to do with the sea—except that it makes me seasick," or you may agree heart and soul with me when I call *La Mer* a great masterpiece.

By the way, what makes a masterpiece a masterpiece? Or, to be more specific and to avoid a long-winded discourse, what is a masterpiece *to you* and what is a masterpiece *to me*? Some say that any work of art which is fashioned with superior skill, evokes widespread and unequivocal approbation, and has permanent value is a masterpiece. They refer to Homer's *Iliad*, for example, to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, to Goethe's *Faust*, to Rafael's *Sistine Madonna*, to Michael Angelo's *Moses*, to Beethoven's *Fifth*, to Bach's *Mass in B Minor*, to Wagner's *Ring*, or to the Washington Cathedral, which I intend to visit in a day or two. But let us assume that you or I do not take pleasure in the *Ring* or in *Hamlet*. May we say in that case that, in our opinion and according to our taste, neither the *Ring* nor *Hamlet* is a masterpiece?

Fortunately, we have every right to do so—even if by reaching and expressing such a conclusion we offend the pundits to the very quick. In other words, it is our privilege to use our own likes and dislikes as a basis of judgment. Is it not true that the study of literature and the fine arts becomes infinitely more fascinating if we recognize everyone's inalienable right to exercise individual and wholly subjective judgment? Those who do so are not necessarily spurning laws, rules, and principles that have come down through the ages as basic and inviolate; they are merely declaring in all honesty that such laws, rules, and principles mean little or nothing to them.

No one can prevent his neighbor from saying: "To my thinking Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* is anything but a masterpiece, even though all the keen-witted critics of the world have declared it to be an achievement of that nature. I have no desire whatever to belittle Bach's ability, nor do I find fault with anyone who is convinced that the *Well-Tempered Clavichord* is a great work; but I must reckon with the ice-cold fact that the work does not appeal to me. It may be a masterpiece according to every tenet and canon of the tonal art; but it positively is not a masterpiece *to me*. On the other hand, Hoagy Carmichael's

Star Dust is, as I see it, a work far superior in every way to Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord*. It thrills me to the marrow. Therefore I must conclude for myself that *Star Dust* is a masterpiece."

Well, I myself happen to regard Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* and Debussy's *La Mer* as masterpieces and to look upon *Star Dust* as an abomination, not because I cajole myself into believing that on the basis of immutable and sacrosanct laws I am able to provide proof which will convince everyone who listens to me but because I am thrilled by the *Well-Tempered Clavichord* and by *La Mer* and because *Star Dust* causes me to feel excruciating pains. I refuse to quarrel with those who disagree with me; for I recognize their inalienable right to condemn the *Well-Tempered Clavichord* and *La Mer* from the depths of

their souls and to make the welkin ring with their praises of *Star Dust*. Bear in mind, however, that such condemning and such extolling spring wholly and solely from the taste and the background of the individual.

Once upon a time I heard a man assert that he considered the late Harold Bell Wright a greater writer than Shakespeare. My first impulse was to turn on my heels in disdain and despair; but I acknowledged that man's right to judge for himself and, above all, to be true to himself.

The recorded reading of Debussy's *La Mer* by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky (Victor Album 643) will, I am sure, strengthen anyone in the conviction that only a master can do full justice to a masterpiece.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

RANDALL THOMPSON. *The Testament of Freedom: A Setting of Four Passages from the Writings of Thomas Jefferson*. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky, with the Harvard Glee Club, of which G. Wallace Woodworth is the conductor.—This impressive composition was written in commemoration of the bicentennial of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. It is presented in a manner altogether in keeping with the excellent qual-

ity of the writing. Victor Album 1054. \$4.04.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. *Stars and Stripes Forever*. JOHANN STRAUSS. *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka*. The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Toscanini's reading of Sousa's stirring march is spine-tingling; his performance of the engaging Strauss polka is as delightful as anything can be. Victor disc 11-9188. \$1.05.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. *Semper Fidelis*.

FRANZ LEHAR. *Gold and Silver Waltz*. Sigmund Romberg and his Orchestra.—These splendid recordings deserve, and will undoubtedly win, widespread popularity. Victor disc 11-9221. \$1.05.

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON. *My Country*, based on music by Franz Liszt, and *Marie Antoinette*, based on music by Felix Mendelssohn. Lauritz Melchior, tenor; Nadine Connor, soprano; and an orchestra and a chorus under the direction of Charles Previn.—It is always a joy to hear the glorious voice of the

great *Heldentenor*. In addition to the two sequences from the recent M-G-M movie, Melchior sings *The House I Live In*, by Lewis Allan-Earl Robinson, and the *Serenade* from Sigmund Romberg's *The Student Prince* with an orchestra and a chorus under Jay Blackston.

GEORGE GERSHWIN. *Summertime*, from *Porgy and Bess*. HOAGY CARMICHAEL. *Star Dust*. Eleanor Steber, soprano, with an orchestra under Jay Blackston.—Uncommonly fine singing of two compositions widely different in character and in worth. Victor disc 11-9186. \$1.05.



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



Land of Darkness

I CHOSE FREEDOM: The Personal and Political Life of a Soviet Official. By Victor Kravchenko. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1946. 496 pages. \$3.50.

ON April 1, 1944, Victor Kravchenko, an official of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington, broke with the Soviet regime and denounced its policies. His action, as may be remembered, created quite a stir at the time. In this book Kravchenko explains and justifies his defection by telling the story of his life as he lived it in Russia from 1905 to 1943.

Born in Yekaterinoslav in the Ukraine in 1905, the son of a revolutionary worker who spent many years in czarist prisons, Kravchenko was early inoculated with hatred for tyranny and love of liberty. When czarism fell after the First World War, he was eager, like many other young Russians, to help build the better Russia of the future. He worked in mines; he served as a frontier guard

in Central Asia. In 1929 he joined the Communist Party and soon thereafter was selected for training as an engineer. The first doubts of the Communist regime were sowed in his mind when, in 1931, he saw with what callous brutality collectivization of farming was forced through, millions of peasants being deliberately starved to death.

As the author rose in his profession, he became more and more aware of the close espionage maintained by the regime over all Russians, including Communists of all ranks. Then, in December, 1934, the assassination of Stalin's close friend Kirov set off the Great Purge, which ran on for years and was carried out with total disregard for anything but the will and whim of the rulers. The theatrical trials of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and other Old Bolsheviks and of Marshal Tukhachevsky and other military leaders received world-wide attention, but the fact that about ten million lesser men were purged at the same time hardly became known. More than half of the members of the Com-

munist Party were expelled; only about twenty of the 138 members of the Central Committee remained. "For sheer scale," writes Kravchenko, "I know of nothing in all human history to compare with this purposeful and merciless persecution in which tens of million Russians suffered directly or indirectly. Genghis Khan was an amateur, a muddler, compared to Stalin."

Millions of the purged were sent to forced labor camps where they were treated worse than animals. A rule of terror from which no one but Stalin was exempt was riveted on the Russian people by the N.K.V.D., the secret police. Workers were bound to their machines as they had been bound to the land under czarism. If they were more than twenty minutes late to work they were sentenced to prison or to forced labor. Every last vestige of freedom in thought or action was rooted out. Fear, misery, and want stalked the land which was referred to as the "happy socialist fatherland."

