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TOMORROW

THE BIRTH OF ADOLF HITLER
by SHOLEM ASCH

The Great Promise by JOSEPH FREEMAN

The Certainty of Change
by BISHOP-ELECT AUSTIN PARDUE

Battle From the Vestibule
by JESSE STUART

and further articles and fiction

Book Reviews by I. A. R. WYLIE,
PETER MONRO JACK, HERBERT GORMAN,
CLARE LEIGHTON, LEO GERSHOY,
KATHERINE WOODS, and others

JANUARY 1944 25¢

Skills and Crafts in Recreation

To the list of volunteer services which Red Cross chapters are providing the armed forces, there has been added another: classes in arts and skills of many kinds for the purpose of furnishing creative occupation during convalescence to the wounded and ill in service hospitals. Not to be confused with occupational therapy, which is taught by medically trained occupational therapists, this Red Cross program draws upon skilled artists and craftsmen available in the community, and is designed primarily as a vocational and recreational project.

Initially undertaken a year ago in several of the larger service hospitals as an experiment, the success of this project has been so marked that it is now being expanded to all hospitals in which the authorities express a desire for its inauguration. Programs at individual hospitals are worked out with the approval of the medical officers in charge, giving due consideration to the talent that may be available in the chapter area serving the hospital.

Recreation Through Creation

Crafts taught include bookbinding, painting, leather working, drawing and design, metal working, flytying, needlework, weaving, poster making, whittling, pottery, rug-making, sculpture, woodworking, and other arts. Materials used in classes are supplied by the Red Cross and the programs in the different hospitals are each in charge of a head craftsman. Among the most popular crafts are the construction of ship and airplane models, leather work, woodworking and pottery making. Many of the convalescent men also like to make Army and Navy insignia. They weave them in rugs, carve them in wood, model them in clay, embroider them, and paint them.

Skilled Volunteer Instructors

This service is furnished through the Arts and Skills Units of the Red Cross Hospital and Recreation Corps. All members of these units are skilled in their special field and donate their service to the work. Every effort is made to maintain the highest standards of design and execution in order to give an understanding of the possible values, both cultural and economic, that hand arts may hold in the future lives of the servicemen participating in the work.

Excellent programs have been or are being developed in the areas where the project has been in operation for the past year. This has been due to the fact that the most skilled artists and craftsmen have come forward to donate liberally of their time to this Red Cross work. In the development of these programs at the various hospitals, it will be necessary to take into consideration the availability of talent in the locality in question. Though this might appear to limit the program, it is felt that such actually will not be the case excepting in rare instances. There is hardly a community that does not have its artists, its cabinet makers and woodworkers, its craftsmen and other skilled workers, most of whom would be more than willing to make their services available to the wounded and ill of our fighting forces through this American Red Cross project.

American Red Cross

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TOMORROW

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New cover and title-page by Herbert Bayer

Editor-in-Chief:

EILEEN J. GARRETT

Editors:

CHARLES P. CHADSEY

HAROLD D. VURSELL★

KATHERINE WOODS

DORIS BRIAN

Director of Publicity and Promotion:

WALTER VARNEY

Business and Advertising:

WILLIAM M. MARTIN

★With the armed forces

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EDITORIAL

Welcome the Steady Progress

THE FEARS AND HOPES of human strategy still wage war together for supremacy. The coming months will not only bring victory closer, but they will also bring overwhelming economic changes and what may be the beginning of a new stage of culture for all mankind. In the past year, out of their common need, nations have grown more closely together. But the greatest contributions to internal trust, to confidence, and to victory, came out of Russia. Last May the dissolution of the Third International must have helped to lull the fears of those who dreaded the possibility of an overwhelming Russian influence spreading over the world. . . . The magnificent courage of the Russian army leaves one breathless in the face of its conquest, and the wide-spread whispers of "separate peace" must now be hushed since the delegates have returned from the Moscow conference.

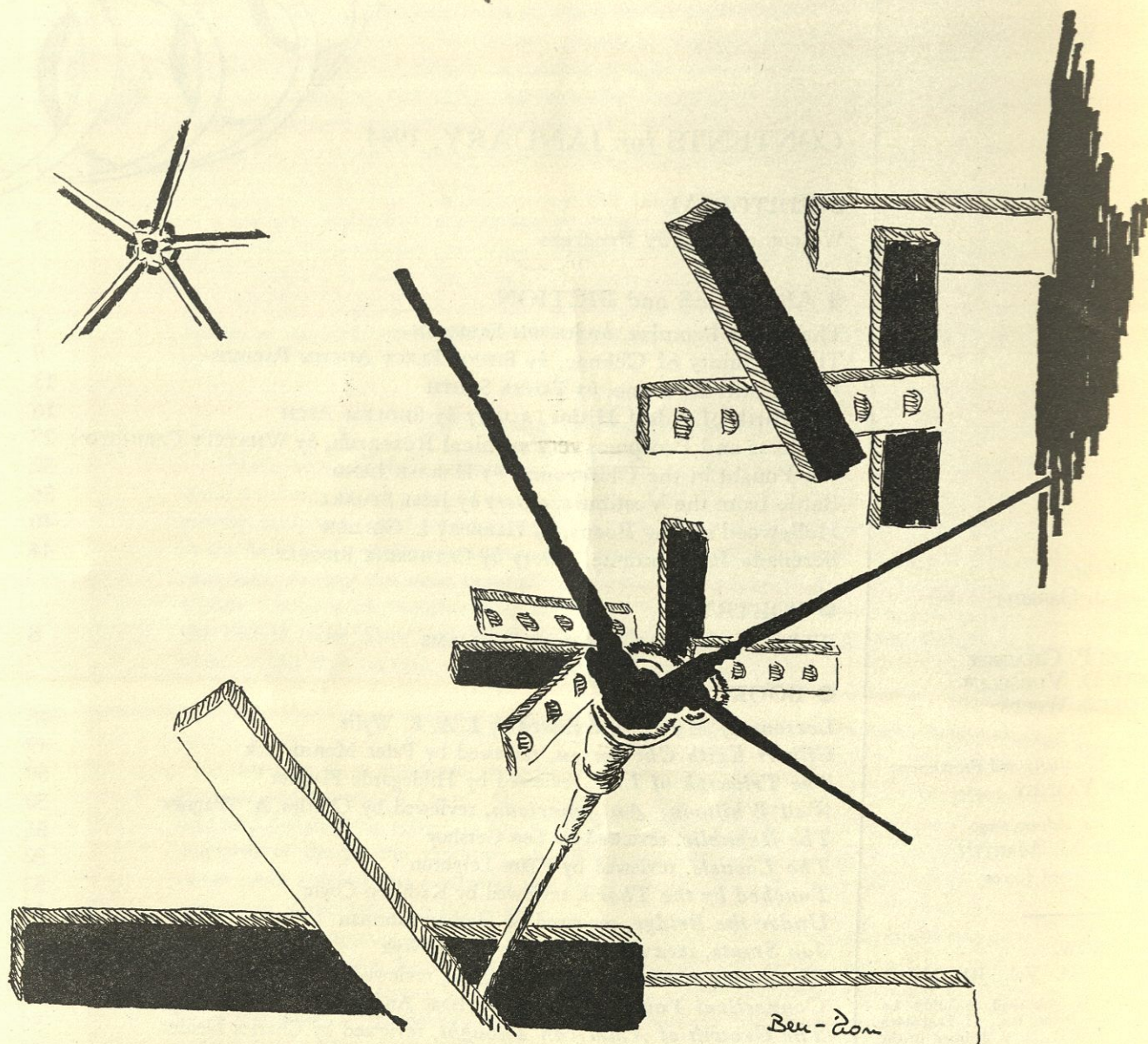
We live too close to history in the making to comprehend the blessings received and obtained within these very significant months as the tides of battle turned in Russia. It is difficult to believe that a nation so hard pressed could decree and direct this terrific release of force. It is well to remember to forget the past, and to welcome the steady progress toward victory. In the words of Winston Churchill, "*If we are together, nothing is impossible — if we are divided all will fail.*" Still, there are those who are reluctant to make the transfer to good will . . . those whose arrogance permits them to form a hostile and powerful minority — discriminating against those whose color, religion, and race they describe in all the vivid colors of the spectrum.

Nor do I find it in my heart to subscribe to the sentiments of the Catholic Bishops who declared, in speaking of the Moscow pact, "that no nation under God has the right to invade family freedom, abrogate private ownership, or impede to the detriment of the common good economic enterprise and coöperative undertakings, or curtail welfare and organized workers of charity sponsored by groups of citizens . . ."

As one whose roots stem from two eminently predominant Catholic countries, I ask in all heartfelt sincerity, in the face of what the world owes Russia, is this the time to raise the ecclesiastical voice of doubt against a gallant ally? Would that these voices had been heard before the world's doom was pronounced in Spain, or Poland's sons had shed their blood.

Events are moving too rapidly to arrest the wheels of progress. Even recollections of pain and hate grow dim. A greater change than we have ever witnessed sweeps all men onward, inexorably compelling them to a broader sacrifice and the intelligent understanding that tyranny will not produce a happy people. Nor can it create good will in the hearts of those whose deeds are being consecrated into all fields of human activity . . . in a world where men may hope to live outside the anguish of slavery.

Gilead J. Garrett



DRAWING BY BEN-ZION

THE GREAT PROMISE

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

History's New Chapter Opened at Moscow

BY THE TIME THIS APPEARS in print, sensational military and political events may be altering the course of the war and shaping the world's future in some legible way. These will date from the Moscow Conference, which closed one chapter of history and opened another. The conference met at a moment when the conflict had definitely turned against the enemy, but military victory emphasized that the Allies had not yet combined their enormous power to smash the foe in the shortest possible time, nor agreed upon a common political strategy for the peace. There was no disunity, as defeatists hoped; but the air was charged with equivocal purposes, and the key to this situation was Russia.

For two years the trend toward full coöperation between England, the United States, and the Soviet Union was strong and clear. In November, 1942, Stalin took issue with those who said the coalition would disintegrate; he cited the Anglo-Soviet treaty, Molotov's understanding with President Roosevelt, and Churchill's visit to Moscow as proof of the "steadily growing friendship between the USSR, Great Britain, and the United States, and of their amalgamation into a fighting alliance against the Italo-German coalition."

In spite of this advance toward complete unity and Moscow's own evident desire for it, the political atmosphere became murky and disquieting this year. For all practical purposes, Russia was fighting one war in the Ukraine, the western Allies another on the shores of the Mediterranean. The foe was the same, the resistance to him neither equally distributed nor coördinated in a single, powerful strategy. The second front became a vital issue and a touchy one; for Russia it was not only a military need, but the test of Anglo-American sincerity.

At the same time, Washington and London seemed to be following one diplomatic policy, Moscow another. Here there was talk of an exclusive Anglo-American alliance, there of urgent appeals for a "three-point landing." From the western capitals

came forebodings of a Metternich peace and support for the dregs of monarchical and reactionary Europe. The ghost of the *cordon sanitaire* stalked the world, while Moscow followed its unbroken policy of aiding democratic movements wherever the civil conflict was part of the struggle against Hitler. One side flirted with King Peter, Mikhailovitch, Franco, and veterans of Vichy; Russia was for General Tito, the People's Anti-Fascist Council in Yugoslavia, the Council of Resistance in France, the National Liberation Front in Italy. From London came threats of dismembering Germany; from Moscow, the program of the Free Germany Committee, calling upon the army and people of Germany to overthrow Hitler and establish a democratic republic. In London a Soviet emissary was refused a visa to North Africa, and Benes of Czechoslovakia, a visa to Moscow. Democratic leaders in exile warned London they would turn to Russia, which alone seemed to them interested in security for all; and people here toyed with the chimera that the Red Army might drive the Nazis across the border and enter Berlin, whence the Russians would proceed to reorganize Europe.

II

All this was a heritage from the conflict which came after World War I. For a quarter of a century a great deal of major history has revolved around Russia's emergence from feudalism into the twentieth century and the profound transformation of its entire life. That change was widely misunderstood. European and American leaders thought it was nothing more than a replica of the French Revolution, and turned for strategy to Pitt and Metternich. First they invaded Russia, then they drew the *cordon sanitaire* around her; and when historic circumstances drove people in other countries to demand twentieth-century changes, they turned to fascism for salvation. Mussolini and Hitler first emerged as leaders of reaction in the civil conflict; they were Sullas

empowered to crush the democratic movements of the people. Afterward, their approved mission was to save civilization from the great menace and enigma — Soviet Russia.

But Russia was neither a menace nor an enigma. Despite its unhappy experiences with the western powers, it was anxious to coöperate with them. It needed peace and security to carry out its gigantic program of construction and transformation, and was the first to recognize that fascism was the supreme danger not for herself alone, but for the whole of mankind. For a decade Soviet leaders appealed to the democracies for an alliance, military and political, against fascist aggression. Western leadership refused to believe that the Russians are realists, that they mean what they say, and that they scrupulously keep agreements. There was talk about world revolution long after Moscow had written it off its program; Russia's genuine sympathy for democratic movements and governments was dismissed as a trick to promote communism; its persistent pleas for collective security were ignored.

For a long time to come, historians will explain how a country committed in theory to socialism aided democracy, while countries committed in theory to democracy aided fascism; for this generation it was a living issue until yesterday. Appeasement was the arming of the fascist dictators against the Soviet Union; Munich was the climax of twenty years of blind hostility; and the failure to achieve full coöperation in the war which Hitler and Mussolini finally unleashed against the world was an echo of that past. The trend toward full collaboration of the three great Allies in war and peace ran into an anterior division: the desire of powerful, Munich-minded men in England and America to let Russia bear the brunt of the war and to end it in a reactionary peace, and Russia's consistent desire for a genuine military alliance and for a democratic peace.

The crucial turn came this summer when the Red Army opened its stunning offensive on the eastern front, and Anglo-American troops advanced first into Sicily, then on to the Italian mainland. Italy surrendered, the German-Italian alliance collapsed, the war entered a new phase, and the nature of the peace to follow became an immediate issue. At the time of the Quebec Conference, Soviet military strength was an impressive fact. So was Russia's growing influence among the democratic peoples of Europe, and the best minds in Washington and

London — beginning with Roosevelt and Churchill — knew that Russia's desire for coöperation in war and peace was sincere. If the Conference was opened on the assumption that the major problems of the war and the peace could still be solved without Russia, the summer offensive — the Dnieper bend — dispelled that misapprehension. It was then proposed to hold a meeting of the foreign ministers of Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union.

III

Announcement that this conference would meet in Moscow was a sign that the period of hesitation, doubt, and misunderstanding was over. Yet there were people in this country who still looked upon Russia as a cobelligerent rather than as an ally, while isolationists, defeatists, and appeasers of every kind continued their attack all along the line. They insisted that it was impossible to achieve military coöperation with Russia now, or political agreement after the war; that she was planning a separate peace with Nazi Germany, imperialist expansion, and world revolution.

The Moscow Conference decisions were a crushing reply to these lurid fantasies. At the same time they pledged England and the United States not to support fascist or pro-fascist elements. The great Allies have agreed on a democratic Europe. By uniting at last, they have reversed Munich, given the Atlantic Charter reality, and saved the world from a Metternich peace. A war which might have ended in dissension and chaos, will be brought to a swift, victorious conclusion at a time when the shape of things to come is being planned by agreement of the free nations.

First place at the conference was given to frank and exhaustive discussions of measures to shorten the war and to create a basis for the closest military coöperation between England, America, and Russia. Moscow was apparently satisfied on the issue of the second front, and American liaison officers can no longer complain that the Russians tell them nothing. It is reported that Eden, Hull, and their military aides gave Moscow complete information about the resources, equipment, designs, and specific plans of the United States and Britain; from Moscow the English and Americans received full information about the capacities and plans of the Red Army. That exchange was at once the key to the Conference

and a revolutionary change in the war. It was the first time the Allies became wholly acquainted with each other's strength, purposes, and prospects; it was an act of faith which altered the course and speed of the military conflict. The combined resources, manpower, and strategy of the three Allies will hasten immeasurably the destruction of Hitler's armies and their unconditional surrender. Victory may not be easy, but it is certain.

That historic act of mutual faith also made possible the next point of agreement between the Allies. This was described in the official communiqué as "second only to the importance of hastening the end of the war," and was embodied in a declaration signed not only by England, America, and Russia, but by China as well. These signatures ranged Russia more openly against Japan, made it less likely that the great Allies will conflict in the Far East, and hinted at the dissolution of barriers which have divided the West from Asia. Most important of all it committed the four nations to full collaboration after the war along definite lines of great promise. They agreed to secure their own liberation and that of the peoples allied with them from the menace of aggression, to ensure a rapid and orderly transition from war to peace, and to maintain international peace and security with the minimum of armaments.

They agreed, further, to establish at the earliest practical moment a general international organization, based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving nations, and open to membership by all such nations, large and small. The organization is to maintain peace and security in the world. The salutary effects of that agreement were felt at once in Washington, where it was included in the Senate post-war policy resolution.

At the Moscow Conference Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and China also agreed to act in common during the transition from war to peace. Until law and order are re-established and a system of general security inaugurated, the four great nations will maintain peace and security by consulting with each other and, when necessary, with other members of the United Nations, acting jointly on behalf of the community of nations. And they specifically agreed not to use their military forces in other countries when the war is over, except for the purpose of making the peace, and then only after consulting each other. This ended the chances of

imperialist conquest by force of arms, and blew to bits the myth of a race to Berlin.

IV

The second declaration of the Conference, signed by England, America, and Russia, outlined a program for Italy with far-reaching implications for the whole of Europe. The three Allies agreed that the Italian government must be made more democratic by including representatives of those sections of the Italian people who have always opposed fascism. The right of the Italian people to freedom of speech, press, assembly, religious worship, and political belief is guaranteed; so is their right to form anti-fascist political groups. Presumably this supersedes AMG rulings against such groups.

The agreement calls for the suppression of all fascist institutions and organizations in Italy, and the removal of all fascist and pro-fascist elements from administrative posts and from public institutions and organizations. All political prisoners of the fascist regime are to be released and accorded full amnesty. Fascist leaders and army generals known or suspected to be war criminals are to be arrested and handed over to justice. Democratic organs of local government are to be created, and the Italian people are ultimately to choose their own form of government.

Both these declarations were implemented; the first by a European advisory commission of American, British, and Russian delegates which will sit in London, study all current problems under the general agreement, and make recommendations to the three governments; the second by an advisory council on Italy. In addition to representatives of the three great Allies, the Italian commission will include delegates from the French, Greek, and Yugoslav national liberation groups. The new principle is thus established that in the solution of every important problem all nations will be consulted if their special interests are involved.

Nothing was said about the reconstruction of France and Germany after the war, but there is every reason for believing that the Italian declaration contains the democratic formula for later agreements among the great Allies on these major problems. Actually, the future of Europe was further clarified in a third declaration adopted by the Moscow Conference. Here the three great Allies agreed that Austria, "the first free country to fall a victim to Hitler-

ite aggression," shall be liberated from German domination. Austria's annexation and all changes made in that country by the Nazis are declared null and void. The Allies want the re-establishment of a free, independent Austria; they want it to find that political and economic security which is the only basis for lasting peace; and they want those neighboring states which face similar problems to arrive at a similar solution.

Austria is reminded, however, that she has a responsibility she cannot evade for taking part in the war on Hitler's side; in the final settlement account will be taken of her own contribution to her liberation. This is at once an application of unified Allied power to dismantle Hitler's empire of crime, a promise of freedom, a demand upon the Austrian people to overthrow the despot, and the political statement of a new morality which has been taking shape in the war. We know that the guilt of the fascist dictators is immense, unqualified, and without mitigation of any kind; but there has also been a growing recognition that those who fail to resist tyranny share its guilt, that only those deserve liberty who fight for it. This declaration bore immediate fruit in Austrian riots against the Nazis.

V

Accompanying the agreements of the Moscow Conference, was a statement on war atrocities signed by Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill, three chiefs of state the like of whom the world may not see again for centuries. Speaking solemnly in the name of the thirty-two United Nations, the Allied leaders pledged that when the armistice comes, those German officers, soldiers, and Nazi Party members who have taken a consenting part in atrocities, massacres, and executions will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done. There they will be judged and punished according to the laws of these liberated countries. Germans who take part in the wholesale shooting of Polish officers or in the execution of French, Dutch, Belgian, or Norwegian hostages, or peasants in Crete, or who have shared in slaughters inflicted on the people of Poland or in parts of the Soviet Union now being swept clear of the enemy, are warned they will be brought back to the scene of their crimes and judged on the spot by the peoples they have outraged. There is a Biblical note in that warning: "Most assuredly the three

Allied powers will pursue them to the uttermost ends of the earth and will deliver them to their accusers in order that justice may be done." War criminals whose atrocities have no specific geographic location — presumably the big Nazi leaders — will be punished by joint decision of the Allied governments.

This agreement has no precedent in history. Hitherto all war was considered on the same level: no real distinction was made between aggression and defense, between necessary military operations and sheer atrocity. Once a war was over, the defeated leaders of a predatory assault upon the peace of nations were allowed to retire in honor, no matter what crimes they had committed. Their exploits were recounted with respect, their names listed among the great figures of the time. This custom had two disastrous effects: it permitted defeated aggressors to prepare their next assault, and inspired in each generation cruel, ambitious men to imitate and outdo their predecessors. Now, for the first time, the world community agrees to punish crime in public life as it does in private life.

The immediate military results of the Moscow Conference may be apparent soon in an impressive way. The deep desire of the people in all the united nations is to end the war victoriously as soon as possible. The Conference met this problem squarely. It revealed that there is now no difference among the Allies serious enough to interfere with the great common need of beating the enemy in the shortest time in which our combined strength can do so. All guesses about when the war will end must be revised drastically. It is sooner than you think.

VI

The Conference has also had some important practical results guaranteeing post-war security. In the period of misunderstanding just closed, the Czechs were prevented from making a security pact with Russia. Now the Czechs have reached complete agreement with Moscow on a treaty of military alliance against Germany to run for at least twenty years. Immediately after the Moscow Conference, Stalin notified Beneš that England and the United States approved the projected treaty. Agreement among the three great Allies became a living force at once. The Russo-Czechoslovak treaty is almost identical with the Anglo-Soviet pact signed by Molo-

tov and Eden in 1942, and contains an important clause which opens it to neighbors of Russia and Czechoslovakia. Germany is named as the only power against which the agreement is directed. The pact reaffirms the pledge not to negotiate with a Hitlerite government or any other German government which fails to renounce all aggressive intentions clearly, commits the Czechs and Russians not to make a separate armistice with Germany, and assumes that there will be an international organization to preserve the peace.

This treaty, which the Russians and the Czechs have wanted for a long time, was made possible by the Moscow Conference and foreshadows future developments. A lasting peace is guaranteed after this war because the only powers capable of waging war have agreed to keep the peace and to unite their enormous strength to keep aggression in check. A third world war in twenty years, which so many have darkly taken for granted, has been rendered virtually impossible. There is no utopian promise that war will be forever abolished; as long as man's jungle heritage and the basic conflicts raised by the Industrial Revolution remain unsolved, the seeds of war will be there; but the agreement of the great Allies assures us that, after thirty years of war in every form, we shall have a long period of peace,

a time of stability, of security, and of order.

That in itself is a great good, and is bound to provide the framework for other goods. The war has immeasurably advanced the movement of the world toward democracy because it has ranged more millions against tyranny than ever before in the history of man, millions who have experienced despotism on their own bodies, and to whom liberty has become as concrete as bread. They have made the war a struggle for the liberation of the world from fascism. That struggle has made them hate the fascist dictator without compromise; it has also made them ask what breeds him, and look deeply into the body politic for causes of tyranny and oppression of every kind.

The lasting era of peace, now guaranteed, will enable the world to use the tremendous experience of the past three decades for coming to grips with the basic problems created by the Industrial Revolution. All the technical facilities for a good life for all are here in abundance; men have never known anything like it; the possibilities are infinite. For their widespread fulfillment, the war of liberation and the Moscow Conference have opened the way, provided the men and women who want to go forward outnumber and outdo those who fight for the past.

BIBLE LESSON 1944

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,
The great un-Christian, the fearful truth
Is only as real as reflection is real:
You cannot do wrong and complete the ideal,
You cannot outpour the blood and then try
To look on its surface for stars of the sky.
The nature of things is a visible mirror
But it's not the mirror that is in error.
An eye for an eye is not the whole law,
For as Hate looked, just so it saw,
And if you hold, by fiat or fiction,
This as mirror and not as reflection,
You place your life in front of a glass
From which the horror will never pass.
Then polish the nature of things with art
And watch the doubt in the mirror depart.
The other cheek and the eye and the tooth
Are all in the face of the greater truth.

The Certainty of Change

By BISHOP-ELECT AUSTIN PARDUE

*Is it the God of the Heart
Who is Running the Show?*

WE WILL DO ALMOST ANYTHING to nail down security. That is a general rule behind human behaviour and, fundamentally, it is a good impulse. There is only one trouble: we are usually dead wrong about the meaning of the word.

When one stakes his life on true security, which is all too seldom, he has something. But when he works, sweats, cheats, and discovers the security that his five senses select, he is in a bad way. The Greek philosopher, Heraclitus, hit it about right when he said that the only certainty in the outside world is change—things will be different tomorrow or perhaps in a few seconds. To live in a world where things on the outside change so fast, we need to get a firm grip on that quality within which never changes. I mean God.

We often feel positive that if we could only have some objective thing we would then be all set for life. So we seek and trust in money, clothes, hairdo's, jobs, jewels, the body beautiful, social position, bonds, furniture, and cars. All of these things are nice to have. Certainly I have done my share of fighting to get many of them, but I hope I know that if I trust in any or all of them, I choose chaos. Along comes the crash, the war, the revolution, the depression, or the drought—and where am I? The one thing I'm certain about is that change is on the way. So, if I have a firm grip on the spirit of God within, I can watch material things slip through my fingers, and not be the victim of a major catastrophe. No man has security until he stands on this first rung of the mystical ladder. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

When you pass up permanent security for fleeting substitutes, you get off on fake tangents. These imposters, when heated by emotionalized imagination, will make you throw all honesty, morals, kindness, and unselfishness overboard. That is what it means to worship false gods. It is exactly what has happened. The world has gone mad for the sake of what it thinks is security. People somehow can't

distinguish between the perishable and the permanent. Notice how angry we get at change. It happens when you take the teddy bear out of the baby's crib, when father comes home and mother has changed the furniture around, or whenever the old church tries to improve on its breadth of charitable vision. We are so grooved in the habit of wanting security, and so mistaken in our conception of it, that most of us fight at the very thought of change.

It is a truism to say that age is tested by judging mental and emotional attitudes, not by counting birthdays. But about the quickest and most accurate test I know is on the adaptability of the individual to change. We age because of the fear that we won't be able to hang on to the perishable things that have to do with material possessions and personal egotism. When we fear that we may not have that which will make us sleek, safe, proud, and exclusive, we shiver and fight every new trend. We resist unconsciously. However, when we have spent enough time in silent appreciation of the light that is in each of us, we begin to know that we are close to the source of everything.

This problem of change and security runs deep. You can trace back and discover that it is the source of most wars and human upheavals. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia tells his students that Froude's *Julius Caesar* shows how the politicians of the present are proceeding today on the tricks of the past: they win votes by offering bigger and better promises of personal privilege; security is what they offer because that is what we want most, so the politician with the best sales appeal gets the most votes. He goes on to tell his students to study history and not get fooled, or they, too, will go the way of all free and selfish people. He points out the fact that human nature never changes, but that the world outside does change in proportion to the degree with which human greed is stimulated. So, unless your security and mine is anchored within by the wisdom of God, we may see the good old ship of state slip her democratic moorings and drift out into the

waters of a cruel and utterly Godless dictatorship.

