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THE MEANING IN READING

Revised Edition

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"Reading maketh a full man;
conference a ready man;
and writing an exact man."

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PREFACE

Like its predecessors (*Essays for Better Reading,* 1940, and *The Meaning in Reading,* 1943), this book—with its separately bound booklet of exercises and suggestions—is intended to help college students improve their reading and writing, listening and speaking. It is based on the assumption that the most effective approach in the development of these communication skills is through reading and that they are all so closely interrelated that progress in the one makes progress in each of the others surer and easier—in fact, that they are parts of one process, operating in a complementary manner.

The essays and articles in this collection have been chosen with close reference to the interests and abilities of the students for whom the book is planned. These forty-three selections, illumining ten comprehensive subjects of contemporary concern, should seem significant and challenging to college students, whatever their intended vocations. Moreover, they provide students with examples of careful organization, clear thinking, and lucid expression, thereby furnishing them illustrations and models for their own written and oral compositions. Except for the last selection in each group (which is part of a special timed-reading project described below), the essays within each topical division are arranged in the order of easiest to hardest.

The booklet prepared to accompany this text contains five types of exercises: *Central Idea, Analysis, Vocabulary Extension, Library Exploration,* and *Topics for Talks and Themes.* These are designed to lead the student through the process of discovering the central thought and organization of the selection; of extending his vocabulary and acquainting himself with the working tools of investigation; and finally of putting his own thought—written and oral—into orderly and accurate language. These exercises provide the student with space in which to record his answers and are printed on perforated sheets so that he and his instructor may have a convenient check on daily performance. In order that the student may retain a list of the words and library references, an *Appendix* containing this material in convenient form has been prepared and printed at the end of the volume containing the selections.

The first exercise, *Central Idea,* is designed to aid the student in discovering the main thought (the thesis) of the essay—a process essential to understanding and evaluating what one reads or planning what one writes. In many instances the choice among the alternatives given requires discriminating selection on the part of the student, thereby promoting a close read-

ing and a careful weighing of statements. The purpose of the second exercise, *Analysis,* is to help the student analyze the essay in order to comprehend the structural design, to understand and appreciate the stylistic qualities, and to weigh the supporting details. This exercise calls attention to such features as theme sentences, organization, type of supporting material, topic sentences, paragraph structure, transitional sentences, punctuation, and style—an understanding of which is essential to intelligent reading and an aid in good writing and speaking. The *Vocabulary Extension,* the third exercise in each group, is planned to help the student enlarge and clarify his recognition and active vocabulary and to realize the value of nicely chosen words in all forms of language communication. It comprises a list of words and a group of word-study exercises. All of the words in each list are words of common usage, chosen with reference to Professor E. L. Thorndike's *Teacher's Word Book of 20,000 Words.* The word-study exercise which follows each list treats the nature of words and their ways. In order that the student may study words in context, only those words which occur in the essays are included in the *Vocabulary Extension;* moreover, the numbers of the paragraphs in which the selected words may be found are always indicated. The fourth exercise, *Library Exploration,* will serve to acquaint the student with some of the essential reference books and teach him how to find illuminating information on topics discussed in the essays or about which he wishes to write or speak. Care is exerted to vary the specific assignments in the more valuable reference books so as not to riddle pages by referring large numbers of students to the same pages. Finally, *Topics for Talks and Themes* are provided as an additional aid in writing and speaking.

The last essay in each of the ten topical divisions in the text is designated as a timed-reading selection. These selections, with the accompanying *Comprehension Tests,* the *Timed-Reading Schedule,* and the *Progress Chart of Reading* (printed in the exercise booklet), comprise a special feature of this book. Their purpose is to focus the student's attention upon the necessity for concentration in reading, to provide a check on achievement, and to present his success in graphic form. A discussion of this project and the results of its use for over a decade may be found in the "Introduction to College Reading" in this text.

The editors are indebted to their colleagues for many constructive criticisms in the preparation of this edition of *The Meaning in Reading.* Moreover, they gratefully acknowledge the helpful suggestions which many users of the two earlier books offered for the improvement of the present one.

THE EDITORS

University of Florida

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INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE READING

In the modern world of print, where 80 to 90 per cent of all study activities require silent reading as a means of gaining knowledge, no one with a desire to be well informed can afford to be a slow and inefficient reader. Great waste, both academic and economic, results annually from the inability of students and the general public to read effectively. Indeed, Gates [1] has estimated "that if every literate American over fifteen years of age who spends two hours or more a day in reading could be given training in reading for a month, the saving in time required to do the nation's workaday reading, valued at fifty cents an hour, would amount to more than five billion dollars."

For many years it has been a complaint of teachers from the elementary school through the university that many students fail, whether in English, history, science, or mathematics, because they cannot read. That seems by careful investigation to be truly descriptive of the situation. Studies in high schools and colleges throughout this country have shown a strong positive relationship between a student's ability to read and his ability to succeed with his general school work, particularly with those subjects in which considerable reading is involved. This relationship has assumed increasing importance as the movement toward general education has spread.

Among freshmen at the University of Florida for more than a decade the correlations between examination grades in a course based on efficient reading and grades in other university subjects range from .47 in "Fundamental Mathematics" to .83 in "American Institutions." Every correlation except two was higher than .55. If, as it has been stated,[2] a correlation of .50 is fairly high and one above .75 is high or significant, it may be said that the relationship is not one of chance and that one who improves his ability to read likewise greatly increases his chances of success in all his academic work. A high degree of success in college subjects demands a relatively high quality of reading.

You may be surprised to know that college students are quite often found with the reading ability of tenth graders; certainly, you will be astonished to learn that some college students interpret the printed page no better than children in the seventh grade! But, as good fortune has it, reading

[1] Arthur I. Gates, "Psychology and Education" in Paul S. Achilles' *Psychology at Work*, p. 46. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1932.

[2] Dennis H. Cooke, *Minimum Essentials of Statistics*, p. 120. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1936.

ability *can* be improved. No matter how old you are, you can improve with correct and persistent practice. If you read badly, you can improve. If you read well, you can still improve. This means that everyone can learn to read better—within the range of his intellectual capacity, of course. The degree of efficiency one can cultivate in reading, even in a short time, is surprising. Improvment can, and should, continue throughout your college days—in fact, throughout your intellectual life.

The basic purpose of this book and the accompanying exercises is to provide training in how to read. Every exercise, whether concerning central idea, analysis, vocabulary extension, or library exploration, is designed to make you more proficient in exploring the printed page. But no exercises, however ingenious, can be helpful without the aid of the efficient learner's Siamese twins, *attention* and *intention*. If you would learn, give your attention to the undertaking and set about it with the intention to succeed. In other words, there must be *willing concentration;* without that, exercises to improve comprehension and speed of reading can be no more than humdrum busy-work. Learning is always an active process.

Reading is a highly synthetic activity. In the main, whatever aids in improving one's comprehension likewise may produce an increase in one's speed of reading. Notwithstanding this overlapping there are some fairly obvious factors which primarily influence one's comprehension. Assuming for college students a mental ability of average or above, let us examine some of the more important of these factors and outline a program for improvement.

Underlying genuine progress in acquiring better comprehension (or succeeding at any endeavor) is purposeful activity. The more interested you are in what you are reading, the more likely you are to understand it. Interest is not, however, absolutely essential for comprehension. No doubt you can and do understand, every day of your life, matter in which you have no interest whatever. Interest acts mainly as a driving force. The relationship between it and comprehension is probably due to the greater background of information you have acquired in those subjects in which you are interested. But no full and sustained progress will be made without a motive supported by interest.

Throughout the pages of this book there are timely and well-written essays arranged topically around some of the subjects in which college students are interested and which they frequently discuss. You should not, then, have to develop an interest. Besides, there has been provided a motive, an objective, which is the first major consideration in improving comprehension. In the exercise material for each essay, you will usually find five statements designed to test your accuracy in determining the central idea of the essay and in distinguishing between partial and incorrect statements of the central idea—the first step in the process of understanding an

essay. If you would read the essays with concentration and with increased accuracy, bear in mind the goal set for you. In many cases, however, you cannot be content with the recognition of the central idea. Much writing deserves a clarification which can come only through analysis. The best method of clarification depends upon the essay material and the style of the writer. Throughout the exercises the essays are opened up through analysis which is not imposed upon the essays, but which grows naturally out of them. This practice of analysis will immeasurably add to your fuller understanding and evaluation of what you read.

There are, however, two principles to keep in mind. In the first place, the analysis and other techniques are after all techniques and serve only one purpose—to aid you in getting as full meaning as possible from the printed page. Don't become engrossed with the technique and lose sight of the end in reading—namely, to determine the writer's purpose. Imagine the result if a driver became so interested in the gadgets on his car that he forgot where he was going. Second, remember that the essays have been selected and the exercises have been designed to engender in you an ability to read well *whatever* you read. That is, you should learn a method of attack which you can apply in any reading situation, solving the problem in a way which is most illuminating. The present materials serve a function in successful reading similar to that which football practice serves in successful football. Day after day the coach puts his squad through the plays and formations with one major purpose—to produce a winning team. During scheduled contests the plays which have been practiced are used but with the modifications and the variations which the defense of the opposing team prompts. Likewise, every piece of reading which deserves analytical consideration, must be attacked by the method which the writer's style and organization make practicable. You will have made incalculable progress when in your reading you recognize divisions and units of thought which the writer marks off by means of transitional expressions, topical statements, summarizing sentences, and other directional language uses, when you get meaning from the connotations and references, and when you appreciate the stylistic qualities of the writer.

A second consideration—and a major one—in increasing comprehension is vocabulary extension. Since we think in word-symbols and receive and transmit ideas by means of language, breadth of vocabulary is, no doubt, a matter of primary importance. Johnson O'Connor[3] affirms that an exact and extensive vocabulary is an important concomitant of one's success, measured either by his income or by the rank of his position. It goes without saying that words are the *sine qua non* of success in academic pursuits. Because words are of vital importance, a section on vocabulary extension

[3] Johnson O'Connor, "Vocabulary and Success," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLIII (February 1934), 160-166.

has been written to accompany each essay in this book. Since logic and the weight of evidence favor the context method of vocabulary extension rather than separate vocabulary drills, the word-study exercises throughout are built wholly upon words which occur in the essays. To make for quick reference each word has its paragraph location indicated by a number in parentheses.

There should be a systematic study of words on the part of every serious-minded college student. This should extend to technical words, to those of less common use and to words which should be in the working vocabulary of every adult of college caliber. Often the definitions of technical words given in the texts are preferable to definitions found in a standard dictionary and should not be overlooked by the student. As you read, you should check lightly unfamiliar words which are not defined in the context, and later look them up in your dictionary. In general, the practice of pausing, while reading, to consult your dictionary is not a good one. When an unfamiliar word occurs occasionally, so long as the sense of the material is not in doubt, it is usually sufficient to check the word for further study to make sure that the interpretation put upon it represents the author's meaning. You will, no doubt, check some words not listed in Vocabulary Extension and often you will already know some of the words listed. Mastery of those listed is the minimum. Remember that the more words you make your faithful and obedient slaves, the more you become the master of your own thought processes and those of others. Count the academic day lost when you add no new words to your working vocabulary.

Reading a selection for the central idea and major subordinate ideas, analyzing the material for a fuller mastery of the writer's thought, and capturing the unfamiliar words encountered are not enough; there are still important considerations. The principal library aids and tools must become so familiar to you that you may make constant and ready use of them in extending your knowledge; that is, in broadening your comprehension. Thoughts received through listening and reading must be transmitted in speaking and in writing; the former, according to Bacon, will make you a ready man while the latter will make you an exact man. Moreover, there is necessity for an extensive and varied reading program, which will enable you not only to add to your store of information and ideas but also to extend your vocabulary through recognizing words as parts of thought patterns.

If you wish to increase your reading comprehension, then follow regularly and consistently the plan of attack which is here presented. During the past ten years University of Florida freshmen—more than 10,000 of them—have by a like procedure so increased their comprehension ability that 75 per cent of them read with better comprehension at the end of the course than the average freshman did at the beginning. Many, of course, doubled

their ability to comprehend the printed page. What these college students have done, you, too, can do. Since they are a typical group, you should not be content with achieving only a commensurate success.

He who wishes to read more effectively, therefore, must always work toward more complete comprehension. But this is not enough. He must also increase his speed. As already stated, those practices which increase your comprehension will, in turn, increase your rate—barring psychological handicaps and faulty physiological habits. Since the primary purpose of the Timed-Reading Project (which is a special feature of this book and consists of the last essay and the accompanying exercise in each of the ten divisions) is to increase your rate of reading, let us examine those handicaps and habits which may be impeding your progress.

In the first place, you may fail to recognize the importance of speed in reading. It may have never occurred to you how serious is your problem if you are reading 200 words a minute (that's the fifth-grade level) when the average college freshman reads about 325 and when you could probably more than double your rate. As a matter of fact, it's possible to read more than 1,000 words a minute!

Again you may be one of those who excuse themselves by quoting the old adage, "Slow, but sure." If you are, be assured that the expression does not accurately describe the facts. The correlation between comprehension scores and rate of reading scores on standard tests is high. At the University of Florida during the past decade such a correlation in the case of approximately 1,000 freshmen annually has not fallen below .60. As previously stated, a correlation as high as this expresses a significant relationship, and the chances are very great that those who read with greater speed also read with greater comprehension, or *vice versa*. You need not continue to read slowly for the reason that to do so will increase your comprehension.

In the third place, you may be a poor reader because you have never distinguished reading for general information and for pleasure from studying. More than 300 years ago Francis Bacon, in his famous sentence about tasting, swallowing, chewing and digesting books, made the point that all books are not to be read in the same manner. Explaining more fully, Bacon added, "That is, some Books are to be read onely in Parts; Others to be Read but not Curiously; And some Few to be read wholly, and with Diligence and Attention." Nevertheless, American colleges and universities enroll annually many students who have only one technique by which to attack a book. Yet there are more speeds forward in reading than there are on a modern automobile, not excluding the overdrive. Low gear, intended for use when the going is hard, when the road is rough and steep, when there's a dangerous curve or intersection, when the traffic is congested, is not the gear for the open road, when the main purpose is to reach a definite objective while one enjoys himself along the way. Low gear is the

study gear. Meticulous care and detail must be observed. Mastery is the objective, no matter how strange or how intricate the material may be. The technique of outlining, or of summarizing, or of seeking key words, or of locating topic sentences, these and others must be employed to the extent of mastering the thought content and of putting it in a succinct form to be retained.

Reading for information or for pleasure—not to mention skimming, the overdrive of reading—demands a faster speed than can be secured in low gear. Here you do not read with any idea of making outlines or of writing summaries. Rather, selecting a book which is at once worth while and interesting, you set your mind to determine its central thought and its main subordinate ideas. And you are off on a pleasant reading journey with a definite objective. You must distinguish *reading* for general information and for pleasure from *study*, wherein mastery of the material is the goal.

In addition to these psychological handicaps, there are physiological factors which may greatly retard your rate of reading. A fundamental consideration is your vision. You are equipped with two human cameras which must function together as one and which must be able to respond rapidly and accurately over sustained periods of time. It is not uncommon to find from 25 to 30 per cent of an entering college class impeded by visual defects which interfere with proficient reading. Perhaps your college makes use of one of the screening-out machines or processes to determine visual deficiencies. In any event, the final responsibility is yours. Don't take chances. If there is the slightest doubt about your vision, consult your eye specialist.

Equipped with a pair of good eyes, you must then consider the activities of your eyes during the reading process. Your eyes move along the line of print in starts and stops. You do not see while your eyes are in motion; you see only when your eyes are at rest (during a fixation). Hence your rate of reading depends largely upon the frequency and the duration of fixation periods. The frequency of fixations is determined by the length of the perceptual span; that is, how much of a line of print the eyes take in when they pause to photograph. To gain speed, it is necessary to develop the habit of extending the length of the span and of reducing the period of fixation. One who makes twice the required number of pauses and lingers twice as long as is necessary will find himself hopelessly surpassed by a competent reader. Other faulty eye movements are regressions (glancing back along the line being read) and inadequate return sweep (failure of the eye to swing back unerringly to the beginning of the line below the one just read). The rate of reading, then, depends upon the speed of movement of the eyes, the length of the span, the duration of the fixation, the freedom from regressions, and the accuracy with which the eyes "hit the right place" when returning to the left side of the page for a new line. The good reader

makes rapid rhythmic and progressive eye movements, with short fixations and long perceptual span.

A third consideration has to do with vocalization—a word used to include a number of oral reading habits (movement of the lips, tongue, and vocal cords) which are often taken over into silent reading activities. Physical considerations set the limits of speed of oral reading. Perhaps the late Floyd Gibbons, ace reporter and commentator of the first World War, could speak as rapidly as one possibly could and still have his thought conveyed fully and accurately to the listener. But Mr. Gibbons spoke only 217 words per minute in his radio broadcasts. How startlingly fast that is for oral reading; how painfully slow it is for adult silent reading! Reading at such a rate, you would cover only thirty-three pages an hour in *Captain Blood* or *Moby Dick*. And as for reading *Anthony Adverse*—well, that would take you at least three weeks if you read for two hours daily.

In silent reading the movements of your lips, tongue, and vocal cords must be eliminated or greatly suppressed if you wish to be other than a slow reader. Conscious effort on your part will do much to overcome any of these faulty habits which you may have acquired. You may even resort to holding some objects in your mouth or to chewing gum. No one can articulate words with his mouth hanging open, or with it engaged in the act of chewing. (Certainly, you should not persist in these techniques until you supplant a bad habit with a bad habit!) In addition to the elimination of lip and tongue movements, the vibration of the vocal cords should decrease greatly when you change from oral reading to silent reading. Perhaps this vibration cannot be entirely prevented when one reads or thinks, but by the conscious practice of reading rapidly much interesting and relatively easy material, you can so reduce these movements of the vocal cords that they will not interfere with the development of a normal reading rate.

The habit of looking at each word separately, as if to overlook one would be a sin, is another cause of slow reading. Whatever may have brought about this habit, the practice of plodding word-by-word across a line of print is wholly unnecessary. It interferes with both comprehension and rate. Thus the words "by," "the," and "sea," each have meanings of their own, but the phrase "by the sea" has more meaning than the single words. Such phrases as "in the long run" or "down and out" must be read as units or their meaning cannot be understood. You can learn to recognize phrases and to read many of them as units. The sooner you achieve this habit, the better—both for your speed and for your comprehension.

Perhaps you may be interested to know what results you may expect from a serious attempt to do something about your handicap of slow reading. The success of more than 10,000 freshmen enrolled at the University of Florida during the past decade is a case in point. In from ten to eighteen weeks these students, not unlike freshmen in universities and colleges throughout

the nation, have by means of material like that which follows and a speed project like that described below increased their rate of reading approximately 30 per cent. During a recent academic year, the freshman class increased its reading speed more than 38 per cent. Annually many students increase their reading rate 50 to 75 per cent, and some freshmen have doubled their rate. And what is even more encouraging is that these students have annually improved in comprehension as greatly as they have in rate. You, too, can improve your reading and as a result increase your general efficiency as a student. The undertaking will require earnest, conscientious, and regular work. The opportunity is yours.

The Timed-Reading Project has for its purpose the increasing of your rate of reading by removing the psychological handicaps and correcting the physiological faults. In the selection of these essays, which, it is believed, will prove both challenging and stimulating to you, care has been taken to choose material of as nearly the same degree of difficulty as possible in order that you may have a reasonably accurate measure of your improvement in reading speed. If you would succeed, carry out with zestful attention the plan as outlined. Proceed as follows:

1. Referring to your Timed-Reading Schedule in the Appendix (printed in the exercise booklet), read the essays listed, one each week, in the order in which they appear.

2. Use these readings to measure possible improvement. Between readings make conscious effort to speed up in *all* your daily reading. Try to bring an increase in speed by pushing yourself beyond your ordinary rate. Read as rapidly as you can with comprehension, forcing your eyes to cover the longest possible span in the shortest possible period of fixation, avoiding regressions, and seeing that on the return sweep your eyes swing back to the beginning of the proper line. Eliminate all lip and tongue movements and reduce to a minimum the vibration of your vocal cords. Be sure you do not read word-by-word. Group your words into intelligent phrases.

3. The price of speed should not be superficiality. To determine how well you have understood what you have read, test yourself each week by completing the comprehension test which accompanies the timed reading. The tests, as you will observe, consist of two types of material, one designed to test for the central idea, the other devised to test for important ideas or points presented. Do not let this test cause you to *study* the essay. *Read* it as fast as you can to grasp the central idea and the important subordinate ideas. On your Progress Chart of Reading in the Appendix record your score each week in terms of percentage. If it falls below 70 per cent, perhaps you need to exercise greater concentration in reading. You may need to slow down a little.

4. For your timed readings select some hour of the day when you are at your best physically and mentally, and, if possible, use the same period for each timing.

5. Time yourself once each week on the day designated by your instructor. You will observe that the number of words in each essay is given. Record the time when you begin reading and your reading time when you finish. Divide the number of words in the essay by the number of minutes required for the reading. Record this quotient at the proper place on your Progress Chart of Reading and plot your curve of progress. The numbers on the ordinate represent the number of words, those on the abscissa the weekly timed periods. There may be marked fluctuation in your progress curve from week to week, but there should be a general trend upward. Do not be surprised if your curve shows no progress (or even if it reveals a loss) during the first weeks. In learning any new technique or skill, though it is a more desirable one, there may be some loss of efficiency at first, but great increase in efficiency is possible with perseverance.

Finally, remember that no matter how old you are, or how well you read, you can *always* improve. The degree of speed, accuracy, and enjoyment possible in reading has practically no upper limits. Stick-to-itiveness and correct practice are the essentials.

J. H. W.

College Life

IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN[1]

Thomas Arkle Clark

Thomas Arkle Clark (1862-1932) took his undergraduate degree at the University of Illinois, did graduate work at several universities, and returned to his alma mater, where he remained as teacher and administrator from 1891 till his retirement in 1931. For twenty-two years he was Dean of Men. He wrote several English texts and many books and articles about university student problems. For a quarter of a century he was a leader among those interested in improving university student life, and his service and counsel were widely sought.

Though Dean Clark concludes this essay with a touch of whimsicality, observe that he makes his suggestions to freshmen clear by use of topic sentences set down in parallel form. Check these as you read the essay, noting that some are repeated.

1. It is the habit of age to give sage advice to youth. One of the pastimes in which everyone periodically indulges is the pleasant hallucination that if he were given the opportunity to live his youth over again he would do it differently and more successfully. We are all of us, even though we have no more than reached middle age, given to regretting our neglected opportunities and our lost youth. It gives one a virtuous feeling in imagination to dodge all error, but it is extremely doubtful if many of us, even if we had a second chance, would avoid many of the pitfalls into which we stumbled, or follow a straighter path than that by which we have so far come. If it is merely pleasant for us to conjecture what we should do if we had a second chance, it may be profitable for those who are younger to listen. If only foresight could be as accurate as the backward view!

2. If I were a freshman again I should not work so many hours as I did. I put in enough hours with my books in my hands, but I did not accomplish much. I had little concentration. Many students whom I know, though I am not sure that the practice is confined to students, and I was one of this sort, spend a great deal of time in getting ready to work. With a book in hand they look out of the window at the clouds or at the pretty girls passing along the street, and all the time they deceive themselves with the idea that they are working. George Ade's characterization of the students' attitude toward matrimony—that they don't marry, but just fool 'round—

[1] Reprinted from *The American College Magazine*, July, 1910.

might as truthfully be applied to the students' attitude toward work. They don't study, they just fool 'round.

3. Many an evening, when the work was heavy, I would determine to begin early and get it over with; but I would spend half an hour in looking for my pipe and in getting it filled and working well, and another half hour in arranging my books and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair. All this time I imagined I was working. I spent as much time in goading myself on to duties that I should have liked to shirk or in getting ready to work as I did in actual labor. If I were a freshman I should plan my work, I should try to develop concentration—I should work harder but not so long.

4. I should learn to work with people about me. As it was I lived a somewhat isolated life. I did my reading and my studying alone, and though there were some advantages in this method, there were serious objections. Now I must often work under different conditions from those by which I was surrounded in college; there is work to be done where there is no quiet, and I do it with difficulty. As I tried on a crowded ocean steamer to put these wandering thoughts on paper I was constantly annoyed by the confusion about me and by the spasmodic attempts at conversation made by a well-intentioned but misguided young man at my side. If I had learned to work under different conditions I might have turned the conversation aside as a steep roof sheds the rain. I believe it is a great advantage for a young man to do his work himself, but he should not subject himself to the slavery of doing it alone.

5. I should take as a freshman, if I had my work to do over again, more work that I have no especial fondness for or that I find difficult. I like an easy time as well as anyone, and I do not wish to give the impression that I think it an error for a student to follow the profession he enjoys or to do the work he likes. In point of fact I believe that a student should choose those lines of work along which his tastes lead him. I think it very likely that those things we do most easily we shall do best; but I have found that training comes through struggle, and that those people are developed most who resist most, or who struggle against difficulty and opposition and overcome. I have known a good many geniuses, but they generally had the most commonplace careers because they never learned to do difficult or disagreeable things.

6. Students come into my office every day who want to get out of work or to drop a subject, or to cut a class exercise for no better reason than that they find the duty difficult or the instructor or the subject dull. Much of the work of life is not pleasant. Half the things I am forced to do during the busy days of the college year are unpleasant things and things I dislike doing. I have been forced to learn to give these things my best attention

whether I like them or not. I wish I had learned in my freshman year to do more such things.

7. Just yesterday as I was sitting at the breakfast table talking to a young freshman, in whom I have a rather vital interest, as to his next year's course, I suggested a subject which I thought good for him to take. "Is it easy?" was his first question, and when I answered in the negative his interest waned. In the world in which we must in time work there are few easy roads, few "snap" courses. We shall be forced to do a great many hard things. If I were a freshman I should learn to do such things early.

8. Like a great many people, I suppose I am not now doing the work that as a college student I planned to do. I am in no sense a fatalist, but I am convinced that men have their work chosen for them quite as often as they themselves choose it. If I had supposed that I should be called upon to speak on the most unforeseen occasions and upon the most unfamiliar topics I should have given myself while in college the practice which I believe is the method everyone must employ if he is to become a ready speaker. I have learned that, sooner or later, every intelligent man is called upon publicly to express his ideas, and no matter how abundant his thoughts may be, he will suffer much pain and have little success unless he has had pretty regular and persistent practice.

9. I ran across an old classmate last spring, an engineer of no little repute, whom I had not met since the day of our graduation. "How would you change your course," I said to him, expecting that he would long for more mathematics, "if you had it all to do over again?"

10. "I should learn to write and I should learn to speak," he answered, "and I should begin as a freshman. As it was I avoided every opportunity to do either, with the idea that only ministers and lawyers have need of such practice, and I suffer for it every day. My boy is to be an engineer, but I am going to see that he does not make the mistake that I made."

11. When I am called upon unexpectedly to speak, and my knees shake, and my voice falters, and the word that I long for comes with difficulty, or fails to come at all, I agree with my classmate, and I feel sure that if I were a freshman again I should learn to speak correctly and without notes.

12. I wish that as a freshman I had learned to play well some athletic games. It is not entirely for the pleasure that I should have derived or should be able to derive from such games that I feel as I do, though that would mean much. If a man succeeds, as all hope to do, he gets into a business which is likely to be cruelly exacting, and he demands some relaxation in which he finds pleasure. For me there is no pleasure in hitting a bag that simply bounds back to be struck again, or to pull up a weight that drops stupidly and inertly down to be raised the second time. I would rather hoe in the garden, saw wood, or beat a carpet hanging on a clothes line in the back yard. I find no virtue in any of the machinery or in any of

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PREFACE

Like its predecessors (*Essays for Better Reading*, 1940, and *The Meaning in Reading*, 1943), this book—with its separately bound booklet of exercises and suggestions—is intended to help college students improve their reading and writing, listening and speaking. It is based on the assumption that the most effective approach in the development of these communication skills is through reading and that they are all so closely interrelated that progress in the one makes progress in each of the others surer and easier—in fact, that they are parts of one process, operating in a complementary manner.

The essays and articles in this collection have been chosen with close reference to the interests and abilities of the students for whom the book is planned. These forty-three selections, illumining ten comprehensive subjects of contemporary concern, should seem significant and challenging to college students, whatever their intended vocations. Moreover, they provide students with examples of careful organization, clear thinking, and lucid expression, thereby furnishing them illustrations and models for their own written and oral compositions. Except for the last selection in each group (which is part of a special timed reading project described below), the essays within each topical division are arranged in the order of easiest to hardest.

The booklet prepared to accompany this text contains five types of exercises: *Central Idea, Analysis, Vocabulary Extension, Library Exploration,* and *Topics for Talks and Themes.* These are designed to lead the student through the process of discovering the central thought and organization of the selection; of extending his vocabulary and acquainting himself with the working tools of investigation; and finally of putting his own thought—written and oral—into orderly and accurate language. These exercises provide the student with space in which to record his answers and are printed on perforated sheets so that he and his instructor may have a convenient check on daily performance. In order that the student may retain a list of the words and library references, an *Appendix* containing this material in convenient form has been prepared and printed at the end of the volume containing the selections.

The first exercise, *Central Idea,* is designed to aid the student in discovering the main thought (the thesis) of the essay—a process essential to understanding and evaluating what one reads or planning what one writes. In many instances the choice among the alternatives given requires discriminating selection on the part of the student, thereby promoting a close read-

ing and a careful weighing of statements. The purpose of the second exercise, *Analysis,* is to help the student analyze the essay in order to comprehend the structural design, to understand and appreciate the stylistic qualities, and to weigh the supporting details. This exercise calls attention to such features as theme sentences, organization, type of supporting material, topic sentences, paragraph structure, transitional sentences, punctuation, and style—an understanding of which is essential to intelligent reading and an aid in good writing and speaking. The *Vocabulary Extension,* the third exercise in each group, is planned to help the student enlarge and clarify his recognition and active vocabulary and to realize the value of nicely chosen words in all forms of language communication. It comprises a list of words and a group of word-study exercises. All of the words in each list are words of common usage, chosen with reference to Professor E. L. Thorndike's *Teacher's Word Book of 20,000 Words.* The word-study exercise which follows each list treats the nature of words and their ways. In order that the student may study words in context, only those words which occur in the essays are included in the *Vocabulary Extension;* moreover, the numbers of the paragraphs in which the selected words may be found are always indicated. The fourth exercise, *Library Exploration,* will serve to acquaint the student with some of the essential reference books and teach him how to find illuminating information on topics discussed in the essays or about which he wishes to write or speak. Care is exerted to vary the specific assignments in the more valuable reference books so as not to riddle pages by referring large numbers of students to the same pages. Finally, *Topics for Talks and Themes* are provided as an additional aid in writing and speaking.

The last essay in each of the ten topical divisions in the text is designated as a timed-reading selection. These selections, with the accompanying *Comprehension Tests,* the *Timed-Reading Schedule,* and the *Progress Chart of Reading* (printed in the exercise booklet), comprise a special feature of this book. Their purpose is to focus the student's attention upon the necessity for concentration in reading, to provide a check on achievement, and to present his success in graphic form. A discussion of this project and the results of its use for over a decade may be found in the "Introduction to College Reading" in this text.

The editors are indebted to their colleagues for many constructive criticisms in the preparation of this edition of *The Meaning in Reading.* Moreover, they gratefully acknowledge the helpful suggestions which many users of the two earlier books offered for the improvement of the present one.

THE EDITORS

University of Florida
January 1, 1947

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INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE READING

In the modern world of print, where 80 to 90 per cent of all study activities require silent reading as a means of gaining knowledge, no one with a desire to be well informed can afford to be a slow and inefficient reader. Great waste, both academic and economic, results annually from the inability of students and the general public to read effectively. Indeed, Gates [1] has estimated "that if every literate American over fifteen years of age who spends two hours or more a day in reading could be given training in reading for a month, the saving in time required to do the nation's workaday reading, valued at fifty cents an hour, would amount to more than five billion dollars."

For many years it has been a complaint of teachers from the elementary school through the university that many students fail, whether in English, history, science, or mathematics, because they cannot read. That seems by careful investigation to be truly descriptive of the situation. Studies in high schools and colleges throughout this country have shown a strong positive relationship between a student's ability to read and his ability to succeed with his general school work, particularly with those subjects in which considerable reading is involved. This relationship has assumed increasing importance as the movement toward general education has spread.

Among freshmen at the University of Florida for more than a decade the correlations between examination grades in a course based on efficient reading and grades in other university subjects range from .47 in "Fundamental Mathematics" to .83 in "American Institutions." Every correlation except two was higher than .55. If, as it has been stated,[2] a correlation of .50 is fairly high and one above .75 is high or significant, it may be said that the relationship is not one of chance and that one who improves his ability to read likewise greatly increases his chances of success in all his academic work. A high degree of success in college subjects demands a relatively high quality of reading.

You may be surprised to know that college students are quite often found with the reading ability of tenth graders; certainly, you will be astonished to learn that some college students interpret the printed page no better than children in the seventh grade! But, as good fortune has it, reading

[1] Arthur I. Gates, "Psychology and Education" in Paul S. Achilles' *Psychology at Work*, p. 46. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1932.

[2] Dennis H. Cooke, *Minimum Essentials of Statistics*, p. 120. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1936.

ability *can* be improved. No matter how old you are, you can improve with correct and persistent practice. If you read badly, you can improve. If you read well, you can still improve. This means that everyone can learn to read better—within the range of his intellectual capacity, of course. The degree of efficiency one can cultivate in reading, even in a short time, is surprising. Improvment can, and should, continue throughout your college days—in fact, throughout your intellectual life.

The basic purpose of this book and the accompanying exercises is to provide training in how to read. Every exercise, whether concerning central idea, analysis, vocabulary extension, or library exploration, is designed to make you more proficient in exploring the printed page. But no exercises, however ingenious, can be helpful without the aid of the efficient learner's Siamese twins, *attention* and *intention*. If you would learn, give your attention to the undertaking and set about it with the intention to succeed. In other words, there must be *willing concentration;* without that, exercises to improve comprehension and speed of reading can be no more than humdrum busy-work. Learning is always an active process.

Reading is a highly synthetic activity. In the main, whatever aids in improving one's comprehension likewise may produce an increase in one's speed of reading. Notwithstanding this overlapping there are some fairly obvious factors which primarily influence one's comprehension. Assuming for college students a mental ability of average or above, let us examine some of the more important of these factors and outline a program for improvement.

Underlying genuine progress in acquiring better comprehension (or succeeding at any endeavor) is purposeful activity. The more interested you are in what you are reading, the more likely you are to understand it. Interest is not, however, absolutely essential for comprehension. No doubt you can and do understand, every day of your life, matter in which you have no interest whatever. Interest acts mainly as a driving force. The relationship between it and comprehension is probably due to the greater background of information you have acquired in those subjects in which you are interested. But no full and sustained progress will be made without a motive supported by interest.

Throughout the pages of this book there are timely and well-written essays arranged topically around some of the subjects in which college students are interested and which they frequently discuss. You should not, then, have to develop an interest. Besides, there has been provided a motive, an objective, which is the first major consideration in improving comprehension. In the exercise material for each essay, you will usually find five statements designed to test your accuracy in determining the central idea of the essay and in distinguishing between partial and incorrect statements of the central idea—the first step in the process of understanding an

essay. If you would read the essays with concentration and with increased accuracy, bear in mind the goal set for you. In many cases, however, you cannot be content with the recognition of the central idea. Much writing deserves a clarification which can come only through analysis. The best method of clarification depends upon the essay material and the style of the writer. Throughout the exercises the essays are opened up through analysis which is not imposed upon the essays, but which grows naturally out of them. This practice of analysis will immeasurably add to your fuller understanding and evaluation of what you read.

There are, however, two principles to keep in mind. In the first place, the analysis and other techniques are after all techniques and serve only one purpose—to aid you in getting as full meaning as possible from the printed page. Don't become engrossed with the technique and lose sight of the end in reading—namely, to determine the writer's purpose. Imagine the result if a driver became so interested in the gadgets on his car that he forgot where he was going. Second, remember that the essays have been selected and the exercises have been designed to engender in you an ability to read well *whatever* you read. That is, you should learn a method of attack which you can apply in any reading situation, solving the problem in a way which is most illuminating. The present materials serve a function in successful reading similar to that which football practice serves in successful football. Day after day the coach puts his squad through the plays and formations with one major purpose—to produce a winning team. During scheduled contests the plays which have been practiced are used but with the modifications and the variations which the defense of the opposing team prompts. Likewise, every piece of reading which deserves analytical consideration, must be attacked by the method which the writer's style and organization make practicable. You will have made incalculable progress when in your reading you recognize divisions and units of thought which the writer marks off by means of transitional expressions, topical statements, summarizing sentences, and other directional language uses, when you get meaning from the connotations and references, and when you appreciate the stylistic qualities of the writer.

A second consideration—and a major one—in increasing comprehension is vocabulary extension. Since we think in word-symbols and receive and transmit ideas by means of language, breadth of vocabulary is, no doubt, a matter of primary importance. Johnson O'Connor[1] affirms that an exact and extensive vocabulary is an important concomitant of one's success, measured either by his income or by the rank of his position. It goes without saying that words are the *sine qua non* of success in academic pursuits. Because words are of vital importance, a section on vocabulary extension

[1] Johnson O'Connor, "Vocabulary and Success," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLIII (February, 1934), 160-166.

has been written to accompany each essay in this book. Since logic and the weight of evidence favor the context method of vocabulary extension rather than separate vocabulary drills, the word-study exercises throughout are built wholly upon words which occur in the essays. To make for quick reference each word has its paragraph location indicated by a number in parentheses.

There should be a systematic study of words on the part of every serious-minded college student. This should extend to technical words, to those of less common use and to words which should be in the working vocabulary of every adult of college caliber. Often the definitions of technical words given in the texts are preferable to definitions found in a standard dictionary and should not be overlooked by the student. As you read, you should check lightly unfamiliar words which are not defined in the context, and later look them up in your dictionary. In general, the practice of pausing, while reading, to consult your dictionary is not a good one. When an unfamiliar word occurs occasionally, so long as the sense of the material is not in doubt, it is usually sufficient to check the word for further study to make sure that the interpretation put upon it represents the author's meaning. You will, no doubt, check some words not listed in Vocabulary Extension and often you will already know some of the words listed. Mastery of those listed is the minimum. Remember that the more words you make your faithful and obedient slaves, the more you become the master of your own thought processes and those of others. Count the academic day lost when you add no new words to your working vocabulary.

Reading a selection for the central idea and major subordinate ideas, analyzing the material for a fuller mastery of the writer's thought, and capturing the unfamiliar words encountered are not enough; there are still important considerations. The principal library aids and tools must become so familiar to you that you may make constant and ready use of them in extending your knowledge; that is, in broadening your comprehension. Thoughts received through listening and reading must be transmitted in speaking and in writing; the former, according to Bacon, will make you a ready man while the latter will make you an exact man. Moreover, there is necessity for an extensive and varied reading program, which will enable you not only to add to your store of information and ideas but also to extend your vocabulary through recognizing words as parts of thought patterns.

If you wish to increase your reading comprehension, then follow regularly and consistently the plan of attack which is here presented. During the past ten years University of Florida freshmen—more than 10,000 of them—have by a like procedure so increased their comprehension ability that 75 per cent of them read with better comprehension at the end of the course than the average freshman did at the beginning. Many, of course, doubled

their ability to comprehend the printed page. What these college students have done, you, too, can do. Since they are a typical group, you should not be content with achieving only a commensurate success.

He who wishes to read more effectively, therefore, must always work toward more complete comprehension. But this is not enough. He must also increase his speed. As already stated, those practices which increase your comprehension will, in turn, increase your rate—barring psychological handicaps and faulty physiological habits. Since the primary purpose of the Timed-Reading Project (which is a special feature of this book and consists of the last essay and the accompanying exercise in each of the ten divisions) is to increase your rate of reading, let us examine those handicaps and habits which may be impeding your progress.

In the first place, you may fail to recognize the importance of speed in reading. It may have never occurred to you how serious is your problem if you are reading 200 words a minute (that's the fifth-grade level) when the average college freshman reads about 325 and when you could probably more than double your rate. As a matter of fact, it's possible to read more than 1,000 words a minute!

Again you may be one of those who excuse themselves by quoting the old adage, "Slow, but sure." If you are, be assured that the expression does not accurately describe the facts. The correlation between comprehension scores and rate of reading scores on standard tests is high. At the University of Florida during the past decade such a correlation in the case of approximately 1,000 freshmen annually has not fallen below .60. As previously stated, a correlation as high as this expresses a significant relationship, and the chances are very great that those who read with greater speed also read with greater comprehension, or *vice versa*. You need not continue to read slowly for the reason that to do so will increase your comprehension.

In the third place, you may be a poor reader because you have never distinguished reading for general information and for pleasure from studying. More than 300 years ago Francis Bacon, in his famous sentence about tasting, swallowing, chewing and digesting books, made the point that all books are not to be read in the same manner. Explaining more fully, Bacon added, "That is, some Books are to be read onely in Parts; Others to be Read but not Curiously; And some Few to be read wholly, and with Diligence and Attention." Nevertheless, American colleges and universities enroll annually many students who have only one technique by which to attack a book. Yet there are more speeds forward in reading than there are on a modern automobile, not excluding the overdrive. Low gear, intended for use when the going is hard, when the road is rough and steep, when there's a dangerous curve or intersection, when the traffic is congested, is not the gear for the open road, when the main purpose is to reach a definite objective while one enjoys himself along the way. Low gear is the

study gear. Meticulous care and detail must be observed. Mastery is the objective, no matter how strange or how intricate the material may be. The technique of outlining, or of summarizing, or of seeking key words, or of locating topic sentences, these and others must be employed to the extent of mastering the thought content and of putting it in a succinct form to be retained.

Reading for information or for pleasure—not to mention skimming, the overdrive of reading—demands a faster speed than can be secured in low gear. Here you do not read with any idea of making outlines or of writing summaries. Rather, selecting a book which is at once worth while and interesting, you set your mind to determine its central thought and its main subordinate ideas. And you are off on a pleasant reading journey with a definite objective. You must distinguish *reading* for general information and for pleasure from *study*, wherein mastery of the material is the goal.

In addition to these psychological handicaps, there are physiological factors which may greatly retard your rate of reading. A fundamental consideration is your vision. You are equipped with two human cameras which must function together as one and which must be able to respond rapidly and accurately over sustained periods of time. It is not uncommon to find from 25 to 30 per cent of an entering college class impeded by visual defects which interfere with proficient reading. Perhaps your college makes use of one of the screening-out machines or processes to determine visual deficiencies. In any event, the final responsibility is yours. Don't take chances. If there is the slightest doubt about your vision, consult your eye specialist.

Equipped with a pair of good eyes, you must then consider the activities of your eyes during the reading process. Your eyes move along the line of print in starts and stops. You do not see while your eyes are in motion; you see only when your eyes are at rest (during a fixation). Hence your rate of reading depends largely upon the frequency and the duration of fixation periods. The frequency of fixations is determined by the length of the perceptual span; that is, how much of a line of print the eyes take in when they pause to photograph. To gain speed, it is necessary to develop the habit of extending the length of the span and of reducing the period of fixation. One who makes twice the required number of pauses and lingers twice as long as is necessary will find himself hopelessly surpassed by a competent reader. Other faulty eye movements are regressions (glancing back along the line being read) and inadequate return sweep (failure of the eye to swing back unerringly to the beginning of the line below the one just read). The rate of reading, then, depends upon the speed of movement of the eyes, the length of the span, the duration of the fixation, the freedom from regressions, and the accuracy with which the eyes "hit the right place" when returning to the left side of the page for a new line. The good reader

makes rapid rhythmic and progressive eye movements, with short fixations and long perceptual span.

A third consideration has to do with vocalization—a word used to include a number of oral reading habits (movement of the lips, tongue, and vocal cords) which are often taken over into silent reading activities. Physical considerations set the limits of speed of oral reading. Perhaps the late Floyd Gibbons, ace reporter and commentator of the first World War, could speak as rapidly as one possibly could and still have his thought conveyed fully and accurately to the listener. But Mr. Gibbons spoke only 217 words per minute in his radio broadcasts. How startlingly fast that is for oral reading; how painfully slow it is for adult silent reading! Reading at such a rate, you would cover only thirty-three pages an hour in *Captain Blood* or *Moby Dick*. And as for reading *Anthony Adverse*—well, that would take you at least three weeks if you read for two hours daily.

In silent reading the movements of your lips, tongue, and vocal cords must be eliminated or greatly suppressed if you wish to be other than a slow reader. Conscious effort on your part will do much to overcome any of these faulty habits which you may have acquired. You may even resort to holding some objects in your mouth or to chewing gum. No one can articulate words with his mouth hanging open, or with it engaged in the act of chewing. (Certainly, you should not persist in these techniques until you supplant a bad habit with a bad habit!) In addition to the elimination of lip and tongue movements, the vibration of the vocal cords should decrease greatly when you change from oral reading to silent reading. Perhaps this vibration cannot be entirely prevented when one reads or thinks, but by the conscious practice of reading rapidly much interesting and relatively easy material, you can so reduce these movements of the vocal cords that they will not interfere with the development of a normal reading rate.

The habit of looking at each word separately, as if to overlook one would be a sin, is another cause of slow reading. Whatever may have brought about this habit, the practice of plodding word-by-word across a line of print is wholly unnecessary. It interferes with both comprehension and rate. Thus the words "by," "the," and "sea," each have meanings of their own, but the phrase "by the sea" has more meaning than the single words. Such phrases as "in the long run" or "down and out" must be read as units or their meaning cannot be understood. You can learn to recognize phrases and to read many of them as units. The sooner you achieve this habit, the better—both for your speed and for your comprehension.

Perhaps you may be interested to know what results you may expect from a serious attempt to do something about your handicap of slow reading. The success of more than 10,000 freshmen enrolled at the University of Florida during the past decade is a case in point. In from ten to eighteen weeks these students, not unlike freshmen in universities and colleges throughout

the nation, have by means of material like that which follows and a speed project like that described below increased their rate of reading approximately 30 per cent. During a recent academic year, the freshman class increased its reading speed more than 38 per cent. Annually many students increase their reading rate 50 to 75 per cent, and some freshmen have doubled their rate. And what is even more encouraging is that these students have annually improved in comprehension as greatly as they have in rate. You, too, can improve your reading and as a result increase your general efficiency as a student. The undertaking will require earnest, conscientious, and regular work. The opportunity is yours.

The Timed-Reading Project has for its purpose the increasing of your rate of reading by removing the psychological handicaps and correcting the physiological faults. In the selection of these essays, which, it is believed, will prove both challenging and stimulating to you, care has been taken to choose material of as nearly the same degree of difficulty as possible in order that you may have a reasonably accurate measure of your improvement in reading speed. If you would succeed, carry out with zestful attention the plan as outlined. Proceed as follows:

1. Referring to your Timed-Reading Schedule in the Appendix (printed in the exercise booklet), read the essays listed, one each week, in the order in which they appear.

2. Use these readings to measure possible improvement. Between readings make conscious effort to speed up in *all* your daily reading. Try to bring an increase in speed by pushing yourself beyond your ordinary rate. Read as rapidly as you can with comprehension, forcing your eyes to cover the longest possible span in the shortest possible period of fixation, avoiding regressions, and seeing that on the return sweep your eyes swing back to the beginning of the proper line. Eliminate all lip and tongue movements and reduce to a minimum the vibration of your vocal cords. Be sure you do not read word-by-word. Group your words into intelligent phrases.

3. The price of speed should not be superficiality. To determine how well you have understood what you have read, test yourself each week by completing the comprehension test which accompanies the timed reading. The tests, as you will observe, consist of two types of material, one designed to test for the central idea, the other devised to test for important ideas or points presented. Do not let this test cause you to *study* the essay. *Read* it as fast as you can to grasp the central idea and the important subordinate ideas. On your Progress Chart of Reading in the Appendix record your score each week in terms of percentage. If it falls below 70 per cent, perhaps you need to exercise greater concentration in reading. You may need to slow down a little.

4. For your timed readings select some hour of the day when you are at your best physically and mentally, and, if possible, use the same period for each timing.

5. Time yourself once each week on the day designated by your instructor. You will observe that the number of words in each essay is given. Record the time when you begin reading and your reading time when you finish. Divide the number of words in the essay by the number of minutes required for the reading. Record this quotient at the proper place on your Progress Chart of Reading and plot your curve of progress. The numbers on the ordinate represent the number of words, those on the abscissa the weekly timed periods. There may be marked fluctuation in your progress curve from week to week, but there should be a general trend upward. Do not be surprised if your curve shows no progress (or even if it reveals a loss) during the first weeks. In learning any new technique or skill, though it is a more desirable one, there may be some loss of efficiency at first, but great increase in efficiency is possible with perseverance.

Finally, remember that no matter how old you are, or how well you read, you can *always* improve. The degree of speed, accuracy, and enjoyment possible in reading has practically no upper limits. Stick-to-itiveness and correct practice are the essentials.

J. H. W.

College Life

IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN[1]

Thomas Arkle Clark

Thomas Arkle Clark (1862-1932) took his undergraduate degree at the University of Illinois, did graduate work at several universities, and returned to his alma mater, where he remained as teacher and administrator from 1891 till his retirement in 1931. For twenty-two years he was Dean of Men. He wrote several English texts and many books and articles about university student problems. For a quarter of a century he was a leader among those interested in improving university student life, and his service and counsel were widely sought.

Though Dean Clark concludes this essay with a touch of whimsicality, observe that he makes his suggestions to freshmen clear by use of topic sentences set down in parallel form. Check these as you read the essay, noting that some are repeated.

1. It is the habit of age to give sage advice to youth. One of the pastimes in which everyone periodically indulges is the pleasant hallucination that if he were given the opportunity to live his youth over again he would do it differently and more successfully. We are all of us, even though we have no more than reached middle age, given to regretting our neglected opportunities and our lost youth. It gives one a virtuous feeling in imagination to dodge all error, but it is extremely doubtful if many of us, even if we had a second chance, would avoid many of the pitfalls into which we stumbled, or follow a straighter path than that by which we have so far come. If it is merely pleasant for us to conjecture what we should do if we had a second chance, it may be profitable for those who are younger to listen. If only foresight could be as accurate as the backward view!

2. If I were a freshman again I should not work so many hours as I did. I put in enough hours with my books in my hands, but I did not accomplish much. I had little concentration. Many students whom I know, though I am not sure that the practice is confined to students, and I was one of this sort, spend a great deal of time in getting ready to work. With a book in hand they look out of the window at the clouds or at the pretty girls passing along the street, and all the time they deceive themselves with the idea that they are working. George Ade's characterization of the students' attitude toward matrimony—that they don't marry, but just fool 'round—

[1] Reprinted from *The American College Magazine*, July, 1910.

might as truthfully be applied to the students' attitude toward work. They don't study, they just fool 'round.

3. Many an evening, when the work was heavy, I would determine to begin early and get it over with; but I would spend half an hour in looking for my pipe and in getting it filled and working well, and another half hour in arranging my books and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair. All this time I imagined I was working. I spent as much time in goading myself on to duties that I should have liked to shirk or in getting ready to work as I did in actual labor. If I were a freshman I should plan my work, I should try to develop concentration—I should work harder but not so long.

4. I should learn to work with people about me. As it was I lived a somewhat isolated life. I did my reading and my studying alone, and though there were some advantages in this method, there were serious objections. Now I must often work under different conditions from those by which I was surrounded in college; there is work to be done where there is no quiet, and I do it with difficulty. As I tried on a crowded ocean steamer to put these wandering thoughts on paper I was constantly annoyed by the confusion about me and by the spasmodic attempts at conversation made by a well-intentioned but misguided young man at my side. If I had learned to work under different conditions I might have turned the conversation aside as a steep roof sheds the rain. I believe it is a great advantage for a young man to do his work himself, but he should not subject himself to the slavery of doing it alone.

5. I should take as a freshman, if I had my work to do over again, more work that I have no especial fondness for or that I find difficult. I like an easy time as well as anyone, and I do not wish to give the impression that I think it an error for a student to follow the profession he enjoys or to do the work he likes. In point of fact I believe that a student should choose those lines of work along which his tastes lead him. I think it very likely that those things we do most easily we shall do best; but I have found that training comes through struggle, and that those people are developed most who resist most, or who struggle against difficulty and opposition and overcome. I have known a good many geniuses, but they generally had the most commonplace careers because they never learned to do difficult or disagreeable things.

6. Students come into my office every day who want to get out of work or to drop a subject, or to cut a class exercise for no better reason than that they find the duty difficult or the instructor or the subject dull. Much of the work of life is not pleasant. Half the things I am forced to do during the busy days of the college year are unpleasant things and things I dislike doing. I have been forced to learn to give these things my best attention

whether I like them or not. I wish I had learned in my freshman year to do more such things.

7. Just yesterday as I was sitting at the breakfast table talking to a young freshman, in whom I have a rather vital interest, as to his next year's course, I suggested a subject which I thought good for him to take. "Is it easy?" was his first question, and when I answered in the negative his interest waned. In the world in which we must in time work there are few easy roads, few "snap" courses. We shall be forced to do a great many hard things. If I were a freshman I should learn to do such things early.

8. Like a great many people, I suppose I am not now doing the work that as a college student I planned to do. I am in no sense a fatalist, but I am convinced that men have their work chosen for them quite as often as they themselves choose it. If I had supposed that I should be called upon to speak on the most unforeseen occasions and upon the most unfamiliar topics I should have given myself while in college the practice which I believe is the method everyone must employ if he is to become a ready speaker. I have learned that, sooner or later, every intelligent man is called upon publicly to express his ideas, and no matter how abundant his thoughts may be, he will suffer much pain and have little success unless he has had pretty regular and persistent practice.

9. I ran across an old classmate last spring, an engineer of no little repute, whom I had not met since the day of our graduation. "How would you change your course," I said to him, expecting that he would long for more mathematics, "if you had it all to do over again?"

10. "I should learn to write and I should learn to speak," he answered, "and I should begin as a freshman. As it was I avoided every opportunity to do either, with the idea that only ministers and lawyers have need of such practice, and I suffer for it every day. My boy is to be an engineer, but I am going to see that he does not make the mistake that I made."

11. When I am called upon unexpectedly to speak, and my knees shake, and my voice falters, and the word that I long for comes with difficulty, or fails to come at all, I agree with my classmate, and I feel sure that if I were a freshman again I should learn to speak correctly and without notes.

12. I wish that as a freshman I had learned to play well some athletic games. It is not entirely for the pleasure that I should have derived or should be able to derive from such games that I feel as I do, though that would mean much. If a man succeeds, as all hope to do, he gets into a business which is likely to be cruelly exacting, and he demands some relaxation in which he finds pleasure. For me there is no pleasure in hitting a bag that simply bounds back to be struck again, or to pull up a weight that drops stupidly and inertly down to be raised the second time. I would rather hoe in the garden, saw wood, or beat a carpet hanging on a clothes line in the back yard. I find no virtue in any of the machinery or in any of

the "systems" devised by shrewd inventors for keeping the human system in ideal working condition. If I am to have pleasure in exercise, and I will not take it from a sense of duty only, it must be in a physical contest where something definite can be accomplished, where I have a goal to attain or an opponent to beat. I would rather play a good game of tennis than to agitate all the exercisers in Christendom. I think there are few things that help more to keep men young and strong, and ready for the daily battles than good physical health; and the athletic game aids materially in bringing about that condition. One may learn, of course, late in his college career or even after he is out of college; but pride and awkwardness, and the manifold duties of the day come in and prevent one's doing so. If one does not develop some skill while a freshman he is very unlikely to do so later.

13. If I were a freshman I should determine to do some one line of work well. As I remember, I was principally concerned in "getting through." I think I was not quite so modest in my scholastic ambitions as the young fellow who told me not long ago that a "pass" was as good as one hundred per cent to him, but at least I was not so much concerned about doing my best in some one line of work as I wish now I had been. Practically every college man, every freshman included, is rushed with his work. He takes more "hours" than he should, or he neglects to prepare the assignments at the proper time, so that when his work is done it is done hastily. Nine out of ten freshmen are behind with assigned work. I have known fellows even to go as far as to argue that it is an excellent practice to get behind, for then if one is to catch up he must force himself to do a large amount of work in a short time. I grant that this may be a good thing, but work done under such conditions usually shows all the earmarks of slovenliness and superficiality. There are many subjects in which I think it would be sufficient to merely do good work, but at least in one subject I wish I had made it a point to take time to give the matter careful thought, and to do it as well as it was possible for me to do. One has to rush through work far too often later in life; it would be a comfort to remember that at one time at least I had deliberately taken time enough to do an assigned task well.

14. I should make more of an effort than I did to get acquainted with my instructors. The conception of the average freshman is that the college instructor is a somewhat abnormal mortal full of knowledge—sometimes—but without much understanding of the individual or sympathy for him. Some are; and some of this sort expended their time on me when I was a freshman. I thought as a freshman that the less I bothered my instructor the better, and if by some good fortune he was ill or out of town I put it down at the end of the day as one of the blessings for which to return thanks. I came in the end to see that my instructors—even those who at first had seemed most impossible—were pretty human creatures, with a wide knowledge and a generous willingness to help. The trouble was with me

quite as much as with them. I count it the greatest pleasure and benefit of my college life that I came to know one instructor well, and that from this acquaintance there came to me a friendship and an inspiration that was worth more to me than all the rest of my college course. How much more it might have meant had I come closely into contact with the real lives of the other men and women with whom I worked!

15. If I were a freshman I should not lose an opportunity to see and to hear the prominent men and women in public life who for one reason or another come to every college town. I was often hard up or "broke," and I could easily find an excuse for not going to lectures, or the concert, or the theater. Now I regret that I missed opportunities which never came again. I had always wanted to hear Henry Ward Beecher, but when he came to town the dollar that was required to get into the lecture hall seemed big to me, and I decided to wait until the next time. But the next time never came, for Beecher died soon after, and it is one of the regrets of my college life that I missed my chance to hear and see so great a man.

16. I am wont to say when giving advice to young men just entering college that the one thing the freshman should give his time to is study—all other things are relatively unimportant; yet if I could be a freshman again I should try to be more interested in general college activities. Social matters such as connect themselves with young women I think the freshman may very safely postpone until later in his college course. The affairs of the heart can easily wait. Studies are the main thing, but not the only one; and the freshman who fails to develop some outside interest is usually making a mistake. The mere bookworm is not so likely to be successful as the man who gets out among his fellows. Valedictorians often have a very commonplace career because their interests are too narrow and their knowledge of human nature lacking. If I were a freshman I should have at least one avocation—one thing that should give relaxation from my everyday work and bring me into close contact with men.

17. What this side interest should be depends, of course, upon the individual freshman. It may be athletics if he shows any skill in this direction; it may be religion, or oratory, or politics; but I believe he will be better off if he goes into something that helps him to study men as well as facts.

18. It is a delightful experience and a great opportunity to be able to spend four years in college, but it is one I may not have again. I made some mistakes, I missed some opportunities, but after all I am not sure but that the things I got are better than the things I missed, and if I had it all to do over again who knows but that I might lack sense to do it as well as I did before. I am content to let things be as they are.

IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE—WILL TO DO![1]

Hardin Craig

Hardin Craig (1875-), born in Kentucky and educated at Princeton, Oxford, and Padua, has taught English at Princeton, Minnesota, Iowa State, Stanford, and North Carolina. He has written and edited many literary and scholarly works, and is a recognized authority on sixteenth-century English life and literature. Speaking of Dr. Craig's teaching at the University of North Carolina following his retirement from Stanford in 1942, Chancellor House of the University of North Carolina said that he "began one of his most creative periods as teacher, writer, and lecturer in the field of mental and moral health, the application of the truths and insights in literature to the care and development of the human spirit."

The following selection, given as a lecture to University of North Carolina students at a convocation held April 3, 1946, made such a strong impression that the University had it published and widely distributed under the original title, "A North Carolina Renaissance." As you may feel when you read the address, what was said to students of that University is applicable with equal force to students everywhere. Moreover, your appreciation of the vigorous forthrightness, the literary allusiveness, the moral elevation, and the hortatory tone of the address will be enhanced if you will keep in mind the nature of the lecturer, the occasion, and the audience.

1. An article by Benjamin Fine appeared in the *New York Times* of Sunday, March 17th. . . . It was on the subject of the way in which returned soldiers are doing their work in American universities. Reports from various institutions, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, the Universities of Ohio, Kentucky, and Michigan, Notre Dame, Rhode Island State, New York University and others, indicate that veterans are making far better grades in their studies than are civilian students of either sex. I do not know whether this state of things is observable at the University of North Carolina, but I personally found this news item very exciting. It suggested that something really important may be under way. It is just possible that the men who fought to save the liberty of their country in war may be willing to work to save its intellect and its morals in peace. You will feel the inspiration of this thought as I proceed with my address.

2. Perhaps the greatest discovery that man has ever made, greater than the steam engine, the millstone, the wheel, or the button, was made by Plato more than twenty-three hundred years ago. It is a perpetual discovery which

[1]Reprinted by permission of the author.

needs to be made over and over again by generations and by individuals. By means of the analytical method of his master Socrates, Plato discovered the difference between things that are permanent and things which are merely transitory. He called these permanent things Ideas. Never has civilized man forgotten Plato's discovery without disaster, and never has he remembered it without a renaissance of the spirit.

3. On the basis of Plato's teachings his pupil, Aristotle, worked out the sciences of Man and Nature. These facts have landed you and me in the university and have given us hard things to do. They have brought about a world which accepts or rejects us according to what we know about Man and Nature, according to what we really know about the difference between the permanent and the transitory. None of us is responsible for this situation, and few of us understand it. We know neither its perils nor its vast opportunities. We think that universities are places where examinations are given. They are not; we give only tests here. The real examinations are given us after we leave the university or without our knowledge while we are still here. Who are the real examiners? The big world? the community? the family? Yes; all of them, and they differ from the university in the fact that they do not announce the ground to be covered by the examination and that they do not and cannot show any mercy. But there is another examiner who examines us on Plato's part of the curriculum. Who is he? Well, he is in the first place our own souls, and, if our consciences are slack and easy-going, our fellow men will do the job for us. We cannot escape. We cannot get away with any excuses or evasions. We are involved, whether we desire it or not, in an absolute situation. The very nature of things examines us and passes judgment upon us. Bishop Butler described this situation when he said, "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why therefore should we deceive ourselves?"

4. You cannot be, and cannot afford to be, liberal toward youth except in the matter of opportunity. Even opportunity is rarely in our individual power to offer, or always in the power of the university. In point of fact, opportunity must be watched for, waited for, recognized when it appears even in disguise, and not infrequently it must be created. Work itself is an opportunity.

5. The prospect which I present to you is fraught with difficulty. I hope you already share with me my contempt for those who tell you success in life is easy. I even hope that many of you are mature enough to know that, the easier the progress of life is, the more useless it is for the achievement of a successful life. Mankind as a race has made its way to such virtue as it possesses through the utmost difficulties, and there are, so far as I know, no examples of individuals who have lived nobly and achieved success, who have not worked and climbed and made their way through difficulties. Troubles which are conquered strengthen the fibers of men; the easier it is

for men the less strength they develop. Now, if you want troubles enough to develop you individually, let me tell you where you can find them. If you will try to make good and great men out of yourselves, some of you, as I happen to know, will have troubles compared to which the Twelve Labors of Hercules were child's play.

6. Let us locate our objectives. Success in life is traditionally defined as the realization of self. The Greeks said, "Know thyself." And yet no man can afford to devote his efforts to the development of that puny, yet invaluable, thing which is his individuality. If he does he will miss the boat, and, lingering behind on the shore, become a freak and a derision. A man's individuality has to be thickened by the body of humanity. We put that in this way: You must first of all make a man of yourself, and, if you do, your individuality will take care of itself. The basal situation is in the grub-like state of the ordinary modern youth. That father who thinks to make success easy for his son by indulging him succeeds only in making it hard. The labors and hardships the father overcame, the things that created him, he has taken away, and they stand like outmoded furniture in the attic. These difficulties, that effort, that made him would make his son, but he does not know it.

7. Now, although it is not easy to become a great and good man, it is not impossible to do so. There is nothing commoner in this world than talent. An ordinary military company will reveal ability of every kind and frequently of high degree. It is certainly in the power of this generation of North Carolina students to develop greatness in every field. Why do we not do this? We live in a state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity. To be a good and great man is desirable. It leads to happiness, honor, health. We know how it is done. Look at it from the point of view of modern literature. Carlyle will teach us the doctrine of work, Browning will teach us to despise cowardice, Emerson will teach us the range of the human mind and the doctrine of thought, Huxley will teach us to know ourselves as part of nature, Plato and a thousand modern voices will instruct us in the doctrine of virtue and self-control, and God Himself through Jesus Christ his son will teach us the noble doctrine of goodness—sweetness, self-sacrifice, generosity, and faith. Progress is mandatory upon us in a thousand ways, and yet we idle away our time. . . .

8. There is nothing so abundant as ability. Individual dullness is a relative matter. The ordinary man lives up to about one one-thousandth of his capabilities, and it follows that the improvement of an ordinary mind soon excels the neglect of a better mind. Nobody knows, besides, the best type of mind to possess. Slow minds are for many purposes better than quick minds. Native gifts neglected are always being beaten by industry and perseverance. The world needs caution and care as well as enterprise and action. If talent is so common, what is it that makes the difference? The thing that makes

the greatest difference is industry. Courage, honesty, common sense, moral courage are all necessary, but they may all be subsumed under diligence. "Showest thou me a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before ordinary men." The thing is not a hopeless quest. Let us try our luck. Bacon says, "Therefore if a man look sharply, he shall see Fortune, for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible." We are on the border of a great discovery. If we could find out why college men are so lazy and so indifferent, we might achieve success. There is no other group of men that I know of in our country who are so indolent.

9. Undoubtedly many of them hold a doctrine of exposure to cultural influences, and believe that, if they go to college and get a degree, they will somehow be educated in spite of themselves. This is the silliest idea that ever obsessed a generation of youth. One might as well expect to learn geology by sleeping on a rock. "It is better," they say, "to have come and loafed than never to have come at all." This is not true. In point of fact, college spoils large numbers of young men, injures more. College men as a whole do not show up well in the United States of America, or, if they do, their going to college contributes little to their success. They habitually shut up their minds during a crucial period of youth and become stupid and indifferent by habit. Once, when I had professed contempt for some field of learning, the great Richard G. Moulton said to me, "Young man, do not close your mind at the very time when it is most capable of learning things. You will do yourself harm by such a practice." Young men in college often lose their ambition and the faith in life and achievement which they brought with them from home. They adopt the fatal habit of trying to "get by," and take a base pride in the ability to "get by." Let us grant freely that American college students can get by, learn the lingo of college, learn to dress like college men, learn to be fair judges of football and get their degrees. But what is it that they have escaped and what penalty have they paid? Have they not simply cheated themselves? Have they not merely retarded the development of their own powers?

10. The best men in college are not typical college men. They are too busy. I met a woman once at dinner—I never knew her name—who told me a story that illustrates my point. She said that when she was a student at the University of Iowa the time for the Junior Prom was approaching, and she had no escort. She began to feel uneasy about it, so that she accepted an invitation from a classmate of hers who, frankly, was not a good dancer and was by no means a social leader. He studied too hard to be able to talk about anything much except his books. The very next day she was invited by the best dancer in the class, a playboy and a social leader, the kind of man who led cotillions and organized dances for himself. She said that she had to recall strongly all the things she had learned from her mother about being a lady in order to make herself keep her contract and go to the dance

with the Ugly Duckling. Her final remark was this: "I often think of those two men. The one who asked me first, the studious boy, is now chief justice of the supreme court of Texas, and the other one is the town loafer at Wilton Junction."

11. Whatever the crowd insists on doing, it will probably do. But that story has another appeal, an appeal to the individual. Ex-service men are coming to us in great numbers now. Many of them, perhaps most of them, come with the desire to get an education. Some of them no doubt think they can do this simply by staying in college until they are graduated, merely hold the theory of exposure to education. If they do not hold that theory when they come, there are enough loafers about the place to teach them quickly. Many of them have wives and dependents and would like for their sakes to succeed in the world. Many of them have had actual experience and have a mature point of view. My advice to them is that they shall not allow themselves to be cheated out of their privileges and their opportunities. They will gain from college only as a result of the work they themselves do. Let me say to them, "Work openly if you dare. I wish you would. Work secretly if you must. But work; work long and hard. Think of your mind as your greatest hope and as an instrument whose skill must be mastered and developed." In a country distinguished for energy and progressiveness, is it not a shame that college men should be distinguished for indifference, neglect of opportunity, and frivolous waste of time? Their grandfathers were not like that, and our country will pay the penalty for their undutiful conduct.

12. If any college man will work intelligently, I guarantee his success. The matter is easy, in fact automatic. What the world needs, seeks, and will pay for is honest, efficient work. The demand is simply overwhelming, and no intelligent worker needs to worry about his future. The world is full of pretenders, bluffers, loafers in disguise, bunglers, and inefficient executives. It simply cries out for the real thing. All a young man needs to do is to work intelligently at the task before him, and the world will come to his door to seek him out.

13. One who knows their present idle state hesitates to recommend work to a great many of our students. If they acquire the habit of conscientious, intelligent work, it will cause them a lot of trouble. The point is that these troubles are sure to happen to them. Things will be done to them. I will dare them to try it. The world will insist on giving them prizes and praise, and will elect them to fellowships and to memberships in learned societies. People will keep offering them jobs. They will promote them, increase their pay, and also increase their responsibility. They cannot keep the world from doing this. These working students will be made into supervisors, directors, executives. Further demands will be put upon them for more and more important and intelligent work. They will probably make money, and will

have to take care of that. The community will come and lay its burdens upon them. They will have to listen for hours to interminable bores who are around trying to get something for nothing. They will have to look after those in the community who have nobody to look after them. They will have to look after the poor and the unfortunate, and the Church will demand their support. The people will elect them to public office, perhaps to Congress, and then their situations will indeed be bad. They will certainly have to write books and make speeches. I say to them, "If you do this, you will have no rest, but, son, you will have become a man."

14. Knowing some of you as I do, I know that you do not believe what I have said. You lack the will to believe, but I will dare you and double-dare you to try it. I think it might be well for some of these young men to go home and get a menial job, one that will require no industry, no originality, no public spirit, and no education. There is one other way they might try. I have often told pupils of mine that I thought their only chance for success in life was to marry a rich wife. But that isn't entirely easy, for some of these girls, particularly the rich ones, are getting pretty selective, and in these days they tell me it's harder and harder to keep them after you get them. So I fear that many of our college students will have to give up the idea of achieving any sort of success in life or else go to work. I knew a man whose son went out to California. After the son had been there for some time, a friend of mine asked the father how his son was getting along. The father said, "Well, he's gettin' along all right now, but it looked for a while like he'd have to go to work."

15. I am not, however, at the moment much interested in the negative aspects of this subject. I am interested in my general proposition that the world is simply crazy for men who will work, so that a conscientious and efficient worker in any line may practically dictate his own terms. I began this talk by saying that there was nothing more abundant in this world than talent and nothing scarcer than diligence. Think what would happen to this institution if we all went to work. I merely appeal to each man's and woman's conscience and ask no public adjudicator. In ten or twenty years' time this place would become renowned. We should be renowned for our great men—poets, musicians, novelists, statesmen, scientists, financiers, soldiers, and men of God. Our consciences tell us that this is true. Why on earth do we not act upon it? Why do we endure this state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity?

16. Take the case of England during the period of the Renaissance, the period that gave the world Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon and Milton. England is a small country, only a little bigger than North Carolina. It had only about half as many people as North Carolina has. London was a little larger than Durham and a good deal smaller than Charlotte. The country was undeveloped, the people relatively uneducated, hampered by ignorance,

superstition, and violence, scourged with plague, and ground down by poverty; and yet that country produced forty times more geniuses than any American state has produced during an exactly comparable period. How did they do it? I asked my class last term whether we lacked the native talent that they possessed. My class was disposed to think that we did. They thought that we were inferior by nature. But I should like to be permitted to doubt it. Physically we have not deteriorated as compared with the Elizabethans. We have an abundant *élàn vitale.* Our athletes are as strong as theirs. We are a great deal busier about our own affairs, such as they are, than the Elizabethans ever dreamed of being about their affairs. There is nothing commoner than talent among modern men and nothing rarer than ambition, industry, and faith. Would it not be a great thing if we could discover this morning why it is that we do not have a renaissance in North Carolina? I think we are approaching a solution, for if we knew why we do not do this thing, why we continue to grovel in our futility and nonentity, we might be able to remove the barriers which stand between us and greatness. I know we are as good as anybody else. I know we do tolerably well. But I am interested in this state and this institution, and "tolerably well" does not on this occasion satisfy me. We can end the debate if you will, like my class, simply admit that you are inferior naturally to the Elizabethans, but even then I shall not believe you.

17. But you may say, "I've read this matter up in the history books. The men of the Renaissance became reacquainted with the art and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and were thereby inspired to imitate and emulate classical thinking and classical art." And what you would say is true, but it is not the whole truth. Our collections are full of Greek art. We have the ancient classics in noble editions and in great quantity. Our Library is full of them. We have also excellent and interesting trained teachers of Latin and Greek, whereas the Renaissance had only half-trained teachers, poor texts, poor dictionaries, histories, and commentaries. If the classics alone will save us, let us adjourn this meeting and go down to the Library. It is a good idea anyhow. I should like to reread Homer, Plato, and the Greek Anthology.

18. You may say again, "The history books tell me that during the Renaissance men had, because of political and social changes, a new liberty and a new individual opportunity. Men could for the first time rise by their own efforts to better social and economic position. The old barriers against the common man were broken down, and men, actuated by natural ambition, rushed through the breach." This is also true, but it is not the whole truth. If liberty and individual opportunity would do the work, we in the United States for a century and more would have filled the world with greatness. For generations in this country opportunity has been as free as air, and yet as a race we have usually been slack, stupid and greedy. We

have neglected, and we still neglect, Plato's discovery of the difference between the permanent and the transient or variable. Individual opportunity alone will not do the work.

19. There is something else here, something undiscovered. Can we discover it? It would be a great thing for us as individuals, as university men and women, and for the state of North Carolina if we could do so. In this world the very greatest things often lie hidden for centuries, not infrequently right under our noses. . . .

20. The Renaissance had a particularly happy and practical philosophy. It is still a good philosophy, still a better philosophy than ours. From Plato they got the idea of great achievement, and from Aristotle the idea that this is a world in which something can be done. They had little that was negative in their belief—no skepticism, no agnosticism, little hedonism. They trusted their senses and believed that things are what they seem to be. They had no philosophic bewilderment, no idea that man in the world is lost in a maze, helpless and beaten before he starts, no crude idea that personal comfort and mere possession of wealth and power are in themselves ends worth striving for in this life. They had a vision of happiness and achievement, and they thought they could bring it into realization. The important thing for us about the whole complex is that it worked. What we do not know is that it still works. Whenever a man or a group of men learn this great pragmatical fact, they are unbeatable. There is no case on record of individual or nation where this faith, this will to act on faith, has been tried out and has met with failure. This faith, this will, is the one thing necessary to account for the rebirth of the human spirit, and it is ours for the seizure. It is a non-competitive good, and the more people who have it the more there is for all of us. As we apply this principle to our own lives and to our own age and times, certain symbols of a huge greatness, certain all-absorbing ideals, certain great patterns of action, certain great urges to both faith and works, float before our eyes. Nothing is of any avail except imagination to conceive and will to do. No special situation, no exposure to special learned environment, is of any value to us. Our own work is all that counts. This is the great discovery. . . .

AN EX-MARINE RETURNS TO TEACHING[1]

Donald A. Stauffer

Donald A. Stauffer (1902-), professor of English at Princeton University, studied at the University of Colorado, Princeton, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar from 1924 until 1927. He is the author of English Biography before 1700, *1930,* The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England, *1941,* Brother, This Is War, *1944, and* The Nature of Poetry, *1946. During the war he served fourteen months overseas in the Marine Corps. From his rich experience as student, teacher, and service man, Mr. Stauffer discusses the postwar problems of American colleges and universities.*

In two sentences particularly Mr. Stauffer reveals the basic organization of the essay. The first sentence is near the beginning; the second, about two-thirds of the way through. Try to detect these sentences as you read.

1. The American attitude toward education is paradoxical. We overvalue its possibilities and underpay its teachers. We expect it to perform miracles, yet would be thoroughly alarmed if it did. Parents make brave sacrifices to send their children to college, and then are annoyed or puzzled if college changes the kids into young adults. We have been fighting a war. With our usual optimism and our belief that any change is always a step forward, we are most of us making two guesses about the future: The war will have changed education, and education will at last turn out products capable of making a better world.

2. There are at least a couple of grains of sand in the gearbox, however: the veteran returning to get or complete his education, and the postwar programs themselves. An article in *The Saturday Evening Post,* later reprinted in the *Reader's Digest,* attracted considerable attention not long ago. It recounted the disappointments of an ex-Marine upon returning to high school. As another ex-Marine and a returning teacher, I would like to consider some of the questions and problems which, talking to soldiers in the Pacific islands, I could see some time ago were bound to turn up. For although Peleliu in the Palaus may seem far removed from Public School Number 31 and Pelham High and Purdue, it is actually not such a distant world as the feature writers and some soldiers would have civilians believe. At any rate, Texas and Massachusetts take the States with them wherever

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The American Scholar,* Winter, 1945-46.

they go, and bring back Uncle Sugar in their duffel bags, with a few foreign souvenirs added, when they return.

3. For one thing, the returning veteran will want to be treated as a grown-up. This is all to the good. One of the best methods will be to increase his assignments, for any soldier who is serious enough to take up the job of completing his education is perfectly capable of shouldering plenty of work. And perhaps such examples will encourage the younger students, who have never seen the Rhine or the Salween, to put more into their own schoolwork.

4. Although the veteran may be old in the wars, he is not old in learning or he would not be back in school. It is his responsibility to get back into harness. He must get all he can from these civilian classrooms, adapting himself to them rather than judging them by his own late standards of ordnance training, naval etiquette, or the school of hard socks. And this will come hard for him. It came hard for the narrator in the article mentioned above, who seemed particularly irked by being offered, after Guadalcanal, that gay little American poem with the refrain

Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink!

The poem does seem somehow out of place and drowned in a high-school curriculum, although I cannot believe that the course was built around it or that it was of crucial importance. Nevertheless, it serves as a fair example of the problem: What will the ex-Marine do with the birdies and the bobolinks? The ex-Wave with domestic science? The ex-Navy-gunner with beginning calculus? And the ex-sergeant with elementary psychology or civics?

5. Lump them and like them, I would say. I maintain that the Marine, enraged by the spink spank spink of the bobolink, was taking his wartime experience too seriously. Relax, brother! I have seen another Marine on Bougainville with a butterfly net, and nobody kidded the pants off him. And there was an excellent horticulturist in the Seabees who wrote his dad regularly about the great open-air greenhouse that is the South Pacific. There is a difference between taking education seriously and taking it grimly.

6. Perhaps the answer here is for teachers, as well as students, to keep their eye unswervingly on the ball, which for them is the subject under study. Shelley's skylark and Keats's nightingale could doubtless be presented persuasively as more grown-up birds than the bobolink, but even his spink spank spink should not be throttled just because masses of men have killed each other. In battle, no birds sing, if they know what's good for them. But although many of our returning young men will insist upon doing something similar, it is as ridiculous to judge by close-at-hand war experi-

ences the jaunty bobolink that sings his peace-time way through grade schools and some high schools as, conversely, it would be to demand that life in a forward-area foxhole should conform to the cheery chortlings of the bobolink.

7. How to put salt on the tail of the bobolink I want to take up later, but here is the place to extend a caution to civilian teachers: no one will benefit if veterans are treated with special consideration. Such tact would make most of them uncomfortable and the rest intolerable. Our natural tendency toward showing off should be curbed; the penchant for thinking "Nobody knows de troubles I've seen" ought to be sidetracked. War correspondents have done the public no service by repeatedly exaggerating the gulf between civilians and soldiers, as if the military were a race apart. The better men among the relatively few who have seen danger and tragedy will not wish to emphasize their insight, while the greater part will have experienced nothing more severe than discipline, discomfort, travel, and boredom. The average ex-soldier is just the boy in the house next door who for a time dressed up in wolf's clothing. To encourage self-dramatization in any form is simply to take your eye off the ball, to look back instead of concentrating on the present for the sake of a good future flight.

8. But the greatest problem with the returning veteran is that he will expect so much so immediately. The habit of war encourages direct action to secure demonstrable physical results. And this habit the soldier will bring back with him. He will know how assembling his M-1 and practicing on the range made him a better rifleman. And he will demand to know what he will learn from, or rather, what he will "get out of," a liberal education.

9. There is a story going the rounds which educators may find hits home increasingly. A distinguished churchman spoke for an hour before an audience on the subject of the Immaculate Conception, with theological subtlety, learning, and brilliance. Afterwards, when he asked for questions, there was a long silence. At length one voice spoke out: "What are the advantages?" Every teacher in America will have to answer such a question concerning his field, many times for many returning soldiers. And the answers will afford most contentment if they are simple and practical, preferably indicating advantages that may be gauged at once by some indisputable objective standard such as dollars or votes. The nature of the liberal arts makes such answers embarrassing. The best and most honest answers are likely to bewilder the questioner or to leave him unsatisfied. It is far easier to point out that So-and-so, his old commanding officer whom he admires, or this aviator, or so many United States Presidents, have been college men, or to dig up statistics (provided they can be found) from *Who's Who* or Dun and Bradstreet.

10. The ex-serviceman has a terrific sense of urgency. He feels that he

must get on with his career. If he gives up part of his life for an education, he intends to have something to show for it. He wants no shilly-shallying, no ambiguous answers, for he is used to orders and action. The pressure, therefore, towards vocational and technical and specialized and practical programs, wrapped up and delivered in the minimum of time, will be enormous. Although the expected sharp increase in technical training schools will gratify this demand in part, the old-style liberal education will be under constant bombardment.

11. Here, too, the answer is probably to keep the eye on the ball, to realize that although the veteran is demanding an education, he does not thereby demonstrate that he knows what an education is. The colleges and universities must set the standards as they see them. They must strenuously resist the shortcuts and the temporizing programs; the bob-tailed degrees, with courses scanted and skimped, and faculties overworked until exams and lectures are cynically perfunctory; the acceptance of ludicrous make-shifts (accompanied by Dad's check) as entrance requirements; the administrative pressure not to flunk out the incompetent and lazy—all the popular substitutes that will fill the dormitories and the university tills at the expense of sane education and of the trusting, hopeful veterans themselves.

12. Not a college in the country is unaware of these pitfalls. There is indeed some danger that liberal education, in efforts to forestall its own threatened demise, will talk itself to death. Every college or university has its committees on postwar planning. New curricula and manifestoes and statements of programs are already springing up all over the land and will inevitably become so common that grave risk of drugging popular attention looms ahead. The conception of a liberal education, as I have already suggested, is difficult to state convincingly to people who have not been exposed to it themselves, and in terms that do not apply to it. It may not be so hard to describe as for a scientist to explain to a medieval monk the quantum theory, or for that matter, for the medieval monk to convince the scientist of the number and nature of the angels. But it is hard. And if a farmer or shoemaker understands the argument for a liberal education, he already has the cultured, civilized point of view. If on the other hand a scientist or a corporation president is impatient or unsympathetic, he is a barbarian in spite of bank-balance or any number of letters after his name. Furthermore, since the liberal arts are so diverse and complex, including values and opinions as well as facts, and centering on that slippery unpredictable animal Man, any explanation or defense tends to sound vague, general, or elusive. Yet they have many defenders and supporters. And it is the mark of a person interested in liberal studies that he should be perpetually puzzling himself and others as to precisely *what* he is interested in.