Kravchenko had his own troubles with the N.K.V.D., but escaped their clutches. He rose to ever higher positions and finally found himself head of a department of Sovnarkom, the Council of Peoples' Commissars, in Moscow. Here he saw the war effort of Russia from behind the scenes and so describes it. He had, however, long been deeply disgusted with the tyranny, the oppression, the heartlessness, and the hypocrisy of Stalin's regime, so that when he was offered the opportunity of going to America as a Russian representative, he used it as a chance to escape from prison.

I Chose Freedom is very well written. It deserves to rank as literature, dark and terrible though some of its pages are. The best guarantee of its veracity is that it furnishes a full explanation for much that has puzzled Americans: the treatment of our correspondents and others in Russia during the war; the standoffishness of Russia toward its allies; its unwillingness to come to an understanding and to cooperate with Britain and America; the "iron curtain" that separates it from the rest of the world. All these things are ultimately explained by the fact that if darkness is to reign in a given place all light must be carefully kept out.

Ulterior and Barren

THE IDEA OF CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS OR GOD IN MAN. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1946. 266 pages. \$2.75.

OF this volume *Time* says that it is "probably the most devout book ever written by an unbeliever: it suggests that Santayana is a far better Christian, and scarcely less orthodox, than the vast majority of believers." This dictum sets one to wondering whether *Time's* reviewer really read the book, or if he did, where he picked up his curious notion of Christian orthodoxy.

Santayana is entering on his eighty-fourth year some time during this twelvemonth. He remains true in this book to his humanistic materialism. Religion for him is poetry and myth, symbolizing human valuations and aspirations; God is merely a compos-

ite picture of the qualities that the human spirit considers good. There is no immortality, no supernatural realm: only a universe of matter in mechanical motion.

From this standpoint Santayana's study of the idea of Christ in the gospels proceeds. The first chapter deals with Inspiration, a force that "does not invade us from outside, but on the contrary springs from an innate poetic fertility and suppressed dreamfulness in the psyche." The gospels, accordingly, can lay no claim to historic truthfulness, though Santayana is broadminded enough "not to say that an inspired writer may never report anything that is historically true." (They may occasionally, we take it, make a lucky historical bull's-eye with some such statement as that the Egyptians lived in Egypt or that Nebuchadnezzar was king of Babylon.) Yet the author feels that no harm is done if literal truth is lacking—provided only that what is said is true "to the heart," as are for example the allegories and fables of the Greeks.

In this sense Santayana passes in review the picture of Christ as it is drawn in the gospels and finds it true to the heart. Santayana was only nine years old when he left his native Spain, but though he quotes his Bible references from the King James version, various holdovers appear from the Catholicism that he has renounced, e.g., a decided taste for Mariolatry.

The second part of the book deals with "Uterior Considerations." Here the question canvassed is: "How far is this idea of Christ, as being God in

man, a philosophical idea, valid for all men and in all religions?" The conclusion at which Santayana arrives, after lengthy vague and poetic meanderings, is this: The idea of God "represents dramatically the contact of [the human] spirit with all external powers." The idea of Christ, then, being the idea of God in man signifies "the complete triumph of spirit over the other elements of human nature."—A decidedly "ulterior" result, we should say, and one that is pitiable and barren—just one of the many ways in which a man may deny the Lord that bought him.

Woolcott Speaking

THE PORTABLE WOOLLCOTT, A One-Volume Edition of His Own Best-Loved Work. Selected by Joseph Hennessey. Introduction by John Mason Brown. The Viking Press, New York. 1946. 735 pages, indexed. \$2.00.

THE late and now legendary Town Crier of the Air is here featured in a surprisingly good collection of his representative writings which were composed for magazines and for broadcasts. It is difficult to conceive of any reader's not knowing from previous acquaintance at least one-fifth of these selected sketches and letters; nevertheless, to read the others is worthwhile too. The introduction by Brown is itself stimulating.

Best of the incidental pieces is, in our opinion, "When Birnam Wood Did Come to Dunsinane." The story behind the story of the actor James K. Hackett is revealed with more than gossip effect and in a gracious man-

ner, gaily, humorously, with felicity of words. Such qualities give Woollcott a claim to literary fame. Ample variety is available in *While Rome Burns* and *Long, Long Ago*, both of these long works being reprinted complete. Woollcott's range of topics is impressive.

Samuel Hopkins Adams' recent exhaustive study, *A. Woollcott: His Life and His World*, gave much pertinent information about this widely known American who did almost no creative writing but who excelled in critical talent. *The Portable Woollcott* shows this talent at work. Much of the content is ephemeral, but the critic's arrows are showered in so many directions that only a cynic could find no pleasure in at least part of this assortment.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Brown Brothers

I SEE THE PHILIPPINES RISE.

By Carlos P. Romulo. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 1946. 263 pages. \$2.75.

BRIG. GEN. CARLOS ROMULO deserves the plaudits of the American and Philippine people for his warmly intelligent presentation of the Philippine campaign from the dark days of Bataan to the time of his country's liberation from the hated Japanese in his latest book, *I See the Philippines Rise*.

This treatise is particularly timely because the independence of the Philippines became a reality, after many years of indecision on the part of the American people, on July 4 of this year.

It is well that we Americans know our "brown brothers" better so that we might understand more fully how well they have learned the lesson of democracy, and it is right that the Filipinos should salute their topflight general, who is the Philippine resident commissioner in Washington, D. C., for his able description of the courageous part the natives played in this war.

The story that Romulo tells is human, tragic, and intensely interesting. But, above all, it is not a typical army account of one phase of World War II, but a vivid story well told of Americans and Filipinos alike.

Romulo, who is generally well respected in this country, is reported by the American press as being considered by President Manuel Roxas as the first Philippine ambassador to the United States. When it comes to writing the general is no novice. He is a former newspaper correspondent, and has had three other books published: *My Brother Americans*, *Mother America*, and *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines*.

He saw the war firsthand, and had a price placed on his head by the Jap warlords. He was with Gen. MacArthur in the Tunnel on Corregidor and was brought off Bataan in a last minute escape ordered by MacArthur. He was in one of the first waves to hit the Philippine soil on Leyte, and later was among the early entrants into ravaged Manila.

He didn't remain with MacArthur throughout the entire war, although he should have liked nothing better. He spent several years in Washington as the voice of the Filipinos to the

U. S. Congress and to America at large.

Gen. Romulo in his book proves to be somewhat of a dramatist, although he may not have meant to be. Throughout his account he reveals the anxiety he is feeling for his family, which he had to leave behind. The anxiety, of course, is very human. Throughout the early chapters he spreads rumors and veiled reports that have reached him, but saves his climax in true novel fashion.

Essentially, however, *I See the Philippines Rise* is not a tale of Gen. Romulo but, more significantly, it is the story of the Filipinos' struggle for the democratic way that is America.

HERBERT T. STEINBACH

Unorthodox Essays

DICKENS, DALI AND OTHERS.

By George Orwell. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1946. 243 pages. \$2.50.

THE irresponsibility of the "decent man" is the grievous fault which Orwell uncovers in these essays. He finds his contemporaries living in various fools' paradises, secure in ignorance or in fantasy, while the morbid forces of destruction strengthen themselves unopposed.

Of these ten essays, written during the last seven years, only the one on Dickens is concerned with a figure not contemporary. In Orwell's analysis, Dickens stands as an example of both the responsible and the irresponsible "decent man." His message, Orwell finds "is one that at first glance looks like an enormous platitude: If men

would behave decently the world would be decent." But Dickens failed to think through the social problems of his day until he could see them as parts of a whole. Therefore although he is claimed as their prophet by Conservatives and Proletarians, Orwell finds that he did not stand very firmly on any of their platforms. On the other hand Orwell admires him for being free from the pride and the malignity of these "little orthodoxies"; actually he was a man who was "generously angry"—"a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred" by the contending parties of our own time. And in view of the current perversion of ends by means perhaps his platitudinous message is more profound than it at first appears.