We must have bread, beds, and jobs. In addition, individuals need space, health, time, and opportunity — and that goes for everybody. But, when politicians begin to hypnotise the masses with the myths of their promises, it is a dangerous omen for freedom. When we begin to believe that some senator can fulfill our every wish through a bureau or an application blank, we are suckers for the fascist knockout. This is a generation that abounds in rash promises from false prophets, and it is time to be on the lookout. We want a maximum of materialistic security; but when we believe that it can be attained by a minimum of interior integrity, we are nearing the end of the limb. Professor Arthur Jeffrey, of the Semitic Languages Department of Columbia, says that the spirit of devotion to truth is lagging behind the spirit of destruction, and that we are doomed unless there is a new rise of the inward truth known as conscience. Dr. Robert A. Milliken, the Nobel Prize winner, said, in a postscript to his original message for the people of five thousand years hence deposited in a Time Capsule at the World's Fair, that the great American danger is far more from within than from without, as internal corruption leads only to despotism.

The security of each man and each state depends on one question; is the God of the heart or the God of the belly running the show?



Lest I seem to be passing the buck, let's stop here. The root of the danger is not so much in the motive of the politician, as it is in the selfishness of the common man. If there is danger of the development of a thoroughly corrupt political despotism, it is because that corruption was first in our hearts. Politicians are mirrors who merely reflect the original subject: the people. Therefore, the only answer to the all-powerful problem of security is to find and evangelize enough liberal people with the gospel facts that God has placed a spark of His own Divinity in us, and that such inner security must be realized first. The outer security should be worked for constantly, but it can't be "added unto us" until enough of us have found it established within. Without the sensitivity of the outer ear to the truth of the Inner Voice, some races and groups and nations will always be forced to take a beating.

A sense of personal security is attainable. Prayer

based on New Testament psychology, rather than autosuggestion based on private pride and possessions, is the way. The result is the unfolding of the whole man. Peter was an insecure boaster, and Paul a fanatically narrow partisan who was terrorized by the thought of change. Yet both had a rich inner experience with Christ, came out with absolute fearlessness of men, death, dictators, or destitution, and abounded in new courage, health, brilliance, and unselfishness. Here is concrete proof, and though there are thousands of others, the eyes of our pathetic generation, squinting occasionally at world-wide utopias, are glued upon political panaceas. But all will crack and crumble unless enough of us have that basic inner security of Peter and Paul. Beyond question, some programs for world coöperation and economic distributivism, as Chesterton put it, are part of the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth; but it takes better men than we are to make them work. Dean Inge said: "You cannot get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Superior energies from the spirit of God in man must be released, or there will be no power to operate these great political machines of human masses made up of all colors, customs, creeds, and basic earthly cussedness.

Yet God did give us the power to work out a plan for a Christian world. True, we have the brains and ability to build the plan, but it won't operate until we release and direct the spiritual steam that must be behind it. That is where we always fall down. We are cocksure that we can build an idealistic social mechanism and then run it on our own energy. So the League of Nations, the World Court, the Peace Pact, and all of the rest of these great plans died because the spiritual pressure gauge showed zero in pounds of God's power.

Who shall we blame? To say it is the fault of the Christian Church is almost too simple a statement, but I'll accept that. The Church will make feeble counter-attacks, but since her leaders have too often substituted dogmatic hairsplittings, salvation by shower baths, and ecclesiastical isolationism for faith, hope, and a lot of charity, what can you expect?

One of the most difficult things for us to understand is what the scientists tell us about the almost limitless power contained within the atom. To conceive that the invisible atom is a complicated universe, even apart from its innate power, is tough mental going. Yet Lord Rutherford, who first

cracked it, proved it more complex than our solar system. Then came many more attempts at splitting the atom. Now the General Electric Company has a machine producing one hundred million volts with which to attack this invisible powerhouse. But if this kind of power sounds big, what must be the strength and wisdom and potential light locked up in the soul of man? "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is what Jesus came to help us develop as He told us that the "Kingdom of God is within," and that "greater things" than He did, shall we do. Open the light of God in the heart of man, and you can begin to release the power to run the peace and equality machinery — but by our own puny strength, never. Humanity's hope that it can save itself, is tragically futile.

It will take some machine to produce peace and equity in our world, because there is a lot of rough weather ahead. This ocean of human action, thought, feeling, and emotion in which we live can't be predicted very far ahead. It can blow up storms, squalls, and typhoons before you know it, and from quarters you would least expect.

A good ocean swimmer knows that, when there are great heavy breakers storming in against the beach, there are two things a man can do if he's out there where they are breaking. He can stand up to them and fight them; and if he does he will be slapped and rolled until he drowns. Otherwise, he can duck under them as they break, and ride with them as they swell — but he can't fight them by his own strength and live. Yes, there is certainly rough weather ahead in the human ocean, and there is no possible power of brain or will or secular idealism that can fight it out alone against racial and color prejudice, against selfish groups guided by hateful emotional spasms, and against savage passions of revenge and greedy appetites for economic restitution to the last drop.

But before we begin to talk over the spiritual security of the soul, we had better be warned against the danger of downright egotistical cockiness and sickish, self-righteous superiority. No true prayer can produce these loathsome miscarriages of would-be Christianity, but they happen all too often because of overemphasis on the concept of the Divinity of Man. Whenever the cults start frustrated people meditating about God's indwelling presence, without emphasis on the humility and sacrifice of Jesus, they merely produce a public bore and a private

missionary pest. In that same category is the danger of stressing the cult of "Just think right and the good will manifest." That is a perfectly true and necessary dogma, if, in thinking of only the good, we are willing to face the truth. I have met too many "happy am I" thinkers who were so happy that they forgot to confess their sins or face their debts. So, in contemplating the fact of spiritual security within, it is first necessary to accept the premise that God is like Jesus and Jesus is a fearless, humble, healthy, honest, wise, and common sense servant of all nations and bloods. If they are to know security, we must first convince men that He potentially exists in the heart of every man, that He is equal to every crisis, and that His love can alone win out in the stretch.

The job is to provide ourselves with a balanced and strong picture of Jesus, and to make that picture so strong that we cannot forget it. Faith is to know Him, feel Him, and see Him. The result of that kind of faith is that there is automatically projected to the outside world of men a spiritual energy that leavens the lump of the common man. Unless he is leavened, he remains a lump — and a lump in anything from your throat to your stomach is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. The man with inward spiritual security does not have to beat a drum, pass out pamphlets, or call you "brother"; he merely has to be what he is, for then his Christianity is caught like the measles. If enough such people are distributed about, they will leaven the whole lump of humanity, they will spiritually infect the world. The world will then rise until it becomes the Kingdom of Heaven.



There are many ways and means to develop inward security, some specific, some dogmatic, and others mystic. That is as it should be, for systems of private prayer can be as varied as the people who use them. Some methods should remain in the classical form of theological tradition, while others would suit many of us better if they were translated into the language of our age. The important thing is that the users of classical devotions and modern experiments maintain a healthy tolerance of each other. Anyway, our aim is the production of the fruits of inner security in spite of the violent changes in political or economic weather. We want the fruits

that will give vitamins of life to gasping social theories that have been starving on the husks of mere intellectual idealism.

I will start with a simple program that has helped me to stand. It has even enabled me to reach out and steady others when everything underneath and about seemed to be shaking apart from violent countervibrations. This sketchy outline is far more final in my own development, I hope. Undoubtedly it will be revised, and possibly scrapped, if I do any further growing.

On waking every morning, and before getting out of bed, I count over the breaks from obstacles I've had through sleep, and give attention to an expression of gratitude. Then, before getting up, I mull over the psalm phrase, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, I will rejoice and be glad in it." When I realize that it is His day, not mine, and that there are a lot of new chances ahead, I feel a sense of mutual opportunity, and start off with a sort of enthusiastic "let's go" attitude.

There is no excuse for missing this first part, but the second section is a little more difficult, for after breakfast the phone may ring or household complications arise. Unless I'm disciplined, I may run out on myself and slosh through the day without my spiritual rubbers. If I do so without further strengthening food, trouble lies ahead.

St. Paul said that God is above all, through all, and in us all. So I take time to sit down and think that statement over. But first, I breathe deeply and rhythmically, because timing is the foundation of everything from the operations of the universe to a golf swing. As St. Paul says, it "settles and establishes" me. Then I think a bit about the life that streams through my being, and sense that God is there, that I am in Him and He is in me. I stop on that for a few seconds, and let it sink in. I realize that without this Presence I am nothing and useless; but with faith in His indwelling strength, in spite of myself, I cannot fail. More than that, I can do anything, regardless of difficulties, if the motive is good and the action wise. The test of the word "good" depends on the feeling of wisdom and service to others that my heart and reason senses. You may make mistakes of judgment—but go ahead anyway, for faith in planning with God has a real element of gambling in it.

Someone may say that this all sounds very introspective, and I agree. All growth must have per-

sonal analysis and diagnosis, so let us go a step further. You want security so that you can face violent change and thereby help others not to crack up when trouble comes. Therefore, you must first know what you need.

What are your spiritual, mental, and emotional limitations? Know them and start out to replace them with their opposites. To understand the procedure, it is well to try to see that, for the most part, we are trying to deal in spiritual values, not with material things. Suppose, then, that I have been dead honest with myself and I find that there are five such fundamental weaknesses in my make-up as fear of people, selfishness, indecision, inability to concentrate, and physical fatigue from emotional frustrations. Then I figure out the spiritual opposites of these negations. They would be courage, generosity, wisdom and judgment, concentration, and healthy energy. I now see that, when I possess these qualities, all of my major problems are potentially answered. Now, if I am "in God" and He is "in me," I realize that these qualities are already within reach. It isn't a question of whether God will give them to me, for He already has done so; the problem centers upon my willingness to take the trouble to know how to accept them.

I then thank Him, and begin to visualize the coming day. From the point of view of these gifts that God has given me, I see myself performing my various duties. As far as possible, I plan the future with my imagination, and see myself as I would like to become. I must repeat these exercises often, and see myself in advance of myself. At certain intervals during the day, like a football team that needs water, I will take time out and I will quickly review the picture of my relationships with God and my daily routine. Perhaps I can take only two minutes for this, but it is long enough to catch my breath, stabilize my thinking, and energize my soul. If I train carefully as an athlete of the spirit, I will gain strength, I will toughen up, I will develop new and better exercises which will produce more and stronger qualities. Such a program takes time and discipline, but it is worth the trouble to me if I can face the certainty of outward Change with the stability of inward security. Then can I become a useful citizen with an unselfish purpose based on service. "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye will receive them and ye shall have them."

It Can Still be Done

By TANYA SOUTH

Present-day Pioneering in the California Desert

FIRST THERE WERE THE AX and the can of pineapple and the tiny tent. When we came lugging them up the savage cliffs of Ghost Mountain on that bright February morning in 1931, they seemed terribly heavy, and it was with vast relief that we dumped them in the shade of a storm-twisted juniper on the barren summit.

"This," said Marshal definitely, "from now on, is home."

I was breathless and limping. On the way up, clambering along precipitous, thorn-grown Indian foot trails unused for centuries, a mescal spine had driven through my hiking boot and broken off, embedded deeply in the muscle. My fingers were sore from clinging to jagged rocks; my hair was a tangle, full of dead juniper twigs. Also, though I would never have admitted it, on my heart lay the cold hand of fear. The bustle of crowds, the comforting sense of human companionship, the throbbing roar of cities—of New York, of San Francisco, of Los Angeles—the world of lights and noise and apartments and elevators and softly shaded lamps seemed so far, so terribly far, away. What *did* one do, here in this grim desert wilderness? And without money!

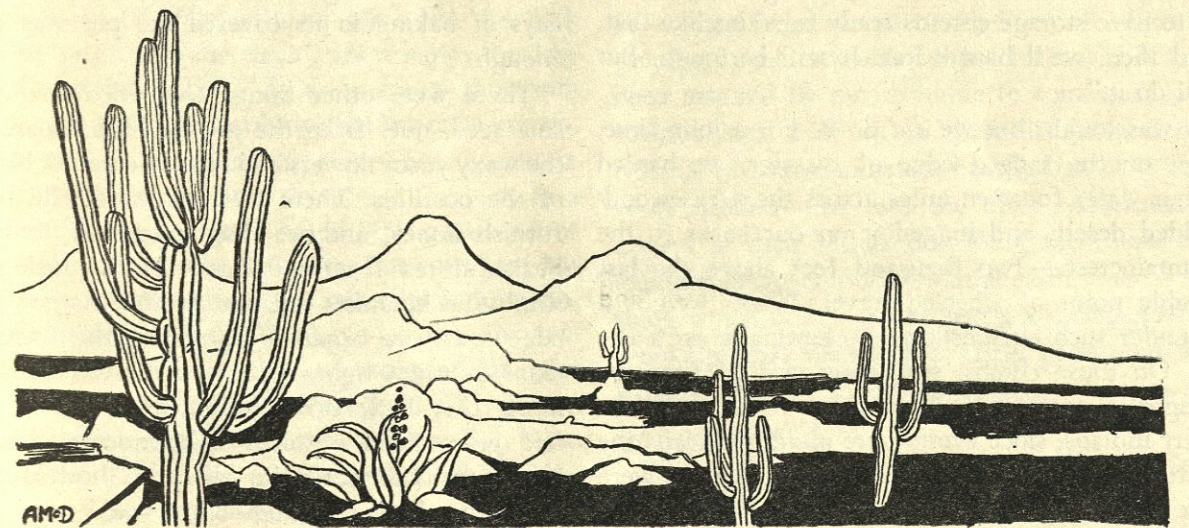
There was a little thorn-filled hollow on the moun-

tain summit where, after extracting the thorn and lunching upon the can of pineapple, we began to clear space for the tent. Mescals—stubborn, dagger-pointed agaves—covered the gravelly soil in matted clumps, and crowded closely between them grew vicious cholla cacti and long-spined *biznagas*. There were rocks too, shattered, sun-weathered boulders of every size. The ax was our sole tool, and by the time we had had hewed out a space big enough for our tiny tent, we were both exhausted.

The little tent went up. Very lonesome seemed its tiny, khaki shape as we left it standing there at sunset, hemmed by the desolation of the mountain-top. Home! The start of our new home. There was a lump in my throat, though it was no longer a lump of fear.

As we climbed down the mountain to where, at the foot, our old car and all our worldly possessions waited in a clump of junipers, Marshal was cheerful in spite of his dog-weariness. "We've come home," he said, "home to the earth, where every human belongs. And now, even if you can't sell verse and I can't sell prose any more, and the depression blows up all the literary markets, we'll still make out somehow. Even *without* water."

Water! Queer how sometimes a simple word



acquires ominous significance. On the lone desert mountain that was to be our new home, there were neither streams nor springs — nor any possibility of a well. Over all its unvisited Eden of sunshine and peace hovered the grim spectre of thirst.

But otherwise the location came up to specifications. When we had fled the city, driven by vanished finances, we had in mind very definite ideals of health and freedom and pioneering. Above all, we needed peace and solitude, for, in this age of stereotyped civilization, he who dares depart from the conventional pattern of life automatically becomes something for investigation by every busybody. Bare-handed pioneering and primitive contact with the earth, such as the first sturdy breakers of the wilderness knew, has become almost a crime. We had come to the desert without money. Deep in our hearts, we had dreamed a dream of peace and sunshine and health and wholesome work. This lone mountaintop in the Southern California wastelands — untrodden and unspoiled since the days of the vanished Indians — was the one place we knew of before we started, and we had no funds to go searching for more advantageous solitudes.

"There's no obstacle that cannot be overcome if anyone wants badly enough to overcome it," Marshal said. "The mountain has everything we need — except water. That's its challenge. We can overcome that challenge if we're determined. If we fail, it will be because we're weak and quit. And anyone who quits has no business here in the desert — nor any place else. We'll beat the water question."

"But how?" I asked a bit dubiously.

"It rains here at times," he said, "even if this *is* a desert. Look at those storm-torn gullies! We've got to have storage cisterns ready for rains like that. Until then, we'll haul water. It will be tough. But we'll do it."

It was tough. But we *did* do it. For a long time, often on the ragged edge of disaster, we hauled all our water fourteen miles across the greasewood-studded desert, and lugged it on our backs to the mountaincrest — two thousand feet above the last possible point of wheeled travel. Water weighs a lot under such circumstances — especially on a hot day. On those climbs, struggling and panting, we thought a good deal about our predecessors, the desert Indians, since everywhere along the trails the shattered fragments of their earthen water jars were mute testimony of their struggle for water. We

wasted no water even when the heat reached 120.

And bit by bit, as a dollar came from here and from there, we began to get roofing iron and water-storing facilities. Our first cistern was a discarded fifty-gallon oil barrel. But each slowly acquired sack of cement enabled us to enlarge our cistern space — and each increase in the amount of water we caught permitted us to mix larger and larger quantities of cement.

"Home," grew too, as time passed. The tent was gone now. The cleared space amidst the chollas and mescals had steadily expanded. Our first crude little Indian-like house, built largely from the tall, dead flower shoots of the desert century plants, kept getting bigger. The tumbled rocks were being laboriously boosted aside and built into retaining walls behind which, on the steep slopes, we piled and leveled terraces of the thirsty desert earth.

After water, food ranked as our big problem. For one must eat, even in an Eden of sunshine and peace. The amount of money that came in from our shattered literary markets was negligible — often not enough to buy even the whole-grain wheat and corn that we pounded for our flour in the rock mortar holes of our dusky predecessors. But there is no teacher like adversity. We turned desperately to the desert.

And not in vain. Dotted the desolation all over Ghost Mountain are the hearths where the ancient Indians had roasted the spiny mescals. By trial and error, we discovered the correct method of baking, a laborious process involving building huge fires over stone-lined pits and chopping and preparing the heavy, dagger-leaved plants. But the resultant food — rich in sugar — when unearthed after two days of baking in its covered fire pit, was reward enough.

There were other things too. Cactus fruits and chia seed, nuts from the *jo-joba* bush, salads from the waxy yucca flowers and from the scarlet blossoms of the ocotillos. There were nests of wild bees to furnish honey, and we discovered how to brew a healthful tea from the leaves of the little desert shrub that botanists call the *ephedra*. As our knowledge grew, we began to appreciate the ancient Indians in a new light. All this, and a thousand times more, they had known before us, knowledge that had given them a sturdy independence. This was true even as to water, for all over Ghost Mountain grow the *biznagas* — the barrel cacti — in whose

hearts are stored spine-guarded hoards of water that are priceless insurance against thirst.

And so, through the lean times of struggle when the outlook was often black and we drew faith mostly from the glorious sunshine and the steadfast glow of the desert stars, the wasteland fed us. We have progressed now to tiny gardens, established on our hand-made terraces of earth built among the rocks and watered sparingly from our cisterns. It is easier now. But I like to look back over those hard, early struggles from which we learned a priceless thing — that the chiefest, most unforgivable sin, is to quit.

Time passed. On our mountain summit, using honest adobe mud as we caught the water to mix it with, we built our home, facing it toward the sunrise where the first golden shafts of the new day could weave patterns of swaying mescals through the windows each morning, and where the far, flaming fire of the sunset could back a curtain of glory against the roof ridge each night.

There is a something about a home, especially a home that you build with your own hands in loving personal toil. It brings with it, usually, foundations that are deeper and far more imperishable than mere mortar and stone. Our little, low-crouched adobe house was no exception. It brought us our children.

There are three of them now: Rider, eight years old and with the flashing red gold of the desert sun in his uncut hair; Rudyard, four, whose wavy brown curls match the changing lights and shadows deep in the coolness of the age-old junipers; and Victoria, blue-eyed and heading well along toward her second birthday. Our sons, named in memory of great authors who "knew," and our little daughter, named for the Spirit of Victory in an era when the dark furies of storm ride the world, are a happy, healthy trio of sun-tinted little Americans — a thousand-fold reward for every hardship that we have known.

That we lack for things here on Ghost Mountain is true. And that we have developed, perhaps to a fine point, what has been called "the gentle art of doing without" may be true also. But even that has its priceless compensations, for necessity is the greatest spur to development. We have become our own carpenters and blacksmiths and masons, furniture makers and basket weavers. We grind all our own flour, and we are even our own potters. For, from the stubborn ridges of the mountain, we dig the clay from which we fashion our cups and saucers,

bowls, water ollas, and cooking pots, decorating and firing them as did the southwestern Indians ages ago. Like conditions produce like results.

The schooling of our children is an undertaking which their father and I have assumed with an eager satisfaction. Only in close personal association between tutor and pupil — the ideal of the Greeks of old — can education be thorough. And this our youngsters get to the fullest. Marshal is an individualist, and his philosophy of life is that of an all-round development. There are few things, either practical or artistic, that he cannot do. So, while I attend to the three R's and most of the essential groundwork, his is the task of imparting general knowledge. A big job, and a happy one: at his heels, from daylight to dark, trot his eager little disciples, striving with nimble minds and fingers to do, also, everything that he does. They draw and they paint pictures, they hammer and they saw. They make mud bricks and walls. They shape metal and they collect natural history specimens. They make pottery and they hold storytelling competitions. Our elder boy is even setting type and learning how to bind books, for here, on our mountaintop, we have built — among other things — a printing press. It is a primitive affair, on the style of the presses of Gutenberg and Caxton, built of wood and of odds and ends of metal. But it prints. No, I am not worrying about my children's education. In their hands we are placing the tools — the keys to knowledge and accomplishment. All else, in every case, must be the effort of each individual soul.

But not alone in our children has our pioneering had its reward. Next comes, I think, the happiness which from time to time is ours when letters drift in — often from far parts — telling of others who, groping in these troubled times for a way out, have been inspired by our example to somewhat similar undertakings. Not all of these distant and unmet friends, who have somehow heard of us, have wanted — or needed — to face the utter wilderness. But always in their letters describing their new homemakings in closer touch with the earth, there is something which brings to our hearts a warm glow. For, amid the dark chaos of a world gone mad in unbalanced industrialism, there gleams, it seems to us, but one hope:

The earth! Lay hold upon the earth! Only in that direction lies health and sanity and security.

FOREWORD:

IN 1933, immediately after Hitler came to power in Germany, a notice in an insignificant corner of the Neue Freie Presse carried the report that "a very important personage in the German Reich, accompanied by a group of men in formal afternoon attire and silk hats, yesterday crossed the German-Austrian border in automobiles. They stopped at a town near the frontier, and laid a wreath on a flattened grave on the local cemetery. After the silent ceremony, the automobiles and their passengers returned to Germany."

Well-informed people knew that the important personage was . . . Hitler. It was believed that now, having achieved power, he had visited the graves of his parents. But it turned out that the automobiles which carried Hitler's party had stopped as soon as they had crossed the bridge over the river, at Braunau, Hitler's birthplace. In the Braunau cemetery a wreath of flowers was found, with a very warm inscription from the man who had taken the fate of Germany and of half the world into his hands. The wreath had been placed on a grave that was worn level with the ground, near the wall at the side of the cemetery. And although it was a strictly Catholic cemetery, the crumbling headstone bore no sign of a cross; neither did it give the name of the person who was buried under it.

It was no secret in Europe that, just as his adoptive father had been an illegitimate child, using a strange name all his life, Hitler himself was not the son of his "father." Various versions of Hitler's real origin were bruited about. And Hitler, in his own book, Mein Kampf, has cast suspicion on it. The bitter contempt with which he repeatedly refers to his father betrays the fact that, despite his boasts about his racial heritage, he is not at all proud of his direct origin. From his earliest childhood, Hitler was in continual conflict with his father whom he had to thank only for putting stumbling blocks in the path of his career. And although he is so diplomatically silent about his early youth in Braunau, which must nevertheless have left life-long imprints on a restless childhood temperament and etched profound memories, marks of another influence do break through—an influence that can in no way be traced to his egoistic father. Hitler's attitude toward his parents evoked the many versions of his origin that have run through Europe.

The writer of these lines visited Austria every year, spending his vacations in Salzburg and Badgastein not far from Hitler's native town of Braunau. He visited Braunau many times and investigated the mystery of Hitler's birth by talking to people of all types.

Hitler's shadow already lay heavily over Austria. The whole Braunau region, so close to Bavaria, was infected with the Nazi disease. Swastikas, smeared on at night by unseen hands, disfigured the walls of houses. Technically, communication between Germany and Austria was cut off; the bridge across the River Inn connecting the two countries was closed, but Hitler's agents swarmed throughout the town. The tavern where Hitler was brought up had been transformed into a Hitler museum, and the room of his birth—hung with photographs of his parents and of Hitler himself as a schoolboy—was even then, under Austrian rule, a pilgrim-shrine. In the public cafés and hotels, people were afraid to mention his name because of the spies in every corner. He was expected to march into Austria any day. Naturally, under such circumstances, it was not easy for me to probe into the matter of Hitler's illegitimate birth, about which everyone in the place knew and was afraid to talk. Not only did the only Jew whom I found in the market place turn pale as death with fright when I asked him about Hitler's origin, but the elderly Christian women who lived near the tavern and who had known his parents, were afraid to discuss it.

Finally, with the aid of certain persons, I attained the confidence of the older people and they opened their mouths. One can imagine the legends that were woven about Hitler in this modest town among the people who had known his parents so well and been witnesses of his growing up. Certainly no one is in a position to take the responsibility for the validity of the mysterious tales, a mixture of fantasy and truth borne in the astonishing imagination of their countrymen. Everyone has assured me of the real existence of the persons and of the true happenings which they remember so well. From the stories they told me, both true and imagined, the most characteristic and the most monster-like figure of Hitler has emerged.

S. A.

THE BIRTH OF ADOLF HITLER

By SHOLEM ASCH

Drawings by Ben-Zion

Part I

BRAUNAU, THE CITY OF HITLER'S BIRTH, lies at the foot of Salzkammergut, in a valley through which flows the lively River Inn. The opposite bank of the river, on the Bavarian side, is higher, and there the Tyrolean mountains begin to pile up, one on the other, but the bank on which Braunau lies is low. Small, dark, mysterious ponds vein the surrounding flatlands. In them the inhabitants of the valley earn their livelihood by breeding that luxury, fresh trout, which they sell to the large cities.

The fish are very delicate, and their breeding is fraught with many difficulties. Most of the breeders keep pairs which lay eggs; others buy young fish and raise them on a special diet. But both the eggs and the small fish have one terrible enemy—the black claw-snake, which lurks in slime and darts out to consume the eggs or to gorge on the tiny fish. Sometimes the whole crop, including the expensive parent pair, is lost to the snakes. Occasionally a peculiar worm destroys the fish. The fish breeders are superstitious; they believe in the evil eye, in Mumbo-Jumbo; they turn to rat exterminators, poison apothecaries, and magicians who wander about the countryside selling their potions to the perplexed, credulous fishermen.

One of these snake exterminators, a man with a Bohemian name, settled in Braunau. He said that he came from Burgenland, then belonging to Hungary. Now, there is a lake deep in a Burgenland valley which—strangely enough—possesses the same climatic characteristics as the Egyptian Nile, and here, as in the Nile, abound fish, worms, snakes, frogs, toads, and lizards in horrifying form and repulsive colors. From here also comes a certain translucent green frog which has the sharp teeth of the Nile lizard—father of the crocodile. The frog eats snakes, but spares fish eggs.

The new arrival in Braunau brought the Burgenland frogs with him. He bred them in tubs, pails, barrels, and pitchers filled with a black and oily fluid no one could identify. It soon became evident that this Burgenland amphibian was a more effec-

tive enemy of the claw-snakes in the ponds than the Mumbo-Jumbo and other superstitions to which the peasants had hitherto resorted. The man's renown spread among the fish breeders, and they began to stream to him from the whole region, asking for advice and help against the many hardships imposed by the predatory pond inhabitants. In his secretive huts and cellars he bred not only the snake-devouring frogs, but also blood-snakes, worms, and dozens of other creatures that lived on parasites. In time he became so well-known that he was sought out for advice and help against mysterious ailments, such as skin spots and scabs. In addition to selling rat poison, parasite exterminators, and Nile leeches to suck bad blood, he also began to dispense secret love potions with which to win indifferent hearts, metal rings as charms against rheumatism, and herbs to open the wombs of childless women and to close those of the overly-fecund.

He lived outside the town, near a black, surging pond, in a hut built round by dark recesses and cellars, all filled with the stench of damp earth and the filthy basins and rotting sacks in which he kept his frogs and lizards. He was alone, without wife or family. He was never seen in church. Some thought him a gypsy pagan, others said that he was a Christian, but that he had sworn to the devil, to Asmodeus, that he would be an enemy of the Cross, and that in exchange for this loyalty he had been given control over the worms.