13. A distinguished educator said the other day that he had read so much about "values" that he no longer had any idea what the word meant. The

same can probably be said for such terms as "democracy," "the American way," the "dignity of the individual," "spirit," "idealism," "culture," and even "liberal education" itself. But although values cannot be defined in the same way that one can give the boundaries of Kansas, they nevertheless exist and guide our actions, now as always. Because the values of material comfort and economic power, for instance, have become so increasingly dominant, other aspects of human life have come to be undervalued. And it is the purpose of a liberal education to make a student aware of *all* the intangibles that govern his life as well as human history, so that he may understand them, control them, and profit by them in the same way and to the same sort of valued end that the student in the trade school learns about combustion engines. The climate of our age simply makes it a bit more of a strain to show that a sense of justice or a sense of hatred or a sense of inferiority is as real as a sense of smell or a Wright airplane motor. Judging by the popularity of the remark, the values implicit in Stalin's belittling of the Pope—"How many military divisions does he control?"—are widely appreciated. Fewer people remember that if there were not other values based on less tangible support than Army Corps, there would be no Pope for Stalin to underestimate. The liberal college, therefore, keeps on with its task of affirming the intangibles that persist through history, justifying itself to hostile ears, again giving an explanation, and at last explaining its explanation. As the parrot said while he walked the length of the clothesline, "It may not be funny, but it's darned hard to do."

14. There is possibly another reason to distrust the familiar fine-sounding words and dignified ample sweeps of these postwar programs—our American tendency to think that saying a thing is the equivalent of doing it. No one was ever educated by a program. When the student has said, "I desperately want an education," and the University has replied, "Here is the best plan our longest thoughts can devise," the race has not yet even started. A good education can result only from effort on the part of the individual student guided by individual teachers and continued for years. The most that any program can do is to set up a helpful framework. And perhaps the only effective over-all program is the selection of eager, intelligent students and of teachers who understand and enjoy their professions.

15. Since that last sentence sounds like one more of those dangerous, or at any rate not particularly useful, generalizations, this article might shift in its final third to one teacher's particular slant on his own subject: what he thinks he is accomplishing in teaching English literature, and what effect the war has had on his views.

16. If I were attempting to sell my line of goods—let us assume to an earnest, bright but uninformed ex-soldier—my argument would run that English literature would help him to live more easily and efficiently. It would do this by showing him things about himself through the imagined

experiences of others. It would improve his inner eyesight, so that he could see further, and more clearly, and sometimes even in the dark. He would learn to understand and sympathize with modes of life he has not yet encountered and perhaps may never run up against. But then again, perhaps he may. The practical value of his absorbing literature would be analogous to a boxer skipping rope or an oarsman pulling on a rowing machine: it would develop powers and limber him up for big events to come in his own career.

17. Furthermore, literature and art would get him out of the solitary confinement of himself. It would take away the fear and hatred that spring from ignorance, and perhaps give him that new sensation of disinterested love that is one way of describing the sense of beauty. It would present all types of people in all their moods and thoughts and activities, so that he might develop judgment and compassion, and at the age of twenty-five, know more than Nestor (which would include, of course, knowing who Nestor was). It would increase his friends and lengthen his life span.

18. Most important of all, literature would supplement his other studies —not by taking up a *single* aspect of human experience, such as numbers, or economics, or the outside world, or physiology, or formal ethics, or society in the past, but by attempting to recreate complex human life as it is actually lived by individuals. Where else will he get help in learning to see clearly human experience *as a living whole*? Or is he so wise he needs no help in understanding this miracle and mystery?

19. Then, for fear that I had lost him amid all these maxims, I would go back to the bobolink, to find out whether he had never yet felt any gay Franciscan brotherhood with the birds, or whether he had gone on to other interests simply because he had heard that damned bobolink so often. If the latter were true and if he were still listening, I might try to point out why literature seems to me the most admirable of all instruments for teaching us how to live a good life. In the first place, it doesn't preach directly very often—for that is a *single* way of looking at experience and is rarely as effective as a parable or a story. And in the second place, literature is so complex that in digging out one moral you will frequently turn up two or three others in the process—perhaps conflicting and perhaps even more pleasant and profitable.

20. Take *Paradise Lost* as an example that soars above the bobolink and perhaps even above the bobolink's friends and detractors. Milton thought he was justifying the ways of God to men; so you read it through to find the justification. You admire it enough to read what Shelley, say, also thinks about the poem, and you learn that he considers it great because of the superb conception of Satan as the defender of liberty. Milton's God, Shelley tells you, is as stupid and cruel as all tyrants. In the search you may read Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* to learn what's wrong with tyrants and to

find other examples of unconquered spirits. But you return to *Paradise Lost,* rereading it to find out if it really does give the effect of praising the devil. Or does the character of Lucifer change and deteriorate, and how is that connected with the moral of the poem? How has Milton reconciled his own republicanism, his belief in liberty, with an authoritarian God? You read over the passages where God himself speaks, and you gain, perhaps, a more sweeping conception of impersonal rule, of cosmic law, and of man's place in the universe, than you could have had before. Even as we ponder over these ever-expanding questions of free will and responsibility, these conflicting principles of right government for the individual, for society, and for the world, these great burning exemplars of base and noble actions—simultaneously and insensibly the splendor of this earth and the spaciousness of its setting impress themselves on readers through the music and rhythm of the lines. For the experience of beauty itself can be a moral experience, giving order and harmony and peace to the chaotic stuff of life.

21. I am afraid that these last paragraphs prove my point as to how difficult it is to illustrate even one facet of a liberal education. A work of art in particular, by its very complexity, leaves all simplifications and translations poor things. A good teacher is therefore more than satisfied if he can get a student to reread *Paradise Lost,* rehear Beethoven, or restudy Lincoln's thought. For here is endless delight, inexhaustible opportunity for growth.

22. The strongest conviction a year in the Pacific gave me was that liberal education must explain itself, and explain itself morally—that is to say, practically—to American citizens, if it is to play the part in the future which it should. Boy Scout training—a Boy Scout knife, for that matter—is more valued in the field than a dozen college courses. And whatever of his past learning in the arts a soldier takes into battle he will have to carry in his head and his memory. He does not carry much. The inability of the average soldier to handle general ideas is painful to think about. He is not even ordinarily aware of what his life is missing.

23. At least one indictment seems logical: teachers have not given their pupils much to carry with them. Part of this lack springs from teaching "subjects" and facts instead of ideas, part from the laxity of secondary school education—for which parents and popular opinion are principally to blame. Most of it comes from failing to orient the students at the beginning of any study—never explaining what the course is about, why it is being given, how it should fit in with other studies and with the student's own life. This needs thought. But rather than committee reports and introductions to college catalogs, it needs each teacher's own deep-seated beliefs clearly stated at the outset to his students, developed slowly and thoroughly,

even argued about. The student should come to college feeling like a dynamo that will run on its own power, not like a wheelbarrow into which professors dump bricklets of knowledge to be carted away. But the teachers had better be ready with high-powered answers to that most dynamic and disturbing of all his questions: "What are the advantages?"

HEARTACHE ON THE CAMPUS[1]

Mrs. Glenn Frank

Mrs. Glenn Frank (1900-) is the wife of the late Glenn Frank, who was for many years president of the University of Wisconsin. She attended the University of Missouri. Her convictions grow out of first-hand experience as a member of a sorority herself and as an interested observer as a college president's wife.

This article is an expression of partisan feeling toward a highly controversial subject. The student should, therefore, read this argument with an objective point of view, examine the evidence presented, and then criticize the soundness of the position taken by the author.

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

A few weeks ago at a large middle-western university I talked with a student who had recently been discharged from the army for poor health. The boy said he liked the school, his courses and his professors. There was one thing, however, which he did not like. He had come to the university as a legacy to one of the leading fraternities, but after looking him over the fraternity brothers had not invited him to become a member.

"I guess the war had made me too old," he said, grinning, but for all his nonchalance I could see the hurt in his eyes. He had been cruelly snubbed. Right at the start of his college career he had discovered that the very democracy for which he had fought didn't exist at this great university.

His discovery is not unique. Reports of friction between returning veterans and the Greek-letter societies come from many other colleges and universities supported by taxpayers' money. Young men who have been matured in the hard school of war are finding themselves the victims of a ridiculous and juvenile caste system which is totally un-American. This should not be. It is time for the legislatures of this country to enact stringent laws abolishing both college and high school fraternities and sororities from coast to coast.

★ Timed-Reading Selection.

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the *Woman's Home Companion*, April, 1945.

To some people that may sound like a strong remedy for a comparatively minor evil in our educational system. But I do not consider it minor.

For more than a quarter of a century, as a sorority woman myself and as the wife of the president of one of our largest state universities, I have had a close-up view of the operations of the Greek-letter societies. What I have seen has convinced me that any good which these societies accomplish is far outweighed by the unhappiness and heartbreak which they inflict upon thousands of young people every year, and by the class-consciousness, religious bigotry and race prejudice which they foment right in those institutions which should be the most liberal. They have no more place in our public educational system than a Hitler youth movement.

Yes, you may say, but if fraternities and sororities should be abolished, wouldn't students organize other cliques and clubs? I admit that they would, but such groups would be formed in a normal natural way. Students would be judged on their merits and find their own level. A boy or girl would not be relegated to a fixed position in campus society during the first days of school, as is provided under smug Panhellenic rules, merely because of the prestige or bank account of his parents, or because of the way he flipped a cigarette or handled a cup of tea.

Only the other day I heard of the case of a dull and unattractive youth who was taken into an exclusive fraternity merely because his father, a rich alumnus, had presented the chapter house with a pine-paneled library; and I know of another case, just as recent, where a brilliant and beautiful girl was kept out of a sorority because her father happened to be a railroad engineer.

"What a pity God couldn't have made him a doctor or a lawyer instead," one of the sorority members said, but, imbued with the snobbery of her group, she voted against the girl just the same.

Such discrimination is the rule rather than the exception and just as often students are casually black-balled because of some trivial or imagined flaw in their appearance, dress or manners. Over and over again I have known of a boy's being rejected by a fraternity because he failed to dance well or wear the latest cut of collar, or of a girl who was made to feel a campus outcast because she was a bit overweight, perhaps, or made the fatal mistake of cutting her lettuce with a knife.

The high school fraternities and sororities are, if anything, even more brutal than the college societies which they imitate because they are unsupervised and they victimize students of an even more impressionable age. Many needless tears are shed and many hearts are broken every year where they flourish. I even know of one adolescent girl who committed suicide because her high school sorority refused to admit her sister to membership.

I realize that in certain places where high school fraternities and sororities have been suppressed by law they have sprung up again in the form of

subrosa organizations, but this can be prevented by requiring students to sign pledges against joining secret societies as is now done in the Milwaukee schools. Our main objective, however, should be the college fraternities and sororities. Once they are eradicated, their high school offshoots will wither and die quickly.

The appalling injustice and cruelty of the method by which students are rushed and pledged to fraternities and sororities was first brought home to me through personal experience.

The men of my father's family had for generations attended distinguished colleges and some of them had made distinguished records. My father felt that it was high time that the girls of the family should receive real educations too, and since there wasn't enough money to send me to Vassar, he decided to send me to the university of my home state, Missouri.

Before I left home, two of my mother's best friends said that since they had been Pi Phi's at Missouri they hoped I might become one too, and that they intended to write to the chapter recommending me. This conversation made me a bit apprehensive, but Mother brushed it aside. After all, I was going to the university to get an education, she said, not to become a Pi Phi. What difference did it make whether the sorority asked me or not?

But during my first hours at the university I was made to feel that sororities were the only thing that did matter. Although they represented only a minority of the women students, they had apparently taken over the campus. They were giving teas, luncheons and dinners. They were helping some freshmen to matriculate and escorting others around town in stylish carriages, but only those freshmen, of course, about whom they had received letters. The YWCA was arranging parties for all girls, but no one wanted to go to them.

The big event of the Pi Phi rushing program was an evening party at the chapter house where candidates for pledging were given a final once-over by the members. I shall never forget that party. While stunning girls, gorgeously gowned, looked us over critically, I felt the way a person must feel on his way to the gallows. My pink-dotted mull dress and hair tied with a ribbon were all wrong, I felt, and I knew that one false move, such as spilling my coffee, would bar me forever from Pi Phi. I was frightened and homesick and my throat was parched.

When I got back to my room that night, I wrote to Mother begging her to let me come home. I pleaded homesickness, not daring to tell her that I was a failure—that there was no use in staying on, no use getting an education or anything else, because the Pi Phi's hadn't asked me and apparently weren't going to ask me. Never before or since have I felt so rejected, so hopelessly unattractive.

I started packing, but one afternoon there was a call from the Pi Phi house. Would I come over? I was so excited that I thought my quaking

knees would not carry me the several blocks. When I got there, one of the members pinned the Pi Phi's colors on my jumper dress. I was in!

It is impossible for me to put into words the relief which I experienced at that moment. It was like a reprieve from death. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget, either, the deep sense of inferiority which I felt during the period when I thought I was not going to be pledged. Life for me simply wasn't worth living.

All this happened a long time ago, but the heartless and undemocratic methods used in rushing and selecting pledges have not been changed one iota. In 1925, when my husband started his long term of office as president of the University of Wisconsin, I thought I might find conditions there different, because Wisconsin had a reputation for liberality. But I discovered the system there was just as brutal as at Missouri, and it still is.

Every autumn at Wisconsin, as at many colleges, there would come a Sunday which always seemed to me the saddest day of the year. It was the Sunday on which the sororities sent out their invitations. It might be a beautiful fall day, but in boarding houses all over Madison, I knew, hundreds of teen-age girls would be waiting tensely for bids which would never come. As dusk fell all hope would die in their hearts and many, many of those youngsters would cry themselves to sleep that night.

I know, moreover, that the injury which is inflicted upon a young student's pride and self-respect when he is turned down by a Greek-letter society is, all too often, a permanent injury.

Not long ago I had a chat with a woman who failed to make a sorority during her stay at Wisconsin and who now lives in a fashionable suburb of Chicago. She has a successful husband, a lovely home and devoted children, but she confessed to me that if a guest in her house mentions colleges she gets up and leaves the room for fear she may be asked what sorority she belongs to.

Yes, and there is the case of Zona Gale. A short time before her death she told me how, more than thirty years before when she was a student at Wisconsin, she had wistfully watched the Delta Gammas starting off on picnics and had wished they would ask her to go with them.

Think of it—Zona Gale! Wisconsin's most famous daughter! Possessed of beauty, character, genius. Winner of the Pulitzer prize and holder of the highest honorary degrees which the university could confer. Yet the old cut of being ignored by the sororities had never healed. It was not vanity. Zona Gale had the least vanity of any woman I have ever known. It was just plain hurt—hurt inflicted by a system which doesn't make sense.

The scars which fraternities and sororities deal out gratuitously to the thousands of students whom they turn down every year are reason enough alone, it seems to me, to condemn them to extinction, but they are guilty of other gross crimes against democracy.

Recently a pretty sorority girl told me that she had been invited to a glee club concert by a brilliant nonfraternity man whom she really liked. Did she accept him? No, indeed. Her sorority sisters might have made remarks. Instead, she went to the concert with a nitwit whom she didn't like. He didn't have an idea in his head, but he belonged to a good fraternity and her choice was highly approved.

Once in a sorority or fraternity, a student is compelled to conform to a caste system whether he approves it or not. If he doesn't join one, on the other hand, he is apt to find himself excluded from leadership in many college activities. Greek-letter students are a minority on most campuses but are so tightly knit and politically organized that they generally control elections.

At Wisconsin, for example, which is typical of most state universities, the highest social honor obtainable is that of being chosen king or queen of the junior prom, but only once since 1925 has a nonfraternity man been elected prom king, and there has been only one prom queen who was not in a sorority.

Some defenders of the fraternity and sorority system contend that this condition is proof positive that nonfraternity and nonsorority students lack inherent aggressiveness and leadership. That is utter bosh.

The most brilliant boy in my class at Missouri, a man who is now known throughout America, was rejected by the fraternities because he was considered countrified, and just a few months ago middle-western newspapers carried long obituaries about another nonfraternity man whom I knew years later. He wasn't considered good enough to enter a fraternity because his mother was guilty of the heinous crime of working for a living. He was good enough, though, to become a well-known lawyer in his state within a few years after leaving college, and to give his life for his country while serving with our air forces in the South Pacific.

No, under the present Panhellenic system, even Abraham Lincoln wouldn't possess leadership enough to make a fraternity, but a brief study of *Who's Who in America* proves that fraternities have no monopoly on ability. Just as many non-Greeks as Greeks make names for themselves after college.

Even more sinister than the other forms of snobbery is the religious bigotry and race prejudice which fraternities and sororities foster in the minds of the young.

The dean of women at one of our large universities told me only the other day that Catholic girls were admitted to sororities there under a quota system which permitted only a limited number of Catholics to be pledged each year. This quota does not in any way compare with the percentage of Catholic girls at the university. The same system prevails,

I know, whether it is admitted or not, at many other colleges and universities.

As for Jewish students, they are excluded generally by leading fraternities and sororities. A few weeks ago I heard of a group of liberal-minded youths in one fraternity at an eastern college who rebelled against this taboo. By threatening to resign all at once the group forced this chapter to pledge a popular Jewish student. That was splendid, but I regret to say it is the only case of the kind I have ever heard of. In most houses, anti-Semitism is almost a part of the ritual.

In self-defense the Jews have formed their own fraternities and sororities, but they have been brutally snubbed year after year by a stuffy faction in Panhellenic which has refused to grant them national charters.

Now why, in a nation which is pouring out its substance to provide equal rights for all people, do we permit a cruel caste system to flourish in our public schools?

One of the reasons, I think, is the attitude of parents.

I knew a woman in Madison who devoted sixteen years of her life, from the time her daughter was born until the child was of college age, to making social contacts which would enable her to get her daughter into an exclusive sorority, and that kind of thing is not uncommon. At a cocktail party recently, I talked with a number of mothers of teen-age children. Almost without exception they were much more concerned about getting their sons and daughters into fraternities and sororities than getting them an education.

Those women were not hopeless snobs. Most of them agreed that fraternities and sororities are unkind and undemocratic. Others deplored the added expense to which they are put—a sorority girl has to be equipped with a wardrobe comparable to that of a society debutante—but, well, since these organizations existed, they naturally wanted their children to belong to the best ones.

This same viewpoint is too often found among college faculty members. Not long ago I received a letter from a professor, famed for his liberal views, in which he asked me to help him get his daughter into a certain sorority. Since the fraternity and sorority system is deeply entrenched, he and many other professors who personally don't approve of it seem to feel that we must have it with us always, like death and taxes.

Such an attitude, it seems to me, is lazy and un-American. This country of ours has had many other deeply entrenched evils in its day, including slavery and inhuman child labor conditions, but we found ways of getting rid of them.

Among the most ardent exponents of the Greek-letter societies are the professional alumni—I've noticed they are often people who have not been

very successful since leaving college—who maintain that fraternities and sororities bestow a kind of magical polish upon the boys and girls who belong to them.

That is mostly pure nonsense. During twenty-five years around college, I have never observed that the Greek-letter students acquired any better manners than the others, but if they did it would be a petty gain indeed compared to the dangerous caste ideas they are likely to absorb at the same time.

The only valid argument which the defenders of the system can muster is that the abolition of fraternities and sororities would create a housing shortage at many schools. True, but the problem isn't unsolvable. Why shouldn't state universities buy chapter houses outright and convert them into dormitories run under college management? The total value of chapter houses at both public and private colleges is about $100,000,000. A sizable sum, yes, but less than we were spending every day to fight a war for democracy. It would be a cheap price to pay for the democratization of education.

The time for this democratization is now. Because of the war, the fraternities are in a weaker position than they have been in a generation. Twenty per cent of all chapters are inactive, and most of the others are depleted in membership. More important, the war veterans who are entering our colleges are bringing with them a more adult point of view than the students of peace years. A man who has learned democracy in foxholes does not mold so easily to the fraternity pattern as a teen-age boy right out of high school.

Recently at one university I talked with a wounded veteran whose viewpoint, I believe, is typical of that of thousands of other servicemen. Because of his unusual heroism in a bloody action in the Pacific, three different fraternities tried to pledge him when he entered college a few months ago, but he turned them all down.

When I asked him why he did so, he said that he considered himself grown up and fraternities childish. Why should he, after what he had been through, scrub a sidewalk with a toothbrush during hell week because some upper classman ordered him to? Why should he let a lot of so-called brothers dictate what girls he might or might not go out with?

Yet we cannot depend upon this attitude of returning servicemen alone to end the fraternity and sorority evil. The Greek-letter societies cannot be laughed out of existence as they deserve to be. They are too deeply rooted. Concerted action by students, parents and educators will be needed before our legislatures can be expected to enact laws abolishing them.

I cannot repeat too often that this should be done right away. On foreign battlefields, a whole generation of American boys of college age

jeopardized their lives, and many of them gave their lives, to safeguard democracy. Here at home, the most powerful agency for the preservation of democracy is the public school system from primary grade through university. To make that system wholly worthy of what our boys fought for, we must wipe out fraternities and sororities while the time is ripe!

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

People and Places

DANIEL WEBSTER[1]

Van Wyck Brooks

Van Wyck Brooks (1886-) was born in New Jersey and educated at Harvard. During his early days he taught school and worked with publishing firms; but since 1920 he has devoted his time mostly to writing biographies and critical and social studies of American authors. To date he has written seventeen books, not counting his translations from the French. His biographies of Mark Twain, 1920, Henry James, 1925, and Emerson, 1932, were widely read but not nearly so widely as his three comprehensive books on the cultural history of the United States, each of which contains numerous profiles and sketches of people and places. In the order of the chronological period dealt with, these are The World of Washington Irving, *1944,* The Flowering of New England, *1936, from which the following portrait of Webster is taken, and* New England: Indian Summer, *1940.*

Mr. Brooks is not concerned with giving a connected account of Webster's life or indicating how he developed into the kind of national hero he became. Instead, he is interested in communicating a feeling about this great patriot and in suggesting the extent to which this actual public official became a prideful legendary hero not only of New England, but of the whole United States. This, then, is not a biographical sketch so much as it is a character analysis and a portrait of a people's hero. Moreover, it suggests almost as much about the people who stood in awe of him as it does about Webster himself.

1. Of this little statesmanly world, of which Ticknor was to be *pars magna,* Webster was the great political figure. A demon of a man, a full-blooded, exuberant Philistine, with a demiurgic brain and a bull's body, a Philistine in all but his devotion to the welfare of the state, his deep strain of racial piety—this was the grand thing in Webster—with an all-subduing personal force, an eye as black as death and a look like a lion's, as the farmers in his native New Hampshire said, almost a foreigner, with his rustic manners, among these Boston lovers of elegance, he was fighting, in and out of Congress, first for the Constitution, for the Union, imperilled by so many factions, and secondly for the manufacturing interests that lay behind New England's rising fortunes. With an oratorical gift as great as Burke's, in learning, in unction, if not in cultivation—for, while Webster had a feeling for the sublime, he had little feeling for the beautiful

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and publisher, from *The Flowering of New England,* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1936.

—he fought for the solid facts of property and the good old Yankee motive of self-interest. His politics, his economic doctrines were those of any sound New Hampshire farmer who owned a dam and a mill and turned his dollars over to the Boston bankers. These doctrines naturally pleased the Boston bankers. As a lawyer, he was unapproachable. When he talked about other lawyers, he made them seem like characters in Plutarch. He could invest a common murder-case with the atmosphere of an Aeschylean drama.

2. A hunter, fisherman, farmer, who gloried in his rural avocations, in which the traits of the backwoods pioneer were mingled with those of an old border baron, Webster was to become, as the years went by, a legendary figure in New England. In Boston, he was the rock of the Constitution, as kings had been defenders of the faith. Throughout the country districts, he was "Dan'l," whose every word, as a farmer remarked, seemed to weigh a pound. People said that Dan'l was made of granite, and they knew he had learned his American history from old Captain Webster of the minute-men, who had guarded Washington's tent on the battle-field and for whom Liberty and the Union, far from being phrases, were facts that represented blood and steel. Every one knew the great squire of Marshfield, where he had a farm as large as half a county. Every one had heard him on the platform, every boy and girl had seen his picture, the dark brow that looked like Mount Monadnock, the wide-brimmed hat and the knee-high boots, the linsey-woolsey coat and the flowing necktie, the walking-stick that was said to be ten feet long. There was something elemental in his composition, something large and lavish. Even his faults were ample. Webster despised the traditional virtues. He spent money in a grand way, borrowing and lending with equal freedom. He was far from sober, or would have been if two tumblers of brandy had been enough to put him under the table. He could be surly enough, when he had his moods of God-Almightiness, or when he wished to insult some sycophant. The thunderclouds would gather on his brow and the lightning flash from his eye, and he would tell a committee that their town was the dullest place on earth. No one could be more truculent, especially in the hay-fever season; but he was always good-natured with the farmers, who liked to think of him as their man. They knew what Webster meant when he said that his oxen were better company than the men in the Senate. They knew all his ways and the names of his guns and animals, as the Jews of old knew the weapons of Nimrod, or Abraham's flocks and herds—his great ram Goliath, his shotguns, "Mrs. Patrick" and "Wilmot Proviso," his trout-rod, "Old Killall." They knew he had written the Bunker Hill oration, composed it word by word, with Old Killall in his hand, wading in the Marshfield River. They had heard of his tens of thousands of swine and sheep, his herds of Peruvian llamas and blooded

cattle, the hundreds of thousands of trees he had raised from seed. They knew that while his guests were still asleep—the scores of guests who were always visiting Marshfield—he rose at four o'clock and lighted the fires, roused the cocks with his early-morning candles, milked and fed the stock and chatted in the kitchen with his farmhands, quoting Mr. Virgil, the Roman farmer. And at Marshfield, as every one knew, his horses were buried in a special graveyard, with all the honors of war, standing upright with their shoes and halters.

3. From Boston, across New England, across the nation, Webster's fame spread, as the years advanced. Boston men who had seen Garrick and Foote and heard Burke and Sheridan, the masters of the spoken word, were satisfied that Webster was their equal. Countless thousands, bankers, lawyers, farmers, read his orations aloud by the evening fire. They felt as if the woods and the fields and the ocean had found a worthy voice in Webster's words; and Captain Thomas, his neighbour, was not the only man who longed for death when Webster met defeat. This faithful follower, fearing that all was lost, after Hayne's second speech, cast away his boots, saying he would never want them more, and took to his bed for days. New England had never known a public man with such a Jovian personality, whose words, when he chose to deploy them in a diplomatic encounter, had the force of a fleet of battleships. He could make the United States appear the mightiest of all historic empires. Who knew better than he, or could say it better, that America was the hope of liberty, as those who had visited Europe could see for themselves, as Ticknor and Everett had already seen, when the old régime had been restored in force, in Italy, France, and Germany, when liberal ideas, even in England, were still in doubtful debate? Who was more the symbol of his country? Were the Boston people, with all their self-possession, still, in a measure, tinged with colonialism? Were they prone to ask the visiting European what he thought of American institutions? Were the countryfolk too ready to protest that they had whipped the redcoats? Were the gentry still English in their customs? Webster was the universal answer. Noah Webster, with his dictionary—whether for better or worse—had established American usage in the matter of words. Daniel Webster was equally potent in matters of personality. All his traits, his references, his habits bore witness to the national character and buttressed it with the kind of authority that could not be gainsaid. When he spoke of the Bay State and Bunker Hill, of Plymouth Rock, Lexington and Concord, one felt that to belong to Massachusetts was the noblest privilege of history. *Civis Romanus sum.* "Thank God, I also am an American!"

LADY HESTER STANHOPE[1]

Lytton Strachey

No other biographer has exerted so great an influence over contemporary biographical writing as the Englishman Lytton Strachey (1880–1932), author of two book-length biographies (Queen Victoria, *1921*, Elizabeth and Essex, *1928*) *and many brief portraits, collected in three volumes:* Eminent Victorians, *1918*, Books and Characters, *1922 (from which "Lady Hester Stanhope" is taken)*, *and* Portraits in Miniature, *1931*

As you can see from the portrait below, the emphasis in such biographical sketches (called "psychographs" by the skillful American "psychographer," Gamaliel Bradford) is not on objective facts but on analysis of character and personality. Such factual details are selected as will bring sharply into focus the motivating interests, tastes, inclinations, desires, fears, and aspirations of the subject as the author interprets the subject. Moreover, Strachey (as well as many of his followers) employs a wide range of rhetorical devices for enlivening his portraits, such as parallel and balanced structure, inversion, variety of sentence structure, packed sentences, fanciful comparisons, unusual diction, and irony.

Among other things, notice the framework references, at the beginning and at the end, to Lady Hester's nose, the references (in paragraphs 6 and 10) to turning points in her notorious career, and the irony and humor throughout, but especially in paragraph 7.

1. The Pitt nose has a curious history. One can watch its transmigrations through three lives. The tremendous hook of old Lord Chatham, under whose curve Empires came to birth, was succeeded by the bleak upward-pointing nose of William Pitt the younger—the rigid symbol of an indomitable *hauteur*. With Lady Hester Stanhope came the final stage. The nose, still with an upward tilt in it, had lost its masculinity; the hard bones of the uncle and the grandfather had disappeared. Lady Hester's was a nose of wild ambitions, of pride grown fantastical, a nose that scorned the earth, shooting off, one fancies, toward some eternally eccentric heaven. It was a nose, in fact, altogether in the air.

2. Noses, of course, are aristocratic things; and Lady Hester was the child of a great aristocracy. But, in her case, the aristocratic impulse, which had carried her predecessors to glory, had less fortunate results. There has always been a strong strain of extravagance in the governing families

[1] From *Books and Characters* by Lytton Strachey, copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

of England; from time to time they throw off some peculiarly ill-balanced member, who performs a strange meteoric course. A century earlier, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was an illustrious example of this tendency: that splendid comet, after filling half the heavens, vanished suddenly into desolation and darkness. Lady Hester Stanhope's spirit was still more uncommon; and she met with a most uncommon fate.

3. She was born in 1776, the eldest daughter of that extraordinary Earl Stanhope, Jacobin and inventor, who made the first steamboat and the first calculating machine, who defended the French Revolution in the House of Lords and erased the armorial bearings—"damned aristocratical nonsense"—from his carriages and his plate. Her mother, Chatham's daughter and the favourite sister of Pitt, died when she was four years old. The second Lady Stanhope, a frigid woman of fashion, left her stepdaughters to the care of futile governesses, while "Citizen Stanhope" ruled the household from his laboratory with the violence of a tyrant. It was not until Lady Hester was twenty-four that she escaped from the slavery of her father's house, by going to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham. On Lady Chatham's death, three years later, Pitt offered her his protection, and she remained with him until his death in 1806.

4. Her three years with Pitt, passed in the very centre of splendid power, were brilliant and exciting. She flung herself impetuously into the movement and the passion of that vigorous society; she ruled her uncle's household with high vivacity; she was liked and courted; if not beautiful, she was fascinating—very tall, with a very fair and clear complexion, and dark-blue eyes, and a countenance of wonderful expressiveness. Her talk, full of the trenchant nonchalance of those days, was both amusing and alarming; "My dear Hester, what are you saying?" Pitt would call out to her from across the room. She was devoted to her uncle, who warmly returned her affection. She was devoted, too—but in a more dangerous fashion—to the intoxicating Antinous, Lord Granville Leveson Gower. The reckless manner in which she carried on this love-affair was the first indication of something overstrained, something wild and unaccountable, in her temperament. Lord Granville, after flirting with her outrageously, declared that he could never marry her, and went off on an embassy to St. Petersburg. Her distraction was extreme: she hinted that she would follow him to Russia; she threatened, and perhaps attempted, suicide; she went about telling everybody that he had jilted her. She was taken ill, and then there were rumours of an accouchement, which, it was said, she took care to *afficher*, by appearing without rouge and fainting on the slightest provocation. In the midst of these excursions and alarums there was a terrible and unexpected catastrophe. Pitt died. And Lady Hester suddenly found herself a dethroned princess, living in a small house in Montagu Square on a pension of £1200 a year.

5. She did not abandon society, however, and the tongue of gossip continued to wag. Her immediate marriage with a former lover, Mr. Hill, was announced: "il est bien bon," said Lady Bessborough. Then it was whispered that Canning was "le régnant"—that he was with her "not only all day, but almost all night." She quarrelled with Canning and became attached to Sir John Moore. Whether she was actually engaged to marry him—as she seems to have asserted many years later—is doubtful; his letters to her, full as they are of respectful tenderness, hardly warrant the conclusion; but it is certain that he died with her name on his lips. Her favourite brother, Charles, was killed beside him; and it was natural that under this double blow she should have retired from London. She buried herself in Wales; but not for long. In 1810 she set sail for Gibraltar with her brother James, who was rejoining his regiment in the Peninsula. She never returned to England.

6. There can be no doubt that at the time of her departure the thought of a lifelong exile was far from her mind. It was only gradually, as she moved further and further eastward, that the prospect of life in England—at last even in Europe—grew distasteful to her; as late as 1816 she was talking of a visit to Provence. Accompanied by two or three English fellow travellers, her English maid, Mrs. Fry, her private physician, Dr. Meryon, and a host of servants, she progressed, slowly and in great state, through Malta and Athens to Constantinople. She was conveyed in battleships, and lodged with governors and ambassadors. After spending many months in Constantinople, Lady Hester discovered that she was "dying to see Napoleon with her own eyes," and attempted accordingly to obtain passports to France. The project was stopped by Stratford Canning, the English Minister, upon which she decided to visit Egypt, and, chartering a Greek vessel, sailed for Alexandria in the winter of 1811. Off the island of Rhodes a violent storm sprang up, the whole party were forced to abandon the ship, and to take refuge upon a bare rock, where they remained without food or shelter for thirty hours. Eventually, after many severe privations, Alexandria was reached in safety; but this disastrous voyage was a turning-point in Lady Hester's career. At Rhodes she was forced to exchange her torn and dripping raiment for the attire of a Turkish gentleman—a dress which she never afterwards abandoned. It was the first step in her orientalisation.

7. She passed the next two years in a triumphal progress. Her appearance in Cairo caused the greatest sensation, and she was received in state by the Pasha, Mehemet Ali. Her costume on this occasion was gorgeous: she wore a turban of cashmere, a brocaded waistcoat, a priceless pelisse, and a vast pair of purple velvet pantaloons embroidered all over in gold. She was ushered by chamberlains with silver wands through the inner courts of the palace to a pavilion in the harem, where the Pasha, rising to receive her,

conversed with her for an hour. From Cairo she turned northwards, visiting Jaffa, Jerusalem, Acre, and Damascus. Her travelling dress was of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold and, when on horseback, she wore over the whole a white-hooded and tasselled burnous. Her maid, too, was forced, protesting, into trousers, though she absolutely refused to ride astride. Poor Mrs. Fry had gone through various and dreadful sufferings—shipwreck and starvation, rats and blackbeetles unspeakable—but she retained her equanimity. Whatever her Ladyship might think fit to be, *she* was an Englishwoman to the last, and Philippaki was Philip Parker and Mustapha Mr Farr.

8. Outside Damascus, Lady Hester was warned that the town was the most fanatical in Turkey, and that the scandal of a woman entering it in man's clothes, unveiled, would be so great as to be dangerous. She was begged to veil herself, and to make her entry under cover of darkness. "I must take the bull by the horns," she replied, and rode into the city unveiled at midday. The population were thunderstruck; but at last their amazement gave way to enthusiasm, and the incredible lady was hailed everywhere as Queen, crowds followed her, coffee was poured out before her, and the whole bazaar rose as she passed. Yet she was not satisfied with her triumphs; she would do something still more glorious and astonishing; she would plunge into the desert and visit the ruins of Palmyra, which only half-a-dozen of the boldest travellers had ever seen. The Pasha of Damascus offered her a military escort, but she preferred to throw herself upon the hospitality of the Bedouin Arabs, who, overcome by her horsemanship, her powers of sight, and her courage, enrolled her a member of their tribe. After a week's journey in their company she reached Palmyra, where the inhabitants met her with wild enthusiasm, and under the Corinthian columns of Zenobia's temple crowned her head with flowers. This happened in March 1813, it was the apogee of Lady Hester's life. Henceforward her fortunes gradually but steadily declined.

9. The rumour of her exploits had spread through Syria, and from the year 1813 onwards, her reputation was enormous. She was received everywhere as a royal, almost as a supernatural, personage: she progressed from town to town amid official prostrations and popular rejoicings. But she herself was in a state of hesitation and discontent. Her future was uncertain, she had grown scornful of the West—must she return to it? The East alone was sympathetic, the East alone was tolerable—but could she cut herself off for ever from the past? At Laodicea she was suddenly struck down by the plague, and, after months of illness, it was borne in upon her that all was vanity. She rented an empty monastery on the slopes of Mount Lebanon, not far from Sayda (the ancient Sidon), and took up her abode there. Then her mind took a new surprising turn; she dashed to Ascalon, and, with the permission of the Sultan, began excavations in a ruined temple with the object of discovering a hidden treasure of three million pieces of gold.

Having unearthed nothing but an antique statue, which, in order to prove her disinterestedness, she ordered her appalled doctor to break into little bits, she returned to her monastery. Finally, in 1816, she moved to another house, further up Mount Lebanon, and near the village of Djoun; and at Djoun she remained until her death more than twenty years later.

10. Thus, almost accidentally as it seems, she came to the end of her wanderings, and the last, long, strange, mythical period of her existence began. Certainly the situation that she had chosen was sublime. Her house, on the top of a high bare hill among great mountains, was a one-storied group of buildings, with many ramifying courts and out-houses, and a garden of several acres surrounded by a rampart wall. The garden, which she herself had planted and tended with the utmost care, commanded a glorious prospect. On every side but one the vast mountains towered, but to the west there was an opening, through which, in the far distance, the deep blue Mediterranean was revealed. From this romantic hermitage, her singular renown spread over the world. European travellers who had been admitted to her presence brought back stories full of Eastern mystery; they told of a peculiar grandeur, a marvellous prestige, an imperial power. The precise nature of Lady Hester's empire was, indeed, dubious, she was in fact merely the tenant of her Djoun establishment, for which she paid a rent of £20 a year. But her dominion was not subject to such limitations. She ruled imaginatively, transcendentally; the solid glory of Chatham had been transmuted into the phantasy of an Arabian Night. No doubt she herself believed that she was something more than a chimerical Empress. When a French traveller was murdered in the desert, she issued orders for the punishment of the offenders; punished they were, and Lady Hester actually received the solemn thanks of the French Chamber. It seems probable, however, that it was the Sultan's orders rather than Lady Hester's which produced the desired effect. In her feud with her terrible neighbour, the Emir Beshyr, she maintained an undaunted front. She kept the tyrant at bay, but perhaps the Emir, who, so far as physical force was concerned, held her in the hollow of his hand, might have proceeded to extremities if he had not received a severe admonishment from Stratford Canning at Constantinople. What is certain is that the ignorant and superstitious populations around her feared and loved her, and that she, reacting to her own mysterious prestige, became at last even as they. She plunged into astrology and divination; she awaited the moment when, in accordance with prophecy, she should enter Jerusalem side by side with the Mahdi, the Messiah; she kept two sacred horses, destined, by sure signs, to carry her and him to their last triumph. The Orient had mastered her utterly. She was no longer an Englishwoman, she declared; she loathed England; she would never go there again; if she went anywhere, it would be to Arabia, to "her own people."

11. Her expenses were immense—not only for herself but for others, for she poured out her hospitality with a noble hand. She ran into debt, and was swindled by the money-lenders; her steward cheated her, her servants pilfered her, her distress was at last acute. She fell into fits of terrible depression, bursting into dreadful tears and savage cries. Her habits grew more and more eccentric. She lay in bed all day, and sat up all night, talking unceasingly for hour upon hour to Dr. Meryon, who alone of her English attendants remained with her, Mrs. Fry having withdrawn to more congenial scenes long since. The doctor was a poor-spirited and muddle-headed man, but he was a good listener, and there he sat while that extraordinary talk flowed on—talk that scaled the heavens and ransacked the earth, talk in which memories of an abolished past—stories of Mr. Pitt and of George III., vituperations against Mr. Canning, mimicries of the Duchess of Devonshire—mingled phantasmagorically with doctrines of Fate and planetary influence, and speculations on the Arabian origin of the Scottish clans, and lamentations over the wickedness of servants, till the unaccountable figure, with its robes and its long pipe, loomed through the tobacco-smoke like some vision of a Sibyl in a dream. She might be robbed and ruined, her house might crumble over her head, but she talked on. She grew ill and desperate, yet still she talked. Did she feel that the time was coming when she should talk no more?

12. Her melancholy deepened into a settled gloom when the news came of her brother James's death. She had quarrelled with all her English friends, except Lord Hardwicke—with her eldest brother, with her sister, whose kind letters she left unanswered, she was at daggers drawn with the English consul at Alexandria, who worried her about her debts. Ill and harassed, she hardly moved from her bedroom, while her servants rifled her belongings and reduced the house to a condition of indescribable disorder and filth. Three dozen hungry cats ranged through the rooms, filling the courts with frightful noises. Dr. Meryon, in the midst of it all, knew not whether to cry or laugh. At moments the great lady regained her ancient fire; her bells pealed tumultuously for hours together, or she leapt up, and arraigned the whole trembling household before her, with her Arab war-mace in her hand. Her finances grew more and more involved—grew at length irremediable. It was in vain that the faithful Lord Hardwicke pressed her to return to England to settle her affairs. Return to England, indeed! To England, that ungrateful, miserable country, where, so far as she could see, they had forgotten the very name of Mr. Pitt! The final blow fell when a letter came from the English authorities threatening to cut off her pension for the payment of her debts. Upon that, after dispatching a series of furious missives to Lord Palmerston, to Queen Victoria, to the Duke of Wellington, she renounced the world. She commanded Dr. Meryon to return to Europe, and he—how could he have done it?—obeyed her. Her

health was broken, she was over sixty, and, save for her vile servants, absolutely alone. She lived for nearly a year after he left her—we know no more. She had vowed never again to pass through the gate of her house; but did she sometimes totter to her garden—that beautiful garden which she had created, with its roses and its fountains, its alleys and its bowers—and look westward at the sea? The end came in June 1839. Her servants immediately possessed themselves of every moveable object in the house. But Lady Hester cared no longer: she was lying back in her bed—inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air.

THE SOUL OF FLORIDA[1]

Fred Lewis Pattee

Fred Lewis Pattee (1863-), literary critic and teacher, has taught literature at the University of Pennsylvania and Rollins College. He now resides at Coronado Beach, Florida.

The author points out that this essay is an attempt to find the personality of Florida—to present a "psychograph" of Florida. The material of the essay is, however, highly selective, for as in much of the best writing the author's purpose is to communicate a dominant impression rather than to set forth an array of facts and figures about Florida. A geographer, an economist, or a historian, therefore, would write a vastly different analysis. This should be kept in mind as the essay is evaluated.

This essay contains many allusions which if familiar to the student will make the essay more meaningful. Check over the list in the following sentence. Then turn to the accompanying exercise material and work out the matching test, which is a part of the exercise under Analysis: "Never Never Land" (1), "Sindbad's Valley of the Diamonds" (1), "Vanity Fair" (7), "Parnassus" (11), "Undine" (12), "Egdon Heath" (12), "Fountain of Youth" (16), "Jason" (21), "Old Boreas" (26), "Rabbit hole of escape" (36).

1. Florida from the Easter morning of its discovery has been a Never Never Land, the domain that can be defined only in terms of escape. Always has it connoted romance, and what is romance but escape? Think of how Florida came to your childhood. Oranges, alligators, flamingoes, St. Augustine the oldest American city, the Fountain of Youth, the Seminoles: in that order it came to me. An actual visit to Florida in that wonder-laden era of my life would have been for me an adventure supreme, like an airplane descent into Sindbad's Valley of the Diamonds or a landing from a wreck upon the island of the Swiss Family Robinson. And adventure, what is that but escape?

2. Always has Florida been Never Never Land—adventure, romance, city of refuge. Always has it meant escape, always a mirage beautiful beyond reality, always the land poets see from their ivory tower:

> In the afternoon they came into a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon
> All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream
> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon

Florida of course, and what more natural sequence than

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and Duke University Press, from *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, October, 1944.

"We will return no more,"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave, we will return no more"

Florida is peopled with such lingerers.

3. Cooper, the romancer, never saw this Never Never Land where all is South with East and West unknown, but he described it adequately in his romance *The Crater*, which is laid in "those remote and sweet islands where the Craterines make their home." Herman Melville never saw it in actuality, but he dreamed of it and he called his dream *Typee*. The bookshelves are full of such dreamings. Lafcadio Hearn's *Two Years in the West Indies* glimpsed the tropic soul of Florida as no one else had ever done. Walt Whitman, too, though his feet never touched Florida soil, dreamed of such a clime and voiced his dream in a lyric which might be engraved over every portal leading to the Sunshine State:

Lo, the most excellent sun, so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars.

II

4. The recording of American history seems to have taken a new turn. Possibly a new *genre* is in the making. When a decade ago in a moment of financial disaster our historians were put on relief by the government, they were directed to make careful studies of designated units, like individual states, sections, even rivers. A concerted effort seems to have been made to seek for uniquenesses, individualities—for "soul" let us say. Even states and rivers, it was found, could be psychographed. In a single publishing season we were given four different studies of the Vermontness of Vermont. The Maineness of Maine was analyzed, and then came the river series culminating in Branch Cabell's portrait of the Floridaness of the Floridian St. Johns, which flows north.

5. In earlier days factual materials dominated. In the last years of the century local strangeness was emphasized. Then came the Taine-like attempt to show that human characteristics were molded by physical environment. A reviewer, for instance, of a recent study of a Down-East locality summed it up as not an attempt to present mere physical characteristics, but as a "book about the spirits and lives of men as molded by that unique entity the State of Maine." A state, therefore, by this logic can have a personality, or even a "soul," like Hardy's Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*, which was made a living entity, sinister and compelling, the leading character in the novel.

6. But what of Florida? Can one by probing deep below its outer cover-

ings find a soul—*the* soul of Florida? No one as yet has done much probing. I have a five-foot shelf of Florida books, and not one of them deals with aught but the surface of the state—climate, industries, commerce, flora, fauna, agriculture, factual history, picturesque uniquenesses. The Floridaness of Florida—who, even of its novelists, has sought for that? A few scattered localities have been used as backgrounds for unusual adventurings, but nothing deeper than this. The real meaning of Florida, the stamp it puts on its residents, the "soul" that makes it a state unique, who has ever laid bare these primal elements?

III

7. Like all the other fragments of the Union, Florida is infinitely various. Each observer touring the state has come back with reports colored with his own likes and dislikes, his own experiences in other areas, his own readings, and enthusiasms, his own vocation. To Bradford Torrey, who toured the northern counties in the mid eighteen-seventies, Florida was an aviary full of strange birds. To Mrs. Rawlings, author of *South Moon Under* and *The Yearling*, Florida is a tiny neighborhood of "Crackers" living in "The Big Scrub." Her emphasis is upon the strange, primitive savageness of this "Scrub" corner of Florida. To Mrs. Stowe and Miss Woolson writing in the "local color" days of Bret Harte and Cable, Florida was a picturesque Southern newness—strangeness and beauty, which is one definition of romance. And always they painted it in heightened colors.

8. When Henry James visited the state, its tropic profusion, its marvelous climate, its floral settings made upon him no impression. He was simply bored. "The beaches in especial," he wrote, "were to acquire a trick of getting on one's nerves." Florida to him was simply "hotel land." Palm Beach was "the American Vanity Fair." The Ponce de Leon hostelry in St. Augustine was the only thing in the state that he could endure. It brought him back into Europe-like civilization. Florida he summed up with a single epithet, "anticlimax."

9. To Prince Achille Murat, who lived long near Tallahassee, it was much the same. Writing in 1834 to his Uncle Louis Bonaparte, he characterized Florida as an area of savagery, wholly unspiritual. "Here, isolated in the woods . . . out of tune with the activities of other people, the animal nature gains the upper hand over the spiritual."

10. The poet Lanier half a century later, interned in Florida for months by order of his doctor, also found the state unendurable. At first he had been entranced by the strangeness and the tropic beauty of the west Gulf area, where he had elected to spend his prescribed winter, but after three months of residence he had disobeyed his doctor, who had told him that to go North before the opening summer would be his death, and had broke away home into "civilization." The state had depressed him frightfully and

had bored him beyond endurance. There was in Florida, he declared, no slightest trace of the spiritual, nothing at all to bring to an eager soul poetic exhilaration.

11. Which proves that external nature alone inspires no great poetry. To be poetry flying at Parnassus heights the soul of it must be humanity. And what Florida poet has sung of anything Floridian save the physical stage settings of the state. Clinton Scollard, a poetic soul long resident below the St. Johns, put much of Florida into his verse, but even in so beautiful a lyric as his "Farewell to Florida" he mentions only trees, birds, flowers, climate.

12. Therefore, say the philosophers, Florida has no more soul than a cabbage palm. It is the Undine state, beautiful externally, but unhuman, devoid of all we may term "soul." It is an Egdon Heath to which no native ever returns, for there are no real natives.

13. Much of this indictment, unfortunately, no argument can combat. It is true that with the exception of the Seminole Indians, themselves comparatively recent importations, and in addition to them the Negro populations, mostly composed of descendants of runaway Georgia slaves in prewar days, there are no types one can call distinctly Floridian. The small scatterings of "shine"-distilling Crackers in scattered jungle recesses of the state, and the few descendants of the Minorcans in the St. Augustine area can hardly be called typical Floridians. Nor can the scattered descendants of pioneers who arrived before the era of railroad and automobile be held up as all-Florida representatives. Each of these elements exists by itself, ignorant and even contemptuous of the others. The oldest settled area of the United States, Florida is yet too young to have acquired a definite human individuality.

14. And with the advent of the automobile even the ghost of a unity among the scattered human elements in the state vanished. The automobile builds no permanence. Its soul is swift movement, and the headlong variety that it demands makes only for disunity. The area below the St. Johns River—I am speaking now of pre-World-War Florida, tourist Florida—what is it but a colossal State fair, everybody today; nobody tomorrow? In the last war-free winter, . . . it is estimated that two and a half millions of people swarmed into the state in December and January and then swarmed out again in March and April. . . . Consider the trailers of the tourist era. In a single winter week a vacant field would balloon itself into a city with a thousand dwellings, with an elected mayor and officials. Whole families in these trailers, with children, with schools, and with city conveniences. In March it would begin to dwindle and in April it would be gone like a dream of a night. All over the state these trailer groups. Like a great butterfly migration, a nondescript mass would alight, rest for a period, and then be gone, who shall say whither? The hot Florida summer, unre-

lieved save at breathing places along the ocean beaches, was for the most of the state a blank, utter doldrums until the southern migration of the butterfly swarm swept back in December. Can a state like this have a unified individuality? Can it evolve from its local conditions anything like a "soul"?

15. A recent writer, probing for the soul of Florida, gave up in despair. "How shall we conquer?" he asked. "By the heat, I suppose," and thereupon he quoted a snatch from Sherwood Anderson "So you visit the South too, Charles. You want the warm sun, cockroaches on the walls and in cracks, birds floating in a hot, still blue sky, that amazing, never-to-be-forgotten song of insect life under your feet." Does Florida mean no more than this?

IV

16. Again I answer, Florida is escape, a domain beyond the rabbit-hole where romance still lingers. Romance is entwined into the history of the state. At the very start is the Fountain of Youth, sheer romance. "A rumor was abroad," runs the ancient legend, "among the natives of the Bahamas, of Cuba, and even of Yucatan, that in a land to the north was a fountain of water, whose crystal waves restored health to the sick, and youth to the aged." A savage myth, it has become the most famous legend in American history. And as the years have gone by, it has more and more lost its mythical nature and become cold fact No one questions now this Florida fountain of youth. Many thousands have found it, not only the St. Augustine wellspring, but fountains innumerable over all the magic peninsula, and drinking have found renewed health and restored youthfulness.

17. The soul of Florida, therefore, is to be sought first of all in the romance which like an Indian summer glow has been over it from the first. Florida has meant adventure even up to these days of automobiles and concrete highways. To most Northerners a first trip to Florida is a startling experience. Weather, flora, fauna utterly new. The suddenness of the change is disconcerting. All in a moment one has jumped from the unglamorous temperate zone into the new world of the tropics To quote a recent writer: "Florida is unique. Its climate, its soil and the products of its soil, its geography and topography, its birds, beasts, and fishes, its trees and flowers are outside the experience of the rest of the United States."

18. The untraveled Northerner lays aside his logic at Jacksonville along with his overcoat and rubbers. The St. Johns River runs north, bananas grow upside down. Everywhere paradox even as Henry James declared. Florida, one of the youngest of the states, is nevertheless the grandfather of them all. Florida was on the maps of the world as Florida before Massachusetts and Virginia had ever been named. It had a chain of a dozen Catholic missions for civilizing the Indians, with stone mission buildings now picturesque ruins, before California had ever been seen by Europeans.

It had schoolhouses when Massachusetts was a mere wilderness, untouched by the Puritans.

19. New England with meager materials as compared with Florida's has created a long shelf of permanent classics dealing with its legends and its history. She was fortunate in having the poets and the romancers to make glorious what she had, but poets Florida never has had. What would have been the result in literary classics had Florida been privileged to have a "flowering" period with a school of creators like that which gathered about Emerson?

20. As a single instance, would not Osceola have been elevated to Hiawatha stature—Osceola who defied the entire American army and whose little band of warriors never was defeated and never to this day have surrendered? Vividly I recall how, in my own romantic boyhood, on a black Friday afternoon when "speeches" before the school were commanded, I spouted the poem from the school reader, "The Seminole's Reply" while the school giggled:

Blaze with your serried columns!
I will not bow the knee,
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm that now is free!

A Northern poet wrote that fiery lyric.

21. What richer materials could poet or romancer want than Ponce de Leon, who believed he had found the enchanted island of Bimini at the world's romantic end? And following him was to come De Soto, a dream-haunted Jason, who searched all Florida and beyond for the Golden Fleece fate was to deny him. Then the long line of pioneers, all of them dreamers and seers of visions, among them Andrew Jackson, once dictator of all Florida. Then, coming to mere yesterday, there was the modern saga of Flagler and Plant. Happy the land that begins its history with legend and romance—and more than happy that land if it has poets who have crystallized that romance into permanence. But alas for Florida: her poets were not epic.

22. But poets one found even in Florida. The state has an official poet laureate, who issues a yearly anthology of nosegays Floridian. The Florida moon undoubtedly inspires poets, but moon-inspired lyrics when viewed under the sun, even the never-clouded Florida sun, must usually be rated with artificial flowers. Everybody entering Florida feels poetic, especially if entering for the first time. Everywhere one is greeted by the decoratively poetic. Even the streamlined railroad trains headed South read like the titles of poems. Consider the magic carpets headed for Miami: The Flamingo, The Seminole, The Ponce de Leon, The Everglades, The Royal Poinciana. Hotels along every Florida trail are bedecked from Florida his-

tory and legend: Villa Hermosa, Princess Issena, Casa Basque, Prince Murat—everywhere romance, everywhere the atmosphere of a foreign land, everywhere touches of strangeness. The nomenclature, much of it imported for the boom period when Florida went loco, all is poetic: consider the street names of one major city: Royal Palm Way, Lantana, Olive, Clematis, Pomciana, Jessamine Every city, every town, has its poetic slogan, emblazoned over archways, prominent in its advertising: Sebring, "The Orange Blossom City", Tarpon Springs, "The Venice of the South", Ocala, "The Kingdom of the Sun", Clearwater, "Where It's Spring All the Year"; Vero Beach, "Where the Tropics Begin"; Florida, "Where Summer Goes to Spend the Winter."

23. Poetry in all of its amazing mass of advertising. This on a pamphlet advertising the oldest city. "There is a charm about St. Augustine so unmistakable that its force is felt when the visitor alights at the railroad station . . . If by this time the dreamy spirit of the city has gripped you, as it did me, in fancy the old fort will be alive with swashbuckling buccaneers who so many years ago fought their battles in and around the place." Happy our land that it has one nook in its area forever to be dedicated to romance.

V

24. But to most of the millions who turn South when December pounces down from the Arctic, Florida is escape: escape from "the great white cold." And now let me quote from a classic not yet in print, my own *Florida Rubaiyat*, soon to be used in schools

Awake! arise and hear the North Wind roar,
Awake! the mercury was never lower,
Arise, and take your all but frozen wife
To Florida, the winter's open door

For now the dust can throw the cold aside
And naked on the Florida beaches ride
Is't not a sin, is't not a foolish sin,
In frozen Northland bundled to abide?

25. Not long ago before the war, . . . the roads on the Florida ganglia of pikes were filled during December and early January with a continuous motorcade. Every driver in the whole procession seemed infected with a mad escape mania. The coastal highways in their more southerly sections are beelines for long distances, sometimes visible even to the skyline, and they are miraculously free from small villages with stop lights. As a result, all the plungers into Florida exceeded every speed limit, even to eighty and more an hour, as if murder had been done and the road cops were behind. Like a mob of fugitives it was from a sacked city. The riders looked not at all at the scenery of the Old South whirling by them. As if fleeing some fearful enemy, something swift and terrible behind, the driver and all with him looked

not behind but only before them at the flying road. And, in all truth, behind them there was indeed a ruthless foe, the most ancient of enemies: the Northern winter. *Sauve qui peut!* Florida ho! The remnant left behind, who worried about them? Let the college co-eds and carnival-makers crown Old Boreas as king if they think it fun, and let them dance for him if they so desire on heavy skis, the most leaden of all footwear, and build snow palaces and carve ice Venuses; but for the fleeing mass Florida—Florida at speeds limited only by the power of the car. That was the spirit of the December Dixie Pike.

26. And arrived in the Florida hostelry what a sense of triumph, what endless sunshine, what Florida moons at full the winter long. As one looks back, it seems so. And in the warm foyer after the dinner, when letters from the North had come, what shouts when the coldest of the lot was reached with thirty below recorded. How lucky to have escaped!

They say the walrus and the polar bear
Alone can now the Boston East Winds dare,
And Cotton Mather, were he now alive,
Would have to ski to church on Scollay Square

Escape! Florida is escape, escape from the East Wind and the great white cold.

VI

27. Merely to seek shelter from the cold inspires, however, no heroics. If this is all that Florida stands for, then she is but a steam-heated hostelry supplied with creature comforts. No "soul" there. But Florida is more than this. She is a city of refuge for millions who would perish but for her open door. My slogan for the state is, "Florida: Land of the Second Chance." One can view her in terms of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims. To parody the ancient poet, in December of every year, all Northern folks "longen to goon on pilgrimages,"

And specially, from every shires ende
Of all the North, to Florida they wende,
The holy blisful clymate for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

28. Note the sitters on the mile of blue benches along the St. Petersburg sidewalk. Every one of them is old, most are feeble; many have been sent to Florida by physicians. Numbers of them would have died in the blustery, frozen North, but now they have a second chance.

29. But the second-chance slogan covers vastly more territory than this. On all the roads of Florida, north or south, one finds old people who have begun life anew. Father and mother, their children reared and scattered, their lifework seemingly done, go to Florida for a winter, find an inexpensive cottage with land annexed, buy it and soon are living their lives in a second edition, building a nest as they did years ago in their first venture

in living, furnishing their house for utter comfort, planting oranges and papayas, and a January garden, and tropic shrubbery and flowers. Ten and even twenty years it may add to their lives

30. Bradford Torrey, in his Florida travels, found near Ormond Beach such a second-chance home. Near its door a hale old man was "shovelling a path through the sand—just as at that moment (February 24) thousands of Yankee householders were shovelling paths through the snow, which then was reported by the newspapers to be seventeen inches deep in the streets of Boston. His reverend air and his long black coat proclaimed him a clergyman past all possibility of doubt. He seemed to have got to heaven before death, the place was so attractive."

31. Many similar experiences I have had. Once passing a neat cottage on the lower St. Johns, we found it marvelously embowered with papaya trees in full fruitage—from twenty to forty of the melonlike fruit on each tree Big as Hubbard squashes some of them, and flavored a bit like the muskmelon. At least twelve loaded trees in the front yard. We tooted the customer signal, and an alert and vigorous old man of more than eighty, we judged, came and announced the price as "two for two bits." Marvelously cheap. As we were making change, a tourist car, expensively equipped, drew up before the cottage. "What are them things on that bush, cantilopes?" asked the driver. "No, sir. Oh, no. Them ain't cantilopes. Them's Florida hickory nuts." The driver shook his head and drove on.

32. Surely this was no Florida Cracker.

33. "Pardon me," we said. "You are a New Englander, aren't you?"

34. "Not at all, not on your tintype. I'm from Down East. I'm from the State of Maine. Been here fifteen years and have only just begun. Great state for old folks like us. Maine in winter is a leetle too brash."

35. It is perfectly safe to ask anyone you find in Florida where he lived before he came South. As a colored mammy once expressed it to us, "Everybody in Florida is from somewhere else and going somewhere else. Nobody comes down but jest has-beens up North."

36. Part two of our Florida parable has pathos in it. Sooner or later one of the aged couple is taken by death. They were old to begin with, and the little Florida Eden they created could not endure for long. With one of them dead, the cottage and its settings become for the other uninhabitable. The children in the North, bound down by jobs and family responsibilities, can make no use of the property. For a time they pay the taxes, and through an agent rent the place, but renters mean ruin. Then they sell it and another aged couple buys it and begins the Florida cycle. . . . There'll be, they say, another Florida Boom. Heaven help us if there is, but no other state, all admit, is so greatly worth the booming. All should know its worth. Touch it where you will; uniqueness will be there. Happy the nation that has set aside for itself one corner of its area dedicated to romance, one spot where the rabbit-hole of escape is always open.

THE U. S. A.[1]

The Editors of Fortune

Articles printed in Fortune *are usually produced by the co-operation of a number of scholars, journalists, and writers on the* Fortune *staff, who like to call their technique "group journalism." Many different members make suggestions and do the necessary research on a single article. Usually, however, the actual composition is left largely to one writer. Henry R. Luce is the editor of* Fortune, *as well as of* Time *and* Life. *Patricia Dwyer is in charge of the research staff.*

1. Less by definition than by achievement, the United States is the greatest nation on earth. Everybody knows it, everybody believes it, everybody says it—usually without quite knowing why. It isn't the greatest nation in size. Its continental area of 3,026,789 square miles is less than half the size of the Soviet Union, and smaller than Canada or Brazil. It is almost once and a half the size of Europe without the Soviet Union, but with all possessions it occupies only 7 per cent of the total land area of the world, whereas the British Empire sprawls across a third of the globe, Soviet Russia's chunk equals 14 per cent, and the French reservation another 8 per cent. The U. S. isn't the greatest nation by nose count. Its population of 130,085,000 is small compared to 450,000,000 Chinese, 353,000,000 Indians, and 170,000,000 Russians. Per square mile it has only forty-three inhabitants, and is more sparsely settled than any of the major nations with the exception of Soviet Russia; in contrast the 742 persons per square mile in England seems almost fantastic. Nor is the U. S. by any means the fastest-growing nation. Its birth rate has declined from 23.7 per thousand in 1920 to 17.9 per thousand estimated for 1938, and in a couple of decades at this rate persons of fifty or over will constitute the dominant population bloc.

2. In spite of an unparalleled industrial civilization, the U. S. is not predominantly a manufacturing nation. Manufacturing accounts for less than a fifth of the country's total realized income, whereas in the United Kingdom and Japan over 30 per cent of national income is derived from factory trades, in Sweden 40 per cent. The U. S. has built the world's most fabulous cities, but it is not the most urbanized nation, even though the population of citified New York exceeds that of either Canada or Argentina,

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the editors, from *Fortune*, February, 1940. Copyright *Time* Inc.

[2] There is an article on the staff organization of *Fortune*, entitled "Romantic Business," by William A. Lydgate, in *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1938.

and though Pennsylvania has more inhabitants than Belgium or Hungary, citified Illinois more than Finland and Denmark together. But less than 30 per cent of U. S. citizens live in big cities. In England nearly 45 per cent of the people dwell in cities of 100,000 or more, and in Germany over 30 per cent. The U. S. is still predominantly small-town and rural, not metropolitan.

3. Commonly presumed to be wealthier in natural resources than any other nation, the U. S. in some respects is probably equaled and in others exceeded by the British Empire and the Soviet Union, and its reserves may someday be equaled by those awaiting exploitation or discovery in South Africa, South America, and the hinterland of Asia. Furthermore, the U. S. has certain vital deficiencies. It consumes more than half the world's rubber crop, grows none. It drinks half the world's coffee, and again grows none. It uses three-fourths of the world's raw silk without cultivating any silkworms to speak of. It brings in (mainly from Argentina) 15 per cent of its hides. Its production of sugar, taken with that supplied by U. S. island possessions, is about 12 per cent of the world's total, but it consumes 20 per cent, and that 8 per cent difference amounts to 2,770,000 tons. It has virtually no tin, or platinum, or chromite, or antimony, precious little manganese, quicksilver, tungsten, and nickel. Granted that the superb U. S. technology could stop some of these gaps if war or other *force majeure* cut off imports, the fact remains that in a number of categories the U. S. is far from being independent of the outside world.

4. But in spite of all lacks and unfavorable comparisons the U. S. *is* the greatest nation on earth. It might be great simply on account of its 3,026,789 square miles. It might again be great on account of its 130,085,000 people. It might be great because of its tremendous agriculture. It might be great because of its vast industrialization. It might be great on account of basic mineral and energy resources. It might have greatness of a sort because of its political system. But its actual greatness rests not on these single assets, but on their combination. The greatness of the U. S. is the sum of a vast land area, a great, resourceful population of diverse origins and talents, a great agriculture of such richness that it embarrasses; a universal industry of cosmic dimensions; an enormous treasury of resources; a form of government that has stimulated the optimum development of all the components of the economy. It is the compounding of all these sources of greatness that makes the U. S. great.

5. And it is this compounding that has resulted in the creation of an American superman. For in a civilization based on energy and productivity the meaning and the effectiveness of every U. S. citizen are magnified and extended. Each has the largest per capita share of the world's coal and corn and iron ore and wheat and electricity and automobiles and bathtubs and radios and telephones and machines in general. It is as a nation of indus-

trialized individuals who are in effect supermen that the U. S. has attained wealth, productivity, and strength far beyond comparison with any other nation, or, for that matter, most combinations of nations.

6. Just as the greatness of the U. S. is a source of wonder and envy to the rest of the world, so the character of the U. S. people has always been a tantalizing enigma. The English are "great colonizers" and "shopkeepers." The French are "a gay nation, fond of light wines and dancing." The Russians invariably are "mad," the Orientals "inscrutable," the Germans "thorough," the Italians "sentimental." Doubtless these epithets are highly inaccurate, but no handle has ever been fitted to the American character, and in spite of numerous attempts the psychoanalysis of the race is yet to be made. The world's statesmen have spent a century and a half trying to understand Americans, and countless European commentators have swarmed across the U. S. The commentators have gone everywhere, seen everything, talked with everyone, taken mountains of notes, and gone home to write searching books about the U. S., which invariably turn out to be no more than delightful commentaries on the commentators. The U. S. has been called "Uncle Shylock," the "Land of Greed," the "Land of Dollar Grabbers," but let a famine develop in Asia or a war break out in Africa or an earthquake level a city in South America and at once Americans rush to the rescue with fleets of supplies, or money, or ambulances, or anything else that would come in handy.

7. The U. S. is the world's greatest democracy, but its fundamental law was written mainly by aristocrats and conservatives who feared the people. The U. S. is the world's most tireless advocate of the principles of freedom, equality, tolerance, and due process of law. Yet it is peculiarly susceptible to wholly undemocratic outbursts of mob violence resulting in lynchings, repression, and vigilantism; and every so often it produces a Ku Klux Klan or a Black Legion, and it supports a fair share of indigenous fascist movements. The U. S. is a law-abiding nation, which recorded 1,400,000 major crimes in 1937 and has a hard time finding jail space to house the criminals. It has a divine faith in the power of legislation. It spends more money on making laws and governing itself than any other country, outside of the U.S.S.R., and it takes a peculiar satisfaction in circumventing or ignoring its own laws. The U. S. is the arch-enemy of injustice throughout the world, and sounds off at frequent intervals on the iniquities of foreign governments, foreign philosophies, and foreign methods based on persecution, imperialism, and force; yet it tolerates the most brutal exploitation of certain classes of its own people and shrugs nonchalantly at the organized persecution of unpopular characters. So close to the frontier that many a living man has filed notches in his gun, the U. S. has canonized its most colorful banditti—Jesse James and Billy the Kid are typical heroes—and

exhibits a thinly disguised admiration for its Dillingers and Baby Face Nelsons.

8. The U. S. has over 30,000,000 students enrolled in schools and colleges. But over 4 per cent of the population is illiterate, a rate comparing unfavorably with the averages of most European countries. The U. S. is a religious nation, with 64,000,000 churchgoers who occasionally visit 248,000 churches to worship and play Bingo. It is a nation of home and family lovers, and its divorce rate of sixteen per hundred marriages is next to the highest in the world

INTEGRATION OF A UNIVERSE

9. But if Americans are altogether too paradoxical for any compact description, at least they can be measured in terms of their major achievement. That achievement has been the integration within the boundaries of a single, unified nation of the infinite variety of racial, cultural, economic, and geographic components of the U. S scene.

10. In the beginning there were pioneers who created pioneer colonies based on the pioneer ideal of self-sufficiency. Although they achieved a loose political unity when they were leagued under the Articles of Confederation, for all practical purposes they remained separate nations. Even under the Constitution the states placed their individual interests above the national interest, and this selfishness—becoming sectional- led to the Civil War. But a nation had been created, the frontier was pushed westward, and industry became a strong integrating force. A northern factory might employ southern labor and sell to the West; and the transcontinental railroads helped bind the nation together with their long steel tracks. For industry was essentially national rather than sectional or regional. It prospered in the expanding free-trade area.

11. See the sweep, the magnitude of the achievement. On the map this gigantic slab of earth confronts the mind, the eye, and the imagination like a cake too big to eat. There is a thumb thrust toward the warm Caribbean, and here a fist reaching for icebergs in the North Atlantic. Here is the gentle loveliness of velvet lawns and flaming autumn hillsides in New England, and here the parched, harsh desolation of the prairies on a snowless day in winter. Here is East Texas as flat as a frozen lake, and here the high Sierras with their snowy crests floating like swans in the tall blue sky. Here is the Boston Common calf-deep in mud on a dim November afternoon, and here on the same afternoon is a black-shadowed date grove in Phoenix under a sun that burns like mustard plaster, in air so dry it stings Here is the moss-hung lushness of palms tossing in the moonlight on the Louisiana shore, and here the austere march of evergreens up the western slopes of the Cascades. Here is New York at night, hell-red with neon and fogged by the factories in Hoboken, and here is a lone rider herding sheep on an

empty Wyoming plateau. Here is the whole land, laid lavishly across the belly of a continent, washed by three seas, warmed by a dozen suns, breathing a hundred airs, so vast its horizons exhaust the eye, so turbulent with beauty, ugliness, terror, and hope that it wears a thousand faces and speaks with ten thousand tongues. All this has been integrated.

12. Or consider the history and derivation of the people. At first there are the Latins, here for plunder for the galleons of Spain, or land and furs for Paris. Then there are the English, coming for freedom, or what they then considered freedom; finding it, losing it, and fighting to have it again. Narrow, stern, hard-muscled, tough-minded English yeomen in the North, and English Cavaliers of a quite different breed in the South. The Englishmen pushing westward out of curiosity, or because the land along the coast was thin, or because they hated the sight of the neighbors' chimneys, or because they wanted less government. Some of them dropped like seeds into pockets of the Appalachians, but always there were some who could not stop. By 1810 they had traversed most of the West, and by 1850 had settled most of it—in spots. All this is very new. The battle of the Little Bighorn was fought in 1876, and as late as 1890 Pershing was campaigning against the Sioux in Dakota. A hundred years ago the state of Texas was a full-fledged republic with heroic traditions and a promising future. The Latter-day Saints under Brigham Young not only created an independent nation beside the Great Salt Lake but established a moral code that made New England puritans shudder. Only seventy-five years ago we were "engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." Only twenty-eight years ago the U. S. flag had forty-six stars, before New Mexico and Arizona were admitted to the union. All this has been integrated.

13. And culturally and racially the country is still in the process of integration. The tidal wave of immigration that started around 1820 had brought some 40,000,000 new Americans to the U. S. by 1938. The mass immigration ended in 1929, when a strict quota law went into effect, and in the next decade the net population gain from abroad was a mere 150,000. Still, over 10 per cent of the total population—some 14,500,000 people—is foreign-born, and the melting pot has not yet produced the ultimate American man. Granted that Americans are a mongrel race, they are perhaps the one people with the energy, the vision, the guts, the greed, and the divine impatience to subdue so quickly the fecund, terrifying land and to create the historic phenomenon called the United States. All that is being integrated.

THE REGIONS

14. But of course the overshadowing achievement of the American people —the achievement that is the foundation of the nation's greatness—has been the integration of the divergent economies of the U. S. Externally the

nation looks like a compact, single economic unit, but a familiar inspection reveals that it is scarcely that. Indeed, it is a union composed of countless units, each with its own economy based upon its own sources of wealth, dominated by self-interest, and competing with every other unit. To take a *reductio ad absurdum*, each citizen is a complete unit, and essentially every worker is in competition with every other worker for the job he has, or a better one. At the other end of the scale there are certain vast and vague areas that have been traditionally divided against each other: the North versus the South, the East versus the West. The passions aroused by the conflicting interests of those areas have at times been intense. In politics these passions are known collectively as sectionalism.

15. Indeed there are any number of ways of dividing the U. S., and concerning few of them do scholars agree. But they are most nearly in agreement on the relatively modern doctrine of regionalism, which is distinguished from sectionalism on a number of counts, but chiefly in the fact that, whereas the basis of sectionalism is often emotional and political, the basis of regionalism is truly economic, cultural, and social. In any event, a division of the U. S. into its regions provides the best opening to an understanding of its fundamental achievement.

16. Even regionally, however, there are a great number of ways of dividing the U. S. Few regions are crystallized, few correspond exactly to state borders. Yet for statistical purposes the regions must be built of whole states. *Fortune* has arbitrarily chosen the division: the Northeast, the Southeast, the Middle States, the Mountain and Plain States, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest, and the Far West. While each of these regions contains sub-regions, this division would seem to be the most realistic one, on most counts, that students have devised.

THE NORTHEAST

17. Closest to Europe, and more nearly European than any other U. S. region, the Northeast has three tiers—New England; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia. Almost any snap characterization of this group of states is certain to be wrong. It has thirty four cities of more than 100,000. Therefore it is a metropolitan region. Yet there is nothing so truly rural in the U. S. as the New England villages off the big highways radiating north from New York, where farming is still largely unmechanized and milch cows with bells around their necks are prodded down Main Street by tow-headed youngsters, and sheep crop the green plots around the monuments to those who died at Cold Harbor and Bull Run. It is a metropolitan region with a population of over forty million occupying about 7 per cent of the nation's area. It is a highly civilized, highly educated, ultrasophisticated region, yet witchcraft flourishes in parts of southeastern Pennsylvania, where barns and houses wear cabalistic sym-

bols designed to ward away the dreaded hex, and the pious Amish folk refuse to have their pictures taken. It is a calm, orderly, and settled region, but feuds still smolder and occasionally blaze among the mountain clans of West Virginia.

18. Economically the Northeast stands in relation to the U. S. about the way England stands in relation to the British Empire. The region is dependent on the rest of the country for its wheat and flour, and for a large part of its fresh meats, fruits, vegetables, and canned goods. It likewise is a heavy importer of lumber and allied products, newsprint, cotton, petroleum, although it supplies most of its own iron and coal.

19. To the U. S. the Northeast sells heavy machinery, coal, steel, railway equipment, paints, varnishes, glass, clothing and New England textiles, leather goods and shoes, paper, and tools. Again like England, the Northeast is the great concentration point of finance, ownership, and control. Of the national income the region draws nearly 40 per cent, and has 41 per cent of the nation's wealth. The value of its manufactures is 39 per cent of the nation's total; half the foreign imports of the U. S. clear through its ports.

20. Thus the Northeast draws financial tribute from every part of the U. S., and intellectual tribute as well. A common complaint throughout the country is, "All our smartest young people go east." They are drawn east, principally to New York and principally by the legendary glamour of the city that is the country's main source of information and entertainment. On a rock beside a river that is still one of the loveliest in the world the metropolis perches and its skyscrapers "lift their foggy plumes of stranded smoke out of a stony mouth." It is a phenomenon, but a typically American phenomenon. "Here, world, is a city," it seems to say. "Where but in America could you expect to find the like?"

21. From Pennsylvania on the south to New England on the north is a jump from a concentrated heavy-industry state to a section wherein industry is a small-scale, specialized operation. Only 2 per cent of the industrial plants in New England employ more than 500 workers, while in 88 per cent of the factories there are fewer than 100. The New England economy is a craft economy, reflecting the section's original isolation and its remoteness from the raw materials that make possible a mass-production economy. But the New Englander who first launched the craft economy had a native ingenuity that poverty sharpened. He put his eggs in as many baskets as possible, with the result that there are 200-odd different lines of manufacture in New England today, or about two-thirds of all the lines in the U. S. The section thus is virtually a "little nation" existing within the Northeast regional nation; economically indeed it is comparable to Switzerland. Its people are its chief asset, and its crafts its chief *raison d'être* in the U. S. economy. New England is preoccupied with its own problems, and

they are sufficient to keep the New England mind firmly centered on New England. There is probably no more insular city on earth than Boston, and a perfect commentary on the Boston attitude is contained in the little anecdote about the Bostonian who planned to drive to California, and when asked which route he intended to take replied that he was "going by way of West Newton."

THE SOUTHEAST

22. The Southeast—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas (which most Southerners consider more western than southern and pretty no-account anyway), and Florida (a freakish national phenomenon having little in common with the rest of the region)—has just entered the twentieth century. In a loose way it resembles the Northeast of the early days of the industrial revolution. The South begins in the Washington airport terminal where the signs on the two doors read "MEN (White Only)" and "WOMEN (White Only)." Across the Potomac lie Virginia's red-clay fields; to the southwest, the laurel-tangled mountains humping through Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina; southward, the flatlands and thinly rooted pines of Georgia and South Carolina, the treeless, hard-baked vistas of Alabama and Mississippi, and the near-jungles of Florida and the lands along the Gulf. Down near latticed Charleston the Gullahs speak a primitive, liquid tongue, and bastard French is a useful language in the south Louisiana parishes. Mobile by night is hauntingly lovely, and Paris, Algiers, and Marseille converge beneath the wrought-iron balconies of New Orleans. To the west across the Huey Long Bridge the country is like a Rousseau painting, with pink flamingos toe-dancing across the black, green-scummed bayous. In this romantic imagery, and indeed in almost every respect, the Southeast is the precise opposite of the Northeast. It has more than twice as much land as the Northeast but only two-thirds as many people. Of these 70 per cent are rural, and their per capita income is less than half that of the Northeast. Whereas the Northeast contains well over half of the 13,000,000 foreign-born U. S. white population, the Southeast has less than 2 per cent. Therefore it lays claim to being "the most American region," even though 30 per cent of its people are black and unassimilable.

23. There is no occasion here to trace the history of the Southeast through feudal beginnings to the Civil War and the later Reconstruction, which failed to reconstruct. Slaves and cotton built the South, and the descendants of the slaves are today its greatest problem, and cotton its greatest curse. Among the U. S. regions it is the *enfant terrible*. Unlike New England, it is naturally rich, and if it is retarded the blame rests squarely on the shoulders of the inhabitants, whose character, economy, and attitude are so different from New England's, and who thus far have displayed little

of the Yankee's ingenuity in squeezing the best out of the land, and in developing appropriate regional industries.

24. However, precisely because it has been retarded the industrial South appears to have the greatest growth potential of any region in the U. S. Today the value of southern manufactures is 10 per cent of the U. S. total, and almost four times the value of the agricultural production of the region. It has 40 per cent of the U. S. forest land, accounts for 40 per cent of the total timber cut in the U. S., and has an investment of $225,000,000 in its pulp and paper industry. There is bauxite in Arkansas; there are oil, natural gas, and sulfur in Louisiana; phosphates in Florida, Tennessee, and South Carolina, marble, high-grade clays, and vast quantities of limestone. Around Birmingham coal crops up close to important iron deposits, and years ago the late Henry C. Frick predicted that by 1940 Birmingham would be a bigger steel city than Pittsburgh. It isn't—its capacity is only 3.4 per cent of the total U. S. steel capacity. But it could be.

25. The trouble with Birmingham—as the South sees it—is that it is owned by the North and, economically, that is the trouble with most southern industry. And as a tributary region this one is saddled with not only absentee industrialism, but also absentee farming, and northern hands take the dollars out of its pockets almost as rapidly as it puts them in. Thus its chronic depression will not be solved automatically by further industrialization by the North. And while dreamily contemplating the ivy twining higher around the crumbling white columns of a gracious, vanished southern past, the rest of the U. S. would do well to remember that if the per capita income of each Southerner were raised from its present $285 to the national average of $485 the nation would have captured a new market half again as big as the entire export trade, and be richer by billions.

THE MIDDLE STATES

26. If Hitler captured the Russian Ukraine and annexed it to the industrial Reich, the combination would produce an economy and a territory similar in many respects to the Middle States region, taking in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. Of all the regions, this one is most nearly independent of the others, could most easily drop out of the Union and survive as a separate nation. One of the world's greatest agricultural sections, it also ranks second only to the Northeast as an industrial region. It has few imports—coal, oil, lumber, and such—many exports, and its economy has been developed to a point where it processes its own raw materials and sells both commodities and finished goods. Since it has no reason for being jealous of any other region it has few conflicts. And the conflicts that exist are chiefly social and political and cultural, rather than economic.

27. Settled originally by New Englanders and Southerners, followed by

Germans and Scandinavians, the Middle States have a population of 35,000,000 dwelling on 15 per cent of the U. S. land. About two and a half millions of the people are farmers, and there are over four million workers in the industrial cities—those cities strung like beads of stone around the southern shores of the Lakes. The chief cities are not merely the national but the world headquarters of an industry—Detroit, Akron, Cleveland. Manufacture ranges from beer and soap and cash registers to steel and the heaviest of heavy machinery, and brings an income of four billion dollars to the middle-western economy.

28. The region is also second to the Northeast in the extent of urbanization. Yet it cannot by any stretch of imagination be called "urban." The urban Middle West is an arc from Cleveland to Milwaukee—close to the docks of the long, flat-topped freighters that carry through Sault Ste. Marie locks more tonnage than clears the Suez or the Panama. Behind the cities of the Lakes lies a farming checkerboard, waving with yellow corn, black with plowed earth, and dotted loosely with fat red silos, magnificent barns, indifferent homes. Here—in addition to some 60 per cent of the nation's corn and a good 20 per cent of its wheat—are half the hogs and the greatest number of purebred, registered cattle in the U. S., producing (chiefly in Minnesota and Wisconsin) half of all the creamery butter, 70 per cent of the factory cheese, more than 40 per cent of the milk. Here are also more than a third of the chickens laying nearly 30 per cent of the eggs.