One of the "little orthodoxies" that irritate Orwell is headed by H. G. Wells. As late as 1941, for example, Wells was still refusing to take Hitler and the German Army seriously because they were unacceptable to enlightened people. In answer, Orwell points out: "Hitler is a criminal lunatic and Hitler has an army of millions of men, aeroplanes in thousands, tanks in tens of thousands. For his sake a great nation has been willing to overwork itself for six years and then to fight for two years more, whereas for the common-sense, essentially hedonistic world-view which Mr. Wells puts forward, hardly a human creature is willing to shed a pint of blood. . . . The energy that actually shapes the world springs from emotions . . . which liberal intellectuals mechanically write off as anachronisms. . . ." According to Orwell, the

refusal to come to grips with these facts is the sin of the contemporary "decent man."

In "Raffles and Miss Blandish" Orwell notes the deterioration of the contemporary detective story in the direction of sadism and masochism. In an essay on "Boys' Weeklies" he observes a recent tendency to glorify an amoral superman who smashes his way forward with whatever brutality the moment suggests. In the essay on Dali he assails those artists who claim "benefit of clergy"—the exemption of art from moral criticism; the position that what is morally degrading cannot be aesthetically right is fallacious, but no more so than the position that what is esthetically right cannot be morally degrading; few dare admit that an artist may be at once a "brilliant draughtsman" and a "dirty little scoundrel."

An extraordinary essay is the one on Donald McGill comic postcards of the seaside variety. These Orwell finds vulgar but seldom infringing a conventional folk-morality. He concludes that although in life people cheerfully accept the blood, sweat, and tears, they demand an outlet also for the "Sancho Panza" element in them that parodies all this.

Good Collection

MASTERWORKS OF ECONOMICS. Edited by Leonard Dalton Abbott. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N. Y., 1946. 754 pages. \$4.00.

THIS book is the first one in a series of volumes of complete or condensed classics in the principal fields

of human thought and knowledge. Their value lies mainly in the fact that about ten vital documents from ancient to modern times are brought together in one volume and carefully edited by specialists.

It is deplorable that knowledge of the classics of the world's scientific literature is usually derived from those who interpret, and, consciously or unconsciously, frequently misinterpret, them. Only in rare cases does an interpretation of a great book do full justice to the original. Therefore the edition, in convenient form, of such volumes as mentioned above is to be welcomed by all serious students of human thought.

No economist will find fault with the selection of well-chosen parts from the famous writings of Turgot, Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, Marx, and Henry George. Opinions will doubtless differ concerning the other authors included in the small group of representatives of original economic thought. In the absence of any outstanding theoretical exponent of mercantilism Thomas Mun might serve just as well as several equally distinguished representatives of this economic idea. We doubt whether the outstanding but really not sufficiently original re-statement of the liberal economic theory by John Stuart Mill deserves a place in this book. Our most serious objection is raised against the inclusion of Thorstein Veblen in the list of well-established classical writers in economics. We believe that as yet we have not acquired the proper perspective to pass a conclusive opinion concerning the permanent value of recent contributions

to the field of economics. In the selection of contemporary authors as *classical* writers we are bound to be guided by various subjective preferences, perhaps even, as we may suggest in this case, by national prejudices. In our opinion it would have been more appropriate and wiser to conclude the book with a judicious survey of the more recent principal contributions made by economists from all over the world, as, for instance, the Nationalists, the Historical School, the Subjectivists and so-called Austrians, the Kathedersozialisten, the Christian Socialists, and the Institutionalists.

F. K. KRUGER

Greek Superman

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON, The Journey to World's End. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday & Co., Garden City. 1946. 402 pages with index and maps. \$3.50.

OUT of the welter of so-called fictionized biography, so much in vogue in recent years, there now and again emerges a book which justifies the form. Like Robert Graves, Harold Lamb is one of the rare few who have the gift to visualize a past epoch, and the craft to give it meaning and form. He is first of all a scholar who is careful of his facts, then an artist who knows how to interrelate them and arrange them into a pattern conveying to the reader if not the truth itself (that is, in a photographic sense), then the soul of that truth in the artist's sense.

Thus, of his *Alexander*, as of his earlier *Genghis Khan*, *Tamerlane*,

and *The Crusades*, it may be said that certain things in it never happened exactly that way; but it is not possible to say that they could not have happened. As the biographer of the colorful East and Near East, Harold Lamb has won high critical praise and a medal from the Persian government for his careful research.

Two things concern the author greatly: the characters and the background, and of these the title character is the more important. History thus comes to life. As every man belongs to his age, so the canvas is filled with the spirit of the age. Moreover, this is not the Alexander who was made the center of a cluster of medieval legends comparable to those of the Carolingian and Arthurian cycles. Rather, here is a sensible picture of a man on the path of discovery to the very Pillars of Hercules.

Prominent among persons you will meet in the twenty-two chapters of this book are Aristotle, Ptolemy, Demosthenes, Thais, Parmenio, Nearchus, Xenophon, Xerxes, Memnon, and Alexander's famous father Philip. Additional to the expected groups are the Magians, the Zarathustrians, the Scythians, and the Spartans.

The story itself begins some 2200 years ago with Alexander a boy of twelve in the city of Pella. It moves fairly quickly through such places as Thebes, Sardis, Persepolis, Tyre, Troy, Susa, etc., concluding with Alexander's unexpected death in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon—his dream of dominion as lord of Eurasia only half completed in his thirty-second year. The full portrait has verisimilitude and the classical

style of writing never permits the natural drama of events to pass into melodrama.

The merit of this work is not alone its reconstruction of an heroic age through the experiences of its outstanding leader, but especially its emphasis that Alexander was not setting up a Greek system in Asia.

His new imperium can best be called Macedonian-Persian—a world state fashioned out of Macedonian leadership, upon Persian concepts. More than that, it was something new under the sun.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Good Land—Strange People

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRY: An Island on the Land. By Carey McWilliams. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York. 378 pages. \$3.75.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRY is one of a series of geographical books which make up the *American Folkways*, each written by different authors.

Securing his historical data from a great variety of sources, Author Carey McWilliams places an unbiased stamp on his account. He communicates the evil with the good.

While the book is interesting and can be enjoyed by a casual reader, it will never receive great popular acclaim. However, the student of geography and American history can unearth from its pages some pertinent data, and the lover of Southern California folklore can find many topics with which to kindle a debate.

McWilliams, as an example, strips the famed California Missions of

much of their glamour, and adherents of the Mission will certainly not love him for such a statement as this: "With the best theological intentions in the world, the Franciscan padres eliminated Indians with the effectiveness of Nazis operating concentration camps."

Then again he writes, "Certainly the materials so laboriously collected by Dr. Cook conclusively refute the impression of abundance and liberality, or an easy-going pastoral existence, which has colored most of the writing about the Missions."

The author relates the early history of the Indians and the Spaniards in Southern California, and tells of the various waves of immigrants from America and abroad. He talks politics and culture. He praises the land's natural blessings and debunks such topics as the story of Ramona, the various cults, and Aimee Semple McPherson.