Yet on winter evenings, when he was frequently seen at the tavern adjoining the inn, he looked no more outlandish than the other guests. He was a man in his forties and in the prime of life; his powerful, bony build gave the impression of superlative health. He was not bad to look at: dark, with a head of black, curly hair one lock of which fell over his low, perpetually perspiring forehead. Heavy eyebrows shaded his fiery, restless eyes; the broad, quivering nostrils of his long, beaklike nose breathed down on his thick, black, waxed whiskers. Although his face was pocked, its dark yellow tint gave him

a gypsy-like warmth of coloring. Were it not for the melancholy expression that lay as if etched in the deep lines around his mouth and eyes, he would have been the typical gypsy who spent all his time exciting adventure-hungry women. But the melancholy expression hardened his cheeks, so that they seemed carved of wood; it deprived his face of human elasticity and left it mechanical, unnatural, and frightening, even when he tried occasionally to smile. His mechancholy was not only frozen in the lines of his face, but in the rigidity of his whole bearing which was militaristically stiff.

One evening he came energetically into the dimly-lit tavern, mumbled "*Grüss . . .*" with the word *Gott* swallowed, and sat himself in a corner. Trying to bring a friendly smile to his face, he gave his order to the waitress.

When she brought him his mug of beer, she found him playing on the table with the yellowish-green frog that he always carried next to his hairy chest.

"Look, Lieschen," he said, "I brought this young lady from the Neu-Siedeler lake in Burgenland. I am going to mate her with a local frog. Do you see her sharp teeth?" Pressing his black nails against its throat, he forced the frog to open its mouth. Lieschen began to tremble so violently that the jug of whiskey she wore slung like a postman's mailbag over her powerful breasts began to shake, allowing the whiskey to spurt out.

"It's horrible, it's terrible," she said, closing her eyes.

"Which, the frog or its breeder?" a hoarse, drunken voice called from the cloud of smoke filling the room.

"Who said that?" demanded the frog man, rising and ready to fight.

No one answered.

"Mine's as honorable a profession as any!" he called out. "The most important people buy my wares. I am purveyor to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Lichtenberg, who buys worms from me for his fish pond," he shouted at the cloud of smoke rolling from the many pipes and cheap Austrian cigars.

"It's a gypsy's occupation," said a voice.

"Who dares say that? I want him to come out and fight!"

Again no answer.

"I'm not a gypsy. I am a Bohemian. I am an Austrian corporal," he insisted, pounding his chest.

"Not an Austrian corporal. A Bohemian corporal!" came from the smoke.

A chorus of laughter broke out. "A Bohemian corporal!" Bohemia had no army then.

"I want whoever said that to come out and fight, whether he is a soldier or a civilian!" the man shouted, raucously. "I am a corporal in the Emperor's army!"

"A Bohemian corporal!" the chorus repeated.

"I am respectable," the man went on, moving toward the wall of smoke.

"Come, come, none of that! No fights in my tavern. The police inspector is my guest." The owner of the tavern had come up to him, shoved the man's hat into his hand, and was telling him to go.

From that day on the frog breeder was known throughout the town as the Bohemian corporal.



In a corner of the tavern sat the royal tax collector, Schickelgruber, who tried his best to use his mother's name — Hitler — but the name wouldn't stick. With tiny sips, he was taking his Spritz — a glass of water mixed with a little wine — and drawing pleasurably at the twisted stem of his porcelain pipe. This was what he did every night, from nine to ten, before going to bed.

The rumpus which arose in the tavern on account of the Bohemian corporal forced him to curtail his stay there by ten minutes; Royal Tax Collector Schickelgruber was very careful of his dignity. He had more respect for his job than for his life or his God, and steered clear of all rows and scandals. At the slightest sign of disorder he disappeared. The ten-minute curtailment of his stay in the tavern confused his spirits, for the tax collector's time was just as pedantically distributed and divided into hours and minutes as his meager budget — which his salary of a hundred and fifty crowns per month permitted him — was separated into detailed expenditures. The last copper for his most minute needs, such as his nightly Spritz and his pipe tobacco, was allowed for.

But Schickelgruber's petty salary not only had to satisfy the small human requirements of daily life — in which satisfaction he was aided by his wife and his daughter by a previous marriage — but it also had to nourish a secret passion that the minor royal servant carried in his bony breast, a dream

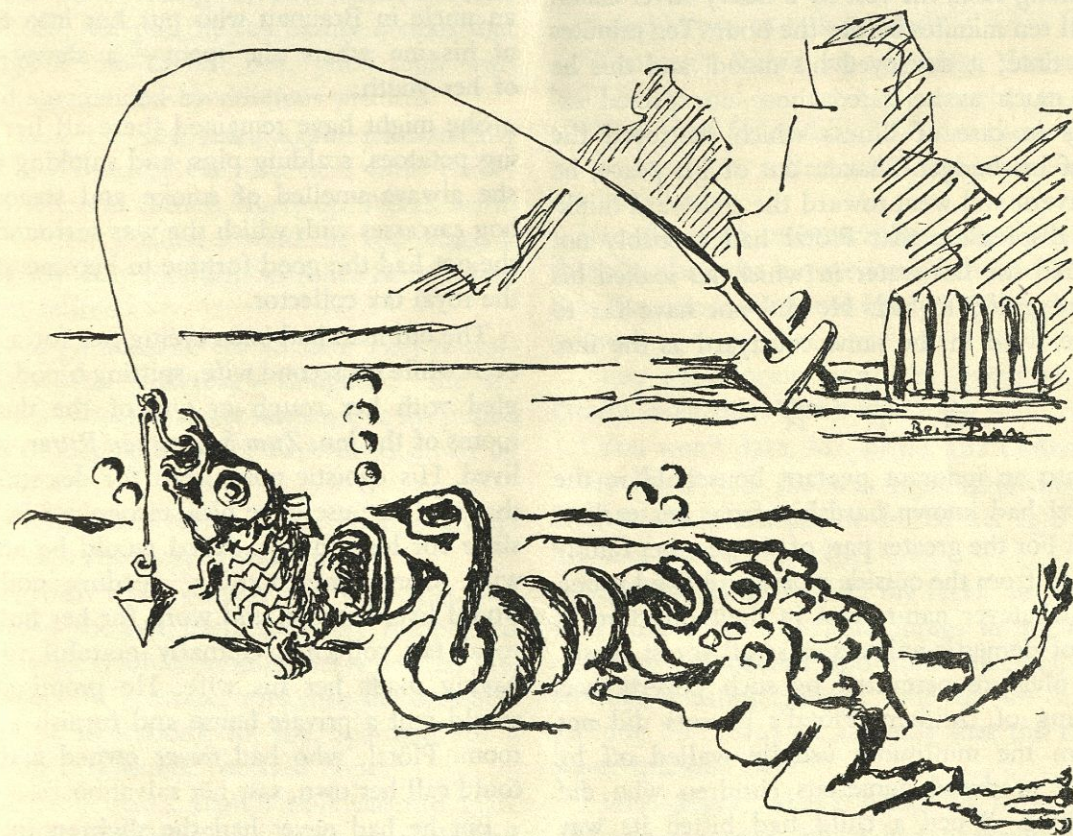
that illumined his impoverished life. At some future day, when he had retired from active service on a pension, he would have saved enough to buy a small cottage for himself. That was Schickelgruber's greatest aspiration and hope — to be the owner of a small estate. All day long, while he sat in the customs house on the bridge over the River Inn with nothing to do, Schickelgruber dreamed his sweet dream, and when he went to bed beside the scrawny wife whom he — twice a widower — had just married, he took the dream with him.

The dream of the cottage in the hills, near a wood, was sweetest during his hour in the tavern, while he sat sipping his Spritz and sucking his pipe. That whole hour, sitting before the tall glass of water and wine, he talked to no one. His heavy-browed, reddened eyes closed when he bent forward to draw deeply from his pipe. An unnatural flush flooded his shrunken gray cheeks. The center of his graying, yellowish mustache was eaten away by smoke and tobacco, exposing his gums and a few black, corroded teeth. His hand, ridged with swollen blue veins, was clasped around the glass of Spritz. This was when Schickelgruber saw before him the few silver gulden that he took from his wages on the first of every month and put in the postal sav-

ings bank. He saw the bank book, with the total sum underlined, which he always carried in a bag over his heart. But he saw still more than that: he saw the little wooden cottage and its broad, long balcony; the heavy stones on the roof; the miniature waterfall just below the house; the canal he had dug from the waterfall to his pond, with its frisking pairs of fish that would help him during the summer months to eke out a supplement to his small pension. He saw the forest behind the house and the logs he would bring from it in the autumn to safeguard himself against the winter.

But when he thought of the fish swimming in his dark pond, his thoughts became somewhat tangled and restless because they established a relationship with the frog breeder at the next table.

Strange rumors were heard about the man. But the tax collector's pleasant fantasies were disturbed by the thought of the frog breeder for a different reason — a reason quite removed from frogs. Schickelgruber couldn't decide whether to be suspicious or not. His wife Plötzl was involved — Plötzl, who was working in the inn when he became a widower for the second time. No, Schickelgruber wasn't suspicious of the frog man, but he grew restless whenever the other appeared. He was said



to be a woman chaser. He told the women all kinds of nonsense to win them. He said the future ruler of the German Reich would issue from his loins. They should arrest a man like this. If he weren't so useful to the fish breeders, he would be driven out of town.

These were the tax collector's thoughts. But he drove his worries off. He didn't like to be distracted in the dreams about his cottage, his rabbit hunting — even deer hunting — of a morning, in the autumn-chilled, russet woods. He knew that he wasn't a good hunter, but hunting went well with a cottage in the woods. He didn't like to be annoyed in any of his thoughts. He loved his food, his bed, his job, and his rest. So he managed to cast off even the thoughts about the frog man, and to indulge completely in the sweet dreams of his future life on a pension.

But the tumult that started when the frog man took the frog out of his bosom had suddenly routed Schickelgruber's agreeable reflections.

"It doesn't suit my dignity." Rising briskly, he flung down the copper for his drink and was gone.

Once outside, he mechanically — as was his habit — drew his big watch from under his green coat where it hung from his vest by a heavy silver chain. It was still ten minutes before the hour. Ten minutes is a long time; it destroyed his mood, and this he hated as much as he hated those unexpected expenditures in case of illness which destroyed the balance of his budget. Shaken out of his peace, he left the tavern and went toward the courtyard thinking with displeasure that Plötzl had probably not yet prepared the hot water in which he soaked his feet before going to bed. He did not have far to go, for he lived in the same courtyard as the inn.



Born into an ignorant peasant household in the hills, Plötzl had known hardship from her earliest childhood. For the greater part of the year her family was isolated from the outside world and lived primitively on whatever nature cast in their direction in the form of domestic animals or small forest beasts. The one pleasure permitted by such poverty was the breeding of children. Plötzl's parents did not differ from the multitude; usually walled off by snow, they produced numerous children who did not live long. When a child had bitten its way

through the ailments that privation, hunger, cold, and darkness had flung on it, it was hardened and able to endure anything.

Plötzl was such a child of the hills. Almost from babyhood, she had worked for a living. She began by helping her mother to care for the children. Then she cleaned their hut, milked the cows, churned the butter, swept the stables, drove the animals to pasture on the hills and home again. She cut hay in the summer, in the winter she chopped wood and ice and snow. Later she went over the hills laden like a harnessed donkey with milk, cheese, and butter, returning with provisions. Her youth had been spent like a donkey's — on the road, over the hills to the town and back.

But like a stream that flows through the mountain, dropping into crevices, breaking over thousands of rocks and finally reaching the river in the valley, Plötzl worked her way through the snow, the blizzards, the sickness, the hunger, and the misery of her youth. She had no God, no schooling, and no home. The bleak hills were the walls of her school, the rippling streams her playmates, until she and her surviving brothers and sisters were orphaned.

Relatives divided the family as if it had been an inheritance of slaves. Plötzl fell into the hands of an uncle in Braunau who put her into the kitchen of his inn where she spent — a slavey — the rest of her youth.

She might have remained there all her life, peeling potatoes, scalding pigs, and smoking sausage — she always smelled of smoke and steam, like the hog carcasses with which she was surrounded — had she not had the good fortune to become affianced to the royal tax collector.

The old man had been eyeing her for a long time, even while his second wife, spitting blood, had struggled with her cough in one of the dungeon-like rooms of the inn, *Zum Schwarzen Ritter*, where they lived. His egoistic nose, keen for discerning things that could be useful to him, recognized in Plötzl the slave for his old age. Plötzl would be an obedient wife, demanding nothing, needing nothing. She would live, breathe, and work for her husband, the royal tax collector, eternally grateful to him for having made her his wife. He promised that he would rent a private house and furnish a new bedroom. Plötzl, who had never owned a thread she could call her own, saw her salvation.

But he had never had the slightest intention of

keeping his promise. He only wanted to pre-empt the slavey from the inn for himself. All that he bought were the few pots and pans he needed for his own comfort — and he let Plötzl keep on working in the inn kitchen. The only difference was that now it was the tax collector, not her uncle, who gleaned the profits of her labor. The royal tax collector sold her legally to the inn in exchange for furnished rooms and kitchen. His excuse to Plötzl was that a tax collector never knew when he would be transferred, so it was obviously wiser to stay on in the inn.

An older daughter by a previous marriage was taken in to live with them; she paid the tax collector rent for the room that Plötzl's labors earned. There was little peace between Plötzl and her stepdaughter, or between the married pair. Plötzl never forgave the tax collector for having broken his word about a house.

When Schickelgruber entered his kitchen, he found Plötzl ready with the hot water for soaking his feet. Plötzl was never late; she was never caught unprepared by unforeseen circumstances. In her customary, embittered silence, she poured the hot water from the basin in which it was boiling into a wooden tub. Without commenting to her husband about his early return, she put the tub before a chair that stood alongside the carved bed, piled high with pillows and surrounded by religious pictures.

"Well," said the old man, again mechanically taking out his watch, "I'll turn in a little earlier today — ten minutes earlier. Hurry up, Plötzl, warm the bed . . ." He pointed toward the bed which it was her nightly duty to warm with her body before the old man retired.

"I've got to go down to the kitchen. They're stuffing sausages after yesterday's slaughter," she answered, without looking at her husband, as she pulled the sleeves of her nondescript dark dress down on her skinny arms.

"That's right. They killed hogs. They've always got some reason for keeping you late."

She knew who was to blame and was quiet. But a deep crease showed itself over her compressed lips. In it lay all the bitterness of her wretched life. Her cold, metallic, brownish eyes, like the eyes of a beast when it is tracking its foe, sparkled for a moment with fury at her betrayed hopes.

"It's the frog man's fault," said the old man, wrenching off his heavy shoes. Then he pulled off

his thick, hand-knitted socks and with contented precision lowered his decrepit, formless feet into the tub of hot water. "It's the frog man's fault. There was almost a fight on account of him. He had the nerve to bring his wares with him to the inn."

"They're no different from other wares. He sells to large estates. He is purveyor to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Lichtenberg," Plötzl said, putting on a clean apron.

"His own words," thought the tax collector. He no longer doubted where his wife had heard them. "Come here, Plötzl," he said, beckoning with his finger, since he was still held immobile by his soaking feet. She knew why he was summoning her, yet she came. As if to spite him and herself, she placed herself directly before him, looking straight at him with eyes that seemed to dart anger. Digging his fingers into her bony body, he pinched her with all his strength.

"He told you that, Plötzl."

She showed no pain or unhappiness, but with eyes still flaming in her stony face, she said: "Suppose he did. What of it?"

"It might become dangerous," said the old man, shaking his finger at her.

"As far as I care . . ."

"I forbid you to talk to him!"

"You can't forbid me anything. You're no husband to me, and you can't tell me what to do."

"You good-for-nothing! Is that the way to talk to the royal tax collector?" Once more he pinched her bony body.

She offered no resistance, but with a derisive smile that absorbed the expression of sorrow around her thin lips, she looked into his eyes. Then she laughed callously.

"You good-for-nothing! I'm going to tell your family about this! The whole town will . . ."

"You won't dare, Mr. Royal Tax Collector!"

He knew that she was right. Drawing strength from his helplessness, he forced her into bed with his hard-knuckled hands.

"Get into bed to warm my feet!" he shouted.

"I have more important things to do. I must go down to my uncle's and stuff sausages," she answered, wresting herself free of his hands and pushing him away so violently that the tub of hot water splashed over.

"Jesus Mary, what's going on here?" called a voice in the door which had suddenly opened. A

young woman in her nightgown stood there watching the old man slushing over the wet floor in his bare feet.

The tax collector poured all his impotent fury out at his daughter.

"You good-for-nothing! You've no right to interfere when your father is in privacy with his wife!"

"With his wife!" came through the door, which had been closed again.

"Tomorrow you get out of here, do you hear?" the old man called after his daughter.

Plötzl, in the meantime, had thrown a shawl over her head and gone out, slamming the door, and leaving the royal tax collector to mop up the water from the floor.

She walked quickly down the dark, spiral steps. Her heart beat heavily, her body was throbbing with excitement. When she was about to step out of the hallway into the courtyard, a strong hand held her back.

"Plötzl, stay here a while."

"Why do you come to the inn? You know that they're all your enemies," she whispered.

"You know why I come. I must see you, Plötzl. I have something important to say to you."

"Not today. I've got to go down to the kitchen to stuff sausages. They're waiting for me."

"Only a moment. Come behind the wagons with me."

She followed him.

It was a midsummer evening. Starlight drenched the courtyard, but the wagons which had been left for the night at the gateway threw heavy shadows.

"Well, what do you want to tell me? Hurry up!" she whispered hotly, cowering close to him.

He held her locked in his arms, the dampness from his long whiskers cooling her hot cheeks.

"You must come to my hut and prepare a soup for me from certain little animals. I'll give you the recipe."

"Frog soup?" laughed Plötzl.

"You haven't any idea what powers they possess."

"Frogs and toads?" Plötzl scoffed.

"The secret power is in them. You know the ruler of the German Reich shall come from my loins."

"Don't hand me that nonsense. You tell it to every woman, to get her where you want her." And she pushed him away. "It's impossible. I'm a married woman. It would be against . . ."

"It is true, I have been promised," he said in a

whisper. "Anyhow, he's a fine sort of husband to you, isn't he? You told me so yourself. You don't get anything out of life. Your husband, your uncle, the inn — they all get something out of you. All you get is work and a yoke."

"All right, Janoshak, I'll come," she said, embracing him passionately.

"When shall I expect you?" he whispered.

"Next week, when the tax collector will be on night duty."

"Very well, Plötzl, I'll get everything ready."

"Plötzl, Plötzl!" a voice called from the open door of the inn kitchen. A cloud of steam rolled out into the cool evening air.

"I'm coming!" Plötzl called back, and left the darkness behind the wagons.



Months later, on a chilly autumn morning redolent with forest fragrance, when the tax collector, swinging his lunch-box, was on his way to the bridge, he met the forest overseer — rucksack on back, his dog at his side — on the way to his own station. This morning the overseer did not stop at a "*Grüss-Gott*" and a jerk of his green hat; he stood still, and with a cynical smile that seemed to emerge from his prickly mustache, he stretched out his hand.

"Good news, eh? Good news gets about!"

"What sort of good news?" the tax collector asked, in bewilderment.

"Well, well, you old hunter," said the overseer, poking his finger into the other's belly. "Don't play stupid! The family grows bigger."

The tax collector turned pale. But to keep from betraying his confusion, he forced a smile.

"You old chicken hound! You showed them! The young fellows ought to take lessons from us, eh?" And with a slap on the back, the overseer was off.

When the tax collector came home in the evening, his first glance at Plötzl showed him what the town had noticed long ago, and gossiped about. Under her apron, Plötzl had a pointed belly.

"Plötzl, come here!" the tax collector shouted, as soon as he had sat down in his chair.

"What do you want?" asked Plötzl, when she had obeyed. Indifferently, she took off the apron she wore while preparing supper, displaying the pointed belly even more boldly.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to it.

"Don't you know?" said Plötzl, seriously and very calmly. Not a muscle moved on her face, but her glowing eyes were focused on him, and she shook her head derisively. "You weren't born yesterday, were you?"

"Whom is it from?" he asked, grinding his toothless gums.

"Whom is it from?" she mocked, and her stare grew more sharp.

"It's not from me," he said, shaking his head energetically.

"From whom, then?" she asked, bending closer to him. Her glance grew more and more cunning, more direct, like an arrow poised on its arch.

"I know whose it is!" the old man said, as if he were defending himself against her eyes.

"What of it?"

"I'll tell the whole town about it. I'll tell the court, I'll tell your uncle, I'll tell everybody . . ."

"Will you? Are you sure?"

Suddenly the tax collector saw himself caught in the claws of an inhuman creature — an animal. The animality was manifest in her eyes; he had never seen such eyes in her. The pupils had changed color to a sharp whitish gray. From the center of the iris they looked like dagger points. In a moment it seemed, the beast would fling itself on him with all the fury the eyes held, and plunge its vicious teeth into his throat. A dreadful fear took hold of the old man, his heart seemed to stop, his body trembled, clammy sweat glued his clothing to his skin.

"You won't tell a soul," she said, quietly, close to his face, and held her hand out toward him. Her hand had changed, too; her overworked, knuckled fingers had stretched to an uncanny length, her nails were sharp and luminous. They had come nearer to his face, and under its approach the tax collector sagged with fear.

"I won't tell anyone," he stammered.

"It's yours," she said.

He nodded while his toothless gums repeated her words.

She drew her face away. The tax collector took a deep breath and sighed.

"Now you can wash. Supper is ready," she said calmly, going out into the kitchen to bring in the food. And as if it was a statement of no consequence, she called out from the kitchen:

"Your daughter will have to go. I need the whole house for myself."

"My daughter will have to go. You need the whole house for yourself," the tax collector repeated.

"I'll have to stop working in the inn," she said, as she brought the bowl of food to the table.

"You'll have to stop working in the inn. Naturally," the tax collector replied.

"And your daughter must leave. I need the room."

"Certainly. Today?"

"Today."

When his daughter came home from work she found the door barred.

"You'll have to sleep at your aunt's house at the mill," her father shouted through the closed door. "Plötzl needs the room for herself."

"But it's three kilometres away, through the woods. Do you expect me to go there in the middle of the night?"

"I can't help it. Your room is taken. Plötzl needs it."

"You will sleep alone from now on, Schickelgruber," said Plötzl, when the daughter had gone. "A woman in my condition must have her own bed."

People wondered at her. She carried her pregnancy with an impudence and indecency to which the town was not accustomed. She seemed to be pointing her protruding belly into the faces of the passers-by, and it was a peculiarly high and sharp belly, even for a pregnant woman.

"She's carrying quadruplets," people said.

"Old Schickelgruber's, eh?" said one of the women at the meat stall in the market, where they were discussing Plötzl.

"He had assistance," offered the fat, red-faced butcher.

"She'll lay a bed full of frogs," said the hat-maker's wife, Jadviga the trader, who was known for her sharp tongue. The women began to giggle loudly.

"Watch out! Here she comes!"

Plötzl had appeared at the door of the inn *Zum Schwarzen Ritter*, which was across the road from the meat stall. She walked as was her custom of late — her head high, swaying her hips, pushing her pointed belly ahead of her. She walked slowly, watchful of stumbling. A dog paced after her on his powerful bowed legs, his tail high and his head low, as if he were thinking. They entered the meat stall. Unlike other dogs, who began to wag their tails with joy when the aroma of meat struck their nostrils and to poke their noses into every corner,

Plötzl's dog stayed alongside her, watched her every move, and followed every step.

Plötzl did not greet the women. On her entrance, she pointed to the meat she wanted, asked for a cut from it, and for a portion of bones for the dog. Several women ostentatiously left the stall when she came in, others stubbornly stayed on, eyeing her and the dog and exchanging meaningful glances. The sharp-tongued Jadviga tried to pet the dog, but he raised his head and glowered at her, grinding his protruding teeth. Jadviga was frightened; she drew back and, almost panic-stricken, said:

"What teeth he has!"

"Be careful," warned Plötzl.

"Where did you get him, Plötzl?" the butcher asked.

"I found him in the woods," she answered and was not at all disturbed by the fact that the women had opened their mouths in amazement.

"In the woods?"

"In the woods," she repeated, unconcernedly.

"There are all kinds of animals in the woods," said one of the women, with a wink.

That evening, while the tax collector was sipping his Spritz and smoking his pipe in the tavern, the forest overseer came over to him and said:

"Your Plötzl has a sharp-toothed escort, Schickelgruber."

"Yes, he's quite fierce. A woman in her condition shouldn't be alone. Anything might happen."

"Naturally. Where did you get him?"

"One of our cousins, from the other side of the mountains, left him with us to guard Plötzl."

"Is that so? And the women say that she found him in the woods. You couldn't find an animal like that in the woods," said the overseer.



Winds and storms always bring spring to the valley that lies deep in the snow-covered Salzburg range, but no one remembered such a spring. It was as if winter had wanted to purge itself of all its winds in one night, before giving way to the new season. All the evil spirits wrenched themselves free of their chains, and held a wild wedding in the town. No signboard remained hanging, no roof was untouched by their diabolical hands, no shutter stayed hinged, there was not a wall that did not have to struggle against their might. Toward morning the winds sub-

sided. In mid-morning the tax collector returned home from his night duty at the bridge, shaken, sleepy, battered by the tempest. As he approached the gateway to the inn, a man came toward him whom his fatigue kept him from recognizing immediately.

"Good morning, sir," the man greeted him politely, tipping his hat.

Only after the other had passed, did the tax collector realize who it had been: it was the frog breeder, the gypsy from the woods!

The tax collector was furious. No, that was beyond endurance! He would not permit it. Today he would end the whole affair; he would tell her family and the whole town! It was enough.

When he entered the dim corridor where he lived, he heard plodding footsteps on the stairs. They were the narrow, winding stairs found in ancient houses, and he stopped to wait for the other person to descend. A strange old woman appeared, her massive body wrapped in multicolored gypsy shawls. On her head was a cap full of flowers and ribbons. She walked heavily. When she saw the tax collector, she stopped and said:

"Good news, sir. Happy tidings. There is a son in your family."

The tax collector was so confused by the unexpected meeting and the news, that he had no time to wonder why the black dog, Plötzl's escort, followed the woman out of the house.

When Schickelgruber entered his room, he heard the high, piercing cry of an infant.

"It's a boy, Schickelgruber," said Plötzl, holding the child in her arms on the bed.

Schickelgruber looked about him vaguely. His own house seemed strange to him.

"Who helped you, Plötzl?"

"A woman."

"Not Katrina the midwife?"

"I had no one to send for her."

"So you were alone."

"Yes."

"And the inn?"

"There was no sense in upsetting them."

"Who was the woman that helped you?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean? Who called her?"

"I don't know who called her."

"I don't understand you. Did she come by herself?"

Plötzl looked at him. Her face was pale and exhausted. Her eyes had lost their beastly gleam; instead, there was in them an expression of melancholy and sadness, as in the eyes of a beaten dog. She seemed terrorized, and although it was not of him that she was so frightened, she could not hide her resignation and despair.

"I don't care. Do as you like."

Schickelgruber was overcome by pity, without knowing whether it was for her or for himself. Resting his old head in his hands, he said to himself: "What's going on here? Where am I? What's happening around me?"

Then he arose and went toward his wife. The last spark of a subsiding life flared in his eyes. His hands shook, his face was ashen.

"The gypsy was here!"

She nodded.

"He brought that woman to help you!"

She nodded again.

"It's the devil's! I'll choke it!" he screamed.

She looked at him with the helplessness of a dumb animal, as if nothing mattered.

Whether it was because he was moved, or because of exhaustion, he did not know, but he sank to his knees and prayed: "Jesus Mary, have pity!" Then he began to cry.

Plötzl let him cry for a long time. When his sobbing stopped, she stretched her hand, damp with the perspiration of suffering, toward him, and touched his old head gently.

"Give me a little water."

He got up and crept toward the faucet. When he stood before her with the glass of water in his hand, he said:

"I will keep it on one condition."

She looked at him, but did not speak.

"That gypsy . . . that frog breeder must get out of here!"

She nodded her assent.

"Drink the water," he said. "You're frightened." And he put the glass to her lips. "Now I will go downstairs to break the news. They will wonder why you didn't send for a midwife," he added, half to himself.