29. In such lavish country a fundamental optimism is natural and infectious. The Middle West sees no confining horizons, is confident, boastful, scornful of penny pinching. Chicago is BIG—biggest hotel, biggest trading center, biggest crooks, biggest recreational waterfront. Detroit too is big—biggest American flag (in a department store) and biggest crucifix (at Father Coughlin's shrine)—but Detroit is a renegade that constantly strives to have itself grouped with eastern rather than midwestern cities. And Cleveland has forgotten about bigness and pays more attention to cultural and intellectual niceties.

30. Outside of the cities the population is introspective rather than exuberant. Your typical farmer of the region is an individualist who will not be bossed, yet nowhere will you find a man more eager to be taught or more willing to make sacrifices for co-operative ventures. He knows soil chemistry, avidly follows the experimentation going on at his state agricultural college, and sits on his county agent's doorstep waiting for advice. He is rarely isolated, and almost never hidebound. The big cities he dislikes not so much on principle but because they represent—the eastern cities especially—the forces that are always trying to deprive him of political relief for the "farm problem"—i.e., the glut resulting from the application of his superior agricultural technology to his extraordinarily fertile land. No humble peasant, he has successfully used his political power time and

again. He flocked to the Progressive party in Wisconsin, the Bull Moose standard back in 1912, created the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota; and in Iowa and elsewhere oiled his shotgun and halted the wave of mortgage foreclosures in 1932 by the simple expedient of preventing bidding on foreclosed farms. He is probably the most completely democratic individual in the entire U. S., and he knows how to make democracy work for him.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE PLAINS

31. West of the Mississippi you begin to find your pockets cluttered with round bits of white metal—mill pieces to pay the sales taxes—and west of the states bordering the river the last few vertebrae are ironed out of the land and the roads shoot westward like black arrows. To say that it is flat means nothing because flatness is only one dimension and here the sky closes in around your upraised hand, and the idea that the earth is round seems preposterous. Between the western Mississippi states and the foothills of the Rockies the only considerable break in the flatness occurs in the Black Hills of Wyoming and South Dakota, which loom up like a great island in a sea and then subside again in flatness. You drive across the plains at sixty, seventy, eighty—any speed. The ditches beside the road are dry and seamed like gingerbread, and a rime of dust settles on your lips and on your windshield. Wheat stretches to the right of the road and to the left, and behind and ahead, and a few miles across the lonely flatness you see the combines spouting chaff. That treetop standing like a semaphore ten miles beyond your radiator cap means a farmhouse, and that gray smudge ten miles beyond the tree, a town. And when the wind blows hard, as it so often does, the tan dust eddies up above the tossing wheat and an iridescent curtain dims the sun.

32. There is no part of the American land that the men living on it do not love, but by all conventional standards the Northwest Plains states—Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota—are the least attractive in the U. S. The plains run into the eastern halves of Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado, with the Rockies beyond running through Utah. These eight states cover 750,000 square miles—almost a quarter of the nation—and support a twentieth of the U. S. people. They were settled long after the Pacific states, in large part by a backwash of the Oregon and California migrations, and lately the settling process has been coming to a halt. The reason is simply that in spite of its great area the region is not productive enough to provide a living for its inhabitants. If the Middle West is an almost perfectly balanced economy this region is entirely off balance, and it is certainly the least independent U. S. region. It is almost wholly agricultural, with only about 8 per cent of its $3,000,000,000 income coming from manufacturing, and it must import virtually all its finished goods, as well as many raw commodities. The region possesses enormous mineral resources

—but these are largely low grade and unexploited, and the existing mining industry is controlled in large part by "foreign," i.e., eastern, capital, which draws the profits out of the region as fast as they are created.

33. Thus the region's most important resource is the land itself, and owing to a combination of factors the land is of diminishing value. Plowed up and mined for wheat during the years of the War wheat boom, the Plains states contain 165,000,000 acres of the most seriously eroded land in the U. S., and hardly a section in the area fails to show signs of damage by wind or water. By 1930 the region was growing half the U. S. wheat and had become the third-biggest corn producer, the largest sheep raiser, and ranked second in horses and cattle. But its cows give less milk than other cows, and its horses and chickens are valued lower at the market—in all, the realized agricultural income amounts to $530,000,000. Always arid, the Plains have been experiencing a chronic drought for nearly ten years, and farmers have stopped hoping for more than the present average annual rainfall of 18.7 inches. Wheat has sucked the subsurface moisture from the earth, the rain no longer flattens the dust, and a considerable fraction of the population can sit on their front porches and watch their livelihoods blowing away into the sky. As farmers go bankrupt, land reverts to the government by default of taxes, and much of it is returned to its original grass. Timothy and alfalfa replace wheat on thousands of acres, and the agronomists work ceaselessly to discover new crops suitable for the parched soil, new ways of utilizing the last drops of the scanty rain that falls.

34. It would be hard to say that these states conflict with other regions in view of the dominant conflict of the region versus nature. It resembles the South in that its main resource is apparently declining, yet it lacks the South's opportunities for expansion in other directions. Except for the $25,000,000 sugar beet crop, mining, oil, and range land, scenery and national parks are the chief assets of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, and tourists are their main source of cash.

THE SOUTHWEST

35. Historically the oldest, politically the youngest of the regions, the Southwest is a colonial economy exporting vast quantities of raw materials, importing most fabricated goods, and having more than a superficial resemblance to Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, and Peru. It exports cotton for British, southern, and New England mills; cattle for the Chicago abattoirs; oil and minerals for the world. The region consists of Texas—where most of the developed resources are located and where the industrial dawn is breaking in the sparkling new cities of the eastern plains—Oklahoma and empty New Mexico and Arizona.

36. Texas is a thing apart; too big, too rich, too varied, too prophetic to

be lumped in any general regional description, or synthesized in a paragraph or two. Bigger than any European nation except the U.S.S.R. and Germany, its widest points are more than 800 miles apart, and it has close to a tenth of the U. S. land area with a population of only 6,200,000—smaller than Greater New York. Texas grows more than a fourth of U. S. cotton and claims that it could supply the entire world. It furnishes close to 40 per cent of U. S. crude oil. On the coastal ranges it supports seven million head of cattle. Thanks to a $100,000,000 investment in irrigation ditches, the lower Rio Grande valley has already become a large producer of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, and a distinct worry to the California citrus growers.

37. Nearly all of this fabulous wealth and growth are in East and Central Texas. West of Big Spring, Texas blends into the New Mexico-Arizona Southwest, with "centers" (*not* cities) separated by scores of miles of empty desert, incredible conformations of the land, always the hot sun, the high, dry air, the giant, theatrical, green cacti standing like sentries against the sky. New Mexico is Santa Fe, Roswell, and Albuquerque set down in 123,000 square miles with 422,000 inhabitants. Arizona is another 114,000 square miles, another 412,000 people, and Phoenix and Tucson, eternally bickering over each other's attractions. Phoenix is a spectacular working model of what other parts of the region may someday hope to be—a road or a fence separating cactus desert from lushly blooming irrigated fields of lettuce, orange groves, and every fruit and vegetable. Here is an American machine-conscious culture, rather than machine culture, built upon deep strata of ancient Indian and Mexican civilizations, and achieving a wholly pleasant compromise. In addition to the $77,500,000 annual copper output, tourists constitute a main source of income in Arizona and New Mexico, approximately $48,000,000 being spent by visitors. Arizona in particular visualizes itself as a tourist center and is often tempted to make a good thing better by legalizing gambling and relaxing the divorce laws to steal Nevada's lure.

THE FAR WEST

38. Nevada and California combine to form an almost indescribable region, with the infinite variety of California on one side of the mountains and the wild Nevada desert on the other. California is the second-biggest state in area and, with 6,154,000 people, is sixth in population; Nevada has only 101,000 inhabitants and is forty-eighth in population, but sixth in area. Along with per capita income of $717, California has the fourth-highest total income in the U. S., whereas Nevada keeps herself going mainly by virtue of spinning roulette wheels, blinking red lights, the eastern cartwheels dropping into slot machines, and the complacent magistrates handing down three thousand six-week divorces per year in Reno, "The Biggest Little City in the World." There is also a mining industry (chiefly

copper) bringing in $14,000,000 annually; and there are minor livestock and farming activities in the infrequent irrigated portions of the state.

39. The great Golden State is a good deal like the amazing elephant encountered by the blind men. The coast line measures a thousand miles, runs from Oregon to Mexico. The northern quarter of California has some of the wildest forest and mountain terrain in North America; the southern quarter has an empty and dangerous desert—Death Valley. According to some experts the finest ski country in the U. S. lies along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada; a few hours away the Pacific rolls onto golden beaches under palms and a semitropical sun. The contrast between the state's two great cities is as sharp as any—San Francisco a cosmopolitan, compactly built, sophisticated place, probably more completely unionized than any other U. S. city, gusty, vital Los Angeles, the booster and cheesecake capital of the world, attempting to become a city but still nothing but a garbled town sprawling across 450 square miles. "L. A." stands as immortal reproach to the subdividing realtors. It is bitterly anti-union, bitterly clear in its remembrance of the bombing of the *Times* by the McNamara brothers back in 1910. Just as sharp as the contrast between Los Angeles and San Francisco is the contrast between the state's intellectual centers and the southern California crackpot preserve, where new grocery stores are inaugurated with floodlight displays. . . .

40. Since Sutter's mill in '48, California has produced something like $2,000,000,000 in gold, and its gold production is still worth more than $40,000,000 a year—including the driblets panned by thousands of prospectors working the streams and earning from a quarter to $5 a day. But more important than the gold is the agriculture, which accounts for a good 11 per cent of the state's income. California produces everything from avocados and citrus fruits in the South to the wine grapes of the San Joaquin. Virtually no crop refuses to grow in California, and practically no crops are overlooked, although citrus is the leading one. On the state borders fruit-inspection stations have been established for the ostensible purpose of preventing the importation of insects or fruit diseases, but in effect they form a barrier against fruit imports—diseased or otherwise.

41. A major part of California's industry consists of canning, packing, bottling, and other functions subsidiary to its agriculture. Although southern California is the chief center of the U. S. aircraft industry, and although more and more automobile-assembly plants have been erected by eastern companies, the state has comparatively few large factories. Its economy is in transition between the raw-material exporting economy of the Southwest and the agricultural-industrial economy of the Middle West.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

42. Just as the Far West appears to be the least integrated of the regions, so the 250,000 square miles of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are perhaps more closely unified than any other part of the U. S. Although the Pacific Northwest was explored by Lewis and Clark around 1805, its intensive settlement did not begin until the Northern Pacific linked Chicago with Seattle in 1883. Today it is closer to the frontier—topographically and economically—than the rest of the West, and, as of the census of 1930, less than half the population was native to the region.

43. The population today amounts to 3,200,000, or 2.5 per cent of the nation's total, whereas the Pacific Northwest has 8.3 per cent of the U. S. land, with a high ratio of resources to population. It has, for example, about 40 per cent of all U. S. potential waterpower, mostly accounted for by the Columbia River system. Yet this power is for the most part incidental to irrigation and water-conservation projects, because about 60 per cent of the region lies to the east of the Cascades, which block the rains from the Pacific. The mountains make for fogs and forests on the western slope, but semi-arid areas inland. Thus the whole economy of the Pacific Northwest revolves around the problem of bringing water to the land, and it is laced together by the branches of the Columbia, the main source of water. Today only a quarter of the 160,000,000 acres is in farms, and almost two-thirds of this land is suitable only for grazing. Here, and throughout the West generally, a good deal of the soil is potentially arable provided it can be watered, and the region looks forward to a conservative increase in productive farm acreage as the existing water supply is put to use. Grand Coulee alone will provide water for more than a million acres.

44. On the land that it currently farms the region grows over a fifth of the nation's apples, a quarter of the cherries, nearly a third of the pears, a tenth or more of the potatoes, onions, strawberries, green peas, and dry beans. It also accounts for close to an eighth of the wheat, over 10 per cent of the wool, and a slightly lower percentage of sheep and lambs. Mineral resources thus far have been scarcely touched, but even so the region mines large amounts of zinc, lead, and silver. However, its greatest source of wealth is the forest that covers the western slopes of the Cascades, representing about half the standing saw timber in the U. S. and producing roughly 40 per cent of the nation's output of soft-wood lumber. Over 50 per cent of all wage earners in Pacific Northwest manufacturing are employed in lumber industries. Currently the annual cut of slightly under ten billion board feet runs ahead of the new growth by two or two and a half to one, and the region is becoming pocked with stranded communities decaying in the devastated cutover areas similar to those in northern Wis-

consin, Minnesota, and Michigan. There is much talk of bringing the cut and the growth into balance, but so far few effective steps have been taken. Safe from destruction are 70,000-odd square miles of forest standing in three great national parks and on other U. S. Government land -land that amounts to a phenomenal 38 per cent of the region's total and an incredible 58 per cent of the area of Idaho.

45. The region is in competition with practically every part of the country. Its lumber competes with southeastern lumber; its wheat with the Middle West and Plains states; its orchards with those of the Northeast; its potatoes with Maine; its sheep and wool with the Southwest; and so on. Virtually its only noncompetitive export is the Columbia River salmon catch—and even that has Alaskan competition.

46. Meanwhile, with manufacturing accounting for only 16 per cent of its income, the Pacific Northwest must import nearly all finished goods, as well as oil, sugar, and other commodities. Ostensibly the heavy raw-material exports would balance the imports for an over-all profit, but a catch exists in the form of freight rates. The region's markets are thousands of miles away—the fruit is shipped to New York, for example—and freight eats up from a quarter to a half of the farmer's wholesale price in the East, whereas the local growers have no such handicap. The result is that the Washington farmer, to compete with the Easterner, must be content to receive far less in net cash. When middle-western wheat growers were complaining about fifty-four-cent wheat, Pacific Northwest farmers growing the same wheat were realizing only thirty cents per bushel for their crop.

47. Conversely, the region is squeezed when it buys eastern manufactured goods. An Allis-Chalmers tractor delivered in Spokane would cost between 20 and 30 per cent more than the same tractor unloaded in Ohio. In effect the Pacific Northwest produces raw materials, pays a stiff price to get them out of the region, pays again to bring in its manufactured goods. Consequently, next to irrigation and power development, the freight-rate squeeze is the region's chief preoccupation, and few conversations go on very long without the subject's coming up and without the city of Chicago's being mentioned with infinite loathing.

48. However, these are familiar troubles in a pioneer economy, and the region will unquestionably outgrow them. For it has plenty of room, abundant resources, tremendous power, and perhaps more usable land. Cheap power is certain to lead to the creation of regional industries, and already Portland has begun an expansion that may make it the leading industrial city of the north coast. Seattle is a little San Francisco, economically and in spirit, with shipping and lumber to sustain it and Alaska acknowledging it as an "unofficial capital." Posters in the state of Washington announce that such-and-such is the "fastest-selling" article of its kind in "the Pacific

Northwest and Alaska." The northern U. S. outpost, which seems so remote to the rest of the country, comes close to being a part of the Pacific Northwest region.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM"

49. From this hasty tour of 3,026,789 square and fabulous miles the secret of U. S. power emerges clearly. The U. S. is not great by nature or by accident. It is great by the act of man. The purpose of the political system invented by the founders of the republic was the political integration of sovereign states. But this political integration resulted in an economic integration far beyond anything man had ever attempted before. The economic interests of the states burst the boundaries of the states; they intertwined, merged, became compounded one with another. The result, as we have seen, has been the formation of shadow nations within a nation—seven of them by this count, fewer or more by others. The boundaries of these shadow nations are economic rather than geographical; they do not necessarily coincide with political sovereignties. The northern part of California seems to belong to the Pacific Northwest instead of to the Far West, and so does western Montana, though it is included in the Mountain States. The eastern half of the state of Texas goes with the old South, the western half with the Southwest. And so forth. The economic forces cut across political forces, check them, merge with political forces elsewhere, bind two into one. The action is like that within a huge retort in which dissimilar substances mix and compound, to create a new substance of a higher power. That new substance is what we know as the U. S. A.

50. This new entity is greater than the sum of its own parts. If the shadow nations were real nations, if the political boundaries coincided with the economic boundaries, then the area now known as the U. S. would be far less potent, far less rich than it is. Then New England would be struggling for food, and in the Northwest an automobile would be as rare as in other agricultural countries that have difficulty accumulating foreign exchange. It is when the Aluminum Co. of America contracts for waterpower in Oregon that the U. S. is created. It is when the rich coupon clippers on Manhattan are taxed to help build highways in empty Nevada that the U. S. lives. Every time a freight train crosses a state line, every time a purchasing department makes up its mind to buy an out-of-state commodity, every time an order clerk receives an out-of-state demand, the U. S. grows greater. For in these events, as in thousands of others, one is working for all, and all for one.

51. This—and not nature or accident—is why the U. S. has become the greatest agricultural nation on earth, ranking first, second, or third in most of the basic commodities. This is why the U. S. produces a third of the world's coal and a third of the world's iron ore; makes 27 per cent of the steel. This is why it produces more than 60 per cent of the oil—and 6-

per cent of the automobiles. This is why it makes a quarter of the wood pulp, generates almost a third of the electric power, produces 72 per cent of the sulfur, 20 per cent of the lead, almost 30 per cent of the zinc, more than a quarter of the phosphates. It is true that the U. S. has abundant supplies to start with, but so have other people who fail to produce them. That almost incredible—though fragmentary—record is more descriptive than words or statistics of what it means for 30,000,000 families to share some $322,000,000,000 worth of wealth, and about $62,150,000,000 ($2,082 per family) of national income.



SMALL TOWN[1]

Earnest Elmo Calkins

Earnest Elmo Calkins (1868-) was born in rural Illinois and was graduated from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. For more than forty years he has been one of the leading advertising experts in the country, conducting a large agency in New York and writing books and articles on the subject, for example, Modern Advertising, *1903,* The Business of Advertising, *1915,* The Advertising Man, *1920, and* Printing for Commerce, *1926. Nearly deaf himself, he has written an autobiography focusing on readjustments entailed by a personal handicap of this nature,* Louder, Please, *1927. In addition, he has written both sprightly articles and books on art, town planning, and recreation. His experiences as a youth in rural Illinois and a business man in New York have colored his view of small-town life, as you will see from the nostalgic mood of the following breezy apologia for the small town. Moreover, the influence of his profession is discernible in the colorful language, quotable sayings, colloquialisms, home-made compounds, and climactic ending of the essay here given.*

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

In a newspaper office in a Western town of 17,000 population, forty years ago, sat three young men discussing an editorial by Edward Bok in his *Ladies' Home Journal.* Bok deplored the tendency of young people to set out for the nearest big city to make their start in life, and stressed the advantages of the small town both as a place to work and as a place to live. The young men voted, "Very good, Edward," and wrote him a joint letter to that effect, explaining that they were publishing a small-town daily and getting a lot of fun out of it, and proposed to see it through and carve out their destinies, if any, in the old home town. Two years later those three young men were settled down to their lifework in New York.

One became a publisher, another a banker, and the third an advertising man. They prospered after a fashion, experienced varied fortunes, but within fifteen years were successful enough to have homes in small towns

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Atlantic Monthly,* February, 1936.

within commuting distance of New York, and after another fifteen years to move to the actual country fifty to a hundred miles away, spending long week-ends there during the summer. Two of those men are now dead, but the third lives on a modernized abandoned farm six months out of the year, surrounding himself as far as possible with the environment his boyhood knew: earth, trees, grass, horizons—the things he thought he hated when he shook from his feet the dust of his native town. When business compels him to visit the city, he escapes back to the country with a long sigh of relief.

The country to which he now escapes is no substitute for the town he abandoned forty years ago. Here he is but one of a number of summer denizens, an alien in a New England community, with no background, no roots, no integral part in the local life. His being there at all is an instinctive response to the call of the earth which is dormant in the soul of any city man whose first twenty years were spent in mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and spading the garden. Those hated chores of boyhood become the recreations of later years, but they do not entirely recapture the no doubt fanciful glamour which surrounds his youth.

Such is the case history of many an inhabitant of the big city; or, if his means are straitened, he spends fifty weeks in a narrow flat, with two weeks in the country as a vacation. Those who boast two homes lead strenuous double lives, traveling long distances daily or weekly for the satisfaction of seeing something besides brick and mortar and asphalt. They are not city-born, nor in a real sense city-bred. They came hither to seek their fortunes because of the legend which still persists that opportunities here are greater and more numerous. Let a young man have a gift or aptitude, or even a dash of ambition, and he feels that remaining in the small town which nourished him is hiding his talent in a napkin.

When George Ade was asked, "A good many bright young men come from Indiana, don't they?" he answered, "Yes, and the brighter they are, the sooner they come."

And George Ade, who certainly had his hour in the bright lights of Broadway, now lives on his Indiana farm.

One result of this obsession, this naive belief in the chances fortune affords in the big city, has been to divide the country into metropolises and home towns, though the line cannot be drawn sharply. One man's metropolis is another man's village. It is not always New York the young adventurers seek, each with an industrial captain's baton concealed in his knapsack, nor even Chicago. It may well be Denver, or Cleveland, or St. Louis. All that is necessary is that the city shall be appreciably larger than the seeker's present domicile. It is merely the lure of the new and strange contrasted with the known and commonplace; the escape from "I knew him when. . . ." We have all experienced the difficulty of growing up, of achieving recognized

maturity, in the place where the older inhabitants have known us from birth, where we are still Clint Calkins's little boy, Ernie, even after we have reached voting age.

But there is more to this tendency big-city-ward than desire to escape from boyhood environment. The young people believe that the metropolis is bristling with opportunities, that their talents, unappreciated at home, will be quickly recognized abroad—and this also is sometimes true. The big city does have more opportunities than the small one, and more successes, just as it has more failures, more has-beens, more dullards and plodders, for the simple reason that it has more people of all kinds. It is likewise crowded with young hopefuls seeking that mysterious and elusive something known as "opportunity." The chances are relatively no greater, the rewards relatively no more satisfying; and, if attained, they seem to lead in the long run back to the country.

All my business life I have answered letters from aspiring men and women who sound me out as to the wisdom of dropping everything and coming to New York to get into advertising. Their home is a small town, they urge, and does not offer any opportunity. Patiently I explain that advertising is one of our most widely distributed commodities, that the work can be done wherever men sell goods, that if they have any aptitude for it they can start where they are. And this advice holds good for medicine, salesmanship, architecture, dentistry, or newspaper editing.

The great city has broadcast a glamour that is far from real, and at the same time given life in the small town a drabness that is equally undeserved. The small-town "hick," the country "rube," are as rare as the city "slicker." None of them ever existed in a statistical sense. They are literary figures. They are states of mind which are found everywhere, in the big cities as well as the smallest hamlets, exactly as the shrewd man-of-the-world type is found everywhere. There are vacuous bumpkins living in New York, Boston, and San Francisco, and there are men in small towns whose dress is urban, whose manners are urbane, who have culture, worldly wisdom, savoir-faire, polish—whatever it is that bumping against one's fellows in big cities is supposed to impart. It isn't riding in the subway, or seeing the Empire State Building, or struggling with the crowd on Forty-second Street, that makes a man large-minded. That merely develops the special skill of coping with crowds, just as cultivating the soil develops weather wisdom. After all, it is as broad as it is long. The boulevardier cuts no better figure in a cornfield than the farmer on Broadway.

If there was ever real ground for the sharp differentiation between town and country, it disappeared before the equalizing influence of improved communication and transportation. Thanks to the radio, people now speak as sloppy English in the country as in the city; the movie tells them what clothes to wear, and they wear them The ubiquitous motor is congesting

traffic on Main Street as well as State Street. The farmer who walked up Broadway with his ancient carpetbag, raising the hackles of every confidence man in sight, is part of folklore. He is more apt to drive his Cadillac up to the Waldorf or the La Salle.

It is an ancient and honorable controversy, the argument over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country living. The dispute is as old as literature, probably as old as towns. Aesop had something to say about it, and Horace was deeply concerned as he weighed the dust and noise of the arena against the peace and quiet of his Sabine farm. La Fontaine did it into a fable, which to my surprise I found was about rats, though the literary allusions are always to "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." At any rate, the moral is that, while there is greater abundance of food in the city, in the country one eats in quiet and safety. But, on the other hand, those two inveterate cockneys, Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, saw no charm in country life. Johnson thought the best prospect in Scotland was the road to London. But the question has been given what advertising men call "a new slant" in recent years by the changes that inventions have made in modes and manners, and needs to be reconsidered on a fresh basis.

When, a few years ago, I attended the fortieth reunion of my class at a Western college and met the classmates and contemporaries I had not seen since our common youth, I was struck by the fact that there was no essential difference between those who had passed their lives in small towns and those of the same estate whom I had known in New York—none, that is, in dress, speech, manner, or way of living that set them off as having missed something essential. On the contrary, many of the small-town magnates seemed to have had a fuller, richer, more satisfying existence than their counterparts in the populous cities.

These were naturally the successful men of their communities, though for that matter failure, while less conspicuous, is no more bearable in urban than in rural surroundings. But I am here concerned with those who elected to remain in small towns, preferring, as the old proverb has it, to be first in a Nubian village rather than second in Rome. These are the men who might have gone to the big towns and been proportionately successful there.

They had worked out their careers in towns having from thirty thousand inhabitants down to as few as five thousand. They were farmers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers. They were small-town men, but they did not seem to have small-town minds. They got about; they knew men; they were interested in large enterprises; they had had varied experiences. Some of them were trustees of the college. All had connections, social and business, with other towns, other states. After leaving college, some had gone East for postgraduate work or professional training, and

returned to start in the home town, others took over the paternal bank or store or factory. They married, had children and grandchildren, and some of these had settled close by. None of them seemed to feel he had chosen unwisely. Their lives were as full, as gracious, as satisfying, apparently, as lives anywhere.

Success, of course, is measured by various yardsticks, but a work that satisfies, ample material return, and a pleasant environment cover what most of us desire. The last is the most important, for there is no doubt that a man can make as good a living in a small town as his ability can achieve; the doubt lies in whether the living, when made in such an environment, is worth while. . . .

It is obvious that practically everything which can be bought with money is as accessible to the small-towner as to the big-city man. The deeper satisfactions of life in small cities or large villages lie elsewhere—in nature and human nature, the country and the people.

There is something in us that demands contact with elemental forces—earth, sky, wind, sun. There is a philosophy that comes from nearness to the land, tilling the soil, caring for animals, coping directly and at first hand with nature. Outdoor men, farmers, cowboys, shepherds, sailors, hunters, engineers, have it. I often felt it in my boyhood in the farmers that I knew, strong, quiet, thoughtful men. The earth does things to you—the smell of freshly turned sod, the sun on the back of your neck, running water, the tremendous systole and diastole of nature, giving each month of the round a significance, in the city months are but names on a calendar.

The Greeks put the idea neatly in the legend of Antaeus, whose strength was renewed by contact with Mother Earth. The only way Hercules could overcome him was to get him off his feet.

The small town is still linked to the soil. It has more affinity with the country than with the big city it so mistakenly emulates. Its people are still aware of the procession of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, sunrise and sunset, the night and its stars, which for the city dweller—his earth plated with concrete, his sky narrowed by brick canyons—have almost ceased to exist.

But the best thing about a small town is the people who live in it. I say this boldly, knowing how often that element is seized upon as a subject for ridicule—their dullness, banality, narrow lives and interests. The point is that the indictment simply is not true. There are such people and such conditions in small towns, just as there are in large cities, for the human race is plentifully supplied with all kinds; they average about the same everywhere. The inhabitants of the small town are no worse and no better than people everywhere, but in the small town you know them, as friends, neighbors, acquaintances, over a long span of years, lifetimes often, and they know you for what you are—a sobering but an inspiring thought. In

the small town you do not need to pretend; you can be yourself. This may irk some minds, who will prefer the anonymity of the big city, but to a normal person there is something heartening in being an integral part of a community. Be sure of this, if you find the small town dull, the lack is in you. You no doubt bore the people.

Neighborliness! That is the touchstone of the small town. Our common, ingrained humanity finds expression and overleaps mere social distinctions. The girl in the Western Union office rejoices audibly over the good news we are telegraphing, and condoles with us over a misfortune. She goes to our Sunday school. The carpenter and painter take a friendly interest in their work, with none of that slapdash indifference of city artisans, here today and gone tomorrow, and they do odd jobs for you not countenanced by their unions. The old postman sits down in your porch to look over this week's *Time* before leaving it, and tells you he is sorry there is no letter from Betty this week—Betty being your married daughter who lives in Texas. The postman has known her from babyhood, when she used to sit on the gatepost waiting for the mail; now she has daughters of her own. One is surrounded by this warm, friendly, genuine interest which is neither prying nor curious, which does not fail in times of trouble. It is the thing country folk miss most in large cities.

The neighborliness of the small town is an honest tradition from pioneer days when the early settlers "changed work" and helped one another with bees and house-raisings, as is done still among farmers at threshing time. The neighborly exchange of simple social life, from porch to porch, over the back fence, the casual daily meetings on Main Street, still go on, but they are accompanied now in even the smallest places by social functions which differ little from the same festivities in large cities.

Besides qualifying for the small-town virtue of neighborliness, some of the people are intrinsically interesting and worth knowing for their own sakes. There are characters distinguished for culture, achievement, experience, and personality far more individual than if their corners had been rubbed off by the friction of metropolitan life. In a big city you might see such famous people, but in the small town, if you are worthy, you are privileged to know them. They are part of the life of the town, *dramatis personae* of the play for which you have a reserved seat.

I recall such people in a town of less than 30,000 men and women—a Latin teacher who was a gifted conversationalist, a cobbler whose astute socialist arguments dismayed smug reactionary business men, an editor who in his leisure hours became an authority on the geology of the state, a Catholic priest who was the best of good companions, a lawyer whose library was a collection of rare first editions. Stories, each one of them. To know them was an experience, an adventure in friendship.

One is aware of the continuing stream of life. Mankind is seen as a whole,

in all its relations, instead of such detached segments as impinge on one's consciousness from the milling crowds of a great city. You may thus behold, if you live long enough, the span of five successive generations—births, marriages, and deaths, the vagaries of heredity, the changing fortunes in human lives. I recall in my boyhood a stern bearded man, son of the first pioneer of our village. I knew his son and his grandson, and, did I still live there, I should now know that grandson's grandson; and such experiences are repeated for other family strains. The lives of such dynasties constitute books, books read with a touch of nostalgia by detached floating human elements living in big cities. There is as much romance, adventure, drama, tragedy, in any small town as in any similar-sized group in a large city. For one to whom a human being is the most interesting animal in the world, there is unfailing entertainment, and food for thought too, in the changing panorama of life in a small town.

What is often disparaged as the gossip of a small town is its most vital quality—interest in human history. After all, what is the difference between the country-wide interest in the marital adventures of Barbara Hutton, or the struggle for possession of Gloria Vanderbilt, and the same curiosity, tempered in this case by friendly interest, regarding the marriage of Mame Littleton of our town, whose birth notice in the local sheet we read, it seems, just the other day, whose father and mother are our friends and neighbors, whose grandfather we looked up to with awe as childen as one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"? The county correspondence in country newspapers comes in for a good deal of "joshing," with its grist of seemingly trivial social affairs, but what essential difference is there between those paragraphs and the items in the society column of a metropolitan newspaper?

Small towns have culture, often in greater degree, relatively, than any large city. There are college towns in the Mississippi Valley (and elsewhere, too)—Oberlin, Marietta, Jacksonville, Galesburg, to name but a few—with a high I. Q. The public library at Galesburg is one of the best in Illinois. The use of books there during the depression rose to 16.7 per capita a year, which librarians will tell you is a high score. Nor is that due to the presence of Knox College, for the students have their own unusually complete library. There are some fine libraries in homes, and many books and magazines in others, study clubs which really function—the two best have met continuously for forty years—musical societies, little theaters, all the paraphernalia of culture. . . .

Under the impact of movie, radio, and motor car, the town has changed; some of its peace and quiet has vanished; it is bigger, noisier, more crowded. . . . And there are many such [towns] in that great plain between the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

If I have inclined too strongly toward the Middle West, it is only

partly because I know it best, but more logically because that region is the heart of the United States. The towns are widely scattered, each the center of its own broad farming land, hence isolated and self-contained: less overshadowed by big cities, and able to lead its own life and develop its own individuality. These towns are the projection of a recent pioneer impulse, and many of them are less than one hundred years from virgin prairie. But the thesis holds good for small towns in other sections of the country, the East and the far West, provided they have not sold their birthright for a mess of industrial pottage. For it is the farm towns that today look best and reveal a charm and inviting prospect which few factory towns have yet learned to acquire.

The small towns are our greatest asset. It is time we took stock of them, those middle-sized, middle-class, bourgeois burgs which it is so easy to mock, though few who have lived there have escaped their charm and amenity. A wistful longing for them has built up a flourishing business in New York, selling out-of-town newspapers. The movement toward decentralization already under way, which made Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building obsolete before they were completed, will give them new significance.

"God made the country," said the proverb, "and the devil made the city." Between God's country and the devil's city is the small town, combining the best features of both.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Ways of Living

". . . AND TIME TO ENJOY IT"[1]

J. P. McEvoy

Joseph Patrick McEvoy (1805-), world traveler and writer, started his writing career at fifteen as a newspaper sports editor. Since then he has written plays, novels, radio programs, and travel articles. In recent years he has contributed articles to the Saturday Evening Post, American Mercury, *and* Reader's Digest. *His most popular book is* Father Meets Son, *1930. Having traveled extensively, Mr. McEvoy writes out of first hand knowledge of the peoples and customs he describes.*

Part of the charm of Mr. McEvoy's style lies in the variety of sentence patterns he uses—the interrogative, imperative, and exclamatory, the elliptical and fragmentary, and a variety of the periodic, loose, and balanced type. Observe this characteristic of his style as you read the essay, especially the use of fragmentary and elliptical sentences, in order that you may give a well balanced answer to Question 3 under Analysis in the accompanying exercise material.

1. The Latin host has a toast which he delights in teaching the visiting Americanos who have just arrived to bring the blessings of northern culture and the techniques of making bigger and better gadgets. "*Salud y pesetas—y tiempo para gozarlas,*" he says.

2. "What does that mean?" they ask him. And he replies, "It is a wish that we wish our friends. 'Here's health and money, and time to enjoy them.'"

3. The Americano repeats this several times, and the host who is very polite compliments him on his accent. And because the host is so pleasant and the drinks are so pleasing, the visitor winds up believing that now he is talking like a native and really understands the toast—and his host—and this strange, new, beautiful country.

4. A pleasant illusion. This Apostle of Good Will and technological progress who has just stumbled off the plane with a briefcase full of hemispheric blueprints and a suitcase full of bicarbonate of soda does not understand the toast. If he did he would understand the Latin. And if he understood the Latin he would have stayed at home and invited the Latin to come up and teach him the profound lesson that is tucked away in this simple toast.

[1] Reprinted, by permission of *The Pan American* and *The Reader's Digest*, from *The Pan American*, July-September, 1947.

5. All of us want health, including Latins who call it *Salud.* All of us want money, including our Latin neighbors who call it *Pesetas.* Time to enjoy them? Ah—there's the rub! Even as you, the visiting *Americano,* are assuring your host that you understand this toast and love it, you are hastily gulping down your drink, consulting your watch and insisting loudly that you have to hurry or you'll be late for that business appointment. The Latin will be too diplomatic to let you know that he is not impressed by your devotion to business; on the contrary, that he is puzzled that you should take pride in exhibiting your inefficiency which has reached the lamentable low where you allow the boring details of making a living to interfere with the civilized pleasures of making a life.

6. We are sending technical commissions all over the continent to spread the gospel of American "can-do." How about a little reverse Lend-Lease: a few delegations of experts from Latin America—experts in *Tiempo Para Gozarlas*—to teach us how to take the time to enjoy our friends, our families, our work, our play! For even richer in meaning than our English word "enjoy" is the Spanish verb *gozar*—to enjoy the fruits of his labor; he even takes time to enjoy time itself.

7. That reverse Lend-Lease commission of Latin experts could also give us, while they're about it, a liberal education in the Five Lively Arts of living happily with ourselves and with our Latin neighbors: *Mañana* or Tomorrow, *Tiempo* or Timing, *Suavecito* or Easy Does It, *Dignidad* or Face, and *Simpático,* which means just that.

8. Let's take *Mañana.* You may think it means tomorrow. But what does tomorrow mean? I mean, what does tomorrow mean when a Latin says it will be done "tomorrow"? As little children we were taught to scrawl "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." The Latin also has such a proverb, but apparently he has it tucked away where it won't disturb him. He believes that most unpleasant things can be put off until tomorrow—and should be.

9. Now one of the most unpleasant things for a Latin is to have to say "No" to you. A sentimentalist, it literally hurts him worse than it hurts you. So, instead of just saying "No" he says in effect: It is impossible to do this thing for you today, but tomorrow—who knows? While there is a tomorrow there is hope; and who am I, says he, to rob you of hope?

10. So when you ask the workman when he will finish painting your house and he says *Mañana,* he knows he won't finish it *Mañana.* But if he told you that he wasn't even coming back tomorrow you would be very unhappy. You might even quarrel with him, with the result that he could never come back to work for you again and keep his *Dignidad.*

11. So tomorrow comes, but the workman doesn't. You say to yourself, I'm not used to this sort of thing. I can't stand it! The house will never get painted this way! Well, maybe you aren't used to this sort of thing,

but it isn't true that you can't stand it. *Mañana* is something like those dandelions that were always growing on the lawn, no matter what the man did about them. Finally he was told that if he had tried every way he knew to get rid of them, and still had dandelions, there was only one thing left for him to do—learn to love them. I won't go so far as to say that you can ever really learn to love this *Mañana* business. But you can learn to get along with it very nicely and, instead of working against it, make it work for you. Then you'll discover that eventually your house will get painted, and for the first time you will realize that all the houses around you are painted, and got painted the same way yours did.

12. So *Mañana* doesn't just mean tomorrow. It also means "I have plenty of time to do this my own way, and if you don't try to rush me you will get it done in God's good time. Be calm—philosophical. Consider the ebb and flow of the tides, the round of the seasons, the lilies of the field. Be patient. There is a natural rhythm and tempo in every country and every people. Don't fight this tempo. Don't waste your energy trying to change it. *Mañana* is inevitable; relax and enjoy it—and live longer."

13. But *Mañana* is something else, too, as the Yankee trader from the North learns when he runs smack into it for the first time. It is a Latin strategy, something like a defense in depth—an elastic rear-guard action which easily absorbs the shock of the most aggressive salesmanship. Up North our high-pressure technique of doing business gets results principally because so many of us don't think it's important to take time enough to think—hence we can be rushed into buying almost anything.

14. Not the Latin. From *Mañana* to *Mañana* he falls back gracefully and skillfully, allowing your high-powered sales campaign to wear itself out while he studies you and decides at what point he will either pleasantly capitulate and do business with you, or doggedly dig in for the duration and have no part of you or your product.

15. Maybe you are that aggressive young man who made a record selling trucks in South Bend. Your company may believe that this is all you need to make you an ideal representative down in Latin America. So off you go with instructions to "Pep 'em up down there!" Well, it won't take you long to learn that if there's one thing the Latin is proud of—and with good reason—it's his pep. But you will also learn that he has his own idea about when and where and how he should be peppy. Pretty much the same things make the wheels go round in the Latin and ourselves—love, hate, pride, ambition, to name a few. But in some curious way the wheels of the Latin seem to revolve at a different tempo from ours. There is just as much pep in the rhumba as there is in the foxtrot —which brings us to *Tiempo,* or Timing. We have seen that the Latin's idea of time is not ours; but even more important, his timing is not our

timing; hence the friction, the clashes, the head-on collisions that often result when the Latino and Americano get together.

16. Up North we say, "Easy does it!" Down South they say, *"Suavecito. . . ."* Put them together and you have good timing—and Good Neighbors.

17. According to J. Z. Horter, an American in business for 40 years in Latin America, when a Latin company writes to a U. S. company for the first time, asking for catalogues and prices, almost invariably the Latin will get a routine reply, curtly requesting bank references, credit rating, etc. Naturally the Latin is offended. His integrity, his honesty, his *Dignidad* —the reputation of his firm—is questioned, even before he has tried to buy anything.

18. On the other hand, the English firm will reply in effect: "We are happy to hear from you. We are pleased that you are thinking of honoring us with your business. We are sending you our catalogues and prices, and we hope we can serve you. If there is any further information you require, please command us. Thank you again for this opportunity, and hoping for the pleasure of serving you soon, we remain, with renewed assurances of our greatest esteem, faithfully yours, etc." In other words, Easy Does It. Plenty of time to be courteous. Plenty of time for *Suavecito* and, what is even more important, the *Dignidad* or Face of the customer.

19. *Dignidad* is a personal dignity that even the lowliest Latin wears like a toga. Do not criticize a man in front of his friends. Do not bawl out an employe in front of his fellows. Do not scold the maid in the presence of the other servants. Up North that would be thoughtless or just plain stupid. But in the South you have offended against *Dignidad.* That friend you have caused to lose face will never speak to you again. That employe will not show up for work next day. That maid will quietly but definitely disappear out of your house and life forever. And none of them will ever forgive you.

20. My old friend, James Kendrigan, sums it up: "Down here there are no little enemies." James should know. A Bostonian who went to the University of Havana more than 20 years ago to teach Latin and coach football, he has studied generations of Latin boys in the classroom, on the field and in the gym. The worst scrub on the team, says he, is more jealous of his *Dignidad* than the brightest star, and must be handled with extra deference and delicacy. The office boy is more concerned with his *Dignidad* than is the president of the company. Be extra careful; otherwise you may make an enemy whose life ambition from that moment on is to thwart you at every turn. Years will pass. He may become president of the company, or a senator, or a customs inspector—or a policeman out in the country. Your paths cross again. You have forgotten him, but he has not forgotten you. He has been thinking about you for years. He has been dreaming of the time, the place, he would meet you again and pay

you back. Now is the time—this is the place—and he does! So be extra courteous—even ceremonious—with the lottery vendor on the street, the waiter in the coffee shop, the man who sells you cigars, the boy who brings you papers. Respect their *Dignidad* and they will respect yours. "There are no little enemies."

21. And now—*Simpático.* Very important. There should be a permanent examining board of experts on *Simpático* sitting up North to pass on all young men who would want to go South. Who is sending them? Why are they going? To make money? If that is all, maybe they would do better to stay at home. Do they like Latins? Will the Latins like them? American industry could afford to underwrite a screening service like this. Latins who are experts on what Latins like could look the young men over and tell them whether they have the temperament to get along with Latins. If they haven't—if they aren't *Simpático*—thumbs down! Keep them home. Don't waste their time, their employer's money, or the Latin's patience. Latins won't care how much they know, how keen they are, how full of wham and socko.

22. The Latin believes that you show your real character outside of the office. Are you hospitable? Considerate? Generous? A good loser? Do you send flowers to your hostess? Do you have plenty of *Tiempo Para Gozarlas* —time to laugh and play and go fishing, and give graceful toasts to the men and tell charming lies to the ladies? In short, are you *Simpático?*

23. In other words, long before we thought up "Good Neighbor" the Latins had a word for it: *Simpático.* Sometimes you get pretty tired hearing how much Latins don't love us. Latins don't have to love us—nor do Latins insist that we love them. All they ask is that we be *Simpático,* that we try to understand their point of view, and respect it.

24. "Respect" is the keyword. The Good Neighbor Policy emphasizes "respect of self . . . respect of others . . . respect for obligations." It says nothing about love, which is a lovesome thing, God wot, but a rare commodity among families, much less among nations. All the people in our 48 states do not love one another. Nor do all the people in Latin America love one another. But the young man from South Bend will soon learn that if he respects the Latin the Latin will respect him. Simple, isn't it?

25. Clear sailing if the young man also remembers that every American who goes South—whether hell-bent for pleasure or hell-bent for business; whether he goes to do good or merely to do well—is an ambassador-at-large. He can make friends or enemies for his country, his company or himself, depending on how soon and how thoroughly he learns his *Mañana, Tiempo, Suavecito, Dignidad* and *Simpático.* Perhaps, as he grows older and wiser, and has acquired *Salud y Pesetas,* he will even learn "time to enjoy them"—the most important lesson the Latin can teach him.

26. Up North we raise our glasses and wish each other "Health! Suc-

cess!" But time to enjoy them? How many American business men ever think of it? Some day, yes, they will retire and enjoy life. But now they must work hard. They must hurry, hurry, hurry. They must be successful. And then you read the morning paper! This dynamic young executive has dropped dead at 40, that high-powered tycoon at 45 has gone to Mayo's to have his stomach re-treaded. Havana doctors tell me that nervous breakdown from overwork is so seldom encountered they have no pat phrase for it in Spanish.

27. Perhaps we can show the Latins how to make money faster, but they can teach us the art of how to stick around longer to enjoy it.

HABIT[1]

William James

William James (1842-1910), after studying art, turned to medicine and took his M.D. from Harvard in 1869. From that time until 1872, however, he lived in a state of inaction and semi-invalidism, which (according to his own statement) was relieved by the reading of Renouvier on freewill, and the decision, that "my first act of freewill shall be to believe in freewill." After this time he led an active and a highly productive life, teaching in turn physiology, psychology, and philosophy at Harvard. During the latter part of his life he attained international distinction by his lectures on philosophy which he delivered in many great universities and before many learned societies throughout the Western World.

Though he was an experimental psychologist—the creator of the first psychological laboratory—and a profound philosopher, his writings are usually easy to read, for they are filled with his own observations and reflections, which are close to vital human interests.

1. "Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one probably can appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct.

2. "There is a story," says Professor Huxley, "which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure."

3. Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle-call. Most domestic beasts seem machines almost pure and simple, undoubtingly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident a menagerie-

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *Psychology: Briefer Course*, Henry Holt and Company, 1892.

tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

4. Habit is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log-cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop," in a word, from which the man can by-and-by no more escape than his coat-sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

5. If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of *personal* habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after twenty spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he even learn to *dress* like a gentleman-born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply *cannot* buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last; and how his better-clad acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.

6. The great thing, then, in all education, is to *make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy.* It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can,* and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disad-

vantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

7. In Professor Bain's chapter on "The Moral Habits" there are some admirable practical remarks laid down. Two great maxims emerge from his treatment. The first is that in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible.* Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall re-enforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

8. The second maxim is: *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life.* Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right. As Professor Bain says:

"The peculiarity of the moral habits, contradistinguishing them from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation, never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition, under any circumstances. This is the theoretically best career of mental progress."

9. The need of securing success at the *outset* is imperative. Failure at first is apt to damp the energy of all future attempts, whereas past experiences of success nerve one to future vigor. Goethe says to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers: "Ach! you

need only blow on your hands!" And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe's spirits of his own habitually successful career.

10. The question of "tapering off," in abandoning such habits as drink and opium-indulgence comes in here, and is a question about which experts differ within certain limits, and in regard to what may be best for an individual case. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it out.* We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to insure its defeat at the very outset; but, *provided one can stand it,* a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time, is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like that of opium, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work. It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

11. "One must first learn, unmoved, looking neither to the right nor left, to walk firmly on the strait and narrow path, before one can begin 'to make one's self over again.' He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without *unbroken* advance there is no such thing as *accumulation* of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible, and to exercise us and habituate us in it, is the sovereign blessing of regular work." [2]

12. A third maxim may be added to the preceding pair: *Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.* It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing *motor effects,* that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain. As the author last quoted remarks:

"The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength, and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture-making."

13. No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's *sentiments* may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act,* one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mill says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actu-

[2] J. Bahnsen: *Beiträge zu Charakterologie* (1867), Vol. I, p. 209.

ally occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid "other particulars" of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this work-a-day world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel-reading and theatre-going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of the Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in *some* active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a horse-car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place.

14. These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall see later, but two names for the same psychic fact. To what brain-processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain-processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit, which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be syste-

matically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

15. The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.

ON BELIEVING IN GOD[1]

Harry C. Meserve

Harry C. Meserve (1914-), son of a Congregational minister and himself a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School, is a Unitarian minister with approximately ten years of preaching experience in Massachusetts and Buffalo, New York, where he has attained a reputation as a direct and compelling religious spokesman.

Your attention is directed to two questions which appear in the exercises to accompany the essay: First, after reading it, you are asked to summarize the central idea in two short sentences; if you will observe closely paragraphs 9, 12, 18, and 21, you will be aided greatly in composing the sentences. Second, thirteen of the words to which special attention is directed in the exercises are starred in the essay so as to encourage you to notice the word in context and try to infer its meaning from the passage. Many of our new words are acquired in this manner, anyway. If there is some doubt about the meaning of any of these words, you should be sure to supplement or correct your impression by consulting the dictionary, either interrupting your reading to do so or returning to this after the essay is completed.

1. At a conference of college students which I attended, two remarks were made which remain in my memory as surprising and interesting. We had some twelve hours in which to discuss the agenda, which included the whole universe under such headings as Theology, Social Problems, Personal Problems, Vocations, War, and Practical Religion. As the moderator,* I raised the question at the start of the conference as to which of these subjects seemed most important and deserved the most attention. A young man, a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, immediately spoke up and said: "Obviously theology is the most important, and I am in favor of giving plenty of time to it in our discussions." In this judgment the whole group concurred.

2. This was a considerable surprise to me. I had always assumed that of all subjects, theology was by far the deadest and dullest for most people. Yet here was a representative group of highly intelligent young people declaring that "dull theology" was the subject in which they were most interested.

3. The discussion on theology began with another penetrating remark, this time from a law student. "I think," he said, "that there ought to be a system of strict rationing on the use of the word *God*. So much of the

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1946.

time you preachers use the word when your hearers do not know what you mean by it, and when, to be honest, they wonder if you yourselves know what you mean."

4. Being a preacher myself, I know what he meant by this remark. It is a great temptation, and one often yielded to, to talk yourself into a thorny problem, and then extricate yourself by saying that the answer is "faith in God" or that "God's wisdom is not to be questioned." This student simply wants the people who talk about God to define their terms so that those who hear will know what they mean when they use the word. He is not the first to perceive the weakness of the clergy for solving all problems in theological terms which they leave undefined. He is raising a question which no self-respecting minister or layman can afford to leave unanswered.

5. What do we mean by God, then? At the very outset it must be admitted that for most of us it is hard to know God "other than by hearsay." Some of us know a lot about what other people have said and written *about God.* Few of us know much *of God,* through firsthand experience. Ours is a secondhand acquaintance. Consequently, our use of the term is seldom as honest and convincing as it ought to be.

6. The idea of God in human experience has two marked characteristics. First, it is perhaps the most persistent idea in all human history. All the way from primitive man raising his arms in clumsy adoration to the sun or the moon, to the refinements and subtleties * of Christian theology and liturgy, the idea of God has exerted a constant fascination on the human mind. Second, in spite of this constant fascination, this interest amounting almost to a hunger, the idea of God stubbornly refuses to lend itself to precise definition. (For many of us, the least satisfactory ideas of God come from those who are surest that they know exactly what God is and is not.)

7. Listen, for example, to the words of one of the greatest minds of the Christian Church, Augustine of Hippo. This man's systematic theology is harsh, rigid, and precise. He propounds what is to many of us a perfectly atrocious doctrine of the absolute depravity of man, and of the completely illusory nature of free will and free choice in human experience. But his direct experience of God, expressed in his wonderfully penetrating *Confessions,* is human, warm, and very much alive:—

> But what do I love when I love my God? Not the grace of bodies; nor the fair harmony of time; nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes; nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, of ointments and spices; not manna and honey. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, melody, fragrance, a food when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, food of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away. This is what I love when I love my God.

And this, you will agree, is real, yet not precise, not systematic. All attempts to express this accurately, to confine it within a definition, fall short, by far, of the felt reality. Yet probably no other idea had as real and visible an effect on the life of this man as the idea of God did.

8. By and large, nothing is more dull and unconvincing to the ordinary mortal than philosophical proofs of the existence of God, and theological descriptions of his power and love. Nothing, on the other hand, is more powerful than the sense of the reality of God as it takes hold of a man from within. In the language of a man's own experience, his feelings, sacrifices, loyalties, and loves, the reality of God is made plain.

9. What do we mean by God? The best I can do is tell you what I mean, and in so doing make at least a provisional answer to the very proper condemnation implied in the law student's searching statement. The point at which the idea of God takes on reality for me is suggested in St. Paul's great chapter on love, in his first epistle to the Corinthians. It is in these words: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." The phrase "Even as I am known" is for me a kind of key to the idea of God. God is the one who knows. This is something I myself have felt.

10. Whatever we may be outwardly, whatever front we may put up, whatever opinion our friends have of us, inwardly, in some real sense, we are known and can know ourselves for exactly what we are. Just as a husband or wife or friend may know us so well that we do not have to say what we are thinking and feeling, so there is a Knowing One who understands us even better than our closest human companions do. Before this Knowing One we are exactly what we are, with all false fronts beaten down, with all disguises stripped away, with all possibility of pretense and deception removed. All the good in us is known. All the cheapness, selfishness, and malice in us is known too. Whatever we may be to all other people, we are what we are to God, just that, honestly that, and nothing more or less.

11. This realization is, at one and the same time, a terrible and a beautiful experience. It is terrible because before this experience our human pretenses and evasions seem shoddy and cheap. It is beautiful because in this experience we feel that our true account is honestly and lovingly added up. The final worth and meaning of a human life is judged, not by how it compares with other human lives, but by how it measures up to the perfect righteousness and love of this Knowing One.

12. This awareness of being known leaves me with a choice. Either this Knowing One is playing a game with human lives in which he regards, with amused and philosophic calm, our struggles to refuse the evil and choose the good, to control and direct our lives in the paths of righteous-

ness and love, or he cares how the struggle comes out. It really matters to him that we shall be braver, cleaner, more loving people. I am free to choose between these two possibilities, neither of which can be proved by any airtight rational and scientific method known to man. Either this Knowing One cares or he does not care.

13. In the first case, if the Knowing One does not care, then this life we are living is a gigantic joke. Our struggles for better relationships, for peace and justice in society, are merely play-acting on a world stage. We put on a show because that is the thing to do, but the curtain comes down quickly and we are gone. There is no significance in our striving. In the second case, if it matters to the Knowing One what we are and how we play our tiny parts, then while we are still tiny and our time is still very short, the play is not a farce, but a grand and meaningful tragedy in which we are expected to do the best we can.

II

14. It would be more comfortable if we did not have to make this choice —if we could postpone it indefinitely or dodge it in some ingenious way. Many of us try to do this and succeed for a time. We have even come to the place where it is considered smart and sophisticated * to evade this choice: to be what Thomas Wolfe calls "the apes of fashion, the eternal triflers," to get the most out of every situation, and change the color and meaning of life with each passing phase of human affairs.

15. Yet I have a feeling that soon or late a clear-cut choice is demanded of us all. Are we going to live in this world as if what we are, what our beliefs are, what our lives are aimed at, matters eternally or not? At long last we have to say either yes or no to that question. And since that is the case, I prefer to live, even with the lack of conclusive evidence on either side, as if what a person is matters. Dr. W. L. Sullivan put the choice neatly in this epigram: "Religion may ask a hard thing: faith in the dark; but irreligion asks an impossible thing: faith in darkness."

16. This choice being made, it occurs to me that the sense of meaning which I cannot escape in my own life comes not from me but from something considerably more important than my own personal whims and preferences. History, man's struggles to widen his horizons, increase his knowledge, uplift and dignify his common life,—his apparently insatiable * lust for a better world in spite of countless frustrations * and failures,—means something. Through it there seem to run an enormous energy and an enormous purpose. It is a pilgrimage through the centuries, in which a man can have a part.

17. I am amused when I reflect on G. B. Shaw's witty remark to the effect that the only thing we learn from history is that man never learns from history. But when I reflect that men, in spite of their evil and their

failures, have never given up the quest for the good life, have always been made uncomfortable by it, and have again and again poured out their energy for the realization of a far-off dream, I am inclined to think that St. Paul is closer to the truth when he says, thinking of the hope and purpose which came into the world with Jesus: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." God, to me, means purpose: the strong, patient purpose for Good which inhabits the universe and molds the history of men and nations. It is a purpose not always clear, never easy, often stern and exacting * beyond our powers, but I cannot get away from the feeling that it is there, and that a man can know enough of it to be either for it or against it.

18. So the ideas which point to God, for me, are these. First, I am known, honestly and completely, by someone or something in this universe. Second, it matters how my life is lived, matters to the Knowing One. Third, history is not a blind pattern of events. It is going somewhere. There is purpose for good or against it. But of course, behind all this, we still have the fundamental doubt: "How can you be sure? What if you are wrong?" The questions remind me of a statement made by one of the speakers at a recent conference on peace plans. "The problem is," he said, "that nobody believes what governments say any more. If they want to convince anybody about their intentions for peace and justice, they will have to do something concrete." We might transpose this statement into the present discussion, thus: "The problem is that nobody believes what the Churches say any more. If the people in the Churches want to convince anybody of the reality of God, they will have to do something concrete."

19. A Christian has been defined as "one who makes it easier to believe in God." I like that definition. It rings true. When I read the New Testament and ponder the life of Jesus, I do not find it hard to believe in God. I do not find it hard to believe in God when I read the life of St. Paul or of St. Francis of Assisi. I do not find it hard to believe in God when I read of the eleven hundred Norwegian clergymen who, almost to a man, resigned their pulpits, and therewith their material security, rather than permit themselves to be used by the Quisling-Nazi regime. These people make it easier for me to believe in God.

20. Nor do I find myself troubled by the thought that perhaps they are living and suffering and dying for nothing, as deluded puppets in what is actually a tragic farce. I think all these people lived and died for something real and true. I am deeply moved by the way in which their lives thunder across time and space, leap over the barriers of race and creed and nationality, and beat at the doors of my own complacency * and comfort. Perhaps the only answer to the questions "How can you be sure? What if you are wrong?" is that we learn by doing, that our theology has

to be set forth not in books and manifestoes,* but in what we ourselves are and how we stand up to life.

21. Once this view becomes clear, the intellectual barriers to faith in God are not so formidable.* The more a man does for God, the more he feels himself answerable to a holiness and a love which underlie his life, the more that same holiness and love hold him up and lead him on. It is like learning to swim. First you must cease to fear that you will sink. Then you must learn the movements which enable you to make progress. At last there comes a day when you do not have to think of all these things specifically. You do them more or less spontaneously.* That is the day when you can say, "I know how to swim."

22. So our entrance into the understanding of God requires that we overcome our fear that we may be mistaken, that we be willing to entrust ourselves to the buoyancy of the love and truth at the heart of things, and finally that we master the movements and disciplines which enable us to use that buoyancy and to be used by it, to work with it and to bring our little purposes in line with its great ongoing purposes.

23. There really seems to be, in the experience of many men and women, an answering power in the universe. So long as you do your part, it holds you up like the buoyant water. You can depend on it. It does not fail. But here is the curious thing: when we cannot swim we do not pretend that the water isn't there; we know it is there and that it is buoyant, though deep and dangerous. We know the trouble is with us. We have not yet learned to live and move in this medium. But when we cannot understand God,—when we cannot explain him in a series of concise * and apt * definitions,—it seldom occurs to us that the trouble is with ourselves. Instead we say that God is not there.

24. But perhaps every quest which is to culminate * in a real discovery must begin with the courage to entrust yourself to something, to depend on it, and slowly to learn how to work with it. Perhaps this is true whether the case is that of a child learning to swim or that of a mature adult seeking God. Perhaps you have to begin, and see what comes next, and go on and on until at last the day comes when you feel as much at home in all the world in the companionship of God as you used to feel only in your own home, with your dearest friends, in the familiar, well-loved customs and duties. And when that day comes, you don't need theology. Argument and controversy cease to bother you. You know that the quest has been worth while, that it has led to something real. The days of secondhand acquaintance are over.

THE YOUNG MAN WASHINGTON[1]

Samuel Eliot Morison

Samuel Eliot Morison (1887-) was educated at Harvard, Oxford, and Paris. Since 1915 he has taught history at Harvard. In World War I he served as an infantry private and in 1919 participated in the peace negotiations at Paris In World War II, commissioned a lieutenant-commander and promoted to commander in the Naval Reserve, he was appointed official historian of naval operations and assigned a staff to assist in collecting and interpreting appropriate materials. He is the author of ten or more books, including Oxford History of the United States, *1927, a five-volume* Tercentennial History of Harvard University, *1936, and the magnificent biography of Columbus,* Admiral of the Ocean Sea, *1942, which won him a Pulitzer prize.*

1. Washington is the last person you would ever suspect of having been a young man, with all the bright hopes and black despairs to which young men are subject. In American folklore he is known only as a child or a general or an old, old man: priggish hero of the cherry-tree episode, commander-in-chief, or the Father of his Country, writing a farewell address. By some freak of fate, Stuart's "Athenæum" portrait of an ideal and imposing, but solemn and weary, Washington at the age of sixty-four has become the most popular. This year it has been reproduced as the "official" portrait, and placed in every school in the country; so we may expect that new generations of American school-children will be brought up with the idea that Washington was a solemn old bore. If only Charles Willson Peale's portrait of him as a handsome and gallant soldier could have been used instead! Or one of the charming miniatures that shows him as a young man exulting in his strength! His older biographers, too, have conspired to create the legend; and the recent efforts to "popularize" Washington have taken the unfortunate line of trying to make him out something that he was not: a churchman, politician, engineer, business man, realtor, or even "traveling man." These attempts to degrade a hero to a "go-getter," an aristocrat to a vulgarian, remind one of the epitaph that Aristotle wished to have carved on the tomb of Plato: *Hic jacet homo, quem non licet, non decet, impiis vel ignorantibus laudare* ("Here lies a man whom it is neither permissible nor proper for the irreverent or the ignorant to *praise*").

2. Perhaps it is not the fault of the painters and biographers that we think of Washington as an old man, but because his outstanding qualities—

[1] Reprinted by permission of the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

wisdom, poise, and serenity—are not the qualities usually associated with youth. He seemed to have absorbed, wrote Emerson, "all the serenity of America, and left none for his restless, rickety, hysterical countrymen." The Comte de Chastellux, one of the French officers in the war, said that Washington's most characteristic feature was balance: "the perfect harmony existing between the physical and moral attributes of which he is made up." Yet Gilbert Stuart, after painting his first portrait of Washington, said that "all his features were indicative of the most ungovernable passions, and had he been born in the forests, it was his opinion that he would have been the fiercest man among the savage tribes." Both men were right. Washington's qualities were so balanced that his talents, which were great but nothing extraordinary, were more effective in the long run than those of greater generals like Napoleon, or of bolder and more original statesmen like Hamilton and Jefferson. Yet as a young man Washington was impatient and passionate, eager for glory in war, wealth in land, and success in love. Even in maturity his fierce temper would sometimes get the better of him. In Cambridge, at his headquarters in the Craigie House, he once became so exasperated at the squabbling of drunken soldiers in the front yard that, forgetting the dignity of a general, he rushed forth and "laid out" a few of the brawlers with his own fists; and then, much relieved, returned to his study. Under great provocation he would break out with a torrent of Olympian oaths that terrified the younger men on his staff. Tobias Lear, the smooth young Harvard graduate who became Washington's private secretary, admitted that the most dreadful experience in his life was hearing the General swear!

3. It was only through the severest self-discipline that Washington attained his characteristic poise and serenity. Discipline is not a popular word nowadays, for we associate it with schoolmasters, drill-sergeants, and dictators; and it was certainly not discipline of that sort that made the passionate young Washington into an effective man. His discipline came in a very small part from parents, masters, or superiors; and in no respect from institutions. It came from environment, from a philosophy of life that he imbibed at an impressionable age; but most of all from his own will. He apprehended the great truth that man can only be free through mastery of himself. Instead of allowing his passions to spend themselves, he restrained them. Instead of indulging himself in a life of pleasure,—for which he had ample means at the age of twenty,—he placed duty first. In fact he followed exactly that course of conduct which, according to the second-hand popularizers of Freud, makes a person "thwarted," "inhibited," and "repressed." Yet Washington became a liberated, successful, and serene man. . . .

4. Whence came this impulse to self-discipline? We can find nothing to account for it in the little we know of Washington's heredity. His family

was gentle but undistinguished. George knew little of his forbears and cared less, although he used the family coat of arms. Lawrence Washington, sometime Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, was ejected from his living by the Roundheads as a "malignant Royalist." His son John came to Virginia by way of Barbados as mate of a tobacco-ship, settled there, and became an Indian fighter, so undisciplined as to embarrass the Governor of Virginia as much as the Indians. His son Lawrence, father of Augustine, George's father, earned a competence in the merchant marine and settled down to planting. Love of the land was a trait which all Washingtons had in common: they might seek wealth at sea or glory in war, but happiness they found only in the work and sport that came from owning and cultivating land.

5. Usually the Washingtons married their social betters, but the second marriage of George's father was an exception. Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, has been the object of much sentimental writing; but the cold record of her own and her sons' letters shows her to have been grasping, querulous, and vulgar. She was a selfish and exacting mother, whom most of her children avoided as soon and as early as they could; to whom they did their duty, but rendered little love. It was this sainted mother of Washington who opposed almost everything that he did for the public good, who wished his sense of duty to end with his duty to her, who pestered him in his campaigns by complaining letters, and who at a dark moment of the Revolutionary War increased his anxieties by strident complaints of neglect and starvation. Yet for one thing Americans may well be grateful to Mary Ball: her selfishness lost George an opportunity to become midshipman in the Royal Navy, a school whence few Americans emerged other than as loyal subjects of the King.

6. There is only one other subject connected with Washington upon which there has been more false sentiment, misrepresentation, and mendacity than on that of his mother, and that is his religion. Washington's religion was that of an eighteenth-century gentleman. Baptized in the Church of England, he attended service occasionally as a young man, and more regularly in middle age, as one of the duties of his station. He believed in God: the eighteenth-century Supreme Being, a Divine Philosopher who ruled all things for the best. He was certain of a Providence in the affairs of men. By the same token, he was completely tolerant of other people's beliefs, more so than the American democracy of today; for in a letter to the Swedenborgian church of Baltimore he wrote, "In this enlightened age and in the land of equal liberty it is our boast that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the law, nor deprive him of the right of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States." But Washington never became an active member of any Christian church. Even after his marriage to a devout churchwoman, and when as

President of the United States the eyes of all men were upon him, he never joined Martha in the beautiful and comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. The story of the "prayer at Valley Forge" is pure fable, and "George Washington's Prayer" is a pious fabrication. Christianity had little or no part in that discipline which made Washington more humble and gentle than any of the great captains, less proud and ambitious than most of the statesmen who have proclaimed themselves disciples of the Nazarene. His inspiration, as we shall see, came from an entirely different source.

7. Washington gained little discipline from book-learning; but like all young Virginians of the day he led an active outdoor life which gave him a magnificent physique. When fully grown he stood a little over six feet, and weighed from 175 to 200 pounds. Broad-shouldered and straight-backed, he carried his head erect and his chin up, and showed a good leg on horseback. There is no reason to doubt the tradition of his prowess at running, leaping, wrestling, and horsemanship. The handling of horses, in which Washington was skilled at an early age, is one of the best means of discipline that a youngster can have: for he who cannot control himself can never handle a spirited horse; and for the same reason fox-hunting on horseback, which was Washington's favorite sport, is the making or the breaking of a courageous and considerate gentleman. George may not have actually thrown a dollar across the Rappahannock (though as one elderly punster remarked, "a dollar went farther in those days!"); but his amazing physical vitality is proved by an incident of his reconnaissance to the Ohio. At the close of December, 1753, he and the scout Christopher Gist attempted to cross the river just above the site of Pittsburgh, on a raft of their own making. The river was full of floating ice, and George, while trying to shove the raft away from an ice-floe with his setting-pole, fell overboard, but managed to climb aboard again. They were forced to land on an island and spend the night there without fire or dry clothing. Gist, the professional woodsman, who had not been in the water, froze all his fingers and some of his toes; but Washington suffered no ill effects from the exposure. For that, his healthy Virginia boyhood may be thanked.

8. His formal education was scanty. The colonial colleges provided a classical discipline more severe and selective than that of their successors,—for higher education had to become painless in America before it could be popular,—but George had none of these "advantages." There were no means to prepare him for William and Mary, the college of the Virginia gentry; his father died when he was eleven years old; and his only schoolmasters were chosen haphazardly, as was natural for a younger son in a land-poor family. Endowed with the blood and the instincts of a gentleman, he was not given a gentleman's education, as he became painfully aware when at adolescence he went to live with his half-brother at Mount Vernon.

9. In modern phrase, George was "parked" on the estate which would one day be his. Evidently there had been some sort of family consultation about what to do with him; and Lawrence good-naturedly offered to take him in hand, if only to get him away from the exigent mother. Lawrence Washington, his father's principal heir and hope, had been sent to England for his schooling, had served under Admiral Vernon in the War of Jenkins's Ear, and had inherited the bulk of his father's property, to the exclusion of George and the four younger brothers and sisters. The proximity of Mount Vernon to the vast estates of the Fairfax family in the Northern Neck of Virginia gave Lawrence his opportunity. He married a Fairfax, and was admitted to the gay charmed circle of the First Families of Virginia. He was already a well-established gentleman of thirty when his hobble-de-hoy half-brother came to stay.

10. George was then a tall, gangling lad of sixteen years, with enormous hands and feet that were continually getting in his way. Young girls giggled when he entered a room, and burst out laughing at his awkward attempts to court them. He was conscious that he did not "belong," and made every effort to improve his manners. About three years before, a schoolmaster had made him copy out 110 "Rules of Civility" from a famous handbook by one Hawkins—a popular guide to good manners already a century and a half old; and George was probably glad to have this manuscript manual of social etiquette ready to consult. One of the most touching and human pictures of Washington is that of the overgrown schoolboy solemnly conning old Hawkins's warnings against scratching oneself at table, picking one's teeth with a fork, or cracking fleas in company, lest he commit serious "breaks" in the houses of the great.

11. These problems of social behavior no doubt occupied considerable space in Washington's adolescent thoughts. But he was also preparing to be a man of action. At school he had cared only for mathematics. He procured books, progressed farther than his schoolmaster could take him, and so qualified to be surveyor to Lord Fairfax. This great gentleman and landowner had much surveying to be done in the Shenandoah Valley, and it was difficult to find men with enough mathematics to qualify as surveyors, or with sufficient sobriety to run a line straight and see a job through. So George at sixteen earned as Lord Fairfax's surveyor the high salary of a doubloon (about $7.50) a day, most of which he saved up and invested in land. For he had early decided that in the fresh lands of the Virginian Valley and the West lay the road to position, competence, and happiness. His personality as well as his excellent surveying earned him the friendship of the Fairfaxes, liberal and intelligent gentlemen; and this, as we shall see, was of first importance in Washington's moral and intellectual development.

12. That friendship, not the doubloon a day, was the first and most

fortunate gain from his surveying job; the second was the contact which it gave young Washington with frontiersmen, with Indians, and with that great teacher of self-reliance, the wilderness. He had the advantage of a discipline that few of us can get today. We are born in crowded cities, and attend crowded schools and colleges; we take our pleasure along crowded highways and in crowded places of amusement; we are tempted to assert ourselves by voice rather than deed, to advertise, to watch the clock, escape responsibility, and leave decisions to others. But a hungry woodsman could not afford to lose patience with a deer he was trying to shoot, or with a trout he was trying to catch; and it did not help him much to "bawl out" an Indian. If you cannot discipline yourself to quiet and caution in the wilderness, you won't get far; and if you make the wrong decision in woods infested with savages, you will probably have no opportunity to make another. What our New England forbears learned from the sea—that tough old nurse who plays no favorites and suffers no weaklings—Washington learned from the wilderness.

13. His life from sixteen to twenty was not all spent on forest trails. This was the golden age of the Old Dominion, the fifteen years from 1740 to the French and Indian War. The old roughness and crudeness were passing away. Peace reigned over the land, high prices ruled for tobacco, immigrants were pouring into the back country; the traditional Virginia of Thackeray and Vachel Lindsay—"Land of the gauntlet and the glove"—came into being. Living in Virginia at that time was like riding on the sparkling crest of a great wave just before it breaks and spreads into dull, shallow pools. At Mount Vernon, on the verge of the wilderness, you felt the zest of sharp contrasts, and received the discipline that comes from life. On the one side were mansion houses where young Washington could learn manners and philosophy from gentlefolk. He took part in all the sports and pastimes of his social equals: dancing and card-playing and flirting with the girls. When visiting a town like Williamsburg he never missed a show; and later as President he was a patron of the new American drama. He loved gunning, fox-hunting, horse-racing, and all the gentleman's field sports of the day; he bet small sums at cards, and larger sums on the ponies—and was a good loser. He liked to make an impression by fine new clothes, and by riding unruly steeds when girls were looking on; for though a graceful figure on horseback he was ungainly afoot. He belonged to clubs of men who dined at taverns and drank like gentlemen; that is to say, they drank as much wine as they could hold without getting drunk—the opposite of modern drinking, the object of which appears to be to get "as drunk as a lord" on as little liquor as possible. Tobacco, curiously enough, made George's head swim; but he learned to smoke the peace-pipe with Indians when necessary without disgracing himself.

14. On the other side of Mount Vernon were log cabins, and all the

crude elements of American life: Scotch and "Pennsylvania Dutch," and other poor whites who as insubordinate soldiers would prove the severest test of Washington's indefatigable patience, and proof of his power over men. The incidents of roughing it, such as the "one thread bear blanket with double its weight of vermin, such as lice, fleas, etc.," which he records in the journal of his first surveying trip, were not very pleasant at first, but he took it all with good humor and good sportsmanship. A little town called Alexandria sprang up about a tobacco warehouse and wharf, and young Washington made the first survey of it. A Masonic Lodge was formed at Fredericksburg, and George, who was a good "joiner," became brother to all the rising journalists and lawyers of the northern colonies. The deep Potomac flowed past Mount Vernon, bearing ships of heavy burthen to the Chesapeake and overseas; you sent your orders to England every year with your tobacco, and ships returned with the latest modes and manners, books and gazettes, and letters full of coffee-house gossip. London did not seem very far away, and young George confessed in a letter that he hoped to visit that "gay Matrapolis" before long.

15. It was probably just as well that he did not visit London, for he had the best and purest English tradition in Virginia. When Washington was in his later teens, just when a young man is fumbling for a philosophy of life, he came into intimate contact with several members of the Fairfax family. They were of that eighteenth-century Whig gentry which conformed outwardly to Christianity, but derived their real inspiration from Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, and the Stoic philosophers. Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, was a nobleman devoted to "Revolution Principles"—the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, in which his father had taken an active part. Of the same line was that General Lord Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the New Model Army, who of all great soldiers in English history most resembles Washington. The ideal of this family was a noble simplicity of living, and a calm acceptance of life: duty to the Commonwealth, generosity to fellowmen, unfaltering courage and enduring virtue; in a word, the Stoic philosophy which overlaps Christian ethics more than any other discipline of the ancients. A Stoic never evaded life: he faced it. A Stoic never avoided responsibility: he accepted it. A Stoic not only believed in liberty: he practiced it.

16. It is not necessary to suppose that young Washington read much Stoic philosophy, for he was no great reader at any time; but he must have absorbed it from constant social intercourse with the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, neighbors whom he saw constantly. At Belvoir lived George William Fairfax, eight years Washington's senior, and his companion in surveying expeditions. Anne, the widow of Lawrence Washington, was Fairfax's sister, and Sally, the lady with whom George Washington was so happy—and so

miserable—as to fall in love, was his wife. Books were there, if he wanted them. North's Plutarch was in every gentleman's library, and it was Plutarch who wrote the popular life of Cato, Washington's favorite character in history—not crabbed Cato the Censor, but Cato of pent-up Utica. At the age of seventeen, Washington himself owned an outline, in English, of the principal Dialogues of Seneca the younger, "sharpest of all the Stoicks." The mere chapter headings are the moral axioms that Washington followed through life:

> A Sensual Life is a Miserable Life
> Hope and Fear are the Bane of Human Life
> An Honest Man can never be outdone in Courtesy
> A Good man can never be Miserable, nor a Wicked man Happy
> The Contempt of Death makes all the Miseries of Life Easy to us

17. And of the many passages that young Washington evidently took to heart, one may select this:

> No man is born wise: but Wisdom and Virtue require a Tutor; though we can easily learn to be Vicious without a Master. It is Philosophy that gives us a Veneration for God; a Charity for our Neighbor; that teaches us our Duty to Heaven, and Exhorts us to an Agreement one with another. It unmasks things that are terrible to us, asswages our Lusts, refutes our Errors, restrains our Luxury, Reproves our avarice, and works strangely on tender Natures.

18. Washington read Addison's tragedy *Cato* in company with his beloved; and if they did not act it together in private theatricals, George expressed the wish that they might. At Valley Forge, when the morale of the army needed a stimulus, Washington caused *Cato* to be performed, and attended the performance. It was his favorite play, written, as Pope's prologue says,

> To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

Portius, Cato's son, whose "steddy temper"

> Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Caesar
> In the calm lights of mild Philosophy

declares (1, ii, 40-45):

> I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
> With love of freedom, and contempt of Life:
> I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause
> And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
> 'Tis not in Mortals to Command Success
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll Deserve it.

These last two lines sound the note that runs through all Washington's correspondence in the dark hours of the Revolutionary struggle; and these

same lines are almost the only literary quotations found in the vast body of Washington's writings. Many years after, when perplexed and wearied by the political squabbles of his presidency and longing to retire to Mount Vernon, Washington quoted the last lines of Cato's advice to Portius (IV, iv, 146-154):

> Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
> To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
> Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
> And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
> In humble virtues, and a rural life.
> There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome:
> Content thy self to be obscurely good.
> When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station.

19. From his camp with General Forbes's army in the wilderness Washington wrote to Sally Fairfax, September 25, 1758:

> I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part in Cato with the Company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make.

20. Marcia was the worthy daughter of Cato, and Juba her lover, the young Numidian prince to whom Syphax says

> You have not read mankind, your youth admires
> The throws and swellings of a Roman soul
> Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of Virtue

To which Juba replies (II, iv, 49-58):

> Turn up thy eyes to Cato!
> There may's thou see to what a godlike height
> The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
> While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
> He's still severely bent against himself;
> Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
> He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
> And when his fortune sets before him all
> The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
> His rigid virtue will accept of none.

21. Given this combination—a young man of innate noble qualities, seeking a philosophy of life, thrown in contact during his most impressionable years with a great gentleman whom he admired, a young gentleman who was his best friend, and a young lady whom he loved, all three steeped in the Stoical tradition—and what would you expect? Can it be a mere coincidence that this characterization of the Emperor Antoninus Pius by his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, the imperial Stoic, so perfectly fits the character of Washington?

Take heed lest thou become a Caesar indeed; lest the purple stain thy soul. For such things have been. Then keep thyself simple, good, pure, and serious; a friend to justice and the fear of God; kindly, affectionate, and strong to do the right. Reverence Heaven and succour man. Life is short; and earthly existence yields but one harvest, holiness of character and altruism of action. Be in everything a true disciple of Antoninus. Emulate his constancy in all rational activity, his unvarying equability, his purity, his cheerfulness of countenance, his sweetness, his contempt for notoriety, and his eagerness to come at the root of the matter.

Remember how he would never dismiss any subject until he had gained a clear insight into it and grasped it thoroughly; how he bore with the injustice of his detractors and never retorted in kind; how he did nothing in haste, turned a deaf ear to the professional tale-bearers, and showed himself an acute judge of characters and actions, devoid of all reproachfulness, timidity, suspiciousness, and sophistry; how easily he was satisfied,—for instance, with lodging, bed, clothing, food, and servants,—how fond of work and how patient; capable, thanks to his frugal diet, of remaining at his post from morning till night, having apparently subjected even the operations of nature to his will; firm and constant in friendship, tolerant of the most outspoken criticism of his opinions, delighted if any one could make a better suggestion than himself, and, finally, deeply religious without any trace of superstition.

22. When Washington was twenty years old, his brother Lawrence died. George, next heir by their father's will, stepped into his place as proprietor of Mount Vernon. At this stage of his life, George did not greatly enjoy the exacting task of running a great plantation; he thirsted for glory in war. But he soon began to enlarge and improve his holdings, and in the end came to love the land as nothing else. Late in life, when the First Citizen of the World, he wrote, "How much more delightful is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain-glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests." And again, "To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty of the laborer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed." That was the way with all Washington's ideas: they were more easily conceived and executed than expressed on paper. Ideas did not interest him, nor was he interested in himself. Hence the disappointing matter-of-fact objectiveness of his letters and diaries.

23. Nevertheless, it is clear from Washington's diaries that farming was a great factor in his discipline. For the lot of a Virginia planter was not as romance has colored it. Slaves had to be driven, or they ate out your substance; overseers watched, or they slacked and stole; accounts rigidly balanced, or you became poorer every year. There were droughts, and insect pests, and strange maladies among the cattle. Washington's life at Mount Vernon was one of constant experiment, unremitting labor, unwearying patience. It was a continual war against human error, insect enemies, and tradition. He might provide improved flails and a clean threshing floor in

his new barns; when his back was turned the overseer would have the wheat out in the yard, to be trod into the muck by the cattle. His books prove that he was an eager and bold experimenter in that "new husbandry" of which Coke of Norfolk was the great exponent. There were slave blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers; a cider press and a still-house, where excellent corn and rye whisky was made, and sold in barrels made by the slaves from plantation oak. Herring and shad fisheries in the Potomac provided food for the slaves; a grist-mill turned Washington's improved strain of wheat into flour, which was taken to market in his own schooner, which he could handle like a downeast skipper. Indeed, it is in his husbandry that we can earliest discern those qualities that made Washington the first soldier and statesman of America. As landed proprietor no less than as commander-in-chief, he showed executive ability, the power of planning for a distant end, and a capacity for taking infinite pains. Neither drought nor defeat could turn him from a course that he discerned to be proper and right; but in farming as in war he learned from failure, and grew in stature from loss and adversity.

24. Not long after inheriting Mount Vernon, Washington had opportunity to test what his brother had taught him of military tactics and the practice of arms. Drilling and tactics, like surveying, were a projection of Washington's mathematical mind; like every born strategist he could see moving troops in his mind's eye, march and deploy them and calculate the time to a minute. He devoured accounts of Frederick's campaigns, and doubtless dreamt of directing a great battle on a grassy plain—a terrain he was destined never to find in this shaggy country. As one of the first landowners in the county, at twenty he was commissioned major of militia. He then asked for and obtained the post of adjutant of militia for the county. The settlement of his brother's affairs brought him into contact with Governor Dinwiddie, a shrewd Scot who knew a dependable young man when he saw one; and from this came his first great opportunity.

25. At twenty-one he was sent on a highly confidential and difficult thousand-mile reconnaissance through the back country from western Virginia to the Ohio, and almost to the shores of Lake Erie. This young man just past his majority showed a caution in wilderness work, a diplomatic skill in dealing with Indians, and a courteous firmness in dealing with French commanders that would have done credit to a man twice his age. But on his next mission, one notes with a feeling of relief, youthful impetuosity prevailed. Unmindful that one must always let the enemy make the first aggression, our young lieutenant-colonel fired the shot that began the Seven Years' War.

26. A phrase of the young soldier's blithe letter to his younger brother: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming

in the sound," got into the papers, and gave sophisticated London a good laugh. Even George the Second heard it and remarked, "He would not say so, if he had been used to hear many." That time would come soon enough. Washington's shot in the silent wilderness brought the French and Indians buzzing about his ears. He retired to Fort Necessity, which he had caused to be built in a large meadow, hoping to tempt the enemy to a pitched battle. But the enemy was so inconsiderate! He swarmed about the fort in such numbers that Washington was lucky to be allowed to capitulate and go home; for this was one of those wars that was not yet a war—it was not declared till two years after the fighting began. The enemy was so superior in numbers that nobody blamed Washington; and when General Braddock arrived with an army of regulars, he invited the young frontier leader to accompany his expedition into the wilderness.