He quotes an 1895 passage, "I am told the millennium has already begun in Pasadena, and that even now there are more sanctified cranks to the acre than in any other town in America," and he tells of a man who in 1921, when speaking of Los Angeles, says, "It is a breeding place and a rendezvous of freak religions."

As for "Sister Aimee" he reports, "She arrived in Los Angeles (in 1922) with two minor children, an old battered automobile, and \$100 in cash. By the end of 1925, she had collected more than \$1,000,000 and owned property worth \$250,000."

In his conclusion McWilliams writes in part, "I realize that this land (Southern California) deserves some-

thing better, in the way of inhabitants, than the swamis, the realtors, the motion picture tycoons, the fakirs, the fat widows, the nondescript clerks, the bewildered ex-farmers, the corrupt pension-plan schemers . . . for this strip of coast, this tiny region, seems to be looking westward across the Pacific, waiting for the future that one can somehow sense, and feel, and see. Here America will build its great city of the Pacific, the most fantastic city in the world . . . (which) is destined to be the world's metropolis."

HERBERT STEINBACH

Life Without Father

A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS. By Gene Fowler. The Viking Press, New York. 1946. 390 pages. \$3.00.

NEWSPAPERMAN Gene Fowler writes his autobiography in *A Solo in Tom-Toms*. From these chapters it is to be assumed that his life hasn't been as spectacular as that of Benjamin Franklin or William Allen White—who also wrote autobiographies—but, rather, the story of the run-of-the-mill type of individual. However, Fowler has given a journalistic charm to these commonplace incidents and he has woven them into a fascinating every-day story.

In *A Solo in Tom-Toms* the author has given a purpose to his early life. His father was enraged by his mother-in-law four months before Gene was born, and he ran away from home. As a result, Fowler says he missed out on the joys of life by not having a father, and he made his life's quest his search for a father.

Whenever he met a man, he in-

stinctively sized up that individual for his good and bad points, and asked himself, "Would I want my father to be like this?" The reader meets these flesh-and-blood men and gets a clear picture of them through the author's facile pen.

When he was thirty years old Fowler met his father. Of this he says—and this is the theme of his book—"When I review my long quest, I become convinced that in my father I found quite another goal. In my scrutiny of many men as candidates for a make-believe parent, the un-celebrated ones and the celebrated ones as well, I found my own definition of what America is and will always be. . . . The Land itself was both one's father and one's mother. No American was an orphan."

In addition to this autobiography, Fowler has written several other books. He was born in Denver in 1890 and worked on several Rocky Mountain newspapers before starting his New York journalistic career. In his book he tells of his experiences with such well known characters as Colonel Cody, Scout Wiggins, Paul Whiteman, Jack Dempsey and Damon Runyon. He passes from one scene to another with the rapidity of a motion picture. He tells the good and the bad, and fortunately skims over such scenes as the "red light" stories, so that he never becomes overly offensive.

His obsession was finding a father; his goal was to earn \$30 a week. He overcame his obsession and surpassed his goal. How he accomplished this is a common but dramatic story.

HERBERT STEINBACH

Ruined Land

STUDIO: EUROPE. By John Groth. Illustrated by the author with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1945. 283 pages. \$3.50.

AFTER waiting in London during a month of the 1944 V-bomb raids, John Groth finally received his credentials as a correspondent ahead of 200 envious men and reached Normandy the eve of Bastille day. "Being new-uniform conscious and not knowing quite whom to ask for or where to ask, I stumbled around from ruined house to ruined house, inquiring where press headquarters were. I finally located press headquarters in a beach chateau that had lost a couple of rooms in the D-day shelling. I was painfully conscious of not knowing anyone and of being the rawest tenderfoot yet to arrive on the Continent." It is the contrast between Groth's humility as a tenderfoot and the hard-boiled pose considered proper by correspondents that gives this account much of its charm.

Groth followed the army from Normandy to Berlin, making hasty sketches of gun-crews, scrawny French children, stretcher-bearers, men huddled in slit-trenches, dead cows in trees, girls at cafes, prisoners, street skirmishes, dead men. They are sketches of individuals; to Groth the war was a war of individuals experiencing courage, terror, and relief. His accounts and anecdotes all give the names and peacetime occupations of the persons involved. He does not encounter "soldiers" but Private Claggett Combs, a pipe fitter's helper,

from Laurel, Maryland, and Pfc. Walter Karnes, Goodview, Virginia, farmer. He notes a young artilleryman "working over the mechanism of his rifle with a toothbrush"; under a pew in a village church he finds a frightened rabbit. In a ruined town he sees a mother donkey and her colt: "With the noise of every shell she herded the colt between herself and a wall, covering it with her body." Near St. Malo he encounters refugees "pushing perambulators filled with pots and pans that crowded the babies"; in a German town "the MP's at the crossroad just outside the town were frying rabbits."

Groth includes a chapter on the companionability of the young bicycle girls of Paris, most of whom "go to school, and . . . have to be home before dark. . . . They talked English, because most of them were studying English at school. They were witty and well informed. . . . They were all a little in love with the Americans. The beau ideal of Europe was Gary Cooper. Most of the GI's didn't quite come up to the ideal . . . but they were Americans and that made them heroes. To be a hero to a girl is one of the nicest things that happens to a guy. And of course the girls knew Paris, and our GI's wanted to see everything."

In Berlin at last, Groth and his fellow-correspondents encountered some "laughing, crying American boys from the prison camp just outside the town. . . . We stayed the night with them. They made coffee for us and shared their blankets, scrounged gasoline for the jeep, fixed our spare and gave us a bag of tools. . . . In the

morning we awoke to find the jeep radiator draped in an American flag. Several of the fellows had stayed up all night to make it. The red stripes were cut from a Nazi flag and sewn on a piece of white bedding. The blue of the field . . . was colored with the ink of fountain pens."

Irish Genius

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS.

By Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 431 pages. \$4.50.

SEAN sturdily elbowed his way from the crowd to where The Poor Old Woman was standing by the kerb. He gripped her gently by the thin old arm, asking, What's it all about, mother? . . . All this coarse shouting in the heart of the city's streets; all this running about of many hot and hasty feet?

—Aw, sorra know I know, son, what it's about. It's no new thing to see them runnin' round an' yellin' for they know not what.

—But you're running round and yelling with the rest of them yourself.

—An' if I am a self, what signifies? D'ye want me to be th' one odd outa th' many! It's a bit o' fun anyhow.

The Poor Old Woman and other symbols for Ireland—Dark Rosaleen, Eileen Allanna, Cathleen ni Houlihan—together with St. Patrick and various personages from old Irish mythology appear here and there in passages of satirical fantasy that climax O'Casey's carefully realistic accounts of his young manhood. The romantic dreams of the Irish, the contrasting meanness that poverty has forced upon them, their dangerous irresponsibility—these are his most frequent themes.

Sean O'Casey was born in Dublin in 1884; his parents were poor and he did not learn to read until he was twelve. *Drums Under the Windows*, which follows the earlier autobiographical volumes *I Knock at the Door* and *Pictures in the Hallway*, continues the story of his life and Ireland's through the period 1905-16, ending with the Easter Rebellion. Through these years O'Casey worked as a railway and builder's laborer, fighting off a form of paralysis and a tubercular infection which malnutrition and inadequate clothing had brought on. He devoted his evenings to activities in various patriotic societies and wrote numerous articles to further their causes. It was not until the 1920's that he began to write the plays which established him as a literary man. The best known of these are *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Plough and the Stars* (the flag of the Irish Citizen Army), *The Silver Tassie*, and *Within the Gates*.