"Don't you want to see it?" she asked. "It's a boy."

"Very well," he said, after a moment.

She pointed weakly to the creature beside her.

"A boy," the old man said, and turned away from

the bed. He went over to the small mirror, smoothed his rumpled hair and his shaggy whiskers and straightened his clothes.



"I always wanted a boy," he said joyfully to the guests in the tavern.

"But we heard nothing. Did she do it all alone?" Everyone in her uncle's inn had a question to ask him.

"Plötzl can do anything. She was always very competent," said her uncle, good-humoredly.

"I helped her a little," old Schickelgruber said, to shield Plötzl from suspicion.

The child was christened. Plötzl's uncle, who was his godfather, saw to it that there was enough food and drink to stuff gossiping mouths to silence. The father, the King's tax collector, put on his two medals to stand beside Plötzl at the ceremony. He prepared a new family name for the child by going through the legal procedure of changing his own name.

For a while, women whispered slanderous tales of how the infant, during the ceremony, had stretched out his hand and knocked over the chalice. But all this was soon forgotten. Even the disappearance of the frog breeder roused little attention. He never stayed long in one town, but wandered about from one place to the other. With him, the suspicions about Plötzl disappeared. The whole family lapsed into inconspicuousness in the gray misery of the town. Plötzl was as submissive to her husband as before, perhaps more so. Conscious of her guilt, she tried to appease the egoistic old man through obedience.

He lorded it over her as if she were a servant. He never looked at the child, didn't seem to see him, wouldn't touch him and spoke of him only as "it." "It's crying. It's hungry." Neither did the mother display any great tenderness for the child, as if she would have wanted to hold him responsible for her sin.

The child was reared more by the maids, waitresses, and laundresses in the inn than by his mother. Plötzl hardly watched over him, and he was as frequently to be found among the wagons, horses, pigs, and chickens as at home. In company with the chickens and the house cats, he crawled over the

kitchen floor, to be petted as if he were another domestic animal. It almost seemed as if he didn't belong to any specific father and mother, but to a collective — the inn *Zum Schwarzen Ritter*. When he was hungry, he was fed whatever was in sight, by his mother or anyone else in the kitchen. But he had to be fed rarely. From his very infancy, he knew how to take care of himself, stretching out his little hands to grab anything he wanted from any plate within reach. If a waitress left a platter of food or a bowl of soup standing for a moment, he was at it. More than once his mother was yelled for:

"Plötzl! Plötzl, look here! Adolf has dumped a bowl full of soup!"

Plötzl would come running out of the kitchen in her dirty apron, and slap his hand.

"You little glutton! Keep out of other people's plates!"

The child would begin to cry, touching the heart of Marie, the old maid, burdened with flesh and with years, and as sentimental as she was fat. She would pull him away from his mother, and soothe him with a honey cake drawn from the supply she kept in her bosom.

"Be quiet, little Adolf. Here's a cookie," she would say, looking angrily at Plötzl. "Sweet little Adolf. I could eat him up myself."

"Your sweet little Adolf has a healthy appetite," the cook bellowed above the din of her pots and pans.

The dishwasher said: "He'll know how to get along."

Sometimes little Adolf would creep into the smoke-filled tavern, to crawl about under the tables, touching the feet of the guests like a puppy. The drivers who kept their coaches in the inn liked him. They would fondle him on their knees, and stroke his black hair, which was beginning to drop over his face. Someone once dipped a piece of bread in a glass of strong whiskey and gave it to the child. It burned his gums and he began to cry. His screams brought out Rudolf, his uncle and owner of the tavern.

"Plötzl, Plötzl!" he called. "Take him out of here!"

"Leave him alone," the drivers begged.

Plötzl came out to carry the weeping child into the kitchen, saying: "Such a restless child. He grows wherever you plant him." Then she slapped his hands and sat him in a corner, on the brick floor.

"Stay there and don't move! You give me nothing but trouble!"

A moment later there was a new commotion. Little Adolf had been reaching for a tub full of peeled potatoes and had fallen in head first.

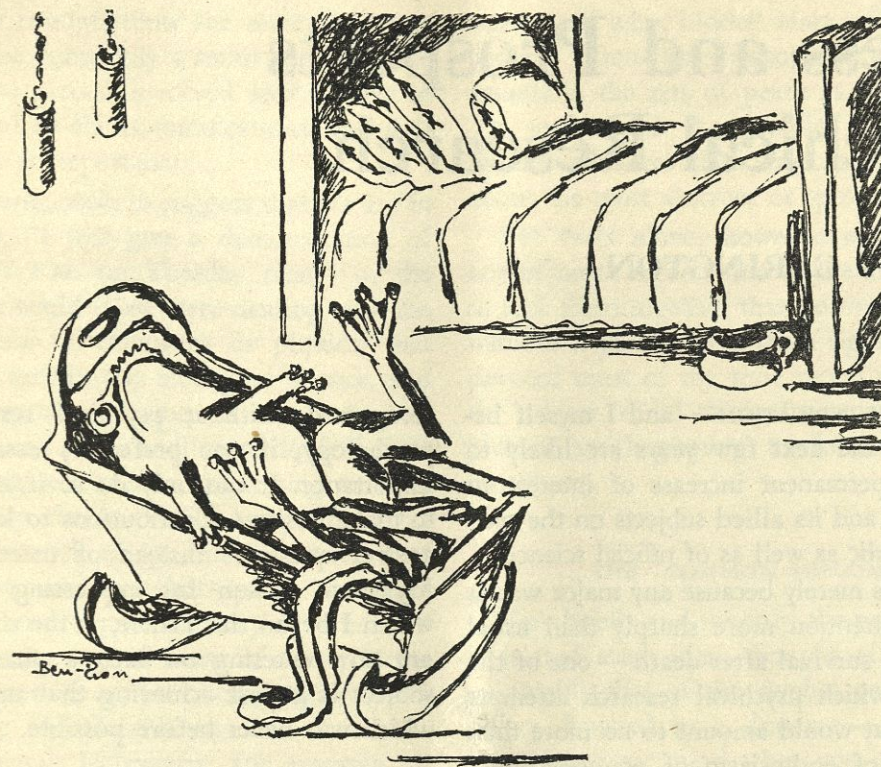
So he was reared, with the aid of the cooks and waitresses at *Zum Schwarzen Ritter*, until he was old enough to go to school.

He was tall, bony, and black-haired. No feature of his resembled his father or any other relative. There was something different in him, a Slavic streak, a stubbornness that was reminiscent of his mother's bitterness. But his eyes had such a presumptuous look that people close to him, as well as strangers, were irritated by it. He was like a sharp ax that attacks everything in its path. His face and his hands were always scratched — in infancy as the result of pestering cats and dogs, now, because of brawls with schoolmates and playfellows.

Before he had been in school for a week, he stirred the dislike of the teacher and the enmity of his schoolmates. No one could understand why the boy considered himself a privileged character who could claim more rights than other students. He had no comprehension of discipline or order; such restraints were all right for the others, but not for him. Because of this conviction, he began at once to hate the teacher, who refused to draw distinctions. He did not wait to have a seat assigned to him, but chose the front seat, facing the teacher's desk. The teacher, an elderly man who understood children, saw Adolf's usurpation of the front seat and punished him by telling him to sit two rows back. The next day, when Adolf again took the front seat, he removed him by two more rows. This procedure was repeated until Adolf was in the farthest bench. But he wouldn't stay there. At every opportunity, he was back on the front bench. The class poked fun at him, but Adolf didn't care. Neither did the teacher's punishment help — each session found Adolf on the front bench. A similar thing happened one day when the class photograph was being taken. Adolf again sat down in front, but the teacher noticed it and sent him back to his place in the rear.

"Judging by your proficiency in your studies," the teacher said, "you don't deserve first place."

Little Adolf had to go back, but when the photograph was finished, he stood out — a head higher than the other pupils, with a brazen expression on his face. At the last moment he had climbed up on



the bench. It was too late; the photograph could not be destroyed because of the expense to which the children had been put. But the teacher punished Adolf by hanging the photograph before the class, and standing Adolf on a stool behind it. Here he had to remain a whole day, but he faced the laughter of the children with his usual impudence.

Most frequently, he used his self-assumed privileges against weaker dependent children. One of the pupils was a boy named Samuel Rothschild, the only child of the Jewish dry goods merchant in the town. Little Rothschild, who frequently brought new toys to school, one day produced an ivory pen, bought by his father in the big city, and boasting a transparent section through which one could see the Burg, the royal palace in Vienna. Naturally, the beautiful pen stirred the envy of all the children. Some of them tried to get it by barter, but the owner wouldn't give it up. Little Adolf, however, resolved to take the pen from the Jew Rothschild by force. He waylaid the boy on his way home from school.

"Give me your pen!" he demanded.

"It's mine! My father bought it for me."

"Your pen or your life!" Adolf said.

"I won't give it to you!"

Adolf started to fight him, and split Samuel's head open with a rock. A crowd collected, and little Samuel was brought home bleeding. The doctor gave

an affidavit as to the depth of the wound. The matter was to have been presented to the police, but the teacher intervened — he wanted to spare the royal tax collector the shame of having his son hauled into court for assault. Besides, he preferred to have the story hushed up for his own reasons. A compromise was effected. The tax collector was himself to determine the boy's punishment. He decided that Adolf was to apologize to Rothschild. Little Adolf took all the lashes from the leather strap that the tax collector laid on his naked buttocks, but no trace of regret or pain came to his face. He merely stared straight at the tax collector, and did not answer a single one of his questions. No beating, and none of the threats of prison, could make him apologize.

The teacher did not want to readmit Adolf to the class unless he apologized to Rothschild. The alternative would have been to turn the boy out to loaf on the streets. Rothschild could not stand the thought of having the tax collector's son go astray because of him, so he pleaded for the boy and talked the teacher into taking him back.

"I don't need his apologies," he said. "Just let him keep his hands off people."

But little Adolf was ostracized in the classroom. The other children wouldn't play with him. His isolation made him more bitter.

(To be continued next month)

Progress and Prospects of Psychical Research

By WHATELY CARINGTON

THERE IS EVERY INDICATION — and I myself believe — that the next few years are likely to see a great and permanent increase of interest in psychical research and its allied subjects on the part of the general public as well as of official science.

I do not say this merely because any major war is bound to focus attention more sharply than usual on the problem of survival after death — one of the most interesting which psychical research attempts to investigate. That would amount to no more than a transient wave of enthusiasm of no great long-term significance. We have had such waves before. Moreover, important as this question undoubtedly is to most of us, I believe that it is merely incidental to the contribution which the subject can make to our understanding of human nature and, through this, to man's "pursuit of happiness" here and now.

Few people would dispute, I imagine, that man's cleverness has so considerably outrun his wisdom that all our triumphs of technology and production are very heavily offset by our inability to conduct our collective affairs in a reasonable way, and to devise social systems under which we can enjoy the fruits of our ingenuity in comfort and security. And it seems at least plausible to suppose that this is so largely because we do not yet understand the mind of man, and its place in the universe, anywhere nearly as well as we understand the material world in which he lives. In other words, we are suffering from relatively too much physics and too little psychology. But unless the phenomena studied by psychical research are all illusory and nonsensical, as they most emphatically are not, they are evidently of a kind which will throw a flood of light — almost, one might say, a "revolutionary" light — on the very foundations of psychology, which itself is at the bottom of all the social sciences.

All this might be true, however, and even widely

recognized, without psychical research (or parapsychology, if you prefer it) assuming any great importance. It can only do so if it is in a position to make positive contributions to knowledge and to answer questions instead of merely raising them. My main reason for expressing the belief with which I began this article, is the conviction that we are now entering on such a phase, and that the subject is at last achieving that rapid development which was never before possible.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN TELEPATHY

When organized psychical research started some sixty years ago, the pioneers were confronted with a great mass of assorted beliefs, claims, superstitions, and alleged facts, ranging from haunted houses to veridical dreams, from water-divining to spirit photographs, from mediumistic trance to table-turning. All these had to be critically examined and sifted. Of course, a good many of them had to be thrown into the discard as being illusory or fraudulent, while others could be explained in terms of the existing concepts of material science. Acceptance even of those that remained was, for many years, based on evidence more of a legal than of a scientific type; in particular, there were no experiments which could be repeated by anyone who cared to take the trouble, and there was no meaningful theory capable of explaining the facts and coördinating one with another. It is in these two respects that a great change has come over the subject during the past ten years, a change which is likely to make all the difference to its future progress.

This is true mainly in respect to the phenomena which Dr. Rhine refers to as "E. S. P." (extra-sensory perception), which I describe as "paranormal cognition," and which most people would call "tele-

pathy" — a good enough term for most purposes. It is true that these form only a small corner of the total field, but the process involved seems likely to prove fundamental to all its ramifications, and it is the principle that is important.

I do not, of course, wish to suggest that we are in a position to say, "I will give a demonstration of telepathy at 3:00 P.M. on Tuesday next," in the same way that we could if we were dealing with the simpler phenomena of chemistry or physics; that would indeed be rare in any biological science, and particularly in psychology. But, to take only two instances: Rhine and his school seem to find little difficulty in getting results in card-guessing more or less whenever they choose; while I myself, in my somewhat similar work using drawings instead of cards, have never used any but quite "ordinary" subjects, working under quite ordinary conditions — though I have to use a good many of them. Moreover, worthwhile results are now being regularly obtained by a very considerable number of experimenters using various techniques: for example, by Dr. Gardner Murphy and his colleagues working with the reorganized American Society, and by Soal, Hettinger, Richmond, and others in England.

In fact, so far as the essential stage of putting the phenomena on the map is concerned, we may fairly regard the back of the job as broken; and so perspicacious a critic as Dr. Thouless — who has the additional advantage, rare in critics, of knowing the subject thoroughly — finds himself able to say "... the recent experiments of Rhine and his collaborators, of Soal, of Tyrrell, and of Whately Carington, have put beyond question both the reality of the phenomenon and the possibility of its demonstration by experimental methods," and "... scepticism can only be justified by ignorance of the experimental results."¹

To digress for a moment, many people may feel that it is a far cry from Rhine's subjects guessing symbols on unseen cards, from a batch of university students doing the same kind of thing with my simple drawings, to such questions as survival after death or the proper structure of social systems. That is true enough, but it was an equally far cry from Lavoisier and Dalton to modern plastics, or from the early "galvanic pile" to the automatic telephone exchange. Moreover, it is a truism that the longest way round is often the shortest way home, and the

¹ *British Journal of Psychology*, XXXIII (July, 1942).

strategy of what Liddell Hart calls the "indirect approach" is sometimes as superior to the direct frontal assault in the arts of peace as it is in waging war. To understand the simple phenomenon brings greater advances than any amount of speculation about the most abstruse or spectacular.

But facts alone, however well established, are not of much more value in the absence of a theory to link them together than so many stage characters without a plot to give them significance. So I have devoted most of my time recently to this aspect of the subject, and I think the general outlines of the picture are beginning to form themselves fairly clearly.

THE "COMMON SUBCONSCIOUS"

Very briefly and roughly, the problem is this: how is it that some idea, thought of or known to me — notably that of the symbol on a card or of the object depicted in a drawing — is more likely to come into your mind when you make a "guess" in an experiment than are the other possible symbols or other objects? It is no use saying that "it must be something like radio," because we instantly find ourselves involved in complicated and unconvincing attempts to explain why it is so very *different* from radio; and it's no use saying that it "must be some sort of sixth sense," because it simply does not behave in the least like any of the other five. And it is equally futile to invoke the aid of "spirits" or angelic messenger boys unless we have such antecedent knowledge of the properties of these creatures (if any) as would make it seem probable that they would do the work required of them — and this we certainly lack.

It does not even help much to suppose that you and I share "a common subconscious" unless, first, we have some independent reason for supposing so, and second, we can show that, if we had, the facts we are seeking to explain would be a natural consequence. None the less, this is getting extremely near to what I conceive to be the true explanation, though it is to some extent putting the cart before the horse.

As I have said, the question is why an idea in my mind should tend, under the conditions of the experiment, to arise in your mind in preference to others. Well — why does any idea come into any mind, apart from being forcibly put there, so to

speak, by surrounding objects? Usually — perhaps invariably — by what we call “association.” If someone says “cat,” we are more likely to think of “mouse” or “mew” or “milk,” within some short period thereafter, than of “ball” or “bark” or “bone,” because the first three words are more closely associated with cat than are the second three. And if someone says to me “experiment in paranormal cognition,” or puts me in a situation which suggests this, I am obviously more likely to think of an object which I have drawn as a “target” in this connection than of one I have not. That is to say, the idea of such an object, which has been associated with the idea of the experiment, is more likely to emerge from my subconscious than one which has not been so associated.

But if *you* are put in a similar situation, if you are taking part in an experiment of this kind, we should not expect any corresponding tendency for ideas of things which *I* have drawn to emerge from *your* subconscious so long as we continue to think of your mind and mine as isolated and wholly separate entities located somewhere inside our respective heads. If, however, we suppose that at some rather deep “level,” you and I have access to a common storehouse of ideas, so that associations formed by me are effective for you, and *vice versa*, and if also (but only *if*) the ordinary principle of association operates, then such a tendency is an inevitable consequence, simply because the same idea — the “idea of the experiment” — is presented to both of us at the appropriate time, and any other idea associated with it is somewhat more likely to come up than any which is not.

PSYCHONS AND LAWS OF ASSOCIATION

Now, if I could go no further than this, the theory would be no more than a reasonably ingenious speculation, with little more to commend it than a certain economy of supposition; and the notion of a common subconscious would have little better status than a pure assumption dragged in specially to explain the facts. Fortunately, however, I can go a great deal further than this. I find, as explained in a forthcoming paper,² that the phenomena not only conform to the main laws of association, as in-

dicated above, but also, wherever I have been able to test them, to the sublaws, such as those of recency and repetition. That is to say, ideas more recently associated with the connecting idea-of-the-experiment are more likely to come up than those less recently associated, and ideas more often associated with it are more likely to come up than those less often associated, and so forth. This is very important, because, just as we rightly repudiate radio-type and sensory-type theories on the ground that the phenomena do not follow the sublaws of these subjects, so we are right in feeling that the association theory is greatly strengthened by conformities of this sort. I find, too, that quite a number of variations and apparent anomalies of the main phenomena become readily explicable once this theory has been adopted and its consequences worked out. I therefore feel that, although the theory will doubtless need a good deal of knocking into shape before it settles down into anything like a final form, it is almost certainly on the right general lines, and at the very least well worth following up as a working hypothesis.

Now there are, I think, two main objections likely to be raised at this point: first, that it suggests an alarming loss of privacy on the part of the individual who can no longer, apparently, have even his secret thoughts to himself; second, that I am talking about ideas as if they were *things*.

As regards the first, it is of course true, on my theory, that everything in your subconscious is potentially accessible to me (and *vice versa*). But the same is true, at least to some degree, of everyone in the New York Library simultaneously. It comes to just the same as being able to hear no one and being able to read no book — there is nothing but a self-canceling blur. It is only when there is some specific connecting link, such as the idea-of-the-experiment, that anything identifiable emerges.

As for the second, my views in this connection are substantially identical with those of Bertrand Russell — perhaps the most original and distinguished philosopher of the day — and may be briefly stated as follows: the “percepts and images” (Russell’s terminology) of which the mind consists are as much “real things” in their own manner as are the electrons, protons, and so forth, which make up the physical world; but they are not, of course,

material things. They do not conform to the laws of physics, but to those of psychology. This difference in causal laws is, indeed, all we can point out about the ultimate difference between the two orders of existence; but it is amply sufficient for all purposes — provided we can ascertain what the causal laws are.

In particular, since space without matter is quite meaningless to physics — for space may probably best be thought of as *being* the system of tensions, and so forth, between bits of matter, and not as a big box full of emptiness — there can be no difficulty about how an idea gets “from” my mind “to” yours, or about “where” your subconscious or mine is located. For we are dealing with entities to which the spatial relations involved in the words “from,” “to,” and “where” simply do not apply.

This notion of “ideas,” “images,” “percepts,” and so forth, as a class of real entity — I have got into a habit, which I find convenient, of calling them generically “psychons” — obeying laws of their own, notably the laws of association, is of the very greatest importance. Once we grasp the conception of any mind being not an elusive “ego,” conscious of this and that, on which we can never put our finger, but as consisting of an aggregate or constellation of psychons linked together by association, light begins to stream in on a host of problems. Just as one “individual” mind, as we usually think of it, may be more or less closely linked with another by associations with connecting ideas, so within any “individual” mind there will be groupings and sub-groupings having varying degrees of cohesion and of autonomy. And these will be responsible, according to circumstances, for a whole range of phenomena from transient “moods” through “sentiments” and “complexes,” to full-blown multiple personalities. Thus we shall cease to speculate about whether these last, or the “controls” of mediumistic trance, are “part of” or “separate from” the personality which manifests them — they are either or both, as we feel inclined, for separateness and unity are matters of degree and not of clear-cut “all or none.”

FUTURE PROSPECTS

And if we want to talk about survival, we can now do so with a much greater prospect of talking

sense and of coming to some fruitful conclusion than ever we could do heretofore. The question is no longer one of the existence or otherwise of some mystical entity to be called a “soul” or a “spirit,” which may or may not “survive” in some equally mystical metetherial habitat, but of the conditions of equilibrium and stability of psychons when the mundane-life influx of physically determined percepts is cut off. This is obviously the *kind* of problem which, when we know and have thought a little more, can be tackled by the same *kind* of methods by which we investigate the stability of any system whatever.

I am not prepared to do more than guess tentatively, if at all, at what the answer is likely to be; but I should rather expect to find that systems which have reached a certain degree of coherence and “close-knittedness” will be stable and persist, while diffuse and loose-knit systems will tend to disintegrate and become absorbed in the common stockpot. As to where in the scale of evolution, or personal development, the dividing line is likely to be found, I would prefer at present not even to hazard a guess.

It may well be that, to many minds, this sort of thing offers a less alluring prospect than that of etheric bodies frisking in the Elysian Fields or sunbathing in the Sempiternal Summerland; but to me the possibilities of fruitful inquiry that are opened up are at least enormously exciting.

I have tried to give the impression that the subject is alive and on the move, and the future pregnant with great developments; for I am confident that this is no mere wishful thinking, no matter how sketchy my account may have been.

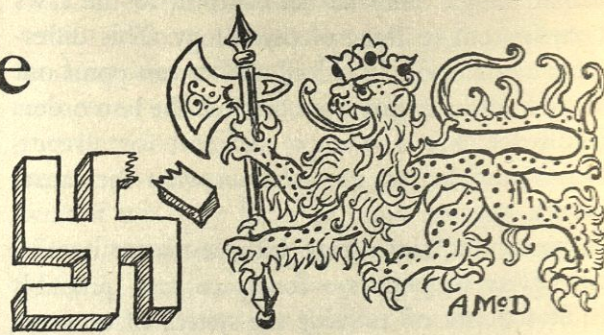
The entombed troglodytes, it seems to me, profiting by the courage and industry of their pioneering forbears, have at last driven a pick through the imprisoning walls of matter and energy and dull mechanics. The hole is very small as yet, and many years of hard spade-work will be needed to clear a sizable gap and allow the dust to settle. At present we can see little more than vague shapes, hard to interpret and almost certainly out of perspective; but of these we shall doubtless learn more in due course. Meanwhile, I suspect that the light that streams in will soon enable us to see and understand each other more clearly, and to set in better order our so sadly chaotic home.

²In *Proceedings, Society for Psychical Research*.

We Fought in the Classroom

By HARALD LAND

As Told to Marjorie Dieterich



Race rule the world "for a thousand years." We, too, could become slave drivers.

But to Norwegians it is as loathesome to be slave driver as slave, and the Norwegian teachers as a group were determined not to let our children grow up tainted by this Nazi concept. At first we had to fight their friendly overtures, their attempts to seduce us with kindness. After they had marched in to the music of their own martial songs and American dance tunes, and had taken over the various communications offices, high municipal posts, newspapers, and so on, they tried to preserve a semblance of normal Norwegian life by allowing many people to remain in their old jobs. They discovered immediately that Quisling and his followers accounted for less than 1 per cent of the population — a choice collection of crackpots, ne'er-do-wells, and malcontents — and that loyal Norwegians, including those of us soldiers held as prisoners, would have to be used to do the country's work.

When they sent me back to my teaching, I found that the German soldiers in our little town were honestly convinced that they had saved us from English attack, were confident we would some day succumb to the charm of the New Order. They were well-behaved, modest, friendly; they assisted old women across the street, smiled at the children.

I resumed my teaching and work as athletic coach at the college. We teachers, long organized into a national federation, as all professions and trades were nationally organized in our country, had agreed that we must keep the schools open as long as possible, so that the new generation would not grow up illiterate. But we swore that we would stop teaching rather than teach Nazi propaganda. From the beginning it was not easy. There were practical handicaps, of course, such as lack of fuel and the fact that the Nazis had taken many of our buildings for barracks and hospitals.

The physical problems, however, were simple in

comparison to the problem of maintaining, by word and example, our Norwegian ideas of democracy and liberty in order to counteract Nazi attempts, through bribery and threats, to make our young people join their youth movement.

When I went back to my German and English classes, both of which had always been compulsory in Norway, German had become a hated subject which the students learned only because it was useful in spying on our invaders. There are no German secrets in Norway, even though Norwegians refuse to speak German, answer German questions, read German books, or attend German movies. My best students deliberately did poor work because they didn't want high marks in German. English was increasingly popular, and frequently we could use it as a means of patriotic demonstration. One colleague arranged her assignments so that on May 17, the Norwegian national holiday, the class reached the English translation of our national anthem in the textbook. When the students' voices rang out lustily in English words, the Nazi director of the school appeared and demanded an explanation. The teacher said blandly that they were merely covering the day's assignment, and added that, had they come to the Norwegian national anthem in the German book, she would have been equally glad to sing it. He was furious, but dared not tell his superiors how she flouted his authority.

A similar incident occurred in my class in Norwegian literature one day. "Miss Halvorsen," I said to a pretty little blonde, "choose a selection from the book and read it aloud." Before I realized what she was doing, she was reading eloquently a famous Norwegian speech about guarding our country against the foe without and the traitors within — a speech which means to Norwegians what Patrick Henry's oration means to Americans. When she finished, the class sat breathless, then burst into furious applause. The new Nazi director overheard the last few sentences, stormed into the room, and demanded the culprit. Immediately every girl in the class stood up. He pleaded, he grilled the students individually, but he never found out. Eventually he dropped the case, but added another black mark to my record.

Our students' loyalty made teaching easier. I was touched one day when one student came to me and said, "You can say what you please in class, Mr. Land. We won't give you away. But please be careful, because we don't want to lose you."

From the beginning the students carried on all kinds of demonstrations. They chalked V's on the walls; they wore paper clips in their lapels, meaning "we hold tight together." When paper clips were banned, they continued wearing them with razor blades attached under the lapel, so that Nazis who grabbed them cut their hands. Red stocking caps were a fad until the invaders discovered they meant "I belong to the King's Guard," and made wearing them a prison offense. The few Norwegian girls who were seen with German boys promptly had their hair cut off by their fellow students. Even the smallest youngsters took every opportunity to express themselves. One child's composition on "Our Cat" began, "When King Haakon was in Norway, all the cats were happy." One little girl began an essay on "My Grandmother": "When the English win the war, my grandmother is going to be shot. She is a dirty Nazi." My fair-haired, three-year-old nephew one day said to a group of Germans, "We shall beat the Germans; God save the King." A six-year-old lad I knew, hearing that some older students were arrested for patriotic expressions, went to the Gestapo headquarters and said, "Long live the King; arrest me too." The baffled Germans did not know how to combat such hatred.

As the college coach, an international ski champion, and a member of the National Athletic Association, I took active part in the athletes' strike which has continued in Norway since the fall of 1940. This strike was of national importance because more than 12 per cent of our people belonged to some athletic club. The Nazis thought they would appeal to us by promoting their "strength through joy" program, and appointed Nazis to head the athletic clubs. Promptly, all members resigned. Then the Nazis forbade all competitions save under their own supervision. Sports meets have been a treasured part of Norwegian life, but Birger Ruud, one of our great ski champions, spoke for the three hundred and fifty thousand athletes when he told the Nazis, "The day you force me to compete is the last day I put on my skis." Few mass actions in Norway were more disturbing to the morale of German occupation soldiers.