27. There is no need here to repeat the tale of Braddock's defeat, except to say that the general's stupidity and the colonel's part in saving what could be saved have both been exaggerated. Parkman wrote in his classic *Montcalm and Wolfe*, "Braddock has been charged with marching blindly into an ambuscade; but it was not so. There was no ambuscade; and had there been one, he would have found it." That is the truth of the matter; and whilst Washington's behavior was creditable in every respect, he did not save Braddock's army; the French and Indians were simply too busy despoiling the dead and wounded, to pursue.

28. Shortly after Washington reached Alexandria, the annual electoral campaign began for members of the Virginia Assembly. In a political dispute the Colonel said something insulting to a quick-tempered little fellow named Payne, who promptly knocked him down with a hickory stick. Soldiers rushed up to avenge Washington, who recovered just in time to tell them he was not hurt, and could take care of himself, thank you! The next day he wrote to Payne requesting an interview at a tavern. The little man arrived, expecting a demand for an apology, or a challenge. Instead, Washington apologized for his insult which had provoked the blow, hoped that Payne was satisfied, and offered his hand. Some of Washington's biographers cannot imagine or understand such conduct. One of them brackets this episode with the cherry-tree yarn as "stories so silly and so foolishly impossible that they do not deserve an instant's consideration." Another explains Washington's conduct as a result of his defeat at Fort Necessity: "Washington was crushed into such meekness at this time that . . . instead of retaliating or challenging the fellow to a duel, he apologized." But the incident, which has been well substantiated, occurred after Braddock's defeat, not Washington's; and it was due to Stoical magnanimity, not Christian meekness. "It is the Part of a Great Mind to despise Injuries," says Seneca the younger, in the L'Estrange translation that Washington owned. The Payne affair was merely an early instance of what Washington

was doing all his life: admitting he was wrong when he was convinced he was in the wrong, and doing the handsome thing in a gentlemanly manner. A man who took that attitude became impregnable to attack by politicians or anyone else. For a young man of twenty three to take it, meant that he had firm hold of a great philosophy.

29. During the next two years, Washington had charge of the frontier defenses of Virginia, and a chain of thirty garrisoned stockades which followed the Shenandoah Valley and its outer bulwarks from Winchester to the North Carolina line. In the execution of this command he showed a prodigious physical activity, often riding thirty miles a day for several days over wilderness trails. His letters show a youthful touchiness about rank and recognition; he sorely tried the patience of Governor Dinwiddie, who, to Washington's evident surprise, accepted a proffered resignation; but he was soon reappointed and took a leading part in General Forbes's expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was merely to settle a question of precedence that Washington undertook a long journey to interview Governor Shirley, the commander-in-chief at Boston. One aide and two servants, clad in new London liveries of the Washington colors and mounted on horses with the Washington arms embroidered on their housings, accompanied their Colonel; for Washington had a young man's natural love of showing off. He stopped with great folk on the way and gave generous tips to their servants; he enjoyed seeing Bostonians gape at the servants in scarlet and white livery—somewhat soiled by travel to be sure, although they had stopped in New York long enough to have everything cleaned, and the Colonel had two new uniforms made in Boston. But Washington never made the mistake of wearing splendid clothes on the wrong occasion. In the French and Indian war he wore a plain neutral-colored uniform instead of British scarlet, and dressed his men as frontiersmen, in buckskin and moccasins, so that they carried no superfluous weight and offered no mark to the Indians.

30. As a young officer he often became impatient with the frontier folk—their short-sighted selfishness in refusing to unite under his command, their lack of discipline and liability to panic, and the American militiaman's propensity to offer unwanted advice and sulk if it were not taken. But he found something to like in them as he did in all men, and learned to work with and through them. Militia deserted Washington as they deserted other officers, despite the flogging of sundry and the hanging of a few to encourage the rest. Here is plenty of material for a disparaging biographer to describe Washington as a military martinet who had not even the merit of a notable victory; and some of the "debunkers," who have never known what it is to command troops, have said just that. A sufficient reply to them, as well as striking proof of the amazing confidence, even veneration, which Washing-

ton inspired at an early age, is the "Humble Address" of the twenty-seven officers of his regiment, beseeching him to withdraw his resignation:

Sir,

We, your most obedient and affectionate Officers, beg leave to express our great Concern, at the disagreeable News we have received of your Determination to resign the Command of that Corps, in which we have under you long served. . . .

In our earliest Infancy you took us under your Tuition, train'd us up in the Practice of that Discipline, which alone can constitute good Troops, from the punctual Observance of which you never suffer'd the least Deviation.

Your steady adherence to impartial Justice, your quick Discernment and invariable Regard to Merit, . . . first heighten'd our natural Emulation, and our Desire to excel. . . .

Judge then, how sensibly we must be Affected with the loss of such an excellent Commander, such a sincere Friend, and so affable a Companion. . . .

It gives us an additional Sorrow, when we reflect, to find, our unhappy Country will receive a loss, no less irreparable, than ourselves. Where will it meet a Man so experienc'd in military affairs? One so renown'd for Patriotism, Courage and Conduct? Who has so great knowledge of the Enemy we have to deal with? Who so well acquainted with their Situation and Strength? Who so much respected by the Soldiery? Who in short so able to support the military Character of Virginia? . . .

We with the greatest Deference, presume to entreat you to suspend those Thoughts [of resigning] for another Year. . . . In you we place the most implicit Confidence. Your Presence only will cause a steady Firmness and Vigor to actuate in every Breast, despising the greatest Dangers, and thinking light of Toils and Hardships, while led on by the Man we know and Love. . . .

Fully persuaded of this, we beg Leave to assure you, that as you have hitherto been the actuating Soul of the whole Corps, we shall at all times pay the most invariable Regard to your Will and Pleasure, and will always be happy to demonstrate by our Actions, with how much Respect and Esteem we are,

Sir,

Fort Loudoun — Your most affectionate
Dec^r 31st 1758 — and most obedient humble Servants

[Twenty-seven signatures]

31. There stands the young man Washington, reflected in the hearts of his fellows. As one reads this youthfully sincere composition of the officers' mess at Fort Loudoun, one imagines it addressed to a grizzled veteran of many wars, a white-whiskered colonel of fifty. Colonel Washington was just twenty-six.

32. A farewell to arms, Washington was determined it must be. Fort Duquesne was won, and his presence at the front was no longer needed. Virginia, the colony which had received the first shock of the war, could justly count on British regulars and the northern colonies to carry it to a glorious conclusion on the Plains of Abraham.

33. In four years Washington had learned much from war. He found it necessary to discipline himself before he could handle men. He had learned that the interminable boredom of drill, arguing about supplies, and beg-

ging for transportation was ill rewarded by the music of whistling bullets; that war was simply hard, beastly work. The sufferings of the border people, the bloody shambles on the Monongahela, the frozen evidence of torture on the road to Fort Duquesne, cured his youthful appetite for glory, completely. When Washington again drew his sword, in 1775, it was with great reluctance, and only because he believed, like Cato (II, v, 85):

> The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
> Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
> It is not now a time to talk of aught
> But chains, or conquest, liberty, or death.

Nor was Washington one to be rushed off his feet by every gust of war propaganda. Twice, as President of the United States, he courageously resisted popular clamor for war, and cheerfully sacrificed his popularity to preserve peace with England.

34. From one woman he learned perhaps as much as from war. Sally Cary, his fair tutor in Stoicism and the great love of his life, was eighteen and married to his friend and neighbor George William Fairfax, when at sixteen he first met her. Beautiful, intelligent, and of gentle birth, Mrs. Fairfax took a more than sisterly interest in the callow young surveyor; and as near neighbors they saw much of each other. Cryptic jottings in his diary for 1748 show that he was already far gone in love. His pathetic letter to her from Fort Necessity in 1755, begging for a reply to "make me happy as the day is long," gives a human note in the midst of his business-like military correspondence. No letters from her to him have been preserved, but from the tone of his replies I gather that Sally was somewhat more of a tease than befitted Cato's daughter. Whatever her sentiments may have been toward him, Washington's letters leave no doubt that he was passionately in love with her; yet gentlemanly standards were then such that while her husband lived she could never be his wife, much less his mistress. What anguish he must have suffered, any young man can imagine. It was a situation that schooled the young soldier-lover in manners, moderation, and restraint—a test case of his Stoical philosophy. His solution was notable for its common sense: when on a hurried visit to Williamsburg in the spring of 1758, to procure clothes for his ragged soldiers, he met, wooed, and won a housewifely little widow of twenty-seven named Martha Custis. She wanted a manager for her property and a stepfather for her children; he needed a housekeeper for Mount Vernon. It was a *mariage de convenance* that developed into a marriage of affection. But Martha well knew that she was not George's first or greatest love, nor he hers.

35. Twenty-five years later, when Mrs. Fairfax was a poor and childless widow in London, crushing the memories of her Virginia springtime in her heart, there came a letter from Washington. The First Citizen of the World

writes that the crowded events of the quarter-century since they parted have not eradicated "from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I enjoyed in your company." Martha Washington enclosed a letter under the same cover, in order to show that she, too, understood.

36. Let us neither distort nor exaggerate this relation, the most beautiful thing in Washington's life. Washington saw no visions of Sally Fairfax in the battle-smoke. He did not regard himself as her knightly champion, or any such romantic nonsense; Walter Scott had not yet revived the age of chivalry. Women occupied a small part in Washington's thoughts, as in those of most men of action. No more than Cato did he indulge in worry or bitter thoughts about his ill fortune in love. Suppose, however, Washington had turned out a failure or shown some fault of character at a critical moment, instead of superbly meeting every test. Every yapping biographer of the last decade would have blamed the three members of this blameless triangle. Since he turned out otherwise, we can hardly fail to credit both women with an important share in the formation of Washington's character. And who will deny that Washington attained his nearly perfect balance and serenity, not through self-indulgence but through restraint?

37. What of other women?—a subject which cannot be shirked in any honest account of the young man Washington. Many of you must have heard, in club or smoking-car gossip, the story of that so-called letter of Washington inviting someone to Mount Vernon, and setting forth the charms of a certain slave-girl. No investigator has ever managed to see this letter, or even found a person who has seen it. The nearest we get is to the man who knows a man who has seen it—but that man for some peculiar reason is always sick, dead, or non-existent when you look for him, or else he refers you to another man, who knows the man, who knows the man that has it. Mr. John C. Fitzpatrick, who has spent much time on the trail of the seductive if mythical octoroon of Mount Vernon, believes that all stories of this sort were started by a spurious sentence in a letter from Benjamin Harrison to Washington during the war, which was intercepted by the British and printed in England. Fortunately the original, a plain letter of military information, has been preserved. But when it was given out for publication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (of all places), the editor interpolated a jocularly bawdy description of "pretty little Kate the washerwoman's daughter," whose charms the commander-in-chief was invited to share. Of similar origin are the stories of Washington's illegitimate children. Of course one cannot prove a negative to every rumor. I can only state my opinion that, in view of the fact that Washington fell deeply in love at sixteen, and remained in love with the same lady until his marriage,

and maintained a reputation for faithfulness under pitiless publicity, he led the life of a Christian gentleman.

38. Plutarch wrote of Cato, "He had not taken to public life, like some others, casually or automatically or for the sake of fame or personal advantage. He chose it because it was the function proper to a good man." That was why Washington got himself elected in 1758 to the Virginia Assembly, an office proper to a gentleman of his station. He had no gift for speaking or for wirepulling; he showed no talent or desire for political leadership. But he learned at first hand the strange behavior of *homo sapiens* in legislative assemblies. Everyone marvels at the long-suffering patience shown by Washington in his dealings with Congress during the war; few remember that he had been for many years a burgess of Virginia, and for several months a member of the very Congress to which he was responsible.

39. So at twenty-seven George Washington was not only a veteran colonel who had won the confidence and affection of his men, but a member of the Virginia Assembly, a great landowner, and a husband. His youth was over, and he had the means for a life of ease and competence; but the high example of antique virtue would not let him ignore another call to duty. When it came, his unruly nature had been disciplined by the land and the wilderness, by philosophy and a noble woman, and by his own indomitable will, to become a fit instrument for a great cause. There were other colonial soldiers in 1775 who from better opportunity had gained more glory in the last war than he; but there was none who inspired so much confidence as this silent, capable man of forty-three. So that when the political needs of the moment required a Virginian, there was no question but that Colonel Washington should be commander-in-chief.

40. If he had failed, historians would have blamed the Continental Congress for a political appointment of a provincial colonel with an indifferent war record. If he had failed, the American Revolution would have been something worse than futile—a Rebellion of '98 that would have soured the American character, made us another Ireland, with a long and distressful struggle for freedom ahead. If, like so many leaders of revolutions, he had merely achieved a personal triumph, or inoculated his country with ambition for glory, the world would have suffered from his success. His country could and almost did fail Washington; but Washington could not fail his country, or disappoint the expectations of his kind. A simple gentleman of Virginia with no extraordinary talents had so disciplined himself that he could lead an insubordinate and divided people into ordered liberty and enduring union.

★

MAN MUST WORK[1]

Jay B. Nash

Jay B. Nash (1886-), an Ohioan by birth, is now chairman of the Department of Health and Physical Education in the School of Education of New York University. His outstanding work in physical education has merited numerous awards, among which are the Medal for Notable Service of the Royal Hungarian College of Physical Education of Budapest and the Luther Hakey Gulich medal award of 1940. He has held many positions on committees in educational and Scouting activities and has served as Director of the Indian Emergency Conservation Work. As editor of the Symposium on Health and Physical Education, *as author of several physical education books, and as lecturer of distinguished ability, Mr. Nash has proved himself to be one of the foremost thinkers in physical education today.*

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

What man really wants and needs in life is an opportunity to work.

But, mark you, I make no plea for long hours of repetitive wage work. This is no defense of drudgery for drudgery's sake. This gospel concerns challenging work, world work, where the individual has sufficient skill to bring him within reach of success, so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement which lays the foundation for normality—work with security, the *only* foundation for normality.

Upon the same foundation as normality stands health—mental, physical, and emotional health, all, of course, parts of the same health, for there are not really *many* healths, but *one*. The Greek proverb was intended as no idle jest when it tied up healthfulness, wisdom, and normality with busyness. The engineless, rudderless life develops all kinds of imaginary and real phobias. It is in busyness that man achieves integration, "all-thereness," and from this standpoint work is a blessing. It is not an open question whether or not the great mass of men can achieve integration, normal-

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Forum*, February, 1938.

ity, through anything but work. And, certainly, leisure for many has turned out to be a mirage.

Here we face the real challenge of leisure—earned, unearned, or enforced. It takes a highly intellectual individual to enjoy leisure or to make leisure profitable, and most of us had better count on working, even at the expense of a little drudgery.

Activity is man's natural state. Action, assuming an aim, with interest in achievement, is man's salvation. Motion is nature's law. Sleep is man's recuperative time. It is the body's debt-paying interval, prerequisite to more activity. It is the man who has had things to do up to the end of his life—the man who "dies with his boots on"—who has enjoyed the going, has "traveled hopefully," has achieved normality, and, incidentally, has remained young all the way.

How well Stevenson paints this picture:

> O toiling hands of mortals! O wearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

The "lash of necessity" has laid the basis for the accomplishments of civilization. In work, in acting—doing—we have carved out not only a civilization but our own integrated nervous system and even our brain itself. We have been kicked into activity by a hostile environment—we *had* to act. We *had* to work. Through acting, on a trial-and-error basis, racially, we developed the intelligence to act. With the lash of necessity removed, will humanity as a whole or any large part of it, by sheer intellectual effort, continue to keep itself challenged by forcing itself to face new tasks? A cursory glance about us today gives the answer in the negative. Remove the lash of necessity, and man lets down—becomes soft and flabby. History gives us the same answer. When Greece and Rome ceased to be participators, deterioration set in at once. Spectators die—participators live.

Mental disorders (barring a few hereditary cases), "going to pieces," being "burned out," nervous exhaustion, melancholia, the urge to keep or to get thin—these ushered in the psychiatrists. These professional consultants and case readers increased in popularity when human beings—mostly women—no longer had the stimulating integration that comes from interest-driven work. Note the "disorders" predominant among women who have little to do. Cigarettes, cocktails, jazz parties, forenoon bridge tournaments, "keeping up with the Joneses," and the like are monotony antidotes which lay the basis for disintegration. Give people work—real jobs—and there will be fewer women and men toddling to the offices of neurologists and psychiatrists for consultation.

Give children the opportunities for physical activity in the vigorous

games of childhood, which are the heritage of the race, in which there is a "give and take," a chance of success and failure, and we will have less need for psychological guidance. The guidance expert comes in when the natural activity drives of life are removed. He comes in to treat all ages, from the pampered child with nothing to do to the engineless, rudderless man or woman.

Few men overwork. Plenty of them overeat, overworry, overdrink, underexercise; and possibly some few undersleep. The trouble with most men is that they never have a chance to enjoy the real exuberating thrill of achievement through work.

Let us analyze more fundamentally the normality for which this gospel of work is a foundation. The real basis of normality is in reality joy and happiness. But what is happiness, and what is joy? Certainly not the "eat, drink, and be merry" concept. Is happiness merely the fulfillment of the age-old dream of complete freedom to follow one's bent? We do know that basically the real joy which makes the individual look forward to life from day to day has to do with struggle—but not the kind of struggle which thousands of people face each morning when they waken, a day just as yesterday and just as tomorrow will be, a day of failure, with no work to do, no new tasks in sight, no jobs here, no chance of success. Nor is it the struggle which the individual finds as he wakens in the morning with the same query that he had yesterday morning and will have tomorrow morning: What shall I do to fill the hours of this day?

The struggle referred to is the constant facing of challenges accompanied by a reasonable chance of success. We crave struggles where the outcome is in doubt, where there is no sure success or certain failure. There may be success today and failure tomorrow, but it is in this situation that we delight to exercise our talents. Even in the failure we save ourselves from a superiority complex and in success from an inferiority complex. It is in this struggle pattern that man has always been spurred to action.

In primitive times it was a game where the stake was life or death, and from the racial standpoint the stake is still life or death. As Élie Faure has said, "Life is a dance over fire and water." It always was. It is in balanced struggle that we get normality. It is on this basis that we lay the foundation of the philosophy—

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made. . . .

This type of joy in struggle for achievement is a far, far cry from the pink-lemonade, merry-go-round, Coney Island, jazz-party, movie, and radio mania which seems to have infested this pleasure-seeking but not pleasure-finding generation.

Undoubtedly it is from this viewpoint of work and struggle that we find Ida M. Tarbell saying:

> The most satisfying interest in life, books and friends and beauty aside, is work —plain, hard, steady work.

And from the same standpoint our President says:

> What do the people of America want more than anything else? In my mind two things. Work—work with all the moral and spiritual values that go with work. And, with work, a reasonable measure of security—security for themselves and for their wives and children. Work and security—these are more than words. They are the spiritual values, the true goal toward which our efforts of reconstruction should lead.

Work which carries the connotation of workmanship—work with at least a low minimum of security but still work—represents the pattern of normality. This level of security following modern civilization's repeated guarantee—*No man shall starve*—should be sufficient to maintain respectability. Guaranteed security beyond this is very likely to rob the great mass of men of the "mainspring of action." Such a guarantee would take away the thrill of struggle and would be synonymous with a situation where one was guaranteed success in the outcome of a game. Yet struggle without the minimum guarantee is likely to paralyze individuals with fear, in which case their normal functioning is impossible.

I want to press the point that the joy and happiness which lay the basis for normality are a result of struggle for mastery—struggle always balanced between challenge (with its touch of fear) and chance of success (hope). Work more nearly conforms to this struggle pattern than our usual leisure pursuits. But leisure mixed with some intelligence might suffice.

Primitive life presents to us this struggle pattern in work, and, while not attempting to turn back, we may at least learn the lessons it has to teach us. All work in primitive life was craftsmanship. All work forms were conventionalized into beauty. All work was social and all work had magical or mystical implications. Even today no stuff on which one works is dead stuff. The earth where one plows and reaps is a living, titanic being. The state of being of the emotions of the worker passes into the fabricated product. Beyond the resistant stone or wood is a resisting or co-operating will. In ways that no material technology can hint, the worker's quality and intensity of life are controlling in the technological process and give predestination to his implement of peace or war, to the seed which he plants, to the house which he builds. Hence invocation, song, magic spells, purifications of body and soul—the concentration of the whole nature, of all the creative powers: the worker must be an athlete and magician in body and in soul.

It is from this high point, occupied during tens of thousands of years,

not perhaps among all but among many races, that so much of our work, any and all industrial operation, has declined to the unintegrated, repetitious, physically void, indifferently objective manipulations of today. This devolution we cannot wholly reverse but we can acknowledge it or we can seek to compensate for it in other regions of life, possibly leisure, and seek to bring again to work the significance that it had in primitive life.

The extent to which work has magical and spiritual significance is brought close to us today in connection with our own Indians. They do not make a distinction between the concepts of work and recreation or even play. They do not know the meaning of leisure. All their activities have significance—all represent a phase of work, although much of it is far removed from the vocational concept. Many of our own craftsmen, even those who are now constructing automobiles on a piece basis, at one time constructed their own wagons. The significance of good workmanship was a conscious thing, even though the article was sold. Even though the act was a vocational one, the significance of good craftsmanship was not lost.

One can catch this same feeling today when conversing with a genuine craftsman—silversmith, woodcarver, and potter, shoved off the main streets in our cities, forced into back alleys, and located on seventh or eighth floors of walk-up buildings where he is attempting to reduce overhead expenses and to compete with the "machine age." Such an individual has a gleam in his eye when he speaks of craftsmanship.

In spite of the basic values inherent in the individual workmanship of the primitive, there is no turning back to primitive life for a solution. History only points the way. We must go forward and depend on the application of intelligent leadership for what we hope may be the ultimate solution. The ultimate solution possibly lies in one of two directions: (1) regaining the personal interest in and enthusiasm for work or (2) capturing workmanship challenges in our leisure.

I, for one, refuse to admit that modern work—even machine work—must be mere drudgery. This is slightly contrary to the usual viewpoint that with specialization comes loss of interest in creation. Life involves a certain amount of drudgery—a certain amount of routine organization. The stigma on this may be removed if somehow the work that is undertaken acquires meaning. Here may lie one of the fundamental solutions which democracy makes in answering this question of how to meet human needs. If, for example, the worker has some voice in management, some voice in the disposition of the final product, if the worker can achieve the sense of belonging, if he can serve on this committee or that committee and feel that he is having a chance to express himself, much of the so-called drudgery will cease to be drudgery. Hence it becomes entirely possible that democracy has within itself not only elements that will save it but possibilities which may lead to the real solution of our problem of leisure. These

hours that may be given to improving conditions in factory or community, to serving on health or welfare committees—being of some consequence in the group—may absorb, in a most worth-while manner, a considerable amount of leisure time created by the very process of specialization. It is entirely possible that work viewed from this point of view may still have within it the values contained in much of primitive work.

Children's play is made up, to a large extent, of a dramatization of the serious work struggles of adult groups—the primitive child makes bows and arrows, plays at making tom-toms, has his imitation rabbit roundups, and in one hundred and one ways imitates the work patterns of adult life. He, at one and the same time, is reliving the life of the race and preparing to enter into the social structure.

But the time comes when the individual no longer "speaks as a child" and therefore is ready to "put aside childish things" and to enter into the life of the adult. It is particularly at this time that the young man and young woman should be provided the opportunity to work—to produce. If democracy wants young people to take it seriously, it must take *them* seriously. It must enable them to function seriously in relationship to real matters. It must not lie to them—directly or indirectly. Society must not wall them off from its real problems and its real work. Society must provide opportunities in which young people will have the chance to serve in a serious way. If young people are to appreciate democracy, they must have opportunities in which they can act democratically. They must be provided with work patterns—not with spineless types of activities recognized by the community and youth as "made" opportunities. These work-struggle situations must be such as to test the mettle of youth.

In genuine struggle there are favorable physiological effects—there is rhythm of action, there is the adrenalization which comes from stripping for action, there is integration. It is under these circumstances that a race achieves normality. The physiological value of having work to do is recognized when we realize the degree to which it gives individuals the will to live. It is no exceptional case, when men break off from work patterns and have little to live for, to find that they do not live long. The number of people who die naturally or otherwise when this will to live is gone is exceedingly large. This truth was well expressed by Eastman: "My work is done. Why wait?"

We have been too prone to proceed on the theory that work is mere drudgery, on the philosophy that many a man has been deprived of a kingdom because of the curse of work. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," was supposed to have been said when man was cast out of the land of plenty.

We have too long proceeded on the basis that the objective of life is to be removed from all ideas of necessity—all routine. If we have visioned

such an age-old conception of a haven, it turns out to be just one more disillusionment. For proof of this, all one needs to do is to look about him today. He can see the 25,000,000 radios of America working overtime: 1,500,000 hours spent daily listening to news items repeated over and over again, to broadcasts of games—intermingled quite surely with laudable things but all designed for the spectator. One can see around him millions of people at our motion-picture houses—each man, woman, and child attending 35 times a year. I challenge you to remember anything significant about the plot of a half-dozen such performances that you have seen in a lifetime. The point is that a great mass of our pictures is shaped to the twelve-year-old or to the moron level of adulthood.

In addition, one sees the millions of copies of pulp magazines with their various types of confession themes. Almost everyone in the world has confessed now—we may get something new. But, more seriously, one sees the definite misuse of leisure time when it opens to a young person trails that lead to delinquency. Our cities have really become places where play is crime. Just imagine, with the above types of activities ahead of him for the day, any child waking up, as Browning had little Pippa, on her one day of freedom for the year, saying, "My day, my day, if I squander one wavelet of thee!"

What man really wants is creative challenge, with enough skill to bring him within reach of success, so that he may have the expanding joy of achievement. Unless leisure is accompanied by drive, it lays the basis for disintegration, and the vast majority of people who have earned leisure are finding that it is becoming their Frankenstein.

It must be apparent to everyone that this thing we call leisure involves freedom and that freedom always involves choice and that choice assumes not only a superior intellect but, in the largest sense, wisdom. Possibly this is the reason why leisure has turned out to be a will-o'-the-wisp and why most of us had better count on work.

Granted that it is impossible in all cases to recapture this spirit of work, then we must look to leisure for satisfaction. In other words, leisure can be made to conform very largely to the primitive craftsmanship pattern. Leisure activities need not be confined too closely to the craftsmanship work pattern. Leisure achievement could be made to include many worthwhile activities pursued with zeal.

If the individual can, by sheer determination, superior intellect, and insight into the future, keep himself challenged—if he keeps his hat in the ring—then there is hope. If he can set up workmanship situations to provide a spiritual value in living, the race will keep on evolving.

But, if this is done, leisure-time activities simply become a new work form. This new type of leisure work may be of great significance. It may involve dipping into the whole field of science—exact or social—into crafts-

manship where the individual works with material. It may involve keeping challenged in the field of music. And these things may take on some great significance for the individual and for the group.

Out of such types of work situations Leeuwenhoek perfected the compound microscope; Lamb made his contribution to literature; Peter the Great made boots; Louis XVI made locks; Mendel raised sweet peas; Tony Sarg made marionettes. Many people have been able to keep themselves challenged with their gardens; with collecting antiques, first editions, and stamps. Men have hunted dinosaur eggs in the Gobi desert, built rock gardens, served as leaders of social groups, and in many ways served democracy. The number of people doing this is large, but the percentage of the total population is small. If such a path cannot be followed, then we may definitely say that we are in the declining days of Greece, when, after thousands of years of being a participator, man was willing to settle back and become an onlooker; we are in the gladiatorial days of Rome, when after he had conquered a world, man was willing to sit back and become soft, to be overpowered by a group of savage "doers" from the north.

Yet, on the other hand, if wage work can be given mystical and spiritual values or if the individual can keep himself challenged with workmanship patterns in his leisure time—yes, if even ten per cent kept thus challenged —we may be paving the way for another Golden Age.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Working and Living Together

FACTORIES CAN'T EMPLOY EVERYBODY![1]

C. Hartley Grattan

C. Hartley Grattan (1902-), a prolific free-lance writer and contributing editor to Harper's Magazine, *specializes in semi-popular discussions of economic subjects, although he does not restrict his writing to economic studies. Among his books are* Bitter Bierce, *1929,* The Peerless Leader—William Jennings Bryan *(with Paxton Hibben), 1929,* The Three Jameses, *1932,* Preface to Chaos, *1936,* Australia and New Zealand Today, *1940, and* Introducing Australia, *1942, this last book growing out of a special study of the social development of Australia, assisted by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation.*

Like many writers intent on making impressive the topic ideas of their argument or plea, Mr. Grattan early states his theme in emphatic terms (paragraph 2), repeats this once or twice with variations (paragraphs 5-12), and sums it up decisively at the end (paragraph 18). This plan follows one intentionally exaggerated counsel on how to organize an essay or argument: Tell the reader what you are going to say, say it (that is, develop it), and then tell him what you have said. Another characteristic of Mr. Grattan's argument is the use of one of the most effective kinds of visual aids, the "pie" chart, which, as in all good writing, is not left alone to convey its meaning but is briefly interpreted in the accompanying comments.

1. A colossal error is being made by the great majority of those who are discussing what America must do to achieve postwar prosperity. They talk in terms of employment in *factories.* When they speak of finding jobs for the eleven million returning soldiers and sailors, and for the millions of workers who are now engaged in war production, they talk of finding room for them in "industry"—and it is clear that they mean jobs in factory production. This is a dangerous error, for it may be productive of much mistaken and fruitless planning on the part of business men, local re-employment committees, and government agencies.

2. It is high time, therefore, to hammer home to Americans these elementary facts:

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Harper's Magazine,* September, 1944.

First, that it will be impossible for the factories of this country to employ more than a fraction of these millions of people in the production of peacetime goods.

Second, that this fact is nothing to despair of. For if we are to have a healthy postwar economy, the first essential is that our workers *be properly distributed* among the various occupations which make up that economy; and the best distribution will be one in which *a smaller proportion of Americans are engaged in manufacturing*—not only smaller than now, but smaller than in the nineteen-thirties, before the war boom began—*and a larger proportion are engaged in the service industries.*

Third, that our main attention must therefore be concentrated upon seeing that after the war these service industries are given every opportunity to expand.

3. Now what do I mean by service industries? They include trade, transportation and communication, public service, professional service, domestic and personal service, and clerical occupations—to use the list of categories used by the Census. If these formal terms are translated into everyday language, the service industries include:

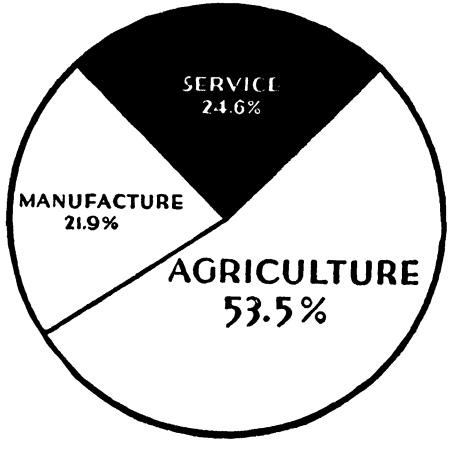
Everybody in wholesale or retail trade—jobbers, department stores, shops, etc.
Everybody working in transportation—railroads, busses, etc.
Everybody working in communication—telephone, telegraph, etc.
Bankers, brokers, and insurance people
Office workers generally
Hotel-keepers, and their staffs; restaurant-keepers and their waiters and cooks; laundrymen, pressers, dyers, cleaners; apartment-house employees; domestic servants
College professors, teachers, librarians, museum workers
Publishers, newspaper people, advertising people; radio announcers and performers; everybody in the movie and theater business
Physicians, dentists, nurses, hospital people
Lawyers, judges, and their employees
Ministers, social service workers
Artists, architects, authors, musicians, photographers
And, finally, government employees.

4. This list is far from complete, of course. If you want to round it out for yourself, consult the Classified Telephone Directory for your city and see for yourself what an infinity of service occupations are represented there. Somebody has said that the Classified Directory should be required reading for economists, and the idea is good. It would help to banish the idea that the factory is everything.

5. You may have been struck, as you ran your eye down the above list, with the thought, "Why, most of the people I know are engaged in the service industries!" Of course. For the fact is that under peacetime conditions some half of the workers of America are engaged in them—a much larger proportion than are engaged in manufacturing or in farming; that

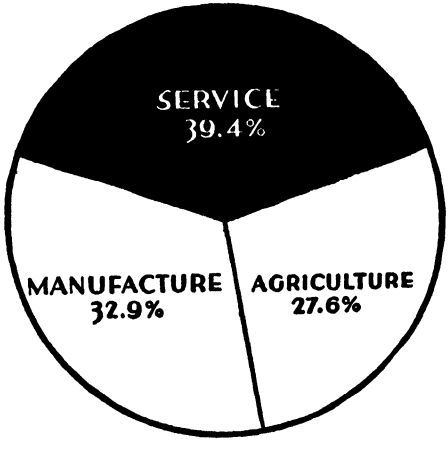
this proportion shows a tendency to increase; and finally—and here is the nub of my argument—that the growth of the service industries is a sound development and one to be encouraged.

6. First let me show how it has increased. Look first at this statistical pie, which shows the proportions of Americans engaged in various main occupations in 1870:

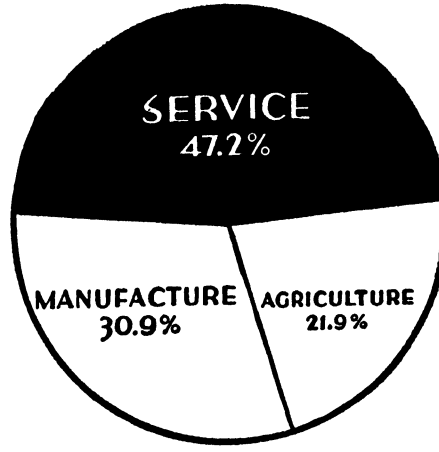


7. You will see that more than half of all Americans who were classified as working in 1870 were in agriculture (with which we have included forestry and fishing); that a little over a fifth were in manufacturing (with which we have included mechanical occupations and mining); and that a little less than a quarter were in the service industries.

8. By 1920 a vast change had taken place. The agricultural slice of the 1920 pie had shriveled; both the manufacturing slice and the service slice had swollen. Here is the 1920 pie:



9. Now look at the 1930 pie, and you will note a curious fact. Not only has the agricultural part of the pie undergone further shrinkage; *the manufacturing part has also shrunk a little, relatively,* while the service industries' slice has grown still more:



10. Why this change? The best answer has been given by two British economists, Allan G. B. Fisher (the man who wrote "The Clash Between Progress and Security" in the July [1944] *Harper's*) and Colin Clark. They have shown that a comparatively primitive economy has a large proportion of its people engaged in farming; that as it develops, more and more people move over into manufacturing; but that in a really advanced economy, the proportion of people engaged in the services gains at the expense of *both farming and manufacturing.*

11. There is a strong trend toward growth in the whole modern economy, and so the actual number of men and women engaged in manufacture tends to increase; but it does not increase as fast as the number of men and women in the service occupations. Clark has found—using slightly different methods of classification from those used in this article—that among all the countries of the world, the ones with the largest proportion of people in the service industries (his term is tertiary industries, but he means virtually the same thing) are Great Britain, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia, in which the standard of living is comparatively high; and he concludes that a high concentration of people in the service industries is a sign of a high standard of living.

12. This may shock some people who are under the impression that—as Stuart Chase has said—there is something "parasitic" about the service industries: that they are "a kind of debt upon" the physical output of the national economy. It may shock some people who have got into their heads the notion that the man in overalls is more to be prized as a worker than

the man in a white collar; that the man on the assembly line is doing something real and valid, while the stenographer or orchestra conductor or professor is by contrast economically trivial. Nonsense. Antiquated nonsense. *If this country is to have a higher and higher standard of living after the war, the movement into the service occupations is to be welcomed, planned for.*

13. Translate this statement into terms of what you yourself would like to look forward to after the war. To hear some economists and government officials talk, one would think that postwar employment depended wholly upon your buying manufactured goods—building a house, getting a new car, a new washing machine, a new radio, new clothes, new furniture. That's all fine, but don't you look forward to some other things too?

14. The surveys always ask what *objects* you and I want most. But much as we want these things, there are others we also want. Above all, as daily conversation would inform the experts, we want service. We want a laundry which gets shirts clean and irons them neatly and calls for and delivers them on time. We want service stations where we can get a tire changed in a hurry. When we travel by train we want to be able to get in the dining car without waiting so long. We want to be able to do our marketing without having to lug all our packages home. In our free time we want to enjoy accessible, well-run parks, beaches, resorts. And there are undoubtedly countless services which we have never had but which we would welcome if some imaginative and resourceful individual provided them. In short, wanting to enjoy a high standard of living, we'd like to have the service industries as well as the factories work for us.

15. Now translate this statement into terms of what you can do to keep American postwar employment high:

16. If you are planning in your town to help the boys returned from the Army to find jobs, don't think that the alternatives are inducing some company to locate a new factory in the town, or else building a local park on a WPA basis. Think, rather, in terms of giving every encouragement to the local stores, hotels, restaurants, laundries, schools, hospitals, resorts.

17. If you have a young friend who learned all about laundry work in the Army at Camp Lee, or about radio in the Navy, don't try to steer him into a factory that makes laundry machinery or a factory that makes radio equipment; steer him into setting up a local laundry, a local electrical or radio service shop.

18. And if you are an industrial or business or government planner for postwar re-employment, *get out of your head the disastrous notion that only by reconverting to peacetime use the whole disproportionate industrial plant that we have built for war purposes will we be able to escape a postwar depression.* Expect a good deal of that industrial plant to be unable to

function in time of peace. *Fasten your eyes upon the service industries. Plan for their expansion.*

19. For if we fail to bring about the expansion of the service industries we shall fail, not only to solve our own domestic economic problem, but to realize our enormous potentialities as a factor in, and an influence upon, the world economy.

PREJUDICE AND MINORITY GROUPS[1]

Everett Ross Clinchy

Everett Ross Clinchy (1896-), college professor, minister, and author, was educated at Lafayette College, Union Theological Seminary, Yale, Columbia, and Drew, from which he received the Ph.D. degree. The major emphasis of his work has been upon improving human relations among various religious, cultural, and racial groups. In addition to numerous contributions to religious and educational periodicals, he has written two books: All in the Name of God, *1931, and* The World We Want to Live In, *1942.*

The selection which follows is a chapter from a volume intended for use as a text. Observe how carefully the material is organized—an introductory section and three major divisions. The author uses a number of terms common to students of sociology, such as ethnocentric *and* mores. *An understanding of these is essential to a thoughtful reading of the selection.*

1. The problem of prejudices, the pre-judgments of a person or a group, is clearly an important one, for the special danger of the present century, as Irving Babbitt of Harvard pointed out, is an increasing material contact between national and racial groups that remain spiritually alien. Prejudices against aliens rest upon customary, group-accepted ideas, stereotypes, and emotions about *all* the people in another group *thought of as a unit.*

2. When applied to the Negro, for example: "A Negro is not first Mr. George Johnson, with a certain background of experience which sets him off as an individual in our own society, but he is first of all to many of us a Negro, a colored man, and only incidentally, and perhaps not at all, a person in his own right." [2] Such emotional reactions, not checked at all by rational considerations, slow up desirable social processes. When prejudice comes in the door, justice, amity, understanding, and coöperation are likely to fly out the window. A community of cultures cannot be made to integrate if each group making up a population acts upon a basis of "automatic emotional responses." [3]

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *One America,* edited by Francis J. Brown and Joseph Slabey Roucek, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1945.

[2] K. Young, *An Introductory Sociology,* p. 424. New York: American Book Company, 1934.

[3] William Biddle, *Propaganda and Education,* a dissertation, Teachers College, New York: Columbia University Press, 1932.

ORIGIN OF PREJUDICE

3. Every child is born *not* into human society in the large, but into what Socrates called "a fragment" of civilization, that is, a *culture group.* Each culture group has its own magnetic field, and the group polarizes its individuals. The result is what Franklin Giddings, in his *Principles of Sociology,* called "the consciousness of kind." Giddings may have overstressed the habit individuals have of tending automatically to associate with persons like themselves, and, spontaneously, to dislike the unlike. Nevertheless, the fact remains that men and women live in culture groups as truly as bees live in hives or monkeys in troops. They are jealous of their distinctiveness. Each group prides itself on its culture, that "complex whole which includes knowledge, beliefs, art, morals, law, customs." [4]

4. Moreover, as Clark Wissler pointed out in *Man and Culture,* all individuals are bred in a culture group in whose superiority they firmly believe, and for whose continuity, in a crisis, they would die. People of one culture group figuratively build fences between themselves and outsiders. For example, they anathematize intermarriage. They are disposed to regard *their* group as the center of their existence, nourishing a collective sense of pride, asserting a sense of group worthfulness, and exalting the culture's tested values and standards. They are bent upon saving their own individuated group life; they are *ethnocentric.*

5. . . . The origin of social prejudice arises right here. The "individuated" people becomes a closed group. Every language has developed opprobrious epithets for outsiders. "Irish mick," "dago," "Protestant pup," "uncircumcised pig-eater," "sheeney," "nigger," and "white trash," are some of the derogatory names marking the contemptuous feeling toward people who are biologically or culturally different. Every racial and cultural division in history has suffered from such names, and minorities as well as majorities have used them.

6. The out-group psychology issues in ridicule of "foreign" ways of behaving. In self-defense, the in-group exaggerates the eccentricities of the out-group; believes all manner of evil about them; generalizes about an entire outside group as though all individuals in the other culture were the same disagreeable, untrustworthy beings. These attitudes toward outlanders are in the subconscious. They are associated with the deep emotion of fear—fear of the "outlandish ways," fear of the unknown. It frequently develops that this is the basis of prejudice.

7. Furthermore, the in-group and out-group psychology issues in two contrasting sets of ethics. While people multiply personal friendships with those within their group, they keep away from outsiders. While they en-

[4] E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture,* Seventh Edition, Vol. I, p. 14. New York: Brentano's, 1924 (Coward McCann, Inc.).

courage and help members of their own clan to live successfully, they discriminate against and annihilate, if they can, the outsiders.

8. This oversimplification of the picture may leave the reader with the feeling that prejudices are tribalistic, that only relatively primitive folk act this way. The truth is that there are no individuals, however "sophisticated," however "scientific," who are completely emancipated from social prejudices. To a less degree but with equal finality these same individuals and all of us ascribe uncomplimentary encomiums to those who differ from ourselves in color, race, or culture. It is an occasion of wonder why otherwise thoughtful men and women, prejudiced against one or another group, do not pause and ask "How did these 'strange' people get that way? What is the history of their cases? Have individuals within the group anything in common with me? Do they not seek the same fundamental values that are the concern of all of us?"

9. The fact that so few people ask themselves such questions, or indeed seek to evaluate their prejudices, reveals how profound a dominion the customs of one's group have over the individual. The individual has been given his outfit of notions, beliefs, and tastes; has had his mental patterns and ways of doing things prescribed by the *mores*. The stranger with *alien mores* appears, at first sight, to be an enemy of all that is sacred.

10. The danger of prejudices is that they call forth automatic emotional responses. They tend to make people act without thinking. The sympathetic nervous system through which prejudices react, physiologically, is the most elemental, the most primitive equipment man has. For a long span in the ordeal of the civilizing process in which mankind is still engaged—and very likely we are even now in the early stages of the process—man made an emotional adjustment to his environment. More and more, man has called upon another level of his equipment, the cerebral cortex of the *central nervous system,* which integrates brain, spinal cord, and all muscles under conscious control. The educational task, then, is to lift the concerns of human relationships up from the automatic emotional-response level, the prejudice area, into the thought-taking control of the cerebral cortex. Legislation and police are gradually doing away with any necessity for rapid, automatic emotional responses of fight or flight. Mankind has arrived at the stage of civilization where group rights can be collectively safeguarded. A culture group can now afford to condition emotions of appreciation of outsiders and still expect to maintain group individuation. Prejudices can be sloughed off as vestiges of outmoded tribalisms.

COMPLICATING FACTORS

11. This discussion has assumed that there are no "instinctive prejudices." Children are not born with racial, nationalistic, religious, or other varieties of prejudice. This discussion has, however, indicated that culture groups

will forever tend socially to create loyalties and antipathies, likes and dislikes.[5] The societal problem of intergroup adjustments will always exist. Even if currently existing cultures disappear, new groups will form and multiply which will give expression in social collectives to the fine distinctions of free minds and express the varied tone, color, and tempo of different traditions and spiritual insight. George Santayana has noted that in his opinion all men are destined eventually to live in terms of a common civilization of science and morals, but as they attain it they will more and more creatively differentiate on the cultural plane. Cultural divisions, then, will always characterize human civilization.

12. One complicating factor in dealing with prejudice, therefore, may be posed in the question: How can a group ensure cultural loyalty among its members, develop an enthusiasm which makes its people feel that they have a sense of mission in the world, and at the same time instruct its constituency in appreciative understanding of other cultures? To put this concretely, can a nation escape the disintegration that comes with enervation of its patriotism without beating the drums of jingoism? For a decade before the outbreak of World War II, Italy, Japan, and Germany had said that it could not be done. They inculcated in youth a sense of the superiority of their own cultures and derided all others. They relapsed to primitive groupism, and war—cruel and to the death—resulted.

13. Intergroup conflict exists in direct proportion to the degree to which in-group zeal is pressed. When normal national pride is pressed too far, war is inevitable. When a reasonable sense of worth in any racial division of the human family is carried out hysterically, as in a lynching, it becomes chauvinistic superiority that does not make sense. When exaltation of its values is promoted fanatically by a religious culture, with no respect for the personality or traditions of other religious cultures, it leaves no chance for respect for the rights of others to their reverences. The Greek philosophers proposed a golden mean. Can a group maintain a range of individual warmth which sane people would consider a golden mean of cultural loyalty, escaping both the extreme of enervation and the equally disastrous extreme (socially speaking) of chauvinism?

14. A second complicating factor is the inevitability of intercultural conflict. As long as men and women live in groups, and that, as Santayana pointed out, will be always, and in ever-increasing variety, conflicts between cultures are inescapable. This problem is to be faced by engaging in a perennial and continuous task of civilizing the forms by which the unavoidable conflicts are permitted to express themselves. To illustrate—the rules of play in football are modified experimentally year by year to make the game safer for the players and to speed up the play so that it may be more interesting to all concerned. When clipping a runner from behind

[5] Julius Drachsler, quoted in *Jewish Experiences in America*, edited by Bruno Lasker. New York: The Inquiry, 1930.

was discovered to be fatal to a number of players, it was ruled out. Slugging, an automatic emotional response to a conflict situation, was one of the first acts outlawed. So, too, in the conflict of cultures, the competition might be watched that the mores of world human relations would ever be characterized by higher levels of fair play and good sportsmanship.

15. By this test, what would be ruled out in present-day relationships? Would social ostracism of so-called aliens, the immigrants and children of first-generation Americans, be longer tolerated? Would the dominant religious groups in the community tacitly exclude those of another faith from procuring positions of trust, especially in the teaching profession? Would the disposition of Protestants in the United States to frown on high federal offices for Catholics and Jews be ruled out? Would college fraternities and sororities continue to exclude out-group individuals who were otherwise qualified for membership? Would economic and professional parity be denied American Negroes? Would enforced segregation of certain cultural, racial, or national immigrant groups be permitted to continue?

PREJUDICES AND EDUCATION

16. The data from researches into the emotional responses called prejudices reveal that prejudices are built up, "conditioned," all along the careers of men and women, from their earliest years onward. By this conditioning is meant the social environment, replete with admonitions positive and negative which tend accumulatively to fix attitudes. Individuals "catch" their prejudices like the measles. A year-old child takes over the emotional atmosphere of the circle in which he lives. It is more than imitation. As the child grows, he senses the taboos. He learns to act only in approved ways. The evidence indicates that a child—or an adult—experiences the emotion of hate or worry or joy that is in the emotional climate of his society.

17. To educate a child, if the above is true, it will be helpful to introduce into his experience out-group individuals in such a way that the child will have warm, pleasant emotional experiences. Gradually a child can be immunized against infection from germs of age-old prejudices lingering in the social heritage of his group. For example, let the American Catholic boy of Irish descent grow up with Catholic boys of Italian parents, with happy associations among Lutheran and other Protestant groups, with Jews, with Negroes, and with Orientals of his own cultural level. As he matures, lead him to see America as a land of many different cultures, with the conscience and aims of none inimical to the others. Encourage him to picture the United States as a nation of differences in culture, in tradition, in outlook—differences which contribute to a various, rich, and interesting society. As the teacher guides his work in courses, and as the dramatic opportunities in school assembly periods follow each other, let the student thrillingly appreciate the contributions made by men and women of all world cultures to his America—if only he is sensitive enough to become

aware of them; if only he has capacity to appreciate the culture of the Czech boy, the Negro artist, the Jewish scientist, the Anglo-Saxon genius, the Scandinavian experimenter in coöperatives, the Oriental philosopher, the German architect. It is the ensemble of many cultures that makes America.

18. One thing more is necessary in educating American children. John Dewey [6] has defined true democracy as that society wherein all individuals of all groups contribute freely and receive freely the peculiar value, essence, quality, and contribution of every other individual and culture in the community. The child must see that even from a selfish point of view his own individuality is variegated, enriched, and diversified in proportion to the many and various contacts with the many types, classes, and traditions to which he can expose himself.

19. Narrowness, bitterness, and meaningless exclusions vanish, as Irwin Edman pointed out, when a child is taught the mistake of asking "Where does this person come from?" He should be habituated to ask, "What has this person accomplished? To what does his way of life lead?"

20. The educational task in dealing with prejudices, then, is to lead people away from the association of inferiority with physical differences, with other national origins, with out-group religious convictions and ceremonials, and with foreign accents and habits. Positively, education must lead the child and the adult to an association of appreciative mental pictures with other groups. People always will take short-cuts in an attempt to sum up out-groups.[7] An individual, no matter how intelligent, catches at best only sketchy ideas about the larger number of out-groups. It is possible, however, to create appreciative stereotypes, accurate as far as they go. People should not be too gullible about *any* stereotypes, good or bad—all stereotypes should be held lightly and modified willingly. But if men are to lessen, if not remove, prejudices, some constructive attempts must be made to provide fair-minded mental images suggesting what the "other people" are like. Education should also bring about an association of the concept of harmony with differences, as in the figure of the ensemble of many instruments in an orchestra producing blending notes in symphonic music.

21. The social process itself, in the end, must be so directed as to develop appreciations, minimize social distance, and build a sense of understanding between the in-group and out-group, whether among a conglomerate people such as makes up America or among the nations of the world. First responsibility rests with the school and the community. . . . The challenge of the future of mankind, not only in the aftermath of war but for the long future, demands the best efforts of every individual in the development of means to eliminate prejudice—one of the basic causes of war.

[6] John Dewey, *Democracy and Education,* pp. 100-102. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

[7] Walter Lippmann, *Public Opinion,* pp. 81 *ff.* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.

WHAT KIND OF COLLECTIVISM DO WE WANT?[1]

Carl L. Becker

Carl L. Becker (1875-1945), a native of Iowa, received the greater part of his education at the University of Wisconsin. Most of his long and distinguished career as a writer and teacher was spent at the University of Kansas and Cornell. In addition to How *New* Will the Better World Be?, *from which this essay is taken, Mr. Becker is the author of* Our Great Experiment in Democracy, *1924, and* Modern Democracy, *1941.*

Before you begin reading, notice the date of the essay so as to place it in its proper chronological setting. Though some of the conditions prevailing at the time it was written have changed, the issues and principles concerned are still fundamental and pertinent.

1. Most people in the United States would probably answer this question by saying: "We do not want any kind of collectivism at all." The word "collectivism" is apt to suggest the word "socialism," and Socialism is for most people the same thing as Communism. This mistake leads to a great deal of useless confusion in thinking about such matters. First of all, therefore, I wish to make perfectly clear what I mean by collectivism. By collectivism I mean no more than the governmental regulation or control of the economic life of a community. Such regulation or control may be more or less complete, so that there are different kinds of collectivism, depending on the extent to which the regulation or control is carried out and the methods by which it is achieved. To say that we do not want any kind of collectivism is merely to express a pious wish. It is not a question of what we should like if it were possible to have it, but a question of what we must accept under conditions as they exist. We already have a certain amount of collectivism, a certain amount of governmental regulation of economic life; and it is about as clearly on the cards as anything can be that we must have still more of it.

2. But why must we have more of it? Why can't we have what we want? This raises the interesting question which philosophers have discussed from time out of mind: Do men make their own history, or is it made for them by some power over which they have no control? The proper answer is that neither part of the question can be answered wholly in the affirmative. Men

[1] Reprinted from *How* New *Will the Better World Be?*, by Carl L. Becker, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1944 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

make their own history in part, and in part it is made for them by certain conditions which they cannot change, or cannot altogether change.

3. One of these conditions is physiographic—conditions of geography, soil, climate, and the like. Men can raise rice and bananas, but it would be a waste of effort to try to raise them in Labrador or New England. The other condition is historic—the pattern of habits and customs and institutions that exists at any time and place as the result of a long process of historical development. Men living in New England today can have all the rice and bananas they want, because these foods can now be so easily and cheaply brought to New England from the places where they are raised. But modern methods of transportation are part of the complex pattern of habit and institutions which has been historically created; and this complex pattern of habit and institutions is itself a limitation which determines in part the power of men to make their own history. It has been said that we should be better off if there were no steam engines, automobiles, or airplanes. Maybe we should. But the fact is that we have these things. We cannot get rid of them by wishing; and we can make our own history from now on only within the limits set by the existence and use of steam engines, automobiles, and airplanes, and the kind of society which these and a thousand and one other technological devices make necessary.

4. The pattern of thought and behavior, of customs and institutions that exist at any time can be changed by men, but not easily or all at once; and the way in which it can be changed, and the direction which the change must take, are as much determined by what has occurred and what exists as they are by men's will and desire. During the last century social and political institutions, and men's ways of thinking about them, have been changing, at times pretty rapidly; but they have been changing in a certain direction. This direction, the historical trend of our time, has been steadily away from unrestrained "private economic enterprise" and towards governmental regulation of private economic enterprise—that is to say, towards some form of what I have defined as collectivism.

5. Four different forms of collectivism have in fact been proposed or adopted—Socialism, Communism, Fascism, and what for lack of a better term we may call Social Democracy. We cannot reverse the historic trend towards collectivism, but we can with intelligence and determination decide whether we will have some brand of Social Democracy rather than some brand of Socialism, Communism, or Fascism. . . .

6. These . . . four forms of collectivism . . . are alike in one respect only: they all reflect the trend, inevitable in our complex technological societies, towards an increasing amount of governmental regulation of private economic enterprise. But they differ, often radically, in other and more important respects. They differ either in respect to the amount of

governmental regulation which is thought necessary, or in respect to the means which are proposed for effecting the end desired.

7. To make this difference vivid, let us represent the four forms of collectivism (Social Democracy, Socialism, Communism, Fascism) by four outstanding persons: Franklin Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, Joseph Stalin, and Adolf Hitler. Franklin Roosevelt is a social democrat. He wishes to keep as much of the capitalist system and of competition for private profit as possible, but he believes that a good deal of governmental regulation of private enterprise is necessary in order to achieve the maximum production and an equitable distribution of wealth; and he is entirely convinced that whatever regulation is necessary should and can be accomplished by the established democratic political procedure, and without surrendering any of our democratic liberties.

8. Norman Thomas is a Socialist, in the strict party sense of that term. He differs from Roosevelt in regard to the capitalist system of private property and competition for private profit. These he regards as the fundamental evil which must be abolished before there can be a maximum production or any tolerably equitable distribution of wealth. He therefore believes it is necessary for the government to own and operate the great productive enterprises, as it now controls and operates the postal service. But in respect to the means by which this can and should be accomplished he agrees with Roosevelt. He does not believe, as the Communists do, that any violent revolution is either necessary or desirable. On the contrary, he believes that the desired end can and will be accomplished as soon as a majority of the people are convinced that it is necessary, by supporting the Socialist Party and its program and passing the necessary legislation by the established democratic procedure. Thus Roosevelt (social democrat) and Norman Thomas (Socialist) disagree as to the amount of governmental regulation that is necessary, but agree that whatever amount is necessary can be brought about by the peaceful democratic method.

9. Joseph Stalin is a Communist. He agrees with Norman Thomas that private property in land and industry and competition for private profit is the fundamental evil which must be abolished before there can be a government for all the people rather than for the privileged capitalist class. But he does not believe that the capitalist system of private property can be abolished in any democratic country by democratic political methods. It can be accomplished only by a revolution, because the very class which needs to be dispossessed is the class that controls the government and shapes legislation in the capitalist democratic countries. The desired end can therefore be accomplished only by a revolutionary dictatorship, the temporary suppression of the democratic liberties, and the forcible "liquidation" of the capitalist class.

10. Adolf Hitler is a Fascist. Fascism need not have all the revolting

characteristics of German Fascism. But wherever Fascism has been established it has abolished the democratic liberties and political procedure, established a dictatorship, and without technically abolishing private property in land and industry has subjected it to such complete governmental control that it amounts to the same thing. Thus Fascism and Communism agree in asking us to give up all three of the democratic liberties—private economic enterprise, freedom of speech and the press, and self-government. Socialism asks us to give up only one—private economic enterprise. Social Democracy does not ask us to give up any of the democratic liberties, but only to submit to whatever restrictions of private economic enterprise may be necessary for the economic welfare and security of the people as a whole. . . .

11. These are the four forms which the history of technological society in our times imposes. We must accept one of them. If this is so, then it need scarcely be said that the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States would not choose to have either Fascism or Communism. Almost as little would they choose to have Socialism. But it decidedly does need to be said that if they let things drift, if they do not give far more serious and intelligent attention to the task of achieving Social Democracy by the democratic method than they have as yet done, they will be in grave danger of getting one of the forms of collectivism which they least want to have. They cannot drift into Social Democracy. They cannot very easily drift into Communism or Socialism. If they let things drift the thing they are most likely to drift into is Fascism. The choice which we actually have is, then, I think, the choice between being intelligent enough to devise some method of making the capitalist system of private enterprise work and thereby preserving our democratic liberties, or of muddling along, playing politics, and ending up with some American brand of Fascism and the loss of our democratic liberties. . . .

12. When the war is over the government will necessarily cease to do many things which it is now doing, and no doubt it will cease to spend as much money. But there will still be an emergency, although of a different kind. There will be a demobilization emergency—the temporary emergency created by the necessity of getting back from a wartime to a peacetime economy. This will last for some time, and then will fade out into the old, familiar, permanent, and more difficult peacetime emergency which existed before the war began, and which the pre-war New Deal was an attempt to meet. To suppose that the peacetime emergency will be any less important or less insistent or less difficult than the wartime emergency, to suppose that the government will be able to by-pass this emergency and rely upon "business as usual" to maintain full production and full employment, is to be incredibly naïve and incapable of learning anything from the experience of the last fifty years.

13. Whatever party is in power after the war will find that the government cannot cease spending or cease meddling. It might conceivably cease muddling. It will at all events be confronted with the same problem which the pre-war New Deal was an attempt to solve. But the pre-war New Deal was not enough for the situation before the war, and will be even less so for the situation after the war is over. It was an experiment from which, however, we can learn much. The wartime New Deal is another experiment from which we should learn still more. And it is to be hoped that, learning much from these experiments, the demobilization emergency will prepare the way for a post-war New Deal which will avoid the most obvious defects of all previous new deals.

14. The chief defect of all our peacetime new deals, from Theodore to Franklin Roosevelt, is that they were all concerned primarily with particular measures designed to cure specific evils. When the banks were all on the verge of failure they were closed for a few days to tide them over. When millions of men were unemployed they were given temporary relief, or else jobs were rigged up to provide work for them. When farmers were desperate, mortgage foreclosures were forbidden temporarily, and in order to raise prices of farm products the raising of cotton and corn was restricted or the government bought the surplus and held it. And so on. But no adequate attempt was made to get at the underlying causes of the general collapse, and as a consequence there was no clear or agreed-upon idea of the ultimate end to be achieved. The chief defect of the pre-war New Deal was that it was too much concerned with curing particular evils and too little concerned with achieving some positive general good. It is an arresting and significant fact that the pre-war New Deal failed to abolish unemployment although that was its main object, whereas the wartime New Deal has virtually abolished unemployment although its main object was something else. The general object of the wartime New Deal is to win the war: the disappearance of unemployment is an incidental result of pursuing that general object. If I were Gilbert Chesterton I might say that the pre-war New Deal failed to cure unemployment because it tried to cure it, whereas the wartime New Deal succeeded in curing unemployment because it didn't try to.

15. This is something more than an amusing paradox. It means that if we could have a well-considered plan for promoting the national welfare—that is to say, for improving the standard of living for all the people—and were as united and determined in carrying it through as we are in winning the war, we could forget about business stagnation and unemployment. These evils would disappear as they have disappeared during the war; and their disappearance would be an incidental result of the effort to achieve a more positive and a more general object. Unfortunately, any nation is more easily united by the fear of an immediate and clearly discerned disas-

ter than it is by the prospect of a debatable and uncertain future good. This is why it is easier to win the war than it will be to win the peace—that is to say, to solve the social problem. But at least a good starting-point for solving the social problem is to ask what specific things need to be done to raise the standard of living for all the people, and would be done if we were as united and militant for achieving that object as we are for winning the war.

16. Any comprehensive plan for raising the standard of living for all the people would obviously be concerned with such matters as sufficient food, clothing, shelter; adequate medical service; improved educational facilities for vocational and professional training and for scientific research; extended facilities for recreation and amusement; disability and old-age insurance. What would this mean specifically? It would mean an enormous expansion in the production of food, clothes, houses, and all consumers' goods. It would mean a nation-state housing program, the abolition of slums, and the rebuilding of parts of a hundred or more cities to adapt them to the present and future conditions of business and transportation. It would mean a nation-state program for expanding, co-ordinating, and improving the system of transportation—highways, railroads, waterways, airways, and pipe lines. It would mean a nation-state program for the expansion and improvement of schools, colleges, and universities, for the building of public parks, recreation centers, museums, and art galleries. It would mean a nation-state program for building, equipping, and staffing more and better hospitals, asylums for the mentally defective, and centers for medical research. It would mean at least this; but such a systematic program would be capable of indefinite expansion.

17. It is obvious that such a comprehensive program could not be carried through, or even planned, without federal and state co-operation, supervision, and assistance all along the line. It would obviously require a good deal of governmental regulation of private business enterprise. But in carrying it through, the guiding principle should be to make the greatest possible use of private business enterprise. No program for promoting the national welfare can succeed unless it wins the support of the people—business men, farmers, and laborers—and no program will win the support of the business interests if it appears to business men in the light of measures which are primarily designed to restrict private enterprise. Capitalist business enterprise thrives only on expansion; and such a program for promoting the national welfare could succeed, therefore, only if and in so far as the agricultural and industrial interests could be induced to regard it as providing an opportunity for industrial and agricultural expansion. Only by uniting the private-profit motive with the desire to promote the national welfare could such a comprehensive program be carried through, but if that could

be done the evils of business stagnation and mass unemployment would cease to trouble us.

18. I do not underrate the obstacles to carrying through any such comprehensive program. The chief difficulty would be to convince the industrial and agricultural interests and their representatives in Congress that it would be to their interests to support such a program, and even if that could be done there would be the inevitable conflict between regions and groups to get what they each thought was coming to them, which would be something more than their fair share. There would be, in short, the inevitable "pressure politics," and behind the pressure politics competition for private profit. The fundamental question is whether in the capitalist system the private-profit motive can ever be sufficiently reconciled with the desire for the general welfare. Perhaps not. But, at all events, apart from some such program it is difficult to foresee any situation which will provide business enterprise an opportunity for adequate and indefinite expansion. Failing such opportunity for expansion, we shall no doubt be forced to return to the policies and limited successes of the pre-war New Deal—mistaking symptoms for causes, attempting to abolish business stagnation and unemployment by giving subsidies to business men and relief checks to the unemployed. The chief difference is likely to be that the subsidies will have to be larger and the relief checks more numerous.

19. Supposing, however, that such a comprehensive program or something like it could be carried through; supposing that we succeed by whatever means in having full production and full employment—what then? Then we should have surplus goods to be sold abroad, which could not be sold abroad, however, unless foreign countries were in a position to pay for them and were permitted to pay for them in goods exported to this country. Full production and full employment can be maintained in an undeveloped country like Russia where the capitalist system has been abolished and the economic life of the community is entirely controlled by government decree. But it is difficult to see how it can be done in the United States, or any other country under the capitalist system, if the rest of the world is impoverished. It certainly cannot be done in the United States if the United States, as a chief creditor country, expects to sell goods and services abroad and at the same time erects a Hawley-Smoot tariff, which makes it impossible for foreign countries to pay by selling us their goods in exchange. If we return to that policy, or to anything like it, we shall only undermine our own export trade, alienate half the world, contribute to the collapse of world economy, and do our share to prepare the way for another global war.

20. It is as impossible for highly industrialized, capitalist countries to live in economic as in political isolation. The effort to make a new and better world at home is, therefore, inseparable in the long run from the making of a new and better world in international relations. . . .

★

SHELTER[1]

Stuart Chase

Stuart Chase (1888-) is a native of New England, where he still maintains his residence. His early ambition to become an architect influenced him to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Later he matriculated at Harvard, specialized in economics and statistics, and in 1910 received the B.S. degree cum laude. *He was connected with his father's accounting firm until 1917, during which time he became a Certified Public Accountant. Since then he has investigated under the Federal Trade Commission several American industries, including the gigantic meat-packing business.*

A well-known writer on social and economic subjects, Mr. Chase contributes to leading periodicals and is the author of many books. More recently he has been preparing a series of monographs on post-war needs of the United States, a project sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund, to which the book from which this essay is taken was a report.

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

Housing is a large and cloudy term. It becomes concrete when you look hard enough at one particular house. I want to describe Uncle Henry's house in southeast Missouri. The description is not flattering, but I do not think Uncle Henry will greatly mind.

My guide, Hans Baasch, drove me along a rutted dirt road which ran east to the shore of the Mississippi River. The road led across the levee and over a plain dotted with pools of swamp water. On the higher ground cordwood was piled up, girdled trees were dying, and cotton was growing between the stumps. We went over a crazy bridge with a sign "Unsafe." "Well," said Hans, "we made it," and brought the car to a halt beside an unpainted shack in a wilderness of girdled stumps. It was Uncle Henry's place.

The house was perhaps eighteen feet square. It was set on wooden posts, two of which had quietly decomposed, giving the whole structure a distinct

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *Goals for America,* Twentieth Century Fund, 1942. The captions for the subsections have been omitted.

list to starboard. The roof of the porch had partially collapsed. A stovepipe jutted crazily out of a hole in the back wall. Beyond stood a foul privy with door askew and tar paper peeling off the roof.

Uncle Henry's rheumatism was so bad he could not get up to welcome us. He sat in a broken-down armchair with springs coming out one way and stuffing the other. His eyes lit up when he saw Hans. While they talked I looked at Uncle Henry's house.

There were two rooms, the living-kitchen-dining room where we were, and one bedroom. Through a sagging door, I could see a cast-iron bed, a bureau, and a cracked mirror. There was no closet in either room.

The floor was of rough boards. It was a raw day and the wind was whistling through the cracks. Uncle Henry pulled the brown army blanket closer about him. "I don't feel good today," he said. Beside us was an iron stove with elaborate metal curlycues on the corners. It might once have belonged to some rich planter. It was cracked now and the pipe was smoking in time with the blasts of wind that came through the floor.

The walls of the rooms were made of unmatched vertical boards, insulated most ineffectively by pale-blue wrapping paper, peeling in long strips. Some repair work had been done with pages of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch.* I counted three broken panes in the two small windows. They were stuffed with old socks. In the corner stood an iron sink with a pail of water beside it; the pump was out in the yard. There was an old box half-full of firewood for the stove, a much-scrubbed wooden table holding an alarm clock and a year-old copy of the *Red Book,* a sewing machine, a shelf full of patent-medicine bottles, an insurance-company calendar, and a row of pegs hung with overalls, old coats and a battered hat.

When Hans had finished his business with Uncle Henry, we stood up to go. We both shook hands with the old man, shrunken in his blanket, his face grey with pain. "I guess I won't be here when you come next time, boy, but it was mighty nice to see you this time. And nice to see you, Mr. Chase."

"Oh, you're going to be all right," said Hans. "You're too tough to kill. You'll be chopping cotton again."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "I'm tough. You can't live here without being tough."

We had to drive up the road a bit before we could find a place to turn. I was mentally comparing Uncle Henry's cabin with the neat houses I had seen in the Farm Security project which Hans managed.

"Were all the houses like that when the government came in?" I asked.

"Some of them were worse," said Hans. "We took on a hundred families, and tore down ninety-four of the shacks. They were so rotten they hardly made decent firewood. Over three hundred kids were living in them. Up where I came from we wouldn't house a hog in such a place. We made an

inventory of their furniture, clothes and tools. What do you suppose the average value was?"

"Judging from Uncle Henry's place, it couldn't have been much," I said.

"It was just twenty-eight dollars."

I liked Uncle Henry, but if I had to live in his house I would go out some dark night and jump in the Mississippi. I am not tough enough, and I doubt whether any human beings are really tough enough. But regardless of my personal opinion, when "housing" is discussed by learned statisticians, it is a good idea to have a clear picture in mind of Uncle Henry's house and others like it. A recent survey by the Department of Agriculture disclosed that at least 2,000,000 farmhouses are unfit for human habitation, while in Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, the average value of farm dwellings is less than $500. It is also a good idea to think of the new houses in the project on the other side of the levee. We will come to them later.

In the meantime, let us go from Missouri cotton lands to a Massachusetts seaport. Learned statisticians and anthropologists from Harvard have been making an exhaustive survey of the town of Newburyport, at the mouth of the Merrimack River.[2] It used to be a shipping center and for a time it rivalled Boston. In that splendid era, captains and merchants built solid four-sided houses which make High Street perhaps the outstanding exhibit of colonial architecture in America. With the decline of shipping, Newburyport turned to the manufacture of textiles, boots and shoes, silverware. It never recovered its grandeur of sailing-ship days, but it never fell into such an economic backwater as did New Bedford and Fall River. Driving through, one gets an impression of a town housed above the average of New England towns. New England towns as a whole—perhaps due to a lack of economy in the use of white paint—give one the impression of being neater and in better repair than American towns generally.

The research staff from Harvard made a careful examination of the 12,424 houses in which the people of Newburyport lived. Here is what they found:

Houses in good repair	2,386 or 19 per cent of all
Houses in medium repair	4,938 or 40 per cent
Houses in bad repair	5,100 or 41 per cent

There were 403 large houses in good condition and 226 in bad condition. There were 1,107 medium-sized houses in good condition and 1,881 in bad. There were 876 small houses in good condition and 2,993 in bad. Well-to-do people lived mostly in the large houses, and poor people in the small houses, though the rule was not infallible.

[2] Warner and Lunt, *The Social Life of a Modern Community*. Investigators were in Newburyport for a number of years.

From Newburyport we go to Washington, D. C. Within gunshot of the Capitol building you can find, if you know where to look for them, "Pork Steak Alley, Pig Alley, Goat Alley, Tin Can Alley, Coon's Alley, Tiger Alley, Moonshine Alley, Louse Alley and Chinch Row. These are Washington's Negro ghettos. Most of them are the back lots of the white residents of seventy years ago, and they were built to take care of the influx of refugee Negroes after the Civil War. The construction of alley dwellings was ended by law exactly fifty years ago, but most of the original shacks remain today. . . . The occupants of these alley shacks are a special brand of people, with their own customs, their own superstitions, and a notorious suspicion of outsiders. More than half the children born in the darkest alleys are illegitimate." [3]

The United States Census took an inventory of all the houses in the country, including Pork Steak Alley, Newburyport, and Uncle Henry's, in April 1940. The results speak for themselves.

There were then 37,327,000 dwelling units in the nation. This includes single houses, double houses counted as two, apartment houses counted for as many units as they contain.

Almost half of all American houses (49.2 per cent) were in need of major repairs or had no bath, or both. There were 6,414,000 houses needing major repairs. Out of more than 7,000,000 farm units reported, 6,500,000 had no bath, 6,000,000 had no running water, only 31 per cent had electric current. Under the best of conditions many farm families will continue to use outside privies, employ pumps instead of running water, and in lonely areas forego electric current. But any way you look at them the Census figures indicate a dreadful shortage of adequate shelter on the farms and in the cities. One does not need statistics to prove this, one needs only a pair of eyes.

In Arkansas there were 521,000 houses, according to the 1940 Census. Twenty-two thousand had one room, 90,000 had two rooms, 3,500 had ten rooms or more. Twenty-six per cent of all had four rooms; 46 per cent had less than four; only 28 per cent had more than four rooms. Arkansas is one of the states which is in direst need of adequate shelter.

Let us compare equipment in Georgia, Tennessee and Oregon, again using Census figures:

	Georgia	*Tennessee*	*Oregon*
Number of houses with electric light	46.6%	50.9%	85.8%
With mechanical refrigeration	24.7	27.7	43.4
With no refrigeration	45.6	44.5	47.8
With no central heating	93.1	86.7	65.2
With a radio	52.5	62.5	89.5

[3] W. M. Kiplinger, *Washington Is Like That,* Harper, 1942.

In houses with no refrigeration a large amount of food is likely to spoil. In the South, refrigeration is especially needed to keep the family healthy. Houses with no central heating may do in many Southern areas, but not so well in Oregon. Houses without radios are liabilities in a total war, where citizens need instant communication.

The Census gives a dramatic picture of the vast task before the country in the department of shelter. To provide decent houses for all members of the Great Family cannot be done in any one year, but calls for a program stretching over a decade or more. There is no way to tell from these figures, or from any other figures, exactly how many homes need to be demolished as unfit for human habitation, how many need to be renovated from the foundations, how many can be salvaged by major repairs.

Various estimates have been made, however, of the total number of new units needed in the years before us to bring housing up to par. Miss Catherine Bauer, a noted expert in the field, estimated that between 1937 and 1950, sixteen million units ought to be built to care for the increase in families, and to replace the worst of the substandard structures. Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood, another recognized authority, estimated in 1938 that some 13 million units, not including farmhouses, should be built by 1950. This checks roughly with Miss Bauer's calculations. Both indicate a building program of more than 1,000,000 units a year. The best year we ever had, 1925, accounted for 900,000 new houses. In 1933, the number was down to 93,000. By 1940 it had climbed to 600,000.

Mr. C. F. Palmer, Federal Housing Co-ordinator, told a Fortune Round Table in the summer of 1941 that after the war we should build 1,600,000 non-farm units annually for ten years, to house the urban population properly. He thinks that private finance can swing a million of them, but that government subsidy will be required for 600,000 units a year. For the ten-year period, this would mean 6 million units subsidized for low-income families. Mr. Palmer reminds us that European governments, in the years before the war, subsidized 20 million urban units.

I think we can take it as demonstrated that the Budget[4] will call for somewhere between a million and two million dwelling units, over the whole country, every year, for at least ten years after the war ends. That will make the biggest single demand upon manpower of any project on the horizon—the largest pool for post-war work. According to Mr. Palmer, it will keep at least 1,600,000 construction workers busy; a high government source estimates 2,000,000 workers. It may mean two to three times the labor force which was building houses in 1940, when 600,000 units were constructed.

These estimates do not include labor for lumber and other materials,

[4] By "Budget" Mr. Chase means our total physical and social needs as compared with our potential resources.

but only men on the job. On the average, it looks as if one man puts up one house in a year's time. When prefabrication goes into mass production, it is probable that a house can be put up in a far shorter time, say a man month, or a man fortnight—the latter being the equivalent of a crew of seven putting the house up in two days. And although the factory cost of the prefabricated units will be greater than the factory cost of the lumber, nails, paint and other materials used at present—measured in man hours, or dollars, or any way you please—the total manpower required to meet the housing budget will be less than under pre-war conditions. By early 1942, the government had ordered 22,058 "demountable" or prefabricated houses for war workers. One San Francisco firm alone was given a contract for 5,000, the largest order for prefabrication ever placed!

The residential construction industry, as at present organized, is, to quote Dr. Alvin H. Hansen and Guy Greer, "our most backward industry. In an age of mass production and assembly lines, it remains today, with a few noteworthy exceptions, a small-scale handicraft business which hardly deserves to be called an industry at all. It is made up of large numbers of contractors, subcontractors, material dealers, trade-unions, and so on. And, in spite of numerous honest carpenter builders and a few larger operators, it is shot through and through with graft, rackets and conspiracies. Topping all this, the manufacture of several important building materials and of much equipment is a virtual monopoly. The result is that every kind of dwelling costs far too much, even while the so-called industry is not, and has not been, prosperous for many years." Establishing our Budget might not only give us adequate houses, but conceivably it might clean up an Augean stable as well. No labor group has suffered more severely from unemployment than workers in the building trades, and few have suffered more from racketeering officials.

One reason why the construction industry is in such a deplorable state may be that it has been tied all along to the cart of land speculation. The men who have put up the money, by and large, have not been interested in houses for people to live in. They have been interested in developing property as an investment, or, as it has been described, in "buying by the acre and selling by the front foot." Now, with the prospect of population gradually levelling off, and real-estate values practically stationary from the same cause, we have a chance for the first time in our history to create a really efficient construction industry. No trouble is foreseen in finding the manpower, the materials and the skills to build 1,500,000 houses, or 2,000,000 houses per year, after the war. We built almost 900,000 urban units in 1925, under handicraft, racket-ridden methods. If the industry could be rationalized, its capacity would be greatly increased.

We have been talking about "houses," and "dwelling units." A better term for this department of the Budget is "shelter." Shelter can be defined

as not only the floor, walls and roof of a house, but the land on which it stands, the furnishings and equipment inside it, and the services running into it—water, electricity, gas, telephone, waste disposal.

The first requisite of adequate shelter is a place where children can be reared in health and well-being. The child is my test of shelter. Will this house help his development or set it back? In such a test, the question of how many ice cubes the refrigerator can produce, or whether a Colonial design is to be preferred to a straight-line international job, sinks into insignificance. The province of the Budget is to give children and their parents a clean, healthy place to live in, not to help them keep up with the Joneses. On this standard, the size and construction varies with the size of the family and with the climate. A winter home in Maine must be a more solid affair than a winter home in Florida.

Allowing for the climatic differences over our great continent, a set of rough specifications for adequate shelter might read something like this:

A tight, honestly built structure, of reasonably good design, which can be kept adequately clean and warmed in winter.

Space enough for children to play. In city apartments this can be solved to a degree by playgrounds between the blocks. Land to grow flowers or vegetables or both, wherever possible.

Minimum equipment for sanitation, to include pure water, bathing facilities, screens, toilet facilities. For the latter, sanitary privies may be acceptable in some rural areas. In cities, flush toilets connected with the sewer system are mandatory for reasons of public health.

Electric lighting and refrigeration in most cases, and for most families a telephone.

Simple and substantial furnishings. There may be a great future for metal furniture after the war, to make use of our vast aluminum supply and bomber plants.

When Hans and I got back to the Farm Security project at LaForge, I had a chance to see with my own eyes the kind of shelter I have been trying to outline above. Here were one hundred well-designed farm cottages on 5,000 acres of farmland. Sixty of them were occupied by white people and forty by Negroes, but there was no way of telling from the outside which house belonged to which. After the government bought the land in 1937 and decided to "resettle" the 100 sharecroppers then living on it, its first task was to dismantle the shacks and build some real shelter. Listen carefully to the way in which this task was accomplished. It may carry important suggestions for the post-war Budget.

Remembering certain sad experiences from rural resettlement projects in the past, where members were provided with electric refrigerators and flush toilets but no visible means of support, engineers of the Farm Security Administration designed a very modest house. They went into

action and built 94 new houses in 100 days, at an average cost of $1,100 per house, a cost which fitted the return from the land. The whole project now comes close to paying its way. The FSA did it by an ingenious method of mass production, in which the project members did most of the work. Lumber was unloaded from freight cars in a field near the cotton gin. It was cut into standard sizes with power saws. The units were then nailed into sections—walls, roof trusses, partitions. The sections were loaded into trucks and taken to the site, where concrete posts had already been set up by another crew of LaForge men. In half a day or so the house was up, in another day or two it was painted. One day, on a bet, a crew put a house up in thirty minutes. A few skilled supervisors and carpenters kept the job moving on schedule.

We enter one of the houses, going through a screened porch into a good-sized living room with screened windows—which work—and a double floor. The walls are vertical tongue-and-groove stock, well-oiled, in natural wood. Furniture includes a stove for heating, a couch, chairs, a big table, a carpet, curtains at the windows. The kitchen beyond has an enameled sink but no running water. It has built-in cabinets, and a substantial cook-stove, burning wood or coal. Wood may be had for the cutting, over beyond the levee. Electric current is in every house, but used mostly for lighting. Two bedrooms—in some cases three—open from the living room. The bedrooms have closets, double beds, a dresser, mirror and chairs. The cold north wind was still blowing, but every house I visited was snug, warm and clean. They lacked frills and gadgets but they did not lack cheer, in spite of getting down to the bare essentials of shelter in that climate.

Outside in the yard is a sealed well with pump, and, in the far corner, a sanitary privy. An earth-covered root cellar, full of homemade preserves and canned goods, and a small, well-built barn, complete the property. In the North, construction would have to be somewhat heavier, but beyond this I cannot conceive of a fairer, sounder minimum standard of rural shelter than this LaForge project. To come into it from Uncle Henry's place is to come from hell into heaven. If a hundred such units can be constructed by the people who are to live in them, why not a million?

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Language and Literature

THE ART OF ENJOYING POETRY[1]

Max Eastman

Max Eastman (1883-) was educated at Williams College and at Columbia University. He is the author of three volumes of verse, a novel, and a number of essays and books on literary and political subjects. Best known of his works in literary criticism is the Enjoyment of Poetry, *1921.*

1. There are faults as well as merits in our American way of life. Our chief merit, perhaps, is that we are practical, and our chief fault that we are too exclusively practical. We were born with the industrial revolution, the triumph of matter-of-fact knowledge over imaginative belief. We have no mythology behind us, no minstrelsy. Instead of legendary demigods like Hercules or King Alfred, or David who slew Goliath, we look back to Tom Paine and his "Common Sense," or to Ben Franklin, who invented lightning rods and a new kind of stove, and called poets "the mere waste paper of mankind."

2. As a nation we don't even know how to read poems, much less write them. Most Americans, confronted with a series of words designed to heighten their consciousness of an experience—and that is what poetry in its pure form is—mistake it for a conundrum. They think their part is to dodge the simple impact of the words, and sneak round behind them in search of a moral, or a piece of extra subtle information.

3. Years ago I visited Jacques Loeb, the famous biologist, at the Marine Laboratories in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. In the dim misty hours of morning we went out in a boat to take up specimens from the bottom of the ocean. I was full of vague, vast emotions born of the thought of the evolution of all life from that same ocean. That is what Jacques Loeb and I had been talking about. He had just accomplished his great feat of hatching a tadpole from the egg of a lady-frog without fertilization, and he showed me the little virgin-born baby. These thoughts and emotions enriched my experience and made me want to speak it in a poem. Or perhaps

[1] Reprinted by permission of the author. This essay in altered forms appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (October 24, 1942) under the title "Poetic Justice in the Art of Calling Names" and in *The Reader's Digest* (November, 1942) under the title "How to Enjoy Poetry."