Drums Under the Windows differs from the chronicle type of biography in that only a few main events are presented—his brother's wretched death, Millie's drunken dance, the tragic widowing of his sister, the rioting over Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, the ousting of the courageous Dr. O'Hickey from his professorship, Sean's operation at St. Vincent's hospital, and the Easter Rebellion. But each of these is the occasion of a coruscation of sharp details and extravagant fantasy:

—Is there a constable behind every bush, sergeant, as per the orders of the day? asked the Viceroy briskly.

—Oh, be God, ay, sir; behind every

respectably sized bush there's a constable concealed an' crouchin'.

Him an' his disciples'll sweep the counthry clean. There they are backin' him up: Coffey, with his old coat and the light of other days around him; Fearon, wrapped in the ould plaid shawl, sitting in mother's old armchair; Camac and Williams with letters afther their names; and Conn the Shaughraun, Arra-na-pogue, the minstrel boy home from the wars, Joxer Daly, Maisie Madigan, impudent Barney O'Hea. . . .

Buoyed up though the Irish are by their Celtic resilience and flair for humor, O'Casey keeps clearly in view the tragic irresponsibility born of poverty and superstition. Thus the riot over Syngé's sincere and excellent play is explained by one of the rioters:

—Some blasted little theatre or other has put on a play by a fellow named Singe or Sinje or something, a terrible play, helped by another boyo named Yeats or Bates or something, . . . assisted by some oul' one or another named Beggory or something, who was behind the scene eggin' them on in their foul infamy.

Saga of the Rails

SANTA FE — THE RAILROAD THAT BUILT AN EMPIRE. By James Marshall, Random House, New York. 1946. 465 pages.

JIM MARSHALL undertook to write a history of the A. T. & S. F. Railway and has come up with as fascinating a bit of American history as we have come across in many a moon. Under his touch the development of the Santa Fe from Topeka across the plains of Kansas and over the southern Rockies to its namesake and

points beyond becomes entwined with the American frontier at its roaring best. Page after page the slender thread of rails grows west and south and east and north until Chicago and San Francisco, Denver and Houston are bound together—a vast empire which became the promised land for millions of European hopefuls. "John Santa Fe" brought them, brooded over their fortunes, and sometimes carried them away, a friendly partner in their enterprise.

To one who has travelled many a mile on the Santa Fe and who has mingled with its employees and observed their loyalty, this book has been a revelation. Each familiar mail stop, landmark and lowly siding took on an added touch of glamor as we read its history and uncovered the basis for the Santa Fe tradition. From the first diamond stacker to the latest Diesel the Santa Fe had its finger in American history—sometimes brawling, sometimes gentle, sometimes ludicrous and again sublime, but always interesting.

Since the author is an inveterate railroad enthusiast he provided a number of Appendices of particular interest to the railroad fan. They include a summary of Santa Fe history, the origin of town names along the Santa Fe, a glossary of railroad slang, a roster of Santa Fe departments and the list of all Santa Fe trains, some Santa Fe firsts, a financial statement, an exhaustive table giving the chronological development of the Santa Fe system, a list of Santa Fe presidents and an index.

Nineteen fine maps depicting the progress of the railroad's construc-

tion and showing the resources of all states served by the Santa Fe are scattered through the book. Thirty-two pages of photographs offer a pictorial survey of high points in the railroad's history. A prodigious amount of research and an excellent talent for expression have made this a well documented and eminently readable source of specialized history that reads like fiction.

Irish Tale

OUR OWN KIND. By Edward McSorley. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1946. 304 pages, \$2.50.

OLD Ned McDermott, Irish moulder living in Providence, had great plans for his orphaned grandson, Willie. He wouldn't have him slaving in the foundry all his life. Willie would get an education. Willie would make something of himself. And Ned, who couldn't read a word himself, set out to make that dream come true. The two of them walk hand in hand through the story, whose conclusion is perhaps more true to life because it leaves that dream unrealized. What it does provide is satisfying portrayal of an old man with a shining vision for a little boy who is all boy, and the deep attachment that joined them to each other.

This plot is set against a Celtic background of a thoroughly Irish community—their fervent clan spirit, their own way of doing things, and their Catholic faith as dominant elements. How accurately the author has captured this spirit we leave to the Irish to determine. Of particular in-

terest to us was the fact that all these good Catholics knew well the forms of their faith, and were diligent in the exercise of them, yet their casual conversation abounded in cursing and obscenity; drunkenness and fighting were lightly thought of. This is an embarrassing picture for the Catholic Church, however friendly it is dealt with in *Our Own Kind*.

Mr. McSorley has chosen to write his story in a series of vignettes, each complete in itself as a single chapter, without attempting a sustaining account. Occasionally his descriptive passages are so florid that the reader becomes lost in them, as in the opening pages of the book. But he knows his subject and is not at a loss in capturing the spirit of the people he so vividly portrays.

More About Lanny Budd

A WORLD TO WIN. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press, New York. 1946. 624 pages. \$3.00.

OF the adventures of Lanny Budd there is no immediately foreseeable end. Like all history, all fiction, and Upton Sinclair's prolific pen, Lanny goes marching on through a long series of plots and counterplots. As a rule, he is up; but sometimes he is down. In like manner, the literary skill of Mr. Sinclair fluctuates consistently between hills and dales. It never rises to heights that are impressive, and it never sinks to depths that reek with mud, slime, and downright incompetency. Mr. Sinclair's Lanny Budd novels are a boon to the publisher who issues them even though there is no necessarily logi-

cal connection between their widespread popularity and their intrinsic literary worth. They disappear from the counters of the bookstores after the fashion of hotcakes, and the man who grinds them out at the rate of one every year is, in all probability, more concerned about gathering, collating, and arranging the material for the next volume than he has need to be concerned about the salability of the bulky installments of the long and devious tales that are already on the market. Mr. Sinclair has assured both his friends and his enemies that another book in the huge Lanny Budd cycle will be ready in April, 1947.

The predecessors of *A World to Win* are *World's End*, *Between Two Worlds*, *Dragon's Teeth*, *Wide Is the Gate*, *Presidential Agent*, and *Dragon Harvest*. Those who have perused these books have spent many profitable and unprofitable hours at the job. They have ploughed their way through a tremendous amount of history, melodrama, good writing, meretricious story-telling, and sheer dullness. If they are sensitive readers, they have had innumerable opportunities to note evidences of hack work pure and simple. At the same time, more than one page of Mr. Sinclair's writing, as it pursues its long-winded course in the Lanny Budd series, has afforded readers a peep or two at ability which, in years gone by, came to the fore far more frequently and with much more forcefulness than it does today. While splashing, wading, swimming, and floating through the thousands of pages which make up the Lanny Budd cycle they have been

almost overawed by the enormous quantities of fact and fiction incorporated in the books.