I was ordered to arrange sports competitions at the college, unless I wanted the school closed. All my students trained eagerly, because they all planned to escape and join our fighting forces or hoped to be in condition to join the Allied armies if they invade Norway. But they refused to take part in

competitions. Finally a few of them volunteered, saying, "We'll give the Nazis an exhibition they'll never forget." And it was! The boy who won the *shotput* managed, with great apparent effort, to throw it about two and one-half feet. All the other events were equally record breaking. The Norwegian spectators roared, the Nazis were furious.

Little by little the German efforts to maintain the sham of friendly collaboration wore thin. By 1941, they were unnerved and maddened by our stubbornness. They realized that we Norwegians, by our daily resistance, had made Hitler's New Order a failure in the one country where he actually attempted to establish it by peaceful means. Frantic at the Norwegian attitude, the Nazis turned, as they always do, to force.

Then began the terror — mass arrests, the whip, the torture room, mass executions. The teachers were singled out for special attention because the Nazis blamed them for the constant defiance of the Norwegian youth. The slightest remark was penalized. One friend was arrested because he remarked that Haakon VII had chosen his name in commemoration of our great tenth century king, Haakon the Good. Another was young and robust, but he lived only a few months after they shipped him to Germany.

In February, 1942, all Norwegian teachers were ordered to join a Nazi teachers' organization; all children between the ages of ten and eighteen were ordered to join the Nazi youth movement. Our secret communications were so well organized that, within a week, thirteen thousand teachers — nearly all in Norway — had bombarded the Nazi ministry with letters all saying, "We refuse to join; we cannot teach along Nazi lines."

Arbitrarily the Germans chose some fourteen hundred teachers and sent them to concentration camps. One of my friends who was taken to Joerstadsmoen camp wrote: "We were packed in unheated cattle cars which were locked and bolted. It was a twelve hour journey, during which we were without food and in a temperature of 10 below zero. Finally we arrived at the Faaborg station in the middle of the night, were lined up and marched, two by two, the three miles to camp. Those of us who slipped on the icy road were urged on by blows with rifle butts, while the guards yelled, '*schneller, schneller*.' Some collapsed. At Joerstadsmoen we were put in unheated barracks to sleep — twenty-six hours passed

before we were given food." At the camp they were kept working for hours barehanded in the snow, were disciplined by being forced to crawl, on their bellies with their hands behind their backs, in the filth behind the latrines. No matter what the tortures, they refused to give in.

After weeks of this, five hundred were again loaded into cattle cars and sent north. As the train moved slowly through Norway, word of its coming went before it, just as every German activity spreads on our grapevine. At every town or siding where the train paused even briefly, the townspeople gathered. School children came bearing flowers and food, singing patriotic songs and hymns, shouting cheer and encouragement to the prisoners. The German guards threatened, manhandled the people, tried to quiet their songs, but at every station they found more of them. The journey became a triumphal procession.

At Trondheim, the five hundred teachers were jammed aboard an old wooden steamship built to hold half that number, at most. They were packed into the hold with barely room to stand. Toilet facilities were completely inadequate and there was almost no drinking water. Even the Nazi officials in Trondheim, influenced by the one doctor permitted on shipboard — who reported many teachers dangerously ill with pneumonia, ulcers, cerebral hemorrhages, and insanity — asked that the ship not be sent on. But higher German authorities had made their decision. Days later the ship reached Kirkenes, just behind the German lines on the Murmansk front. Those teachers who still lived, were put to slave labor along with Russian prisoners of war. A colleague smuggled out a letter telling me what they had gone through. He concluded with "If I had ten lives, I would gladly sacrifice them all to prevent our youth from being brought up in a way which would make them like these youths at whose mercy we are." In February, 1943, those teachers who were still alive were sent home, most of them physically wrecked for life.

During the period of "the terror" I was in hiding. I had learned just in time that I was to be among the chosen ten per cent arrested. One cold evening, as the Gestapo knocked at the front door, I stepped off a balcony at the back of the house where I had been staying and, carrying my skis and rucksack, made off through the snow. One can hide a long time from the Gestapo in Norway, and even to move

fairly easily around the country — perhaps because every Norwegian is willing to help.

While I was being hunted, I even went by train to Oslo. But finally the time came when I had to leave my country — a hunted man can only stand the strain of underground activities for a limited time before he either becomes careless and is caught or suffers a nervous breakdown. I fled to Sweden, from there to England and America.

By this time all Norwegian schools were closed by the Germans who later closed the University, stating that they wanted no Norwegian intellectuals. But private instruction, my colleagues still inform me, continues as much as is possible in a country of starving, exhausted people. We know that the teachers' influence lingers on, because, although the Norwegian children are idle, hungry, and miserable, they continue to refuse the Nazi blandishments of more food, sports, and free holiday trips if they will only join the youth movement. The teachers and parents have done their work well — even the youngest children refuse to be shaken in their loyalty.

But life in Norway today is sustained only on hope — the country has been stripped of everything else. Daily diet consists of cold boiled potato for breakfast; bitter black bread and a few slices of raw turnips for lunch; a stew of potatoes, turnips, dried herbs and, if very lucky, fried codfish for dinner. Cheese, butter, and sugar are almost never available; the last coffee ration was Christmas, 1941, when each adult received thirteen coffee beans! Theoretically each person gets seven ounces of meat every fifth week; if the butcher has meat at all, the choice is whale meat, a sawdusty sausage, or — and this is a real delicacy — horsemeat.

Norwegians in southern Norway can never be sure that they have a home to return to at night, for since the frequent bombings of Germany, many German mothers and children have been evacuated to Norway. Here they choose any house or apartment they like, and give the Norwegian owners barely time to pack their few clothes, before turning them out.

These Germans have their own shops, stacked with merchandise, and while the Norwegian housewives wait in line five or six hours a day for a few potatoes, they watch the stolid German *frauleins* and their children grow fat on the vegetables, meats, sweets, and dairy products they carry home in great bundles each day. The bland arrogance of these

Germans is enough in itself to sustain the Norwegian resistance.

Meanwhile homes, factories, bridges, railroads, and farms are steadily deteriorating in Norway because there are no materials for repairs. Most of the cattle especially bred for our climate have been slaughtered, and what livestock remains in Norwegian possession is fed only a paper compound and is rapidly dying off. Everything useful in Norway has been sent to Germany — it will take years for the country to recover from the "friendly visit."

But despite German ravages, Norway is still Hitler's failure. He filled it with soldiers prepared to accept the Norwegians into their New Order. Today about four thousand German soldiers are in concentration camps in Norway, placed there for insubordination because they grew unruly and unhappy under the Norwegian scorn. The Germans have taken our food, our houses, our clothing, our friends or relatives — every Norwegian has lost someone dear to him. Hitler has driven out our government, but it still retains our complete loyalty; he has banned radios, but thousands listen each day to the BBC broadcasts and rejoice at United Nations' successes. Thousands of Norwegians have escaped, to fight with our armed forces on land, on sea, in the air. All Norway is united, as it has never before been united, through the underground movement — and no matter how many the Gestapo arrest, how many they torture to death, the underground goes on. Many die each day in Norway, die as did my two friends, the great ski champions Kristian Aubert and Thor Salvesen, who were captured, questioned, and tortured, their bones crushed one by one. Within a week these two handsome, young, sturdy athletes were dead — but the Gestapo had learned nothing.

Hitler has closed many of the churches, as he has closed all of our schools. But the people are still devout, and they are still free thinking.

In this we teachers have played our part. When I think of our struggles in Norway, I think of my student Arne. He was our best boy — the best athlete, scholar, and leader in the college. The Gestapo came to my classroom one day to arrest him for distributing illegal newspapers. Torture, probably death, awaited him. Yet as he, the product of a free way of life, walked out proudly between Hitler's brutal, sullen representatives, he turned at the door, smiled at me and his classmates.

"I'll never give in," said Arne.



Battle from the Vestibule

By JESSE STUART

Drawings by Dan Harris

in paper lit up the track. Huey's whistle grunted. "A little fire 'll allus stop Huey," Pa said as he brought his pole from across the track.

"Good mornin everybody," Huey said as he brought the chuggin engine to a stop.

Everybody said, "Good mornin, Huey."

"You're a little early, ain't you, Huey?" Pa asked as he pulled his watch from his pocket.

"People are a-gettin so confounded bad to rock the train, Mick," Huey said, "we haf to pull through here before daylight and cut the lights off."

"All aboard!" Conductor Harry yelled.

"Why don't you feed 'em some hot lead?" I heard Pa ask Huey as I grabbed the iron rails to pull myself up on the coach.

"That's what we are a-doin, Mick," I heard Huey yell to Pa. "The Old Line Special Company has had to pay several doctor bills and it's a-goin to haf to pay fer Tom Didway's right eye."

I didn't hear any more, for Huey rang the bell, blew his whistle, and we were away up the track—over the two streaks of red rust. The cowcatcher wasn't catchin anything but ragweeds and dewberry briars. I found a seat in the corner of the coach. It was a little dark inside, and people bumped against one another with their basketloads until they found seats.

"People, do watch these winders," Conductor Harry warned as the little black-bull engine chugged up the twisted grade, pullin two passenger coaches, a mail coach, and a freight car. "We don't know when a rock is comin and where it's comin from. We'll do all we can to perpect you—but we can't do enough."

Wow, wam, spring—

"Rocks," said an old man with a black mustache who was sittin beside me.

"Will the company pay for my basket of eggs?" the old man with a white mustache asked Conductor Harry.

"How many eggs do you have?" Conductor Harry asked.

"I did have twelve dozen."

"Air ye shore they're all busted?"

"Look," the old man said, holdin the basket up with eggs runnin between the slats like water through a sieve. "The rock hit smack-dab in my basket."

"We'll take keer of it," Conductor Harry said, as he scribbled a note about the eggs.

When the Old Line Special chugged into the tunnel, great clouds of coal smoke, filled with sparks and hot cinders, came through the broken window pane and filled the coach. I could hear men, women, and chickens coughin all over the coach. I could hear 'em sneezin "k-choo, k-choo." I almost strangled while the Old Line Special roared through the tunnel like a bellowin bull. I closed my eyes to keep the cinders out, and I didn't breathe any more air than enough to keep me alive until we got through.

Soon as we got through the tunnel, it was much lighter. Now we were rollin around a curve beneath the high cuts on the other side of Boswell Tunnel. I stuck my head out at the window to see if I could see Huey's head as I could see the engine goin around the curve.

Wam-wam—

"My God, young man," the old man with the black mustache said to me, "if ye want to commit suicide, jist stick yer head out in one of these cuts."

"I's lookin to see if I could see Huey's head," I said.

"He's lived too long to stick his head outten the cab in one of these places," the old man said as he

pulled his long blue gun, stuck it through the hole in the window pane.

Pow-pow-pow!

"Think I scint that onery scamp before he heaved his rock," the old man said, pullin his long pistol inside the coach and blowin a thin wisp of smoke from the long barrel. He looked with mean black eyes at the wisp of smoke that left his pistol barrel.

"I'll never ride this train again," a big woman with a red face told Conductor Harry as he took her ticket.

"Ye air right, lady," an old man across the aisle said as he raised the window to spit.

Wam-wam—

Two rocks hit above his head.

"B-God I'll spit my ambeer on the floor," he said.

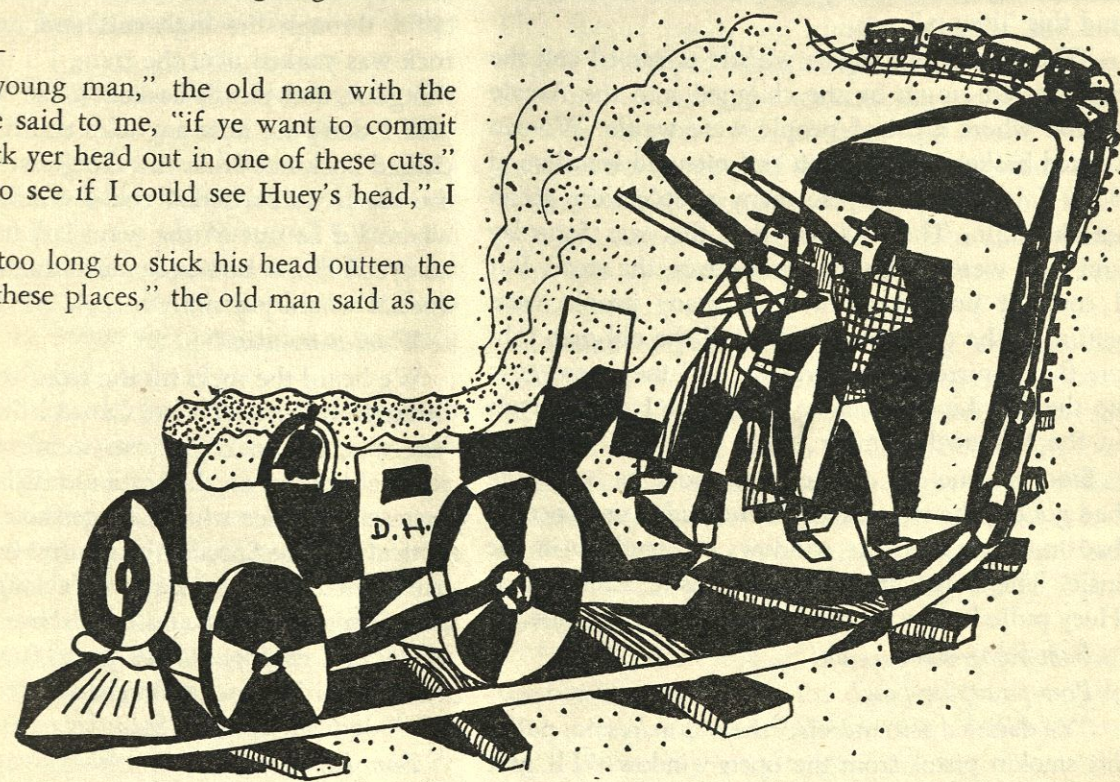
"I can do that."

Pow-pow-pow.

"That's it, Uncle," Conductor Harry told the man beside me, "feed 'em the hot lead."

"Believe I plugged that 'n," he said. "Ye'll hear of somebody a-shootin hisself axidently while he's out squirrel huntin."

I could see Conductor Harry's big pistol handle stickin above the leather holster on his hip. I wondered if all the trains in America were like the Old Line Special. I wondered if all the conductors had



IT WASN'T GOOD DAYLIGHT when Pa and I reached Four Mile. This was the first station on the Old Line Special. There were many people gathered around the station with baskets in their hands. Many of these people had butter and eggs in their baskets, a few had chickens, for I could hear the chickens squawkin as they moved the baskets.

"I'll flag Huey, boys," Pa said as he left me standin near the track and went over to the brush. Pa cut a long sassafras pole with his big knife. While he tied sheets from a newspaper to one end of the pole, I heard the people askin one another how much a dozen they got for their eggs, how much a pound they got for butter, young roosters, old hens, and pullets. They didn't bother about flaggin Huey. I was glad Pa wasn't takin any chances, for I wanted to take my first train ride.

"Shan, I want to warn you," Pa said. "Have your ticket ready when Conductor Harry comes through the coaches. And whatever you do, don't sit near a winder. There's a lot of rock throwers along this track. Tom Didway lost his right eye on this train; Martin Shelton was knocked cuckoo with a rock.

We hadn't been standin at Four Mile very long until we heard the whistle scream and everybody hurried to get on the right side of the track. The people talked and the chickens cackled as the whistle screamed. Pa lit the paper on the end of the pole and stuck the pole over the track and waved it as Huey rolled out of the cut, his hand on the throttle and his white head stuck out of the cab. Pa waved the pole up and down, and the flame from his burn-

to tote pistols like Conductor Harry. I wondered if there were rock throwers along all the railroad tracks that threw rocks from the high cuts down at the trains. I wondered if men sat on the coaches and shot at the rock throwers like the old man beside me was doin. I wondered if all the engineers in America were like Huey. He knew everybody along the track, and, when the train stopped at the station, he talked to them about their crops and asked them how their families were gettin along.

"Why are these rock throwers mad at the Old Line Special?" I asked the old man beside me as his keen black eyes scanned the cliffs through the hole in the window.

"They aint mad at the train, son," he said, "it's jist pure cussed oneryness a-workin outten their bones."

Pow-pow-pow!

"I put the hot lead at 'im before he had time to throw his rocks," the old man said.

"I'll say ye beat 'im to it," another man said as he moved the basket of chickens from his lap to the floor, lookin through the window pane for the rock throwers.

Pow-pow-pow! I heard a pistol barkin from the coach behind us.

"Hot lead is all that'll wean 'em," the old man said. "Plug six or seven and put 'em in thar graves and this 'll stop."

"The Old Line's engine whistle screamed and the bell started ringin as she chugged into the Argyle station where a lot of people were waitin. Women carried baskets on the train and men led lean hound dogs. I wondered why so many people were gettin on the train. Then I knew that this was Saturday and they were takin their produce to the store. But I couldn't understand why so many people were gettin on the train with dogs until the old man told me that squirrel season was on and they were goin up the Old Line Special to Proctor to hunt squirrels in the Warnock Timber tract.

Since no one got off the train and a lot of people had got on, the two coaches were loaded until people had to sit close to the windows or stand up in the aisle. The bell rang and the whistle screamed as Huey pulled away up the two streaks of red rust.

Bam-bam—bam—bam!

Pow-pow-pow-pow!

"Ye damned scoundrels," the old man said, pullin his smokin pistol from the open window. "I'll give

ye somethin to chuck rocks at this innocent train fer!"

The dogs barked; the young chickens squawked and the old hens cackled. The women screamed when the big rocks busted another window out—shattering glass over the coach.

"Just lucky, boys," the man with the white mustache said as the big rock hit the coach floor, "that it didn't break another basket of eggs or cave somebody's skull in."

"Say boys, could ye do somethin fer me?" Conductor Harry asked. "I don't have time to use my pistil. I've got too many tickets to take up. One of ye can have my pistil—all of ye get back on the vestibule where ye can use yer squirrel rifles."

"Okay, Conductor Harry," one of the men answered as they started chainin their hounds to the coach seats.

The old man with the black mustache went out with the squirrel hunters to the vestibule. I followed 'em, for I wanted to see 'em shoot at the rock throwers. It was hard to pass women standin in the aisles, holdin a basket of chickens, eggs, or butter in one hand while with the other hand they held to the back of a seat as the Old Line Special rolled around the curves, the engine pantin, the wheels screakin over the rusty tee rails.

It was like a battle from the vestibule as the Old Line Special wheezed around the curves, under the cliffs, through the high cuts and tunnels. When a rock was yanked over the train, I'll bet twenty rifles, shotguns, and pistols barked. Once we heard a man yell. I don't see how any man could 've dodged the chilled buckshot from the shotguns. I stood close to the coach wall where I could watch 'em shoot, but where I'd be out of the way. I didn't want to lose an eye; I didn't care how much money the Old Line Special would pay me.

Wam-wam-wam!

We heard the rocks hit the front coach as we went through the Little Tunnel Cut. And where we fooled 'em was, the rock throwers didn't expect a lot of squirrel hunters on the vestibule. When they showed themselves to see what damage their rocks had done to the Old Line Special, the squirrel hunters sprinkled 'em with chilled buckshot. We laughed when one let out screams we could hear above the chug-chugs of Huey's engine. It was great fun. Even the old women on the coaches laughed since they were tired of dodgin rocks every Saturday.

Bom-bam-bam!

Pow-pow-pow!

Blooeey-blooeey-blooeey!

That's the way it sounded when the Old Line Special rolled into Hamlettsville. Men blew smoke from their pistol, rifle, and shotgun barrels. There was an awful scent of burnt powder on the train! People looked at us as they stood talkin around the station. We heard men warnin their wives to be careful not to sit by a window.

Very few got off the train at Hamlettsville. A lot more squirrel hunters got on. More women and men got on the train carryin baskets of chickens, eggs, and butter. Everybody was goin marketin or squirrel huntin but me. I was goin to Six Hickories to visit Uncle John.

While Huey rested his tired engine at Hamlettsville, I heard men and women trippin over the dog chains in the coach ahead. I heard the dogs barkin and growlin when the squirrel hunters got on the train with more hound dogs. I heard the men stoppin the hounds when they tried to fight. I saw men standin around Huey's engine settin their watches with Huey's watch. I heard them askin Huey the news, and soon as they were through, the Old Line Special engine started chuggin again. More squirrel hunters walked back to the vestibule until we were packed like sardines in a can. I wondered what we'd do if the rock throwers saw us and yanked rocks our way, since there wasn't any room for us to dodge the rocks.

Rock throwers standin above the Hamlettsville Cut must've seen us crowded on the vestibule. They surely hadn't seen our firearms. Soon as we reached the cut, the rocks fell like hailstones in April. Our men opened fire from the vestibule and busted the rocks in the air before they reached us. There was a wall of fire all the way around the vestibule. Soon as we stopped the rocks, we opened fire at the rock throwers.

"Ye damned buzzard," I heard the old man with the black mustache say as he aimed his pistol and squeezed the trigger.

I never heard such screamin from a crowd of men. One toppled over the high cliff toward the train, his hands high in the air, his legs all spraddled out. Rock throwers took over the other side of the cliff helpin the wounded as they run from our lead.

"That's the one I aimed at," the old man said, blowin smoke from his pistol barrel. "I'd like to see if he aint plugged atween the eyes!"

Everybody laughed. We could hear them laughin back on the coaches above the chug-chugs of the Old Line Special. Then we heard Huey's black-bull engine give two short whistles.

Huey backed the train while the men on the vestibule laughed until you couldn't hear the engine's puffin. They drowned the laughin and the words of rejoicin in the coaches ahead. Men patted the old man on the back and shook his hand.

"I've planted lead in a dozen men on this train ride," he said, spreadin his lips until you could see two rows of broken tobacco-stained teeth.

When the train stopped, four squirrel hunters jumped down from the vestibule and carried the dead man to the train. They threw him on the coach like he was a sack of salt. There was a little hole between his eyes and spurts of blood had run down his beardy face to his sweaty shirt collar.

"It's a bull's-eye, Uncle," Conductor Harry said, laughin a wild laugh.

Everybody tried to crowd around the dead man to have a look at him, but Conductor Harry shoved them back and told them to come one at the time. Then he pulled a little rope overhead, and Huey's engine tooted two shorts and a long, and we were away up the track with the kilt man on the train with everybody rejoicin.

I'd never heard anything like the noise the Old Line Special made, the whistle screamin, the bell ringin, the engine chuggin, the hound dogs fightin, the women laughin, the hens cacklin, and the scream-in rock throwers runnin from the bluffs as we pumped the hot lead at 'em. We roared around the curves, over the trestles, and bridges, through the cuts and tunnels, while a line of men and women went back to look at the rock thrower who was takin his last ride.

I hated to hear Conductor Harry call out Six Hickories. I wanted to stay on the train to watch the men shoot and to see where they were takin the kilt rock thrower. I had to squeeze between the men to get back from the vestibule to the coach. I had a time gettin by the rock thrower, for there was a crowd of women and men around him rejoicin. I had a time steppin over the tangled dog chains, but I finally made it.

"I hate a rock thrower," I heard the old man with the black mustache tell the crowd of women gathered around him as I left the train. "I like to larn 'em a lesson they can't forget."

Hollywood's New Focus

By HERBERT L. GOLDEN

TO EXCLAIM "Hollywood has come of age" is mere repetition of a trite press agent's phrase. Every epic since *Birth of a Nation* has probably been labeled as evidence of the motion picture industry's new-found maturity. But if the phrase has never meant anything before, it does now, for the evidence of it lies not in one film or two films, but in a way of thinking.

Hollywood — a term too loosely used as a general cover-all for every aspect of picturemaking — has been stirred to an awakening to the fact that its potentialities as one of the world's great arts are no more limited to mere "entertainment" than is writing or painting. The picture colony began showing real signs of shedding the innuendo of boy-meets-girl some four or five years ago, and the trend has been so accelerated by the turmoil of events in the interim that today Hollywood is taking unbelievably seriously the part it plans to play in the shaping of the post-war world.

Real encouragement to those, in Hollywood and out, who for long years have asked for a screen that recognizes that it must be more than a vehicle for a blonde harlequin with a peek-a-boo bob, certainly is to be derived from a *Mission to Moscow*. One's opinion in the controversy over the merits and veracity of the film doesn't matter. What matters is that there was controversy — controversy which made people think about national and international policies, and that the thinking on the subject was initiated by a motion picture.

What must be even more encouraging in portent as to Hollywood's readiness to accept its responsibility for producing a mature art, are such happenings as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's assignment of screenwriter John Balderston to prepare a picture in which the causes of the present world holocaust will be discerned in the mistakes of the last world peace. The script is tentatively designated *Project Versailles*.

Then, too, there are Twentieth Century-Fox's plans — actually in production stages — for *Wood-*

row Wilson and *One World*. The Wilson film will, of course, lay great stress on the war years and Wilson's post-war hope for a functioning and effective League of Nations. This and the filmization of Wendell Willkie's book, particularly the latter, are destined to generate tons of pro and con, some of it politically inspired, but most of it originating from sincere divisions of opinion. Little matter again, from the broad viewpoint, which side of the controversy you happen to be on, if the pictures present meaningful problems, and make you think about them. It is that thrashing out by Joe Doakes and his neighbor of something to which they hadn't given much thought before — and Doakes' right to register his opinion, come the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November — that will keep democracy a vibrant and living thing, prevent it from becoming a mere concept.

Hollywood's new-found coming-of-age is not to be taken to mean, of course, that boy-meets-girl is *finis*. As long as boys really do meet girls, as long as a wild automobile chase thrills the payee at the box office, as long as people admire the courage and daring of youth, as long as a laugh is important, so long will the sultans of celluloidia turn out the prover to fill those tastes. And it will be a sad day when films are no longer produced to make a careworn Doakes, an over-drudged Mrs. Doakes, and Joe, Jr., just sit back and be amused.

Certainly such films will and should be made. But the encouraging part is that whereas at one time Hollywood wouldn't touch anything else with the proverbial ten-foot pole, it has arrived at the realization that a generous interlacing of the pure amusement product with the thought-provoker and the opinion-stimulator is not only its duty, but can be highly profitable as well.

And it is that last aspect which is most encouraging to Hollywood's more sophisticated observers.

The new thinking — most notably pioneered by the brothers Warner — has the firmest base in the world, so far as the motion picture industry is concerned: box office. Isolated producers have at various times in the past shown a willingness to spar with current-day problems, but in each case it was the result of personally-generated feelings. The industry as a whole looked at these men as slightly on the crackpot side, taking chances with serious, thinking films when sure money was to be made with the lived-happily-ever-after's.

Such is no longer the case, however. Underlying a crusading zeal is the knowledge that a *Wilson*, a *Mission to Moscow*, and a *Watch on the Rhine* will make money, lots of it. So that Warner Brothers, willing to risk profits on convictions when the making of such films was still box office pioneering, are now being followed, less from conviction than from a desire to cash in on profits and prestige, by Hollywood's weaker-spined moguls — of which it has more than its share. Money-making potentialities of the films will ensure their continued production. Whatever the reasons for making them, however, the fact that they are being, and will go on being made, may well be a source of satisfaction to those to whom seeing continuing water in the well-spring of democracy appears urgent at the moment.

In a way, of course, it must be the people themselves rather than the mahatmas of the movies who get the credit for Hollywood's metamorphosis. For it has been their willingness to patronize the serious film-with-a-message that has encouraged such productions. Otherwise, no matter how sincere were convictions, the moviemakers could scarcely long continue the investing of five hundred thousand to a million dollars in a box office lemon. The cry of those who controlled production always was that the public wanted only "entertainment" in quotes. The question is whether public taste has changed or whether producers have failed in the past sufficiently to test thought-provoking films. Both are undoubtedly partially true.

Without apologizing for producers who were all too ready to back into their corners and compromise rather than put on gloves to meet the myriad of pressure groups that sought to inhibit them, it must be admitted that the jelly-in-the-spine attitude of most picture men was not wholly unreasonable. In one direction lay conflict and resultant headaches, with a strong possibility of getting on the wrong

side of organized groups that could not only take the profits out of the picture in question, but endanger all of the producer's other films as well. On the other, lay easy profits and freedom from the need for aspirin tablets.