I should say 'preserve it in a poem'—for writing poetry is often much like putting up the choicest fruit. Here is a taste of my poem:

> The net brings up, how long and languidly,
> A million vivid quiverings of life,
> Keen-finned and gleaming like a steely knife,
> All colors, green and silver of the sea,
> All forms of skill and eagerness to be.
> They die and wither of the very breath
> That voiced your pity of their lavish death
> While they were leaping, star-like, to be free.
> They die and wither, but the aged sea,
> Insane old salty womb of mystery,
> Is pregnant with a million million more. . . .

4. I published the poem in a socialist magazine—for no reason but that I was running the magazine and no editor could stop me. And pretty soon I received a letter from one of my too thoughtful readers: "I want to express my solidarity with you in the position taken in those lines, 'They die and wither, etc.' You grasp, as no other poet has, the attitude of the ruling class to the exploited proletariat."

5. He thought I wasn't thinking about the fish at all, you see, but was just using them as a kind of bait to lure the mind around to Karl Marx. Whereas I was not only thinking about the fish, but to the extent of my power and ability to become so, I *was* the fish—and the ocean, too. And that was all I was.

6. That is the nature of the poet. And that is the nature of poetry. Poetry is using words, not in order to record or convey information, but in order to cherish or communicate experience.

7. Now here is another poem, one published this summer by a man named Coffin, Robert P. Tristram Coffin—by his pictures, a plump and gay-faced blade to wear so solemn and long-drawn-out a name. Coffin grew up on a farm on the oceanside edge of Maine, and here is what happened to him:

> I thought the island was my own
> And fancied I was sole alone;
> I did not know what gentle eyes
> Were watching all my privacies.
>
> A gull went by, his white head turned,
> For one dark eye upon me burned
> For three beats of his wings or four,
> Then did not see me any more.
>
> But something told me I was being
> Watched steadily by something seeing;
> I knew I was, although my gaze
> Was on the spire of my blaze.

So I turned towards the sea,
And two mild blue eyes looked at me,
And a silky head of jet
Lifted high as it could get.

It was a seal that wondered why
I had taken from the sky
Part of the sun and now saw fit
By his cool waves to play with it.

8. That is not quite all of the poem, but enough for our purpose, which is to imagine that we are good friends of Tristram Coffin—as I certainly would like to be—and were in the room when he turned and saw that apparition. What would he do? What would he say?

9. He would say: "Look! Look!" wouldn't he?

10. And that would be all. He wouldn't have to draw a moral from it, or prop it up with a discourse on zoology, or justify his appeal to our attention by finding some "meaning," or some "criticism of life," hidden around behind the seal's head. No—he would assume, and so would any man really alive, that the experience was worth having for its own sake.

11. That is the attitude in which to approach poetry. If the poet can communicate to you, by lulling your body with meter and arousing your mind with metaphor, the refined essential quality of any genuine moment of his inner or outer life, or any imagined life, that is enough. Don't ask for more. If you get something more, it is so much velvet. But if you are anxiously on the watch for it, you will miss the whole thing.

12. Here, for instance, is a poem of mine that does, I hope, give something more. I call it "Egrets." I once had a friend down in Houston, Texas, who loved to paddle around the marshes where these slender broad-winged, snow-white birds live, taking intimate pictures of them. Among his other charms and merits, my friend had a tall slim daughter—the most beautiful thing I saw in Texas. She came in one day when we were looking at the pictures, and sat silently on the arm of her father's chair, attentive yet remote. In my feelings her beauty merged in some subtle way with that of the birds. I wrote this poem on the train leaving Houston, and, knowing she was soon to be married, I sent it to her as a wedding present.

How delicately they are wild,
On their proud wings how slender,
Or resting in the river mild,
Untameable yet tender.

And you, as delicate as they,
Seem kin to their slim hauteur,
Seem gentle and yet far away
As wings upon wild water.

Give beauty when you give your heart,
Give tenderness a river,
Give love which is the giving art,
But give the wild will never.

13. That, you see, *is* practical. It gives advice. It preaches a moral. It might almost be called: "What Every Young Girl Should Know." I happen to think, too, that the advice is very important. If I had an opportunity to say one thing and only one to all women, that is what I would say. Just the same, it was incidental in my mind when composing the poem. I was making a poem out of a girl and some wild birds, and this idea came along and invited itself in. And if you focus on it when you read, making it the essential purpose of our meeting amid music, you will miss the meeting altogether. In order to read poetry, you have to assume that experiences are worth getting excited about for their own sake. You have to assume that being vividly alive is worth-while.

14. I know that some poetry lovers will object to this crude separation of a maxim from its poetic setting. The two are not always divided, as they were that time, in the poet's mind. But they are always theoretically divisible. And for the purpose of teaching excessively practical people to enjoy poetry, the division is the main thing. In my youth I proposed an almost chemical experiment by which the two kinds of people, poetic and practical, could be separated from each other. It went this way:

Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferry-boat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken the trouble to climb upstairs, in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves in apathy or tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes—those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across. And we may divide all the people on the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences.

15. That is how I distinguished "poetic" from "practical" in the old days, and I concluded by quoting a few lines from Walt Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." It seems a little antiquated now because the whole population has gone underground. When you rip over to Brooklyn on the subway, there isn't a great deal left of the experience besides getting there. And that is typical of a development that has increased the sad plight of poetry in the United States. We started out excessively preoccupied with getting to goals, and we have invented such rapid and exciting techniques for doing it, that we have lost most of what little inclination we had to cultivate the journey.

16. It is all summed up for me in the history of our railroad-car windows. They used to be real windows that you could throw up high and have a fresh breeze cooling your face, and be in and of the landscape as it passed. Out West they used to be double-width, and in a chair-car you could lie back and put your feet out in the breeze if you wanted to. As speed and efficiency have increased, they have trimmed those windows down and blocked their upward action, until they've got us now in a veritable prison of practicality. If we struggle faithfully and with immense determination we *can* put up a car window. We can put it up just high enough so that a broad red or dark-green bar arrives exactly opposite our eyes and prevents us from seeing anything at all. Then we can sit there and concentrate on the business of arriving at our goal. That is what has happened to us! If we were a poetic people we would have started a revolution against those car-windows long ago.

17. I hope I haven't conveyed the impression that poetry is interested only in the landscape. Poetry cherishes all experience—scenes, emotions, sensations, actions, ideas, words, syllables, everything—but always with an emphasis on their immediate qualities, not their proper classification, or what is to be done with or about them.

18. Poetic language might almost be described as the language of love. Poets talk about everything under the sun, good and bad, ugly and exquisite, as a lover talks of his beloved. They dwell upon its attributes, they invent pet names for it, they characterize it in every breath with a new epithet—until they grow very tedious to prosaic people who don't know what it is to be in love with things in general.

19. For an example of a person who is in love, listen to a mother engaged in dressing her baby. "Now we'll turn him over on his little stomach," she'll say. "Now hand me his little stockings." And from a practical standpoint, could anything be more futile and superfluous than to characterize that stomach or those stockings as *little*? Of course they are little! And even if they were middle-sized, what difference would it make? But to one who is in love with a baby, and with everything that appertains to a baby, it is natural, and it is necessary, to characterize them every time they are mentioned. The whole world is, in fact, so affectionately disposed toward babies that they are hardly ever spoken of without an epithet. "Did you know that Mrs. Robinson has a little baby?" we say—as though somebody might make the mistake of imagining hers was a big one.

20. And that is the way poets talk about everything. Open the Iliad of Homer, for instance—and take a "prose" translation from which every element of song has been removed. What is there left which distinguishes its language at a glance from that of any textbook in history? Just one thing: Homer not only cannot speak of babies, but he cannot speak of grown-up

people, or even of lifeless objects like the earth or the sea, without an epithet.

21. Every time Homer mentions the sea, he says "the wine-dark sea." Every time he mentions the earth, it is "the fruitful earth." Every time he speaks of Hector it is: "Hector with the glistening helmet!" And of Minerva: "Minerva with those eyes like an ox!" The truth is that Homer keeps on repeating these same epithets until they tend to become mere brain-habits and do not convey a heightened consciousness at all. The quintessence of poetry, in a world expressly constituted for it, would be, every time you mention anything whatever, to name it with a name that has never been used before, and that would conjure it up in real existence in the listener's mind.

22. Poetry, you might say, is the art of calling names. In the art of calling humorous names, which forms the better part of slang, America has not been backward. In that we lead the world. But in the art of calling serious names, and making great songs and dramas and idea-decorated symphonies out of them, we are behind the older cultures. They all had a poetic childhood. Taking poetry for granted, they grew toward common sense. We were born under the sign of common sense, and, taking that for granted, have had to grow toward poetry. We may reach farther than any of them if we keep on growing.

LANGUAGE MADE IN THE U.S.A.[1]

L. H. Robbins

L. H. Robbins (1877-) is a writer of fiction for magazines and a journalist who has been with the New York Times *continuously since 1923.*

This essay is an interesting study in diction in that the words the writer uses to present his subject are actual instances of language made in the United States. Note paragraphs 12 and 13 as typical examples of this characteristic. As you read the entire essay, note the abundant use of the short paragraph and evaluate this stylistic feature.

1. The American brand of the English language is going to have a dictionary all its own—*A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles.* The first eight or ten published parts, A to Honk, in green paper covers for the time being, have shown up in libraries within the last year or so.

2. For a highbrow product, these samples are lively reading. Besides showing how our lingo got the way it is, they tell a lot about American life, its ways and doings, its horse sense and its humor. In fact, they have made such a hit with the general book-lifting public that vigilant librarians have taken to keeping them under lock and key.

3. American English has been a long while in making the grade to respectability. Noah Webster boosted it, Richard H. Thornton gave it a hand, Henry L. Mencken went to bat for it, and still certain classrooms and editorial offices figure that to write United States is sort of low-down, or something. The new dictionary may help to smear that dull notion.

4. To the editors of this book, Sir William A. Craigie, who was coeditor of the *Oxford English Dictionary,* and Dr. James R. Hulbert, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, the English of America is plenty good English and just as worthy of a dictionary as any variety of English anywhere. Moreover, it happens to be the language of the largest body of English-speaking people on earth.

5. The dictionary-makers at the university here [Chicago] have been on the job since 1925, backed by the General Education Board, the American Council of Learned Societies, and the university. In a long room whose windows look out across the Midway—a quiet room with many desks and

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine,* October 6, 1940.

walled with bookshelves and filing cases, with portraits of famous lexicographers hanging around to inspire the project—studious people pore over old books and manuscripts, stacks of newspaper clippings, and bundles of quotations, back-tracking Americanisms to their earliest recorded appearance. Some of the digging has been done in the Universities of Missouri and Kansas. Some of it was done long ago by hobbyists whose collections are here available to Dr. Hulbert's staff.

6. The book will compare with the *Oxford Dictionary* in scholarship, if not in scope. The idea is to include only such material as will show wherein the speech of the American colonies and the United States differs from that of other English-using lands.

7. The whole language of Americans is inspected in this quiet room, but much of it is dismissed. Slang of the moment, expressions that never get into print, and words born since 1900 are stopped at the door. Words not clearly of American origin, or having no greater currency here than elsewhere, are likewise excused. At that, there's a mob of words left—enough for a four-volume dictionary that will sell for $80, bound.

8. How do words get into a language? Dr. Hulbert looks at what has happened to English in America in three hundred years and suggests that words are products of human living and bob up as the need arises.

9. The language that landed on these shores with the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Cavaliers began to go American on the spot. Here were strange critters overlooked by Adam, and strange plants, foods, and what-not, and English was stumped for names for them.

10. The first Englishmen consulted the Indians and opened the language to a drove of new words, such as *woodchuck, raccoon, opossum, moose, skunk, persimmon, hickory, squash, hominy,* and *succotash,* along with new-made English words like *warpath* and *firewater.*

11. From settlers of other races they borrowed words and forgot to return them; words like *prairie, chowder,* and *levee* from the French; *boss, sleigh, cruller,* and *stoop* from the Dutch; *maize, sassafras, alligator, canoe, pickaninny, tobacco, tomato,* and *corral* from the Spanish, who had borrowed many of them from the Indians. And, using their eyes, ears, and wits, they coined *hangbird, bobwhite, bobolink, bluebird, catbird, chickadee, blueberry, bullfrog, catfish, copperhead,* and hundreds more.

12. Later on the descendants of these pioneers threw dependence on formal English overboard with dependence on England, and went in for verbal short cuts. They made the lowly verb *fix* do duty for a regiment of nicer verbs, as Dickens and other travelers complained. A free-and-easy people, they took liberties with the old home tongue. They deeded, tabled, notified, obligated, located, advocated, belittled, affiliated, and progressed, which no well-brought-up Englander had ever done.

13. Their talk became a breezy, poetic reflection of rough-and-ready pio-

neer life. They lived in diggings—cabins, frame houses, and brownstone fronts—by the forks of the creek under the bluff about a mile above the Water Gap. The folks suffered considerable from blizzards, cloudbursts. and chinchbugs, and often were plumb out of corn.

14. One time they just about went over the divide from the prickly heat. They were sure sick; they were down and out, n. g., in a fix, in a jam and up a tree for fair—gone coons, you might say. It was a tough break for them. But Doc Jones pulled them through p. d. q. Inside of a week he had them up and around, and soon they were okay, full of vim, and going for joy-rides, all but Ma, who was still doctoring at last reports.

15. They felt like going a-huckleberrying. They got wrathy and wiped out the Redskins. They were good mixers and swapped yarns. They held indignation meetings, camp meetings, husking bees, and clambakes. They wore suspenders, dickeys, vests, and stovepipe hats.

16. They ran bakeries, drug stores, candy kitchens, and creameries. They had a hired man to tend store and a force to operate the mill, and they were kind, or not, to the help. They laid sidewalks and ate johnny-cake. Occasionally they went on a drunk, had too much moonshine aboard, cussed out the neighbors, raised Cain, and then got on the waterwagon.

17. They bolted the ticket, stumped the county, stampeded the voters. They approached a wire-puller to railroad a bill through the legislature and slipped him a rake-off. They gave the Iron Horse a cowcatcher, and brought forth freight trains, cabooses, snowplows, jim-crow cars, switches and switch engines, down grades, double-headers, and baggage cars.

18. Everything in the American experience, forest and farm, stagecoach, canal boat, steamboat and covered wagon, district school, crossroads store and mining camp, the very soil of the new land and the products thereof, helped swell the vocabulary.

19. *Corn,* which is a 100-per-cent American word as we use it, fathered *corn stalk, corn shuck, corn sheller, corn pone, corn crib, corn cob, corn popper,* and so on. *Cotton* begat pages of new words and so did *cow—cowboy, cow hand, cowpuncher, cowhide, cow lot, cow outfit, cow town.*

20. Business produced *dicker, boom, bogus, accommodation, floor-walker, coupon-clipper,* and a *corner in wheat.* Politics came through with *Cabinet, administration man, caucus, boodle, pocket veto.* Religion yielded *Hard-shell Baptist, Adventist, Christian Science, circuit rider, amen corner. anxious seat.*

21. The race track and baseball were prolific: Senator A. is a dark horse and a thoroughbred; Governor B. is an also-ran, and Judge C. won't get to first. The card table supplied *showdown, ante, kitty, chip in, jackpot, stand pat,* and other useful words, including *new deal,* which President Roosevelt has capitalized for the history books. Dr. Hulbert's word scouts find that General Sherman used the expression in the same sense in 1863.

22. The verbs *fizzle, crawfish, hog, take it back, eat dirt, slop over, cave in, ball up, get rattled, put on the dog, sidestep, rubberneck, bulldoze, log-roll,* and *freeze out* are American-born. For a random handful of American nouns, there are *buggy, bobsled, schooner, catboat, dory, dirt road, dish-pan, pay dirt, tenderfoot, shack, scab, hoodlum, hold-up, sucker, applejack, crackerjack, appendicitis, arc lamp, cold snap, has-been, lame duck, rough-house, bleacher, back country, back number, back pay, angel-cake,* and *crowbar.*

23. It is American to say "Who's ahead?" and "He is worth $200,000," and "She gets straight A's," and "The faculty dropped him," and "Henry grew string beans and Harriet canned them." It's American to cover fires and to write editorials. It's in America that you find ads, co-eds, bald-headed eagles, lengthy sermons, chunky children, fine-appearing women, blue laws, anthracite, arctics for the feet, a chicken in every pot, and annexes, as in Times Annex.

24. As the nation grew, English words took on special significance here: thus *Abolition, Underground Railroad, Emancipation, Forty-niners, Down East, Empire State, Tar Heel, Old Dominion, Old Hickory, Father Knickerbocker, Uncle Sam.* So many of such words there are, they would make a book in themselves.

25. While America was embellishing the mother tongue in this gorgeous fashion, it was twisting such words as *corn, shoe, pie, store, cracker,* and *team* into meanings that Englishmen don't recognize, and keeping alive other good old words that are now obsolete on their native heath: among them *fleshy, jeans, andirons, flapjacks, wench, fall,* meaning *autumn,* and *plenty,* for plentiful.

26. The result of it all is with us today, a language that has grown as tremendously as the country itself and taken on the color of the country. Hundreds of upstart words and word usages in the three centuries have fallen by the wayside and are forgotten. But those that served a need have remained; and now they are being assembled in a monumental dictionary with illustrations of their earliest discoverable use and explanations of their origin.

27. Who first wrote of the Almighty Dollar? Washington Irving believed the expression was his; it appeared in his "Creole Village" sketch in 1837. But research finds it in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia in 1836, and there it was enclosed in quotation marks, as if borrowed from a still earlier source.

28. How did *crank,* meaning crackpot, creep in? The word was brought into vogue by the assassin Guiteau's frequent use of it at his trial in 1881.

29. Where did we get *covered wagon, doughboy, easy money, baggage-smasher? Covered wagon* was current in colonial days and was used by George Washington in 1755. *Doughboy* was at first a doughnut served with

hash to sailors in the nation's service. In the Civil War the term was applied to the globular buttons on the infantry uniforms, and at last to the infantrymen themselves.

30. *Easy money* seems to have been a new banking expression in 1836, when Daniel Webster wrote, "Money is getting to be much easier, as the phrase is." Its present broader meaning dates back at least to George Ade's "Artie" stories of 1896. And *baggage-smasher* may once have had an even more sinister meaning than it has today; at any rate, the New York *Tribune* in 1861 was complaining of "emigrant-robbers, baggage-smashers, and all the worst classes of the city." The dictionary has the answers for a multitude of such questions.

31. Toward most new labor-saving expressions that pack a punch the dictionary makers show sympathy. Sir William wouldn't think of rejecting, for instance, "It's up to you." And Dr. Hulbert feels that *handy, gyp, blinker, doublecross,* and *whitewash,* as in politics, are words that just can't be spared. "They are," says he, "so handy."

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?[1]

Mary Ellen Chase

Mary Ellen Chase (1887-), a native of Maine, is well known both as a teacher and a writer. She received her bachelor's degree from the University of Maine, Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, and honorary degrees from Maine, Bowdoin, and Colby. Since 1926 she has been professor of English at Smith College. Her writings include textbooks, articles, critical reviews, short stories, and novels. One of her best-known short stories is "Salesmanship," which won the Pictorial Review *prize in 1931.* Windswept, *1941, is generally considered her finest novel.*

The organization of this selection is very simple and direct. Try to visualize a two-level outline of it as you read. Space for the outline has been provided in the exercises that follow the essay.

1. In the derivation of our word, *Bible,* lies its definition. It comes from the Greek word, *biblion*[2] which in its plural *biblia* signifies "little books." The Bible is actually a collection of little books, of every sort and description, written over a long period of time, the very earliest dating, in part at least, as far back as 1200 B.C. or perhaps even earlier; the latest as late as 150 A.D. In its rich and manifold nature it might be called a *library* of Hebrew literature; in its slow production over a period of many centuries it might be termed a *survey* of that literature to be understood as we understand a survey of English literature, in which we become familiar with types of English prose and poetry from Anglo-Saxon times to the twentieth century.

2. The Bible, in the form in which most of us wisely read it, the King James, or Authorized, Version, has been called by John Livingston Lowes "the noblest monument of English prose." It is as well the richest monument, for within its covers are to be found all types of literature, both in prose and in poetry. Here are ancient songs, written by unknown hands before the year 1000 B.C., preserved in old collections, now lost, or tenaciously bequeathed by word of mouth to succeeding generations, songs of war and of triumph, such as the famous martial song of Deborah in the 5th chapter of Judges; or in the 10th chapter of the book called by his name the dramatic command of Joshua to the sun and the moon that

[1] From *The Bible and the Common Reader,* by Mary Ellen Chase. By permission of The Macmillan Company.

[2] *Biblios* was the name given to the inner bark of the papyrus; and the word *biblion* meant a papyrus roll, upon which the Bible was originally copied.

they should stand still upon Gibeon and in the valley of Ajalon until the Amorites should be destroyed; or in Exodus 15 the triumphant song of Miriam, the sister of Moses, who with her women sang "with timbrels and with dances" over the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea; the revengeful song of Lamech, boasting to his terrified wives, Adah and Zillah, in the 4th chapter of Genesis; the little song to the well in the 21st chapter of Numbers, a song which the children of Israel sang in the wilderness of the desert when they thirsted for water and which is today in similar form sung by roaming Arabian tribes. Here are riddles, old perhaps as the famous riddle of the Sphinx, such as the riddle in Judges 14 propounded by Samson at his wedding feast about the honey in the carcass of the lion which he had killed with his bare hands; here are fables, exemplified in Judges 9 by Jotham's fable of the talking trees, the olive, the fig tree, the grapevine, and the bramble, and, like all fables, containing in its words a teaching for its time; here are oracles (for the great men of ancient Israel sometimes spoke in oracles as well as did the gods of ancient Greece), the beautiful oracles in Numbers 23 of Balaam, who went astride his wise and talkative ass to confound Balak, king of Moab.

3. These, which are among the oldest pieces of Hebrew literature, existed as folk material long before they were incorporated into the biblical narratives to give added richness to the narratives themselves. And what narratives! For the story-tellers of the Bible have never been surpassed, if equalled, by those of any later age or race, who time and time again have gone to them as to models of the art of narration. The Old Testament teems with stories: legends such as those in Genesis of the creation and of the flood, sagas like the Jacob-Joseph saga in Genesis 27-50, hero tales like those of Gideon, Jepthah, and Samson in the book of Judges, romances like much of the story of David, tragedies like the dark, ironic story of Saul, realistic stories like those many sordid incidents in King David's tempestuous and ill-governed household or in the cruel designing lives of Ahab and Jezebel. There are short stories in the Bible, the idyllic love story of Ruth and the humorous, ironic story of Jonah sulking under his withering gourd. And there is a novel in the book of Esther, which in plot design and irony of incident has never been surpassed.

4. The story-tellers of the Bible, both in the Old Testament and the New, understood men and women of all sorts and in all conditions. There is literally no type of person whom they have neglected. All are here: the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the faithful and the treacherous, the designing and the generous, the pitiful and the prosperous, the innocent and the guilty, the spendthrift and the miser, the players of practical jokes and their discomfited victims, the sorry, the tired, the old, the exasperated young, misled and impetuous girls, young men who lusted and

young men who loved, friends who counted no cost for friendship, bad-mannered children and children well brought up, a little boy who had a headache in a hay-field, a little servant girl who wanted so much her master's health that she dared to give him good, if unpalatable, advice. Once one discovers such persons as these, still alive after many centuries, they become not only fascinating in themselves but typical of persons whom we know today, just as Mr. Micawber and Fagin are typical of the easy-going and the cruel, or as Robin Hood and Captain Blood typify two different attitudes toward daring and adventure, or as Don Quixote and Parson Adams are typical of men who, although they exist in this world, actually live in a kinder, better, more glorified one.

5. These stories of men and women, old and young, although they occupy a large portion of the Bible, are only one of its many literary forms. There is poetry in the Bible. In addition to the ancient songs already spoken of, there are lyrical love songs, odes, laments, hymns of all kinds, both secular and religious, dramatic monologues, and, above all else, the exalted poetry of the prophets and of the book of Job. And the poets who wrote this biblical poetry, some of them known by name, others unknown, were as distinct and individual in their method of writing and in their ways of thought as were the familiar English poets. Indeed many of them in their manner of expression and in their attitude toward life bear a striking resemblance to other poets whom we know far better than we know the poets of the Bible. Amos, for example, is like Milton in his sonorous, ringing lines; Hosea sounds the sad and minor notes of A. E. Housman; Second-Isaiah is like Shelley in his ecstasy; certain of the Psalmists are like William Blake, or Thomas Traherne, or John Donne.

6. There is at least one great drama in the Bible, that contained in the book of Revelation, with its majestic and awful stage settings, its celestial actors, its solemn acts and scenes. And there are a score of tragedies which if placed in dramatic form would rival *Othello* or *Hamlet* on Broadway.

7. There are great biographers among the biblical writers: Baruch, who wrote the biography of the prophet Jeremiah and whose first copy of it was cut in pieces by King Jehoiakim's pen-knife and thrown into the open fire on a cold December day; the unknown, vivid biographer of David, who rivalled Boswell in frankness and detail; the naive, almost childish chronicler, also unknown, who wrote in awed accents of King Solomon's magnificence, how he drank from cups of gold, how he spoke in proverbs, and how "he spake of trees"; and, in the New Testament, the biographers of Jesus, especially St. Luke, whose Gospel, to many readers, is more sensitive, more revealing, and more beautiful, than those of the other three writers. And the earliest autobiography of which we have record in ancient literature is that found in Nehemiah's thrilling account of

how he left his service as cup-bearer to King Artaxerxes to return to Jerusalem and to rebuild the broken-down walls and gates of his fathers' city.

8. The best letters ever written are in the Bible, and St. Paul is the author of them, a more vivid letter writer than even Horace Walpole or Lord Chesterfield largely because he had far more important things than they to say. St. Paul is never dull. Whether he writes for a room to be made ready for him, or thanks his friends for presents, or gives his opinions on marriage or on the behavior of women in church, or describes his utter dejection or his astounding faith, or is concerned over the collection of money or the virtue of charity, or rises to impassioned heights over the corruptible and the incorruptible, the terrestrial and the celestial, he is always vibrant with life, and his language in its force and vigour, clarity and beauty, can never be forgotten.

9. There are countless proverbs in the Bible, many contained in the book bearing their name, others scattered elsewhere, maxims and aphorisms, some of great antiquity, some of other origin than Jewish. Proverbs, as all know, are one of the most ancient and perennial forms of literature, reflecting the sagacity and common sense of practical men of all ages in their attempts to get on reasonably well in life. They are, in other words, the records of long and sometimes hazardous experience expressed in short sentences. Here in the Bible we have them at their best and, often unconscious of their origin, quote them over and over again as Sancho Panza, in his exasperation, quoted ancient Spanish proverbs to Don Quixote.

10. There are two philosophers in the Bible, both of whom give to us in mingled prose and poetry their questions and their conclusions concerning the meaning of life and the ways of God with men. They are the unknown authors of the books of Ecclesiastes and of Job, the one a skeptic, the other a tortured man of faith. Because they dealt, each in his own way, with man's great quest, his search for Reality in life, because they recognized the problems of evil and of pain, and because, like other thoughtful and honest men, they found no sure and certain answers to their questions, the books which they wrote, disparate though they are in both literary and philosophical value, are surely among the most deathless of all the books of the Bible.

11. The Bible, then, is a collection, a library of various books, reflecting and illuminating the long life of a small, yet a great people. If it were only that, its value would be imperishable. But it is more. It is, indeed, in its most perfect of translations, the noblest monument of our English prose; and its words and phrases, images and similes have become part and parcel of our common English speech. Think for a moment how in the course of a single day spent in the homely, necessary detail of living, we clarify and illuminate our talk with one another by the often unconscious use of its language. An unwelcome neighbor becomes "gall and

wormwood" or "a thorn in the flesh"; a hated task, "a millstone about the neck"; we escape from one thing or another "by the skin of our teeth"; we earn our bread "by the sweat of our faces"; like Martha we become "careful and troubled about many things"; we "strain at gnats and swallow camels"; tired at night, we say that "our spirit is willing but our flesh is weak"; in moments of anger we remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath"; intrusions upon our sleep are "the pestilence that walketh in darkness"; we warn our children to be "diligent in business" so that they may not "stand before mean men," or prophesy that if "they sow the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind," or puzzle them by knowledge "brought by a bird"; we recall that "the tongue is a little member but boasteth great things"; our pay-days mean "corn in Egypt"; words fitly spoken are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"; the price of our generous friends is still "far above rubies," they are, in fact, "shining lights" or "the salt of the earth"; we pray that our sons may be brought safely homeward "to the haven where they would be"; we "heap coals of fire" on the heads of recalcitrant children or of harassed wives or husbands; having no servants, we are ourselves "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; we long for the time when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks"; and, after an irritating session with ration books, we are forced to remember that "better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

12. The language of the Bible, now simple and direct in its homely vigour, now sonorous and stately in its richness, has placed its indelible stamp upon our best writers from Bacon to Lincoln and even the present day. Without it there would be no *Paradise Lost,* no *Samson Agonistes,* no *Pilgrim's Progress;* no William Blake, or Whittier, or T. S. Eliot as we know them; no Emerson or Thoreau, no Negro Spirituals, no Address at Gettysburg. Without it the words of Burke and Washington, Patrick Henry and Winston Churchill would miss alike their eloquence and their meaning. Without a knowledge of it the best of our literature remains obscure, and many of the characteristic features and qualities of our spoken language are threatened with extinction.

13. The Bible belongs among the noblest and most indispensable of our humanistic and literary traditions. No liberal education is truly liberal without it. Yet in the last fifty years our colleges have, for the most part, abandoned its study as literature, and our schools, for reasons not sufficiently valid, have ceased to teach, or in many cases, even to read it to their young people. Students of English literature take for granted that a knowledge of the *Iliad,* the *Odyssey,* the *Aeneid,* and the *Divine Comedy* are necessary not only for the graduate schools but for the cultured and civilized life, as, indeed, they are; but most of them remain in comfortable and colossal ignorance of a book which antedates Dante and,

in large part, Vergil by many centuries, some of which was written before Homer, and all of which has contributed more to the humanistic civilization of the Western World than have the so-called "Classics."

14. To all English-speaking peoples the Bible is a national as well as a noble monument, for much of their history is securely rooted and anchored within it. In the 17th century England it nurtured the Puritan revolt and paved the way for the Bill of Rights. In the 17th and 18th century America it supplied not only the names of our ancestors but the stout precepts by which they lived. They walked by its guidance; their rough places were made plain by their trust in its compassionate promises. It was a lamp to their feet and a light to their path, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. It was the source of the convictions that shaped the building of this country, of the faith that endured the first New England winters and later opened up the Great West. It laid the foundations of our educational system, built our earliest colleges, and dictated the training within our homes. In the words alike of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, John Quincy Adams and Franklin it made better and more useful citizens to their country by reminding a man of his individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow-man. The Bible is, indeed, so imbedded in our American heritage that not to recognize its place there becomes a kind of national apostasy, and not to know and understand it, in these days when we give all for its principles of human worth and human freedom, an act unworthy of us as a people.

15. And, lastly, the Bible in its slow, patient evolution is the noblest record in any language of the hearts and the minds of men. Those who wrote it and those of whom it was written thought and wondered over the eternal questions of life and death, of man's lot upon this earth, and of his ultimate destiny. Amos on the Tekoan hills, the Great Isaiah by the waters of the Shiloah and the Second Isaiah by those of Babylon, Job in the dust with his sententious friends, "physicians of no value" to him, St. John on the island of Patmos, Daniel by the river Ulai—these were men of dreams and of visions who struggled with the questions that beset us all. Consumed like Dante "by the Love that moves the sun and the other stars," they were intent upon the possible reaches of man's spirit even in a dry and thirsty land. In the midst of desolation and suffering, of oppression and greed, they saw hope; in war, the ways of peace; in the perennial processes of nature, the treasures of the snow, the former and the latter rain, the waste places of the deep, the singing of the morning stars, they saw the mysterious ways of God with men. Because of their vision, deep calleth unto deep in their pages; and the unanalyzed perception of the meaning and value of threescore years and ten is woven into the very texture of their speech. In their two-fold recognition of wisdom, that moral and ethical code by which a just man lives his life and

that intangible and spiritual Power, set up from everlasting and possessed by God in the beginning of His way, only by the understanding of which man achieves his triumph, they encompassed all the affairs, small and great, of one's sojourn on this earth.

16. "I myself also am a mortal man, like to all. . . . And when I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice I uttered was crying, as all others do. . . . For all men have one entrance into life, and the like going out. Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me; I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison to her. . . . I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands. For she is a treasure unto men that never faileth; which they that use become the friends of God." [3]

[3] These words are taken from the 7th chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon from the *Apocrypha*.

A NOVELIST'S ALLEGORY[1]

John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy (1868-1933) is best known as one of the great English novelists, but he has written a number of plays as well, including Strife, Justice, The Silver Box. *His fame as a novelist springs from his outstanding work,* The Forsyte Saga, *a series of novels whose presentation of modern life and insight into human nature have enriched the literature of our time. In 1932, shortly before his death, Mr. Galsworthy was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.*

As the title tells you, the selection you are about to read is an allegory. An allegory is a narrative with a double meaning in which the objects or incidents or people are symbolical, usually representing an abstract idea. Many allegories were written in medieval times, especially in England, where they usually presented a moral. You will notice that Mr. Galsworthy retains the medieval flavor in his essay by his style and use of archaic expressions.

1. Once upon a time the Prince of Felicitas had occasion to set forth on a journey. It was a late autumn evening with few pale stars and a moon no larger than the paring of a finger nail. And as he rode through the purlieus of his city, the white mane of his amber-coloured steed was all that he could clearly see in the dusk of the high streets. His way led through a quarter but little known to him, and he was surprised to find that his horse, instead of ambling forward with his customary gentle vigour, stepped carefully from side to side, stopping now and then to curve his neck and prick his ears—as though at some thing of fear unseen in the darkness; while on either hand creatures could be heard rustling and scuttling, and little cold draughts as of wings fanned the rider's cheeks.

2. The Prince at last turned in his saddle, but so great was the darkness that he could not even see his escort.

3. "What is the name of this street?" he said.

4. "Sire, it is called the Vita Publica."

5. "It is very dark." Even as he spoke his horse staggered, but, recovering its foothold with an effort, stood trembling violently. Nor could all the incitements of its master induce the beast again to move forward.

6. "Is there no one with a lanthorn in this street?" asked the Prince.

7. His attendants began forthwith to call out loudly for anyone who had a lanthorn. Now, it chanced that an old man sleeping in a hovel on a pallet of straw was awakened by these cries. When he heard that it was the Prince

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *The Inn of Tranquillity,* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

of Felicitas himself, he came hastily, carrying his lanthorn, and stood trembling beside the Prince's horse. It was so dark that the Prince could not see him.

8. "Light your lanthorn, old man," he said.

9. The old man laboriously lit his lanthorn. Its pale rays fled out on either hand; beautiful but grim was the vision they disclosed. Tall houses, fair court-yards, and a palm-grown garden; in front of the Prince's horse a deep cesspool, on whose jagged edges the good beast's hoofs were planted; and, as far as the glimmer of the lanthorn stretched, both ways down the rutted street, paving stones displaced, and smooth tessellated marble; pools of mud, the hanging fruit of an orange-tree, and dark, scurrying shapes of monstrous rats bolting across from house to house. The old man held the lanthorn higher; and instantly bats flying against it would have beaten out the light but for the thin protection of its horn sides.

10. The Prince sat still upon his horse, looking first at the rutted space that he had traversed and then at the rutted space before him.

11. "Without a light," he said, "this thoroughfare is dangerous. What is your name, old man?"

12. "My name is Cethru," replied the aged churl.

13. "Cethru!" said the Prince. "Let it be your duty henceforth to walk with your lanthorn up and down this street all night and every night,"—and he looked at Cethru: "Do you understand, old man, what it is you have to do?"

14. The old man answered in a voice that trembled like a rusty flute:

15. "Aye, aye!—to walk up and down and hold my lanthorn so that folk can see where they be goin'."

16. The Prince gathered up his reins; but the old man, lurching forward, touched his stirrup.

17. "How long be I to go on wi' thiccy job?"

18. "Until you die!"

19. Cethru held up his lanthorn, and they could see his long, thin face, like a sandwich of dried leather, jerk and quiver, and his thin gray hairs flutter in the draughts of the bats' wings circling round the light.

20. " 'Twill be main hard!" he groaned; "an' my lanthorn's nowt but a poor thing."

21. With a high look, the Prince of Felicitas bent and touched the old man's forehead.

22. "Until you die, old man," he repeated; and bidding his followers to light torches from Cethru's lanthorn, he rode on down the twisting street. The clatter of the horses' hoofs died out in the night, and the scuttling and the rustling of the rats and the whispers of the bats' wings were heard again.

23. Cethru, left alone in the dark thoroughfare, sighed heavily; then, spitting on his hands, he tightened the old girdle round his loins, and slinging the lanthorn on his staff, held it up to the level of his waist, and began

to make his way along the street. His progress was but slow, for he had many times to stop and rekindle the flame within his lanthorn, which the bats' wings, his own stumbles, and the jostlings of footpads or of revelers returning home, were for ever extinguishing. In traversing that long street he spent half the night, and half the night in traversing it back again. The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky-river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her, with his still smoking wick. No sooner did Cethru see that sunlit bird, than with a great sigh of joy he sat him down, and at once fell asleep.

24. Now when the dwellers in the houses of the Vita Publica first gained knowledge that this old man passed every night with his lanthorn up and down their street, and when they marked those pallid gleams gliding over the motley prospect of cesspools and garden gates, over the sightless hovels and the rich-carved frontages of their palaces; or saw them stay their journey and remain suspended like a handful of daffodils held up against the black stuffs of secrecy—they said:

25. "It is good that the old man should pass like this—we shall see better where we're going; and if the Watch have any job on hand, or want to put the pavements in order, his lanthorn will serve their purpose well enough." And they would call out of their doors and windows to him passing:

26. "Hola! old man Cethru! All's well with our house, and with the street before it?"

27. But, for answer, the old man only held his lanthorn up, so that in the ring of its pale light they saw some sight or other in the street. And his silence troubled them, one by one, for each had expected that he would reply:

28. "Aye, aye! All's well with *your* house, Sirs, and with the street before it!"

29. Thus they grew irritated with this old man who did not seem able to do anything but just hold his lanthorn up. And gradually they began to dislike his passing by their doors with his pale light, by which they could not fail to see, not only the rich-carved frontages and scrolled gates of court-yards and fair gardens, but things that were not pleasing to the eye. And they murmured amongst themselves: "What is the good of this old man and his silly lanthorn? We can see all we want to see without him; in fact, we got on very well before he came."

30. So, as he passed, rich folk who were supping would pelt him with orange-peel and empty the dregs of their wine over his head; and poor folk, sleeping in their hutches, turned over, as the rays of the lanthorn fell on them, and cursed him for that disturbance. Nor did the revelers or footpads treat the old man civilly, but tied him to the wall, where he was constrained to stay till a kind passer-by released him. And ever the bats darkened his lanthorn with their wings and tried to beat the flame out. And the old

man thought: "This be a terrible hard job; I don't seem to please nobody." But because the Prince of Felicitas had so commanded him, he continued nightly to pass with his lanthorn up and down the street; and every morning as the saffron swan came swimming overhead, to fall asleep. But his sleep did not last long, for he was compelled to pass many hours each day in gathering rushes and melting down tallow for his lanthorn; so that his lean face grew more than ever like a sandwich of dried leather.

31. Now it came to pass that the Town Watch having had certain complaints made to them that persons had been bitten in the Vita Publica by rats, doubted of their duty to destroy these ferocious creatures; and they held investigation, summoning the persons bitten and inquiring of them how it was that in so dark a street they could tell that the animals which had bitten them were indeed rats. Howbeit for some time no one could be found who could say more than what he had been told, and since this was not evidence, the Town Watch had good hopes that they would not after all be forced to undertake this tedious enterprise. But presently there came before them one who said that he had himself seen the rat which had bitten him, by the light of an old man's lanthorn. When the Town Watch heard this they were vexed, for they knew that if this were true they would now be forced to prosecute the arduous undertaking, and they said:

32. "Bring in this old man!"

33. Cethru was brought before them trembling.

34. "What is this we hear, old man, about your lanthorn and the rat? And in the first place, what were you doing in the Vita Publica at that time of night?"

35. Cethru answered: "I were just passin' with my lanthorn!"

36. "Tell us—did *you* see the rat?"

37. Cethru shook his head: "My lanthorn seed the rat, maybe!" he muttered.

38. "Old owl!" said the Captain of the Watch: "Be careful what you say! If you saw the rat, why did you then not aid this unhappy citizen who was bitten by it—first, to avoid that rodent, and subsequently to slay it, thereby relieving the public of a pestilential danger?"

39. Cethru looked at him, and for some seconds did not reply; then he said slowly: "I were just passin' with my lanthorn."

40. "That you have already told us," said the Captain of the Watch; "it is no answer."

41. Cethru's leathern cheeks became wine-coloured, so desirous was he to speak, and so unable. And the Watch sneered and laughed, saying: "This is a fine witness."

42. But of a sudden Cethru spoke:

43. "What would I be duin'—killin' rats; tidden my business to kill rats."

44. The Captain of the Watch caressed his beard, and looking at the old man with contempt, said:

45. "It seems to me, brothers, that this is an idle old vagabond, who does no good to anyone. We should be well advised, I think, to prosecute him for vagrancy. But that is not at this moment the matter in hand. Owing to the accident—scarcely fortunate—of this old man's passing with his lanthorn, it would certainly appear that citizens have been bitten by rodents. It is then, I fear, our duty to institute proceedings against those poisonous and violent animals."

46. And amidst the sighing of the Watch, it was so resolved.

47. Cethru was glad to shuffle away, unnoticed, from the Court, and sitting down under a camel-date tree outside the City Wall, he thus reflected:

48. "They were rough with me! I done nothin', so far's I can see!"

49. And a long time he sat there with the bunches of the camel-dates above him, golden as the sunlight. Then, as the scent of the lyrio flowers, released by evening, warned him of the night dropping like a flight of dark birds on the plain, he rose stiffly, and made his way as usual toward the Vita Publica.

50. He had traversed but little of that black thoroughfare, holding his lanthorn at the level of his breast, when the sound of a splash and cries for help smote his long, thin ears. Remembering how the Captain of the Watch had admonished him, he stopped and peered about, but owing to his proximity to the light of his own lanthorn he saw nothing. Presently he heard another splash and the sound of blowings and of puffings, but still unable to see clearly whence they came, he was forced in bewilderment to resume his march. But he had no sooner entered the next bend of that obscure and winding avenue than the most lamentable, lusty cries assailed him. Again he stood still, blinded by his own light. Somewhere at hand a citizen was being beaten, for vague, quick-moving forms emerged into the radiance of his lanthorn out of the deep violet of the night air. The cries swelled, and died away, and swelled; and the mazed Cethru moved forward on his way. But very near the end of his first traversage, the sound of a long, deep sighing, as of a fat man in spiritual pain, once more arrested him.

51. "Drat me!" he thought, "this time I *will* see what 'tis," and he spun round and round, holding his lanthorn now high, now low, and to both sides. "The devil an' all's in it tonight," he murmured to himself; "there's some 'at here fetchin' of its breath awful loud." But for his life he could see nothing, only that the higher he held his lanthorn the more painful grew the sound of the fat but spiritual sighing. And desperately, he at last resumed his progress.

52. On the morrow, while he still slept stretched on his straw pallet, there came to him a member of the Watch.

53. "Old man, you are wanted at the Court House; rouse up, and bring your lanthorn."

54. Stiffly Cethru rose.

55. "What be they wantin' me fur now, mester?"

56. "Ah!" replied the Watchman, "they are about to see if they can't put an end to your goings-on."

57. Cethru shivered, and was silent.

58. Now when they reached the Court House it was patent that a great affair was forward; for the Judges were in their robes, and a crowd of advocates, burgesses, and common folk thronged the carven, lofty hall of justice.

59. When Cethru saw that all eyes were turned on him, he shivered still more violently, fixing his fascinated gaze on the three Judges in their emerald robes.

60. "This then is the prisoner," said the oldest of the Judges; "proceed with the indictment!"

61. A little advocate in snuff-coloured clothes rose on little legs, and commenced to read:

62. "Forasmuch as on the seventeenth night of August fifteen hundred years since the Messiah's death, one Celestine, a maiden of this city, fell into a cesspool in the Vita Publica, and while being quietly drowned, was espied of the burgess Pardonix by the light of a lanthorn held by the old man Cethru; and, forasmuch as, plunging in, the said Pardonix rescued her, not without grave risk of life and the ruin of his clothes, and today lies ill of fever; and forasmuch as the old man Cethru was the cause of these misfortunes to the burgess Pardonix, by reason of his wandering lanthorn's showing the drowning maiden, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise place charge upon this Cethru of 'Vagabondage without serious occupation.'

63. "And, forasmuch as on this same night the Watchman Filepo, made aware, by the light of this said Cethru's lanthorn, of three sturdy footpads, went to arrest them, and was set on by the rogues and wellnigh slain, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise charge upon Cethru complicity in this assault, by reasons, namely, first, that he discovered the footpads to the Watchman and the Watchman to the footpads by the light of his lanthorn; and, second, that, having thus discovered them, he stood idly by and gave no assistance to the law.

64. "And, forasmuch as on this same night the wealthy burgess Pranzo, who, having prepared a banquet, was standing in his doorway awaiting the arrival of his guests, did see, by the light of the said Cethru's lanthorn, a beggar woman and her children groveling in the gutter for garbage, whereby his appetite was lost completely; and, forasmuch as he, Pranzo, has lodged a complaint against the Constitution for permitting women and children to go starved, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise make charge on Cethru of rebellion and of anarchy, in that willfully he doth disturb good citizens by showing to them without provocation disagreeable sights, and doth moreover endanger the laws by causing persons to desire to change them.

65. "These be the charges, reverend Judges, so please you!"

66. And having thus spoken, the little advocate resumed his seat.

67. Then said the oldest of the Judges:

68. "Cethru, you have heard; what answer do you make?"

69. But no word, only the chattering of teeth, came from Cethru.

70. "Have you no defense?" said the Judge: "these are grave accusations!"

71. Then Cethru spoke.

72. "So please your Highnesses," he said, "can I help what my lanthorn sees?"

73. And having spoken these words, to all further questions he remained more silent than a headless man.

74. The Judges took counsel of each other, and the oldest of them thus addressed himself to Cethru:

75. "If you have no defense, old man, and there is no one will say a word for you, we can but proceed to judgment."

76. Then in the main aisle of the Court there rose a youthful advocate

77. "Most reverend Judges," he said in a mellifluous voice, clearer than the fluting of a bell-bird, "it is useless to look for words from this old man for it is manifest that he himself is nothing, and that his lanthorn is alone concerned in this affair. But, reverend Judges, bethink you well: Would you have a lanthorn ply a trade or be concerned with a profession, or do aught indeed but pervade the streets at night, shedding its light, which, if you will, is vagabondage? And, Sirs, upon the second count of this indictment: Would you have a lanthorn dive into cesspools to rescue maidens? Would you have a lanthorn to beat foot-pads? Or, indeed, to be any sort of partisan either of the Law or of them that break the Law? Sure, Sirs, I think not. And as to this third charge of fostering anarchy—let me but describe the trick of this lanthorn's flame. It is distilled, most reverend Judges, of oil and wick, together with that sweet secret heat of whose birth no words of mine can tell. And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings vision to the human eye. And, if it be charged on this old man Cethru that he and his lanthorn by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, Sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see—whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed? Need I, indeed, tell you of the way this flame spreads its feelers, and delicately darts and hovers in the darkness, conjuring things from nothing? This mechanical summoning. Sirs, of visions out of blackness is benign, by no means of malevolent intent; no more than if a man, passing two donkeys in the road, one lean and the other fat, could justly be arraigned for malignancy because they were not both fat. This, reverend Judges, is the essence of the matter concerning the rich burgess, Pranzo, who, on account of the sight he saw by Cethru's lant horn, has lost the equilibrium of his stomach. For, Sirs, the lanthorn did but show that which was there, both fair and foul, no more, and no less;

and though it is indeed true that Pranzo is upset, it was not because the lanthorn maliciously produced distorted images, but merely caused to be seen, in due proportions, things which Pranzo had not seen before. And surely, reverend Judges, being just men, you would not have this lanthorn turn its light away from what is ragged and ugly because there are also fair things on which its light may fall; how, indeed, being a lanthorn, could it, if it would? And I would have you note this, Sirs, that by this impartial discovery of the proportions of one thing to another, this lanthorn must indeed perpetually seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair, because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human breast. However unfair and cruel, then, this lanthorn may seem to those who, deficient in these instincts, desire all their lives to see naught but what is pleasant, lest they, like Pranzo, should lose their appetites—it is not consonant with equity that this lanthorn should, even if it could, be prevented from thus mechanically buffeting the holiday cheek of life. I would think, Sirs, that you should rather blame the queazy state of Pranzo's stomach. The old man has said that he cannot help what his lanthorn sees. This is a just saying. But if, reverend Judges, you deem this equipoised, indifferent lanthorn to be indeed blameworthy for having shown in the same moment, side by side, the skull and the fair face, the burdock and the tiger-lily, the butterfly and toad, then, most reverend Judges, punish it, but do not punish this old man, for he himself is but a flume of smoke, thistle-down dispersed—nothing!"

78. So saying, the young advocate ceased.

79. Again the three Judges took counsel of each other, and after much talk had passed between them, the oldest spoke:

80. "What this young advocate has said seems to us to be the truth. We cannot punish a lanthorn. Let the old man go!"

81. And Cethru went out into the sunshine. . . .

82. Now it came to pass that the Prince of Felicitas, returning from his journey, rode once more on his amber-coloured steed down the Vita Publica.

83. The night was dark as a rook's wing, but far away down the street burned a little light, like a red star truant from heaven. The Prince riding by descried it for a lanthorn, with an old man sleeping beside it.

84. "How is this, Friend?" said the Prince. "You are not walking as I bade you, carrying your lanthorn."

85. But Cethru neither moved nor answered.

86. "Lift him up!" said the Prince.

87. They lifted up his head and held the lanthorn to his closed eyes. So lean was that brown face that the beams from the lanthorn would not rest on it, but slipped past on either side into the night. His eyes did not open. He was dead.

88. And the Prince touched him, saying: "Farewell, old man! The lant-

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WHAT IS GOOD ENGLISH?[1]

Albert H. Marckwardt

Albert Henry Marckwardt (1903-), a prominent and active member of the National Council of Teachers of English and a "liberal" linguist, is professor of English at the University of Michigan. The following address was broadcast from Buffalo, New York, on November 25, 1937, at a meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English.

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

Editorials are written about every phase of it. Teachers are deluged with letters asking them to referee disputes over it. Even our statesmen have manifested a consistent interest in the problem—both Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform our spelling. As far as the schools are concerned, everyone generally agrees upon one point: Good English should be successfully taught. But when it comes to deciding what is not Good English, there are almost as many points of view as there are persons to hold them.

In all this diversity, two diametrically opposed attitudes may be discerned. At one extreme are those who look to the conventional rules of grammar, to dictionaries, to lists of frequently mispronounced words as absolute authorities. This attitude of dependence upon authority, since it implies a belief that a language may arrive at and maintain a relatively static condition—that it may be kept pure—is usually spoken of as *purism*. Little more need be said about this point of view for most of us are quite familiar with it. We have all met it somewhere, in the schools or out.

During the last twenty-five years, however, there have been indications of a change of attitude toward the question of Good English and its teaching, both in the schools and among the most competent linguists in the country. There has been formulated what may be called for want of a more accurate term a "liberal" attitude toward language, which is directly in

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., from *Talks*, November, 1937.

opposition to many of the tenets and practices of the purists. As in the case of any liberal movement, this one has been accompanied by much misunderstanding as to its aims and methods. There are abroad sinister rumors that "anything you hear is right," and dire forebodings of future generations whose verbs and nouns will not agree.

It is most important, I believe, to the general success of the English language program in our schools, to clear away some of the erroneous conceptions which have sprung up in connection with linguistic liberalism. This may best be accomplished by pointing out, first of all, how and why this change in attitude came about; second, by defining the standards of Good English which the liberal grammarians uphold; and finally, by pointing out certain ideas and attitudes which they do not put forward. The limitations of space necessitate my treating only one aspect of this broad question, namely grammar in its more restricted sense; although what I have to say may be applied in most cases to problems of pronunciation and vocabulary as well.

To explain the rise of the liberal attitude toward a standard of Good English, we must examine briefly the history of the rules which are to be found in the school grammars of today. These rules, for the most part, originated with certain English grammarians of the eighteenth century—notably William Ward, Robert Lowth, and James Buchanan. These men were not as interested in reflecting and codifying the actual spoken English of their time as in setting up an ideal language for their own and future generations to strive to master. This ideal language was based in part upon the rules of Latin grammar—for the eighteenth century was an age which revered the classics—and in part upon what seemed to be a rational arrangement for a language—for the eighteenth century was also an age of reason.

In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the formulation of these rules, the study of language has progressed remarkably, and we have learned much concerning this aspect of human behavior. The early nineteenth century was marked by a tremendous growth in our knowledge of the history of both ancient and modern languages.

The grammarians of the eighteenth century assumed that language was static, that it might reach and be kept at a state of perfection. In the nineteenth century we learned to apply the evolutionary concept to language as well as to botany and zoology. We came to see that language is not stationary, that it is in a state of continuous development, that standards which may hold good for one century are not necessarily applicable to another.

Along with our increased knowledge of the history of the English language and the conception of language as an evolving organism, came the realization that many of the rules of so-called correct English did not reflect actual speech habits; that they set up standards which were not only absent

from spoken English but, more than this, were virtually foreign to the genius of the language.

In 1927, the late Professor S. A. Leonard, together with Professor H. Y. Moffat, began to study this problem. They selected from typical school text-books then in use 102 expressions condemned as incorrect; they submitted these to a jury composed of twenty-six eminent linguists and a similar number of authors, editors, business executives, teachers of English and of speech—about 225 all told. This jury was asked to rate the 102 condemned expressions as acceptable, questionable, or illiterate. It is possible to give only a few of the results of the survey here, but it was found that more than 40 of the 102 expressions usually condemned in the school texts were considered acceptable by over 75 per cent of the linguists, and many others were held by them to be matters of divided usage.

Among the expressions condemned by the text-books and accepted by the jury were: "This is a man I used to know," "That will be all right," "You had better stop that foolishness." The first of these omits the relative pronoun; the second used the term "all right" to which some grammars object; in the third the locution "had better" is at times condemned by text-books as a colloquialism. All of them are obviously in current use today.

It is interesting to read what an eminent British linguist, Professor J. H. G. Grattan, has said on this same subject. He writes, "The attitude of the American schools is, so far as the English language is concerned, ultra-conservative. Eighteenth century ideas of correctness are not yet dead in the United States. Indeed, by American standards, many idiomatic usages long sanctioned in Great Britain are still bad grammar."

When it became apparent that the rules of many of the school grammars prescribed something that was not idiomatic English, the question immediately arose: If the rules of the grammars cannot be held to constitute a valid standard of good English, what standard can be set up in its place? This is, it will be recalled, the second of the three questions which were raised before.

The liberal grammarians answer in the following manner: The history of most modern languages shows that from generation to generation, and from century to century, there has been in existence an accepted or received standard form of that language—English, French, or whatever it may be; and that that standard form has been based upon the speech of the class and section of the country which was politically, economically, and culturally dominant at the time.

London English, just one of many English dialects, became the standard speech of England chiefly because the city of London rose to a position of prime importance in the affairs of the English-speaking people. The same was true of the language of the Ile de France and of the Kingdom of Castile.

If this is generally the case, why should we not consider as the standard of present-day English that speech which is in actual use by the large group who is carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people? An attitude of this kind is usually spoken of as a doctrine of usage.

In connection with such a doctrine or standard, one problem arises. Suppose the usage of this dominant group is not wholly in agreement on all points? Suppose some of its members occasionally use a split infinitive while others do not? What then is to be our guiding principle?

Here again we may have recourse to our knowledge of the history of our language. Since it is possible to examine with some accuracy the forms of the English language during the last thousand years, such a study will indicate that certain inflectional and syntactical traits have been constantly expanding and developing, while others have been disappearing. If it is possible from an examination of what has gone on in the past to make a reasonable prediction as to what will come about in the future—and we assume this with most of the studies we undertake—then, in the case of a divided usage, let us choose that form or construction which seems to be in accord with the developing tendencies or patterns of the English language.

To return to the problem of a split infinitive. Since a careful examination of the English of the last five hundred years shows such a construction to have been in constant use, and to have arisen from a desire to speak English naturally and clearly, the least we can do is to allow it equal rank with the alternative construction; to favor it when it seems better to perform the function of communicating the idea involved; and to rule it out when it does not express the thought as clearly.

Unfortunately a number of misconceptions have arisen in connection with such a proposed standard of usage. Uninformed people frequently ask if such a doctrine means that any sort of English that may be heard on the street is Good English. If an expression is used, no matter where or by whom, must it then necessarily be correct? The answer is no. The doctrine of usage does not legalize the language of the gutter, for the language of the gutter is not the English which is apt to prevail as Standard Spoken English. It is perfectly true that upon occasion certain expressions and certain modes of pronunciation have spread from one social class to another, frequently from a higher to a lower, and at times from a lower to a higher. The broad *a* sound in such words as *past* and *half,* now considered to be ultra-refined by many speakers, is a case in point; for in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was, as a dictionary of the time puts it, "the sound used by the vulgar but not the polite and learned world." But these occasional cross currents do not justify an acceptance of wholly uncultivated speech as a norm. By virtue of the historical principles upon which the liberal grammarians proceed, they are still committed to

the speech of the people who direct the affairs of the community as a standard. On the other hand since the English-speaking countries are democratic in character, the limitation of the speech standard to the narrowest top layer of the social order is also precluded.

The second aspect of the doctrine of usage which frequently troubles people to whom the idea is somewhat new is the fear that the lack of strict and ironclad rules will lead to eventual disintegration. Again history shows such fears to be unfounded. It has been pointed out that rules for the speaking of correct English date chiefly from the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have existed only two hundred years of the fifteen hundred since the Angles and Saxons first came to the British Isles. Accordingly when English is considered in the light of its millennium of existence as a separate language, one is inclined to feel that the rules have had relatively little effect in either hindering or accelerating the main trends of development.

Moreover, we can never be too sure as to just what is meant by disintegration of a language, which innovations are bad and which are good. As one eminent linguist has written, "To the conservative grammarian all change is decay. Although he knows well that an old house often has to be torn down in part or as a whole in order that it may be rebuilt to suit modern conditions, he never sees the constructive forces at work in the destruction of old grammatical forms. He is fond of mourning over the loss of the subjunctive and the present slovenly use of the indicative. He hasn't the slightest insight into the fine constructive work of the last centuries in rebuilding the subjunctive."

At present the greatest need confronting those who are entrusted with the teaching of our language in the schools is for new text-books which describe accurately the language of those now carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people, particularly grammars which will record the forms and syntax of present-day American English. A most significant beginning in this direction has already been made by the National Council of Teachers of English who, in November 1932, sponsored the publication of *Current English Usage*. This volume is in reality a continuation of the survey mentioned above, begun by Professors Leonard and Moffat, a survey which has for its purpose a codification of the usages of present-day English, and which proceeds upon the theory that it is the principal function of the grammarian to describe the language as its exists rather than to prescribe a state of perfection for it.

I can close in no more appropriate manner than to quote from Miss Ruth Mary Weeks' introduction to this forward-looking work. She writes, "Language is a living thing and the greatest law of life and growth is change. Dictionaries, grammars, books of rhetoric are not eternal statutes handed down from heaven like the tables of Mosaic law. They are history,

not dogma; description not command—description of the changing speech habits of the mass of men.

"As our speech changes, so do dictionaries and grammars change; so must they change if we are to prepare our students to speak the language of their own time, or to secure from the better speech of our own day reinforcement of our teaching."

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

The Arts

RADIO NEWS: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE[1]

Paul W. White

Paul W. White (1902-) is a graduate of the University of Kansas and Columbia University. Since 1934 he has been Director of Public Affairs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, in which position he supervised the production of all the Columbia news programs, including war broadcasts. Since 1939 he has been assistant professor in the Columbia School of Journalism, in addition to his work with CBS.

1. There is one essential fact upon which all consideration of radio news should be based. That fact is this: Radio news covered its first war with spectacular distinction. Now we've come to some kind of a turning point. We've new responsibilities. The evidence thus far put into the record shows that we're meeting them. It may interest—even astonish—some to learn that average listening to most important news programs was as high throughout the winter as it was a year ago.

2. Now that American radio has established itself as a great and competent mass medium with extremely high credibility, what is it to do during what we hope will be unending peace? What's its job and how can the broadcasters see to it that this job is performed well, consistently, and conscientiously?

3. First, I think we might as well admit that covering the peace is a lot tougher than covering the war. The inherent drama of battle, plus an insatiable demand for news because of the public's stake in the victory, which, of course, included the life or death of its sons and daughters, gave war reporters every advantage. Aside from a few egocentrics nobody wants to write anything unless it's read; nobody wants to broadcast anything unless it's heard. And in wartime, correspondents in the field had plenty of readers and plenty of listeners.

4. But what happens to these men now? In a semi-humorous article after the war Quentin Reynolds reflected upon the situation created when Army orders last November removed 400 reporters from free Army messes,

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the *Journalism Quarterly*, June, 1946.

free flights with the Army Transport Command, privileges at Army Post Exchanges, and occasional free drinks. This was Reynolds' peroration:

> The war just isn't commercial any more. I don't want to see war pictures. I don't want to hear dramatized war incidents on the radio. I don't want to read war books. But the hell of it is that's all we've got to sell—we 400. If anyone can use 400 slightly used war correspondents we can be had cheap. You can have us in singles or in carlots. You can have us hot or cold. All we want is three meals a day, an expense account, and a little spending money.

5. This is indeed a sad situation, but before too many tears are shed for these pitiable men, we might profitably inquire into problems of their reconversion. A majority, if not all, have some peacetime uses and can eat three times a day even if they have to pay out their own money. Perhaps the best way to explore the possibilities of these reporters who worked for radio in wartime is to consider the history of radio news.

6. Now, there isn't much radio news history. Although news broadcasts are as old as radio broadcasting itself, news took a secondary position during the 1920s and the early part of the 1930s. True, there were exceptions —the names of H. V. Kaltenborn, Boake Carter, and Lowell Thomas come immediately to mind—but it's a fact well worth remembering that when the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped in 1932 one network didn't mention the event at all the night of the kidnaping on the ground that the news was "too sensational."

7. It wasn't until 1933, when the three major press associations decided, not too coincidentally, they would neither sell nor give their news to networks, that news became a highly desirable asset. At CBS we organized the Columbia News Service and bravely set out to cover the world with about ten full-time employees. It took only a few months—from September to December—to persuade ourselves, newspaper publishers, and press associations that we could do the job if we had to. In 1934 the Press-Radio Bureau was formed and press association news was delivered to us twice daily in addition to bulletins "of transcendental importance." The principal restriction was that this news could not be sold. At the same time Transradio Press and some other independent groups were organized and they permitted sponsorship of their news. By 1935 the United Press and International News Service began to see the light, or to hear the voices, and started out to sell their reports to radio. The Associated Press finally followed suit full blast in 1940, after the Press-Radio Bureau had expired and had been buried, without flowers, late in 1938. Now we were beginning to go places. It is only fair to say that the Press-Radio Bureau, before its demise, had put an extremely liberal definition on the word "transcendental." It seemed to include practically all of the testimony in the Hauptmann Trial (1935) and every step in the events of

Anschluss (March 1938) and of Gotesburg, Berchtesgaden, and Munich (September 1938).

8. Meanwhile, the networks, which had always reserved to themselves the right to cover news "on the spot," which originally meant events such as football games and horse races, were making rapid strides in their foreign coverage. International broadcasting began in 1930 when we picked up and relayed an address by King George V, but at the time of King Edward's abdication in 1936 we seemed to be originating as many programs from London as from New York or Hollywood. Then came the Coronation of King George VI in 1937, undoubtedly the most elaborately covered single event to that time. The British Broadcasting Corporation installed for its coverage fifty-eight microphones, of which thirty-two were in Westminster Abbey alone, and one of these—I'll take my oath on it—was under the throne.

9. There's an anecdote in connection with the Coronation broadcast which, to a certain extent, illustrates the emergence of radio as a first class power. I noticed in going over the plans with a BBC program official that in the Coronation procession there were no mobile units, such as we use in this country to cover Inaugural parades and other similar events. I told him it appeared that the route was some two miles long and that although there were observers at such points as Piccadilly Circus and the Marble Arch, there didn't seem to be any provision for a broadcasting car in the procession. "Suppose," I said, "some crackpot takes a shot at the King?" I was put quickly in my place. "In that unfortunate event, Mr. White," he said, "we would consider it a matter for Scotland Yard, not the BBC."

10. Compare that type of thinking with the enterprise and ingenuity displayed by the BBC during the war years and you find that radio came of age very rapidly.

11. In March 1938, at the time Hitler decided Austria could no longer get along without him, an event occurred in radio which was to cost more gray hairs, more consumption of aspirin, and more unduly lined faces among radio news directors than anything else that ever happened. It was March 13 when Frankenstein created the monster, and at 8:00 p.m. of that date, Eastern Standard Time, the first multiple pickup news broadcast in history went on the air. "Multiple pickup" is a radio phrase meaning that Moscow's time is 20 seconds off and Athens 5 minutes.

12. There's a story about that which deserves repetition. When the Germans came into Vienna, William L. Shirer was our correspondent there. The Germans closed the radio station, however, and I instructed him to go to London or any other place where he could get a broadcast through. At that time our chief European correspondent, Edward R. Murrow, now our vice president in charge of public affairs, was in War-

saw arranging, of all things, a musical program for our "School of the Air." I cabled Murrow to go to Vienna as soon as possible because there was a chance that the Germans would reopen the radio station. This turned out to be the case, and so on the celebrated night of March 13, 1938, we had the peculiar experience of hearing Bill Shirer, whose job was in Vienna, speaking from London, and Ed Murrow, whose job was in London, speaking from Vienna. That's broadcasting—it couldn't happen in any other business.

13. On the same program we picked up newsmen from Berlin, Rome, and Paris, and also the redoubtable Ellen Wilkinson, Laborite M. P., from London. International roundups were now a part of radio.

14. Such roundups, together with many periods of analysis of the news, were commonplace by September of that year when Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Daladier returned from Munich after their meeting with Hitler and Mussolini, bearing "peace in our time."

15. A footnote might be added concerning the analysis. We used Mr. Kaltenborn's talents early, late, and often, and the height of something or other was reached one afternoon when, in a fervor of commentation, Mr. Kaltenborn even analyzed a prayer by the Archbishop of Canterbury!

16. It was early in 1939 that the Germans, paying no attention whatever to their pledges, advanced into Czechoslovakia, and proved that Mr. Chamberlain's "peace in our time" was nowhere near as enduring as his umbrella. It seemed apparent soon after that a European war was inevitable, and so in June of that year I went to London and sat down with Mr. Murrow, Mr. Shirer, and our then Paris correspondent, Thomas Grandin—we didn't have any other staff men abroad—and plotted how we'd cover the war when it came.

17. Today it seems incredibly brash of the four of us to undertake such elaborate plans. I recall that upon returning I sent a memorandum outlining these plans to our executive offices, and appended this note: "P.S. I don't think they'll work either."

18. But Murrow, Shirer, and Grandin, in the few weeks left to us before the memorable date of September 1, interviewed—yes, bullied—foreign broadcasting directors, lined up prospective staff men and string men, and the result was that from the very outset of the Nazi push into Poland we were able to hang out a sign "business as usual."

19. The rest of radio news history can be quickly telescoped because it is so recently a dramatic part of our memories. Even in our most harum-scarum dreams in 1939 I doubt if we could have imagined the extraordinary broadcasts to come in the next six years. Even now, it seems fantastic to recall such jobs as those turned in by Ed Murrow, during the blitz and after his bomber flight over Berlin, by Cecil Brown after the sinking of the *Repulse,* by George Hicks out in the Channel on D-Day, by Charles Colling-

wood in North Africa when he really poured it on both as to the military and political effects of the invasion, by Don Pryor in a B-29 actually over Tokyo at the time of the broadcast, and by Webley Edwards and Merrill Mueller from aboard the *Missouri* when the Japs formally surrendered to General MacArthur. There were so many superb broadcasts that it's unfair even to list the few I've mentioned, unfair to a very gallant band of radio reporters whose courage and ability added so much to the annals of journalism.

20. So much for the past. Now for the present.

21. The war was over—although the news apparently didn't reach certain parts of China, Indo-China, Java, Iran, and a few other places—and it was expected there would be an immediate drop in news interest. Never before in the space of four months had there been such peaks of news listening—with the tragic death of President Roosevelt, V-E Day, the atom bomb, and V-J Day following one another in rapid succession.

22. Many mistakenly thought that news broadcasts would no longer attract large audiences. But let's look at the facts. As early as September, the month after V-J Day, one nationwide survey revealed that the average rating per program (6.2) was at the average of 1944. Still another such survey in October showed an average of 6.1, which was the average to then for the first ten months of 1945, and above the average (5.4) for the whole of 1944.

23. To bring the picture closer to date let's look at the news letter issued in January by the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting. This survey shows that 65 per cent of nighttime news programs and commentators on the air this year and last had an equal or higher C.A.B. rating in December of 1945 than they had for the corresponding period of 1944. "It seems indicated," said the news letter in a masterpiece of understatement, "that a peacetime radio public is still maintaining keen interest in news by radio."

24. As news audiences held up within this present period—and surveys as late as February and March showed the same trend—a number of things had to be done by network news executives. Reporters had to be furloughed home, to be rested, to recover as best they could from the emotional letdown that inevitably resulted from the end of warfare. News schedules had to be examined and re-examined. Was radio presenting too much news, too often?

25. In that connection, Columbia conducted a survey of its own. First we wanted to know what type of program the public would like to have heard more of during the Japanese surrender period. Forty per cent of those responding would have liked more *straight news,* 32 per cent more *analysis,* and 28 per cent more *eye-witness reports.*

26. Another question we wanted answered was: Now that the war's over, should the radio companies have fewer commentators and news programs? Less than one third of the people, 30 per cent, said they wanted fewer such

broadcasts. Another 9 per cent didn't have any opinion. That left an unexpectedly high majority of Americans, 61 per cent, declaring that they wanted no fewer news programs.

27. If that was what our audience wanted, that was what we would supply. But what news should we put into these programs? Most important of all, perhaps, was the rediscovery of our own country as a source of news.

28. In radio news rooms we had been looking so long at Okinawa and Luneberg and Iwo Jima and Frankfurt we had begun to forget that things could happen at home, too. News was not only B-29 raids on enemy cities and surrenders and plutonium, but also a blizzard in Buffalo, a kidnaped child in Chicago, a mine disaster in Kentucky. News was industrial disputes. News was the prices of what we buy and our take-home pay and stockholders' dividends.

29. There may be some who believe that we have reconverted our news thinking too rapidly, that we should cover foreign affairs more intensively. Some may argue that what now happens abroad is most important to the world's future and shouldn't be shoved aside in favor of detailed coverage of disputes between labor and management within our own country. Such a point of view has a certain validity and yet it is equally arguable that the American economy also will have a vital effect upon the world, that not until we in the United States have finally settled upon what we are to have, and what we are to be, can we take our rightful place in international affairs.

30. I don't intend to resolve this conflict in opinion as to news emphasis. I don't even pretend to know the answer. All I do know is that now, today, the news editor has a much tougher assignment than he had a year ago. Should the "play" be given to UNO, where history is being written, or to strikes and labor legislation? Or should the editor take refuge in a flood story or the latest sensational crime? Notice again, please, that these are questions, not answers. Those answers will take some working out.

31. Let us look now at the future.

32. No discussion of radio news in the future would be complete without mention of the technical developments that seem almost certain to come, particularly in the fields of frequency modulation, television, and facsimile. As far as frequency modulation, or FM, is concerned I don't foresee many changes except that the increased number of stations made possible in this band probably will result in more specialized news on certain FM stations not affiliated with networks. For instance, one station in a city might want to concentrate on its local, state, and regional news, and another on sports news, another on religious, educational, and club news, etc. The greatest effect that FM will have on our business, therefore, probably will be an increase in jobs. That, I like.

33. Television, of course, has tremendous possibilities, especially if and

when it becomes available on a nationwide scale. The news broadcaster, assisted by maps, charts, films, animation devices, and even picture postcards, should be able to give the news a dimension not possible when it is heard only by the ear and not seen by the eye. Television, too, should be outstanding in the allied field of special events.

34. Last winter, there was a parade in New York of the Eighty-second Airborne Division. The three men we assigned to broadcast a description of that parade were all moved by the spectacle and yet, despite good reporting, it was all but impossible to put into words what they felt, to translate what the eye saw to the spoken word. The entire situation cried aloud for television. The same will be true of all types of sports events.

35. Already some fears have been expressed that if television becomes as important a part of American daily life as radio now is, there'll be a sharp decrease in the number of spectators at these events, thus making them unprofitable for promoters. These are familiar fears and can be dispelled quickly in the light of journalistic history. There were no really big crowds at sports events until newspapers began to cover them. When radio came on the scene and we covered prize fights, baseball, football, and the major horse races, the crowds increased rather than decreased. I predict that television will lead to still larger crowds. There should be millions of persons, especially women, now oblivious to sports, who will develop a keen interest after watching them in television pictures with accompanying descriptions. You will live to see larger ball parks, racing grounds and fight stadiums.

36. It will be argued that seated at home you can see the action of a game more clearly through a television receiver than if you were seated in the fifty-fifth row of the third tier of a stadium. That's true, but in a sense it's equally true today of broadcast descriptions of football games. The people actually at the game usually don't have nearly as accurate an idea of who carried the ball, who did the blocking, who did the tackling, as the man or woman seated before the radio in the family living room. There'll always be the desire of the fan to be able to say, "I was there."

37. As for facsimile, its place in the news world of the future is more doubtful. Granted proper transmitting and receiving equipment, for instance, it's even now possible—and has been for ten years or so—to print a page of news in a radio set. The husband could then come downstairs after shaving, tear off the Facsimile Digest which has been printed through radio impulses as he slept, read it, re-set the dials for the latest news delivered by voice or television, and leave to his wife the problem of opening the door on a wintry morning and dealing with the milk bottles.

38. It has also been proposed that the press associations transmit their reports to radio stations and newspapers by facsimile, speeding up the flow of news faster than the modern sixty-word-a-minute printers and eliminate the high cost of leased wires. Whether anything will come of current fac-

simile proposals and other science-is-wonderful schemes is being studied by minds much better trained for that sort of thing than mine. I can only report that in the latest allocations a band for facsimile has been set aside adjacent to the band for frequency modulation and thus, from a practical point of view, FM transmitters and receivers could be equipped for facsimile.

39. But now to something I fortunately know more about. That has to do with what radio reporters are going to be needed in this postwar world.

40. I frequently have been asked—most frequently by university professors—to draw up a list of the qualifications for a radio correspondent. Although the last thing we want is correspondents who fall into a pattern and who do not have the individuality and personality that radio emphasizes so distinctly, this might be as good a list of qualifications as any:

He should have integrity, else he shouldn't be in any business at all.

He should have curiosity, else he shouldn't be in the news business.

He should have energy, and a lot of it, because his working day will often be as long as from 8 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. of the following day.

He should have a hardy constitution, but this I don't insist upon. There are times when I don't believe there *is* such a thing as a healthy radio correspondent.

He should know at least one language other than English, and preferably two. He should be well grounded in economics, political philosophy, and know at least enough about physics to tell the difference between a cyclotron and a handful of uranium.

He should be able to write objectively and yet colorfully with particular ability in the creation of word pictures.

He should be able to speak the English language, not too mellifluously, but as though he were speaking it and not writing it.

His voice should be pleasant and authoritative.

He should be able to survive innumerable toasts at a Russian banquet or enjoy tea—repeat tea—with General Montgomery.

Then, of course, he should be tactful, resourceful, kind to dumb animals, and good to his mother.

41. If anyone knows such a man tell him not to bother to write a letter. Just have him put his name and address on his halo and send it in.

42. Let us assume that radio attracts enough of these paragons. Why do I say that they have a harder job now than before? There are a lot of reasons. In the first place, there has to be a lot more of just plain fact-getting. There aren't any briefing officers any more to tell reporters what they should write. Reporters now have to find out for themselves. The era of the handout and the hold-for-release is on the wane, or at least I think and hope it is. Censorship will be the exception rather than the rule. That means a reporter will have to use his own judgment instead of depending upon the sharp eyes and sharper scissors of someone else.

43. More important, he'll have to develop unusual talents of telling a

story in terms that everybody can understand. Writing about international broadcasting in a recent issue of *Variety,* Edward R. Murrow had this to say:

> How do you report suffering to people who have not suffered? How do you explain new and perhaps revolutionary political experiments to people who have not themselves witnessed the defeat and distintegration of traditional policies and practices? The real problem is going to be that there is no common denominator of experience. Words such as "sacrifice," "shortages," even "freedom," and "democracy" have come to have a different meaning on this side of the Atlantic. I have an idea that radio's job is more than that of a mere translator. If it is to be effective it must transport the listener to the country from which the broadcast is originating and say to him: "Look, Joe, if you were here this is what you would see and hear and smell and taste."

44. Mr. Murrow was writing only about the foreign radio reporters. But what he had to say is equally applicable to those on the domestic scene. Washington, in some ways the worst covered city in the world, offers a particular challenge to radio reporters. That city probably will be the news center of the world for years to come—I don't even except the permanent site of the UNO—and from the millions of words spoken and written there every week we must somehow acquire the skill to report the gist of what is essential information along with colorful descriptions of the men who make the news.

45. In covering industrial disputes we must send our men to the picket lines, the homes of strikers, into the offices of company management. And after they have found out all they can they must report their findings fairly, without innuendo, slyness of accentuation or bias.

46. None of this is easy. There are many pitfalls both at home and abroad. I think reporters should be especially wary of generalities that concern whole populations or sections of society. "The Soviets say this . . . ," "the Germans act this way . . . ," "this is labor's point of view." Phrases such as these are apt to be misleading and there's probably more harm in badly informing a public than in not informing it at all.

47. Then, too, this is probably the time to repeat a favorite dictum of mine, which on occasion I admit has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. It goes like this:

"We want to be first with the news. But if being first means any sacrifice of accuracy then we would much rather be last than to broadcast something that should not have gone on the air at all."

48. That is worth repeating because, looking back, it's easy to see now that nearly everyone in the news business—press association men, newspaper men, broadcasters—became a little flash-happy during those strained and hectic days of 1945.

49. But if radio achieves more and more hair-trigger accuracy, gets better reporting and writing, increases its vast audience, what then? Will all that

contribute to the peace of the world, to the betterment of mankind; will it enable us to avoid a third and catastrophic world war?

50. The answer here, I suspect, is only "maybe." We were the best informed public in the world in 1933 but that didn't prevent a mad man from taking over the reigns of government in Germany. We were even better informed in 1941 but that didn't prevent Pearl Harbor. All that can be said is this: It certainly is worthwhile to be ever on the alert. It certainly is worthwhile to try to bring to every listener every conceivable fact that will help him to understand what is going on around him. It certainly is worthwhile to arm that citizen in an effort to keep man from destroying man and probably destroying the earth itself.

51. And one final thought:

I firmly believe that a free and democratic radio, presenting the news as clearly and accurately as possible, is one of the greatest exports we can give to the world.

THE LONG ARM OF HOLLYWOOD[1]

Leo C. Rosten

Leo C. Rosten (1908-), though born in Poland, was brought to the United States when he was two. He received both undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Chicago and studied at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Writing sometimes under his own name and sometimes under the pennname of "Leonard Q. Ross," he has contributed fiction and articles to the New Yorker, Harper's, Reader's Digest, American Mercury, Journalism Quarterly, New Republic, Public Opinion Quarterly, *and other periodicals. His books include* The Washington Correspondents, *1937,* The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n, *1937,* Dateline: Europe, *1939,* The Strangest Places, *1939,* Adventure in Washington, *1940, and* Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers, *1941, from which book the following selection is taken. This book on Hollywood is the outgrowth of research undertaken with a grant from the Carnegie Corporation in 1939 and the Rockefeller Foundation in 1940. The motion picture industry and the government were able to capitalize on Mr. Rosten's special knowledge during the war; he was made Chief of the Motion Pictures Division, Office of Facts and Figures, and was a departmental director in the Office of War Information.*

1. Lord Northcliffe called motion pictures "the fifth estate." It is a valuable phrase. The frequency with which we hear the cliché "press, radio, and movies" testifies to the recognition that Hollywood is one of the key symbol-centers of the world. The influence of Hollywood is immense and pervasive. It is an influence which transcends differences in language or custom, age or creed. It is an influence which ranges from slang and songs to the export of typewriters or the pattern of women's coiffures. It is an influence which, to repeat a Frenchman's comment, threatened a colonization of the world by the American culture whose films are its most potent and energetic carriers. It is an influence which springs from two sources: the movies and the movie stars.

2. The long arm of Hollywood reaches into every province of the manners and the mores of our time; it does not, except obliquely and occasionally, touch the ideologies of our day. The movie makers are beholden to a mass market; they are saddled with enormous costs; they know that ideas attract controversy; and they shape their stories into fables which

[1] From *Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers* by Leo C. Rosten. Copyright, 1941, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

testify to the proposition that maximum profits reward maximum innocuousness.

3. The extraordinary significance of the movies is illustrated by the fact that of all the contemporary arts—and businesses—it was the movies which were singled out for discussion in a special papal encyclical devoted to that purpose (Pius XI, July 2, 1936). And the potency of films, the threat to national policies or private interests which they can be assumed to represent, is demonstrated by the astonishing variety of protests which pour into Hollywood week after week. The expostulations against movies, from governments, foreign offices, business groups, religious orders, trade associations, fraternal societies, or professional bodies, are nothing short of cosmic in their range and in their substance.

4. The Japanese censors, for example, strongly objected to a Hollywood version of *Madame Butterfly* because Sylvia Sidney, in kissing Lieutenant Pinkerton (the scene was handled with pathetic caution), placed her arms around his neck in such a manner that her elbow was bared. This, apparently, was tantamount to nudity in Japan. A national billiard association voiced hot protest because pool rooms, in the movies, are shown as unkempt places where disreputable characters congregate. The late Polish Government barred *Show Boat* because the song, "Ol' Man River," was "proletarian propaganda" likely to incite the Polish masses to rebellion. The American Newspaper Guild objected to the prevalence of impolite, intoxicated, or unscrupulous reporters on the screen.

5. The British regularly censor those movie scenes in which animals so much as *appear* to be suffering, even though Hollywood's studios offer affidavits from humane societies proving that the effects were achieved quite without pain to our Darwinian cousins. The Glass Bottle Blowers Association complained that the movies were giving free advertising to canned beer, and a group in the canning industry insisted that the movies are spreading the gospel of bottled beverages. France (1939) compelled Hollywood to change the villain of *Beau Geste* from a Frenchman to a Russian.

6. An organization of silver fox breeders expressed their indignation because in one picture a Negress was seen wearing a silver fox. The Audubon Society voiced a complaint concerning a story which was being considered by a studio because the plot required that an eagle carry off a child. It is easy to extend this Domesday Book to chilling proportions, but let us end this array of hurt feelings by citing the letter which denounced a movie because it "maligned and burlesqued" the Master Plumbers of America, a group, it was insisted, "which has done more to protect the health and comfort of the American people than any other group or industry."

7. No matter what the intentions of the movie makers may be, no matter how unconscious they may be of the effects of their product, no matter how reluctant Hollywood may be to manipulate the subtle and persuasive power

at its disposal, the movies exert an influence which is vast and profound.