In point of fact, the purely historical aspects of *A World to Win*, like the historical aspects of its predecessors, are the meat of the story. Mr. Sinclair does not ration his meat. He serves it without stint, without let, and without hindrance. And is it not the widespread craving for meat of this kind which accounts in large measure for the author's popularity on the markets? Maybe there are some who sink their teeth into the ups and downs of Lanny Budd primarily because they are eager to taste, swallow, and digest the socialistic tenets which, like sauce somewhat pinkish in hue, is poured over some of the meat. Let them do as they choose. Even if they lap up the Sinclairian sauce and find it palatable, they will, at the same time, be absorbing much valuable information concerning the foul methods of government, expansion, exploitation, and propaganda which were the stock in trade of Adolf Hitler and his ilk. When all is said and done, the Sinclairian sauce is harmless. Now and then it adds zest to the narrative; here and there it contributes its proper share of ennui. Let the prolific author mount his little soap box whenever he sees fit to do so. Why begrudge him his moments of relaxation? After all, a writer who has the patience to surround bits of fine craftsmanship with large heaps of cumbersomeness, a writer who introduces many evidences of what might have resulted if there had been an inclination to boil down his verbosity, a writer who, for one reason or an-

other, is not always able to prevent the skill which often revealed itself in former years from going completely haywire—a writer of this kind deserves some relaxation as he ploddingly pushes his restless and inexorable pen.

In *A World to Win* Lanny Budd, the son of a manufacturer of aircraft, is still the agent of Franklin D. Roosevelt and, at the same time, an art expert who has dealings with the wealthy and the mighty among the Nazis and the foes of the Nazis. He poses as a friend of Hitler and the coadjutors of Hitler while doing all in his power to check and frustrate their nefarious designs. A large part of the narrative has to do with the initial steps taken by the United States to solve the problem of unleashing the destructive power resulting from atomic fission. Lanny is sent to Princeton to learn the underlying principles of atomic energy from Albert Einstein himself. Then he boards a plane for Europe to enter Germany for the purpose of conferring with a famous scientist who is said to be hostile to the Nazi cause. He is unable to complete his mission. The plane crashes in the ice-cold waters of the Arctic. Lanny is rescued. After recovering sufficiently from the serious injuries he has sustained he accepts an invitation to go on an extended cruise across the Pacific. The Japanese strike while the party is ashore at Hong Kong. Lanny then becomes a husband for the third time, makes his way through large stretches of China, and is flown to the Soviet Union, where the mighty and crafty Josef Stalin graciously grants him an audience.

Had Lanny died in Hong Kong, as an astrologer had predicted, there would have been an end of the Lanny Budd series; but the verbose Mr. Sinclair has seen to it that the prediction was plucked out of thin air.

Yesterday in China

TORRENTS OF SPRING. By Robert Payne. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. 1946. 218 pages. \$2.75.

NOT many months ago Robert Payne's extraordinarily beautiful book, *Forever China*, evoked enthusiastic acclaim. Critics pronounced its publication a literary event of the first magnitude. *Torrents of Spring* will unquestionably deepen and strengthen the enviable reputation created by the author's earlier book. In exquisite, sensitive prose Mr. Payne re-creates the waning glories of the corrupt and decaying Manchu dynasty and the beginnings of China's magnificent, still-continuing struggle for freedom and democracy. Mr. Payne, who at the present time is a teacher of English at Lienta University, Kunming, has had the opportunity to study at close range the fabulous culture of ancient China as well as the revivifying changes being wrought by the forward-looking youth of modern China. He tells us:

This book has been written with the conviction that now more than ever before it is necessary for the West to understand the East, and that words like "democracy" and "freedom" must be put into practice as well as revered.

Torrents of Spring is the poignant story of Shaofeng, Lifeng, and Rose,

the children of a wise and wealthy Mandarin of the Manchu regime, and of their friend and adopted brother, the slave boy Chang-tung. In 1908, when the tale opens, China had begun to stretch and stir. The name Sun Yat-sen had made its way even into the Hall of the Splendid Cloud, the sumptuous home in a remote province of China in which the children lived while their father was at court or abroad. The spark of revolution touched the children. Gradually the small hut built by them in an inaccessible spot on a high cliff became a secret rendezvous for the revolutionists. Eventually the hut was discovered and captured by Imperial troops. Lifeng was forced to seek sanctuary in a mountain monastery, and Rose fled to Chungking. Shaofeng and the compatriots who died with him before a firing squad expended their last breath in the full-throated cry, "Long live Sun Yat-sen! Hurrah for the new Republic!"

A Hot Day

THOSE OTHER PEOPLE. By Mary King O'Donnell. Drawings by F. Strobel. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1946. 343 pages. \$2.50.

MARY KING O'DONNELL is the widow of the late E. P. O'Donnell, author of *Green Margins* and *The Great Big Doorstep*. Mrs. O'Donnell was born in South Texas and attended the University of Texas. From 1935 to 1943 she lived in the Old French Quarter in New Orleans, the scene of a large portion of *Those Other People*. Her first novel, *Quincie Bolivar*, published in 1941 under the name

Mary King, won the Houghton Mifflin Company Literary Award for 1940. The name Mary King also appears in numerous anthologies of short stories, notably in the O'Brien and O. Henry collections. At the present time Mrs. O'Donnell is living in San Francisco. Her new novel is dedicated to her late husband.

Those Other People is the engrossing study of the closely related events which occurred in the course of a single day in the Old French Quarter in New Orleans. It was only four o'clock in the morning when Leah Webster snapped off the electric fan in her bedroom. Through the open French doors she could see a patch of star-filled sky above the house of her next-door neighbor. "For forty years Leah had been waiting for something to happen to her, and nothing had happened." Today would be different. Today she meant to find Joe. "Joe was all she wanted now, and if he were still in the city, she meant to find him." It was not until one o'clock the next morning that Leah, after long hours of fruitless searching, unexpectedly found Joe on her own doorstep.

Mrs. O'Donnell relates in intimate detail the happenings of that hot July day. Her characters are fresh and vivid, and she has caught the intricate pattern and the heady rhythm of a great city with unusual clarity and fidelity. With deft skill she has fashioned a canvas on which greed, depravity, ugliness, abject poverty, and stultifying human misery are intermingled with nobility, dignity, beauty, and unselfishness. The drawings by F. Strobel are delightful.

Father Was a Teacher

SKINNY ANGEL. By Thelma Jones. Whittlesey House, New York. 1946. 334 pages. \$2.75.

To this reviewer *Skinny Angel* seems to be a wholly natural outgrowth of the author's happy and exciting childhood. Thelma Jones is the daughter of a teacher. She has lived all her life in the Middle West; she knows intimately and from personal experience the type of small college and small college town described so authoritatively in her first novel. The confession that her early years "were shaped by a lofty sort of poverty and a laughing mother" and the dedication inscribed in *Skinny Angel*: "For my Father and Mother, and all un-thanked teachers and teachers' wives" gives one in a nutshell the theme of this volume of memories.

Father, "big and blond and full of the majesty for which he strove," was a visionary. Wherever he went his first concern was to build up an imposing front. Behind the scenes Moth-

er, small, round, and "blazingly beautiful," propped up this front by practicing rigid economies, large and small. "For they could never relax. They could never be candidly poor as the day laborer could. No, they had to keep up a front so that the world could see the advantages of education." Mother was full of fun and infectious gayety. She "laboriously grafted a sense of humor onto those of her children who needed it, but she got hold of Father too late. He was already set in a mold of professorial dignity."

Skinny Angel is the lively, sometimes tragic, oftentimes hilarious, and always entertaining story of the struggle of a teacher's family to live decently and graciously on a "soup bone" salary. In a larger sense it is another chapter from the age-old story of the educator's unending struggle against public indifference and public ingratitude. The engaging warmth and simplicity with which *Skinny Angel* is told make it delightful vacation reading for the entire family.





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by John Tenniel. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. 98 pages. \$1.25.