Furthermore, no industry in American history has had more brickbats hurled at it by demagogues and politicians than Hollywood. Every small-time Congressman who failed to find his name in the papers as often as he would like; hoards of ministers, priests, and rabbis who lack other sermon material and think the publicity wouldn't do them any harm, either; and many a president of the Oakmont Ladies Wednesday Discussion group, attempting to impress the membership and perhaps the local newspapers with her piety and good sense, has found it convenient to blast Hollywood. Picture players and executives are the most publicized group in the world, and by a bit of hitching a scathing statement to the right star, it becomes a comparatively easy matter to get a free publicity ride.

Although there is nothing to indicate that his motives were not perfectly sincere, a gentleman named Walter C. Ploeser, a Republican Congressman from Missouri, only this past October got himself a fine lot of publicity with a resolution charging "propaganda" in pictures. "Propaganda" to Mr. Ploeser — and to too many other people — is any publicly-expressed opinion with which he doesn't agree. Hollywood, the GOP house member declared, "was furthering the fortunes and views of one person, political party or organized group."

Mr. Ploeser was trying to say, of course, that propaganda for a fourth term was being disseminated in films. What obviously must have escaped him — as well as the liberal sprinkling of anti-New Dealism in the newsreels rather regularly — is that Wendell Willkie is chairman of the board of powerful Twentieth Century-Fox, that J. Cheever Cowdin — outspoken chairman of the tax committee of the National Association of Manufacturers — is chairman of the board of Universal, and similarly inclined bankers and big businessmen, definitely not to be confused with New Dealers, have their fingers in virtually every studio pie. Any abundance of Rooseveltian propaganda in their films would come as something of a surprise.

The lack of knowledge and lack of logic that led to the Ploeser resolution is typical of the continuing attacks to which Hollywood is subjected, attacks which have time after time placed it on the defensive, and given producers reasons for avoiding anything deeper than a fictional love story. Among films that Representative Ploeser found to be Roosevelt propaganda was *This Is the Army*, the picturization of Irving Berlin's all-soldier musical epic. Initiating his indignation, however, was the by-now-famed joke Mrs. Roosevelt told in the newsreels following her return from her recent trip to the Pacific war area. Mrs. Roosevelt's story, popular among servicemen fighting the Nips, was that American soldiers had been instructed that they could cause the Jap enemy to jump from his foxhole in wrath and make an easy target of himself by shouting: "To hell with Hirohito." One Yank, following instructions, was surprised to find his Jap adversary rising from his foxhole, as indicated, but shouting back: "To hell with Roosevelt." "Did you shoot him?" the Yank was asked later. "Shoot him?" replied the soldier, "How could I — a fellow Republican."

And it seems almost funny now, if not a bit tragic, that it was only a little over two years ago that the film industry was virtually on trial in Washington for saying the Nazis were nasty people. "War-mongering," isolationist Senators Gerald Nye and Bennett Clark called it in their resolution, charging Hollywood with attempting to drive the United States into war — at a time when Jap plans for Pearl Harbor must have already been completed. Four isolationists and — no doubt in the interests of fairness — one interventionist, were named to the subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee which set out to "investigate" whether or not there should be an investigation of Hollywood by the ICC. Wheeler, Nye & Co. didn't care, of course, whether the full committee ever got around to a probe or not, hoping that the publicity caused by the subcommittee's scalping expedition would scare the industry out of any further anti-Nazi films. (Specifically objected to were *Underground*, *Man-hunt*, *Mortal Storm*, *The Man I Married*, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, *Foreign Correspondent*, *Voice in the Night*, *Four Sons*, *So Ends Our Night*, and *The Ramparts We Watch*.)

Much to the film industry's credit, for the first time in its history, it refused to be scared. Instead,

it went out and hired Wendell Willkie as its counsel and determined to do battle. The result was that after a few days of hearings the subcommittee looked so silly that it let the whole matter die as quietly as possible.

The controversy over whether Hollywood should stick to "entertainment" or reflect events of the day is by no means a new one. It probably started on the evening the first motion picture exhibitor set up a few folding chairs in a darkened store and stuck in the window a pencilled sign: "See *The Great Train Robbery* — 5c." The war and the plethora of topical films it has generated, have only served to give impetus to the discussion. The battle has been particularly hot within the industry itself, one vociferous minority group insisting that the "public is tired of war films."

Hollywood's incontrovertible test tube — the God-given right of the aforementioned Doakes, Mrs. Doakes, and Junior to select the box office sill across which they'll slide their thirty-five cents — has proved the public isn't "tired" of war films. All it is tired of is bad films, be they about war or puppy love. Good war pictures are box office bonanza today. But so are good pictures on any topic. If a film is well-written, well-played, and well-produced, it will be liked; if it is bad, topical subject matter may help it to a modicum of success by allowing it to ride a current interest wave, but it will never hit the box office jackpot. On the other hand, there need be no conflict between the "entertainment" and the so-called "serious" picture. Few films have been more "entertaining" and few have carried a stronger message than the current *Watch on the Rhine*. And few will make more money. "Entertainment" and "message" are by no means a twain apart.

Long before the war, however, Hollywood's most forward-looking group — and perhaps its least influential despite three and four-bracket weekly salary figures — its screenwriters, had been urging their employers to allow them more latitude in denouncing fascists, both foreign and home-grown. They were continually squelched. Then came the awakening, and writers such as Howard Estabrook and Dudley Nichols found aligned on their side, along with the Warner Brothers, figures like Darryl

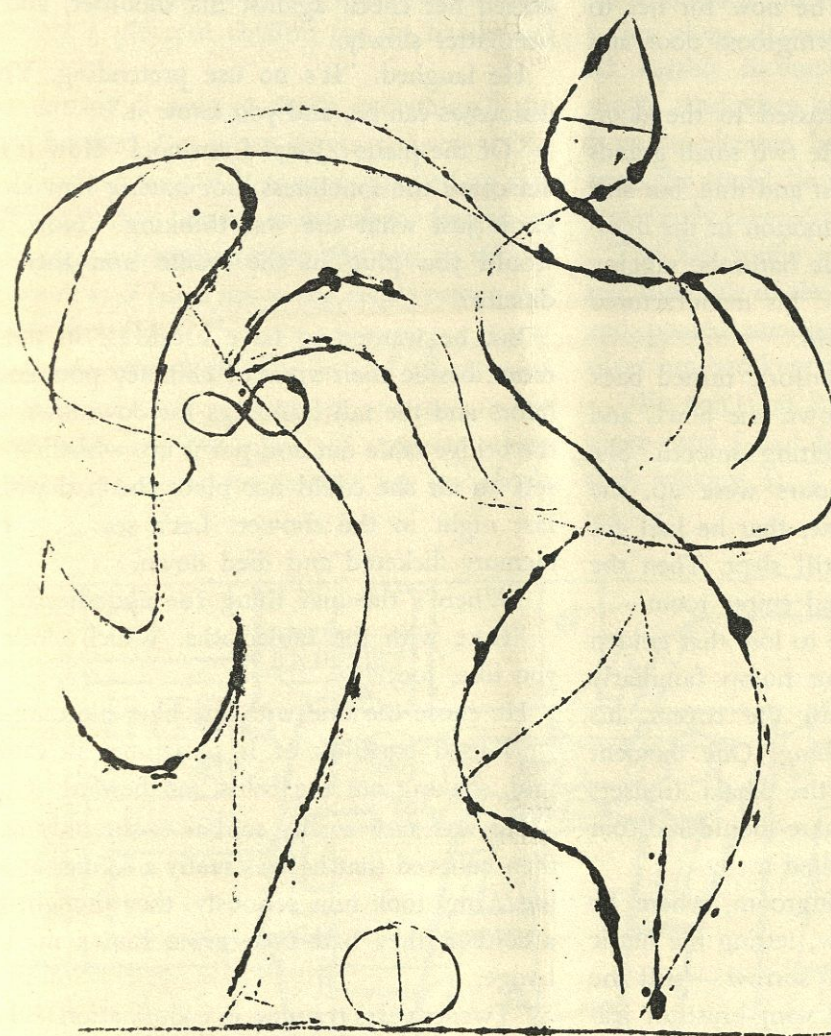
Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox. Mr. Zanuck, in fact, appeared in October at a three-day session of the Writers' Congress at the University of California, and gave a speech that was a real promise that Hollywood was determined to become a force for positive good in the world of tomorrow.

"We have radiated sweetness and light since the advent of pictures," said Mr. Zanuck, "and we have carefully refrained, for the most part, from even remote contact with the grim and pressing realities before us in the world. But there have been stirrings of late — a dawning recognition of the facts of life and of our own responsibilities in presenting and explaining them."

Calling for more pictures "of purpose and significance," the producer, who recently completed a tour of duty with the Army Signal Corps, said he talked with many men in the armed forces on many fronts, and found they were thinking of the future, that they felt some form of world coöperation must come if we are to escape further agony and bloodshed.

"It is up to us to help focus and canalize these thoughts," he declared. "It is up to us to help give them substance and reality."

If Hollywood can do that, can continue to grow in that direction as much as it has in the past few years, it will furnish at least one of the silver linings to the dark clouds of war.



"DANCERS,"
DRAWING BY
HANS MOLLER
FROM HIS
EXHIBITION
AT THE
BONESTELL
GALLERY,
NEW YORK

Serenade Interruptue

By CATHERINE RIDGELY

FROM THE KITCHEN Molly listened to Joe talking to her above the fugue he was improvising on mess call.

"And the next day I caught K. P., and the mess sergeant—did I tell you before? Hey, Moll, you listening?"

That was what he had always said.

"Of course I'm listening, Joey." To say his name aloud, knowing he was there to hear . . .

"Why don't you answer, then?"

"I'm *measuring*." She wasn't really, but that was part of the ritual, as it would be now for her to carry the mixing-bowl to the livingroom door and smile at him as she stirred.

She braced her heart and crossed to the door. There he sat at the farther of the two small grands which stood back to back. Brown and thin, but still her darling Joe. He caught the motion in the doorway and looked up, his old blue bathrobe sagging away from his throat and chest, his manufactured scowl torn in two by that kid grin.

She smiled too much for comfort, turned back quickly into the kitchen, set down the bowl, and stared at the circled batter melting smooth. She wished that the twenty-four hours were up, she wished that he had already gone, that he had got up and gone away while she still slept. Then she would have wakened to the usual empty room . . .

No, it would have been worse to lose that golden moment of waking to the long hump familiarly companioning her body beneath the covers, his breath warmly and slowly sighing. One moment wholly hers, before she saw the khaki trousers folded over a chair and that square-shouldered coat hung on the door. Blouse, he called it.

She listened toward the livingroom, where he was playing without talking now, letting the music ripple into a mellow cartoon of sorrow—still the fugal mess call. She felt the old wing-brush of jealousy: music is so much more to him than it is to

me, that even now, when our time is this short . . .

"Joey, come beat the eggs. Please."

"Umhmm." But he went on playing.

That had been mean. She had the piano all the time, and he hardly ever did. She was glad that he had not come.

But the fugue took a rapid short-cut home, and his hard, leather step (she wished she had got him soft unmilitary-sounding slippers last time) came lightly across the floor. There he was safe beside her, the beater whirring in the egg-white bowl. She leaned her cheek against his shoulder, and stirred her batter slowly.

He laughed. "It's no use pretending. You're as jealous as can be, and you know it."

"Of the piano? Joey! I am not!" How it had underscored the loneliness, not having him around to know just what she was thinking. "Now, dearest, would you plug in the waffle iron there in the dinette?"

But he wanted to have breakfast in the livingroom, beside their view of chimney pots and ventilators and the tall buildings far downtown. He got the bridge table out and put it up, whistling to himself an air she could not place; he had whistled it last night in the shower. Let's see . . . But the memory flickered and died down.

"Where's the mat thing for underneath?"

"Here with the tablecloths. Which cloth would you like, Joey?"

He chose the one with the blue morning-glories.

"I used to think of it sometimes in camp," he said, shaking out the folds and holding it up.

He was such a silly soldier—she only now and then believed that he was really a soldier at all. But the Army took him seriously, they thought he was a soldier, they had even given him a marksman's badge.

"Twenty years training in coördination—I should be fair," he had said. "But Moll, suppose the

Nazis don't play that way, suppose they don't put up nice black bull-eyes for me to shoot at like a marksman?"

In the livingroom, dishes and silver rattled for a moment, and then there was the piano again, this time in that broken tune he had been whistling. She knew it at once now: *Serenade Interruptue*.

She moved the hot waffle iron from the dinette to the table he had put up by the sunlit livingroom windows, and poured the first waffle. Then she brought in the silver urn of coffee, the cream and sugar, the honey in its squat blue pitcher. Now, let's see. . . She looked over the table with her finger on her lip.

And all the time her feeling leaped and started in the broken measure of the little serenade. Interrupted. Broken off. But he was playing it without remembering its name—she could tell that from his smile, turning to watch her go from kitchen to livingroom, back to kitchen. The tune was meaning for him only a pleasant rhythm for his hands and mind.

"Now darling, I believe that's everything," she said as he finished. But when they sat down—Oh! Butter! They both missed it at once, jumped up saying "I'll go," then raced each other, fought to crowd through the kitchen door. He was so strong. *Dearest, don't ever leave me to the empty rooms and the stupid two pianos forever showering a silent duet; to the loneliness of subways and all crowded places with no one who matters, no one real; to the radio half-hours and the agony of concerts where my ten fingers play, not our twenty, nor our single mind.*

Hold me, hold me, her mind commanded.

But he lunged on at the icebox, and with loud laughter held her away with one hand while he bent to get out the butter dish. "I'm trained in self-defense, you can't bully me," he cried, turning about triumphantly. But she could not joke or even smile.

He kicked the icebox door shut, and set the butter down on the edge of the stove. "My funny little Moll," he said, and kissed her.

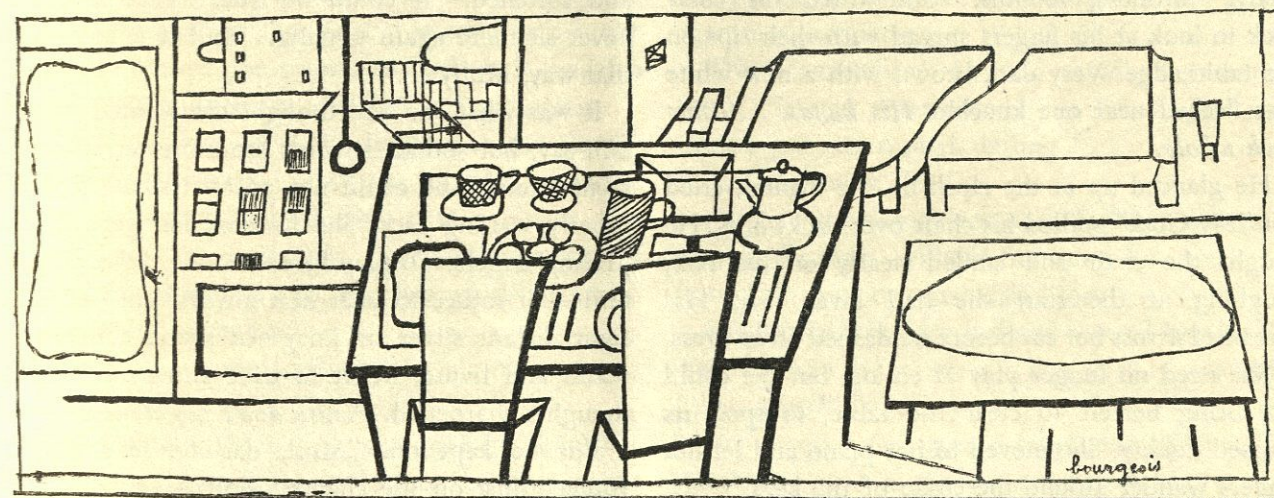
She had done so well, she had done so wonderfully well this far; but being kissed kept her from stiffening against the tears, and they rushed out.

He held her and patted her, and told her he would have been damned disappointed if she hadn't cried. Why, suppose, when the other fellows bragged about the tears of their girls and wives, he would have had to say "Hell, my Molly never spilled a one, I guess she just didn't give a damn."

His arms, his hands, his voice lightly trembling, his firmness to press against, made it different from crying alone. It neither went on forever nor broke off harshly incomplete, but tapered away almost gently. And when he brought her two handkerchiefs from her dresser, both from the wrong pile of her best, she could lie that she felt much better, and was simply ravenous for breakfast now.

The first waffle was a deep, glistening, blackish-red, the color of the pianos, exactly. She pried it out and poured another. Then the coffee, which the silver urn had kept piping.

"We don't get it this hot! And real cream, and silver—and I had forgotten the honey pitcher," he said, looking at it affectionately. Could he be a soldier?



While the waffle cooked, they held eyes and hands across the tabletop. "Now remember, Molly, I'll be here like this, remember that, when you're drinking your coffee tomorrow."

"I'll remember the next day, even, and the next."

He stroked her fingers. "And be sure to keep up on your half of the duets. I do, on mine. The fellows say 'My God, what kinda music's that?' and I say 'It's a duet, only the other half is being played three hundred miles away!'"

But now how many miles—three thousand? Ten thousand? An endless world of time and danger.

"Oh, the waffle!" She pulled her hands away and tipped up the silver lid. But the waffle was perfect. She divided it three and one, and poured another, while he spun a coil of honey onto his from the little blue pitcher, just as he used to do.

But something had happened to their conversation. It encased itself in primness. The first day they met they had talked more warmly than this. She told him about someone at the radio studio, but it was someone Joe didn't remember — no, must have come in after he left. Then he was reminded of an incident on maneuvers, a joke she did not quite understand. Her laughter sounded to her unmeant.

She was then reduced to "the sunshine here is lovely isn't it?" But he had fallen into a pool of quiet amid his third waffle, and roused only to ask soberly if she thought that his touch was much altered.

She put all her courage into the lie that indeed it was not, and how he kept it so perfect was a mystery to her.

He smiled a little. "It will take months," he said wryly. "Months, months," and tilted his chair back to look at his fingers spread with their tips on the table edge. Very dark brown with a new white scar flecked near one knuckle. *His hands. . . come back whole.*

He glanced up at the clock on the mantel, cried out "My God," spilled his chair over backwards. He caught the chair and landed neatly on his feet, laughing at the start she had given. His kiss screamed across her ear before he dashed off to dress.

She need no longer play at eating, but she could not bring herself to clear the table, to spoil its mussed duality. She moved to her piano and let her fingers wander around the circle of the keys.

"Exercises yet," he complained from the doorway, where his new miraculous speed of dressing had him already tucking in his shirt tails, stopping with them half in to look at her without a smile.

Her hands harmonized neatly from one key to another, circling round and round like thoughts. *I wish tomorrow had come, wish this time over, Joey gone. No, no. But why can't we say good-bye warmly and decently, why must we pretend like this, when there's no use denying? Pretend like children that he's sure to come back. When he might . . .*

Not come back. The phrase swirled in her mind like water in a rinsed bowl, and then emptied out, leaving no thought at all, only the picture of piano keys, and her fingers curved motionless upon them.

Awkwardly the fingers began to play again, this time a duet that she and Joe had used for an encore. Brief, but as full and timeless as a moment of sunlit summer afternoon. Joey had written it for her, and they had never burdened it with a name. Her fingers strengthened and began to move with ease, remote from her mind. *Pretending like children. Not come again. Oh Joey, Joey.*

He came quickly, coat unbuttoned, and flung his cap and duffel on a chair. "Now wait a bit. No, me, not you." He sat down at the opposite piano. "You go on playing and I'll, ah!" and he came into it with her, and it became not music but living thought. Their fingers played it for them, leaving their eyes and thoughts to speak across the twin piano tops. *Darling, darling, darling,* their silence said above the music's flow, and his face squared and crumpled as they played, mirroring her own.

"Let's say it," he whispered as the music softened and softened. "It could be true." That he might never sit there again playing. "And if it comes out that way, Molly. . ."

It was what she had thought she wanted to hear him say, but sounded words are more terrible than mental ones. She could not go on looking into his soberly waiting face. She lowered her gaze to her playing fingers. To play forever alone, never to hear him — or rather to hear him always, but only that light distant silver of imagined sound. Never the warm and living, never to have and to hold. Her thoughts sharpened. *Please don't say it, Joe.*

But he kept on. "Moll, darling, let's play it forever. Just on the chance. Molly?"

She looked across the ringing silence between them — *Where has the music gone? He is so young* — and nodded and smiled, and her hands were playing still, and his — their music sounded still. *I should say it in words, if he wants.* She practiced in her throat, but could not say even "Yes, Joe."

He went on, "From that day at the Arlen party when you saw an ugly boy in the corner and sat alongside . . ."

Her throat cleared. "You were never ugly. You are . . ."

Beautiful. Of course he was ugly, but in such a lovely way. And now so solemn and sweet and himself, daring to say "Good-bye."

She said, "Yes, from that moment it has been . . ." *Beautiful,* but again that warm and crowded word was too much to say, and she could only shake her head at him while the skin tightened over her face.

But now the music came into a smooth and lustrous passage that filled her mind, replacing thought, brightening her with the knowledge that he would come back with his ten brown fingers, with his legs and body whole, with his wonderful ugly smile. The music rose and warmed — *we will play it again, our four hands and one mind* — and gathered toward its golden close. When it was finished, the silence kept the music's quality for a time. Just as after his leaving their two rooms would keep the quality of a shared home, and the life in it, though lived alone by her, would be a shared life.

Remember tomorrow, when you're drinking your coffee, I'll remember, even the next day and the next.

The closing phrase dimmed and dimmed in their minds as they looked at each other across the piano tops. Then sharply the clock's hurried tick broke upon the silence. Joe turned to look at it, and his glance came back to her, startled and apologetic.

"Well, Molly," he said, drawing it out slowly. As he rose, he slapped down the lid firmly over the keys, and began to button his coat — blouse. She lowered the lid noiselessly over her keys, but it seemed impossible to rise. He was whistling again. *Serenade Interrompue.*

"Know what I'm whistling?"

"Umhmm."

"I just noticed. Moll." He shrugged his shoulders square into the uniform, and stood looking at her

with his hands at her side. A soldier. A feeling like a bomb's shriek plunged down through her mind. She held a whimper silent in her throat.

"Moll, let's take it back. What I said."

It was what she had felt through the terrible ticking of the clock. "Oh, Joseph, yes."

"My God, Joseph, that sound's like scolding."

"Yes, Joe dearest."

He said nothing.

"Is that better, Joey?"

"Here's your hat and coat. Yup, that's better. Here, Moll, put them on. I've got to catch a train."

She got up carefully, with a motion light and faraway. He held her coat, did not kiss the back of her waiting neck, jammed her hat on top of her head. "Want your gloves?"

"I hate gloves."

"I knew you'd say that," he cried, as though it were important, and kissed her neck lightly after all. "I think of you often, hating your gloves."

Again a bomb shrieked down to the bottom of her mind. She swallowed and pressed her lips together as she went out into the hall. From the door they looked back at the closed pianos, the mussed table for two, and beyond, in the bedroom, his old blue robe lying on the toss of bedclothes, and her gay new furlough negligee. *I hate it. I'll never wear it again.*

He locked the door and dropped the key into her pocketbook. They walked down the first narrow flight in silence, wedged side by side, his canvas bag scuffing against the wall.

On the second flight, he began to whistle again that leaping and broken melody. Just inside the outer door, he held her for a long kiss that ground against all her nerves.

"Now remember," he said rapidly between his teeth. "It says interrupted, you know, just interrupted, just interrupted, darling."

"I'll remember, Joe."

He held the outer door open for her, and as she passed through, without meaning to speak, she heard her voice cry anxiously "Joey!"

His brown thin face inclined toward hers as they went out into the street, into that terribly real world. "Yes, Moll?"

She slipped her arm through his elbow. "Just 'Joey'," she said, measuring her step to his.

BOOKS

It takes a brilliant, sincere, and I think essentially modest mind to abstract the "lessons" from personal memories in such a way that the resultant writing makes—as this month's leading reviewer points out of Lord Vansittart's book—"delightful" reading. Yet as we look at the various biographical studies reviewed in this number of TOMORROW we find qualities which add up to a sum of much the same kind of significance. As Walt Whitman immortalized the great song of American democracy, so G. K. Chesterton lived and wrote in that wise and happy tradition of English individualism which is also ours. And in the other life-stories here discussed we find also the sturdiness and savor, the personal independence and broad vision of mankind, which we do well to contemplate anew.

If these be "lessons," let us make the most of them! We shall enjoy the reading no less, at this New Year.—KATHERINE WOODS

LESSONS OF MY LIFE

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart

Reviewed by I. A. R. Wylie

THIS IS A DELIGHTFUL BOOK. I use the adjective advisedly. It is delightful to encounter a mind so wise, so well-informed, and so witty that "lessons" become glowing intellectual adventures, and to find grim truth, clothed in wit, exploding points of gay, sometimes sardonic laughter. I know of no book, in the last decade, that has amused me more or shaken me more with the terrifying rightness of its findings and their implications.

Lord Vansittart's life-lessons, in this work at least, concern the Germans (and incidentally their allies among the Allies). His career as one of those Civil Servants who have helped to make England great — and sometimes saved her by their selfless, unrequited labors out of the limelight — foundered on his knowledge of that disastrous people. For as early as 1933 he warned his countrymen that Germany was preparing to make war on humanity again, and in 1935 he prophesied, almost to the day, when that war would be declared. He was then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Chamberlain's Government, and for his unwanted vigor and clarity of vision that vain and feeble-minded politician had his tormentor kicked upstairs into the safe and stuffy confines of the House of Lords. But Vansittart, unembittered and undaunted and side by side with Churchill (and though neither of them knew it, with me) continued to make it his business to see to it that if his countrymen were to be fooled and betrayed to their final ruin, at least their eyes should be

as open as he could make them. This book is a vital part of that endeavor.

As I have already indicated, Vansittartism had me numbered among its adherents long before I knew that school of thought existed. I had lived in Germany for eight years before the last war, and I knew from my own experience that the poor dear victims of the Versailles Treaty were the same people who before 1914, with "everything coming their way," boasted to me that England was their first stepping-stone to World Dominion. That they boasted over *gemütliche* cups of tea and mugs of beer, and with a smug air of fulfilling God's will, did not make them the less alarming and obnoxious. So that while Vansittart was prophesying and warning in the wilderness I, in my small but democratic way, was cabling and writing no less furious and ineffectual insults to the besotted government of my amiable but lazily dozing people. We might have saved our breath. We have now nothing but the unsatisfying satisfaction of saying, "We told you so."

In *Lessons of My Life* Vansittart discusses the Germans historically, philosophically, culturally, and financially. His documented chapter on the colossal financial hoax that the "democratic" Weimar Republic, in collaboration with the backstage militarists, put over on America and the bemused Allies is something our Bright Big Business pundits ought not to miss. It explodes — forever, one hopes not too hopefully — the theory that the Versailles Treaty explains Hitler and excuses his followers. Hitler is not the product of unkindness and malnutrition. He is the symptom of a mental and spiritual disease that has made Germany a menace to civilization for the last hundred years — at least. She will continue to be a menace, after she is again defeated, unless the Allies can be unselfish and vigorous-minded enough to keep her disarmed and helpless until, if possible, her people are re-educated

to sanity. It is for this end, and not for their mistreatment or extermination, that Vansittart pleads.

He attacks, no less successfully, the even more dangerous pro-Germans who in 1939 were still flocking to Germany to clash beer-mugs with their already blood-soaked hosts, and who even now are exhorting us to love and pity our "so-called enemies." What shocks Vansittart — and me — is the utter heartless disregard of these sentimentalists for the agony of Germany's "so-called" victims. That Germany should be spared retribution, as Jenny Lee, and I regret to say Dorothy Thompson, have seemed to plead, because these ladies knew some nice Liberal-minded Germans who have died for their faith (among a few million others, non-Germans) is another mind-staggering fatuity. For, if these Liberals existed, they have been singular failures. They either did not try to exert a restraining influence on their countrymen — which makes them partners in crime — or they were so few in number that they were of no account. If so, they are still of no account.