8. In a world convulsed by catastrophe and change, Hollywood sells the oldest of allegories in its simplest and most consoling outlines: Boy Gets Girl. Those who berate the movies for their enslavement to Boy Meets Girl —Boy Loses Girl—Boy Gets Girl forget that this theme has been sovereign in the novel and the play for several thousand years, and in cultures ranging from the Greek to the Chinese. They forget that the unhappy ending was unpopular even in enlightened Athens. They forget that no less an authority than Aristotle declared that one of the primary functions of the artist is to serve his audience, that the only art of political importance is popular art: "The poet is guided in what he writes by the wishes of his audience." They forget that T. S. Eliot, surely no apostle of the fleshpots, observed that the movies have supplanted the stage in serving the public with melodrama and concluded that "melodrama is perennial and . . . the craving for it is perennial and must be satisfied."

9. In the recondite naïveté of Hollywood's movies, life is a simple game between love and misunderstanding, between the pure in heart and the other kind. Optimism is basic, romance is of the essence, crises are rarely more than personal. In the movies, problems are solved by mere love, sheer will, or expiatory gestures; that is, by virtue, luck, or divine intercession. In the norms of the silver screen, virtue, luck, and divine intercession are incomparably more important than skill, intelligence, or reality. The Greek dramatists, it will be remembered, lowered an actor-Jove from the top of the stage so he could settle the destiny of the characters whenever the plot became too complicated for the author; Hollywood's *deus ex machina* is nowhere as crude: he resides in the very content of the movies, in the structure and values of the movies themselves.

10. In the movie story of mankind, the man who writes to Mother, steps aside for his friend, or places his sweetheart's happiness above his carnal desires is pretty sure to end as the ecstatic bridegroom, the president of the company, or the composer whose genius the audiences at Carnegie Hall acclaim by beating their palms into a pulp. The cad who kicks a dog, cheats at cards, betrays a friend, or attempts to seduce a maiden, is headed straight for the Big House, death, and eternal perdition beyond. To movie heroes, of course, death is no more than the passport to eternal joy, its occurrence usually being accompanied by a majestic chorus of unseen angels hurling triumphant hosannahs at the audience while the screen swarms with moving clouds. It is surely consoling to discover that in the special logic of the movies, self-sacrifice always ends in successful (if unplanned) self-aggrandizement; and that selfishness is utter folly, doomed to a terrible fate.

11. All this means that in the moral lexicon of Hollywood, honesty is always rewarded, evil is always punished, and crime—in an exquisite reflection of the pragmatic emphases of our world—does not *pay*. The Lord Chief

Justice of Great Britain, Lord Hewart, dismissed the contention that the movies help to "make" criminals, in this happy line: "If virtue triumphed in actual life as regularly as on the films, this world might be an easier place both to police and to understand."

12. Hollywood's racial typologies are forever dismaying. To the movie addict, Negroes are lazy, light-hearted mortals who tap dance on the slightest provocation and are prone to burst into spirituals during a thunderstorm. Italians seem to be a singularly specialized species, either childishly happy or dreadfully brutal; their talents, by some anthropological curse, are limited to restauranting or crime. Swedes, of course, are slow-witted behemoths dedicated to either the sea or the basement. And the moviegoer knows that a happy woman is one who enters a room with her arms full of packages. An entire social philosophy is reduced to that one classic image.

13. It is fitting to ask how a generation which has been inoculated with the inclusive romanticism of the movies—a romanticism which encompasses everything from individual amour to social issues—will cope with an increasingly hard and unpretty reality. To those intoxicated by the champagne of the film, everyday life and love may represent the deflation of periodically inflated expectations. One may be excused for wondering what are the consequences to psychological security when clerks are encouraged to believe in high destiny, when buck-toothed ingenues dream of Errol Flynn. True, there were Fairy Princes and Princesses long before celluloid was invented; but were they ever so real, and did they actually talk and kiss and sing?

14. The emphasis of the films upon action, violence, and brash conduct necessarily involves a devaluation of the thoughtful and the contemplative. This can hardly avoid influencing the manners of a society already predisposed to the physical solution of disputes, the mentality of a society most of whose inhabitants are more respectful of Hugh Johnson than of John Dewey.

15. This is not meant to imply that Hollywood creates its *own* values, or that Hollywood invents stereotypes with singlehanded omnipotence, or that Hollywood *causes* the public acceptance of banal homilies. The movie makers are in many ways compelled to feed a popular diet to a public which is in firm possession of deplorable tastes—tastes derived from sources far older, deeper, and more potent than Hollywood. The very success of Hollywood lies in the skill with which it *reflects* the assumptions, the fallacies, and the aspirations of an entire culture. The movie producers, the movie directors, the movie writers, and the movie actors work with the stereotypes which are current in our society—for they, too, are children of that society; they, too, have inherited and absorbed the values of our world. But Hollywood, through the movies, *reinforces* our typologies on an enormous scale and with overpowering repetitiveness. Whether the movies imitate life or

whether life imitates the movies is for others to decide; this writer believes that like missionaries on a desert island, they begin to convert each other. Some critics say that audiences complain about the movies because the movies do not reflect reality; it is this writer's suspicion that more people lament the fact that reality does not reflect the movies.

16. The long arm of Hollywood can be seen in any home or department store, or by glancing into the nearest mirror. Indirect lighting, modern furniture, and resplendent bathrooms, those landmarks of man's ascent from barbarism, owe much to the silver screen. The off-the-face hat, invented to keep shadows off the faces of movie Lorelei who are paid for their unshadowed features, swept the feminine world in the past decade and re-established a style which is two thousand years old. The movies helped to undermine the taboos which fought off a cosmeticized world. The short-vamp shoe, the decline of the American custom of eating peas with a knife, elegant feminine underthings, the popularity of Scotch and soda, and smoking by adolescents and women—all may be traced in some measure to Hollywood's persuasive power.

17. The impact of Hollywood on speech, song, and gesture is even more obvious. In Bombay or Oslo or Hong Kong the boys who worship James Cagney, George Raft, or Edward G. Robinson incorporate machine-gun noises and impudent gestures into their play. (In 1939, five thousand police chiefs in the United States voted their annual award to Mr. Cagney as the person who had done most to discourage crime in our land.) The song hits of Shanghai and Dayton are often the same, and Alice Faye or Dorothy Lamour probably introduced them. When Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen hurled "Sez you!" at each other as a deadly riposte at regular intervals in one of their film sagas, the phrase became a part of our language for years. The chief constable of Wallasey, a suburb of Liverpool, sadly remarked in one of his annual reports:

> I cannot refrain from commenting adversely on the pernicious and growing habit of . . . youths to use Americanisms, with nasal accompaniment, in order to appear, in their own vernacular, *tough guys*. On one of my officers going to search him, a young housebreaker told him to *"Lay off, cop." Oh-yeahs* are frequent in answer to charges, and we are promised *shoots up in the burg* [*sic*] and threatened to be *bumped off*.

18. Women have taken an increasingly important place in modern society; in no realm of endeavor has the stronger sex risen to the prominence it occupies in the movie colony and the film industry. No business can match Hollywood's female personnel for influence; there are, indeed, no counterparts to a Shearer or a Colbert. In the index of fame and fortune, the illustrious names of the stage, opera, or letters must yield to the imperial queens of the screen. It should occasion no surprise to learn that when a questionnaire was submitted to girls in one section of New York,

asking them what they wanted to be, two-thirds of the lasses replied—movie actress.

19. The movie idols have usurped the role of Society in establishing styles. Today, Society's fashions are more imitative of Hollywood's than the other way around. Marlene Dietrich's affinity for slacks, for example, was a major factor in the rise of a new article of feminine disguise. The hat which Greta Garbo wore in *Susan Lennox* put thousands of milliners to work on a style which was hailed as revolutionary. Jean Harlow's platinum-dyed hair started a vogue which has not yet, unfortunately, abated. Norma Shearer's bob, for *Romeo and Juliet,* altered women's hair-do for over a year and brought bitter conflict into a million boudoirs. In men's apparel, slack suits, polo shirts, Tyrolean hats, and roll-collar shirts are inescapable evidence of Hollywood's influence. It is a familiar but ever-impressive fact that when Clark Gable disrobed in *It Happened One Night* and was revealed to be *sans* undershirt, he sent the men's underwear business into a decline which, glassy-eyed manufacturers estimated, cut their business from forty to fifty percent within a year.

20. Hollywood has lured some of the finest designers and couturières in the world into its bailiwick. Movie previews are attended by style copyists who rush their drawings back to the East so that a Crawford gown, mass-produced and cheaply priced, can stream to the women of America with a minimum of delay. There are over fifteen "style-reporting" agencies in Los Angeles which act as style scouts for department stores all over the world; they send out weekly bulletins, sketches, samples, and tips on who is wearing what. Buyers are especially susceptible to Hollywood's styles: it is easier to sell a "number" which has been featured in a film seen by millions of consumers, and sales arguments are fortified by references to the fact that "Ginger Rogers wore this very dress in Palm Springs." Besides, department store buyers like to come to Hollywood: the weather, sports, and the carnival atmosphere make their stay pleasant; and the opportunity of seeing movie stars in the flesh, apart from being exciting in itself, enhances prestige at home to a staff in awe of those who saw the mighty in their habitat. Los Angeles is a booming fashion and clothes-manufacturing center; in sportswear, it has become almost unrivaled.

21. We have seen that over twenty years ago English, German, and French merchants began to complain to their governments about the influence of Hollywood's movies on their commerce. Audiences which see American typewriters, furniture, automobiles, radios, or clothing in the expertly photographed films of Hollywood show an understandable preference for American merchandise. Any visitor to Europe is impressed by the Americanization of clothes, homes, and habits.

22. The role of the movies in heightening the public's taste for the perquisites of wealth was even more striking. During the roaring Twenties,

the American appetite for luxuries spread and deepened: the war years were over, the 1919 depression had been endured, and the glittering, if spurious, prosperity of a decade had begun. Money was god, money-making a cult, spending a glorious adventure. In cars and clothing, houses and services, the pleasure-bent pursued their desires. The interest in etiquette, beauty creams, and democratic snobbery, milestones on the road to Sophistication, was evidenced in the rush for books, magazines, and tutors in the esoteric arts of decorum. Above all, a fast-living, high-riding middle class was possessed by curiosity to know how the rich and the sophisticated lived. The movies taught them. *Nouveaux riches* movie makers projected *nouveaux riches* values into the films. Hollywood presented the *nouveau riche* as a more understandable and sympathetic social type.

23. It was Cecil B. DeMille who sensed the public demand and, with his own special genius, turned the movies into a medium which satisfied the public's desire for knowledge about the mores of acquisition. He shattered the fashion monopoly of Paris by putting glorified fashion shows on the screen; he gave shop girls ringside seats at dress salons for the price of a movie ticket:

> DeMille showed them the object of their dreams in actual use. . . . He knew to a hair the value of over-emphasis and over-elaboration . . . his interiors, exaggerated as they often were, were nevertheless convincing; any one of them might have been in the home of a multi-millionaire, and many of them undoubtedly were after DeMille pointed the way. . . . He withdrew the curtains that had veiled the rich and the fashionable, and exhibited them in all the intimate and lavish details of their private lives.[2]

24. The DeMille influence has persisted in movies for the simple reason that the lavish is perennially attractive to the populace and perennially profitable to the film companies.

25. Magazines in a dozen languages feed the fan world which is hungry for a glimpse within the wondrous halls of Hollywood. The Italian movie publication *Film, after* the boycott of American movies by Mussolini and the actual withdrawal of American movies from Italy, was loaded with photographs of Hollywood's godlings. In one issue, page one featured Merle Oberon, Louis Hayward, and Sally Eilers; on page four, there was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; part of page five displayed Ann Miller; page seven was occupied by a massive photograph of Fred MacMurray; page nine was graced by Lola Lane; and page twelve aimed at posterity with an action shot of Mickey Rooney. More than twice as much space was devoted to Hollywood's stars as to their Italian and European rivals.

26. Even where there is revolt against Hollywood's dominion, the unconscious aping of Hollywood testifies to the enormity of its influence. *Filmindia,* Bombay's fat fan magazine, conducts a relentless crusade against

[2] Benjamin B. Hampton, *A History of the Movies*, New York, Covici-Friede, 1931, p. 222

Hollywood's "disgusting libel of the Indian people . . . disgraceful pictures . . . insidious anti-Indian propaganda. . . ." Only pictures of native stars fill its pages; nary a note or picture of a Hollywood luminary is allowed. And yet, in the same issue in which the quotation cited above occurs (March, 1939), there is a page of photographs in which Indian sirens in American dress cavort in a penthouse(!); one picture shows a lovely Hindu actress using a Flit gun; there is a full page of pictures of native Don Juans in polo shirts, sport jackets, bow ties, felt hats, and ascot scarves (and only one turban); and there is a closeup of a beauteous Hindu maiden with her hat pulled low over her eyes, aiming a gun at the camera in the approved Hollywood mode.

27. Dr. George Gallup and his American Institute of Public Opinion conducted surveys for two years on the reading habits of Americans in all walks of life and different sections of the land; one of the striking facts "that is scored and underscored in these studies is the tremendous influence of Hollywood on reading tastes." Gallup points out that Hollywood boosts the classics of literature into new and extraordinary popularity. When the movie *David Copperfield* was being publicized, the Cleveland Public Library ordered over 125 extra copies of the book to meet the probable rise in demand; and although the library had over five hundred copies of the book, the shelves were bare of *David Copperfield* and other Dickens novels for weeks. The film *Wuthering Heights* served as a remarkable boomerang to the book's popularity. Four publishing houses sold out all their editions of the work in a short time, and book stores and public libraries could not cope with the rediscovery of the Brontë masterpiece.

28. The hand of Hollywood shapes the fiction we read in books and magazines. American writers can scarcely escape being influenced by the brisk structure, tempo, and dialogue of the film; and the golden purse of Hollywood has created a legion of scriveners who write with one eye on screen possibilities. Bennett A. Cerf, publishing head of Random House and the Modern Library, recently announced:

> . . . Until a sweeping readjustment takes place . . . in the motion picture world, writers will not be interested enough in either books or book publishers to regard them as very much more than little way-stations on the royal road to Beverly Hills. . . . How can a sense of proportion be preserved when a lot of worn-out old hacks who haven't written an honest word or thought an honest thought for ten years can still draw a couple of thousand dollars a week turning out scenarios, and newcomers whose first novels are still wet from the presses are offered contracts that make their total earnings from the book rights look like a lunch check at the Automat. . . . The thing that an author wants most from his publisher these days is a letter of introduction to Darryl Zanuck.

29. The phenomenal rise of Hollywood as a radio center is another manifestation of the film capital's accentuated influence. The radio industry comes to Hollywood for comic, crooning, or histrionic personalities: the size of radio's investment in Los Angeles is exceeded only by its investment

in New York, and a University of Southern California study estimates that over fifty percent of the most popular national radio programs originate in Hollywood. The union of movies and radio has deepened and widened the influence of Hollywood.

30. The Lynds have pointed out, in *Middletown in Transition*, that adolescents not only enjoy the movies, but "go to school" in the movie houses. They model themselves after movie stars; they repeat movie jokes and gestures; they develop surprisingly sophisticated manners; and they pattern their lives not on those of their parents, but on "the sharp figures of the silver screen which present gay and confident designs for living."

31. In one community in New York City which was studied intensively:

> . . . the movies [were] not only the most universal form of recreation, but a major source of ideas about life and the world in general. . . . Movie attendance had become practically universal. . . . The neighborhood movie house was an important feature of the life of the community. . . . The glamour which surrounded the movie and entertainment world . . . was positively dazzling to young people.

32. Sociologists have commented on the role of the motion picture in reshaping our attitudes to marriage and divorce, our methods of courtship, our reaction to the problems of family life. The movies, with their uniformity of content, bridge the ancient gap between the urban and the rural, and undermine the provincialism of non-metropolitan life. The movies are a source of excitement and substitute experience, a potent agency of non-formal education, a dramaturgic genie who stimulates and gratifies fantasy. The movies put vicarious romance in our laps; they set up ideal stereotypes for love and ideal norms of success. To men everywhere the movies are as inexpensive and universal an avenue of escape as our world offers. An advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post* sang Hollywood's praises in these lyrical words:

> Go to a motion picture . . . and let yourself go. Before you know it you are *living* the story—laughing, loving, hating, struggling, winning! All the adventure, all the romance, all the excitement you lack in your daily life are in—Pictures. They take you completely out of yourself into a wonderful new world. . . . Out of the cage of every-day existence! If only for an afternoon or an evening—escape!

33. The movies have extended the dimensions of leisure. They have opened new horizons in education. They have created new foci of public attention. The influence of talking pictures produced for a mass market, distributed world wide, and exhibited simultaneously in hundreds of cities and towns, is at once too immense and too subtle for exact appraisal. It seems self-evident that Hollywood represents a challenge to the sovereignty of church, school, and family in the realm of values. The philosopher, the politician, the publicist, or the student may well agree with Mortimer J. Adler when he observes that the movies are "more than any other art the social and political problem of our day."

THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN MUSIC[1]

Aaron Copland

Aaron Copland (1900-), a native of Brooklyn, began to study at the Fontainebleau School of Music at the age of thirteen. His progress was so pronounced that his teachers urged him to become a musician. His first unmistakably important work is Piano Concerto; *in it, according to music critics, he demonstrates that jazz has a place in serious musical literature. Mr. Copland is also an enthusiastic promoter of modern music—writing articles, lecturing at the New School for Social Research, and co-sponsoring the Copland-Sessions Concerts to further recognition and understanding of the music of modern composers.*

1. Most people want to know how things are made. They frankly admit, however, that they feel completely at sea when it comes to understanding how a piece of music is made. Where a composer begins, how he manages to keep going—in fact, how and where he learns his trade—all are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The composer, in short, is a man of mystery to most people, and the composer's workshop an unapproachable ivory tower.

2. One of the first things most people want to hear discussed in relation to composing is the question of inspiration. They find it difficult to believe that composers are not as preoccupied with that question as they had supposed. The layman always finds it hard to realize how natural it is for the composer to compose. He has a tendency to put himself into the position of the composer and to visualize the problems involved, including that of inspiration, from the perspective of the layman. He forgets that composing to a composer is like fulfilling a natural function. It is like eating or sleeping. It is something that the composer happens to have been born to do; and, because of that, it loses the character of a special virtue in the composer's eyes.

3. The composer, therefore, confronted with the question of inspiration, does not say to himself: "Do I feel inspired?" He says to himself: "Do I feel like composing today?" And if he feels like composing, he does. It is more or less like saying to yourself: "Do I feel sleepy?" If you feel sleepy, you go to sleep. If you don't feel sleepy, you stay up. If the composer doesn't feel like composing, he doesn't compose. It's as simple as that.

4. Of course, after you have finished composing, you hope that everyone,

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *What to Listen for in Music*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1939.

including yourself, will recognize the thing you have written as having been inspired. But that is really an idea tacked on at the end.

5. Someone once asked me, in a public forum, whether I waited for inspiration. My answer was: "Every day!" But that does not, by any means, imply a passive waiting around for the divine afflatus. This is exactly what distinguishes the professional from the dilettante. The professional composer can sit down day after day and turn out some kind of music. On some days it will undoubtedly be better than on others; but the primary fact is the ability to compose. Inspiration is often only a by-product.

6. The second question that most people find intriguing is generally worded thus: "Do you or don't you write your music at the piano?" A current idea exists that there is something shameful about writing a piece of music at the piano. Along with that goes a mental picture of Beethoven composing out in the fields. Think about it a moment and you will realize that writing away from the piano nowadays is not nearly so simple a matter as it was in Mozart or Beethoven's day. For one thing, harmony is so much more complex than it was then. Few composers are capable of writing down entire compositions without at least a passing reference to the piano. In fact, Stravinsky in his *Autobiography* has even gone so far as to say that it is a bad thing to write music away from the piano because the composer should always be in contact with *la matière sonore*. That's a violent taking of the opposite side. But, in the end, the way in which a composer writes is a personal matter. The method is unimportant. It is the result that counts.

7. The really important question is: "What does the composer start with; where does he begin?" The answer to that is, Every composer begins with a musical idea—a *musical* idea, you understand, not a mental, literary, or extramusical idea. Suddenly a theme comes to him. (Theme is used as synonymous with musical idea.) The composer starts with his theme; and the theme is a gift from Heaven. He doesn't know where it comes from—has no control over it. It comes almost like automatic writing. That's why he keeps a book very often and writes themes down whenever they come. He collects musical ideas. You can't do anything about that element of composing.

8. The idea itself may come in various forms. It may come as a melody—just a one-line simple melody which you might hum to yourself. Or it may come to the composer as a melody with an accompaniment. At times he may not even hear a melody; he may simply conceive an accompanimental figure to which a melody will probably be added later. Or, on the other hand, the theme may take the form of a purely rhythmic idea. He hears a particular kind of drumbeat, and that will be enough to start him off. Over it he will soon begin hearing an accompaniment and melody. The original conception, however, was a mere rhythm. Or, a different type of composer may possibly begin with a contrapuntal web of two or three melodies which

are heard at the same instant. That, however, is a less usual species of thematic inspiration.

9. All these are different ways in which the musical idea may present itself to the composer.

10. Now, the composer has the idea. He has a number of them in his book, and he examines them in more or less the way that you, the listener, would examine them if you looked at them. He wants to know what he has. He examines the musical line for its purely formal beauty. He likes to see the way it rises and falls, as if it were a drawn line instead of a musical one. He may even try to retouch it, just as you might in drawing a line, so that the rise and fall of the melodic contour might be improved.

11. But he also wants to know the emotional significance of his theme. If all music has expressive value, then the composer must become conscious of the expressive values of his theme. He may be unable to put it into so many words, but he feels it! He instinctively knows whether he has a gay or a sad theme, a noble or diabolic one. Sometimes he may be mystified himself as to its exact quality. But sooner or later he will probably instinctively decide what the emotional nature of his theme is, because that's the thing he is about to work with.

12. Always remember that a theme is, after all, only a succession of notes. Merely by changing the dynamics, that is, by playing it loudly and bravely or softly and timidly, one can transform the emotional feeling of the very same succession of notes. By a change of harmony a new poignancy may be given the theme; or by a different rhythmic treatment the same notes may result in a war dance instead of a lullaby. Every composer keeps in mind the possible metamorphoses of his succession of notes. First he tries to find its essential nature, and then he tries to find what might be done with it—how that essential nature may momentarily be changed.

13. As a matter of fact, the experience of most composers has been that the more complete a theme is, the less possibility there is of seeing it in various aspects. If the theme itself, in its original form, is long enough and complete enough, the composer may have difficulty in seeing it in any other way. It already exists in its definitive form. That is why great music can be written on themes that in themselves are insignificant. One might very well say that the less complete, the less important, the theme the more likely it is to be open to new connotations. Some of Bach's greatest organ fugues are constructed on themes that are comparatively uninteresting in themselves.

14. The current notion that all music is beautiful according to whether the theme is beautiful or not doesn't hold true in many cases. Certainly the composer does not judge his theme by that criterion alone.

15. Having looked at his thematic material, the composer must now decide what sound medium will best fit it. Is it a theme that belongs in a

symphony, or does it seem more intimate in character and therefore better fitted for a string quartet? Is it a lyrical theme that would be used to best advantage in a song; or had it better be saved, because of its dramatic quality, for operatic treatment? A composer sometimes has a work half finished before he understands the medium for which it is best fitted.

16. Thus far I have been presupposing an abstract composer before an abstract theme. But actually I can see three different types of composers in musical history, each of whom conceives music in a somewhat different fashion.

17. The type that has fired public imagination most is that of the spontaneously inspired composer—the Franz Schubert type, in other words. All composers are inspired, of course, but this type is more spontaneously inspired. Music simply wells out of him. He can't get it down on paper fast enough. You can almost always tell this type of composer by his prolific output. In certain months, Schubert wrote a song a day. Hugo Wolf did the same.

18. In a sense, men of this kind begin not so much with a musical theme as with a completed composition. They invariably work best in the shorter forms. It is much easier to improvise a song than it is to improvise a symphony. It isn't easy to be inspired in that spontaneous way for long periods at a stretch. Even Schubert was more successful in handling the shorter forms of music. The spontaneously inspired man is only one type of composer, with his own limitations.

19. Beethoven symbolizes the second type—the constructive type, one might call it. This type exemplifies my theory of the creative process in music better than any other, because in this case the composer really does begin with a musical theme. In Beethoven's case there is no doubt about it, for we have the notebooks in which he put the themes down. We can see from his notebooks how he worked over his themes—how he would not let them be until they were as perfect as he could make them. Beethoven was not a spontaneously inspired composer in the Schubert sense at all. He was the type that begins with a theme; makes it a germinal idea; and upon that constructs a musical work, day after day, in painstaking fashion. Most composers since Beethoven's day belong to this second type.

20. The third type of creator I can only call, for lack of a better name, the traditionalist type. Men like Palestrina and Bach belong in this category. They both exemplify the kind of composer who is born in a particular period of musical history, when a certain musical style is about to reach its fullest development. It is a question at such a time of creating music in a well-known and accepted style and doing it in a way that is better than anyone has done it before you.

21. Beethoven and Schubert started from a different premise. They both had serious pretensions to originality! After all, Schubert practically created

the song form singlehanded; and the whole face of music changed after Beethoven lived. But Bach and Palestrina simply improved on what had gone before them.

22. The traditionalist type of composer begins with a pattern rather than with a theme. The creative act with Palestrina is not the thematic conception so much as the personal treatment of a well-established pattern. And even Bach, who conceived forty-eight of the most varied and inspired themes in his *Well-Tempered Clavichord,* knew in advance the general formal mold that they were to fill. It goes without saying that we are not living in a traditionalist period nowadays.

23. One might add, for the sake of completeness, a fourth type of composer—the pioneer type: men like Gesualdo in the seventeenth century, Mussorgsky and Berlioz in the nineteenth, Debussy and Edgar Varese in the twentieth. It is difficult to summarize the composing methods of so variegated a group. One can safely say that their approach to composition is the opposite of the traditionist type. They clearly oppose conventional solutions of musical problems. In many ways, their attitude is experimental—they seek to add new harmonies, new sonorities, new formal principles. The pioneer type was the characteristic one at the turn of the seventeenth century and also at the beginning of the twentieth century, but it is much less evident today.

24. But let's return to our theoretical composer. We have him with his idea—his musical idea—with some conception of its expressive nature, with a sense of what can be done with it, and with a preconceived notion of what medium is best fitted for it. Still he hasn't a piece. A musical idea is not the same as a piece of music. It only induces a piece of music. The composer knows very well that something else is needed in order to create the finished composition.

25. He tries, first of all, to find other ideas that seem to go with the original one. They may be ideas of a similar character, or they may be contrasting ones. These additional ideas will probably not be so important as the one that came first—usually they play a subsidiary role. Yet they definitely seem necessary in order to complete the first one. Still that's not enough! Some way must be found for getting from one idea to the next, and it is generally achieved through use of so-called bridge material.

26. There are also two other important ways in which the composer can add to his original material. One is the elongation process. Often the composer finds that a particular theme needs elongating so that its character may be more clearly defined. Wagner was a master at elongation. I referred to the other way when I visualized the composer's examining the possible metamorphoses of his theme. That is the much-written-about development of his material, which is a very important part of his job.

27. All these things are necessary for the creation of a full-sized piece—

the germinal idea, the addition of other lesser ideas, the elongation of the ideas, the bridge material for the connection of the ideas, and their full development.

28. Now comes the most difficult task of all—the welding together of all that material so that it makes a coherent whole. In the finished product, everything must be in its place. The listener must be able to find his way around in the piece. There should be no possible chance of his confusing the principal theme with the bridge material, or vice versa. The composition must have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and it is up to the composer to see to it that the listener always has some sense of where he is in relation to beginning, middle, and end. Moreover, the whole thing should be managed artfully so that none can say where the soldering began—where the composer's spontaneous invention left off and the hard work began.

29. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that in putting his materials together the composer necessarily begins from scratch. On the contrary, every well-trained composer has, as his stock in trade, certain normal structural molds on which to lean for the basic framework of his compositions. These formal molds I speak of have all been gradually evolved over hundreds of years as the combined efforts of numberless composers seeking a way to ensure the coherence of their compositions. . . .

30. But whatever the form the composer chooses to adopt, there is always one great desideratum: The form must have what in my student days we used to call *la grande ligne* (the long line). It is difficult adequately to explain the meaning of that phrase to the layman. To be properly understood in relation to a piece of music, it must be felt. In mere words, it simply means that every good piece of music must give us a sense of flow—a sense of continuity from first note to last. Every elementary music student knows the principle, but to put it into practice has challenged the greatest minds in music! A great symphony is a man-made Mississippi down which we irresistibly float from the instant of our leave-taking to a long foreseen destination. Music must always flow, for that is part of its very essence, but the creation of that continuity and flow—that long line—constitutes the be-all and end-all of every composer's existence.

★

OUR WIDENING AMERICAN CULTURE[1]

Frederick Lewis Allen

Frederick Lewis Allen (1890-) began his editorial career in 1914 as assistant editor of The Atlantic Monthly. *Subsequently in 1916 he became assistant editor of the* Century Magazine. *Since 1923 he has been associated with* Harper's Magazine, *of which he is now editor. He is the author of three books on American life—*Only Yesterday (*1931*), The Lords of Creation (*1935*), *and* Since Yesterday (*1940*).

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

Under pressure of more dramatic affairs, we Americans are, I believe, failing to notice a salient—and cheerful—fact about our country: the flowering, or at least the budding, of an American culture of which we may well be proud.

This flowering is unlike any previous one in history. We must not expect to see duplicated here what happened in the Athens of Pericles or the Florence of the Medici, or, for that matter, in nineteenth century England or France. For the essence of what is happening in America is that it is new, that it takes unprecedented forms, and that it is manifold.

I realized that anybody who speaks in such terms as these may seem to be—in the expressive phrase of the day—sticking his neck out. In the American culture of 1940 one can find plenty of evidences of undisciplined or corrupt taste. Listen to some of our radio programs; read the concentrated pap which passes for fiction in many of our magazines for the millions; sit through some of the Class B pictures at the movies; or look at the monotonous suburban developments and devastated regions which lie at the edges of our American cities, and you may well wonder what in heaven's name I am talking about.

Nevertheless I stand by my guns. I think this country is making cultural progress in a new and exciting way.

To most people "culture" may suggest a gentleman sitting in his library

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and publisher, from *The Saturday Review of Literature*, June 29, 1940.

with a volume of Montaigne in his hand, a glass of old port at his elbow, and a quotation from the original Greek on his lips—familiarity with, and appreciation of, old and tested things. But culture may also mean the natural feeling for beauty that went into the building of old New England houses and Pennsylvania barns—a sense of order and graciousness, whether cultivated or instinctive, and whether accompanied by wide learning or not. And any culture is sterile which is not animated by the creative impulse. The periods which we think of as the great flowerings of culture were periods not merely of appreciation but, preeminently, of production; indeed, any culture is sterile which is not animated by the devouring curiosity of the discoverer and the fierce energy of the experimenter.

In these latter aspects American culture is showing special progress. Whereas no other cultural flowering in history has involved more than a small fraction of the population, today millions of Americans are becoming more sensitive to beauty, and in them creative energy is stirring.

Look, for example, at music—from that same radio that brings us so much shoddy entertainment. Toscanini's weekly symphony concert is enjoyed by an audience of four and a half million. It would take 60 Yale Bowls to seat this astronomical number of listeners. Walter Damrosch's NBC music appreciation hour is heard each week by several million. Have any such opportunities for the masses to hear good music ever before existed—and been taken advantage of? And it has all come about in the past 15 years. Incidentally, the highly intelligent "Information Please," which recently won an award by *The Saturday Review of Literature* for distinguished service to American literature, is said to be heard by 12,000,000 members of that radio public which we used to be told had 13-year-old minds!

Participation in the *making* of music has sharply increased, too, even though the piano is no longer a standard household ornament. Note some 35,000 school orchestras. Note how many of our school and college glee clubs have become choruses singing fine music. Recently I heard the madrigal club of a small West Virginia college lead off, not with "The Bullfrog on the Bank," standard for 30 years ago, but with the classic chants of Palestrina. The extraordinary growth of such institutions as the Berkshire Music Festival is another agreeable sign of our musical times.

Next, consider reading. It is true that book sales have shown little increase during the past generation. But there can be small doubt that the books which now sell most widely represent, on the average, a considerably higher level of quality. There is a world of difference between the solid fiber of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (the leading fiction best-seller of 1939) and the sentimental gush of Florence Barclay's *The Rosary* (which topped the lists in 1910 and 1911, against stiff competition by Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth*). We must remember, too,

that the book as a form of entertainment must now compete with the radio and the movies; while the book-reading public is now underpinned—and presumably reduced—by a gigantic magazine-reading public.

Fifty years ago there was not a single magazine in the United States with a circulation of a million. Now there are twenty-six. Many of the most popular periodicals are full of literary marshmallows and shy at ideas which might possibly offend a perceptible number of readers or advertisers; yet I think it is safe to say that if we take these magazines as a group, and think how many good things are to be found in them, they offer a creditable exhibit of mass reading. There has been nothing in Europe to compare with this vast magazine public; and those European magazines which have long been famous for their high quality—such, for instance, as *Punch*—have had tiny audiences by any American standards.

Turn to the fine arts. Popular magazines like *Life* are now reproducing paintings by old masters and contemporary Americans. *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* (price $10) is a recent best-seller. There has been a notable increase in the sale of good color reproductions of masterpieces for home decoration. Our museums are becoming active agencies for adult education, and their turnstiles are clicking. The recent Picasso exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art was attended by 99,503 people during its fifty-one days; the Italian masters, at the same museum, were seen in seventy-three days by 277,794 people—an astonishing record.

Remarkable, too, is the growth in educational opportunity. If many of our universities have elephantiasis—and also footballitis—this is because the number of students in American colleges and universities has increased tenfold since 1900. The inspiring fact that millions of Americans have wanted a higher education for their children has put a heavier load on the educational machinery than it could carry without creaking here and there. Yet our professional schools have been strikingly improved; American medical education, for example, has been revolutionized for the better in the past fifty years. And those new patrons of education and science, the great foundations, are contributing hundreds of millions both to lift the standards of teaching and research and to seek out young talent and give it the chance it deserves. I have heard it stated, by people who should know, that there is now small chance that any young man of authentic scientific genius, whether in Pennsylvania, Georgia, or South Dakota, will go unassisted if he needs assistance.

Do not forget what the WPA has done for men who had not sold a picture for years—and were given postoffice murals to paint; for half-starved musicians who found themselves playing to big audiences in WPA orchestras. Call this boondoggling if you will; but does it not represent a new conception of the responsibility of the public to see that potential artists have a chance to be artists, no matter what their circumstances?

Yes, the democratic base of our culture has been widened.

I should also like to remind you how many new arts have sprung up beside the seven arts of tradition. Let us forget for a moment the traditional assumption that one measures the state of a culture chiefly in terms of such familiar vehicles as books, plays, paintings, sculpture, architecture, and music. Let us assume that other vehicles may offer a means of expressing the impulse to create and enjoy beauty, and let us look about us.

New arts? One thinks immediately of the movies, which after a long period of high technical competence and singular evasion of reality are now showing signs of growing up: witness that documentary masterpiece, "The River," and such recent pictures as "Rebecca," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Wuthering Heights." One thinks with even more assurance of that remarkable subdivision of the movies, the animated cartoon drama, realizing that in Disney we have an artist using a medium which hardly existed twenty years ago.

Note the remarkable increase of interest in photography; hundreds of thousands of people, old and young, are taking pictures—and developing them in their own darkrooms, in the true spirit of the amateur in the arts.

Drive over the magnificent parkways in the outskirts of our cities, and see how engineer and landscape architect have joined hands to create majestic avenues in peculiarly 20th-century style. Look at our new bridges and dams, works of art as well as of utility. Is there any one of us who looks at, let us say, the George Washington Bridge without a lift of the heart at the extraordinary beauty, especially at night when the great sweep of its cables is picked out with lights?

To look at some of the photographs in Walter Dorwin Teague's new book, *Design This Day* (such as the pictures of New York's Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, with its clean, undecorated, soaring arches, or of a new Texaco gas station) is to feel that this is the sort of thing we Americans do best, this is where our own peculiar genius has full play.

Do not the incredible effects achieved in lighting the New York World's Fair demonstrate the exciting possibilities of another virtually new art—that of lighting with color?

Think of the strides made in applying the principles of functional design. No automobile manufacturer decides upon his new model nowadays without anxious consideration of the way purchasers will react to the grace and sweep of its lines. And I wonder if until the past decade a designer ever planned a railroad train as a harmonious unit, as some new streamliners were planned.

Note the gay use of color in the equipment of a modern kitchen. Look at some of Frank Lloyd Wright's or Albert Kahn's factories; why, even factories and their machinery—or the best of Woolworth's glassware—are being built as if intended to be looked at! The packaging of goods has been

revolutionized. Little by little we are re-learning that useful things can be beautiful, learning that millions of people like them to be beautiful. Pull out a pile of magazines of twenty years ago and lay them beside their counterparts of today; in type and format the advance has been remarkable. Their improvement has extended to books and even to the designing of letterheads; if you occasionally receive, as I do, a letter from an office which has not changed its letterheads within the memory of the oldest employee, you will wonder who could ever have hit upon such an absurd combination of discordant types.

We see, too, the beginnings of an art essentially new to America in town and regional planning. The overall design in New York's Rockefeller Center and our beginning attempts—as at Radburn, New Jersey—to lay out villages on new patterns for the motor age are steps toward the development of new techniques for harmonizing and rationalizing the work of architects, landscape architects, engineers, and what we might call social engineers. Contrast the ramshackle hodgepodge of old-style amusement parks with the efficient beauty of Jones Beach, Long Island, where 100,000 people may park their cars and bathe and picnic without traffic jams or overcrowding and, miraculously, without littering the oceanside!

I live in New York near an avenue of department stores whose windows provide an ever-changing spectacle of bold patterns in color and light and ingenious, imaginative compositions; and as I stroll up this avenue at night, I notice how many other strollers are enjoying the show as one might enjoy a visit to a gay museum. A generation ago nobody dreamed of arranging the round-eyed manikins in shopwindows with an eye to color harmonies and compositional effects.

It never occurs to most people who revel in the shopwindow effects of 1940 that they are rendering art judgments. They think they are outside the sacred enclosure of the arts. But they are inside it all the time. For the fences have been moved.

Very rapidly we Americans are getting away from the Colonial attitude. Already it is a long time since we took it for granted that American novels should be respectable imitations of the best English works. It is several years since most of our literary *emigrés* returned from Montparnasse to discover that America was a good place to write in and about. Now we know we have our own traditions in a literary sense, we are grown up. And we are beginning, too, to be far less subservient in other arts. If we still make pseudo-Venetian furniture in Grand Rapids, still design bank buildings to look like Parthenons, we are apparently approaching the end of this phase. Our new streamlined trains are not Byzantine, or Louis XV, or Dutch Colonial.

I do not say that this national cultural independence is wholly good. The classicist will hasten to remind us that there is little to be gained by

throwing away the past—and of course he is right. And we want no tariff walls against the best modern products of foreign civilizations. Our American culture must not try to walk alone, without benefit of the past or of the contributions of its neighbors. Yet what is to grow in our soil must be what is adapted to that soil. We may compare, we may learn, but I am glad we are coming to build for ourselves. For that is the only way in which anyone can build greatly.

One closing word: If I have said little about the peaks of our cultural landscape, if I have dodged the question whether our finest products in arts and letters are better today than they used to be, or better than they are elsewhere, this, I must confess, is because I would prefer to dodge a question on which there would inevitably be endless wrangling. One may be conscious, as one drives across country, that one is climbing on to rising ground, and yet lack the surveyor's instruments to judge the precise altitude of the surrounding summits. I prefer to focus your attention upon the undeniable groundswell of the land all about us.

Whether or not the very finest things that we produce are better than they used to be, we Americans are a distinctly more mature people, a more culturally enlightened people, than we were a generation ago; and we appear to be better off for the participation of the millions in cultural things that were once considered chiefly the affair of the few.

Whenever I hear anybody lamenting a supposed lack of authentic contemporary American masterpieces, I am tempted to quote to him those familiar lines of Arthur Hugh Clough's:

> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward, look, the land is bright!

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Science

THE ATOMIC AGE[1]

Harry M. Davis

Harry M. Davis (1910-) graduated in electrical engineering from Columbia University and spent one year at Harvard as Neiman Fellow in Journalism. In 1935 he became a member of the staff of the New York Times, *where he has been for many years special feature writer of scientific articles and editor of the* Times Magazine *section entitled "News of the Week in Review."*

1. The power of the atom has been unleashed. For better or for worse we have entered upon a new era in the history of mankind. The dreams and speculations that have been with us since the Curies discovered the amazing radioactive powers of the atom have become stern reality in the proving grounds of New Mexico and the streets of Japan.

2. The development is of Promethean significance. Generations millenniums hence may look back upon these years when atomic energy was first put to work in the same spirit in which we now think of the less well documented occasion when man first learned the use of fire.

3. Fire is a terrible destroyer, and so, today, is atomic energy. But fire is also the basis of the industrial civilization we now know—fire controlled in the boilers of our power plants, in the furnaces of our steel mills and smelters, in our automobile engines and in our jet-propelled and propeller-driven aircraft. The energy within the atom may well be the basis of an entirely new kind of civilization.

SECRETS OF THE ATOM

4. What has been done with atomic bombs, and the future prospect of useful atomic power, depends upon the knowledge of the atom's interior that has been gained in the last half century. The government-sponsored "Manhattan project" may have cast new light on the very nature of the atom; however, even with the 1940 model atom as it was publicly known before atomic physics became a military secret, we can form a pretty workable idea of what atoms are, what constitutes them and where their tremendous energy comes from.

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine*, August 12, 1945.

5. In the first place, atoms are not rare animals. They are everywhere, since every substance in existence is simply an aggregation of atoms, in extraordinary quantities.

6. Individual atoms are very small. An ounce of uranium, made of one of the heaviest kinds of atom, contains approximately 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 of them. Hydrogen, with the lightest atom, runs about 20,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 to the ounce. To avoid wasting paper with so many zeros, physicists, some years ago, decided to designate the atomic weight of hydrogen as 1 (strictly speaking, this was later modified to 1.008, but that is a rather technical matter). On this scale helium has an atomic weight of 4, oxygen 16, lead about 207 and a particular variety of uranium of current interest has an atomic weight of 235 and is therefore popularly known as U-235.

7. Small as the atom may be, it is composed of particles which are very much smaller. The simplest of all atoms, hydrogen, consists mostly of empty space sparsely tenanted by only two particles. One of them is the electron, the smallest unit of negative electricity. The other is the proton, with an equal charge of positive electricity. Almost all the mass of the atom resides in the proton, which weighs about 1,800 times as much as the electron. A heavy object is generally less mobile than a light one and the simplified picture of the hydrogen atom is one with the proton constituting a more or less stationary nucleus while the electron circles around it somewhat as the earth circles around the sun. In fact, scientists at one time took the analogy to astronomy so seriously that they borrowed the word "orbit" and we speak of the orbit of the electron in the atomic system.

8. The minute we leave the simple hydrogen atom, we find that the nucleus gets more complicated. The next step is heavy hydrogen, which has a nucleus consisting of two particles. One is the same proton we found in ordinary hydrogen. The other is a particle called the neutron, which seems to be identical with the proton except that, as its name was meant to indicate, it is electrically neutral.

9. Heavier atoms, going up the scale through magnesium, oxygen, iron, lead and uranium, have more and more protons and neutrons in the nucleus, but in every case the positive electrical charge of the nucleus due to its protons is normally balanced by the negative charge of an equal number of electrons circling around it. When in the course of atomic events the number of electrons fails to match the positive charge of the nucleus, the atom is said to be positively, or negatively, electrified.

10. In a superficial way, men have been tinkering with atoms for thousands of years. For instance, when a piece of glass was rubbed with a silk cloth both the glass and the silk demonstrated properties of attraction and repulsion which were called electrical. What happened, we now

know, was that electrons were added to the atoms of one substance and subtracted from the atoms of the other. In modern times it has been found that electrons can be removed from the outside of the atom fairly easily by the action of light, heat and electrical forces, and it is with electrons thus removed from their natural habitat that the entire art of electronics is concerned. Our ability thus to liberate and control the movements of electrons lifted from the outer shells of atoms is employed in the vacuum and gaseous tubes that are at the heart of radio, radar and many industrial processes. But all this merely scratched the surface of the atom.

11. In the laboratories a deeper search was carried into the very interior of the atom—the nucleus. The secret of the nucleus became known to man because nature betrayed it in the phenomenon of radioactivity. The first betrayal took place nearly fifty years ago with the very element that assumed such significance last week—uranium. In 1896, Henri Becquerel, at the Sorbonne in France, happened to place a uranium preparation in the same desk drawer with some photographic plates. When he came to use those plates he found that, although they had been carefully wrapped in thick black paper, they were fogged as if they had been exposed to light. Instead of merely worrying about the spoiling of some photographs, he proceeded deliberately to ruin some more plates by placing them again close to the uranium, but this time with an iron key in between. The result, on development, was a silhouette of the key. Here was a new kind of ray which would penetrate through paper but not through iron.

12. Two other French scientists, Pierre and Marie Curie, found that in the pitchblende ore of uranium there were other substances which also gave off strange new kinds of radiation. The tremendous power of the radium finally isolated by Madame Curie was shown by the prices which tiny quantities of it later commanded for both hospital and industrial use.

13. In the ensuing years, many other types of radioactive elements were discovered. These elements—such as uranium and radium—consist of heavy atoms which seem to be naturally unstable. They disintegrate at various rates. In a quantity of a given radioactive element, a certain fixed proportion of the atoms simply explodes over a certain period of time. The nucleus shoots out a particle or a bit of energy known as a gamma ray. There remains a smaller nucleus—that of an atom of lower atomic weight. In most cases, the new atom is itself unstable and therefore radioactive, giving off other particles. These explosions occur in a series which terminates in the form of lead.

14. The rays thus given out are powerful. They have power, as Becquerel originally found, to penetrate through solid substances and to blacken a photographic plate. They have power to destroy human flesh, but fortunately the effect is stronger on cancerous than on normal tissue—a phenome-

non which made radium so precious as an instrument of medicine. The rays have still another power—to smash into the nucleus of stable atoms and turn them into unstable and therefore radioactive substances. In other words, with certain combinations, radioactivity becomes contagious. The discovery of this contagion was the beginning of atom-smashing.

15. As early as 1905, Einstein wrote a classically simple little equation which really explained a good deal of what was going on. It was part of the theory of relativity, and it indicated two things—that light, which is a form of energy, has mass just as does a particle of matter and that, conversely, any particle of matter can be considered as a bundle of energy. The startling thing about his equation was the factor by which one had to multiply mass to figure out its equivalent in energy. This factor was the square of the velocity of light, that is, 300,000,000 meters per second multiplied by itself. The conclusion, which at first seemed to be only of philosophical interest, was that if only a tiny bit of matter should somehow be destroyed, it would be reincarnated as energy in an enormous quantity.

16. As physicists began to get better concentrations of radioactive materials they found that an actual disappearance of mass was occurring in the disintegration of unstable atoms. By very careful measurements of the particles into which the atoms split, it was found that the sum of the parts was not equal to the original whole. The difference had gone off into energy, represented in the speed of the particles shot out, in their ability to penetrate through sheets of solid matter, to kill cancers, to darken photographic plates and to smash other atoms.

17. These discoveries were supplemented by artificial instruments, such as the cyclotron, in which sub-atomic particles were whirled around under very high electrical voltage and speeded up to the point where their atom-smashing abilities were considerably increased. It was found that atoms bombarded by these high-speed particles were transformed into other atoms. Thus the combination of natural radioactivity and artificial accelerating machinery was actually doing what the alchemists of old had never succeeded in accomplishing with their magic words.

18. But all these man-controlled processes affecting the nucleus of the atom were on a very tiny scale. The energies of the particles were measured by turning a microscope on the tracks made by them in special photographic plates or by their effect in causing tiny droplets to condense out of foggy vapor. The quantities of gold, radioactive salt and similar products of the newer alchemy were microscopic. And, although atomic energy was definitely released, it usually appeared only in a relatively small number of atoms. While an individual atom might show a profit in energy, the over-all power input until a few years ago was always far greater than the output.

19. The laboratory knowledge did bring the gradual realization that in

the world around us, atomic energy was really at work on a tremendous scale. For one thing, radioactive atoms of heavy elements distributed in the rocks of the earth are now believed by geologists to be playing a very important part in keeping the earth from cooling off and, over millions of years, to be creating by their subterranean heat the irresistible forces which push up new mountain ranges and change the shapes of continents.

20. Astronomers applied the findings of the atom-smashers to the solution of one of the greatest problems about the sun and the stars—the problem of what makes them shine. They knew that our sun could not be "burning" in the usual sense for two reasons—first, because it would have burned away its substance long ago; and second, because at the temperatures of the sun, the atoms of "fuel" elements and the atoms of oxygen were moving too fast to join together in the chemical union that constitutes burning. The new method of calculating the conversion of mass to energy indicated that through the collision and disruption of the sun's atoms, followed by the recombination of the fragments into other kinds of atoms, the sun's tremendous quota of radiation could be accounted for with a reasonably slow reduction in its mass. By 1940, it was quite generally accepted by astronomers that the sun shines by atomic energy.

21. In an article describing what was known to science about the sun's functioning in the New York *Times Magazine* of April 7, 1940, the writer described this solar power system and stated: "In earthly laboratories men have not yet been able to set the process going on a practical scale." Even as those words were written, however, men in the laboratories were beginning to find that with a certain type and concentration of radioactive uranium the release of energy could approach truly explosive dimensions.

22. Strangely enough, it turned out that for this purpose the most effective atom-smashing weapons were not the fast-moving electrically charged fragments such as the helium nucleus (known as alpha rays), the heavy hydrogen nucleus (known as deuterons) nor the fast electrons (known as beta rays). Instead, the most potent weapon turned out to be one of the last atomic particles to be discovered—the neutron—the slow-moving neutron at that.

23. Being electrically neutral, the free neutron is neither attracted nor repelled by the positive and negative components of the atom, but instead proceeds serenely along through any atoms in its way and occasionally enters the nucleus of one of them. In joining this new and closely knit family of protons and neutrons, the foreign neutron creates a new kind of atom which is unstable. And the instability thus induced was found to be of a hitherto unknown kind.

24. This new kind of modified uranium atom was not merely radioactive; it did not merely shoot off one or two neutrons, protons and elec-

trons. It was so unbalanced that it virtually split in half into atoms far down in the list of atomic weights. This was far beyond radioactivity, and it got a new name—nuclear fission. And the energies released, owing to the loss of mass in the split, were fantastically greater than those of merely radioactive atoms. Here at last—just as the world was going to war—was a real possibility of releasing from the massed stores of the atom a concentration of energy that would be truly terrific.

25. How this discovery suddenly faded from publicity into secrecy in Germany, Britain, Canada and the United States, and how the work went on on a billion-dollar basis under the direction of the Allied Governments, and with what military results—all this has made the story of the week, probably the story of the century.

26. President Truman uttered the literal facts of physics when he taunted the worshipers of the rising sun with the statement that "the force from which the sun draws its powers has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East."

THE PROMISE OF ATOMIC ENERGY

27. The magnitude of the powers thus put in the hands of mortal man has startled all who pause to think. The immediate applications are overshadowed by the problems of good and evil that this instrumentality poses for the future.

28. Perhaps for the sake of perspective we should look into the history of another kind of explosive force—not nearly so powerful, yet perhaps similarly terrifying in its early days. This is the explosive recombination of atoms into new kinds of molecules which constitutes rapid burning. The first internal combustion engine was the ignition of powder that propelled a bullet through a gun barrel. Today the explosive burning of gasoline and other fuels within the cylinders of our engines represents a superbly controlled release of chemical energy. Perhaps the coming decades will witness a similar harnessing of atomic energy. All energy can in some way be made to take the form of heat, and heat can be made to generate power in useful form.

29. Tremendous labors—probably greater than those involved in creating the atomic bomb—lie before mankind in harnessing this new and awe-inspiring power. It is impossible to foresee and predict how, and in fact whether, this will be done. Consider the millenniums from the first use of fire to the gasoline engine. Yet certain speculations seem plausible. The first step might likely be to capture atomic energy as heat, perhaps using a tiny pellet of the stuff to flash a tremendous amount of water into superheated steam—which could then drive the turbines now in our power plants. In this application uranium would replace both coal and falling

water to provide a vastly increased flow of electric power over the high-tension lines of the nation.

30. If this were to happen it would probably mean far-reaching changes in the distribution and use of electric power besides reducing coal to a raw material for synthetic compounds, and limiting dam-building projects to the functions of flood control and irrigation.

31. Then again, and this seems a thing of the more distant future, some more direct way of utilizing atomic energies may be found. Perhaps, for example, a way of channeling the explosive force at once into a jet-thrust providing super-speed propulsion for winged and wingless conveyances. If this can be done, then gravitation might easily be overcome and the day of actual travel beyond our planet would be at hand.

32. It must be remembered too that atomic science is still in its infancy. The fission of uranium may be only the first of many ways of releasing the known energies within the atom—just as the rubbing of two sticks was only one primitive way of starting the contagious molecular explosions known as fire.

33. The tasks are such as to mobilize the best brains of humanity for generations to come. Atomic physics with its intricate apparatus, its dangerous radiations of still obscure biological effect on the human system, its baffling equations of quantum mechanics and its basic impact on the problems of the very nature of the universe—this science, far more than the much discussed field of electronics, is likely to challenge an increasing proportion of young men entering our universities.

34. Actually the ultimate source of all the power we use today on earth is from the heat radiated to us from the sun—where its generation is atomic. Thus we work on an indirect transformation of energy from a distant atomic furnace. The problem for our scientists and statesmen is to utilize the energy of our own earthly atoms directly without turning the earth itself into an incandescent and uninhabitable ball of fire.

35. If atomic explosions can be properly tamed, as molecular explosions already have been, the world may well enter a new era in which everything up to the middle of the twentieth century will seem only a short step from the caveman's shadowed home into the sun.

THE GREAT SALMON EXPERIMENT[1]

Richard Lewis Neuberger

Richard Lewis Neuberger (1912-) was born in Portland, Oregon, and educated at the University of Oregon. Before he became a captain in the Army, he was feature writer for the Portland Oregonian *and the New York* Times. *In collaboration with Stephen B. Kahn, he wrote* Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris, *1937. He is also the author of* Our Promised Land, *1938, a study of the Northwest.*

1. The first white men to journey down the Columbia River were a pair of American Army officers named Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. They were amazed by what they saw. From shore to shore the vast river was clogged with fish. The arching backs of these fish flecked the water like waves as they surged upstream in hordes which took three weeks to pass a point where the river had trenched a gorge a mile wide. Twenty-foot falls they surmounted in mighty leaps, and they turned the shallow creeks of the headwaters into a seething mass of fins, tails, and silvery flanks.

2. Lewis and Clark knew they had seen the greatest fish resource in the land. "Never," they reported, "have so many fish been collected together in one place before." They told President Jefferson that there were enough Chinook salmon in the Columbia River to feed Americans for infinite generations to come.

3. But the frontiersmen were unaware that in the swift water inhabited by the salmon there lurked, too, a mysterious force capable of transforming the face of the continent which they had explored. Lewis and Clark knew nothing of hydroelectricity. They did not know that the river they had followed through the mountains to the Pacific contained more latent water power than any other stream in North America. Nor could they possibly realize that full development of this unseen energy might bring about the unbelievable day when the last Chinook would flip its fins in the Columbia.

4. Two huge federal dams now span the Columbia River—Bonneville, at tidewater 152 miles from the sea, and Grand Coulee, 400 miles upstream from Bonneville. These dams make possible forty per cent of the

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1945.

aluminum production for America's military aircraft. In the top-priority postwar drawers of both the U. S. Army Engineers and the Department of the Interior are plans to construct eight more dams on the Columbia, notching the river into a giant staircase and generating five times the power produced in the whole TVA. If this proposal materializes—and many public works may be needed to cope with postwar unemployment—the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is ready with a corollary plan which calls for the most tremendous biological experiment in American history.

5. To save the principal fish runs in the nation, a commercial resource capitalized at $250,000,000, the Fish and Wildlife Service may have to transplant downstream to rivers near tidewater all the salmon and trout that now spawn in the tributaries of the Columbia between Bonneville and Grand Coulee.

6. What does this involve? Why is it so unprecedented in magnitude? Why does a committee of ichthyologists and fishermen recently appointed by Secretary of the Interior Ickes regard it as "a very difficult and extremely hazardous undertaking"? How good are the chances of success?

7. To understand the reasons for the experiment, it is necessary to understand the life cycle of the most remarkable creature of this hemisphere—the great Chinook or king salmon of the Pacific seaboard. No other beast, bird, or fish has so incredible an existence.

8. The baby salmon emerge four or five months after the adult fish have deposited millions of eggs far back in one of the mountain ranges which drain into the Columbia River. This is generally at the bottom of a foaming, gravel-strewn creek. After a year in what biologists call "the parent stream" the fry have developed into fingerlings five or six inches long. They drift down the creek, down innumerable other tributaries, and finally into the main stem of the Columbia. So at last they reach the sea, and there they remain for the bulk of their life. Exactly where they go no one is sure. They may range off the Alaskan coast. Possibly they swim to the Kamchatka. Perhaps they do not stray far from the Columbia's stormy mouth. After three years in the Pacific the salmon—a fingerling no longer but a strong, fighting fish powerful enough to conquer rapids and tear a hook from an angler's line—heeds the call of the river, just as once it responded to the urge of the sea.

9. The salmon fights its way upstream, stemming freshets and dodging nets and traps. Beside it swim all the other salmon which drifted down the Columbia more than three years before and have survived the perils of river and ocean. They thrash through rapids, over falls, up the ladders at Bonneville Dam, and deep into the uplands. Each fish hunts a particular creek or lake. This is what makes the Pacific salmon unique among wild creatures. The migrating Chinook does not seek *any* creek or lake, although the Columbia is ribbed with ten thousand tributaries, but rather

the *one* creek or lake where half a decade earlier it emerged from the egg.

10. Sometimes a salmon will swim for miles up some canyon tributary only to discover that this is not the parent stream. In such a case, it retraces its course and pokes into another creek in search of its birthplace. Biologists have clipped the fins of fingerlings in the Kicking Horse River in the Canadian Rockies, the last glacial tributary of the Columbia. Five years later—in the British Columbia autumn—fish with these same markings have come back again, wanderers that found their home fifteen hundred weary miles from the ocean.

11. After it enters fresh water across the Columbia's bar a Chinook never feeds again. It will strike at a lure but will not take bait. The oily tissue beneath the salmon's scales must power it all the way to the parent stream. This oil is its fuel. Thus for countless epochs the strongest, stoutest-hearted, and biggest salmon specimens on earth have spawned in the final headwaters. Once the female fish has laid her eggs and the male has fertilized them, the life cycle of the Chinooks is completed. They drift downstream, tail foremost, and die within twenty-four hours.

12. Only one factor ever varies the pattern of this strange existence. If the salmon cannot reach the parent stream, it perishes without spawning.

13. If a series of dams is strung across the Columbia the Fish and Wildlife Service believes the one solution may be "to transplant the salmon runs inhabiting the upper tributaries to the rivers of the lower Columbia." Can this be done? Extraordinary though the experiment sounds, a similar one on a smaller scale has been going on for the past five years, and has met with remarkable success.

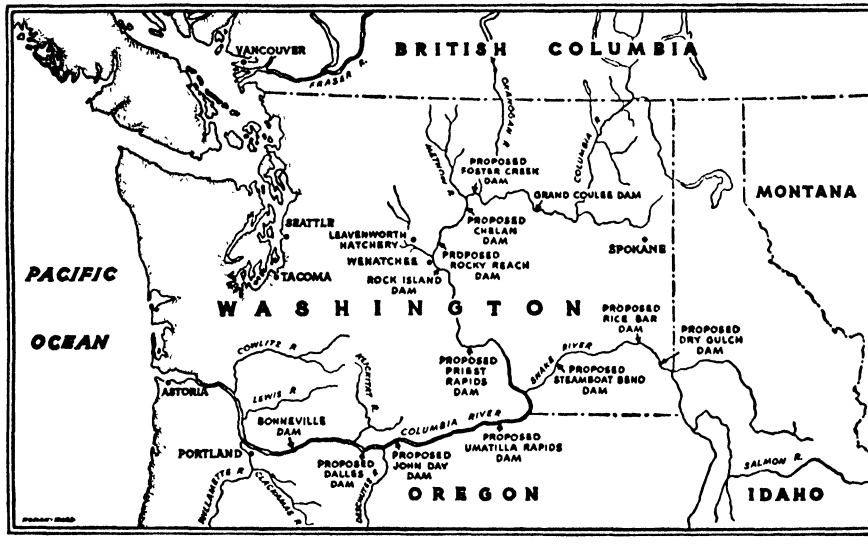
II

14. When Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, first saw Grand Coulee Dam looming above the Columbia like a great crenelated fortress, he knew that no Chinook ever would spawn again in the ultimate headwaters of the country's main salmon waterway. For as long as steel and concrete might endure, the 800 miles of river and the 100,000 square miles of watershed behind Grand Coulee were cut off as a spawning ground.

15. Bonneville Dam the fish could pass via wide, watery ladders. Bonneville, despite its 518,000-kilowatt capacity, is only 72 feet in height. Grand Coulee, largest edifice ever reared by man, towers 550 feet above the Columbia's granite bed. Water crashing over its parapet tumbles twice as far as Niagara Falls, with a roar heard for miles across the arid plateau of the Inland Empire. Not even the biggest salmon, which since time immemorial have spawned in the headwaters of the Columbia, could pass this battlement. In addition, the 151-mile lake formed back of the dam so raised the temperature of the river that most of the migrating salmon

would be sure to die before they attained the spawning grounds. Chinooks en route to spawn are extremely susceptible to water variations.

16. Gabrielson and his associates answered this unique challenge with a unique solution. In 1939 they began trapping all the fish ascending the upper Columbia. The salmon were caught in specially designed cages at Rock Island Dam, a small structure a little below Grand Coulee built by the Puget Sound Power and Light Company. This dam was fitted with



the best fish ladders ever constructed by a private utility corporation, and the traps were wedged into the ladders.

17. From the Rock Island traps the salmon were poured into long, 1,000-gallon tank trucks. Oxygen pumps and ice chambers kept the water in the trucks at the same temperature as the Columbia River. Aluminum paint warded off the glare of the sun. At a speed of 45 miles an hour, the fleet of eight silvery vehicles rolled up into the Cascade Mountains to the little town of Leavenworth, Washington, where the Fish and Wildlife Service had built the biggest fish hatchery in the world. Here the salmon were artificially propagated. Each female fish was hit on the head and split open for the precious eggs, approximately 10,000 to the female Chinook, considerably fewer to the smaller species. The sperm from the male salmon then was squirted onto the eggs. In fields of troughs and pools, the fingerlings thus were hatched and reared. To keep the water in Leavenworth's array of ponds at low temperature, the Forest Service drove a long rock tunnel tapping Ice Lake on the divide of the Cascades.

18. Finally the baby fish made their own excursion in the oxygenated

tank trucks. They were driven to the sources of the Methow, Entiat, Okanogan, and Wenatchee Rivers and there dumped into the water. These streams join the Columbia *below* Grand Coulee Dam—the essential fact of the whole experiment. It manifestly is impossible for salmon ever to spawn again *above* Grand Coulee. The naturalists of the Fish and Wildlife Service were attempting to school the offspring of the salmon that spawned *above* Grand Coulee to take as their own parent streams tributaries which flow into the main river *below* Grand Coulee.

19. Frank A. Banks, the white-haired Bureau of Reclamation engineer who constructed Grand Coulee, once called this undertaking "Uncle Sam's Fish College."

20. Has Uncle Sam's Fish College trained its pupils? This past spring and fall told the tale. Up the Columbia forged the salmon which five years before had been the first class in the Fish College. They were the offspring of the fish originally trapped at Rock Island.

21. The weirs in the Rock Island traps were lifted for these voyagers. They were allowed to swim on through. The naturalists watched breathlessly. The critical question was whether the salmon would turn into the mouths of the Entiat, Okanogan, Methow, and Wenatchee Rivers or whether they would migrate on to Grand Coulee and perish in the man-made Niagara billowing over the crest of the dam.

22. Like well-drilled battalions, the fish swung off up the rivers in which they had been liberated as fingerlings four years before. No stragglers swam on to Coulee's impassable barrier, answering the upland call that had lured their ancestors. Chinooks marked for the Entiat and Methow swam unhesitatingly into those white-watered streams. Blueback salmon, a Columbia River version of the small but meaty Alaskan sockeye, spawn only in rivers with a lake at their source—rivers like the Okanogan and Wenatchee, into which the bluebacks turned as though they had been coached by a West Point drillmaster.

23. A few weeks ago Elmer Higgins, chief of the Division of Fishery Biology of the Wildlife Service, pronounced his verdict: "None of the salmon attempted to return to their ancestral spawning grounds above Grand Coulee Dam. The fish entered their appropriate streams, and it is expected that natural spawning now under way will be successful. We believe that the answer is conclusive—that the entire run of Columbia River salmon which formerly passed the site of Grand Coulee Dam has been transferred to the four major tributaries below the dam."

24. No longer will fish ascending the upper Columbia be trapped at Rock Island and artificially hatched at Leavenworth. The gates in the traps have been lifted permanently. The parent streams of these salmon are now rivers on the downstream side of Grand Coulee. After operation of Uncle Sam's Fish College from 1939 until 1944, five complete cycles

of salmon have been put through the process. Yet Higgins interposes a few warnings:

> Present success does not mean, of course, that the races of salmon which through the ages have been adapted to conditions in the higher British Columbia tributaries of the Columbia River are equally adapted to conditions found in the streams to which they have been transplanted. It may well be that some of these races have suffered high mortality on being transplanted and may disappear from the Columbia River runs. We are hopeful, however, that most of the upriver fish have found conditions in their new parent streams sufficiently congenial to permit survival.

25. For the time being the experiment has succeeded—beyond their wildest dreams, some ichthyologists say. But this, after all, solves only part of the problem of saving the salmon runs.

26. In the past only about ten per cent of the Columbia's salmon have spawned back of Grand Coulee. They have been the largest fish in size but comparatively few in numbers. What about the others? Most of the salmon find their parent stream between Bonneville and Grand Coulee. These are the fish which must be transplanted if the other projected dams are built. Will artificial propagation and transplanting be successful when the number of salmon involved is multiplied many times? Hatchery fish seldom have the vitality and stamina of their wild brethren.

III

27. There are other obstacles to be overcome if the vast salmon industry is to be kept alive. The incursions of civilization on the miraculous life cycle of the salmon are not limited to cutting off the upland breeding grounds. Survival of the salmon depends on three conditions: (1) enough fish must escape the commercial nets at sea and near the mouth of the Columbia to get upstream to spawn; (2) the upstream spawning grounds must be protected from pollution and diversion, as well as blockade; and (3) the fingerlings must be able to migrate safely to the ocean.

28. These conditions have not been met for many years. They are not being met now.

29. In 1885, when the first trains of the Northern Pacific were swaying through the Columbia Gorge, canneries scooped out of the Columbia's wide waters 31,493,000 pounds of Chinook salmon. The canneries are still hauling fish out of the river—though by 1940 their output had been reduced by almost half. And the salmon are subject to peril from other sources too. Trollers take a deadly toll at sea. Cannery fishermen at Swiftsure Bank, off the entrance to Puget Sound, have caught nearly $10,000,000 worth of salmon every year for many decades. Swimming upstream, the fish must run another gauntlet of nets. Indian spearsmen at Celilo Falls have a treaty with the United States government, negotiated in 1855,

which allows them to fish in the Columbia River for "as long as grass shall grow on the hills and the sun shall set in the sky."

30. Will the salmon last that long?

31. "Civilization and salmon don't mix," I was told by Grady Miller, hawk-nosed forest ranger at Wallowa Lake in Oregon, as he stood below a dam constructed across the lake's outlet, a dam built by a private utility company that completely destroyed one of the most valuable runs of blueback salmon in the region.

32. In recent years the settlement and exploitation of the Pacific Northwest have been greatly accelerated. Developments which might logically have required several decades have been compressed into a dozen months. The war has brought about an intensive demand for food, raw materials, and manufactured products of all sorts. Factories and shipyards have sprung up where not so long ago heron waded and deer foraged. Trees marked by forest rangers for protection and preservation have been sawed into beams, crates, and deck planks. Water which once a tired hiker could drink now bears the chemical residue of paper mills and metal plants and the sewage of new mushrooming war communities. Cattle and sheep have grazed off the bunch grass anchoring the silt on a thousand hillsides. War demands minerals, too, and the slag from mines helps to fill up creeks and choke rivers. Neither salmon nor the insect and crustacean life which sustains them as fingerlings can compete with this pollution and waste.

33. Not so long ago a large salmon run surged up the Willamette River each fall, leaping the nineteen-foot cataract at Oregon City in spectacular flips. Now no autumn Chinooks invade this major tributary of the Columbia. The offal, chemicals, and junk poured into the water at Portland have killed them off. One afternoon the Oregon State Game Commission released a batch of fingerlings in the Willamette below the interurban bridge. A few minutes later they floated bellies up. There had not been enough oxygen in the river to sustain them.

34. Even the fingerlings that do not have to cope with hazards of this sort must take their chances with man-made obstructions on their way down to the sea. At Bonneville Dam, where the fish ladders have proved successful and the returning salmon traverse them quickly and easily, the little fish on their way to the sea are at the mercy of the river. They cannot pick out the ladders. They must take the course of least resistance. Often they do not find the fingerling by-passes provided especially for them—concrete flumes which honeycomb the powerhouse. Most of the fingerlings are swept over the spillway. In the maelstrom at the base of the dam some of the baby fish die.

35. When Bonneville first was completed, the Oregon State Fish Commission released batches of fingerlings both above and below the dam. There were fifty thousand fingerlings in each batch. The fins of the fish

were clipped in distinctive patterns so that the two groups could be distinguished. Awards were paid both commercial and sports fishermen for salmon with marked fins which they turned in. At the end of the fourth year they had turned in a considerably larger number of the salmon released *below* the dam than of those released above it. From this test biologists have come to the conclusion that perhaps 25 per cent of the fingerlings going down the Columbia are killed by the stunning impact of the Bonneville spillway. How great an effect will this have on the future of the salmon runs? Here again, the certainties are not yet known.

36. The fish ladders at Bonneville have made possible for the first time in history an accurate count of the salmon ascending the upper Columbia. These are wide watery staircases which cost $7,022,000 and were built by the Army Engineers with the constant advice of the Wildlife Service. Since the dam was completed in 1938, every salmon passing it on the way back upstream to the spawning grounds has been clocked by fish-counters who sit in doghouse-like structures, tapping a meter whenever a fish flips through the grating at the top of each ladder.

37. The fish count at Bonneville during the past seven years has just been released by the Bonneville Power Administration. This is it:

Year	*Chinook Salmon*	*Blueback Salmon*	*Silver Salmon*	*Steelhead Trout*
1938	271,799	75,040	15,185	107,003
1939	286,216	73,382	14,382	121,922
1940	391,595	148,808	18,822	185,174
1941	461,713	65,741	17,011	118,087
1942	403,938	55,464	12,041	151,346
1943	313,123	39,845	2,547	92,131
1944 *	238,191	15,071	4,073	93,047

* Up to and including October. (By this month the main run has gone up the river.)

38. What do these figures mean? What story do they tell a biologist? Inasmuch as the Bonneville Dam first barricaded the river in 1938, the progeny of the first fish passing through the ladders came back upstream five years later. That was 1943, a year the count of Chinooks went tolerably high. Why has the count been so low for 1944? Did Bonneville in any way cause these discouraging figures? Why was the count comparatively low in 1938, long before the dam could have had any effect at all? Why has the number of bluebacks dropped so sharply? Why have silver salmon almost completely disappeared from the Columbia? Why did the Bonneville count in Chinooks soar from a low total in 1938 to its highest point in 1941, and then gradually descend to an even lower level for 1944?

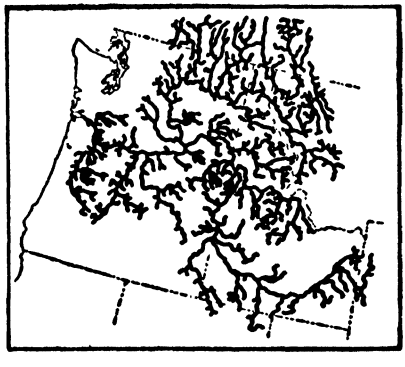
39. "I wish I could answer these questions," declared Elmer Higgins, "but we are in the dark too. This is the first time we ever had a salmon count on the Columbia. Considerable variations may be normal over a

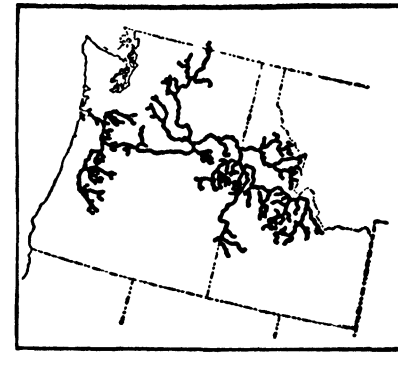
span of years. We have no previous standards to go by. But it is far more probable that the small 1944 count is due to the cumulative effect of uncontrolled commercial fishing for many seasons, as well as to the excessive exploitation of mineral, soil, and forest resources which guard the watershed."

40. But the naturalists do know several facts for a certainty so far as Bonneville Dam is concerned. First and foremost, the Bonneville fish ladders have been a success. Few fish on their way upstream collect in baffled schools at the base of the dam. Virtually all of them find the entrance to one of the big watery staircases. On a single September day in 1940 the ladders were spanned by 33,900 Chinooks, which turned the passages into a boiling melee of fins and backs. Even men who claimed the government was going "dam crazy" now concede that the Bonneville ladders are by far the best fishways ever built.

IV

41. On the wall of Dr. Gabrielson's office hangs a map showing how man-made encroachments have gradually shrunk the spawning areas available to salmon in the Columbia Basin. An impassable dam here, unscreened irrigation ditches there, indiscriminate dumping of sewage and chemical wastes of a hundred towns, logged-off slopes, dredging for minerals—all this has blocked off nearly two thirds of the lakes and creeks where fish originally spawned. Today only a few major tributaries still offer sanctuary to the fish which come home from the sea with the autumn equinox.





42. In December the Fish and Wildlife Service reported, "The piecemeal destruction of the Columbia River spawning grounds has proceeded to such a point that no more tributary streams can be sacrificed if the largest salmon river in the United States is to continue to contribute materially to the nation's food supply."

43. To provide adequate spawning ground it may be necessary to move the entire salmon run downstream and to blow up the dams on the Clackamas, Sandy, and several other rivers near the tidewater. The plan contemplates trapping all migrating salmon in the Bonneville Dam ladders and propagating them in a series of immense hatcheries far larger than the facilities at Leavenworth. Then the resultant fingerlings would be released in the few available rivers near the sea.

44. The likelihood of successful transfer downstream is subject to many imponderables. Is there room in the lowland tributaries for the immense aquatic life of the Columbia? Will fish adapted to the high mountains spawn in rivers at tidewater? How many salmon will be lost in the elaborate transplanting process? Will the vitality of the species be irretrievably sapped by the intervening hatchery propagation? At what point does biology rebel against man's intrusion?

45. And at what point does the biologist rebel at the intrusion of the dam-builder? A vast new project imperils the salmon that survive. There exists the possibility that the construction of new dams is the wise course. The proposed structures would generate 5,894,300 kilowatts of power at the cheapest rates on earth. This hydroelectricity might rehabilitate countless other resources spent by the waste of war. It is claimed that the Grand Coulee Dam will turn arid sagebrush into 40,000 productive farms; that Umatilla Dam will cut down the cost of fuel shipped to the Inland Empire and reduce the price of the wheat, fruit, and beef that are transported out of that spacious region.

46. With these benefits in mind, the Fish and Wildlife Service has admitted that "the economic importance of water for purposes other than the propagation of fish is such that it cannot and should not be used solely for the sake of maintaining salmon runs. If conservation is wise use, it is the part of true conservation to choose the more valuable use of a resource whenever two or more uses conflict in such a way as to be mutually exclusive."

47. If the dam project is undertaken the vast salmon experiment will go on. Millions of eggs will be fertilized, millions of fingerlings sent on their way down to the sea, their fins clipped for identification. Each year, as one class of Uncle Sam's Fish College is graduated, alumni of a previous class will return for their quinquennial reunion on the tidewater tributaries of the Columbia. Each year the faculty will be that much wiser.

ON BEING THE RIGHT SIZE[1]

J. B. S. Haldane

John Burdon Sanderson Haldane (1892-) is Professor of Genetics of the University College of London. He is the author of numerous articles and books on human chemical physiology, genetics, natural selection, and science of health. Though he is an eminent scientific scholar, his books are marked by their conscious attempt to bring the facts of science into relation with everyday problems of our social, political, and economic structure.

Among his most recent books are Science and Everyday Life, *1940,* Adventures of a Biologist, *1940, and* New Paths in Genetics, *1941. His* Possible Worlds, *1928 from which "On Being the Right Size" is taken, is a series of short essays on science and society written for laymen in a style delightfully entertaining and unusually comprehensible.*

1. The most obvious differences between different animals are differences of size, but for some reason the zoologists have paid singularly little attention to them. In a large textbook of zoology before me I find no indication that the eagle is larger than the sparrow, or the hippopotamus bigger than the hare, though some grudging admissions are made in the case of the mouse and the whale. But yet it is easy to show that a hare could not be as large as a hippopotamus, or a whale as small as a herring. For every type of animal there is a most convenient size, and a large change in size inevitably carries with it a change of form.

2. Let us take the most obvious of possible cases, and consider a giant man sixty feet high—about the height of Giant Pope and Giant Pagan in the illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* of my childhood. These monsters were not only ten times as high as Christian, but ten times as wide and ten times as thick, so that their total weight was a thousand times his, or about eighty to ninety tons. Unfortunately, the cross sections of their bones were only a hundred times those of Christian, so that every square inch of giant bone had to support ten times the weight borne by a square inch of human bone. As the human thighbone breaks under about ten times the human weight, Pope and Pagan would have broken their thighs every time they took a step. This was doubtless why they were sitting down in

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *Possible Worlds* by J. B. S. Haldane Copyright, 1928, by Harper & Brothers.

the picture I remember. But it lessens one's respect for Christian and for Jack the Giant Killer.

3. To turn to zoology, suppose that a gazelle, a graceful little creature with long thin legs, is to become large—it will break its bones unless it does one of two things. It may make its legs short and thick, like the rhinoceros, so that every pound of weight has still about the same area of bone to support it. Or it can compress its body and stretch out its legs obliquely to gain stability, like the giraffe. I mention these two beasts because they happen to belong to the same order as the gazelle, and both are quite successful mechanically, being remarkably fast runners.

4. Gravity, a mere nuisance to Christian, was a terror to Pope, Pagan, and Despair. To the mouse and any smaller animal it presents practically no dangers. You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object. Divide an animal's length, breadth, and height each by ten; its weight is reduced to a thousandth, but its surface only to a hundredth. So the resistance to falling in the case of the small animal is relatively ten times the driving force.

5. An insect, therefore, is not afraid of gravity; it can fall without danger, and can cling to the ceiling with remarkably little trouble. It can go in for elegant fantastic forms of support like that of the daddy-long-legs. But there is a force which is as formidable to an insect as gravitation to a mammal. This is surface tension. A man coming out of a bath carries with him a film of water of about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. This weighs about a pound. A wet mouse has to carry about its own weight of water. A wet fly has to lift many times its own weight, and, as everyone knows, a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed. An insect going for a drink is in as great danger as a man leaning out over a precipice in search of food. If it once falls into the grip of the surface tension of the water—that is to say, gets wet—it is likely to remain so until it drowns. A few insects, such as water-beetles, contrive to be unwettable; the majority keep well away from their drink by means of a long proboscis.

6. Of course tall land animals have other difficulties. They have to pump their blood to greater heights than a man and, therefore, require a larger blood pressure and tougher blood vessels. A great many men die from burst arteries, especially in the brain, and this danger is presumably still greater for an elephant or a giraffe. But animals of all kinds find difficulties in size for the following reason: A typical small animal, say a microscopic worm or rotifer, has a smooth skin through which all the oxygen it requires can soak in, a straight gut with sufficient surface to

absorb its food, and a simple kidney. Increase its dimensions tenfold in every direction, and its weight is increased a thousand times, so that if it is to use its muscles as efficiently as its miniature counterpart, it will need a thousand times as much food and oxygen per day and will excrete a thousand times as much of waste products.

7. Now, if its shape is unaltered its surface will be increased only a hundredfold, and ten times as much oxygen must enter per minute through each square millimeter of skin, ten times as much food through each square millimeter of intestine. When a limit is reached to their absorptive powers, their surface has to be increased by some special device. For example, a part of the skin may be drawn out into tufts to make gills, or pushed in to make lungs, thus increasing the oxygen-absorbing surface in proportion to the animal's bulk. A man, for example, has a hundred square yards of lung. Similarly the gut, instead of being smooth and straight, becomes coiled and develops a velvety surface, and other organs increase in complication. The higher animals are not larger than the lower because they are more complicated. They are more complicated because they are larger. Just the same is true of plants. The simplest plants such as the green algae growing in stagnant water or on the bark of trees are mere round cells. The higher plants increase their surface by putting out leaves and roots. Comparative anatomy is largely the story of the struggle to increase surface in proportion to volume.

8. Some of the methods of increasing the surface are useful up to a point but not capable of a very wide adaptation. For example, while vertebrates carry the oxygen from the gills or lungs all over the body in the blood, insects take air directly to every part of their body by tiny blind tubes called tracheae which open to the surface at many different points. Now, although by their breathing movements they can renew the air in the outer part of the tracheal system, the oxygen has to penetrate the finer branches by means of diffusion. Gases can diffuse easily through very small distances, not many times larger than the average length traveled by a gas molecule between collisions with other molecules. But when such vast journeys—from the point of view of a molecule—as a quarter of an inch have to be made, the process becomes slow. So the portions of an insect's body more than a quarter of an inch from the air would always be short of oxygen. In consequence, hardly any insects are much more than half an inch thick. Land crabs are built on the same general plan as insects, but are much clumsier. Yet, like ourselves, they carry round oxygen in their blood, and are therefore able to grow far larger than any insect. If the insects had hit on a plan for driving air through their tissues instead of letting it soak in, they might well have become as large as lobsters, though other considerations would have prevented them from becoming as large as man.

9. Exactly the same difficulties attach to flying. It is an elementary prin-

ciple of aeronautics that the minimum speed needed to keep an airplane of given shape in the air varies as the square root of its length. If it is four times as big each way it must fly twice as fast. Now the power needed for the minimum speed increases more rapidly than the weight of the machine. Of the two airplanes considered above, the larger weighs sixty-four times as much as the smaller but needs one hundred and twenty-eight times its horsepower to keep up. Applying the same principles to the birds, we find that the limit to their size is soon reached. An angel whose muscles developed no more power weight for weight than those of an eagle or pigeon would require a breast projecting for about four feet to house the muscles engaged in working its wings, while to economize in weight, its legs would have to be reduced to mere stilts. Actually a large bird such as an eagle or kite does not keep in the air mainly by moving its wings. It is generally to be seen soaring, that is to say balanced on a rising column of air. But even soaring becomes more and more difficult with increasing size. Were this not the case eagles might be as large as tigers and as formidable to man as hostile airplanes.