THE original Tenniel illustrations, printed in dark red on a yellow ground; the large, well-proportioned format; the clear, well-spaced type, and the dull paper make this edition of Carroll's delightful sequel to *Alice in Wonderland* an excellent gift for a child or an adult.

Here again are the Walrus and the Carpenter:

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
 Of cabbages—and kings—"

and the Jabberwock, which

"... with eyes of flame,
 Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
 And burred as it came!"

and Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
 with their "Nohow!" and "Contrariwise!" And Humpty Dumpty:

"When I use a word," Humpty Dump-

ty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

PATTON, FIGHTING MAN

By William Bancroft Mellor. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1946. 247 pages. \$3.00.

THIS biography of General George Smith Patton, Jr., traces his history from his early childhood to the day when he died at Heidelberg as the result of an auto crash, December 21, 1945. There can be no doubt that in the campaigns in Africa and Sicily and especially in his leadership of the Third Army in France and Germany Patton proved himself one of the ablest of America's military commanders. On that score his fame is secure. He had, however, personal faults that repeatedly got him into hot water and that made him anything but admirable as a man. Among

these faults was a foulmouthedness which he seems to have deliberately cultivated. If Mellor had indicated this fact in his book he would have served every purpose of historical accuracy. That instead he repeatedly spreads the malodorous filth that flowed from Patton's lips on his pages spoils the book for anyone who does not enjoy the foulest gutter language.

WOMAN AS FORCE IN HISTORY

A Study in Traditions and Realities.

By Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 369 pages. \$3.75.

ONE of America's foremost literary figures takes up her forceful and facile pen to refute the strongly entrenched tradition that "women were members of a subject sex throughout history." Mary Ritter Beard has no patience with this tradition. She deplores with equal vigor the almost tyrannical power which this false notion has exercised on our thinking for more than a hundred years. *Woman as Force in History*, as its subtitle clearly indicates, is a study in tradi-

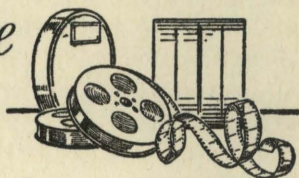
tions and realities. Mrs. Beard declares that "in no part of it is any claim made to an all-embracing fullness or to philosophic completeness."

The able author of *On Understanding Women* and *Women's Work in Municipalities* minutely examines the dominant, deeply rooted, and age-old conceptions regarding the relationship between men and women. She tests the validity of these conceptions in the light of social, religious, political, economic, and intellectual history. Very clearly she proves her contention that "women have done far more than exist and bear children," that they indeed "have been a force in making all the history that has been made." Mrs. Beard's readable and scholarly survey of woman's place in world-history contains brilliant word pictures of many of the famous women who helped shape that history.

In addition to the books published under her own name, Mrs. Beard has collaborated with her distinguished husband, Charles A. Beard, in writing *The Rise of American Civilization* and other important contributions to the literature of today.



The



Motion Picture

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

DURING the war years the Office of War Information prepared and released many excellent educational and propaganda films. One of these short films, made in 1943 for European distribution, is currently being shown in motion-picture theatres throughout the United States. *Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations* (O.W.I., Mayer-Burstyn), familiarly known simply as "the Toscanini film," is a superb picture. It portrays the peerless artistry of Arturo Toscanini with simplicity, dignity, and fidelity. Under the inspired and inspiring leadership of Maestro Toscanini, Jan Peerce, tenor, the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and the Westminster Choir present the magnificent music of Giuseppe Verdi with vigor, clarity, and impressive beauty. *Hymn of the Nations* carries a powerful plea for united and world-wide resistance to tyranny, injustice, and oppression. This plea is just as timely

today as it was three years ago; for in these anxious months of an uneasy armistice we have seen democracy and the inherent rights of man assailed and denied by the selfsame forces of evil greed which plunged the nations of the earth into the blood bath of World War II. Entirely aside from its social significance and spiritual symbolism, the Toscanini film provides a half-hour of unforgettably beautiful entertainment. It is an altogether fitting tribute to one of the truly great conductors of this or any other age.

Making the rounds of the motion-picture theatres would be a pleasant task if every new release measured up to the Toscanini film in point of excellence. Alas, this is not the case. Take—and you are most welcome to take it—*The Virginian* (Paramount, Stuart Gilmore). For the umpteenth time Owen Wister's hardy perennial has found its way to the screen. In

spite of gaudy technicolor the lines of age and decay are clearly visible. Acting and directing are cold and lifeless. Isn't it time to bury the bones of this poor old warhorse?

The screen version of *Dragonwyck*, Anya Seton's best seller of a few seasons ago, is just as overdrawn and just as preposterous as the novel from which it stems. Made by 20th-Century Fox and directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, *Dragonwyck* boasts a fine cast headed by Gene Tierney and Vincent Price. Their tussle with a poor script can be described as, at best, only a draw.

I found a welcome antidote to the murky gloom and the brooding intensity of *Dragonwyck* in *The Kid from Brooklyn* (RKO-Radio, Norman Z. McLeod). This is a remake of *The Milky Way*, Harold Lloyd's sensationally successful comedy of a decade ago. The story of the Caspar Milquetoast of a Brooklyn milk route is an amusing one. Danny Kaye makes the most of a role which seems made to order to display his talent for comedy and mimicry.

Next, we have a batch of stereotyped "tough guy" films. *Her Kind of Man* (Warners, Frederick de Cordova) is a dull and thoroughly unsavory melodrama which harks back to the turbulent days of the Prohibition Era. *The Dark Corner* (20th-Century Fox,

Henry Hathaway) and *The Blue Dahlia* (Paramount, George Marshall) are crammed with vicious and sadistic characters, with tedious "would-be smart" dialogue, and with every shade and brand and degree of violence and brutality. *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (M-G-M, Tay Garnett) brings to the screen James M. Cain's sordid tale of license, adultery, and murder. Since these films have all been box-office hits, it is safe to predict that Hollywood will keep on turning out meretricious pictures dealing with crime and criminals. Do we really want to underwrite such a program? Films of this nature are, at best, only mediocre entertainment for adults; their potential danger to children and adolescents is literally immeasurable.

No less undesirable is the film *Heartbeat* (RKO-Radio, Sam Wood), a vapid Cinderella story woven about the adventures of an escapee from a French reform school. It took patience and a strong stomach to sit through this one. For one thing, it is high time that someone should tell Ginger Rogers that she is a big girl now and that it takes something more than a silly grin, long black stockings, and a pigeon-toed stance to simulate youth and youthful vivacity.

Devotion (Warners, Curtis Bernhardt) ostensibly presents an ac-

count of the lives and loves of the Brontë sisters, Emily, Charlotte, and Anne. The film succeeds admirably in re-creating the tempo and the mode of life in the England of the middle nineteenth century; but it fails dismally in its attempt to invest the famous sisters with flesh and blood and breath. The colorful real-life story of the Brontës was discarded for a romantic, run-of-the-mill plot. The cast is a good one, including such screen notables as Ida Lupino, Olivia de Havilland, Paul Henreid, and Sydney Greenstreet. In spite of heroic efforts the picture remains shallow, artificial, and stereotyped.

A Yank in London (Associated British, 20th-Century Fox) presents a shrewd, sympathetic, revealing, and amusing account of the invasion of the British Isles by American troops in 1943 and 1944. Made in England by the British producer-director Herbert Wilcox, it is quite obviously a hands-across-the-sea gesture of friendship and understanding.