Lord Vansittart is in his early sixties. He writes with the wisdom and experience of years and with the fire and passion of youth. He is temperate but intolerant of evil, generous but uncompromising — a fine example of the dynamic but civilized man. If *Lessons of My Life* were read by all Americans and Britons with a half-way open mind we might hope that their descendants would not have to be blown to pieces. But I am afraid it won't be. As the French say, "*C'est prodigieux ce que les anglais ignorent.*" As Vansittart adds sardonically, this is nothing compared to what they don't want to know. And this, I fear, goes for Americans too.

Alfred A. Knopf, \$3

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

By Maisie Ward

Reviewed by Peter Monro Jack

CHESTERTON IS A CHARACTER and a writer who summed up the English tradition at a moment of critical pause during which anything might happen. He knew the past, he was busy with the present, and he had fears for the future. Temperamentally he belonged with the England of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Johnson, Dickens, and Cobbett — a free and easy living in a house and property of one's own, the right to be one's self, and still to be a part of humanity: security of faith and tenure of land. He was the best (and not the last, let us hope) exponent of the enjoyment of living. It is a kind of living that believes that life is best when it is lived most fully; and he lived all the lives that had preceded him, turning them into twentieth-century parallels, parables, paradoxes, and prophecies. This prodigious undertaking Mrs. Ward has recorded in the completest way, and if the book is large and sometimes wayward, and always rich and exuberant, nothing could be more appropriate. It spills over itself with its immensity of material about Chesterton, and England in Chesterton's time, but it never misses its way, and at the end we feel that it is a most intimate, moving,

and directive biography of a great man on whose wit and wisdom most of us have grown up.

Mrs. Ward has the advantage of an old friendship, a sympathy with Chesterton's faith, an access to documents not published before. There are many passages from the Notebooks, some good, some trivial. But the greatest find is his letters. They are marvellously good, especially those to his future wife, Frances. As much as I take pleasure in the books, I now find more delight in these: Chesterton tidying himself, on the advice of his wife-to-be; his boots placed, after the fastidious London fashion, on the feet; the laces done up, the watch is going, the hair is brushed, the sleeve-links are inserted . . . and then he has a poem from the Tryggvhesa Saga (Brit. Mus. Mss. CCCLXIX lines 99981-99985) to prove that Vikings wore bow-ties.

It is excellent foolery, such as Johnson had done when he wrote about the man who put his hat upon his head and walked into the Strand and there he met another man whose hat was in his hand — Belloc and Bentley of the Clerihews and so many others around him were doing this; but between the lines of Chesterton's triviality there is tenderness and love. Probably no one was loved more for his love for others. He set the public pace for wit and nonsense; he was considered, I suppose, by some, as a "comic" — indeed he was not; he was England's most precious possession, an "eccentric" — one who unpredictably deviates from a center because he is so certain of how to come back to the center again. In Scotland they call such men *daft* and revere them. Nothing was beyond his reach and everywhere was his desk: "He very clever man," whispered the headwaiter of a Fleet Street café, "He sit and laugh. And then he write. And then he laugh at what he write." He did a fabulous amount of work in the novel, short story, poetry, pamphlet, polemics, editorials, and so on, and he was a great lecturer, debater, traveler, and conversationalist. What will continue to be read I don't know. One can be utterly uncritical of Chesterton's writing. You read him and he becomes a part of you, and yet — oddly enough — you may not find yourself re-reading him, though you go on singing the song against grocers or about old Noah or Quoodle, which you sang nearly thirty years ago. Chesterton is a part of one's education where there is no homework.

On the serious side of Chesterton's life, which was very serious — so much so, of course, that he could make fun of it — Mrs. Ward is especially interesting. There is an excellent account of the theory of Distributism (that wretched word which I believe ruined its cause by suggesting a Christmas Charity Society). There is good and fresh research about the Marconi-Lloyd George scandals. And Chesterton's conversion to the Church of Rome is carefully and gravely explained. A further contribution that could have come only from Mrs. Ward is the refutation of the allegations made by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in her book, *The Chestertons*, particularly about Chesterton's relations with his wife. It is an embarrassing subject, but Mrs. Ward had to say what she knew: that it was a happy marriage, and that his wife was a great help to him. . . . Mrs. Ward's is a biography that Chesterton

would have enjoyed and appreciated. He missed (I think) the opportunity of expressing himself fully in his *Autobiography*, mainly through modesty—or perhaps also tiredness—and now Mrs. Ward has given us everything we want to know about “our Chesterton,” as he was affectionately known in England; and in the best possible way.

Sheed & Ward, \$4.50

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

Edited by Horace Gregory

THIS anthology bears the subtitle, *Poems of Consolation for the English-Speaking World*. But the editor himself makes no pronounced claim for the degree of consolation to be found in these poems. Among readers who will be attracted both by Mr. Gregory's reputation as writer and critic and by the convenient format of the volume there will be some who look for a more literal kind of consolation than much of the book offers. William Cowper's “The Castaway” comes specifically to mind on this point. It is a fine poem, a metaphor of painful valor, perhaps too good to leave out, and yet containing matter that could only give grief, never consolation, to anyone bereaved through a death at sea. There are many other selections that held, one must suppose, the same problem for an editor. Mr. Gregory's solution has been always on the grounds of literary excellence. In the sense that good writing in itself is a triumph of the mind and a consolation to a world that must now give the best of itself to violence, he has certainly made the right choices. He has steered clear of the “Invictus” type of poem, and given us things more subtle in their inspiration. The poems here never out-do bravery, yet they represent the souls of men and women in the deed of courage. That poetry is capable of this, I take it, is what Mr. Gregory means by consolation as well as by triumph. On this theme he has made his selections, and the theme is rich in its variations, from severe to tender, from brilliant to devotional, from the great traditions to the fresh innovations.

It is a book of poetry for people who know poetry's place in life, and recognize in it a dignity equal to its Sabbath and Biblical uses. Readers of this class will be particularly glad to find, gathered in one volume, such different examples of poetic meaning and poetic goodness as “The Garden” by Roy Campbell, “An Ancient to Ancients” by Thomas Hardy, “Train Ride” by John Brooks Wheelwright, “To Failure” by Marguerite Wilkinson, “I Am” by John Clare, “Inspiration” by Thoreau, “Easter Hymn” by Housman, “Permit Me Voyage” by James Agee, and the various poems by Francis Quarles, Helen Waddell, and George Darley, including the last-named's charming and exotic apostrophe, “O blest unfabled Incense Tree,” a piece of writing rarely seen unless sought for.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

The Viking Press, \$2.50

WALT WHITMAN: AN AMERICAN

By Henry Seidel Canby

Reviewed by Charles A. Wagner

DR. CANBY IS SMARTER than most Whitman biographers, who generally chisel in the whole mountain-face outline but ultimately leave great scars of empty granite. He has concentrated on two facets: heart and mind.

Perhaps one good reason why the definitive biography has as yet to be written is that Whitman himself (godlike) has written it best—in his poetry. That too may be why no one has written an adequate biography of God—for who can say more of God than God's hands have said?

And so we find Dr. Canby frankly, brilliantly, trenchantly, solidly, and carefully (with lapses here and there, true) hacking away at the mountain of this great soul that is Whitman, and piercing through to clear sky more often than you may believe.

You might hunger here and there for the singing sexual-magnetic understanding which Babette Deutsch gave to her life of Whitman, and for that abiding simplicity and warmth. You may want the hard, mosaic tightness of Holloway, or the hearty accord of John Burroughs, or the prophetic cadences of Leon Bazalgette, or the microscopic perceptiveness of Charlie Glicksburg. But comforting it is withal to know, as you go, that Dr. Canby has reached out into the Whitman country of everlasting green, that his reach is long and sure.

There is more of Whitman in this book than biography. The service rendered in collecting many of the critical boners on *Leaves of Grass* will always be a shield. Though that arch-detractor of our greatest, R. W. Griswold, called the book “this gathering of muck,” a London paper went us one better: “Whitman is as unacquainted with art as a hog is with mathematics.”

Fortunate are we that Whitman knew nothing of “art.” His artful artlessness is his great possession—plus the vision of brotherhood, which he calls democracy. And it is here that Dr. Canby strikes flint; for he brings into sharpest focus the real meaning of Whitman's democratic vistas, carrying into the plane of vision as well the newer meaning of democracy in terms of a national brotherhood.

What whispers are these O lands, running ahead
of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? is there going to
be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming en-masse? for lo, tyrants
tremble, crowns grow dim,
The earth, restive, confronts a new era, perhaps
a general divine war . . .
Your dreams O years, how they penetrate through
me!
(I know not whether I sleep or wake;)
The perform'd America and Europe grow dim,
retiring in shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, ad-
vance, advance upon me.

This was the Whitman who saw and who sang the States as they were and as they might yet be. But it was also the Whitman who sat down in the White House and at Casablanca, and on shipboard peered over shoulders of flesh to the Atlantic Charter, and at Moscow came to agreements which gave our own world new pause.

In this larger meaning Dr. Canby has served us better than any other Whitmanite. He has struck deep into the democratic urge which gives Walt the power of utterance, the sinew of song, the heart of humanity.

For from these States was to come the real meaning of democracy. The huddled thousands coming off the liners out of steerage into the sun of a new world; the great expansion westward; the children of the ghettos startled at the sight of a leaf of grass; the deliberate stolidity of the open-road defiance; the celebration of the body as a harbinger of fruitions of freedom:

Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you,
my brother, my sister?
I am sorry for you, they are not murderous or
jealous upon me . . .
I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I am
an encloser of things to be.

So the singer of the American dream becomes the singer of the American reality; the lesson of States in a Union becomes the parable of nations in a world made tragic.

Dr. Canby gives us Walt Whitman, from the boy of Long Island and Brooklyn to the old man of Camden; yet within this life he has omitted nothing that could attach to granite root in the mountain soul of Walt. That he has made some minor omissions, with an occasional flaw of fact, will hardly mean anything in the churn of the larger crucible of Walt's endurances.

Houghton Mifflin Company, \$3.75

THE REPUBLIC

By Charles A. Beard

Reviewed by Leo Gershow

CHARLES BEARD'S newest book, *The Republic*, consists of a series of imaginary conversations in which the author has the imaginary neighbors with whom the conversations are held agreeing from the outset to make the Republic the focal point of discussion: “the Republic as strengthened, developed, and governed under the Constitution.”

Naturally the book is considerably more than Mr. Beard's disarming characterization of it, as a “kind of elementary course on current issues in government and democracy,” would have us believe. As one might expect from its learned author it is an impersonal work of immense erudition. By drawing freely upon his store of information and illuminating his facts with deep understanding Mr. Beard accomplishes the extraordinary feat of recapturing the spirit of the founding fathers. But *The Republic* is also a highly individual work that reflects the facets of the writer's personality and expounds his philosophy of his-

tory; that “well-seasoned pessimism,” which has made his views the joy and the despair of his contemporaries. Perhaps the best clue toward an understanding of this rich, controversial study, that has already provoked so much discussion, is what Mr. Beard calls his own “over-simplified” definition of history as “the interplay of ideas and interests in the time stream.”

The *time stream* is 1943, the fourth year of the great war. The *idea* is the proposition that the Constitution established a union founded on the conviction that government is synonymous with the processes of plan, proposal, discussion, and popular decision. And the *interest* is to emphasize “the extraordinary historic significance” of the Constitution with “all the lessons for us implicit therein.”

All this is clear, but a series of related queries still remains: how to account for an evaluation of the Constitution that is so strikingly different from that presented in Mr. Beard's earlier *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. In that epochal work, which was published thirty years ago, and for which he was roundly denounced by many conservatives, he proved with a convincing array of evidence that the Constitution was something in the nature of a compromise between agrarian and radical interests on the one side and conservative and capitalistic interests on the other—yet a compromise in which the view prevailed that the interests of the propertied classes should be strongly protected against a propertyless majority.

How then is one to explain his present stress on a third group in that conflict of interests, a group on the extreme right of the conservatives, “men of the sword who would have made a desperate effort to set up a dictatorship by arms;” an emphasis so pronounced that the Constitution becomes primarily significant as a remarkably successful plan to hold the union together. Elsewhere Mr. Beard had written incisively upon lobbies, pressure groups, and political machines, as fundamental elements in actual government. Here he places great store by the forms of the Constitution, and reasons that “no other theme of national policy is so important for us as constitutionalism, the way of preserving our liberties and the decencies of social intercourse against the frenzies of the despotic and violent temper.” Finally, what in the time stream of today makes him hold forth at length upon the necessity of preserving these constitutional processes by restraining power, “even the power of democracy?”

To raise these questions is perhaps to suggest an answer. Fresh evidence, doubtless, and continued reflection account in part for the new orientation. Most of all, it seems likely that altered circumstances afford the explanation: rightly or wrongly, Mr. Beard appears to be writing under the spur of an insistent concern over the present security of those constitutional processes that he shows Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln defending so staunchly when they were most imperilled. His fears may be imaginary. The suggested answer may not be correct. And even if true, it does not by itself indicate that Mr. Beard has absolutely abandoned his former views. More than one of his admirers will hope that he has only shifted his emphasis.

The Viking Press, \$3

THE LOCUSTS

By Otto Schrag

Reviewed by Clare Leighton

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL BOOK. It is written with tender awareness of the values that endure, beyond dynasties and wars; for though the story is placed in the days of the Mennonite settlers, at the opening up of the American West, it is not bounded by epoch or region. The author has breathed a timelessness and a universality upon it, so that it is all men's struggle with all earth.

The main theme of the story is the devastation caused by the swarming locusts that cross the sky in their millions, and, settling to rest, lay waste the land. But because the land is more to these pioneers than food (for, as the saloon whore who became a farmer's wife said, "I feel that it's something that's alive that we can't just leave in the lurch the way we would leave a town we're sick of.") this book is rich with the dramas of the men and women who had to "combat and cajole, love and conquer" it. And so we follow the story of the consumptive schoolteacher who married the rich cowboy, of Martin Miller and his wife with their daughter Lydia, of Albert and Patricia Parker; the Mennonite community comes alive, until we know exactly how Bieber feels as he prays in German for the swarm to pass, and our arms ache at dawn from the night-long mowing of the meadow with Salomon, that the fired hay might kill the locusts.

But always behind the dramas of these earth-serving people stands the figure of Jeremiah Kentrup, the frenzied preacher who hears the words of God. It is he who closes the sluice to drown the locusts, and who keeps the people steadfast in faith. Thinking of his gentleness that holds the power to draw all men to him, we find ourselves remembering Giono's Bobi, in *Que Ma Joie demeure*, and see that something of the spirit of Giono runs through this sensitive book. It is the same understanding of the interweaving of man and his earth.

And then, as our minds turn to the author, we realize with amazement that he was educated at Heidelberg University and came first to this country only in 1935. The book has been translated from the German, yet it shows a comprehension of the American earth that is rarely equalled. Otto Schrag has observed such intimate things as the beating pulse on the underside of the lizard's head, or the sound of the locusts feeding upon the blades of grass. Suddenly we see Dürer's painting of wild flowers, with its affectionate knowledge of all growing things.

But most of all we delight, in these anguished days, in living for a space in a thoroughly sane world. It is a world of strong women who till the fields until their babies are born, and of men with large square calloused hands. And, too, it is a world which holds a sense of the dignity of a human life. Today this is needed.

Farrar & Rinehart, \$3

TOUCHED BY THE THORN

By Maura Laverty

Reviewed by Kathleen Coyle

NOVELISTS, IT HAS BEEN SAID, should be judged by what they make of their minor characters. Here is a novel that consists entirely of minor characters, who have moreover been resolved before. The peasant and the policeman and the revolutionary are not new ingredients in an Irish story. The beautiful girl and the vile old man and the woman of wisdom are common dramatic material. Such ground is dangerous to the point of banality for any author. Little people in the process of fulfilling their little lives are to be seen any day, in Ireland or anywhere. And Maura Laverty stretches them with no extreme augmentation of circumstances. She heightens none of them. Her treatment, her external and tender judgment of them, achieves simply a classical reality. Her art is to make them stand out with a depth which they do not possess. She exposes them with mercy, with a radical power of forgiveness for being what they are. She maintains her own difference, which gives her control over them, with the quietness of one who beholds them from the threshold and does not break their undiscovery of her presence. All is theirs. They proceed with living and life proceeds with them before our eyes. The result is that we are transported into the element that conditions their variety. We come to know them through and through with the cumulative intimacy of a summer village, a place by the sea or mountains to which we have gone for rest and which, in the beginning, seems tranquilized by a permanent peace. The tranquility proves a delusion. The summer ends and it is time for us to go home. We are obliged to carry away with us the memory of the revelation.

This story bestows this sort of souvenir. It drenches us with the same reality of life. It gives us the village with its little shops and little sales; candies and small packages of tea and stationery sold by Julia Dempsey, a woman with a queen's largeness of spirit: "gaunt and long-limbed. Her legs moved under the restriction of her skirts with the kind of impatience . . . of very young nuns, newly habited. To her come the children, the ardent and bewildered lovers." All come except the warped rich man.

What gives this novel its peculiar charm is its regionalism, its folk quality. It is stamped through and through with the atmosphere of traditional terms, words such as the "hooley" that belong locally. There is a fantastic tale of infanticidal wrens who cut the throats of their overcharged family, the "scaldies," with a blade of grass. The story closes admirably, tuned to an exquisite scene of two children in a meadow, making a "cowslip dodge" to the accompaniment of the Angelus Bell. Lamb Doyle is listening to the bell, fleet as a deer in the forests of his own imageries. Others, upon a fatal road, are obliged to hear it. The bell beats, ominous as in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It is a perfect finish; and, as in life, it is not the end. The village merely reshapes its pattern.

Longmans, Green & Company, \$2.50

UNDER THE BRIDGE: An Autobiography

By Ferris Greenslet

Reviewed by Herbert Gorman

MOST INVETERATE FISHERMEN are philosophers at heart, and when one is a scholar-fisherman (as Ferris Greenslet is) the philosophy is made manifest in many an urbane attitude toward life and living. In *Under the Bridge: An Autobiography*, a carefully-combed and compressed examination of the personal past that is visible testimony to the author's modesty and abhorrence of prolixity, we find a series of such attitudes. They are charming, sophisticated, and revelatory of a nature such as only a born fisherman who has whipped many streams in several countries could have. Mr. Greenslet has been book reviewer, critic, biographer, editor, and publisher in his time, and in all his activities he has sought assiduously the silver fish of goodness and friendship and what the French call *savoir-vivre* as well as the more material trout and writers. He has pondered over his life and relished it, and while there seem to have been no great explosions in it to startle the reader there is a way of life and a remembering of the past which raise his book to the small category that all of us should have permanently on our shelves.

In a way, Mr. Greenslet's life has been a life of contacts, and it is possibly those contacts that will most immediately attract the reader. As an editor and publisher he encountered about everybody professionally engaged in English and American letters, and the judicious selection he presents in *Under the Bridge* appears unaffectedly and minus trumpetings and banners or catcalls and vitriol. That is good. That is urbanity. That is miraculous in a publisher who must have been damned and cursed from Tophet to Gehenna by more than one irate author. It is possible, of course, that he has left out the irate fellows although he gives a sample taste of what they were like in his meeting with Georges Clemenceau. Anyway, it is refreshing to find someone who errs on the side of kindness. That is just what a fisherman would do. It is the friendships that matter; and quite the most affecting of these presentations is that of John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir. Another, neither a friend nor affecting, is that of Henry Adams. Still others to be noted particularly are those of Sir Edward Grey, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Edward Woodberry, and Edward Eggleston. Even their names bring back a lost world of culture and composure; and that, I think, is the most admirable virtue of this book. With all its familiar figures, with its implied fisherman's philosophy of living, with its unpretentious presentation of the subject himself, it is the rekindling of a dead past, so that it glows magically again in the memory, which counts most of all and which will send those of us who are over fifty into a smiling reverie where we will be reading May Sinclair's *The Divine Fire* for the first time and netting the rainbow trout in some New Hampshire stream.

Houghton Mifflin Company, \$3

JAN SMUTS: A Biography

By F. S. Crafford

Reviewed by Eugene C. van Wyk

BRITAIN owes its present prestige in Africa in the main to three outstanding personalities: a Boer, an Englishman, and a Scot — namely, Jan Smuts, Cecil Rhodes, and David Livingstone.

Of this historic trio, Smuts has probably had the most eventful and extraordinary career. Certainly no figure in recent decades has so completely dominated the national scene in Africa as the erudite Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. Few statesmen in modern times have been the recipient of greater universal acclaim and adulation; and, paradoxically, few have been more maligned by their "own flesh and blood."

While Smuts's fame, unique prestige, and power are known throughout the British Commonwealth and Europe, he is less known in America than any other world figure. The publication of an absorbing and authentic new biography, *Jan Smuts*, by F. S. Crafford, is therefore valuable and timely. The author of this splendid new volume on Africa's greatest statesman has lived in South Africa during most of his lifetime, and has a first-hand knowledge of the country's history, its national and racial problems, its political leaders and their divergent philosophies. A commendable feature of his work is the objectivity which produces an unbiased portrayal.

In his authoritative evaluation of Jan Smuts's statesmanship, Mr. Crafford tells us that the South African leader is endowed with an unshaken faith in himself and a fierce determination to bend events to his will. He is a born psychologist, and is at his best when faced with delicate situations that require diplomacy, great tact, consummate skill. He never admits final defeat, but bides his time; and he is impervious to threats and abuse showered upon him by his implacable foes.

Although General Smuts has on many occasions displayed unmistakable military genius his greatest achievements have been in the political realm of national and international affairs. One of the most important services that he rendered his own country was in persuading Britain, shortly after the South African War, to "trust the Boers," and grant them the fullest form of responsible government. Later, he was the guiding genius in obtaining for South Africa her present dominion status of sovereign independence. The concept of the British Commonwealth of Nations must itself be credited very largely to Jan Smuts, for it was he who first propounded the idea, in a historic speech in London in 1917. His qualities of statesmanship were further revealed during the peace negotiations in Paris in 1919, when his memorandum, "The League of Nations—a Practical Solution," won the endorsement of Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George, and formed the basis of the League Covenant. One of the most interesting chapters of this informative book deals with Smut's inspiring statesmanship in the present war.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, \$3.50

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO

By Jacques Barzun

Reviewed by Katherine Woods

IN A CHAPTER ADDED with shrewd and smiling suggestiveness to the main body of his latest book, Jacques Barzun quotes the word "romantic" as understood in twenty-one "assorted meanings," gives twelve examples from literature of contrasting utilizations of the same term, and cites eleven different historical uses in writings from 1628 to 1934. To this then he appends two pages of quotations which he calls "useful reminders" of the proper connotation of the words "romantic" and "romanticism," the difficulties of definition, and the pitfalls of careless use. His own book is both definition and defense.

It is a definition of the intrinsic and historic meanings of Romanticism; and this is to say, of course, that it is concerned with the Romantic Period which covered roughly the first half of the nineteenth century, and which included as its exponents most of the great writers, musicians, and painters of that time — although "romanticism" can also be traced back to Pascal and conspicuously forward to William James. And it is a defense of Romanticism against various charges brought against it, notably the present-day accusation which would tie it to fascist philosophy, as ancestor or kin. In *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*, moreover, Professor Barzun carries on ideas — as he says, "fills out and organizes hints and fragments of opinion" — touched upon in his earlier volumes, from *Race* in 1937 to *Darwin, Marx, Wagner* in 1941; but this book — which is shorter, and easier reading, than the fascinating but exacting "critique of a heritage" in the last-named work — is probably most likely of them all to be popular. Popular, within the natural limitations of intellectual content and "appeal," it certainly ought to be. For this is a time in which we must talk about philosophies, their meaning, origin, influence.

The confusion indicated in this review's first paragraph explains why a definition of the romantic movement and philosophy is got under way by a statement of what it is not: "Romanticism is not equivalent to irrationalism, nor sentimentality, nor individualism, nor collectivism, nor utopian aspirations, nor love, nor hate, nor indolence, nor feeble-mindedness. . . . Romanticism is not a return to the Middle Ages, a love of the exotic, a revolt from Reason, a vindication of the individual, a liberation of the unconscious, a reaction against scientific method, a revival of pantheism, idealism, and catholicism, a rejection of artistic conventions, a preference for emotion, a movement back to nature, or a glorification of force." But because these contradictory elements, with others, found expression among various romanticists, it is necessary to find a common base in order to reach an affirmative definition: "The one thing that unifies men in a given age is not their individual philosophies but the dominant problem that these philosophies are designed to solve. In the romantic period, this problem was to create a new world on the ruins of the old . . . We must add

the further fact that romanticism conceived its mission in a certain way. It conceived it in the light of a great contradiction concerning man. I mean the contrast between man's greatness and man's wretchedness; man's power and man's misery."

Beginning historically with a brilliant study of Rousseau as thinker, Jacques Barzun in every succeeding chapter weaves his material into a triple strand. In one detail after another he annihilates the woolly-minded misconceptions of romanticism and romanticists, and in most cases demonstrates the errors' opposites — as in his assertion and explanation that "romanticism is realism," and his examination of energy as the romanticists' ruling passion. He carries on a running comparison between romanticism and classicism — the "concrete and individualist" over against the "abstract and authoritative," for example; the "color, continuity, and indefiniteness of things" as opposed to what is geometrical and correct by exact rule. And as he disproves the supposition that romanticism holds the nature and source of Fascism and National Socialism, he makes it plain that classicism is the enemy to freedom and democracy — and then goes on to show how the confusion of romanticism with fascist philosophy may have come about. There is grave danger that a "new classical age" is in the making, Professor Barzun says; but he adds — after some biting criticism of the modern ego's self-consciousness and cynicism and fear — that tendencies toward creative romanticism are also strong.

There, as he sees it, is the world's hope. The "classic" appeal is alluring, in its promise of "stability, security, eternal peace"; but its base is artificial, and its promise a mirage. "In classicism the peak is the establishment of fixed order for a small class by the exclusion of real but disturbing facts. In romanticism the peaks are individual achievements, serviceable to others not by enforced imitation but by free choice." Romantic philosophy thus acknowledges and calls to reality in man. "The only hope is not stability but a moving equipoise; a world order devised and endlessly revised, not proclaimed and imposed. Stability is death. We can point to the present as a proof; the democratic nations neglected opportunities for internal reform and world reorganization because they preferred and were pledged to stability . . . For the next time or the next, men will find the strength to throw away their ideal props and to stand up in the open, forsaking safety like those practical romanticists who, against all reason though served by reason, forsook the earth and learned how solid was the sky."

To those as yet unacquainted with Professor Barzun's work, it may be well to point out that his writing, even at its most positive, never moves far from wit. And though he disclaims paradox in the sense of contradiction, intelligent readers must take pleasure in his almost Chestertonian tendency toward paradoxical pricking of their minds. There is substance of life as well as scholarship, interest as well as intellectual scrutiny, throughout this book. And the author's brilliance adds the play of a surface sparkle to its clear illumination from within.

Little, Brown & Company, \$2.75

CONNECTICUT YANKEE: An Autobiography

By Wilbur L. Cross

THERE EXISTS in this country a prejudice against professors in politics. They are considered to be dreamy idealists who go about with their heads in the clouds, utterly incapable of coping with the practical details of the administration of public affairs — which by this theory, should be left in the professional politicians' hands.

Instead of attempting to point out the absurdity of this prejudice, let us rather consider the case of Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut. Here is a man who has had a distinguished career as an educator, as editor of a scholarly review, as a biographer of literary personalities, and as a lecturer on literary subjects, and yet he has four times been elected Governor of his native state. But for a particularly dirty bit of political skulduggery he would probably have been elected for a fifth term. It is notable, too, that he was elected as a Democrat in a state which is normally Republican. He did not escape criticism on the ground of being a professor and an "impractical idealist." Even the Old Guard of his own party was opposed to him. The machine politicians wanted someone who would be more amenable to party discipline. But Cross defied them and won the nomination five times and the election four times. His record as Governor speaks for itself. He is an idealist, yes, and many of the ideals for which he fought have become practical realities, with which even the politicians are catching up.