10. But it is time that we passed to some of the advantages of size. One of the most obvious is that it enables one to keep warm. All warm-blooded animals at rest lose the same amount of heat from a unit area of skin, for which purpose they need a food-supply proportional to their surface and not to their weight. Five thousand mice weigh as much as a man. Their surface and food, or oxygen consumption, are about seventeen times a man's. In fact a mouse eats about one-quarter of its own weight of food every day, which is mainly used in keeping it warm. For the same reason small animals cannot live in wild countries. In the arctic regions there are no reptiles or amphibians, and no small mammals. The smallest mammal in Spitzbergen is the fox. The small birds fly away in the winter, while the insects die, though their eggs can survive six months or more of frost. The most successful mammals are bears, seals, and walruses.

11. Similarly, the eye is a rather inefficient organ until it reaches a large size. The back of the human eye on which an image of the outside world is thrown and which corresponds to the film of a camera, is composed of a mosaic of "rods and cones" whose diameter is little more than the length of an average light wave. Each eye has about half a million, and for two objects to be distinguishable their images must fall on separate rods or cones. It is obvious that with fewer but larger rods and cones we should see less distinctly. If they were twice as broad, two points would have to be twice as far apart before we could distinguish them at a given distance. But if their size were diminished and their number increased we should see no better. For it is impossible to form a definite image smaller than a wave-length of light. Hence a mouse's eye is not a small-scale model of a human eye. Its rods and cones are not much smaller than ours, and there-

fore there are far fewer of them. A mouse could not distinguish one human face from another six feet away. In order that they should be of any use at all, the eyes of small animals have to be much larger in proportion to their bodies than our own. Large animals on the other hand require only relatively small eyes, and those of the whale and elephant are little larger than our own.

12. For rather more recondite reasons the same general principle holds true of the brain. If we compare the brain-weights of a set of very similar animals such as the cat, cheetah, leopard, and tiger, we find that as we quadruple the body-weight the brain-weight is only doubled. The larger animal with proportionately larger bones can economize on brain, eyes, and certain other organs.

13. Such are a very few of the considerations which show that for every type of animal there is an optimum size. Yet although Galileo demonstrated the contrary more than three hundred years ago, people still believe that if a flea were as large as a man it could jump a thousand feet into the air. As a matter of fact the height to which an animal can jump is more nearly independent of its size than proportional to it. A flea can jump about two feet, a man about seven. To jump a given height, if we neglect the resistance of the air, requires an expenditure of energy proportional to the jumper's weight. But if the jumping muscles form a constant fraction of the animal's body, the energy developed per ounce of muscle is independent of the size, provided it can be developed quickly enough in the small animal. As a matter of fact an insect's muscles, although they can contract more quickly than our own, appear to be less efficient, as otherwise a flea or grasshopper could rise six feet into the air.

14. And just as there is a best size for every animal, so the same is true for every human institution. In the Greek type of democracy all the citizens could listen to a series of orators and vote directly on questions of legislation. Hence their philosophers held that a small city was the largest possible democratic state. The English invention of representative government made a democratic nation possible, and the possibility was first realized in the United States, and later elsewhere. With the development of broadcasting it has once more become possible for every citizen to listen to the political views of representative orators, and the future may perhaps see the return of the national state to the Greek form of democracy. Even the referendum has been made possible only by the institution of daily newspapers.

15. To the biologist the problem of socialism appears largely as a problem of size. The socialists desire to run every nation as a single business concern. I do not suppose that Henry Ford would find much difficulty in running Andorra or Luxembourg on a socialistic basis. He has already more men on his payroll than their population. It is conceivable that a syndicate

of Fords, if we could find them, would make Belgium Ltd. or Denmark Inc. pay their way. But while nationalization of certain industries is an obvious possibility in the largest of states, I find it no easier to picture a completely socialized British Empire or United States than an elephant turning somersaults or a hippopotamus jumping a hedge.



SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, AND WAR[1]

Waldemar Kaempffert

Waldemar Bernhard Kaempffert (1877-) is Science Editor of the New York Times. *Before accepting this position in 1931 he had at various times been editor of the* Scientific American *and the* Popular Science Monthly *and Director of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. He has written numerous books and articles on science, designed for popular reading. The following essay is based upon a lecture delivered at Yale University.*

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

Industry seems to march so steadily under its own steam that we are scarcely aware of the influence that war has had upon it. We are apt to think of a factory merely as something that supplies goods. Even though the goods are rifles and bullets, tanks and searchlights, airplanes and explosives, it has an air of specious independence. Yet industry learned from war everything except invention—learned organization, discipline, standardization, the co-ordination of transport and supply, the separation of line and staff, the division of labor (cavalry, artillery, infantry). The influence of war goes deep—deep into life itself. Such is the power of military example that workers dress more or less alike, that "soda jerkers," nurses, hospital physicians, trainmen, waiters, elevator boys, theatre ushers, policemen, street-sweepers are uniformed; that the doormen of hotels and motion picture theatres resemble admirals and generals in resplendent full dress.

All this goes back to the first use of gunpowder in war—an innovation which gave science and technology new purpose and direction, forced capitalism to change from the mercantile to the high-financial form, destroyed the old crafts to make room for the factory and mass production.

The invention of a weapon which would enable gunpowder to hurl a projectile was no easy task. When and where the cannon and the musket first appeared is of no moment in a general survey. It is enough to note

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that the first metal cannon were of bronze. Iron is cheaper and more efficient. To cast iron ingots of cannon size and in sufficient quantity was beyond the capabilities of armorers and smiths. Small furnaces fired by charcoal and blown by water-driven bellows did their inadequate best to keep up with the rising demand for English iron cannon, long preferred to all others. In Henry the Eighth's reign, England's forests were already threatened; when Elizabeth ascended the throne it was manifest that coal must be substituted for charcoal in the cannon-founder's furnaces. Since raw coal can no more be used in smelting iron ore than raw wood, the coke oven had to be invented—an invention of the highest importance in technology. By the end of the seventeenth century, iron was cast on something like a quantity basis. Industrialism was on the march.

The mining of coal was attended with the problem of draining off water from open pits. Horse pumps were unable to solve it. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, one drowned English coal mine after another had to be abandoned. The Newcomen-Savery stamp pump was invented at the right moment. Watt improved that pump by condensing the steam in a separate chamber. Once American Indians froze to death on ledges of coal. After Watt, nations were willing to fight for coal—as they are fighting today for oil.

The connection between arms and industry is far closer than we have pictured it. Cannon must be bored. So must the cylinders of steam engines. So it happens that the steam engine would not have appeared when it did if Watt had not been able to enlist the services of John Wilkinson to bore cylinders for him. For John Wilkinson was the inventor of the one machine in all England that could perform Watt's task. This relationship of the machine-tool industry to weapons was always close. The first modern metal-working machines were all invented for musket-makers.

There were no power-driven machine tools in the sixteenth century, yet by 1540 Hartmann of Nuremberg had standardized calibres (the relation of length to bore) and by 1775 all firearms fired standard projectiles. We are confronted with the fact that standardization, without which mass production is impossible, was inspired by military need and that the makers of munitions were forced to develop it.

But mere standardization is not enough. There must be interchangeability of parts if there is to be mass production. The first step seems to have been taken by the English in the design and manufacture of pulley blocks. Samuel Bentham, brother of the famous Jeremy, saw to it that the 100,000 pulley blocks annually purchased by the British navy after the middle of the eighteenth century were standardized. Leblanc had independently conceived and applied the same principle to gun-making in 1785, but it remained for Eli Whitney to re-invent it ten years later and introduce it on a larger and more dramatic scale in filling an army order

for 10,000 muskets. Whitney is the technological ancestor of the industrialists who produce automobiles, bathtubs, electric lamps, vacuum cleaners, bottles, and containers in train-load lots.

By their very nature, the cannon and the musket exact organization on the battlefield. Both must be supplied with powder and shot, and these must come from industry. Supply of ammunition entails, in turn, some organization of transport by wagons if firing is to continue hour after hour. The ramming home of powder and ball calls for skill and hence for training. Cannon must be grouped in batteries if the supply of ammunition is to be systematic. Even from the first, some science had to be applied in laying a field-piece. The handling of artillery could not be left to raw conscripts and to officers who knew nothing of ballistics. With the introduction of firearms a standing army, small or large, becomes an inevitability, and a standing army cannot be left to shift for itself. Such an army is a unit—something utterly different from the contingents of serfs that feudal barons led into the field in response to the summons of an overlord. Until gunpowder was introduced there were no battalions, regiments, or divisions in the modern sense. In battle two ill-clad and none too skilfully directed armies fought hand-to-hand. In a few hours an engagement was over. Gunpowder did away with this looseness of army organization. And one way of achieving unity was the uniform. "No uniform, no discipline," was Frederick the Great's way of putting it. He had nothing but contempt for the remnants of feudal laxity that persisted in the Great Elector's troops.

Uniforming an army was a stupendous task, indeed so stupendous that craftsmen could not perform it. Besides there were hats, buttons, saddles, boots, sidearms, wagons, tents. The size of the orders was an incentive to standardize. When even small principalities and duchies framed specifications for cloth which had to be of one quality and color, buttons of a given size, shape, and metal, hats of one design and material, the old hit-and-miss system of craft production broke down. Russia proceeded to fill some of her needs in state factories in the eighteenth century, and in most Western countries the army dealt with contractors whose duty it was to control the quality and color of cloth. In the early nineteenth century we hear of the sewing machine. It was Thimonnier's, and it was first used in making army uniforms.

The cloth of uniforms must be dyed, washed, sometimes bleached. Huge quantities of detergents are needed. When prices soared in 1775, the French Academy of Science offered a prize of 2,400 livres for a process whereby soda could be made cheaply. Nicolas Leblanc won it. His discovery was as important for the chemical industry as Watt's invention for mechanical engineering. If France failed to reap full industrial advantage of the Leblanc process, it was because of the French Revolution. The heavy

chemical industry passed to England, which was supplying cloth for most of the armies of the Continent.

This influence of war on technology and industry extends to theoretical science as well. There is no obvious relation between the kinetic theory of gases and the slaughter of 50,000 men on the battlefield, between the law of gravitation and a naval engagement. Yet the relation is there—concealed yet tangible.

It would be astonishing if the scientist could insulate his mind against war when he must of necessity think and work in an atmosphere which is always as tense with belligerency. He may cry out against the folly and the horror of war, but he cannot escape its influence. Even though he adheres to the aristocratic tradition of science and spurns profit or personal advantage, his discoveries in fields that lie remote from war have their military uses. Though he may repudiate responsibility for the perversion of physics and chemistry, he has been as direct an aid to war lords as if he had been commanded to make discoveries of military importance, and this because his problems are given to him by a society in arms.

When the steam engine was invented, physicists studied it out of curiosity, measured the amount of coal required to generate a horsepower per hour, discovered how the potential energy of coal is transformed into kinetic energy, arrived at the conclusion that heat is energy and that the steam engine is a heat engine. Out of these researches came thermodynamics, and out of thermodynamics came clear indications of more economical methods of utilizing coal and hence more efficient steam engines. There was no organized clamor for power plants which would save coal. The factory owners get better engines merely because engines exist, because engines present interesting scientific problems.

So it is with explosives, artillery, bomb-carrying airplanes. As soon as gunpowder is introduced, its properties are bound to be studied; as soon as cannon are devised, the way in which their projectiles travel through the air is bound to be investigated. Robert K. Merton and others have dwelt on this unwitting aid that the most pacific scientists lend to the business of wholesale slaughter. Concern with the expansion of gases, combustibility of powder, the strength of steel and other metals aroused interest in what Merton calls "derivative problems," which seemed to be of purely academic interest and which were attacked, in consequence, without seeming to be dictated by social pressure, so that experimenters imagined that they were pursuing research solely for the sake of adding to the sum total of human knowledge.

Long voyages to India, the Americas, Africa under the auspices of the British navy aroused an interest and pointed to the need of more accurate means of determining the position of a ship at sea. The evolution of the laws of gravitation has been economically interpreted by B. Hessen. It was

shown that they came as much out of ballistics and out of the necessity of finding better means of determining longitude as they did out of experiments with swinging pendulums. Accurate timekeeping is indispensable in finding longitude, and accurate timekeeping begins with the invention of precision chronometers. So it was with the classic study of magnetism made by William Gilbert in the seventeenth century—a study inspired by the long voyages of English mariners and by their observations of the compass needle's vagaries.

This general influence of war extends even to medicine and surgery. Our conquest of infections owes much to the studies made by military physicians of typhus and typhoid, cholera and yellow fever—diseases that once decimated armies. In the First World War, the earliest experiments with "blood banks" were made with the result that the problem of transfusion has been enormously simplified. The remarkable discovery was also made that wounds in which maggots crawled healed more rapidly than those which were kept clean—a discovery which led first to the cultivation of fly grubs for the treatment of wounds and eventually to the isolation of the healing secretions, which proved to be allantoin and urea. During the Spanish Civil War, Orr's method (from the First World War) of encasing wounds in plaster was improved by Trueta. Brain surgery was raised to a new eminence largely by the studies that surgeons were able to make of head wounds. Psychiatry and neurology owe no small debt to entrenched men who cowered in an inferno of shot and shell and many of whom were reduced to mental wrecks.

For Richard the Lionheart coal held not the slightest economic interest. Rubber and petroleum were curiosities to Napoleon. The expansion of human needs with the advance of science and technology has changed the character of capitalism as well as of war. When iron and coal had to be mined in unprecedented quantities after the invention of firearms, when armies that numbered tens of thousands and even hundreds of thousands had to be uniformed, when textile, chemical, and other industries had to be placed on a new technological basis to solve the problems of standardized uniforms and equipments, when the whole machinery of production had to be developed in order to satisfy an economy which was both industrial and military, capitalism was bound to be affected. If Leonardo had brought his remarkable and complex death-dealing contrivances to the attention of contemporary military experts, the means of producing them in any number with craftsmen alone were not at hand, nor was the capitalism of the fifteenth century able to finance the means of production on any large scale. Credit is an old invention, but credit was not enough for mechanized war. With industry strained to supply armies of ever-increasing size and with science and industry discovering unexpected uses for such strange materials as coal, soda, rubber, and petroleum, it was clearly necessary to

form new types of industrial organization and to raise and lend money in new ways. Mercantile capitalism had to give way to high-financial capitalism. The holding company, the international corporation, the trust, and the cartel appear. And these are in time the instruments of the national state for economic aggression which leads to war. As war enters a totalitarian and modern phase, even these inventions of financiers are inadequate. The state must assume control of both industry and finance, with the result that the banker becomes a broker of government securities and the factory owner a servant of the state. Industry and private capital can no longer marshal the 70,000 necessities of a modern army—necessities that include even blond hair from Sweden for humidity recorders.

War has made national self-sufficiency a necessity, though governments know well enough that no country can meet all its requirements without importations and that even if science could pluck food from the air and the rocks, there is no way of dispensing with the energy of coal and petroleum or with scores of minerals. The endeavor to achieve self-sufficiency partly explains the rise of industrial research, which has given us synthetic rubber, synthetic alcohols, synthetic gasoline, synthetic ammonia, synthetic plastics, synthetic fibres, synthetic wool made from milk, synthetic dyes, perfumes, and flavors. And this is only the beginning of more synthetics, which have been made necessary in large part by the preparation for war, by the fear of blockades, by high tariffs and other economic devices which have made their appearance since self-sufficiency became the goal of nationalistic states.

This relatively new aggressive nationalism, with its preparation for war, is the child of science and technology. The Industrial Revolution is rooted in England, but it soon made itself felt in France where the nationalism of the Jacobins and the mercantilism of Colbert and Napoleon were already established. With the introduction of the steam engine, the machinery of quantity production, the railway, the steamship, and the telegraph, and with the mechanization of armies and of industry, one state after another becomes more national. Germany, for example, merges a score or more of minor kingdoms, principalities, and duchies into one type of empire; Great Britain merges herself with her colonies and dominions into another. Such empires are cohesive because of modern communication.

When a whole population uses common railways and common telegraphs, listens to music and speech that come from a common broadcasting station, thrills to motion pictures exhibited in a thousand theatres simultaneously, rides to and from its work in such common carriers as tramcars and omnibuses, clothes itself in more or less standardized garments, produced by machine and sold at low prices, it must be imbued with a sense of unity more intense than anything known in the Middle Ages. A central station from which two million draw current to drive vacuum cleaners, light rooms,

milk cows, wash dishes, is something more than a purveyor of energy. It is a social agency that weaves the two million into one fabric.

This somewhat gloomy record presents us with a paradox. Science and technology come out of war. They are international in their method of approaching problems and in their spirit. It is impossible to identify either a scientific discovery or an invention as American or French by mere inspection. Any people with the proper education and the proper social environment can apply the scientific method. And yet because science and technology have fallen into the hands of the profit-makers and of nationalistic, military states they cannot develop rationally. It is striking enough that the biological sciences, with the possible exception of medicine and agriculture, lag far behind the physical sciences, and that physics, chemistry, and engineering are highly developed because in them lie profits and military advantage. Despite the triumphs of physics, chemistry, and medicine, as we are pleased to regard them, we have not yet begun to apply science rationally. Nor could we apply it rationally in a society constituted as ours is.

If science were invited to sit at the peace table and state the conditions that it must have to be of greater social usefulness it would probably insist on these:

(1) Free intercourse of scientific institutions, even if these conduct research for military or industrial ends.
(2) No restraints on workers in science beyond those imposed by the worldwide mores of society.
(3) An international organization which would survey the state of science periodically, note gaps in our knowledge, and take steps to fill these, so that all sciences would develop uniformly.
(4) Ample funds (several hundred million dollars a year) contributed by all nations—funds which would be used by the international supervising organization to defray the cost of research conducted by the best men in all countries.
(5) Education of the masses to drive home the cultural importance of science and to correct the false ideologies that may be promulgated by separatists and fanatics and to inculcate the principles of the scientific method and the meaning of the scientific attitude.

It is clear that these conditions can have no validity in a world constituted as ours is. Nothing short of a world state can give science its supreme opportunity. Somehow men must be taught to think in terms of the planet if science is to be exploited rationally. If this seems a wildly romantic dream we have only to point to the example science set by itself.

How many first-class research chemists, physicists, and biologists are there in the world—the creators of this evolving culture? Nobody knows. But the

number of these first-class men may well be 100,000. These are the men who analyze the light of stars that started on its course when the Earth was still a whirling mass of gas; give us the laws of gravitation and relativity; apply synthetic chemistry to devising fibres, plastics, drugs that Nature knows not; discover the causes of disease; study the mechanism of heredity to the end that society may be purged of its misfits and that plants of a new succulence and animals with new desirable characteristics may be bred; lay down the principles that the engineer applies in designing the machinery of production. In normal times, they meet in international congresses, these men, asking no questions about race, nationality, or creed. They accept one another for what they know, for what they are able and willing to impart. Few patent their discoveries, partly because the discoveries are usually unpatentable, partly because patents have nothing in common with the morality of research. They give, give, and give not to any one institution, not to any one country, but to the world. They work for mere pittances. In other words, we have the example of a hypothetical 100,000 who demonstrate that it is possible for a large block of humanity to sink passions, prejudices, greed, and ambition in a common cause. Never has there been a spectacle quite like this in the history of the world. If 100,000 first-class intellects can think internationally, think in terms of the planet and not of the particular nations to which they belong, there is some hope for the rest of mankind; for unless there is this international thinking, wars and economic strife are inevitable.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

The American Tradition

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG[1]

Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg (1878-), though not a college graduate, has been granted honorary degrees by several universities in recognition of his notable work as a poet and a biographer. Till 1914, when he was awarded Levinson's prize for his poetry, he had served as secretary to the mayor of Milwaukee for two years, and as editor and correspondent. Since then he has devoted his time to his poetry, folksongs, and biography. His monumental life of Abraham Lincoln is in six volumes: the first two volumes dealing with The Prairie Years *were published in 1926; the latter four volumes treating* The War Years *appeared in 1936. In 1939 (with Paul M. Angle) he published* Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow.

1. A printed invitation came to Lincoln's hands notifying him that on Thursday, November 19, 1863, exercises would be held for the dedication of a National Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg. The same circular invitation had been mailed to Senators, Congressmen, the governors of Northern States, members of the Cabinet, by the commission of Pennsylvanians who had organized a corporation through which Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were to share the cost of a decent burying-ground for the dust and bones of the Union and Confederate dead.

2. In the helpless onrush of the war, it was known, too many of the fallen had lain as neglected cadavers rotting in the open fields or thrust into so shallow a resting-place that a common farm plow caught in their bones. Now by order of Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania seventeen acres had been purchased on Cemetery Hill, where the Union center stood its colors on the second and third of July, and plots of soil had been allotted each State for its graves.

3. The sacred and delicate duties of orator of the day had fallen on Edward Everett. An eminent cultural figure, perhaps foremost of all distinguished American classical orators, he was born in 1794, had been United States Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, Secretary

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of State under Fillmore, Minister to Great Britain, Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, professor of Greek at Harvard, president of Harvard. His reputation as a public speaker began in the Brattle Street Unitarian Church of Boston. Two volumes of his orations published in 1850 held eighty-one addresses, two more volumes issued in 1859 collected one hundred and five speeches. His lecture on Washington, delivered a hundred and twenty-two times in three years, had in 1859 brought a fund of $58,000, which he gave to the purchase and maintenance of Mount Vernon as a permanent shrine. Other Everett lectures had realized more than $90,000 for charity causes. . . . No ordinary trafficker in politics, Everett had in 1860 run for Vice-President on the Bell-Everett ticket of the Constitutional Union party, receiving the electoral votes of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. . . .

4. Serene, suave, handsomely venerable in his sixty-ninth year, a prominent specimen of Northern upper-class distinction, Everett was a natural choice of the Pennsylvania commissioners, who sought an orator for a solemn national occasion. When in September they notified him that the date of the occasion would be October 23, he replied that he would need more time for preparation, and the dedication was postponed till November 19.

5. Lincoln meanwhile, in reply to the printed circular invitation, sent word to the commissioners that he would be present at the ceremonies. This made it necessary for the commissioners to consider whether the President should be asked to deliver an address when present. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, Illinois, representing his State on the Board of Commissioners, noted that the decision of the Board to invite Lincoln to speak was an afterthought. "The question was raised as to his ability to speak upon such a grave and solemn occasion. . . . Besides, it was said that, with his important duties and responsibilities, he could not possibly have the leisure to prepare an address. . . . In answer . . . it was urged that he himself, better than any one else, could determine as to these questions, and that, if he were invited to speak, he was sure to do what, under the circumstances, would be right and proper."

6. And so on November 2 David Wills of Gettysburg, as the special agent of Governor Curtin and also acting for the several States, by letter informed Lincoln that the several States having soldiers in the Army of the Potomac who were killed, or had since died at hospitals in the vicinity, had procured grounds for a cemetery and proper burial of their dead. "These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th instant. I am authorized by the Governors of the various States to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

7. Mr. Wills proceeded farther as to the solemnity of the occasion, and when Lincoln had finished reading the letter he understood definitely that the event called for no humor and that a long speech was not expected from him. "The invitation," wrote Clark E. Carr, "was not settled upon and sent to Mr. Lincoln until the second of November, more than six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited to speak, and but little more than two weeks before the exercises were held." . . .

8. Benjamin B. French, officer in charge of buildings in Washington, introduced the Honorable Edward Everett, orator of the day, who rose, bowed low to Lincoln, saying, "Mr. President." Lincoln responded, "Mr. Everett."

9. The orator of the day then stood in silence before a crowd that stretched to limits that would test his voice. Beyond and around were the wheat fields, the meadows, the peach orchards, long slopes of land, and five and seven miles farther the contemplative blue ridge of a low mountain range. His eyes could sweep them as he faced the audience. He had taken note of it in his prepared and rehearsed address. "Overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghanies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed;—grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy." Everett proceeded, "It was appointed by law in Athens," and gave an extended sketch of the manner in which the Greeks cared for their dead who fell in battle. He spoke of the citizens assembled to consecrate the day. "As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel, as never before, how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."

10. Northern cities would have been trampled in conquest but for "those who sleep beneath our feet," said the orator. He gave an outline of how the war began, traversed decisive features of the three days' battles at Gettysburg, discussed the doctrine of State sovereignty and denounced it, drew parallels from European history, and came to peroration quoting Pericles on dead patriots: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." The men of nineteen sister States had stood side by side on the perilous ridges: "Seminary Ridge, the Peach-Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten." He had spoken for an hour and fifty-seven minutes, some said a trifle over two hours, repeating almost word for word an address that occupied nearly two newspaper pages, as he had written it and as it had gone in advance sheets to many newspapers.

11. Everett came to his closing sentence without a faltering voice: "Down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG." It was the effort of his life and embodied the perfections of the school of oratory in which he had spent his career. His erect form and sturdy shoulders, his white hair and flung-back head at dramatic points, his voice, his poise, and chiefly some quality of inside good heartedness, held most of his audience to him, though the people in the front rows had taken their seats three hours before his oration closed.

12. The Baltimore Glee Club sang an ode written for the occasion by Benjamin B. French, who had introduced Everett to the audience. The poets Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, George Boker, had been requested but none found time to respond with a piece to be set to music The two closing verses of the ode by French immediately preceded the introduction of the President to the audience:

Great God in Heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed?
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
A country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, O God! thy gracious power
To aid us in our darkest hour.
This be our prayer—"O Father! save
A people's freedom from its grave.
All praise to Thee!"

13. Having read Everett's address, Lincoln knew when the moment drew near for him to speak. He took out his own manuscript from a coat pocket, put on his steel-bowed glasses, stirred in his chair, looked over the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket. The Baltimore Glee Club finished. The specially chosen Ward Hill Lamon rose and spoke the words "The President of the United States," who rose, and holding in one hand the two sheets of paper at which he occasionally glanced, delivered the address in his high-pitched and clear-carrying voice. The *Cincinnati Commercial* reporter wrote, "The President rises slowly, draws from his pocket a paper, and, when commotion subsides, in a sharp, unmusical treble voice, reads the brief and pithy remarks." Hay wrote in his diary, "The President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half dozen words of consecration." Charles Hale of the *Boston Advertiser,* also officially representing Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, had notebook and pencil in hand, took down the slow-spoken words of the President, as follows:

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth

14. . . . The *New York Tribune* and many other newspapers indicated "[Applause.]" at five places in the address and "[Long continued applause.]" at the end. The applause, however, according to most of the responsible witnesses, was formal and perfunctory, a tribute to the occasion, to the high office, to the array of important men of the nation on the platform, by persons who had sat as an audience for three hours. Ten sentences had been spoken in five minutes, and some were surprised that it should end before the orator had really begun to get his outdoor voice.

15. A photographer had made ready to record a great historic moment, had bustled about with his dry plates, his black box on a tripod, and before he had his head under the hood for an exposure, the President had said "by the people, for the people" and the nick of time was past for a photograph.

16. The *New York Times* reporter gave his summary of the program by writing: "The opening prayer by Reverend Mr. Stockton was touching and beautiful, and produced quite as much effect upon the audience as the classic sentences of the orator of the day. President Lincoln's address was delivered in a clear loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with strong emphasis, and with a most business-like air."

17. The *Philadelphia Press* man, John Russell Young, privately felt that Everett's speech was the performance of a great actor whose art was too evident, that it was "beautiful but cold as ice." The *New York Times* man noted: "Even while Mr. Everett was delivering his splendid oration, there

were as many people wandering about the fields, made memorable by the fierce struggles of July, as stood around the stand listening to his eloquent periods. They seem to have considered, with President Lincoln, that it was not what was *said* here, but what was *done* here, that deserved their attention. . . . In wandering about these battlefields, one is astonished and indignant to find at almost every step of his progress the carcasses of dead horses which breed pestilence in the atmosphere. I am told that more than a score of deaths have resulted from this neglect in the village of Gettysburg the past summer; in the house in which I was compelled to seek lodgings, there are now two boys sick with typhoid fever attributed to this cause. Within a stone's throw of the whitewashed hut occupied as the headquarters of General Meade, I counted yesterday no less than ten carcasses of dead horses, lying on the ground where they were struck by the shells of the enemy."

18. The audience had expected, as the printed program stipulated, "Dedicatory Remarks, by the President of the United States." No eloquence was promised. Where eloquence is in flow the orator must have time to get tuned up, to expatiate and expand while building toward his climaxes, it was supposed. The *New York Tribune* man and other like observers merely reported the words of the address with the one preceding sentence: "The dedicatory remarks were then delivered by the President." These reporters felt no urge to inform their readers about how Lincoln stood, what he did with his hands, how he moved, vocalized, or whether he emphasized or subdued any parts of the address. Strictly, no address as such was on the program from him. He was down for just a few perfunctory "dedicatory remarks."

19. According to Lamon, Lincoln himself felt that about all he had given the audience was ordinary garden-variety dedicatory remarks, for Lamon wrote that Lincoln told him just after delivering the speech that he had regret over not having prepared it with greater care. "Lamon, that speech won't *scour*. It is a flat failure and the people are disappointed." On the farms where Lincoln grew up as a boy when wet soil stuck to the mold board of a plow they said it didn't "scour."

20. The near-by *Patriot and Union* of Harrisburg took its fling: "The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead. . . . We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

21. The *Chicago Times* held that "Mr. Lincoln did most foully traduce the motives of the men who were slain at Gettysburg" in his reference to "a new birth of freedom," the *Times* saying, "They gave their lives to

maintain the old government, and the only Constitution and Union." He had perverted history, misstated the cause for which they died, and with "ignorant rudeness" insulted the memory of the dead, the *Times* alleged: "Readers will not have failed to observe the exceeding bad taste which characterized the remarks of the President and Secretary of State at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg. The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat, and dish-watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States. And neither he nor Seward could refrain, even on that solemn occasion, from spouting their odious abolition doctrines. The readers of THE TIMES ought to know, too, that the valorous President did not dare to make this little journey to Gettysburg without being escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers. For the first time in the history of the country, the President of the United States, in traveling through a part of his dominions, on a peaceful, even a religious mission, had to be escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers . . . it was fear for his own personal safety which led the President to go escorted as any other military despot might go." In the pronouncement of a funeral sermon Mr. Lincoln had intruded an "offensive exhibition of boorishness and vulgarity," had alluded to tribal differences that an Indian orator eulogizing dead warriors would have omitted, "which he knew would excite unnecessarily the bitter prejudices of his hearers." Therefore the *Chicago Times* would inquire, "Is Mr. Lincoln less refined than a savage?"

22. A Confederate outburst of war propaganda related to Lincoln and the Gettysburg exercises was set forth in a *Richmond Examiner* editorial, and probably written by its editor, Edward A. Pollard, taking a day off from his merciless and occasionally wild-eyed criticism of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy. And the *Chicago Times,* which seldom let a day pass without curses on Lincoln for his alleged suppression of free speech and a free press, reprinted in full the long editorial from the *Examiner.* "The dramatic exhibition at Gettysburg is in thorough keeping with Yankee character, suited to the usual dignity of their chosen chief," ran part of the editorial scorn. "Stage play, studied attitudes, and effective points were carefully elaborated and presented to the world as the honest outpourings of a nation's heart. In spite of shoddy contracts, of universal corruption, and cruel thirst for southern blood, these people have ideas . . . have read of them in books . . . and determined accordingly to have a grand imitation of them. . . . Mr. Everett was equal to the occasion. He 'took down his Thucydides,' and fancied himself a Pericles commemorating the illustrious dead. The music, the eloquence, the bottled tears and hermetically sealed grief, prepared for the occasion, were all properly brought

out in honor of the heroes, whom they crimp in Ireland, inveigle in Germany, or hunt down in the streets of New York.

23. "So far the play was strictly classic. To suit the general public, however, a little admixture of the more irregular romantic drama was allowed. A vein of comedy was permitted to mingle with the deep pathos of the piece. This singular novelty, and deviation from classic propriety, was heightened by assigning this part to the chief personage. Kings are usually made to speak in the magniloquent language supposed to be suited to their elevated position. On the present occasion Lincoln acted the clown."

24. This was in the customary tone of the *Chicago Times* and relished by its supporting readers. Its rival, the *Chicago Tribune,* however, had a reporter who telegraphed (unless some editor who read the address added his own independent opinion) a sentence: "The dedicatory remarks of President Lincoln will live among the annals of man."

25. The *Cincinnati Gazette* reporter added after the text of the address, "That this was the right thing in the right place, and a perfect thing in every respect, was the universal encomium."

26. The American correspondent of the London *Times* wrote that "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. . . . Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

27. Count Gurowski, the only man ever mentioned by Lincoln to Lamon as his possible assassin, wrote in a diary, "Lincoln spoke, with one eye to a future platform and to re-election."

28. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* said thousands who would not read the elaborate oration of Mr. Everett would read the President's few words "and not many will do it without a moistening of the eye and a swelling of the heart." The *Detroit Advertiser and Tribune* said Mr. Everett had nobly told the story of the battle, "but he who wants to take in the very spirit of the day, catch the unstudied pathos that animates a sincere but simple-minded man, will turn from the stately periods of the professed orator to the brief speech of the President." The *Providence Journal* reminded readers of the saying that the hardest thing in the world is to make a good five-minute speech: "We know not where to look for a more admirable speech than the brief one which the President made at the close of Mr. Everett's oration. . . . Could the most elaborate and splendid oration be more beautiful, more touching, more inspiring, than those thrilling words of the President? They had in our humble judgment the charm and power of the very highest eloquence."

29. Later men were to find that Robert Toombs of Georgia had in 1850 opened a speech: "Sixty years ago our fathers joined together to form a more perfect Union and to establish justice. . . . We have now met to put

that government on trial. . . . In my judgment the verdict is such as to give hope to the friends of liberty throughout the world."

30. Lincoln had spoken of an idea, a proposition, a concept, worth dying for, which brought from a Richmond newspaper a countering question and answer, "For what are we fighting? An abstraction."

31. The *Springfield Republican* had veered from its first opinion that Lincoln was honest but "a Simple Susan." Its comment ran: "Surpassingly fine as Mr. Everett's oration was in the Gettysburg consecration, the rhetorical honors of the occasion were won by President Lincoln. His little speech is a perfect gem; deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression, and tasteful and elegant in every word and comma. Then it has the merit of unexpectedness in its verbal perfection and beauty. We had grown so accustomed to homely and imperfect phrase in his productions that we had come to think it was the law of his utterance. But this shows he can talk handsomely as well as act sensibly. Turn back and read it over, it will repay study as a model speech. Strong feelings and a large brain were its parents—a little painstaking its *accoucheur*."

32. That scribbler of curious touch who signed himself "The Lounger" in *Harper's Weekly* inquired why the ceremony at Gettysburg was one of the most striking events of the war. "There are grave-yards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there 'thus far' was thundered to the rebellion. . . . The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. . . . The few words of the President were from the heart to the heart. They can not be read, even, without kindling emotion. 'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.' It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken. . . . Among the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. But when they were dying he stood in New York sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory, and dying for us all; and now he mourns, *ex officio,* over their graves."

33. Everett's opinion of the speech he heard Lincoln deliver was written in a note to Lincoln the next day and was more than mere courtesy: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Lincoln's immediate reply was: "In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not entirely a failure."

34. At Everett's request Lincoln wrote with pen and ink a copy of his

Gettysburg Address, which manuscript was auctioned at a Sanitary Fair in New York for the benefit of soldiers. At the request of George Bancroft, the historian, he wrote another copy for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore. He wrote still another to be lithographed as a facsimile in a publication, *Autographed Leaves of Our Country's Authors.* For Mr. Wills, his host at Gettysburg, he wrote another. The first draft, written in Washington, and the second one, held while delivering it, went into John Hay's hands to be eventually presented to the Library of Congress.

35. After the ceremonies at Gettysburg Lincoln lunched with Governor Curtin, Mr. Everett, and others at the Wills home, held a reception that had not been planned, handshaking nearly an hour, looking gloomy and listless but brightening sometimes as a small boy or girl came in line, and stopping one tall man for remarks as to just how high up he reached. At five o'clock he attended a patriotic meeting in the Presbyterian church, walking arm-in-arm with old John Burns, and listening to an address by Lieutenant Governor-elect Anderson of Ohio. At six-thirty he was on the departing Washington train. In the dining-car his secretary John Hay ate with Simon Cameron and Wayne MacVeagh. Hay had thought Cameron and MacVeagh hated each other, but he noted: "I was more than usually struck by the intimate, jovial relations that existed between men that hate and detest each other as cordially as do these Pennsylvania politicians."

36. The ride to Washington took until midnight. Lincoln was weary, talked little, stretched out on one of the side seats in the drawing-room and had a wet towel laid across his eyes and forehead.

37. He had stood that day, the world's foremost spokesman of popular government, saying that democracy was yet worth fighting for. He had spoken as one in mist who might head on deeper yet into mist. He incarnated the assurances and pretenses of popular government, implied that it could and might perish from the earth. What he meant by "a new birth of freedom" for the nation could have a thousand interpretations. The taller riddles of democracy stood up out of the address. It had the dream touch of vast and furious events epitomized for any foreteller to read what was to come. He did not assume that the drafted soldiers, substitutes, and bounty-paid privates had died willingly under Lee's shot and shell, in deliberate consecration of themselves to the Union cause. His cadences sang the ancient song that where there is freedom men have fought and sacrificed for it, and that freedom is worth men's dying for. For the first time since he became President he had on a dramatic occasion declaimed, howsoever it might be read, Jefferson's proposition which had been a slogan of the Revolutionary War—"All men are created equal"—leaving no other inference than that he regarded the Negro slave as a man. His outwardly smooth sentences were inside of them gnarled and tough with the enigmas

38. Back at Gettysburg the blue haze of the Cumberland Mountains had dimmed till it was a blur in a nocturne. The moon was up and fell with a bland golden benevolence on the new-made graves of soldiers, on the sepulchers of old settlers, on the horse carcasses of which the onrush of war had not yet permitted removal. The *New York Herald* man walked amid them and ended the story he sent his paper: "The air, the trees, the graves are silent. Even the relic hunters are gone now. And the soldiers here never wake to the sound of reveille."

39. In many a country cottage over the land, a tall old clock in a quiet corner told time in a tick-tock deliberation. Whether the orchard branches hung with pink-spray blossoms or icicles of sleet, whether the outside news was seedtime or harvest, rain or drouth, births or deaths, the swing of the pendulum was right and left and right and left in a tick-tock deliberation.

40. The face and dial of the clock had known the eyes of a boy who listened to its tick-tock and learned to read its minute and hour hands. And the boy had seen years measured off by the swinging pendulum, and grown to man size, had gone away. And the people in the cottage knew that the clock would stand there and the boy never again come into the room and look at the clock with the query, "What is the time?"

41. In a row of graves of the Unidentified the boy would sleep long in the dedicated final resting-place at Gettysburg. Why he had gone away and why he would never come back had roots in some mystery of flags and drums, of national fate in which individuals sink as in a deep sea, of men swallowed and vanished in a man-made storm of smoke and steel.

42. The mystery deepened and moved with ancient music and inviolable consolation because a solemn Man of Authority had stood at the graves of the Unidentified and spoken the words "We cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. . . . From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

43. To the backward and forward pendulum swing of a tall old clock in a quiet corner they might read those cadenced words while outside the windows the first flurry of snow blew across the orchard and down over the meadow, the beginnings of winter in a gun-metal gloaming to be later arched with a star-flung sky.

HOW AMERICANS CHOOSE THEIR HEROES[1]

Dixon Wecter

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The student interested in reading a highly illuminating account of American heroes from the time of John Smith to Franklin D. Roosevelt will find Mr. Wecter's The Hero in America *written in the same entertaining style employed in this essay.*

1. Any roll-call of America's heroes invites one last question. Whom do Americans most admire? What are the signs by which they may be known? No doubt they stand for qualities that seem precious for the group good. Yet scores of worthies, men of high intellect and character, have missed the magic ranks of those—in uniform and buckskin, on horseback or trudging afoot or spanning the sky, at statesman's desk or inventor's work-bench—whom Everyman takes as his heroes.

2. One is struck by a few exclusions, of sex and type and profession, from the calendar of greatest Americans. Women have had a curiously small share in the major hero-worship of America—a land which most Europeans believe is a matriarchy. (Although women are among the most ardent hero-worshippers, as all mothers and some wives know, the cynical may suggest that no woman is ever a heroine to any other woman.) The United States has had no Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, St. Catherine of Siena, Cleopatra or Semiramis. Even Florence Nightingale appeals to American cinema and fiction more than the equally remarkable Clara Barton. Our history has had its heroic women. But Anne Hutchinson, who had more charity and good sense than the Puritan Fathers, does not match them in symbolic appeal. And the pioneer woman, who with a child at her breast and rifle in her hand stands in bronze in many a municipal park, is as anonymous as the Magna Mater of ancient mythology. Molly Pitcher carried water to the soldiers at Monmouth and manned the cannon of her dead husband; she has inspired the modest fame of a monument at Carlisle, Pennsylvania,

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *The Hero in America,* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941.

the naming of a Pullman car, and the organization in 1940 of "the Molly Pitcher Rifle Legion" to pick off descending parachutists on our soil. In 1782 Betty Zane bore a keg of powder in her arms, under a fusillade of Indian arrows, to the stockade of Fort Henry; her kinsman Zane Grey wrote his first novel about her. These women became heroic by imitation of the stronger sex. Betsy Ross—whose present namesakes seem to run to tea-rooms—is much better known today than she was in her own time. Not until 1870 did her grandson William Canby publish a family tradition, now judged to be doubtful, that she made the first Stars-and-Stripes. Barbara Frietchie, immortalized by Whittier, also fades into heroic fiction. More brilliant women—Mercy Warren, Abigail Adams, Lucretia Mott, Mary Lyon, Maria Mitchell, Alice Freeman Palmer—have had smaller fame than these. None can truly be called the idol of millions. In our own time the greatest popular heroine without doubt has been Helen Keller, who typifies upon a high plane the American success story. Yet no woman has been hailed with the admiration given to Washington and Lincoln and Lee, or even Daniel Boone and Edison and Lindbergh. A tissue of causes—biological, economic, political—will occur to all. The most basic reason is simple. Joan of Arc, Elizabeth, "the queens and cave-women of ancient earth," were not, in the stricter sense, ladies. Whereas, during the greater span of our national life—that span which saw the creation of Little Eva, Elsie Dinsmore, and Pollyanna to match the typical American boy of Mark Twain and Howells and Tarkington—the dominant ideal has been the perfect lady. Some say that times are changing.

3. Certain professions have yielded few national idols. The artist, admired so keenly by another business civilization, the Renaissance, has not met with much popular honor in America. Old Masters have been prized, thanks to the timidity of American culture, more than have living artists. National traditions like those of Dante and Michelangelo, and national shrines like Weimar and Bayreuth and Stratford, are unknown with us. For too many generations, art meant Europe. No American writer has received such homage as did Voltaire in Paris in 1778, when he was crowned with laurel in his box at the theatre, while people of quality disguised themselves as tavern servants to gain the privilege of bringing him a bottle of wine or smoothing his pillow. Edgar Allan Poe—who wrote, "I love fame . . . I would have incense arise in my honor from every hamlet"—died in poverty, in delirium, in a Baltimore hospital. Longfellow, as the voice of sentiment, enjoyed a cool decorous popularity. Mark Twain, the voice of comedy, whom Howells called "sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature," was one of the most picturesque Americans of his time and reporters followed him everywhere. But few understood his art, and those who did were often troubled by the depths of irony and darkness: in truth it was Mark Twain's personality, his white suit and flowing hair, rather

than his literature, that made him known to millions. Later, Will Rogers, with more good humor and less of irony and art, came to fill the old bill of crackerbox philosopher, and join it with that of matinee star. But the pure artist in America has had much harder sledding. Emerson was best known to the crowd as a lyceum lecturer; Melville and Hawthorne drudged obscurely in customs houses; Walt Whitman in 1940 at last won the modest popular recognition of a commemorative postage-stamp. Generations which have sung the songs of Stephen Foster know or care little about the man. To the man in the street, Sargent and Whistler are merely names—though the latter is vaguely linked with that sentiment fostered each May by florists and confectioners.

4. The scholar, as he was acclaimed in the day of Erasmus and Scaliger or even in Germany before the first Great War, as a type has never kindled American imagination. And this in spite of our passion for literacy and higher education. Van Wyck Brooks has seen, in the splitting of Puritanism in the eighteenth century, a division of personality into two directions unknown to the earlier day when the man of action had been also the man of God. Now one was the highbrow, the man of pure cold intelligence or holiness, typified by Jonathan Edwards, or else the lowbrow, the materialist or business man following the lodestar of "policy," represented by Benjamin Franklin. Thanks to Franklin's charm, humanity, and international fame, and to the climate of enterprise that came after him, the latter type came to be admired and cherished more than the former. He seemed a little more "American." The highbrow in politics, like John Taylor of Caroline and John C. Calhoun, has never been able to hold a candle to the Jacksons and Lincolns. Lord Bryce in his day observed that "the ordinary American voter . . . does not value, because he sees no need for, originality or profundity, a fine culture or a wide knowledge." An unexpressed American belief holds that wisdom must be practical, that it is best built not upon elaborate philosophies but on a few homely principles of common sense, buttressed with the lore of proverb and fable. It is simple, earth-born. Lincoln's statesmanship walked in the garb of "good stories" and pithy sayings, not intellectual profundities. More recently, "the brain trust" was unpopular. The scholar lies under the same prejudice as the highbrow. He has enjoyed a certain burlesque fame—as the Ichabod Crane of our literature, or the absent-minded professor of the comics—but his height is hardly heroic. The average American is prone to believe that nobody becomes a teacher who can succeed at any other trade. The leadership of Woodrow Wilson was surprising, like the more recent legendary fame of Albert Einstein (which owed much to the repeated newspaper announcement that "only twelve men in the world understood him"). At one point, Big Business smiled upon the scholar, as it endowed universities and enjoyed the sensation of multiplying the amount of knowledge in the

world. But since then the axe of taxation has fallen, and Messrs. Tugwell, Warren, and Thurman Arnold have helped to breed a new suspicion of college dons. Sometimes, to the impartial, it seems that the American public has been shabbily neglectful of its great men when they happened to be academics: on August 23, 1926, for example, Doctor Charles W. Eliot was given a dozen words of obituary notice by the popular press while the death of Valentino swept the headlines. But as for the type in general, much fault lies with the scholars themselves. About one of them, Emily Dickinson wrote shrewdly: "He has the facts, but not the phosphorescence of learning."

5. The saint, in the Middle Ages, rivalled the soldier-king for supreme honors as hero; even modern France in St. Therèse of Lisieux has given the world a holy legend of great power. But the United States has not had a single individual to be canonized by the Catholic Church, and the whole Western Hemisphere only three. The Protestant faith among us can boast neither a Luther nor a Calvin. The Western world is diverse in its beliefs and skepticisms; contemplative quiet is rare; and the heroic age of theology passed before our nation began. A recent American essayist has called the saint "a tenth-rate sort of man." Even the clergyman as a type lacks the dignity given him in England under an established church. It was not always so. To the Puritans—who had few heroes because their accent on human frailty left only God as the ultimate hero—the holy man enjoyed the highest recognition among his fellows. The parson was the *person* of his village. Scholars of divinity were the models of prestige. Their pulpits were aloft and away from the congregation, they walked the earth with a certain majesty of port, and it was believed that comets or blood-red sunsets often appeared when they lay dying. But time and the changes in American thought have dealt rudely with them; the Mathers are popularly remembered for witch-hunting, and Edwards for his hell-fire sermons. More to the current taste is Roger Williams, whose most admiring biographer is a Jew, Oscar Straus. As a believer, not in "religious toleration"—with its implied snobbery—but in pure freedom of conscience, and as the planner of Rhode Island who tried to prevent exploitation of the land, Roger Williams is our nearest approach to the holy man as Protestant hero. His halo, unlike that of St. Augustine or St. Francis, is secular and negative. The American saint is apt to be a heretic. His vows, at best, are those of a monasticism like Thoreau's practising poverty, chastity, and civil disobedience beside Walden Pond. As still another paradox, our dynamic religious leaders who reached thousands or millions—Brigham Young, Henry Ward Beecher, Dwight L. Moody, Billy Sunday, Mrs. Eddy, and the cultists that modern California has spawned with the fecundity of a salmon—have been organizers, orators, miracle workers, but not in any traditional sense saints.

6. No physician, for his work in medicine, has ever been elected to the

Hall of Fame in New York City. No doctor has ever become a first-class hero to the American people. Walter Reed and William Gorgas as victors over yellow fever, Osler as a brilliant adopted son, Harvey Cushing as the pioneer of brain surgery, and among the older generation even Oliver Wendell Holmes as the innovator of asepsis to check puerperal fever—these men have received less personal adoration than Lindbergh or Jack Dempsey or Babe Ruth. At the close of the World War *The Ladies' Home Journal* printed an article under the patronizing title, "The Returning Doctor: He can now become one of the most potent assets of American life." The most eloquent appreciation of the modern doctor, describing him as "the flower of our civilization," was written not by an American but by a Briton, Robert Louis Stevenson—in dedicating his *Underwoods* to Doctor Willey of San Francisco, as Stevenson left for Saranac to put himself in the hands of an even greater American healer, Trudeau, "the beloved physician" of that day. Yet as a nation we make a fetish of health and sanitation, give our front-page newspaper headlines to discoveries in medicine, and eagerly buy books about international surgeons or horse-and-buggy doctors. Several reasons may be offered for our neglect of the individual doctor as hero: The physician, like the scientist, usually shuns publicity in proportion to his greatness; if he lacks modesty, the American Medical Association is likely to supply it. His discoveries come to be better known than the discoverer—witness the millions who have heard about insulin to the thousands who know something of Banting and Best. And finally, the routine of healing seldom offers the sensational possibilities of a war or a piece of statesmanship or even a world's series; while the trivial often makes better news than the scientifically valuable. The doctor is a man who does his best work quietly.

7. The law has trained more American heroes and leaders than has any other profession. Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Lincoln, Cleveland, Bryan, the Roosevelts, and many lesser men show the natural affinity, in a democratic state, between law and politics. (In the day of John Marshall's America, De Tocqueville keenly noted that "the profession of the law in the United States serves to counterpoise the Democracy.") But the lawyer *qua* lawyer, in America as elsewhere, has never been able to match the soldier or explorer as an inevitable hero type. In 1734 Poor Richard impudently observed, "Lawyers, preachers, and tomtit's eggs, there are more of them hatched than come to perfection." In colonial times lawyers were generally unpopular. The plain man thought of them as quibblers and trouble-makers. The rising tide of the Revolution swept them into better standing. In the town meetings of New England and the burgesses of Virginia, lawyers took the patriotic leadership. Keen-witted but unprosperous men bred to argument and oratory, like John and Sam Adams and Patrick Henry, quickly became the firebrands of rebellion. As

the colonies settled down and became a nation, lawyers became statesmen The analytic, contentious genius of America—the nay-sayers whom Emerson loved, poised between abstract logic and practicality—took naturally to the bar. Certain moulds appeared: the great constitutional lawyer of New England, the Southern orator with white stock and flowing hair, the frontier attorney with black string tie and long coattails, and later the railroad and corporation lawyer. Today specialization has destroyed the old spell-binding glamor of the bar, while popular hero-worship—during the gangster era—passed to a new type, the crusading district attorney. The isolation of the Supreme Court, along with its collective function, hampers popular hero-worship of its individual members. The Court, rather than its justices, is a great American symbol. Yet, by a curious paradox, the early idols of the Court, men like Marshall and Taney, were noted conservatives; whereas in the twentieth century, the lion's share of glory has gone to liberals like Oliver Wendell Holmes and Cardozo. Holmes—who may be one of the great American memories of the future, if democracy survives—took his seat on the Bench in 1902 in much the same spirit he had faced the bullets at Antietam forty years before. Bidding good-bye to a group of Massachusetts friends he said quietly: "To have a chance to do one's share in shaping the laws of the whole country spreads over one the hush that one used to feel when one was waiting the beginning of a battle. . . . We will not falter. We will not fail. We will reach the earthworks if we live, and if we fail we will leave our spirit in those who follow, and they will not turn back. All is ready. Bugler, blow the charge." Such, in any calling, is the heroic temper that always stirs some response from the depths of American idealism. Its comparative rarity in the profession of law is perhaps the chief reason why the lawyer, as such, has remained a pattern of prestige rather than a hero.

II

8. The sort of man whom Americans admire, trust, and are willing to follow can be sketched with a few lines. East and west, north and south, his portrait is familiar. At the basic level he must be self-respecting, decent, honorable, with a sense of fair play; no Machiavelli nor Mussolini need apply. He must be firm and self-confident in leadership: Davy Crockett's "Be always sure you're right, then go ahead!" is approved American doctrine, whether in the headstrong and cocksure types we sometimes follow, like Old Hickory and Theodore Roosevelt, or in the great characters of our imagination like Paul Bunyan and Huckleberry Finn. Mother wit and resourcefulness we love. But a reputation for "genius" is unnecessary and may do the hero harm. Brilliantly clever men like Alexander Hamilton and John Randolph of Roanoke, and pure intellectuals like John Quincy Adams (by the guess of educators given the highest I.Q., 165, of all Americans in the Hall of Fame), are not major idols. An able man must not glory in his

cleverness. By our standards one is sometimes allowed to "put over a fast one"—Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln did, repeatedly—but he must not appear to relish the coup for its own sake. Art must conceal art. Jefferson understood this restraint just a little better than does his disciple Franklin Roosevelt. A clodhopper politician like Huey Long, boasting "There are not many people in the United States who are smarter than I am, and none in Louisiana," did not understand it at all. Long's scornful assertion that he could buy votes in his Legislature "like sacks of potatoes," to the country at large was equally bad politics. Uncle Sam allows his favorites to be shrewd in a good cause, but there must be no avowal of cynicism in principle. (In modern movies, the hero may pull a fast one for the sake of his mother, or his girl friend, or some worthy ideal, but not for himself.) The backwoods always has a certain admiration for rustic rascality, and the metropolis loves a flippant wisecrack—but in America at large there is a pretty strong prejudice against the wise guy. . . .

9. Vanity or personal arrogance in any form is taboo. The dandy in public life—accepted more tolerantly in the England of Disraeli and Lord Curzon—is disliked by Americans. Meriwether Lewis, a great explorer of the West, was handicapped by the nickname of "The Sublime Dandy" and his manners of a Beau Nash. William Pinkney, one of the most brilliant lawyers of a century ago, was ridiculed because of his fawn-colored gloves and corsets, and the vanity that led him to begin a speech all over again when he saw ladies enter the visitors' gallery of the Supreme Court. Effeminacy is fatal. Martin Van Buren failed of reelection in 1840 after the public had grown tired of his lace-tipped cravats and morocco shoes, and a ribald Whig politician had exposed his use of a lotion called "Essence of Victoria." In the West, the dude was a traditional villain. (Ironically, in 1860 Lincoln's campaign manager worked hard to get him photographed in a boiled shirt with pearl studs, to make a better impression in the East.) The arrogance of caste is equally deadly in American hero-worship. Hancock, Jay, Gouverneur Morris were snobs who never won the sway, with even a seasoning of popular admiration, that some Tory statesmen have enjoyed in England. The public can never forget that Hamilton once exclaimed, "Your people, sir, is a great beast!" (These words, quoted in the second decade of this century in schooltexts on American history by William B. Guitteau, McLaughlin and Van Tyne, and Albert Bushnell Hart, were omitted after protests from school boards and patrons, from subsequent editions in the 1920's, when the Hamiltonian philosophy was in favor during the era of Republican prosperity.) Harding paid Hamilton the dubious compliment of saying, in 1921, "No man's life ever gave me greater inspiration than Hamilton's"; and bankers have often praised the first Secretary of the Treasury. But the people at large have repaid his scorn with neglect. Even Daniel Webster—for all his adoration in New England and among the

propertied classes—has failed, for like reasons, to make the upper rungs of hero-worship. All else favored him: a head so noble that it was often said "no man could be as great as Webster looked," a record of success from barefoot boy on a New Hampshire farm to the United States Senate and Cabinet, a superb voice that made the blood pound in men's temples. But he was known as "the pensioner of Wall Street," who spent his days so exclusively around mahogany tables in clubs and directors' rooms—where the smoke of Havana cigars hung blue, and "mountain dew" Scotch regaled his fine palate—that in the end he became not the idol of the People but of the Best People. There are apparent exceptions. The rich man's friend is sometimes elected President—as in the days of McKinley, Harding, and Coolidge—when the voters look upon themselves as potential rich men, but his popularity strikes no roots in the substratum of affection and legend.

10. Within limits, the mores of the hero may vary with his times. Emerson, living in the day of Old Hickory, Clay, and Webster, remarked that to the great man, "doing for the people what they wish done and cannot do, of course everything will be permitted and pardoned—gaming, drinking, fighting, luxury . . . everything short of infamous crime will pass." Hadn't Jackson run off with another man's wife? Didn't he and Clay fight duels and bet on race-horses? Weren't Clay and Webster notoriously heavy drinkers—even though Webster was said to concede enough to appearances on the platform to refresh himself with white brandy out of a water-glass? Emerson's conclusion was probably too sweeping: in the first place he forgot that the capital of Puritanism had already moved from New England into insular America, and secondly he failed to reckon with the merely regional popularity of Clay and Webster which even then was fading. Only Jackson endured, a greater democrat as well as a man of higher personal integrity. The hero of a democracy—unlike the Stuarts, Bourbons, and Napoleons of the Old World—cannot invite public opinion to go to hell. He must pay tribute to conformity. Through most of our cultural history, for the average man sex and religion have been life's two most serious subjects, and irregularity even in the mighty leader must not go too far. Aaron Burr's "one hundred bastards" belong to the legend of villainy, along with Thaddeus Stevens's alleged mistresses white and black; while Tom Paine's agnostic mockery made him in spite of his great patriotic services an object of folk hate. As for the hero, debunkery by sensational writers has usually addressed itself to secret nips at the bottle, failure to attend church, or flirtation with a neighbor's wife—rather than to matters of rightful public concern, like soundness of military strategy, foresight, or statesmanly wisdom. The great man who wins acceptance as a hero will find his vagaries and skepticisms trimmed down by convention. Nevertheless, it is surprising how few of the American great, in comparison with those of the Old World, have cultivated lush private lives, though their

individual views on religion have often shown more independence than orthodoxy. To a man's man, the sturdy profanity of Washington and Old Hickory, like the earthy jokes of Franklin and Lincoln, will be forgiven and, in the main, forgotten. Fundamentally the hero is required to be chaste, loyal, honest, humble before duty and before God. He is apt to have a dash of Puritan conscience, but the beauty of holiness is no more expected than is a sense of poetry.

11. The people's choice of heroes for America has been prevailingly sound; our major favorites are those any nation might be proud of. They go toward vindicating the whole democratic theory of careers open to talents. We believe that character is more important than brains. Hard work, tenacity, enterprise, and firmness in the face of odds are the qualities that Americans most admire, rather than originality or eloquence of tongue and pen.

12. The hero must be a man of good will and also a good neighbor, preferably something of a joiner. Of the solitudes and lonely isolations of a great man like Lincoln the public has little conception. It likes to think of its idol as simple in greatness. Manliness, forthright manners, and salty speech are approved. Love of the soil, of dogs and horses and manual hobbies and fishing, is better understood than absorption in art, literature, and music. (The public distrusts Presidents who are photographed fishing in their store clothes.) The hero must not lose touch with his birthplace and origins, however humble; the atmosphere of small towns and front-porch campaigns, cultivated by so many candidates for President, pays tribute to this demand. "I really believe there are more attempts at flattering the farmers than any other class," Lincoln as candidate for President remarked at the Wisconsin State Fair, "the reason for which I cannot perceive, unless it be that they cast more votes than any other." Also, the touch of versatility and homely skill is applauded in a hero. Thomas Jefferson is remembered less as the eighteenth-century virtuoso than as an inventor of gadgets from which he plainly got a great deal of fun. "Tinkering" is American. European lads—like Henrich Steffens growing up in Denmark, and Michael Pupin in a Serbian village—have testified to the fascination that Franklin, "wiser than all the wise men of Idvor," held for them. The hero must do things better than the common folk, but his achievements (unlike those of the artist, philosopher, and pure scientist) must lie open to everyman's comprehension. It is well, too, that the labels of the hero conform to those of the group, so that identification between him and the majority can more easily be made: for example, all of our major idols have been both Anglo-Saxon and Protestant.

13. Bravery, honesty, strength of character are the stuff for hero-worship. At the boy's level, this worship gravitates toward the doer of spectacular deeds; on the average adult level, toward the wielder of power; and in the

eyes of a more critical judgment, toward idealism and moral qualities. The most universal hero is he who can fill all these specifications. This, by the many shapes of their courage, integrity, and strength, Washington and Lincoln and Lee are able to do. But Jefferson the sedentary man, Franklin the opportunist, and Andrew Jackson the rough-hewn soldier fail to satisfy everybody. Upon a still lower rank, men like Daniel Boone and Crockett and Buffalo Bill and Edison remain almost juvenile heroes. They do not have all the dimensions of our few supreme symbols. Was it not Emerson who suggested that we Americans were the shattered pieces of a great mould?

14. Our most powerful hero epics center about our leaders. What, then, in the final analysis do Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and in a provisional verdict Wilson and the Roosevelts have in common? Among them lie many differences. In heredity, economic origins, training, skill, temperament, party affiliations, and attachment to specific policies they may seem as diverse as we could find by sifting the nation from Atlantic to Pacific. All save perhaps Washington were "liberals" by the gauge of their times—and Washington, one must not forget, was an arch political rebel, who even in old age sought to balance his conservatism by an honest effort to be nonpartisan. (And even Washington has slowly waned before the warmer humanity of Lincoln.) What is their common denominator?

15. All of them, the people believe, loved America more deeply than any selfish consideration. The hero as made in America is a man who has the power and yet does not abuse it. He is the practical demonstration of romantic democracy. Washington is most sublime because, after winning our freedom, he refused a crown, military dictatorship, and every personal reward. Lee is grandest because he did what he thought was his duty, failed under heartbreaking odds, and then with gentleness did his best to repair all hate and malice. Lincoln is most appealing because, in the conduct of that same desperate war which gave him the power of a czar, he never forgot his love for the common people of North and South. More clearly than the great heroes of Europe, military and political, ours stand for a progress concept. They spring from stock that has bred schemes both wise and foolish—with its talk about the pursuit of happiness, the more abundant life, and the American Dream. None of these epic leaders left the Republic as he found it—although to avoid disturbing a single stick or stone seems to have been the policy of men like James Buchanan, Chester A. Arthur, William McKinley, and Calvin Coolidge. At times, to be sure, the people themselves have wanted no change, felt no urge to take on fresh responsibility in the national sphere. In eras like theirs, nothing is added to the stature of American ideals—such as civil liberty, equality of opportunity, faith in the average man, social justice, respect for the rights of weaker nations and for the good estate of democracy throughout the earth.

A Chief Executive may then be called to office who rules as a minor Augustus over a gilded age, or serves as the genial host at a great barbecue. But ten years hence he is not likely to be remembered as a great man, or even as a symbol worth keeping.

16. Our heroes, we believe, are cast in a different mould. Their ruling passion, as we see it, is a sense of duty, alert to the best among the stirring impulses of their time, and able to make that impulse effective. They translate the dream into act. The supreme leader is he who can hitch the great bandwagon to the star of American idealism.

III

17. Men become tribal heroes when the voice of a nation says to them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Usually this happens in a man's lifetime, though an occasional minor figure like Paul Revere owes his fame to the postscripts of poets, orators, or biographers. In general, futurity concerns itself not with discovering new heroes but with seeing old ones in a more symbolic aspect or hewing them to new requirements. Of the major symbol, the Lincoln or the Washington, it may be said—as the skeptic said of God—that he is the noblest work of man.

18. In a democracy, where the favorite should rightly be the people's choice—and not the elect of hereditary honors or of a myth-making "party" leadership—he is an index to the collective mind and heart. His deeds and qualities are those which millions endorse. He speaks words that multitudes want said; he stands for things that they are often willing to spill their blood for. The hero is he whom every American should wish to be. His legend is the mirror of the folk soul. Of course that mirror is sometimes clouded by the breath of fame, by sheer publicity. In this age, above all others, newspapers and newsreels and radio and the mechanisms of ovation have such power, in making or breaking the idol of the moment, that fresh irony has been given the old saying, "Heroes are not born but made." Yet, in the long run, their power is less than is often supposed. The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart—and posterity, across the dusty valleys of time, will probably deal out fair justice to those who served their day with honesty and strength, along with those who served only themselves and the baser instincts of their time. Lincoln fares better than Napoleon, in satisfying the eternal human hunger for a man to admire. Over the centuries, the Galilean is far greater than Caesar.

19. The foreground of our history is still shifting, uncertain. Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Lincoln remain giants, symbols so durable that they could be broken only by an America which deliberately renounced its great past, its independence and democratic faith, in favor of alien mythologies like those of Marx and Hitler. The approval of these American symbols is clear. What hero-worship of the future will say about

Woodrow Wilson and Edison and Lindbergh, about Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, is far less certain. In the changing skies of our republic some stars will set, while other lights seen to be planets will glow more brightly as the heavens become bare around them. Meanwhile, today seems always less heroic than yesterday. "In those days there were giants," men keep saying, curiously blind to the fact that human potentiality remains much the same, and that so long as a nation has faith worth fighting for, new crises will breed new champions. Carlyle, sweeping the sky of history for great men ancient and medieval, overlooked the nearer phenomenon of Abraham Lincoln. The Scottish sage's American friend, Emerson, another philosopher of hero-worship a little dazzled by Napoleon, did not begin to take the measure of Lincoln's greatness until it had been given perspective by a martyr's death. It usually happens thus.

20. Also, over the longer reaches of our history, there are visible changes of taste and spirit in our hero-worship as well as in our patriotism. In the era of oratory from Patrick Henry to Webster, and of biography from John Marshall's *Washington* to Randall's *Jefferson,* our heroes were treated with grandiosity. This was the Silver Age of our patriotism. Forum and pulpit, Fourth of July and school declamation, poetry and fiction, the art of battle-scenes and equestrian statues and pioneer memorials, enshrined them in a vaguely classical and nebulous respect. One could hardly see the hero for the incense. Then came the age of sentiment, anticipated early by Weems but not reaching its flower until the 1840's and after—"the sentimental years," as Douglas Branch called them. The Lincoln cult, sprouting after the Civil War, drew much sustenance from it. The mothers and the infancy of heroes, their domestic lives and their tender hearts, supplanted the old accent on grandeur. Patriotism as taught by the McGuffey readers and by children's lives of the great, stressed homely simple goodness. This idealization marched abreast of the humanitarian spirit in Victorian times: heroes were good to the poor, they cherished children and dumb animals. The great man entered, not to the fanfare of trumpets, but to the still sad music of humanity. Love of country and its traditions blended into the love of home. Longfellow became our greatest patriotic bard, while across the pages of Josiah Gilbert Holland and other Lincoln biographers sometimes one could not see the hero for the tears.

21. Meanwhile, in the workaday world, in the long fat years of peace that followed Appomattox, the high inspiration of patriotism and hero-worship began to ebb. Politicians and schoolmasters continued to pay it lip-service, but there were too many distractions to keep it at the pitch of intensity a new nation had maintained for a generation after the Revolution. Our frontier was gone, and our expansion completed; of the international scene we were not yet aware. Jefferson's "choice country, with room enough," occupied us rather than Jefferson's idealism. A nation build

ing railways and dams and factories tended to forget its heroic temper. We neglected even to idealize the White House and its prerogatives of leadership; in this era Lord Bryce, writing his *American Commonwealth,* penned a chapter called "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." Our most exalted soldier, General Grant, was drowned in materialism. At the end of the century the Spanish-American War, a kind of military *fête champêtre,* gave us a few easy heroes but stirred no more than a ripple on the surface of our national life. Here and there, in the first decade of a new century, the torpor was broken by the demands of a rather naïve imperialism and of an equally naïve (though more lastingly significant) crusade toward social justice. Then the World War I brought back a breath of our strenuous past, and for two or three years we tried to remember the idiom of a nobler language. Song-writers and poets and "four-minute men" called for high endeavor. Many Americans, like Rupert Brooke in England, thanked God that the old smugness was gone, and with T. E. Hulme thrilled to "the long note of the bugle."

22. But more quickly than ever before, under the post-war disillusion, we renounced all that we had fought for. Turning to normalcy, we felt ashamed of a tingle in the spine at the invocation of Washington and Lincoln or a catch at the throat upon seeing the Stars and Stripes. Justifying ourselves for deserting a world not yet made safe for democracy, we began to debunk our heroes and their traditions. Some followed the path of sheer cynicism. Others—led by social historians, explaining that there were no great men but only movements, and by "progressive educators" filled with what Professor George S. Counts has lately and ruefully called "irrational optimism"—eased us away from the concept of patriotism. Patriotism was nothing but a conditioned reflex. "O beautiful my Country" was nothing but a form of "institutional behavior." It had been taught us, subtly, by various groups—chiefly the patrioteers who were buttressing the capitalist system. Patriotism was class propaganda, or, as Ambrose Bierce had defined it in the days when he worked for Hearst, "combustible rubbish ready to the torch of anyone ambitious to illuminate his name." Anyone who gave an arm or leg for his country was, as a nationally spread poster proclaimed, "a sucker." Heroes were bunk. There was no glamour in American history, only class struggle. These teachings had a powerful effect upon at least two groups. The first were immigrants, or the children of immigrants, whose feeling for American heroes and American tradition was naturally undernourished. The second were boys and girls of high school and college age, who decided they would never fall for the bait of nationalism as their fathers had fallen. If the world in general, and America in particular, came to grief, it was no skin off their backs. Today a new phase of the cycle has begun. Many of the elder social historians are growing aware, as Walter Lippmann observes, that they have been sentimental-

ists, "men who wanted to enjoy the good life without earning it." Their hope in the Soviet experiment, for example, has been utterly destroyed. They are beginning to grope for the traditions of our great past. They are about to decide that the heroes bred by that tradition are not jingoist symbols. They wonder if something is not to be said for the bitter, but tonic, taste of sacrifice. The prophets of intellectual youth have done some recanting: Walter Millis has concluded that there are roads to war not paved by Morgan dollars, while overseas John Strachey has enlisted in the R.A.F. in the coming struggle for power. Youth is still critical of war hysteria—and indeed would one wish to exchange youth's new sense of realism for the provincial innocence of 1914? But, if sacrifice is needed for democratic liberty, youth will probably die just as certainly as it did a generation ago. England has demonstrated that fact. And one who dies for his cause in cooler blood is a greater hero than one who dies intoxicated by hysteria.

23. In his day Walt Whitman saw the United States as a citadel "invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth," because it was "the new city of friends." A nation of good will and brotherhood, seeking neither territory nor sovereignty over its neighbors, it was also the land of Washington and Lincoln—its "saints," as the poet called them. Such memories were a vital part of its great tradition, its moorings of idealism that he believed would strengthen in tautness and hold fast in any storm.

THE GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY[1]

R. M. MacIver

Robert Morrison MacIver (1882-), a Scot, was educated at Oxford and Edinburgh; and, since coming to this country, has received honorary doctorates from two of America's oldest universities—Columbia and Harvard. Having been lecturer in prominent universities in Canada and Europe, he joined the faculty at Columbia University, where, since 1929, he has been Leiber Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology. A contributor to leading periodicals, he has published several books, among which is The Modern State and Society—Its Structure and Changes, *1926.*

Though this essay, written in the year World War II began, contains references to regimes and personalities then prominent but no longer current, Professor MacIver's definition of democracy is as valid as ever and perhaps even more important. The author has given the topic for each of the five main divisions of his essay. Notice how he defines democracy by telling what it is not, describes the positive qualities of democracy, relates democracy to the economic order, presents the main argument for democratic government, and points out America's contribution to democracy in these troublous days.

I. SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS

1. There must be some universal appeal in the name of democracy, for even its destroyers proudly claim possession of its soul. Fascist writers announce that theirs is the genuine democracy and that so-called democracy is only a sham. Soviet spokesmen assert that they have now the most democratic constitution on earth, and Stalin himself declared that the 1937 elections in Russia were "the most democratic the world has seen." Not to be outdone the Nazis, who can also point exultantly to their unanimous plebiscites, profess, as one of their leaders put it, that "the National Socialist form of state, as authoritarian dictatorship of the people, is, in truth, the most modern form of democracy in history." Hitler himself calls it "Teutonic democracy," and no doubt the adjective makes all the difference.

2. We may smile, sarcastically or sadly, at these professions coming from lands where men fear to whisper a word of criticism of their government, where it is perilous even to listen in to foreign radio stations. But we ourselves are often very careless in our definitions of democracy, and sometimes, as when we identify it with majority-rule, we define it in ways which would actually justify such preposterous claims. It is highly important that we clear up this notion of democracy, so as to see precisely wherein it differs from dictatorship. Although or because so much has been written

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Southern Review*, Summer, 1939.

about democracy, for or against democracy, in these times, the concept itself is still beset by serious confusions. Recently a gentleman introduced a new variety of the game of contract bridge, claiming that it was much more "democratic" than the usual form, and proposed to call it for that reason "American contract." The main idea was that all the suits should have equal value. No doubt it would become still more "democratic" if all the *cards* were given equal value! There are those who think that democracy means giving everyone equal authority, so that no man has any more power than another. This scheme would assure not the presence of democracy but the absence of government—in short, chaos, the "state of nature." There are others who think it is democratic to take a vote in order to decide the merits of plays or pictures or cigarettes or movie actresses, as though there were some necessary relation between merit and popularity. The New York World's Fair, in planning its art exhibition, announced that it would have a nation-wide system of selection committees and that quotas would be established for the various regions throughout the United States, and they called this system "the most complete application of democratic methods ever attempted in an exhibition of this kind." There are also those who think that to be democratic is to show to everyone a "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit. There are certain organizations calling themselves democratic —not unknown, for example, in New York City—where the idea of democracy is to share the spoils among the members and to distribute bread and coal to the deserving democratic poor. There are other organizations which propose to establish democracy by handing things out all round. In the first democracy that history clearly reveals, the idea got abroad—it was in ancient Athens—that there was something peculiarly democratic in the rotation of office, and they created so many offices that practically every citizen had his turn in one of them. To make the principle complete and give every man an equal chance they decided to use the lot instead of the ballot.

3. A more important confusion is that which equates democracy with the government of the many, opposed to the government of the few. The many in this sense never actually govern. They never do and never can decide the specific issues of policy that governments are always facing. Mr. Walter Lippmann once wrote a book (*The Phantom Public*) in which he told us that the ordinary man was quite disillusioned about democracy, because he couldn't possibly give attention to all the pressing questions of the day. Democracy was an "unattainable ideal" because the man in the street was unable to attend to banking problems one day and Brooklyn sewers the next and Manchurian railroads the day after—and so on. Of course if anyone entertains such an illusion about the nature of democracy he certainly ought to be disillusioned. No serious political thinker has ever put forward such a theory, with the possible exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Democracy can never be government by the people in that sense.

They can broadly decide the general direction of governmental policy and little more.

4. Nor can we say that democracy is any system under which the majority of the people support the existing government. Apart from the mere technical point that it is sometimes difficult to say whether a democratically elected government still holds a majority or not—though no doubt Mr. Gallup is of great service to us here—there is the glaring fact that a dictatorship may have the support of a majority, and any definition that will not enable us to distinguish democracy from dictatorship is worse than useless. Assuredly that is not what any intelligent defender of democracy means. We must carefully avoid the definition of democracy as simply majority-rule. Democracy does involve one form of majority-rule, a form in which there is no fixed majority entrenched against the processes and tides of free opinion that could reduce it again to a minority. But a majority-system that silences all opposition and censors all contrary opinion is emphatically not to be named a democracy.

5. Still less can democracy be defined as mass-rule. Here I am using the term "mass" or "masses" in the sense given to it by the Spanish writer Ortega y Gasset in his famous alarmist book, *The Revolt of the Masses.* For him the mass is the average man as a multitude and he declares that the mass in this sense is in our days triumphing over all leadership, over all distinction, creating a "hyperdemocracy." I call the book alarmist because it dogmatically presents as a universal modern menace a phenomenon that is far from universal and that is not peculiarly modern. It is not true that the average man normally hates distinction. He generally applauds it where he understands it, as is very evident in the field of sport. And if leadership in the field of politics is often commonplace, a charge to which the party-system of the United States has been peculiarly liable, realistic investigation shows that this condition is due more to the manipulation and machination of wire-pulling interest-groups than to the instincts of the average man. There is indeed an element of truth in the position of Señor y Gasset. It is that in times of stress and crisis the mass tends to coalesce into one or more dynamic movements, responsive to the orator or the demagogue who understands their mentality, though he may understand nothing else. Such movements can easily triumph in such times, and it is true that democracy affords the free and open forum in which they are bred. But so long as democracy endures, such movements sink as easily as they rise. It is only when democracy falls that they gain the character which Señor y Gasset attributes to them. "The mass," he says, "crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified, and select." The description has more obvious application to the dictatorial than to the democratic spirit.

6. There is one further confusion about the nature of democracy which

we must seek to dispel before we turn to its positive character. Democracy first expressed itself in a certain type of representative system, a parliamentary system, and on the whole it is still associated with that system. But it is quite possible to conceive of democracy as existing without parliamentary institutions in the traditional sense; that is, apart from a central assembly composed of the elected representatives of the people, an assembly which debates in public, by majority vote, and constitutes the decisive and central organ of government. Historically the growth of democracy was the growth of parliamentary institutions, and it remains true that parliamentary institutions are impossible without democracy, without the free expression of opinion as the basis of national policy. But we must not assume that the free play of public opinion *must* register itself in parliamentary forms. Historical evolution may reveal an endless train of yet undreamed-of modes of government, adaptations to changing needs and changing demands. Democracy is on the whole a recent development. Parliamentary institutions arose when the problems of government were simpler than they are today, when public opinion was more homogeneous, less diversified by specialized corporate interests, when representation of localities or areas had a meaning that now it has for the most part lost, when agriculture was the predominant occupation of men and the relation to the land everywhere the paramount relation. All that is changed. Already, in every democracy, important activities of regulation are outside the direct control of parliaments. Everywhere the necessities of administration have created boards and commissions, controls and corporate functions, devoted to fundamental national tasks. If this process continues, parliaments and congresses may cease to be the main centers of national life. But if freedom continues, democracy will still prevail. Still the free tides of opinion will determine who shall govern, who shall be entrusted with power. The mechanism of democracy must always change if conditions change and the principle of liberty abides.

II. THE POSITIVE CHARACTER OF DEMOCRACY

7. If then the institutions of democracy are subject to change and must be forever readapted to changing conditions and changing needs, must we give up the attempt to discover the political form of democracy and seek instead to identify it by its spirit? I would rather not resort to that refuge. It is too inconclusive. It is also dangerous, since even its enemies may and indeed do claim for themselves whatever we assign as the spiritual quality of democracy. I must still define it by its form or structure, though realizing that only a congenial spirit, only an appropriate set of attitudes, can sustain that structure. I believe the problem is solved by the distinction between the form of *government* and the form of the *state* itself. No form of government is permanent but there are abiding forms of state. Democracy is such

a form, and wherever it has existed in the past or exists in the present, it can be identified by two simple criteria. By means of these we can tell whether democracy prevails or whether instead we are confronting a political system which should be called by some other name, such as that of dictatorship.

8. The two are as follows. (1) *Democracy puts into effect the distinction between the state and the community.* Among other things this implies the existence of constitutional guarantees and civil rights which the government is not empowered to abrogate. (2) *Democracy depends on the free operation of conflicting opinions.* Among other things this implies a system under which any major trend or change of public opinion can constitutionally register itself in the determination both of the composition and of the policies of government. Let us take in turn each of these criteria.

9. By a community I mean an inclusive area of social interaction within which men share the basic conditions of a common life, whether on the scale of a village or a city, a tribe or a nation. It is thus a relatively definite area of society, and the boundaries of a state, the political organization, may or may not coincide with some such area. But whether they do or do not the state and the community, or more broadly, the state and society, must be distinguished. In everything I have written about the state I have sought to lay stress on this distinction, and the more often I return to the subject the more vital does it appear to me to be, alike for the understanding of the social reality and for the general guidance of social policy. Because democracy in effect affirms this distinction, its foundations, however weak the superstructure, are sunk into the rock of reality. Because the totalitarian state in effect denies this distinction, its foundations rest on shifting sand. No might, no flourish of doctrine, no ruthlessness, can ever destroy the difference, can ever reduce society to the proportions of the state. For the state is men organized under government and no body of men, not even the most totalitarian, make the total surrender of themselves, of all their living and thinking and believing and loving and fearing, to the power-control of government. They could not if they tried. They are the creatures of customs and traditions and of morals and creeds, of hidden loyalties, of daily habits, that are not controlled or controllable from any mere center of power. We live in a social matrix that is immensely more rich and subtle than the rigid delineaments of the state. That matrix sustains our daily life whereas the state is aloof and impersonal, a majestic name we reverence or an ominous thing we fear. Behind the majesty or the dread there is only a group of men clinging to power, limited in their visions, in their sympathies, in their understanding. The state can do only what government can regulate, what the ruler, a mere man or assembly of men, can effectively decree. And when in arrogant pretension or insufferable narrow-mindedness the ruler decrees that all men shall think as he thinks

and shall value only what he values, he passes beyond the limits of his power. For a time the credulities or the passions or the necessities or the despairs of the masses may lead them to support his inordinate claims. He may be the instrument of destiny, even the temporary Messiah of his people. But his will is only the will of a man, placed in power by the conjuncture of events, a man subject to sickness and to age, to the delusions of pride and to the corruptions of power. His will may rule the state but no man and no assembly of men can comprehend or control the creative forces of society. That the total being of a community should be shaped and measured by this totalitarian will is as absurd a pretension as the old belief that the sun goes round the earth.

10. The state is a particular type of social organization and in so far as it has intelligible meaning or function it is an agency of the community it regulates. Under all conditions it is a logical confusion to identify the state with the community, with the people, the nation, the country. The people engage in myriad activities, enter into myriad relationships, that by no stretch of language can be called political. The people display myriad differences of opinion, thought, morals, creed, and culture. The government of the state may formally suppress them, but they are still there, no longer in the state, the political system, but in the community, the social system. Unfortunately language abets the confusion of thought. The same word—"United States," "England," "Germany"—denotes both the state and the nation-community. We say indifferently, "the United States makes a treaty" and "the United States is recovering from a depression." The first sentence refers to the state, the second to the country. We speak of the "national" debt—it is the debt of the state, not the country; it is in fact owed to the country. When we say that "Germany overthrew the Weimar Republic," we mean that the people, or a part of the people, overthrew the state, we do not mean that the state overthrew itself. As soon as we begin to think about it we perceive that the state and the community are two different things, that the state is not the community but the political organization of the community. The customs of the people may conflict with the laws of the state. Men and women, as social beings, are not merely citizens of states. They act in other relationships. Their thoughts, their strivings, their fears and hopes, their beliefs, their affections and interests, their family life, lie largely outside the scheme of government altogether. In war or in grave crisis the state commandeers the community, demanding that the citizens forget their other relationships, their other interests, but the cost is always heavy. Only at an immense temporary sacrifice does the state even approach the universal partnership that orators such as Edmund Burke have called it.