There is dark villainy afoot when the redoubtable bandit leader of Sherwood Forest sends his son, Robin Hood, Jr., to do battle for king and country. *The Bandit of Sherwood Forest* (Columbia, George Sherman and Henry Levin) is packed with swashbuckling swordplay and with exciting adventures and misadventures all

done up in glorious technicolor.

Do You Love Me? (20th-Century Fox, Gregory Ratoff) projects another version of the mousy-girl-into-ravishing-beauty theme. This time the girl is Maureen O'Hara, and Dick Haymes and his music provide the magic elixir necessary to bring about the transformation. A tuneful musical score relieves the monotony in the unfolding of a well-worn stock story.

After an absence of five years the inimitable Marx Brothers return to the screen in a typical Marxian vehicle. *A Night in Casablanca* (United Artists, Archie Mayo) is built around a zany plot which permits Groucho, Harpo, and Chico Marx to romp all over the place in the breath-taking manner we have come to associate with these popular comedians. There is essentially nothing new in *A Night in Casablanca*. It is highly amusing in spots, and, by and large, the clowning of the Marx Brothers is still superior to that of other well-known screen comedians. Much of the dialogue—and this is true of all Marx Brothers pictures—is deliberately off-color.

The time spent in seeing *The Bride Wore Boots* (Paramount) must be written off as a complete loss. This is another dud for Barbara Stanwyck.

Academy Award winner Ray Milland is starred in a tiresome

farce which involves the Army, the *Bride* (Paramount, Sidney Lan-
Navy, and a girl. It is safe to pre-field) will win no academy awards
dict that *The Well-Groomed* for anyone.

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Verse

Things I Love

A soft, cool mist to touch my hair,
A brand-new day, either cloudy or fair,
A grassy field, a colt and a mare—
These things I love.

The odor of new wood, freshly hewn,
The color of flowers in late afternoon,
The feeling that wonders might happen soon—
These things I love.

The smell of new-mown, rain-washed hay,
A coral sky, at the end of day,
The fragrance of lilacs, blooming in May—
These things I love.

The temptation to sample fresh-baked bread,
The urge to caress a small child's head,
Watching a baby bird being fed—
These things I love.

Looking at stars many miles high,
Hearing a soft, low lullaby,
The presence of loved ones ever nigh—
These things I love.

—DORIS HERPOLSHIMER

John

I

He was of the past,
But living in the present, he became
A glowing symbol of times before.
This gentle man with clean white hair
And sparkling eyes behind his spectacles
Smiled benignly upon youth.
Growing up in the country and going to country schools,
He reminisced of box socials, dances, even the pranks
Which mark young people everywhere.
His step was light and soft—but not hesitant
As he walked about his stacks
Of paper which were his work.
With plain, with simple dress
Yet neatly pressed, and fresh he came,
And each day covered it with his apron.
Some time, proudly he showed
A tie he wore of foreign make
Or shoes he bought out west.
One day he brought red sunflowers—
The product of his careful garden experimenting,
And each of us had one.
With quiet and sincere voice
And not apologetic
His candies of licorice—his favorites—he offered.
Except when it rained, he sat in the park
At noon to watch the birds flying high,
The squirrels scampering by, the flowers nodding, the
trees waving—the outdoors alive.
In his faith he was childlike;
Not impressive, logical doctrines
But what his Bible, his conscience, his heart told him
he believed.

His life was open as the heavens,
Simple and good as homespun,
Genuine as the Bible he followed.
He had to work he knew;
Although his heart was in the north and west,
He never complained.
Canada beckoned him—the greatest land in nature,
To set up a little business and live there freely
Out in the upon and naturally.
But he stayed here,
His wife had been born here
And he loved her dearly.
She was his perfect mate—
They two were meant to go together
And be the counterpart of each other.
Her mild ways, her whitening hair,
Her unadorned black clothes, her silver smile,
All made her just for him.
So he stays on;
He leaves the wonders of the rugged west behind—
Without her, what are they?
He may have been a man of high position
In times long past—just from his manner,
But he never speaks of it now.

II

No, now he fishes in northern streams,
He tends his sunflowers behind the house,
He works each day that he may live another,
He believes the simple faith,
He tenderly loves that dear little lady of his,
And only dreams on.

—BARBARA RODENHOUSE

The CRESSET

Erection

Hold me—
Hold me, lest I fall
From this vain pedestal I have
Created.
Pick me up when, tumbling—
As I must—
I know at last adroitly-covered sin.

Turn me, Lord, and
Chasten all my soul.
For I am evil and Thou alone art good.

How can crumbling vanities
E'er support this prideful tower?
Make me fall, Lord,
Make me fall—
And in the ashes of remembrance
To be close to Thee.

—JANICE PRIES



THEY SAY

"Few people have the art of being agreeable when they talk of themselves."—WM. COWPER.

"As one gets on one should read less. I do not read so much philosophy and theology as I used to, because if I agree with the writer I know most of what he wants to tell me, and if I do not his arguments make no impression on me."—WILLIAM RALPH INGE.

"A new race is happening before the eyes of anthropologists in North America. The changes of feature that come over the white intruder as he adopts the racial trait of the native Indian are almost incredible. He has exterminated him with powder and fire-water, but he has taken over his face. Here again are the serious, stoical, clear, sharp profile, the thin resolute lips, the hard chin, energetic nose, the deep spying gaze. In a white skin the Indian has been reborn."—EUGEN GEORG.

"A career in the films is the most terrible tragedy that can happen to young people."—MARY PICKFORD.

"Civilized society today is composed, not of individuals exercising their own minds upon the problems which face them and determining for themselves their responsibilities, but of associations whose business it is to do the thinking for them."—LORD EUSTACE PERCY.

"Public speaking is a dramatic art and has nothing to do with thinking."—SAMUEL CROWTHER.

"Mankind is now at work dethroning rationalistic thought and rending the picture of human unity. Where hitherto agreement was to hold sway, the power of will is to reign supreme; inequality appears to possess a sublime greatness, and only that which is separate and peculiar seems worth fighting for. . . . Of a sudden the idea of universal human progress, of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, of a communistic alliance of the entire world, which had urged men on to the deeds of the utmost valour, has lost its refulgence."—RENÉ FULOP-MILLER.

A YEAR has passed since V-J Day and the ending of history's most terrible war. In a delirium of joy, the world hailed the advent of peace—soon to discover that there was no peace, after all. Only the shooting and bombing had ceased, but not the greed, the cruelty, the tyranny, the oppression that the war was allegedly fought to root out. The United Nations, which began their organization in a blaze of glory, have fallen back into their old ways of bickering, rivalry, and self-seeking. The victors are still at odds over the terms of peace for the vanquished, and there is a terrible danger that those terms will sow the seeds of another and ghastlier war. For the hapless peoples behind the iron curtain, the promise of the four freedoms must sound like a hollow jest. What will the end be? There can be no hope and security apart from Him who alone is

faithful, in whose love there is healing, and who alone can grant the peace that we covet.



Lest we forget, within one short year after the war's end, the cruelty and folly of it all, the article by William Herbert Blough, "8,000 Men Die," will come as a sobering reminder.



William Gustave Polack, our versatile associate, contributes another of his vignettes of the American scene in "One-Man Crusade."



Guest reviewers in this issue are Herbert H. Um-

bach (*The Portable Woollcott and Alexander of Macedon*); Herbert Steinbach (*I See the Philippines Rise, Southern California Country, and A Solo in Tom-Toms*); and F. K. Kruger (*Masterworks of Economics*). All are of Valparaiso University.