Wilbur Cross tells the story of his life in a straightforward, unassuming manner. As a boy in Gurleyville, Connecticut, he spent much time in his brother's country store, where he often helped out after school and on Saturdays. There he listened to the talk of the cracker-barrel philosophers and absorbed a knowledge of practical politics which was to stand him in good stead in the years to come. He attended the village school, and prepared for college at the high school in Willimantic. In 1881 he entered Yale College, then a small institution as compared with the giant university of today, and he has been closely identified with Yale ever since as student, instructor, assistant professor, full professor, and Dean of the Graduate School. In addition to his other duties he took on the editorship of the *Yale Review* and made it one of the outstanding literary publications of our country and of the world. Then, at an age when most men would have been content to retire, he responded to the call of his state and took up the fight for good government, with skill and lively zest.

His is the story of a long and useful life and a happy one. Wilbur Cross has worked hard and has made his work count for the furtherance of education and the betterment of the lives of his fellow men. One might say of him — and this is no contradiction in terms — that he is a practical idealist. And this is a type of true American which his country will always need. More power to him and his kind!

ISAAC ANDERSON

Yale University Press, \$5

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT

By Merle Curti

IT IS NECESSARY TO LOOK, for an understanding of our peculiar resources as a nation — an understanding which must precede intelligent planning and a knowledge of directions — into our rather tumultuous past, and out of it to unravel some meaning as to trends and influences. This Mr. Curti has ably done. He has examined American thought from its inception down to the present — from the cultural legacies bequeathed by the nations of Europe down to our contemporary gropings in the midst of a clash of arms and ideas.

The first two sections of his book are perhaps the most rewarding. They deal with the American adaptation of the European heritage and then with the growth of Americanism. Here are the roots of our nation: the complex foreign heritage, in which the British element is naturally of prime importance, but in which such minor elements as the Negro may not be overlooked. Here are the adaptations of that heritage, necessitated by new environmental conditions and a mixture of languages and peoples. Here is the influence of the great Enlightenment, with its deistic approach to Genesis and to good and evil in man. Here is the democratic movement ever westward to free lands, with the consequent prevention of feudalism; and here is the attempt of the autocrats to break the new spirit, smash deism and the fluidity of labor, and to cement the young nation in reactionary political forms — an attempt defeated by the election of Jefferson to the presidency.

Mr. Curti's title is rather ambiguous. One wonders whether he means thought which occurred in America or only typically American thought. His treatment is both more expansive and less selective than his title seems to indicate, for while there are indications of the typical in American thought, there are no thoroughgoing expositions of it. I do not mean to leave the impression that I found the book sharply disappointing in this respect. I am simply trying to separate the scope of its accomplishments from that of its implications in order to arrive at a properly sober description of the book.

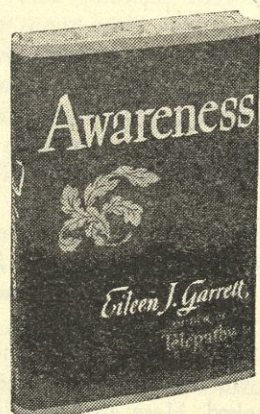
It is only fair to point out that Mr. Curti's method is primarily that of the historical scholar, not the creative thinker. That is, his study is a chronological outline of ideas, with versatile implementations, rather than a perspicacious interpretation. But naturally the scholar and the thinker depend on each other, and each at many points strays into the other's field. Thus, while Mr. Curti's study is not so startling as Constance Rourke's *The Roots of American Culture*, it is nevertheless profoundly rewarding in its examination and exposure of the rationalizational bases for many of our ideas, so many of which flame into being in order to bulwark the established order.

It is rewarding, too, for its realistic and shrewd understanding of the rôle of economics in man's intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual affairs, and for its basic and unobtrusive humanitarianism, which is ever-present between the lines.

CHARLES NEIDER

Harper & Brothers, \$5

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By Eileen J. Garrett

In this her latest and most important work, Eileen J. Garrett, author of *Telepathy* and other books on this subject, reveals in most intimate and enlightening fashion the spiritual unfoldment which has characterized her life.

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A PROFESSOR AT LARGE

By Stephen Duggan

IN *A Professor at Large* Dr. Stephen Duggan looks back over the fields of foreign affairs he has come to know so well, with dispassionate glance. If at times he has faults to find with his cultural friends he hastens quickly to excuse them. His book is a faithful record of his observations in that foreign-affairs field in which he has had such a distinguished career. He is now a member of the State Department's Advisory Committee on Cultural Relations, as well as Chairman of the American Committee to implement the Buenos Aires pact for the exchange of students, and teachers, with Latin-American countries. In the past he has been a representative at the meetings of the International Committee on Intellectual Cooperation, at Geneva.

Dr. Duggan writes with feeling when he touches upon the shaping of American cultural influences by immigrants who brought from far-off places many aspects of their old life, and who thus caused disintegration of the early American ideals based upon what had been—until the turn of the twentieth century—a fundamentally British culture. He provides a fascinating historical study when he traces these foreign influences and their changing elements in education, as the present dynamic civilization emerges.

In writing of Russia Dr. Duggan stresses the fact—which we may do well to remember—of the differences between the Russian and American peoples. Spiritual and material methods of living are so dissimilar, he points out, as to allow of little true comparison. For here the individual is important, and his life is not dictated by decree of state; in Russia the standard of living is vastly different, and is shot through with the Asiatic admixture of mysticism and fatalism which causes hardships to be borne without complaint, and which holds life more cheaply.

This "professor at large" undertakes little conjecture when he writes of the Europe he knows so well, or of Russia, of China, or Latin America; but he does concern himself closely with the immediate future of America and the post-war world. He writes briefly but intelligently and searchingly of the difficulties ahead for politician and educator alike, and for all those who must take an active part in re-education as America prepares herself for her place in the international scene.

Dr. Duggan has not written an autobiography, nor yet a war book; yet he has managed to reveal his own character while disclosing at the same time the limitations in the make-up of the war-breeders as he saw them at work in the world's capitals. He appraises with keen insight the transitions taking place from the old pattern to the new one as yet unknown. And for all the seriousness of his thought he writes in a leisurely, as well as a scholarly, style. His book should be read by all those who have lost sight of the causes of war, or have forgotten the bitter disillusionment and cynicism of peoples locked away behind their frontiers, to become the guinea pigs of governments and the scapegoats of politicians.

EILEEN J. GARRETT

The Macmillan Company, \$3.50

THE WALSH GIRLS

By Elizabeth Janeway

IT IS INTERESTING TO SPECULATE on what a novel about two sisters in a small New England town might turn out to be: "realistic" in the sense of being matter-of-fact and a bit dull, or in the antipodal sense of concentrating on horrific repressions and their still more horrific results; "romantic" in a pleasant sentimental fashion not much in vogue now but still existent; melodramatic, perhaps. But with the knowledge that *The Walsh Girls* is a first novel, no speculation could prepare the reader for what Elizabeth Janeway has made of her theme—a story so penetrating, alive, and interesting that it finds a niche in our thought and stays there; an example of the vital and comprehensive realism that owes nothing to other books but is nurtured by the author's talent on the broad observation of life. This department has waited a little to review this novel, letting it settle, so to speak, into its natural place and merely watching while it did so; it is a pleasure to see how high that place is. About *The Walsh Girls* there is no hint of the "promising": this is fulfillment.

The fulfillment is the more impressive in that with this story of Helen who made two marriages and Lydia who made none the author has, on the one hand, probed into and re-created widely differing characters and, on the other, woven the tapestry of a little American town with sure threads into the fabric of the world of the mid-Nineteen-Thirties. If the spinster sister, Lydia, is outstanding and likely to be most vividly remembered, that is not so much because she is more alive and true than Helen and George (she isn't) as because the "old maid" is portrayed in American fiction with greater difficulty, and much less frequency and success, than the other types (even Edith Wharton had to heighten her story of that title with more or less conventional incident). But even beside the long-to-be-remembered portrait of the "old-maid schoolteacher," and the picture of her relation to the man she would have loved and the sister she both loved and hated, the living quality of both Helen and George stands out: Helen who took the path of easy-going attractiveness as instinctively as her sister stood narrowly fixed in dogged strength, and who was sensitive, kind, and lovable for all her mistakes; George who worried sometimes because he couldn't talk about books and things like that with the wife he worshipped, but who actually made up by solid goodness for every other lack. As Mrs. Janeway understands what goes on in the minds of these three, so she understands Charlie, too, and the love for Lydia that is fostered by his lifelong Oedipus complex. And as she sets down the literal stuff of family quarrels and disagreements in a way to make readers squirm over their own recollections, so she can send out the tentacles of a well-contrived story to touch the Nazi menace. Always, too, there is the New England town, where one not only hears the natural talk but feels the snow-laden winds and the midsummer heat. *The Walsh Girls* is a story of actual life, set down by a master hand.

KATHERINE WOODS.

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by JEAN LYTTLE

The author of *TODAY THE SUN RISES* takes as her central character Lisette, a French peasant girl, and as her theme the faith of the French people, looking toward the day when France will be free again.

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Most memorable in the reader's impression of this story will be the portrayal of the continuity of daily life under wartime stringencies, that aggregate of the small things which spell survival and ultimate happiness—even in exile.

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LETTERS FROM THE ARGENTINE

By Francis Herron

AT LAST a book has been published about the people of Argentina! Not about politics, government, or the garden spots of a travel tour—and yet including all these, as seen through the eyes of the average Argentine: through the eyes of an honest young North American struggling to know this average Argentine. Thus, as his struggles decrease and his understanding progresses, so shall the reader's—and in the end the reader will know Argentina almost as a second homeland. He will visualize the great Pampa, know the customs of the city people and those of the provinces, understand the peculiar and complex Argentine politic.

Francis Herron, who apparently had written this book unaware that he was writing for publication, presents a series of unaffected, simple, charming letters, sent from time to time to his friend Walter S. Rodgers, Director of the Institute of Current World Affairs in New York. Before his trip to the Argentine, Mr. Herron had for six years been news editor of the *Sibley Gazette Tribune*, a weekly paper in a little town in Iowa; and for a number of years he had been reading and studying Spanish. He was well equipped to meet, and know, the average Argentine.

Yet in spite of this he had trouble at first in accepting some of the customs. For instance, the very enjoyable custom called *piropeo*. The Argentines, being in many ways more realistic than the North Americans, do not cast their eyes slyly at each passing beautiful woman, and sigh. Instead, they have invented *piropeo*, which is a game in which men stand along the sidewalks watching the women promenade (in certain sections the women also take part); when they see one of whom they approve, and their eyes meet, they pay her a compliment or two in a loud enthusiastic voice. Before he left Argentina Mr. Herron had got quite into the spirit of *piropeo*.

The book is full of intimate details such as this, from the people's daily life. It also includes a letter mailed from Iowa a year later, in which Mr. Herron recalls some of the mistakes he made in earlier letters. Following this last are several memoranda which analyze, with amazing clarity and simplicity, some of Argentina's more important social, political, and historical attitudes.

The only criticism which may be made of the book is that perhaps it touches too lightly upon the Argentine attitude toward the war. Mr. Herron does give an idea of the reasons for the popularity of neutrality in the provinces; but he arrived in Buenos Aires just after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor—December 8, to be exact—and yet he no more than casually mentions what the *porteños* were saying and thinking at the time.

This may easily be said, nevertheless, to be the best book yet written about this one particular country of Latin America.

LLOYD MALLAN

G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3

MAINSTREAM

By Hamilton Basso

IN *Mainstream*, Hamilton Basso, novelist, journalist and author of a biography of General P. G. T. Beauregard, gives an interpretation of that mythical yet very real person, the average American. The book's purpose is to show "that there is an American character, and that it has been shaped by a series of influences which, in their sum, represent the American tradition." To this end the author pictures a typical American, a small-town man whom he calls John Applegate, and shows the influence upon him, and upon his beliefs, of leading figures from the past, who are selected for their significance, and whose diversity has helped to make up his unity.

Like a river system, the tributaries join to unite in the main stream. Two opposing beliefs came down from the beginning: belief in the right of the people to rule, and belief in government by an elite—first embodied in John Smith, Protestant Anglo-Saxon, whose leadership saved the Virginia colony, and in Cotton Mather, neurotic divine, who came to New England to establish, not democracy, but a stricter kingdom of God. Cotton Mather believed that monarchy and aristocracy were "approved and directed by Scripture," that the elect should rule—a view later restated by Hamilton, Calhoun (who added that slavery was a "positive good"), and many others.

Meanwhile, in the Piedmont of Virginia, far from the Tidewater tobacco aristocracy, French Huguenots and Scots-Irish opened the frontier, which was to challenge, often with violence, the theory of rule by the elect. "A boundary, an experience, a state of mind," the frontier as it moved westward became more and more American, transforming the Europeans transplanted to it; and a frontier intellectual, Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, "gave a nation its idealism and its creed."

Calhoun's idea of the state was that of a Greek slaveholding democracy. Lincoln, "one of the most haunting moments in the conscience of man," gave in the Gettysburg Address the noblest expression of the right of the people to rule. Carnegie's industrial empire changed the physical and spiritual face of the nation, and with giant business came a new elite demanding control. Barnum, father of modern advertising and formulator of rules for money-getting, was a symptom of a decline in quality. Bryan voiced a last protest of the frontier. Huey Long cast a sinister shadow of totalitarianism. Theodore Roosevelt was the first President to urge government control of economic processes in the people's interest; from his Square Deal through the New Freedom to the New Deal was a steady progression. Franklin D. Roosevelt championed democracy during the "era of denial" between wars, and stands today as the symbol of democracy against the totalitarian forces.

All these and others had their part in the pattern of John Applegate, with his initiative and admiration for bigness and success, his moral materialism, his pragmatism and idealism, his sense of participation in the American adventure. In place of the frontier that is gone he has the

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frontiers of mind and imagination. "He still thinks that, come what may, he can master the raw material of tomorrow and bend the future to its proper shape."

What is democracy? The economic determinists, say Mr. Basso, have ignored the "ethic or emotion" of democracy, and missed its real meaning and source of power. It is not a system of government or way of life, a means to a higher standard of living, but a "spiritual and ethical affirmation" of principles: equality and equal rights of mankind based on common humanity, beyond the accidents of surface inequalities—in Lincoln's words, man's "dignity and state as man." Today democracy is doubly tested: abroad by war; within by the problem of survival in an industrialized society. *Mainstream* is a stimulating, clarifying, and thought-provoking book, opening up many new roads of thought, and illuminated by belief in democracy—not American but universal—"deep as man's hope is deep, wide as man's fate is wide."

ANITA MOFFET

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CLERICAL ERRORS

By Louis Tucker

REV. LOUIS TUCKER'S MEMOIRS are held together by a series of well-chosen links with his career, but the book's source of strength is the native human interest of tragedy and comedy with which the reader feels associated from the moment the narrative begins.

The author, born in 1872, could hardly have escaped the church, since both his father and his grandfather had been preachers. Young Louis traveled all over the country hearing "first hand" of life and death, disaster, Hell, Heaven, Judgment Day; and fear passed from him and tolerance for all men took its place. Throughout the book runs the thread of the author's deep observation of life as it was fashioned for him by the "philosophic" eye of his father, whom he reveres. His own story is told with economy of means but richness of memory, whether he recalls tiny incidents of his boyhood or the fuller lives of the family as they move through the South, to Jackson, Mobile, Baton Rouge. And he reveals American history in the making, in the intimate pictures of the people whom he helps and with whom he prays.

There is no artificial grace to make up for the lack of beauty in these lives. Sturdy bodies carve out clearings, persistent will transforms wild country, and the heart of the preacher sings a paean of duty, struggle, and final success. The book is the story of the author's three great loves: for his father, for his wife, and for the people with whom he shared his love for all mankind. It is also a testimony of belief in the ideals for which these pioneer families struggled and for which the world struggles today. Lonely toward the end, the book closes on a plaintive note; but the true strength of the man, however oppressed by loneliness and weariness, stands out clear and faithfully revealed.

E. J. G.

Harper & Brothers, \$3

MOTHER AMERICA

By Col. Carlos P. Romulo

Reviewed by H. G. Quaritch Wales

THE THEME OF COLONEL ROMULO's new book is that the American program for the Philippines, which led to the white and brown man fighting side by side in the heroic blood-brotherhood of Bataan, should in the interests of lasting peace be applied to all those nations of the Far East that are not yet free. In so far as this means independence in accordance with a definite timetable, few Americans will disagree, and many readers will feel that any book that advocates this end is serving a useful purpose.

Colonel Romulo has travelled widely in the Far East and made contact with the leading nationalists. Unfortunately it is not so easy for a Filipino effectively to elucidate the Asiatic viewpoint. As he himself says, the Filipinos "never again would be true Orientals" after nearly 400 years of Christianity and Western civilization. They have certainly never been inclined to treat the Mohammedan Moros of the southern islands as equals, or to grant these neighbors the rights they have struggled to get for themselves. The author, who is at pains to interpret for us the Oriental mind, reveals how little he knows of the cultures of the Orient, of Buddhism for instance, since he more than once refers to "caste-ridden Burma."

In violently assailing the British and Dutch colonial systems Colonel Romulo further weakens his case by oversimplification, sweeping generalization, and frequent inaccuracy. Of the last mentioned the following examples may suffice: "Any criticism of the Crown is treasonable" (page 2); "the bloody revolution (following Pearl Harbor) of Hong Kong and Singapore and Java and Burma" (page 134); "tariffs imposed upon India have aided in holding the nation in peonage" (page 109. Actually, and to the virtual ruin of the Manchester textile trade, both India and Burma achieved fiscal autonomy, in which respect they were in advance of the Philippines); "The Burmese were not being trained in self-government" (page 97). Nevertheless on the same page the author is obliged to refer to the existence of a Burmese House of Representatives!

A better-informed writer would have known that the sort of Spanish tyranny under which Colonel Romulo was born was not practised by twentieth-century British and Dutch imperialisms. He would have known that their failure to win the whole-hearted support of their dependents was due to their efforts to satisfy the people with material improvements and a slow advance toward self-rule within their empires instead of granting, as did America to the Philippines, the wider education and rapid advancement to independence for which they yearned.

Colonel Romulo undoubtedly puts his finger on an important point when he says: "That we (the Filipinos) were better prepared to absorb democratic principles than any other Oriental nation was due to our Spanish heritage



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and our Christian training." And again, the Filipinos "understanding and sympathies lay with the West . . . cultural, religious, and political ties form a closer relationship than those of race." A portion of the success of the American experiment may thus be attributed to the fact that the Filipinos were able to sink their own differences and coöperate willingly with their mentors in working the program.

The author's full conclusion that we ought to apply the American policy toward the Philippines as a "pattern for the Pacific" can therefore only be accepted if very much more stress is laid on the necessity of modifying our Western institutions in such manner that they will fit the needs of Asiatics, increasingly conscious as the latter are of the value of their own cultural heritage.

Well over a third of the book is taken up by reprinting such milestones in the Philippine independence struggle as the Jones and Tydings-McDuffie Acts.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, \$2.50

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

By Lewis Browne

YOUNG PALE DWARFISH Joseph Goebbels, Ph.D., once applied for an editorial job at the Jewish publishing firm of Rudolf Mosse, owner of the Radical-Democratic *Berliner Tageblatt*. Since he did not get it, the club-foot literatus joined the National Socialist Party. Likewise, Clem Smullet, hero of the present novel, was an unsuccessful little penny-a-liner and publicity agent, so emaciated that he "could have doubled Gandhi" when, in 1936, he joined the Los Angeles "Crusade," one of the numerous small fascist organizations which mushroomed in this country before the attack upon Pearl Harbor. Clem who, in his slangy lingo, narrates his story, from his unhappy childhood to his arrest by the F.B.I., reminds the reader of the hungry fox in one of Aesop's fables, when the scribbler solemnly declares: "Finally I came to the conclusion that a fellow with my brain was wasting his time in the newspaper game."

Social misfits filled the ranks of Anton Drexler's *Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* which one of its members, Adolf Hitler, transformed into the National Socialist Party. Similarly, most subversive groups in this country seem to have appealed particularly to half-cranky frustrated individuals, if John Roy Carlson's recent report is true. Gigantic buttermilk-drinking a-sexual John Christian Power, the "Hitler" of this novel's fictitious "Crusade," actually was cracked, as even his closest associates admitted. But he could not have been dismissed as a harmless fool. The world laughed at Hitler, "Doc" Gribble, a cynic of the Goering-type, explained to the neophyte Smullet, "because he'd been a paperhanger, and wore a funny moustache, and wouldn't eat meat, and couldn't talk sense. And look what happened."

"The Power" was especially dangerous because he was "sincere," i.e., he was, according to Smullet-Goebbels,

able to fool the public only because he had already fooled himself: "He really believed everything he said, believed it with all his heart and soul. He even believed the things I made up for him to say." Power was obsessed by the belief that most nations were "caught in the coils of the Hebrew octopus," and that it was his mission to save the native-born white Protestant Americans from the cunning "Hebes." Naturally, he also hated Catholics, New-Dealers, bankers (including the Gentile ones), Labor Leaders, and Negroes, but he emphasized the "Jew-poison." First, Jew-hatred is easy to sell to the goofy ones, and second—well, his friends finally found out that he was half-Jewish himself, without knowing it: "Although deep down he hates the Jews solely because he hates his father, on the surface he has to have a better reason. . . . He says he hates them because they're a menace to the world. Their crime is that they want to run everything. But actually that's his own crime." (This climax sounds rather melodramatic and artificial, but there are several known cases of Jews, or people of partly Jewish descent, who supported Hitlerism; General Milch, organizer of the Luftwaffe, is related to the writer Emil Ludwig; the Hungarian Prime Minister, Imredy, author of the recent anti-Jewish legislation, had to resign when the Nazis revealed that he had a Jewish ancestor. . . .)

And who were the other individuals who participated in the "Crusade?" Racketeers who wanted cash, crackpot millionaires and amateur soldiers who desired glory, outspoken Fifth Columnists, and a few harmless, but misled or panicky people. Their adversaries were the energetic preacher Keniston, organizer of the anti-fascist Citizens' Research Service, who smuggled pretty young Miss Cabot into the enemy's camp as a counter-spy, and who compared the "Crusade" to a plague rat that can infect a whole country, and, last but not least, the F.B.I.

It is tempting to compare this book with Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here*. But while the Nobel Prize winner's novel is a product of imagination only, Browne's "novel" is, according to the publishers, based on facts and is the result of painstaking research. The author could have said about it what Lion Feuchtwanger indicated in a prefatory note to *Success*, the novel which describes the early days of Hitlerism: "No single figure in this book actually existed in Munich during the years 1921-23, but they did exist in their totality. *Success* does not present photographically real, but historically typical figures."

See What I Mean? is more than a piece of counter-propaganda. It vividly portrays those eternal mercenaries who pander to the weakness and folly of their fellow-men, those indefatigable nihilists who trade in human sloth and timidity. The scene is, of course, California, and the author's language, wisdom, and humor are unmistakably American. But Smullet and his gang are, essentially, international, timeless characters. For the force that created the "Crusade" is the same that urged Catiline to overthrow the Roman Republic. Not the spirit of destruction, but only the battlecry, has changed.

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AUTHORS

SHOLEM ASCH, whose monumental novel of Biblical history, *The Apostle*, is now followed by the two-part narrative begun in this number of *Tomorrow*, explains in his brief introductory paragraphs the strange factual foundation of the story here told in fictional form.

WHATELY CARINGTON, who holds his degree of Bachelor of Science from Cambridge University, is associated with the Leverhulme Research Foundation, and has long been engaged in research in psychology.

JOSEPH FREEMAN, whose latest book is the outstanding novel, *Never Call Retreat*, is also well known in the fields of both literary and political criticism and in the study of international affairs. After first-hand observation in Russia he collaborated with Joshua Kunitz and Louis Lozowick, in 1930, in writing *Voices of October*, the first full-length study of Soviet art, literature, and films to be brought out by Americans.

Ensign **HERBERT L. GOLDEN, U.S.N.R.**, is on war-service leave from the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. He was on the staff of *Variety* for six years.

Lieut. **HARALD LAND** is a pseudonym, used for obvious personal reasons.

The Very Reverend **AUSTIN PARDUE** is Dean of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral in Buffalo, and Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. His ministry began in Chicago, with work among underprivileged boys. He is the author of *Bold to Say* and *Your Morale and How to Build It*, and he collaborated with John Bartok, who was on the raft with Eddie Rickenbacker, in writing *Life Out There*.

CATHERINE RIDGELY has published stories and poems in a number of magazines. She is a Virginian, now living in New York.

TANYA SOUTH, with her husband and three children, lives in a California desert, where she writes poetry and engages in several handicrafts.

JESSE STUART, well-known for some years past for his poems and stories from the Kentucky hills, has recently won the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award with his novel, *Taps for Private Tussie*, which was the December Book-of-the-Month. His first success came to his book of poems, *The Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow*, in 1934, but his fame as a story-teller was established with *Head o' W-Hollow* two years later. "Battle of the Vestibule," he writes us, "is almost based on true facts. This story is a part of America."

OSCAR WILLIAMS is the author of several volumes of poetry, *The Man Coming Toward You* his most recent. He is the editor of *New Poems*, an annual anthology of the work of the younger poets.

ERRATUM: Because of a printer's error, a quotation in Klaus Mann's article, "The Rebellious Christian," appearing in the November issue of *Tomorrow*, was given incorrectly. The quotation on line 46 of the left-hand column of page 37, should read "Christianity even defies man," not "Christianity even defies man."

REVIEWERS

ISAAC ANDERSON has for some years been a reviewer for the *New York Times* Book Review.

KATHLEEN COYLE is now engaged on a study from the history of her native Ireland, following the story of her Irish childhood, *The Magical Realm*.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, poet and critic, is especially remembered by *Tomorrow's* readers for her essay on the present importance of poetry, "The Wounded Century," in the magazine of April, 1943.

LEO GERSHOY is on leave from the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College, where he teaches History, for war work with the Federal Communications Commission. He is the author of several books on the French Revolution, and has a new volume coming out this spring.

HERBERT GORMAN was born in Massachusetts and did his first reviewing for the famous old *Springfield Republican*. From studies of books by overseas authors, he turns in this number of *Tomorrow* to a fellow New Englander's autobiography.

PETER MONRO JACK, whose literary criticism has been known to readers of the *New York Times* Book Review for the past twelve years, is a lecturer at Columbia University, the Juilliard Graduate School, the New School for Social Research, and Briarcliff Junior College.

CLARE LEIGHTON, who appears for the second time in *Tomorrow's* Book Section, was especially introduced to the magazine's readers, as artist and writer, with her article, "Hunger and Tumult," last month. Her latest book, *Give Us This Day*, was published in November.

LLOYD MALLAN is on the editorial staff of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. His poems, stories, and reviews appear in various magazines.

ANITA MOFFETT'S book reviews have been published in literary periodicals for some years past. She is one of the editors of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHARLES NEIDER is on leave from the editorial staff of *The New Yorker* for special work with the Navy. **EUGENE C. VAN WYK, F.R.G.S.**, is a South African journalist and lecturer, now living in this country. He was brought up in Johannesburg and has utilized extensive travels in the study of international affairs.

CHARLES A. WAGNER, since 1932 book review editor of the *New York Mirror*, and before that of the *Brooklyn Times*, is also the author of three books of verse and one — his latest, *Freemen of the Press*, (1940) — of biography. He is a contributor to *American Mercury*, the *Nation*, *Poetry*, and other magazines.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES has been a student of economic and cultural problems in the Orient for the past eighteen years. He was intelligence officer in Delhi and Malaya in 1941, and is the author of a recent book on the Far East, *Year of Blindness*.

ALFRED WERNER, Austrian journalist and scholar, writes from his own knowledge of the triumph of Nazism.

I. A. R. WYLIE, who is best known as a novelist, shows in her review of Lord Vansittart's book her special fitness for dealing with its subject.

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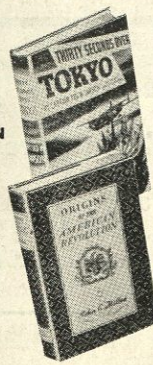
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Book Reviews by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER,
CLARE LEIGHTON, CHRISTOPHER EMMET, Jr.,
JOSEPH FREEMAN, MARIO ROSSI,
KATHERINE WOODS, and others