11. Now what democracy does is to establish through constitutional forms the principle that the community is more inclusive than, greater than, the state. In many older forms of state, in ancient empires, the dis-

tinction was implicit. The scheme of daily life, the customs of the people, remained almost untouched by government except for incursions by the tax-gatherer and the occasional disruptions of war. But only in democracy is the distinction made the foundation of a political system. In effect democracy asserts that the state is one form of organization of the community, for certain ends of the community. Not for all ends, since that would destroy the right to be different and therefore the possibility of democracy. The ends of the state must be somewhere limited if opinion remains free, if government is to be an agency of the people instead of the principal of which the people are an agent. Under democracy the cultural life of the community is in general withdrawn from the direct control of the state. For if culture is coördinated then divergent opinions and creeds are suppressed, free thought is suppressed, and democracy cannot exist. Democracy so understood is not a specific form of government attached to a specific historical set of institutions, it is a mode of government corresponding to a set of attitudes. The forms may change, must change with the conditions if the creative processes of democracy endure.

12. Our second criterion, the constitutional right of opinion to determine policy, is, as we have just suggested, a corollary of the first. It is the way in which the distinction between the state and the community is carried into effect. The state regulates the common interest or what is conceived to be the common interest. The community nourishes many interests that are not common to all the citizens but only at most to particular groups. The democratic state is a limited state in that it cannot, without destroying itself, suppress the freedom of opinion, with the possible exception of such opinion as advocates the abolition of free opinion. It is limited in that it cannot entertain policies abrogating the right of assembly or of association, policies preventing religious or other cultural groups from pursuing their particular principles or tenets after their own manner, provided they do not assault the peace and order of the community.

13. The constitutional right of opinion to determine policy necessitates the existence of a party system. In democracy opinion is both free and controlling. It cannot control unless it is organized. It cannot be organized unless there are political parties. It is true that the founders of the American Constitution had no place for parties. But they were contemplating a simpler and dominantly agricultural society. In the modern state, whatever sins parties may commit, they are still a *sine qua non* of democracy. A single party on the totalitarian model is in the proper sense no party at all. It is a monopoly preventing the free formation and expression of opinion. It is the precise antithesis of the party system. Nor can a substitute be found for political parties through vocational or functional organizations. Such organizations, syndicates, occupational corporations, and so forth,

are either voluntary or state-controlled. If they are voluntary or free, they will act on party lines. A workers' organization will take one stand, an employers' organization another. Or else they will divide on political issues and so parties will reëmerge. If they are state-controlled, they will be merely organs of governmental control, as in Italy, and will not function as free agencies of opinion. At most they will divert attention and energy from genuine political issues to minor questions of particularist material interests.

14. It may be remarked in passing that there are good historical reasons for supposing that democracy is on safer foundations when a country is habituated to a two-party system than when parties are divided up into numerous separate organizations. In the latter situation a single party, holding the balance of power in a crisis or taking advantage of popular excitement, or proclaiming a panacea for the nation's ills, may seize exclusive power without arousing the profound resentment that must be provoked where one of the two alternative parties attempted to suppress the other. A democracy is then most safe when the political struggle lies between two historical parties, adapting themselves to changing conditions, so that third parties are either very temporary or else represent only a small minority. That is one reason why it is good political sense to encourage those representative devices that strengthen the two-party system and discourage those that tend to break it up into multiple parties and blocs. Of the latter devices the most potent is the seemingly fair and innocent principle of proportional representation. In a number of instances, and notably in that of the Weimar Republic, it has been a factor in preventing the formation of a workable democracy.

15. The two criteria we have offered provide the sufficient and conclusive ground for distinguishing democracy from all other forms of state. In so far as these principles prevail a political system is democratic. No political system other than democracy is founded on these principles. A dictatorship may rest on a majority will, but if so it prevents all minority wills from attaining expression. Hence it is not the number who support a government that determines whether that state is a democracy or a dictatorship. Quite possibly a greater proportion of the citizens support or have supported the Nazi or the Soviet government than in this country favors the present administration at Washington. Again, in the earlier forms of dynastic state the people on the whole, whether through conviction, indoctrination, superstition, fear, or inertia, acquiesced in, approved, or even venerated the governing power, but the opinion of the people was not creative, could not constitutionally translate itself into policy. Only on the grounds we have mentioned can we adequately define democracy and set it properly apart from other forms of the state.

III. DEMOCRACY AND THE ECONOMIC ORDER

16. Our definition of democracy may help us to clear our minds on certain issues that have a vital bearing on its future. We are told, for example, that political democracy is impossible or meaningless without economic equality. The communists tell us that we cannot have democracy so long as there are class distinctions. From the opposite school we hear that democracy is incompatible with economic planning. And we are asked to choose between Mr. Max Lerner, who believes that the only way to keep democracy is to espouse socialism and to do it quickly, and Mr. Walter Lippmann, who believes that the only way to avoid dictatorship is to eschew socialism and all its works.

17. Now democracy is where you find it and it is most where you find most of it. Actually every democratic system we know has been associated with some type of class system, whether it be the socially aristocratic tradition of England, the bourgeois-familial organization of France, or the wealth-stratification of the United States. This is a simple statement of fact, not an argument in favor of any of these class principles. It merely shows that people can accept and even believe in social distinctions or economic inequalities and still remain attached to democratic institutions. On the other hand the only systems that have professed social and economic equality or have claimed to engineer it have been dictatorial or despotic. This latter fact is not an anomaly or an accident, nor does it involve a contradiction between the form and the spirit of institutions. In human society, on every level and within every group, even among the outcast and the despised of men, differences making for individual inequality and social distinction are forever seeking outlet and expression, and they cannot be suppressed except by a dominant power, so dominant that it can take control of all the sources of difference and thus is inevitably authoritarian and antidemocratic. This fact also is so patent that I cannot trust the good faith of those ideologists of democracy who refuse to acknowledge it. Equality of voting power—yes, that is easy to achieve, and democracy achieves it. Equality before the law—yes, that is formally established under democracy, and it is a proper aim and ideal of democracy to make this formal equality ever more substantial. Equality of opportunity—yes, the democratic state can go a long way to remove the impediments, social and economic, that prevent men from rising in the scale, from finding the place and the function for which their native talents qualify them. All these things democracy has it in its own power to achieve, but absolute equality is a mirage, a most dangerous mirage. The inherent struggle of men for advantage and position, leading to distinctions of social class, cannot be prevented without the overwhelming tyranny that crushes initiative and democracy alike. And in the end we will have established absolute and fatal inequalities of power

where once there were only relative inequalities of wealth and social class.

18. There are indeed certain forms of economic inequality which in this age particularly it is the imperative task of democracy to control and remove, because they provoke the greatest danger it faces and because their removal is essential to the social well-being. These inequalities arise out of the hazards of the industrial life, above all the hazard of unemployment. Let us not forget that the dictatorships have on the whole, in one way or another, abolished this hazard for their peoples. If they had not done so they could not have held their peoples. It was a necessity imposed upon them and necessity found a way. The democracies have taken various measures to mitigate the effects of unemployment, but the main problem is unsolved. Not only is there a considerable permanent volume of unemployment but there is always the prospect of a new depression which will severely aggravate that volume and shake the foundations of democracy. Sooner or later, in the ordinary course of capitalistic industry, the prospect is certain to be fulfilled. Democracy must prepare against it. If the people lack bread they will not accept stones—they will throw them instead. Here is where intelligent economic planning is necessary. It is not a question of dictatorship or of democracy. It is a purely technical problem. Since in a depression there are idle hands and idle plants and idle materials and idle finished products and idle funds and idle enterprise, it is perfectly obvious that the trouble is a failure in the working of the great economic machine, that somehow the monetary and credit system is not adequately geared to the productive system. It is a momentous problem but one that economic intelligence can surely solve. And it is ridiculous to say that the solution is not consistent with democracy. For even a partial solution would enhance the prosperity of all classes and of all interests. No doubt public opinion would require to be prepared for the application of whatever controls are found to be most desirable. But these controls would not seriously interfere with fundamental democratic liberties. No individual, not even the most powerful, controls the price level at will or determines the rate of interest or the accessibility of credit or the insurance of the risks of the entrepreneur. The need for intelligent control is urgent. If it were widely enough realized that here is the greatest of challenges alike to our economic intelligence and to our constructive statesmanship, there are, I believe, already sufficient indications that a solution would be found and that this solution, instead of imperiling democracy, would be its most needed safeguard.

19. Democracy must meet its problems in its own way, and the most persistent of the problems of any government are economic problems. In this respect the goal of the democratic state has been growing clearer in the course of modern history. It cannot abolish social classes but it can suppress the exploitation of one class or one group by another, assuring each, among other things, the equal right to organize and to pursue its collective interest

It cannot abolish differences of wealth, but it can mitigate them while allowing initiative still its opportunity, and it can assure to all its citizens a reasonable standard of security, a decent minimum scale of living, and a share in every increase in the national prosperity.

20. There are some who declare that this is not enough, that it will not work, that we must turn our political democracy into an economic democracy, unless the very word "democracy" is to be a snare and a delusion. I have puzzled considerably over this phrase, "economic democracy," and have come to the conclusion that I do not know what it means. When I try to give it meaning, on the assumption that it is to be taken literally, I find myself lost in the fog. I know what economic equality means, even if I do not see any practicable means of realizing it in any full sense, certainly not under democratic conditions. I know what is meant by the democratic control of national economic policy. The determination of economic policy is a major function of every government, whether it is democratic or not. I know what trade-union democracy means, for obviously the members may assert their right to elect their leaders and say whither they shall lead. But when I am told that political democracy is futile unless it is accompanied by economic democracy, or when I learn from Professor Laski that "a political democracy seeks, by its own inner impulses, to become a social *and economic* democracy" (italics mine), again I am lost in the fog. Does it mean that just as the citizens form parties to elect a government, by the same token the workers will form parties and stage campaigns and then decide by a majority vote who will run banks and factories and transportation systems and what policies they will follow in conducting these businesses? I do not think that can be what Mr. Laski means, for nowhere in the world does that happen and certainly not in a socialist state. Yet that is as near as I can come to the strict meaning of the words "economic democracy."

21. I observe, however, that when Mr. Laski and others refer to economic democracy, they go on to speak about measures for safeguarding the workers against exploitation, for assuring them the right of collective bargaining, for giving them a larger share in the fruits of industry, and generally for raising their standard of living and their security of tenure. With these aims I am in hearty sympathy, and one of the most important agencies for their attainment is and has been political democracy. It is of course only one of several conditions necessary for the furtherance of such objectives, but I do not observe that any responsible person, whether in a capitalist or in a socialist state or in the mixed capitalist-socialist state that is really characteristic of our times, claims that one of the other conditions is the practice of deciding business policy, in the insurance company or the bank or the industrial corporation, by a majority vote of the workers.

22. In fact various indications lead me to suspect that "economic democ

racy" is a question-begging phrase and that often when it is used the writer or speaker is not thinking of democracy at all but of certain economic ends which on other grounds he finds desirable and which by other methods he deems attainable. The analogy between political democracy and economic democracy is a very loose one. Political democracy is a form of state, and all the citizens are members of a state. What is the corresponding locus of economic democracy? Is it the business in or for which we work? But there are myriads of these, of all sizes and patterns. Obviously therefore it is only in the state itself that what is spoken of as economic democracy can be realized. But if so, and if economic democracy is distinguished from or contrasted with political democracy, the former term must be simply a way of describing the kind of policy approved by the speaker, the one he thinks a political democracy *ought* to follow. Once again he is talking not of democracy but of something else altogether.

23. Against this misuse of language it is important at this time emphatically to protest. The enemies of democracy are ready enough to distort and misrepresent the meaning of democracy; its friends should not lend them aid.

IV. THE FINAL ARGUMENT FOR DEMOCRACY

24. In this age of ours, when the form of government has become the most momentous of the issues that divide men and nations we have peculiar need for clear thinking about democracy. If we defend it we should do so without misunderstanding what it is; if we attack it we should know what we attack. To question and to seek the truth is still our democratic privilege. In defending democracy one need not and should not be blind to its limitations and to its defects. Public opinion is no wiser, no better than the people who hold it. The people are easily led by demagogues. They are beset by prejudices, moved by slogans, deceived by specious sentiments. They are often inert and often confused. They are often roused by things that matter little and often unresponsive to things that matter much. Let us freely admit all this, but let us equally admit the fact that we do not get away from the prejudices and the confusions of the people by resorting to dictatorships. In the modern world every system of government must rest on the general consent of the mass of the people. On this score everything that is said in the indictment of democracy applies with yet greater force against dictatorship, since the latter must use every technique to prevent the people, on whose mass emotions it depends, from becoming more enlightened.

25. There are true charges to be made against democracy, but there are also false charges. The people may deceive themselves but they do not deceive anyone else. In this sense they are sincere, often more sincere than their rulers. Of their own accord they march neither to heaven nor to hell

but remain on the level earth. There are indeed some prophets of doom among us, who think that democracy works some fatal magic on society. But their prophetic utterances are based on such flimsy argument and are so contradictory one of another that we can afford to disregard them. So we will not pause over Mr. N. J. Lennes (*Whither Democracy*) who, peering into his biological crystal, sees democracy, because in it men have an opportunity to rise from the class in which they were born, leading straight to a caste system, thoroughly stratified on hereditary principles; nor will we concern ourselves with those other seers, like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram (*The Nemesis of Democracy*) and the worthy Professor Irving Babbitt (*Democracy and Leadership*) who are equally convinced that the end result of democracy is a universal "dead level of incapacity" or "a huge mass of standardized mediocrity."

26. In the modern world there is no way to save government from the people or to save the people from itself. It is idle to ask for a government of the best men, as distinct from a democratic government, for who will elect the best and if by some strange chance they should elect themselves how long would they remain the best? It is idle to seek a government of laws and not of men, for a government of laws will turn into a government of lawyers, who happen also to be men. Every alternative to democracy is subject to a charge more fatal than any that can be laid against it, the irremediable defect of irresponsible power. It is on that ground that many outstanding political thinkers, men who, like John Stuart Mill, were very conscious of its weaknesses, men who, like most of the Fathers of the Constitution, had no great confidence in the people, nevertheless have championed its cause.

27. Possibly no discovery of the physical sciences, however world-shaking it may be, has been of more profound importance to mankind than the discovery that power could be made effectively responsible. This was no easy achievement but the painful task of centuries. Before it could be realized the discovery had to break through age-old entrenchments of established interests, guarded by traditions, by ceremonies, by taboos, by magic, by religion, by dire penalties, by all the means, physical, economic, spiritual, that power itself can dispose. At best it has been a partial and a precarious achievement, but we should not minimize on that account its immense importance. Democracy is the generic name for that achievement, and its significance is understood only when we contemplate the effects of irresponsible power, not merely on those who are subject to it but above all on those who possess it. Who that has lived many years on this earth can have failed to observe how even a modicum of irresponsible power perverts the intelligence and hardens the sensibilities, how the jack-in-office struts in pompous undiscerning pride, how the bureaucrat loses touch with humanity, how the petty boss, when no superior watches, becomes a

wretched bully? In every sphere of human activity, in the factory, in the trade-union, in the home, in the church, in the barracks, in the prison, even in the seats of learning, let power be uncontrolled and it will work the same effects. With some of his bitterest words Shakespeare characterized this phenomenon:

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.

And if uncontrolled power works these effects on the lower level of every-day affairs, how much more evil it can be when it is set on high and calls for veneration! The intolerable experience of such exercise of power drove the politically-minded peoples to seek a safeguard against it—and they all had experience in plenty. The safeguard was democracy, and it is this hard-won safeguard that the dictatorships now ridicule and trample on. They laud and magnify the irresponsible power which corrupts the best and turns the worst into loathsome brutes.

V. AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO DEMOCRACY

28. In the development of this epoch-making discovery, that power can be made responsible, various peoples have played a part. The Greeks made the first great contribution, the Romans added something, the medieval cities began to explore it anew, the English rediscovered it on a national scale and broadened its foundations through the centuries. Here in conclusion I would say a word about the contribution of America. For at this juncture in world affairs the United States has taken on a new and more decisive rôle in the drama of democracy.

29. Although many of the pioneers in the making of America came in the quest of religious freedom, social emancipation, or economic opportunity, America contributed little to the practice or principle of democracy until quite modern times. In colonial days dogma had too strong a hold. Those who had found religious freedom for themselves were generally ready enough to deny it to others. Except in certain local arrangements there was relatively little democracy. Except for certain heretics, such as Roger Williams, there was relatively little democratic theory. Indeed there was very little political thinking at all that had any independence. Even in the crisis of the Revolution the eighteenth-century thinkers went back for their philosophical inspiration to the English thinkers of the seventeenth century. What was most congenial to them was the common-sense liberalism of John Locke, while the radicalism of Tom Paine had only an ephemeral flare of popularity and the democratic fervor of Rousseau had practically

no appeal at all. The leaders of the Revolution accepted the principle that the people were the locus of sovereignty, but the people were conceived of in the Lockian sense. They were the substantial solid folk as distinct from the rabble. The appeal to the people was not the appeal to the whole people. Nor was it only the socially conservative, like Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, and Ames, who distrusted "the imprudence of democracy." There are evidences of the same distrust in Samuel Adams, even in Thomas Jefferson. The leaders of that age were in the dilemma that they must build the revolutionary state on the foundation of democracy and yet they were fearful of the foundation. So in the various states as well as in the Union they restrained the operation of majority voting by constitutional enactment—a process that particular states have since carried much further—and they further legislated property qualifications for voters and still more stringent ones for electoral candidates.

30. But before another fifty years had passed a new spirit was beginning to pervade the growing republic. It had cast off the intellectual dependence of colonial days. It had begun to create a distinctive social order in which property qualifications disappeared along with primogeniture, in which European traditions of rank and class were set at naught, in which a different philosophy emerged, signalized by the robust individualism of Whitman and Emerson and by the optimistic faith of Lincoln in the common people. In this vast movement the influence of the ever-expanding West predominated, fed by the vision of free men and by the presence of free land. Thither went those who had discarded tradition or who had none to discard, the dispossessed and those who had no possessions. There was generated the spiritual individualism which nursed the characteristic democracy of America. Individualism is not always the friend of democracy. Starting from individualistic premises Thomas Hobbes had deduced the necessity of totalitarianism. But in this age of free land and rich exploitable resources, individualism was tolerant of the liberties of the common man, even though it sustained also the boss, the spoils-seeker, and the robber-baron. The common man emerged from social subservience to an extent nowhere else attained in the civilized world. American democracy thus became a new thing, no longer dependent on European principles but developing along its own lines and growing fully conscious of its new-world quality.

31. Such in briefest outline has been the character of American democracy, reflecting the spirit of the individual's trust in himself, unhierarchal, tolerant of differences, lacking in class consciousness, and distrustful of the repressive powers of government. The picture is complicated by other factors, by the tendency to reverence the Constitution as a final political revelation, by the more powerful operation of the principle of judicial review with its influence in the direction of socio-economic conservatism, by the

consolidation of economic power in vast corporate empires, by the presence of a large racially separate population not in effect accepted into the framework of the democratic system, and by the preponderant growth of an industrial urbanized population whose conditions of life and whose problems of security and employment are utterly remote from those that bred the American doctrine. It is not difficult to imagine that from some alignment of these factors might come a serious menace to the American democratic tradition. The frontier has receded into the Western ocean. Free land belongs to the past. Economic individualism forlornly fights a rear guard action against the billion-dollar corporation and centralized finance and organized labor and the ruthless economic cycle and large-scale unemployment. New times have brought new attitudes and new needs. Democracy too must find a new voice, a new conviction. The old forms crumble but the old faith in humanity endures.

32. In its reassertion the United States has a particular contribution to offer and is beginning to offer it. For the United States has something more than its resources, its enterprise, its belief in the future. In it the great middle ground on which democracy stands has not been deeply invaded by the extremists, as in so many countries of Europe. Its people do not reverence authority and rank. They are not prone to any worship of the state. Witnessing the tragic consequences of extremist positions in other lands they can take a new assurance in their own golden mean, in the greater tolerance and restraint that happier circumstances have made it easier for them to maintain. They can take a new devotion to the cause of democracy. The world needs this assurance and this devotion as perhaps never before. It needs this assurance until extremist passions defeat themselves, until extremist philosophies, the untimely birth of violent crisis, lose their hold upon the peoples, and the noise of their mighty conflict dies away.

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THE SANTA FE TRAIL[1]

Donald Culross Peattie

Donald Culross Peattie (1895-) was educated at the University of Chicago and Harvard. Ever since he began his work as a botanist for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Mr. Peattie has shown a consuming interest in natural history, which is reflected in such books as his Audubon's America, *1940,* The Road of a Naturalist, *1941, and* Journey into America, *1943. Having recently been made roving editor of* The Reader's Digest, *however, he has written a number of articles dealing with early life in America. In addition to "The Santa Fe Trail," these include sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Marcus Whitman, Kit Carson, Ben Franklin, Jean Laffite, and William Penn.*

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

Fabulous as Samarkand, inaccessible as Lhasa, forbidden as the inner city of old Peking, the town of Santa Fe beckoned tantalizingly across a continent to Americans of the early Republic. Yet as late as 1820, more than 200 years after the Spanish founded Santa Fe, only a handful of English-speaking Americans had ever seen it.

For it lay beyond the trackless prairie and the burning Cimarron desert, on the far side of the Rockies' rearing wall. To reach it one must pass through some 700 miles of Indian country—the lands of the fierce Pawnees and thieving Osages. Bands of Cheyennes might sweep across the venturesome explorer's track from the north, or Comanches from the south, while Apaches kept the warpath in the mountains.

Even those few who by luck and endurance lived to gaze down on the little city's flat roofs soon found themselves in a Spanish prison. Or they were expelled again on the Great Plains, often without horses or guns. Such as survived the homeward journey told tales of hardships and hostility that should have discouraged all comers.

But those who returned also had yarns to spin of silver bullion and

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher and the author, from *The Yale Review,* Winter, 1946, as condensed in *The Reader's Digest.*

minted gold, of turquoise mines and fine-tooled leather. They described a town built of sun-baked bricks of clay, and pervaded by the haunting incense of piñon smoke and by the music of cathedral bells. And there was the fascination of the melodious Spanish tongue and (whisper it!) of alluring womenfolk who were not more reserved than human nature could bear.

With deep suspicion the Spanish governors watched the westward expansion of the stripling giant that was the United States. The merchants of Mexico City were jealous for their monopoly of a closed market; they could fix the prices in Santa Fe without competition.

All the while the *gringos,* the *yanqui* businessmen, had the manufactured goods that Santa Fe needed—cambrics and calicos, velvets and crepes, shawls of silk and wool, knives, axes, traps, pots and pans. And Santa Fe could balance the trade with costly furs and precious metals for which American markets hungered. But Spanish jealousy blocked all that.

The people of Santa Fe themselves were no less resentful than the frustrated Yankee traders, who had been pushing ever farther west to barter with the Indians. Destiny selected one such trader, William Becknell, with his party of fur traders, in the autumn of 1821. At the foot of the Rockies, Becknell was in Spanish territory and knew it. So when a company of troops dashed toward him he expected nothing but imprisonment and confiscation of his goods.

He was astonished to hear himself politely urged to continue to Santa Fe as a guest of the two-month-old "Mexican Empire" which had just declared independence of Spain. For, once the Spanish yoke was thrown off, New Mexico could not get the *gringo* traders to her gates fast enough. So, four days later, Becknell's wagons rolled into the mysterious city, to be welcomed with shouts of rejoicing. His stock sold out at a rousing profit.

When Becknell returned to the United States, he reined his wagons to a halt in the frontier town of Franklin, Mo., slit the rawhide bags in his wagon, and allowed the big, ringing coins of Spanish gold to roll into the gutter. Franklin could only goggle in wonderment. The United States at that time was metal-poor; too much of its business was conducted in paper money whose purchasing power fluttered in every economic breeze.

Franklin saw its opportunity. Everyone who had a dollar rushed to invest it in trading goods. One young woman put $90 into merchandise, and her brother brought her back $900 in gold as her share of the profits. By 1826, four years later, when a rusty-headed boy named Kit Carson ran away from his apprentice's bench in a Franklin saddler's shop to join the westward wagons, the value of Missouri exports was $90,000, and after two more years it reached $150,000.

Such trade could not be kept a secret or the monopoly of one town. Little Franklin was the first of the picturesque prairie "ports," as they called themselves, most of them located near the great bend of the Missouri

where it swings east on its way to the sea. Boats could bring goods that far, but there the covered wagons and the pack trains must take over. So there sprang up "ports" like Westport, Fort Osage, Independence, Fort Leavenworth and, later, Kansas City.

Each in turn had its boom, and every spring it saluted with fusillades the departing wagon trains laden with dry goods and hardware and provisions of food and firearms. And welcomed them home with their cargos of buffalo robes, wool, precious furs and ringing gold. Merchants made mushroom fortunes, and wagoners, on the return, hit the town with their Spanish dollars like sailors in port. Grogshops flourished, gambling halls never closed their doors, "bad men" had their say and bad women their day.

Yet each prairie "port" in its turn vanished or became something else. The ravenous Missouri ate the town of Franklin alive. Kansas City engulfed Westport. Independence lived down its gaudy past to become a respectable midwest community.

For us there were two immediate tangible results of the Santa Fe trade. The most obvious was gold and silver, which poured into American business like a transfusion of rich blood. In the panic of 1837, Spanish metal saved the day for many a frontier community. Forty-five thousand dollars in specie arrived in the nick of time to rescue the Bank of Missouri from the most dangerous run it had ever had. But no one can compute the value of the other prize—the Santa Fe "jacks and jennies" which, originating the world-renowned Missouri mule, became the biggest thing in the life of the American farmer till the coming of the tractor. Stronger than a horse, faster than oxen, the mule pulled the Santa Fe traders through every tough spot, from the waterless Cimarron desert to the rock-strewn Raton Pass.

Every spring the Santa Fe caravans lumbered forth, all hearts high with adventure. "Catch up—catch up!" was the cry each morning, the signal for packing up and hitching. "All set!" would ring the answer, from wagon to wagon, like a bugle note. "Stretch out!" was the barked command. Then a hundred rawhide whips cracked across the loins of the brute beasts and they strained, heaved and started the big wheels rolling. "Fall in!" was the last command, the signal to form a double file. This was the almost universal order of march, for in case of Indian attack the two columns could quickly bend out and form a circle.

About the third day out, with the last of the eastern hardwood forest left behind at Council Grove, the covered wagons rolled along, like galleons under canvas, across a shelterless sea of grass 400 miles and more wide. It was an echoless waste washed by many moods—smiling and even decked with flowers, arched by a sky of tender blue, and then abruptly swept by hailstorms or roaring twisters, or lashed with howling blizzards. There might be antelope and buffalo all the way, to feast the travelers as they "nooned it" each day or by night sent their sparks flying to the stars. Or

there might be lean pickings with nothing to eat but salt pork and sour dough. There could be desperate thirst, when men had to cut off the ears of their mules and drink the blood, or kill a buffalo for the filthy water in its stomach. And at every water hole a painted foe might lurk.

Actually only 11 white men lost their scalps on the Santa Fe trail between 1821 and 1843, for seasoned Indian traders like the men who pioneered the Trail didn't shoot Indians on sight, slaughter all the game, and stake out the Indians' lands as did the greenhorn homesteaders in the rush a quarter of a century later. Then, goaded beyond savage patience, the Indians fought bravely for their lands and lives.

So sober history records that most of the caravans reached the mountains. Which doesn't mean that stock didn't die or that Indians didn't run it off in the night, or that wagons didn't break down, firearms go off accidentally and kill someone, or appendixes burst 400 miles from a doctor. Hardship, exhaustion, suffering and even death were commonplaces of the Trail.

But not the most hardened old-timer could look without a thrill at that first sight of the mountains, when the first snowy summits lifted over the edge of the world like a tremulous mirage, and then sharpened to reality—a gable of ice against the elemental blue. Time then to turn south, along the river Purgatoire ("Picketwire" to the Missourians), and to head for the Raton Pass, where even today the transcontinental trains creep and pant up the steep grade among the pines. Many an axle broke in that rock-strewn waste; two miles a day was good time. But beyond lay New Mexico, its mesas ruddy as an old Indian, its airs as soft as a Spanish girl's laughter.

And when at last fabled Santa Fe came into view the wagoners usually halted and spent half a day "rubbing up"—washing, changing to their best clothes, sleeking their hair, polishing the harness. Then in grand style they rolled into the dusty plaza of the little capital. There was the governor's fine *palacio,* over 200 years old, and standing today; there was the *presidio* with its barracks and drill ground, which had been through the great Indian siege of 1680. There was the Chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe where golden ornaments gleamed in its dim interior and silver sang in its bells. And, closing up the square, the inn of La Fonda opened its hospitable doors.

All about clustered the little town, washed with lime and mica to a glittering whiteness. By day it might seem dusty and hot, or even lifeless at the *siesta* hour. By night Santa Fe roused itself; doors in the narrow streets stood open, and orange candlelight and music plucked from persuasive strings lured the bearded strangers each to his own kind of pleasure. There were the famous *monte* tables for those who wished to gamble; there were *fandangos* for those who would dance; there were women to make love to; and for the Americans of refinement the homes of the aristocratic families were open, where one dined on silver plates and drank delicate wines.

The honeymoon of Missouri and Santa Fe could not endure long. Mexico and the United States were headed inevitably for a clash of interests. A dozen causes, and twice as many mistakes on both sides, brought the two nations to war in 1846. And now the Trail was become a road to glory, for over it Stephen Kearny marched his legions of Missourians, arrow-straight to New Mexico. Many of the men in the ranks must have known every water hole and ford, every pass and ambush. With dramatic suddenness Kearny was at the mountain gates; the young New Mexican officers on General Armijo's staff informed him that they would not fight against the Americans. Armijo fled, and Kearny entered Santa Fe, amid the congratulations of the townsfolk, without firing a shot. So the Trail led to the easiest conquest in the history of American expansion.

Today you can travel almost identically the route worn deep by those straining, lumbering old Conestogas, for when the great transcontinental line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was laid it took the historic route for practical reasons. Now where teams once plodded at three miles an hour in clouds of dust, air-conditioned streamliners fling you across space at 100 miles an hour.

Or . . . you may take U. S. Highway 50 from Kansas City to La Junta, Colo., and still be following the Trail with considerable fidelity. Take 350 to Trinidad and after that let 85 carry you over the Raton in a few swoops as easy as a hawk's soaring and so right on into Santa Fe.

Many of the sights that the pioneers knew are unchanged and, praise God, unchangeable. Such are the vast arc of the sky over the high plains, the breath-taking lift of snow-hooded peaks, and the long, red New Mexican mesas. In Santa Fe itself there is still the enticing odor of piñon smoke, and still the sweet bells call to the soul.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Other Lands

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA[1]

John Gunther

John Gunther (1901-) was born in Chicago, where he was educated and began his career as a newspaperman. During the last two decades his work as correspondent has taken him all over the world. The vivid, first-hand observations of these travels were published in Inside Europe, *1936,* Inside Asia, *1939, and* Inside Latin America, *1940.*

In this series of books, Mr. Gunther is primarily concerned with economics, politics, and personalities. Without unduly minimizing the social and economic factors, as he points out in his prefaces, he places the major emphasis on personalities. In the selection below, however, since it is the general introduction to Inside Latin America, *he reverses the emphasis and discusses the main social, economic, and political currents of South America.*

In Inside Latin America *and its companion volumes, as their titles suggest, Mr. Gunther deals with an entire continent. Undertaking to work on such a grand scale has inevitably affected his writing. As you read, notice the results in this selection. What did he gain? What did he lose?*

1. The first thing to say about Latin America is that no such thing exists. The phrase "Latin America" as such has little meaning, it seems to me. What does exist are twenty independent and highly individual countries which differ from one another strikingly. It is true that all have the same racial, historical and geographical background, and that all speak a brand of Spanish except Brazil, which speaks Portuguese, and Haiti, which speaks Creole and French. Yet the differences between the twenty states are profound.

2. Take Uruguay and Paraguay, small countries within a hundred miles of each other. The contrast between them is incredibly sharp. Uruguay is one of the most advanced countries in the world, and Paraguay is one of the most primitive. Uruguay is like Denmark before Hitler—with a highly developed social conscience, state control of industry, paternalistic cooperatives, and an almost too pure political democracy. But Paraguay is like—Paraguay. It resembles nothing except itself. It is the one country in Latin America where the Indian has, as it were, absorbed the Spaniard,

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Inside Latin America,* published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1941, by John Gunther.

instead of vice versa. It never had the advantage of Uruguay's enlightenment, but let no one say it is without its own peculiar charms.

3. On the northern edge of South America lie the three "Bolívar" countries, Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. But, though geography binds them close, they have differed radically since their deliverance from Spain. The story is that Venezuela became a barracks, Colombia a university, and Ecuador a monastery. There are other differences too. In wealthy Venezuela, which lives on oil, the cost of living is about 250 per cent higher than in New York City. But Ecuador, close by, is one of the poorest countries in the world.

4. Take Peru. It has its own special problems. One is transition from years of military dictatorship to a moderately liberal constitutional government. Another is imperialism by outsiders. Peru is a classic example of the "semi-colonial" state. Oil is owned by Canada and the United States, minerals largely by the United States, and [before World War II] cotton partly by Japanese and Germans. The British control the railways, the Italians largely control banking, and Americans and Germans divide the sugar.

5. Bolivia, next door, is a one-crop country—if you can call tin, on which Bolivia lives, a crop. Its population is perhaps 90 per cent Indian. But Chile, with which Bolivia has a common frontier, is predominantly white. Bolivia is ruled by the tin merchants and a military President. But, in sharp contrast, Chile is the home of the only Popular Front government in the Americas. The Chileans have thrown the army leaders out, and their administration is strongly Leftist.

6. Take Argentina. It lives on wheat and beef, it considers itself to have a distinct imperial destiny, and it is haughty to its neighbors. . . . Argentina is dominated by a clique of oligarchs and land-owning bull breeders who—by fantastic skulduggery—manage to keep political power from a majority of the people.

7. Finally, there is Brazil, which is almost as different from Argentina as China is from Japan. The Brazilians are mild people on the whole, colorful and picturesque; their great country—larger than the continental United States—is a magnificent reservoir of potential wealth. Brazil is a dictatorship, though Brazilians don't like to hear you say so. But it is a dictatorship that has considerable roots in popular support, and is benevolent on the whole.

8. Of the twenty countries in Latin America at least two are pure, unadulterated, and unashamed dictatorships, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic. Perhaps oddly, United States relations with these two are very cordial. A good many others are dictatorships in fact, though they maintain a parliamentary façade, like Cuba, Honduras, Nicaragua. In others it is very difficult to draw the line between dictatorship and democracy: for instance, in Ecuador, Venezuela, Peru. About seven countries are

democracies, more or less: Argentina, Mexico, Costa Rica, Colombia, Chile, Uruguay. The most democratic of all is probably Costa Rica.

9. North Americans [2] should not worry overmuch that so many countries in the hemisphere are not democracies, though we like to assume democratic as well as political solidarity in hemisphere relations. Our standards of political and social behavior are very different from those of Latin America. Let our neighbors be judged by their own standards, not ours—especially as the *trend* toward democracy is steadily increasing. We in the United States have been luckier. "Democracy" to a Latin American state means, as a rule, not a formal system of government but a desire to be let alone to work out its own destiny. It means, as a rule, not personal liberty for the citizen but political liberty for the state.

10. In the United States there is a good deal more talk of hemisphere solidarity, on the whole, than in Latin America itself. The national rivalries in the southern continent are still considerable enough to cause occasional bad blood. You will find more sympathy for the Pan-American ideal in Washington than, say, in Asunción or Bogotá. In Argentina especially one hears other Latin American states mentioned with contempt. I have heard Argentineans of the most sophisticated intelligence call Venezuelans "savages" and Brazilians "niggers." One eminent Argentine began conversation with me by saying, "Remember, we are not Caribbeans!" Another was chilled with horror that I should even contemplate visiting such a "barbarous" state as Paraguay.

11. But—a very important but—the national rivalries of Latin America, considerable as they may be, are as nothing compared to those of Europe. Our neighbor continent may be frontier-conscious, but it is not crucified by frontiers as Europe is. There are no criss-crosses of power politics and nationalist tension on anything remotely like the scale of Europe or Asia. Tacna-Arica was a very mild kind of Alsace-Lorraine, and so was the Leticia area. Even though Peru and Ecuador are having a frontier dispute—the only serious one remaining on the continent—it is not likely to disrupt the hemisphere. And nationalist rivalries in Latin America are diminishing, not increasing. The reasons for this fortunate lack of *vital* intra-continental quarreling are several. One, the prevailing common language. Two, the polarizing power of the United States.

12. The fact that Latin America is not a single political unit but is on the contrary an exceedingly complex and intricate miscellany of twenty countries provides grave difficulties to United States policy. It is by no means easy to devise means and methods for dealing with twenty independent states on a common issue.

13. Another word—the fact that there are twenty different countries obvi-

[2] This is what Latin Americans call United States citizens as a rule. In Argentina we are sometimes known as "Unidenses."

ously serves to make broad generalizations about "Latin America," any sweeping statements about the continent as a whole, very dubious and risky, to say the least.

A RACE WITH RACE

14. Another main preliminary point I would make has to do with a delicate topic, that of race. I do not wish to offend any Latin American sensibilities—which are acutely developed—but it is impossible to write honestly about the hemisphere without touching on this ticklish question.

15. One of my Brazilian friends mentioned casually something very relevant. He said: "The great difference between North and South America is that you North Americans brought your wives with you."

16. What he meant, of course, is that the Pilgrim Fathers who migrated to New England were in large part frontiersmen and settlers, and many of them did bring wives. They came to America to stay, to raise families, to push westward, to create a new civilization based on their democratic instincts and puritan values. They had said good-by to Europe forever. They were cutting loose from the Europe that no longer gave them the physical or spiritual sustenance they needed. They came to America to build a *new* world—literally.

17. By contrast the majority of Spaniards and Portuguese—not all, but the majority—who journeyed to Latin America were soldiers, freebooters, adventurers, *conquistadores*. They came not to settle a continent but to loot it. They came not to get away from Europe but to return to Europe wealthy. They came to found colonies to attach to the old world, not to establish a new world. And in almost all countries they did interbreed with the aboriginal Indian population, with results that are conspicuous today.

18. Also the Spanish *conquistadores* imported Negro slaves from Africa, who poured in by the hundred thousand. Along the coastal areas they mixed with whites and Indians. Meantime many Indians were killed off; in some countries they were virtually all killed off. The Negroes were substitutes for these corpses, and were forced to do the hard work that the surviving enfeebled Indians could not do. We, in North America, also killed off Indians; we also imported Negro slaves. But for a variety of reasons, mostly geographical, there was very little intermarriage in North America between Indian and Negro. Nor did our whites mix with Negroes as freely as did the Spaniards and Portuguese.

19. So in Latin America today we have a racial mélange of considerable complexity—exactly as we have in the United States, though ours is of a different kind. Everyone knows this. But the social and political implications are not so well known. It is something that many people are sensitive about. Statistics tell part of the story. There are about 120,000,000 people in the twenty countries of Latin America. Of these not more than about

25,000,000 are pure white, and most of these "whites" are clustered in two or three countries. There are about 15,000,000 pure Negroes, mostly in the Caribbean area, and about 17,000,000 surviving pure Indians, mostly in Mexico and the Andean highlands. All the rest are *mestizos* (of mixed blood)—some 63,000,000 people.[3]

20. In chemistry we learned that a mixture was an unstable compound. A key to much that happens in Latin America is the psychological instability that derives from a complex racial heritage.

21. By and large those countries which are purest white—Costa Rica, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay—are those which are the healthiest politically, and which are nearest to democracy. Argentina and Uruguay never had a Negro problem, and they exterminated most of their Indians quickly—as the United States did.

22. It would be misleading to assert that race is a dominant issue in Latin America. I am merely stating that it is an important issue. It would be absurd to say that problems of race alone have contributed to the underdevelopment of some Latin American states. A good many other factors must be taken into consideration. One is climate. It is not easy to build a healthy state when the temperature is 85 and the humidity 90 the year around. Another is altitude. One cannot expect advanced political development from people who live perpetually at 12,500 feet, as in the sterile highlands of Peru or Bolivia. Another is religion. The Roman Catholic Church has played a great role in Latin American history, as we shall see. Another is economics. And so on.

HISTORICAL INTERLUDE

23. As everyone knows, Columbus discovered the World of the West—he thought it was the East of course—in 1492. Following him came a turbulent onrush of *conquistadores* who staked out vast empires as their own. Cortés subjugated Mexico in 1521 and Pizarro demolished the Incas in Peru in 1533. Pope Alexander VI was prevailed upon to divide the New World between Spain and Portugal, and the new continent emptied its golden lap into the hands of the greedy captains. The speed and biting comprehensiveness of the Spanish conquests were bewildering. Fifty years after Columbus such stalwarts as Pedro de Alvarado and Pedro de Valdivia, with tiny handfuls of troops, had established the rule of Spain from Guatemala to Chile, over at least 8,000,000 unmapped square miles. They built cities, universities, monasteries; they looted, despoiled, prayed, governed. By 1600 about 200,000 Spaniards had come to Latin America. Not more. The number of Indians whom they conquered lies between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000.[4] It was the greatest *blitz* in history.

[3] Figures from Carleton Beals, *America South*, p. 53.

[4] Duncan Aikman's *All-American Front* describes brilliantly how the Spaniards in South America outpaced the British and other settlers in the United States.

24. The three hundred years between 1521, roughly, and 1821 comprise what is called the Colonial Period. At the beginning the prodigious Spanish domains were divided into two Viceroyalties, that of New Spain (centering on Mexico) and that of Peru. The rule of Spain was dogmatic and absolute. Later each Viceroyalty split. That of New Granada, founded in 1718, took what is now Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador from the Viceroyalty of New Spain, which continued to include Mexico and Central America; and the Viceroyalty of La Plata (1776) took what is now Argentina and its contiguous territory from Peru. The Viceroys came out from Spain, and were supreme rulers responsible only to the Spanish crown, which usually gave them a free hand. The Viceroyalties were divided into districts called captaincies general—like Chile, Cuba, and so on—which are more or less the basis of national frontiers today.

25. During its three colonial centuries Latin America (except Brazil) was little more than a feudal appendage to feudal Spain. This is the overwhelming main point to make. The Spanish ruling class sucked power, wealth, prestige, out of the enfeebled colonies without hindrance or pause. The Spanish were divided into two classes: the *gachupines* (literally "men with spurs"), who were Spaniards born in Spain, and who came to Latin America temporarily as officials, administrators, army officers, and so on; and the *creoles,* who were pure-blooded Spaniards born in Latin America. The *creoles*—landowners, merchants, intellectuals—were considered to be sharply inferior to the ruling *gachupines.* Presently a vast *mestizo* class grew up, as more and more Spaniards moved into the colonies and bred with Indians. The Indians themselves—those who were not slaughtered—were mostly peons working on the land, living practically like animals. The contrast to the democratic-minded North American colonies during the same period is very striking.

26. The weight of this colonial heritage presses Latin America heavily to this day. As for instance:

27. The Spanish rulers permitted no development of free speech or liberal institutions. From this derives much contemporary backwardness.

28. The Spanish ruling class starved education and neglected public health. Result: the illiteracy and lack of physical development of much of Latin America.

29. Spain did not permit any colony to trade with any other; all trade was exclusively the privilege of the mother country. As a result, intra-Latin American trade never developed strongly, and even today is rudimentary. Think—to push home the point—how different United States history would have been if Virginia had been forbidden to trade with Massachusetts, or New York with Pennsylvania.

30. Boundaries between the captaincies-general were often ill-defined, which has been the source of much contemporary political friction.

31. Most of the land was held by individual landowners in colossal feudal tracts. The small farmer never got a chance. Nor did the small businessman. No middle class grew up.

32. Then—in the early 1800's—came explosive change. The colonial system collapsed; revolutions blazed like torches all over Latin America, and were passed, as it were, by hand from one country to the next. Spanish power cracked up, partly because of the fermentation caused by the French and North American revolutions, partly because Napoleon's invasion of Spain weakened the mother country, partly because of the intolerable decadence of the local *gachupines*. Most of the great Latin American revolutionaries were *creoles*. A series of brilliant chieftains—Sucre, San Martín, O'Higgins, and especially Bolívar—set South America free. The continent woke up, dizzy, shaken—and began to walk. Bolívar himself liberated five nations. Except Cuba and Panama, every hemisphere state was independent by 1825.

33. So the present period of republicanism, national independence and close relations with the United States began.

"NOTHING LASTS BUT THE CHURCH"

34. Latin America was, it happened, colonized by two countries, Spain and Portugal, that never experienced the Reformation. Thus Catholicism in peculiarly undiluted form dominated it from the earliest days, and remains today a profound and tenacious influence.

35. The early *conquistadores* fought in the name of the cross, and baptized Indians by the tens of thousands. In every new settlement the clergy took a large share of the best land, and achieved an important vested interest in the community, socially, politically, economically. The great archbishops admitted allegiance only to the King of Spain. They ruled like princes. The clergy were their troops, and the Inquisition their Gestapo. The Church had no competition, since no other religion but Catholicism was permitted. It grew fabulously rich and fabulously decadent. In several countries the Church owned as much as *one-half* the total land; Paraguay, for instance, became practically a Jesuit colony. Nowhere did the clergy, secular or regular, bestow upon the people anything like proper recompense for their inordinate position, though an effort was made in education.

36. In almost every Latin American country clericalism became a serious political problem as soon as independence was won. This was natural, since the Church—rightly or wrongly—was identified with the old order, and most of the revolutionaries, though they were often good Catholics, were anticlerical. So in most countries two political parties grew up, separated by the church issue. The conservatives stood by the Church, and the liberals were anticlerical. This cleavage has dominated political development in Latin America to this day.

37. "When anticlericalism takes on an antireligious color," wrote an anonymous contributor to *The Republics of South America,* published by the Oxford University Press, "the moral position of the Church is generally strengthened. Most South American statesmen who wish to suppress the Church underestimate their task, because they do not distinguish between clericalism and religion, or realize that to crush the one is to revive the other."

38. In Latin America today most countries, after a century of struggle, have disestablished the Church and separated Church and State. In several, however, Catholicism remains the official and exclusive religion of the nation, as in Brazil. Even if the Church is disestablished, it remains enormously important, if only through the economic power it wields by ownership of ecclesiastical properties, and in its control of education, which it guards zealously. Church influence extends to other fields also. For instance, even in Argentina divorce is still forbidden.

39. Not all members of the Latin American clergy are reactionaries, by any means; many are wise and liberal-minded men. But some high churchmen have sympathized with subversive forces, to put it mildly. The Archbishop of Durango, in Mexico, gave public benediction to the Cristeros, who were waging bloody civil war in 1927. Some of the upper clergy have definite Fascist sympathies, especially with that brand of Fascism identified with the Spanish Falange. The Archbishop of Porto Alegre, Brazil, once offered prayers to save "intrepid Italy" from humiliation, and to protect "Fascist Rome." [5]

SOME ELEMENTS IN ECONOMICS

40. Another general point to make in this preliminary survey has to do with economics. Most of the Latin American states live, as everyone knows, by the export of raw materials. Most of them, moreover, are basically one-crop or one-product countries.

Ecuador lives mostly on cocoa.
Brazil lives mostly on coffee.
Bolivia lives mostly on tin.
Venezuela lives mostly on oil.
Honduras lives mostly on bananas.
Cuba lives mostly on sugar.
Chile lives mostly on copper and nitrates.
Haiti lives mostly on coffee.
Uruguay and Argentina live mostly on beef.

41. And so on.

42. Traditionally South American trade—though not Caribbean trade—

[5] Text in *Latin America,* by Samuel Guy Inman, p. 296.

has been geared intimately with Europe. This was natural, since Europe needed South American raw materials and paid for them with the manufactured goods that the hemisphere had to have. Also the United States competed drastically with most of Latin America; we produced the same kind of commodities—beef, cotton, wheat, and so on—that it did. So Europe bought what we would not buy. In 1938 Europe took 93 per cent of Latin America's meat, 86 per cent of its corn, 73 per cent of its wool, 74 per cent of its cotton, 66 per cent of its hides and skins.[6] Total Latin American exports in that year, the last for which full figures are available, were $1,834,000,000. Of these, Europe took 54.4 per cent. Total Latin American imports were $1,488,000,000. Of these, Europe provided 43.6 per cent.

43. But the impact of these figures may be misleading. Europe *as a whole* is Latin America's biggest customer, yes, but the United States—even if many of our exports compete—is of great importance nevertheless, and it is growing steadily. We sell more to Latin America than we buy, however, which is the core of the problem.[7] Latin America has a favorable balance of trade *vis-à-vis* Europe, but an unfavorable balance *vis-à-vis* the United States. In 1938 we took 30.5 per cent of total Latin American exports and provided 34.0 per cent of total Latin American imports. Our trade is heaviest in the Caribbean area and with Brazil. We are by far the largest buyers of Cuban and West Indian sugar, Brazilian coffee, and other tropical produce like bananas and cocoa which we do not produce ourselves. . . .

IMPORTANCE TO THE UNITED STATES

44. Latin America counts heavily these days. It is of such vital importance to North America for a variety of reasons. First, our mounting trade, which in 1939 was worth $1,087,162,000. As a general rule United States imports from Latin America comprise roughly 22 per cent of our imports, a percentage not lightly to be disregarded. In 1939 our exports to Latin America were 17.9 per cent of our total export trade. . . .

45. Second, direct American investments in Latin America—in such categories as mines, utilities, packing plants, petroleum, and the like—amount roughly to $2,840,000,000, which is about 40 per cent of all American investments abroad. Aside from direct investments, our loans are $1,610,331,794. These are hangovers from the lush days of the 1920's, and 77.2 per cent of them are wholly or partially in default. But, in theory at least, our total stake in Latin America is almost four and a half billion dollars.

46. Third, raw materials. Here the importance of the American Republics is profound. We cannot chew gum without Latin America—because

[6] Figures from an admirable pamphlet, *Look at Latin America,* by Joan Raushenbush, published by the Foreign Policy Association.

[7] In the first months of 1941 this equation was reversed as a result of greatly increased purchases by the United States.

Mexico and Guatemala provide the necessary chicle. We cannot play gramophone records without Latin America—because Brazil produces the necessary carnauba wax. If hemisphere trade were completely shut off, we would have no coffee for breakfast, very little cocoa, very few bananas. We might face serious shortages of bauxite, tungsten, manganese ore, and tin.

47. The United States army issued recently a list of fourteen "strategic materials" which are indispensable to the conduct of warfare and which we do not produce ourselves. We badly need—and will continue to need—stocks of these materials. They are:

Antimony	Nickel
Chromium	Quartz crystal
Coconut shell char (for gas masks)	Quinine
Ferrograde manganese	Rubber
Manila fiber	Silk
Mercury	Tin
Mica	Tungsten

48. The United States totally lacks these fourteen substances, but Latin America has surpluses of several and with proper development could produce them all, except silk. . . .

THE CHINESE MIND[1]

John A. Pope

John A. Pope (1906-) has studied at Harvard, Yale, and the University of London. Now considered an authority on Chinese culture, he lectures on Chinese art at Columbia University.

Here he tells much about the Chinese, but not about their physical features, political, economic, or military conditions. Instead, he explains some of their basic beliefs or attitudes toward life, some of the underlying ideas which animate their conduct and help to explain what they are like and why. As such, this essay is in the tradition of a fairly large body of analytical literature on "the mind" (that is, the intellectual heritage) of a group, literature, by various authors, which is concerned with the religion and philosophy of the group. Examples are The Mind and Face of Bolshevism, *1928,* The Mind in the Making, *1921,* The Mind of China, *1933,* The Mind of Primitive Man, *1938,* The Mind of the South, *1941,* The Puritan Mind, *1930, and* The New England Mind, *1939. Such analytical writing is challenging and illuminating to the thoughtful reader, but it requires close attention and meditative reading.*

Pay little attention to the dates and do not attempt to comprehend in detail the five main Chinese philosophies discussed: Similicism (paragraph 3), Confucianism (4), Taoism (5), Buddhism (6 and 7), and Neo-Confucianism (8-12). Notice closely, however, the outstanding characteristic of each and pay attention particularly to the Chinese habit of embracing at one and the same time all of these ways of thought, and also their great respect for tradition. Paragraph 13 suggests how all of these strands of thought are woven into one loose pattern, which the author calls "the Chinese way of thinking."

1. The underlying ideas which guide the Chinese in the course of his life today are the products of 3,000 years of continuous development of popular beliefs and superstitions, many and varying schools of philosophy, and the adoption and adaptation of foreign religious systems. This is, of course, also true of an American or a European; but the differences between them and the Chinese should be noted. The intellectual heritage of the Occidental is largely European with a certain amount of Near Eastern thought included, while, aside from a few similarities based on contact with the Near East, the ingredients of the Chinese mind are characteristically Asiatic. Furthermore, whereas the European preoccupation with industry and science has in recent times served to divert attention from the past to the

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *China,* Smithsonian Institution, War Background Studies No. 20, 1944.

present and future so that much of the traditional background is forgotten, the lack of any such movement in China, or, at least, the very slight extent to which it has affected the Chinese as a whole, has permitted a vastly greater proportion of the ideas of antiquity to remain in the minds of the people. This fact, more than any other, accounts for the essential continuity of Chinese culture during its 3,000 years of history, and for the ability of China to carry on and survive under the most difficult circumstances.

2. The study of this subject is the study of Chinese philosophy and religion; and without going into detail on the beliefs of individual schools and sects, a brief enumeration of some of the major elements that make up this body of thought may give a general picture of the whole.

3. The earliest records indicate that the people of Shang (fourteenth-twelfth century B.C.) had no supreme god, that they worshiped their ancestors and consulted them by means of divination, and that they accepted and followed the advice thus received from their honored dead. When the western people of Chou overcame the Shangs they brought new beliefs with them, principally belief in an all-powerful, all-seeing god who protected the just and punished the evil. This new idea, combined with the old, provided a set of beliefs which included devotion to a supreme god and to lesser gods of nature—Sun, Moon, Mountains, Rivers, etc.—as well as to deified ancestors who were the culture heroes of the race, the founders of agriculture, spinning, weaving, pottery making, irrigation and flood control, and all the basic elements of Chinese civilization. Divination played an increasingly important part. In the writing of the questions and interpretation of the answers lay the beginnings of literary activity; the diviners had to keep written records of their work, and the accurate recording of this material called for chronological precision. Their works were, in effect, the earliest historical writings, and the fact that they were primarily concerned with the advice of deceased ancestors required a close study of genealogy. Thus the priests who conducted these activities were at the same time historians, genealogists, keepers of the calendar, and astrologers, while in the latter capacity, as interpreters of supernatural sources of information, they were advisers to the government whose influence must have been decisive. This whole body of thought—belief in a supreme god, in lesser gods, in deified ancestors, and in the importance of divination—may be considered the basis of the native Chinese religion, a religion which Dr. Hu Shih has aptly called Siniticism.[2]

4. With the gradual collapse of the centralized authority under the Chou house (after 771 B.C.) social values broke down and the progressive thinkers

[2] While the term "religion" has been applied to this body of beliefs to distinguish it from the philosophy developed in the following period, it must not be understood to imply the existence of an organized faith like Buddhism, Christianity, or Islam. The supreme "god" (T'ien: heaven) and the lesser "gods" were not so much personified and active forces as indefinite, abstract ideas which exerted powerful ethical compulsions.

of the age devoted their efforts to attacking the old superstitions and the reliance of government on opinions that manifestly had no greater authority than the not altogether unselfish views of a small group of court astrologers. From the sixth to the third centuries B.C. was the period of the philosophers, those wandering teachers who moved between the feudal courts advising local rulers on matters of state and human relations, and whose gradually collected writings are the Chinese Classics. On these works are based two great schools of thought which have, in spite of constant modification and reinterpretation, played dominant parts in the subsequent development of Chinese thought. Confucius, Mo-tzŭ, Mencius, Hsün-tzŭ, and Han Fei-tzŭ are the leading names of the Confucian school. Though their views were often diametrically opposed, all were concerned with putting the conduct of the state on a human basis; that is, they believed that sound government depended upon the proper adjustment of relations between men (it was in the method of this adjustment that they differed sharply) rather than upon superstitious belief in the interpretation of omens. The other school, which came to be known as Taoism, originated in the rather simple back-to-nature movement of a man known as Lao-tzŭ (the Old Master) who taught that man should follow the dictates of nature, at the same time avoiding all conflict. His follower Chuang-tzŭ interpreted him in highly mystical terms; and, before long, the practice of Taoism included everything from extreme asceticism to ecstatic orgies, magic, witchcraft, alchemy, and the search for an elixir of immortality.[3]

5. In each new dynasty the rulers brought with them certain new gods and religious beliefs current in those parts of China from which they came, and these were added to the old Sinitic religion. Thus, while Confucianism was pronounced the orthodox state cult under the Han, Taoism and Siniticism thrived by its side, with members of each group acknowledging interest and belief in some of the phases of the others. Sometimes one would hold the ascendancy, sometimes another; but at all times the three together probably exerted equal influence in the formation of Chinese thought. For example, it would not have been abnormal for a ruler who held the most orthodox Confucian views of paternal relationship toward his subjects to perform the ceremonial spring plowing in honor of the Sinitic god of agriculture and then set off on a journey with Taoist companions in search of the elixir of immortality.

6. Added to this threefold native Chinese religion was Buddhism, which was imported from its native India about the time of Christ and in the

[3] Fundamental in Taoism was the complex function of the concept of *Tao* (the basic principle of the universe), its manifestation in the harmonious interaction of *Yang* (hot, light, dry, hard, masculine activity) and *Yin* (cold, dark, moist, soft, feminine passivity), and the resulting production of the Five Elements (fire, water, earth, wood, metal). For a good account of these and other elements of Chinese thought, see D. Bodde, "Dominant Ideas in the Formation of Chinese Culture," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. 62, No. 4, pp. 293-299, 1942.

next three centuries spread rapidly on Chinese soil. In many ways the doctrine of Buddhism was fundamentally opposed to Chinese ways of thought. It taught celibacy, which conflicted with Confucian insistence on the sanctity of the family and the importance of abundant posterity. Its asceticism was carried to the extent of mutilation of the body and even complete self-destruction, in contrast with the Confucian view that the body is a sacred inheritance from the parents, to be cherished and preserved at all cost. It advocated begging for its monks, whereas the Chinese could not envisage a member of society who did not work for a living. These are but a few of the discrepancies between the two; and yet Buddhism flourished. It was the most elaborate and splendid religious system the Chinese had ever seen. It provided punishments for evil and rewards for goodness in the shape of fearsome hells and magnificent paradises that gave the Chinese hitherto unimagined glimpses of a life after death. And perhaps not the least appealing aspect of the new faith was its great pantheon of deities who, in response to prayer, gave direct aid and comfort to their worshipers. These gods were represented in anthropomorphic form, and the carving, casting, and painting of images were tangible activities in which anyone could take part, and in return for which definite religious merit was acquired. The translation and interpretation of the sacred texts from India offered similar rewards to the literate class; and the ceremonies of devotion, in which Buddha images were bathed, clothed, and offered food, and where music, dancing, and pageantry were parts of the service, offered dramatic and emotional experiences resulting in spiritual rewards to every participant and spectator.

7. Another feature of Buddhism unfamiliar to the Chinese was the interest in abstract metaphysical speculation stressed by certain sects. Straightforward, factual thinking had been a Chinese characteristic,[4] and the long-winded, hair-splitting arguments on the nature of life, existence, consciousness, death, and a thousand other questions, fruitless as they may have been, were strange and attractive intellectual exercises to many of the converts to the new faith.

8. Buddhism had many more sects than had the old philosophies of China, some more and some less popular. After the first few centuries of fanatical reception to everything that was offered, however, many of the beliefs were cast aside, and those that were retained underwent such thorough modification that they became almost purely Chinese. The Ch'an (Zen) sect, for instance, rejected all recourse to images and texts, and emphasized introspective meditation as the key to all knowledge. The combination of centuries of imaginative speculation and more centuries of strictly disciplined self-examination came, in the long run, to have a pro-

[4] As Confucius put it: "When you know a thing, know that you know it; when you do not know a thing, know that you do not know it. That is knowledge." Analects, II, 17.

found effect on native Chinese thought. As in the past, the various schools of thought and religious systems were never mutually exclusive, and Confucian scholars, who reviewed the ancient classics with the broadened viewpoint and increased mental flexibility gradually acquired from their contact with the intellectual gymnastics of Buddhism, found that they suggested much more than had previously been imagined. The interpretation of Confucian thought on the basis of Buddhist ways of thinking gave rise to the rational philosophy of Neo-Confucianism. Also included in the background of this new school of thought, which became fully developed about the eleventh and twelfth centuries A.D. and flourished until China began to show an active interest in western ideas in the nineteenth century, were elements of religious Taoism. This school, to be distinguished from the simpler philosophical Taoism, had borrowed freely from Buddhism through the centuries and had become a complex and elaborate religion with deities, canonical texts, and all the trimmings.

9. Thus, Neo-Confucianism, the last purely Asiatic development of Chinese thought, was, like all its predecessors, a rich mixture of ideas culled from various sources. Its stated objectives were reverence and the extension of knowledge as means to improving human relations in all degrees from the immediate family to the whole world. The extension of knowledge was to be accomplished by investigating the reason of things, and this raises a question which is difficult to answer in an entirely satisfactory way, but which cannot be overlooked. It has often been asked why China never produced scientists like those of Europe, or why the Chinese failed to develop scientific methods as they are known in the West. It would seem that this Neo-Confucian plan to investigate the reason of things should have led directly to such a development, yet, from the Western point of view, it failed to do so. On the other hand, it is a mistake to assume that China had no science whatever, for the Chinese had made discoveries and recorded scientific phenomena long before the rise of Neo-Confucianism that placed them centuries in advance of the rest of the world.

10. Only a few of these scientific accomplishments need be noted to illustrate the scope of their activities. In 240 B.C. they noted the appearance of Halley's comet, and have recorded its 31 consecutive returns since then. Since 28 B.C. they have been observing sunspots ("discovered" in Europe in the seventeenth century). About the time of Christ, the year was divided into 365 385/1539 days, and shortly thereafter the obliquity of the ecliptic was observed and instruments devised for its measurement. In A.D. 132 a seismograph recorded distant earthquakes. In the third century A.D. there is evidence of their familiarity with the medicinal properties of sulfur, arsenic, and mercurial substances as well as with anesthetics, and in the Sung Dynasty they employed inoculations for smallpox. Chinese knowledge of botany was well advanced, and numerous works on the precise descrip-

tion of plants and their properties are to be found in the early literature. No less astonishing were their engineering abilities. Roads involving the use of elaborate bridges and trestles were built through the most difficult mountain country; and perhaps the best-known monument to their genius for construction is the Great Wall, first completed in the third century B.C. Equally remarkable are the feats of hydraulic engineering embodied in the systems of canals, dikes, and reservoirs which were begun in the Chou Dynasty and continued and expanded with increasing skill through the centuries. One great drainage system, built about 300 B.C. to eliminate floods in Szechwan, is still in use. In the Sui Dynasty, canals and waterways linked Lo-yang in Honan with Yang-chou near the mouth of the Long River, and the latter city was similarly connected with Hang-hsien (Hang-chow) to the south and a town near Peking in the north. This list could be extended almost indefinitely, but enough has been said to show that China was by no means without scientific knowledge. In spite of her considerable achievements in the field, however, she did not become scientifically minded as a nation or take the final steps that would have given her scientific equality with the West.

11. The explanation of this failure to reach scientific maturity, to establish the fields of chemistry and physics, for instance, as they were established in Europe, and to show continued progress in them, is not entirely clear, but some tentative suggestions may be offered. In all phases of her national life up to the overthrow of the empire China has been rigidly bound by tradition. In no place is this more striking than in education, where emphasis was always on the study of the Classics. A detailed knowledge of the writings of the philosophers and the ability to write beautiful characters were the two marks of the gentleman and the scholar. Astronomy, botany, engineering, mathematics, etc., never appeared in the schools and colleges; and though there is plenty of evidence that some Chinese had considerable familiarity with one or another of these subjects, such knowledge always remained extracurricular. It was perhaps the property of a small circle of scientists attached to the court as experts, or else of isolated individuals who pursued it as a hobby. Thus it never was made generally available to even the very small fraction of the population which was considered educated. Progress in scientific fields is not the product of individual genius, great as it may sometimes be, but of the constant, tireless effort, generation after generation, of a large body of men working on similar problems and recording their observations fully and precisely no matter how inconsequential they may seem at the time. In China this could not happen; the most highly educated men did not necessarily know anything about the sciences, and had the opportunity been at hand to learn, it is probable that none but a few liberal-minded souls could have permitted themselves to depart from the rigid linguistic restrictions of the

classical idiom far enough to develop the specialized scientific terminology required by such studies.

12. To return to the Neo-Confucians, they, like their predecessors, were hampered by tradition, and for all their great plans to examine into the reason of things, only a few could do this objectively. For the most part, the introspective methods of Buddhist thought were so deeply ingrained in them that their thinking was automatically along the lines of subjective meditation without reference to external realities. Only a few could face their problems squarely and record their findings concisely. The educational system and the language it fostered combined to limit sharply the dissemination of such scientific knowledge as there was, with the result that no group was ever built up of a size adequate to produce the results that can come only from large-scale competitive and collaborative effort.

13. This brief sketch of the development and lack of development respectively of the philosophic and scientific sides of the Chinese mind gives some idea of the overwhelming part played by tradition in both cases, and at the same time shows how ready they have been to accept new ideas as they became available. It shows how hard it would be to divide up the population and say so many are Confucians, so many are Taoists, and so many are Buddhists. There are vast numbers who profess to be one or the other; but aside from a limited number of fanatics, all Chinese are undoubtedly motivated by ideas that have become inextricably interwoven in past centuries into a system that can be no more explicitly defined than by calling it the Chinese way of thinking.

14. It should be noted that, in addition to the above-mentioned schools of thought, Manicheism from Iran, Islam, Judaism, and various forms of Christianity have flourished in China to greater or less extents at various times in history. The northwestern provinces today have an enormous Mohammedan population, and in recent years many converts have been made to Catholic and Protestant Christianity, though it is doubtful that they have deeply affected the life of the people as a whole. Western scientific methods have achieved a foothold on the surface, and with the radical change in Chinese educational methods since the revolution, as well as the increasing exchange of students between the universities and schools of China and the West, progress may be expected to be more rapid than in the past. The presence in China of large numbers of scientifically trained and technically expert Westerners in connection with the war may further hasten this development, but even under the most favorable conditions it would be a mistake to look for the overnight appearance of a modern nation fully industrialized on a scientific basis in a place where tradition has proved such an overwhelmingly powerful factor for some 3,000 years.

RUSSIA AND HER NEIGHBORS IN EUROPE[1]

Vera Micheles Dean

Vera Micheles Dean (1903-), a native of Russia, came to this country in 1919 and was naturalized in 1928. She was educated at Radcliffe and Yale, from which she received a Ph.D. in 1928. She has been connected with the Foreign Policy Association since 1931 and has edited the Reports *and the* Bulletin *of this organization since 1938. Mrs. Dean (with others) wrote* New Governments in Europe, *1934. She is the author of* Retreat, *1939, and many articles and monographs concerning politics in Europe and Russia.*

1. The military defeat and territorial losses of Germany in World War II have opened a new phase in the struggle that has raged for over a hundred years concerning the disposal of those nations in Eastern Europe and the Balkans which at one time or another formed part of four great empires whose interests conflicted in that area—the Ottoman, Russian, German, and Austro-Hungarian empires. Of the thirteen nations involved, all of which had achieved independence by 1919—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Greece—all but the last two have found themselves objects of direct interest on the part of Russia, the only one of the four empires that survived a series of disastrous wars more or less intact.

2. Throughout their history, the Russians, settling over a gradually widening territory, have pushed their way toward both west and east, stopping only when they were checked by genuine resistance. For the Western powers to try to check Russia in Eastern Europe and the Balkans by force would not only mean risking another war, but would be fundamentally unconstructive, since it is obvious that major adjustments of one kind or another are essential to stabilize that politically volcanic region.

3. Russia's concern with these borderlands from the Baltic to the Black Sea is due to a wide range of considerations. With a population of nearly 200 million, Russia comes closer than any other country except the United States to achieving economic self-sufficiency. It has within its boundaries most of the foodstuffs needed for a balanced diet and most of the raw materials needed for modern industry and warfare—with the notable exception of rubber, tin, and perhaps uranium, and what are known as

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1946.

'colonial" wares, such as coffee and certain spices. It would be difficult o prove that Russia needs additional territory in order to obtain control of essential natural resources—although some concern has been expressed by Russian spokesmen about the dwindling of the country's resources of oil, and Moscow has shown a lively interest in obtaining oil from Rumania and Hungary as well as coal from Poland. It should also be borne in mind hat Russia's coal mines and oil refineries were damaged during the war as the result first of its own "scorched earth" policy, and later of Germany's depredations.

4. More important than territories, populations, or natural resources, rom Russia's point of view, are the strategic considerations affecting its ecurity in this area, one of the great battlegrounds of history. The only easy way of attacking "the Heartland," of which Russia is a predominant part, is through the western borderlands, which offer few points of natural lefense. These borderlands have to a peculiar extent served both to isolate Russia from the Western world (and this long before the concept of the 'cordon sanitaire" was propounded at the Paris Peace Conference by a French official), and as a traditional highway for invasion of Russia from he West. The peoples of these lands, more imbued than the Russians vith Western culture and hence more susceptible to Western influences, hus seemed doubly hostile to the Russians, who, feeling cut off from the est of the world, took a sort of perverse pride in their isolation and, at he same time, suspected others of trying to isolate them.

5. Throughout its history Russia, a landlocked continent, has sought outlets to the open seas. Again and again since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has endeavored to obtain footholds on the Gulf of Finland (which t had when it ruled Finland, and has acquired once more by its peace reaty of 1940 and its armistice of 1944 with that country); on the Baltic ea (which it obtained at the Potsdam Conference, when a section of East Prussia, including Königsberg, was assigned to Russia); on the Black Sea where it has been reported to have asked for bases on the territory of Bulgaria, also pressing Turkey for bases close to the Straits of the Dardanelles); and on the Mediterranean (where it is demanding a trusteeship nder the UNO over the Italian colony of Tripolitania).

6. Russia, moreover, like France, is not yet satisfied that Germany has been rendered harmless; or that the United Nations Organization, which he has supported from its inception at the Moscow Conference of 1943, vill prove sufficiently powerful to check renewed aggression by the Germans. These views have led Russia to insist on strict adherence to the dea of Big Three unanimity in the UNO on the ground that the Great Powers, which bore the brunt of World War II, must stand together in ime of peace and have the authority to fulfill the responsibilities for maintaining world security with which they are charged by the San Francisco

Charter. At the same time, to make assurance doubly sure, Russia has worked to establish binding relations with its neighbors in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, and has encouraged their leaders to reorient their policy toward coöperation with the U.S.S.R.

7. In its efforts to foster the creation, along its western border, of "friendly" governments, the Kremlin has used every weapon in the armory of a modern world power. Appeals on ideological grounds, economic inducements, military pressure, political suasion, have all been tried, in varying mixtures thought best adapted to local conditions and national temperaments. Most recently the influence of the restored Orthodox Church has been brought into play to counteract that of the Vatican, especially in Eastern Poland and Ruthenia; and Pan-Slavism, revived during the war as a powerful antidote to Pan-Germanism, has been invoked to rally the Slavs of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria to the support of Russia.

II

8. To understand the extent to which these various factors have affected Russia's policy toward its neighbors in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, it is essential to trace the roots of its policy not only through the thin topsoil of today's events, but through layer after layer of past history. Space does not permit an extended analysis of action and counteraction between Russia and the eleven nations with which it has been concerned both under the Tsars and under the Soviets. But a brief review of its relations with Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria, and of those points which have aroused particularly heated controversy in the United States, may serve to place Russia's role in the affairs of that area in somewhat more comprehensible perspective.

9. Relations between Russia and Poland have been dominated for centuries by a struggle for the borderlands of White Russia and the Ukraine. (Ukraine literally means "on the border.") Both countries claimed these areas at various times—Poland on historic grounds, Russia on grounds of ethnography and strategic security. The Polish state, formed in the middle of the tenth century, opposed from the outset attempts at either Germanization or Russification. In the fourteenth century, during one of Poland's most brilliant periods, King Casimir the Great abandoned Polish claims to western territories formerly under Polish suzerainty, which were subsequently Germanized, and recognized Czech domination over Silesia and that of the Teutonic Knights over East Prussia, but sought to extend his rule eastward at the expense of Russia. Following protracted wars with Russia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Poland underwent three partitions—in 1772, 1793, and 1795—during which it was divided between Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Through these partitions Russia obtained for the most part lands which were ethnically non-Polish.

10. It was only after the Napoleonic wars, at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, that Russia received part of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw (formed by Napoleon), which Tsar Alexander I organized as the "Kingdom of Poland," granting it a constitution that was unusually liberal for that period. After the Polish uprising of 1830, precipitated by Russian violation of this constitution, the agreement was abrogated and a policy of vigorous Russification which deeply embittered the Poles was immediately undertaken.

11. Following the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the Russian segment of Poland was reunited with the Polish state, which had been restored at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. Poland's leader in the early postwar years, Marshal Pilsudski, sought to expand the country's boundaries as far eastward as possible, with the support of extreme Polish nationalists. In 1919, when Russia had been plunged into chaos by civil war, Polish forces overran Eastern Galicia; Vilna, just awarded by the Allies to newly independent Lithuania, was seized by the Poles; and in April, 1920, Pilsudski attacked Russia, with the avowed aim of including Lithuania, White Russia, and the Ukraine in a new Polish-Lithuanian Empire. The Russians succeeded in driving the Poles out of the Ukraine, but under the Treaty of Riga, concluded in 1921, Poland retained extensive Ukrainian and White Russian territories. Pilsudski's anti-Russian and anti-revolutionary policy—regarded by many Poles as patriotic—was viewed by the Soviet Union as a serious threat to its security.

12. Meanwhile agrarian reforms, which, in Poland as elsewhere in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, were pressed by peasant leaders after the war, brought opposition from large landowners and the army. These groups rallied in support of Pilsudski, who in 1923 had retired from public office. In 1926 Pilsudski defied the constitution of 1921, overthrew the government composed of moderate liberal and peasant representatives, and set up a military dictatorship.

13. After years of struggle against the Polish parliamentary parties, and of opposition to Ukrainian demands for independence, Pilsudski, on January 26, 1934, introduced an authoritarian constitution. On the same day Polish Foreign Minister Beck—who was regarded by Moscow as an archenemy of the Soviet Union—signed with Germany a pact of nonaggression which even in the opinion of historians critical of the U.S.S.R. marked one of Hitler's first major steps toward domination of Europe. In the autumn of that year Poland declared that it would no longer accept control by the League of Nations over the fulfillment of its obligations to minorities within its borders, as defined in minorities treaties it had accepted in 1919, thus freeing its hands for measures of repression against Ukrainians, Jews, and other minority groups.

14. When Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939,—following

conclusion of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact on August 23,—the Soviet Union lost no time in reinforcing its position with respect to the Reich. On September 17 Soviet forces invaded Eastern Poland, on the ground that the Polish state had become "a fertile field for any accidental and unexpected contingency that may create a menace to the Soviet Union," and that the Soviet government could not remain indifferent "to the fate of its blood brothers, the Ukrainians and White Russians, who . . . have been abandoned entirely to their fate."

15. On September 28 Ribbentrop and Molotov concluded a treaty of amity and an agreement tracing the "final" German-Soviet frontier in Poland. This delimitation placed under German rule Polish territory in which the Poles are in a majority, and gave the Soviet Union land in which the Poles are the largest minority in a population of nearly 13 million, estimated to include over 5 million Poles, over 4 million Ukrainians, and over a million White Russians. Polish White Russia was then incorporated into the White Russian S.S.R., while Polish Ukraine was incorporated into the Ukrainian S.S.R. These two republics became charter members of the United Nations Organization.

III

16. Polish Premier Sikorski, who after the German invasion of Russia in June, 1941, adopted a policy of letting bygones be bygones, reached an agreement with Moscow on July 30, 1941, by which the U.S.S.R. recognized "the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity." The Soviet government, however, gave no indication that the incorporation of Polish White Russia into the White Russian S.S.R. and of Polish Ukraine into the Ukrainian S.S.R., would be invalidated. On the contrary, it consistently gave the impression that there could be no discussion about the disposal of Eastern Poland, and that its acceptance of the terms of the Atlantic Charter after the German invasion of 1941 in no way affected any measures it had taken before that date.

17. General Sikorski's policy of reconciliation with the Soviet Union was subjected to pressure from two sides: from nationalist Poles in London, who opposed Russia's control of Eastern Poland, and in turn, advanced claims to East Prussia; and from Moscow, which showed an increasing disposition to doubt the intentions of the London Poles, and instead encouraged the formation on Russian soil of a Union of Polish Patriots, which eventually became the nucleus of the Lublin regime. The death of General Sikorski in an airplane crash at Gibraltar in July, 1943, dealt a serious blow to Russo-Polish relations.

18. On January 10, 1944, however, the Soviet government announced over the Moscow radio that it did not consider "unchangeable" the 1939

frontier fixed under the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement, and offered Poland a new frontier corresponding to the Curzon Line of 1919, as well as an alliance of mutual assistance against Germany modeled on the Russo-Czech pact concluded a month previously. The Soviet announcement also suggested that Poland "must be reborn, not by the occupation of Ukrainian and White Russian territories, but by the return of territories seized from Poland by the Germans"—a reference to East Prussia and Silesia.

19. Russia's offer was unacceptable to Polish extremists, especially because it was accompanied by criticism of the Polish government in London and praise for the Union of Polish Patriots. Premier Mikolajczyk, a leader of the Peasant Party, who had succeeded General Sikorski, faced a cruel dilemma: if he acquiesced in Russia's seizure of Eastern Poland, he feared repudiation of his government by many Poles; if he rejected Russia's territorial claims, he had to face the possibility that the Russians would set up a rival government on Polish soil, which they had reached in their steam-roller pursuit of the retreating Germans.

20. In spite of repeated efforts, Mikolajczyk found it impossible either to reconcile the London Poles with Moscow, or to break with the London Poles in order to join the Polish Committee of Liberation, successor to the Union of Polish Patriots, as he had been invited to do. The Polish Committee, established in July, 1944, at Chelm, the first large town on Polish territory west of the Curzon Line to be liberated by Russia, issued a manifesto in which it urged collaboration with Russia and accepted the transfer to Russia of Eastern Poland. It also demanded the transfer to Poland of Pomerania, Silesia, and East Prussia, all part of Germany in 1939, with a population of ten million Germans and fewer than 300,000 Poles. In other respects, the Polish Committee, like Premier Mikolajczyk, favored termination of the dictatorial system established by Marshal Pilsudski in 1934, and a series of industrial and agrarian reforms.

21. The Polish Committee of Liberation, which with the advance of the Russian Army moved first to Lublin, then to Warsaw, was recognized by the Soviet government as the provisional government of Poland. The United States and Britain declined to accord recognition to the Lublin regime, but meanwhile grew noticeably cooler toward the Polish government in London, from which Mikolajczyk had resigned. At the Crimea Conference in February, 1945, the Big Three reached a compromise on Poland. They agreed to establish a commission, consisting of Foreign Commissar Molotov and the British and American Ambassadors in Moscow, which was to consult Polish leaders concerning the formation of a new Provisional Government of National Unity, which some of the London Poles were to be invited to join.

22. Following months of arduous and fruitless negotiations, Mikolajczyk and some of his London associates decided in June to return to Poland

and join the Lublin regime, which in July was recognized by the United States and Britain. At the Potsdam Conference the Poles, on Russia's insistence, were invited to present their views regarding the future of Germany; and the Potsdam Declaration assigned East Prussia and a section of Silesia to Poland "pending the final determination of Poland's western frontier."

23. While the Potsdam conferees agreed that the expulsion of Germans from the areas assigned to Poland and Russia, as well as from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, should be delayed to permit the Allies to consider this problem, the Poles and Russians proceeded to expel all German inhabitants from areas under their control. These new displaced persons, who had to leave suddenly with few or no possessions, and struggled to reach havens in the British and American zones of Germany, have created a tragic and baffling problem for Allied administrators. The Poles, however, have justified their action on the ground that the presence of a large German minority within what they consider their borders would prove a constant threat of irredentism, similar to the presence of three and a half million Sudeten Germans in pre-1939 Czechoslovakia.

IV

24. The life skein of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria has been closely interwoven with that of Russia since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Tsar Nicholas I, intervening in the Balkans to aid the liberation of Greece, involved Russia in the war of 1828-1829 with Turkey. In 1853, following a dispute over the rights of Orthodox Greeks in the Holy Land, Turkey declared war on Russia, and Britain and France invaded the Crimea and laid siege to Sevastopol. According to the Treaty of Paris of 1856, which brought the Crimean War to an end, Russia lost the right to maintain a fleet in the Black Sea and had to abandon the right of exclusive protection over Orthodox peoples in Turkey. The Straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, moreover, were closed to military vessels of all nations.

25. Twenty years later, when Slavs revolted against Turkish tax collectors in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, Russia intervened once more in the Balkans on behalf of its Slav brethren. Tsar Alexander II declared war on Turkey in 1877, and Russia was joined by Rumania. By the preliminary peace terms signed in 1878, Turkey agreed to form a new principality, Bulgaria, and to recognize the independence of Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania, and Russia reacquired the mouth of the Danube, which it had been forced to surrender in 1856.

26. Britain and Austria, however, opposed Russia's advance into the Balkan and Black Sea area, and Russia accepted the mediation of Bismarck, the "honest broker," rather than face another war. The Congress

of Berlin of 1878 turned into a rout for Russia. By the Treaty of Berlin the new principality of Bulgaria was greatly reduced in size and remained a vassal of Turkey; while Austria "temporarily" occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina.

27. A rough delimitation of the Ottoman Empire's former possessions in the Balkans was thus arrived at by Russia and Austria—Russia exercising predominant influence among the eastern Balkan Slavs, especially Bulgaria, and Austria among the western Slavs, especially in Serbia and Herzegovina. In 1908, however, when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the latent antagonism between Serbia and Austria, and Russia and Austria, was fanned into bitter resentment, and Russia sought to emancipate the Slavs from the rule of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as it had once sought to liberate them from the Turks.

28. In 1912 Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece joined forces to defeat Turkey, which lost almost all its possessions in Europe inhabited by Slavs. The victors, however, fell out among themselves. Serbia and Greece, later joined by Rumania, fought against Bulgaria, which then turned for aid to Germany and Austria-Hungary, while its opponents turned to Russia, then allied with France. When the Archduke Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated on June 28, 1914, in a Bosnian town, Sarajevo, Russia promptly came to the aid of Serbia, and Germany to the aid of Austria. The stage was thus set for World War I.

29. Out of that war Serbia (which joined with Croatia and Montenegro to form Yugoslavia, literally "South Slavia"), Rumania (enlarged by the acquisition of Transylvania from Hungary), and Greece (enlarged by the acquisition of Western Thrace from Bulgaria) emerged on the side of the victors, of those who wanted to maintain the status quo; Hungary and Bulgaria on the side of the vanquished, of those who strove to overthrow the peace treaties. The governments of all these countries—the dictator-king Alexander of Yugoslavia; the aristocratic regime of Hungary headed on the eve of World War II by Admiral Horthy; King Carol of Rumania; King Boris of Bulgaria; Premier Metaxas of Greece—shared fear of the political, economic, and social system developed in the U.S.S.R., and were alarmed by the influence it might have on unstable conditions within their borders. All of them were openly anti-Communist (and in the case of Hungary and Rumania also anti-Russian), and more or less openly pro-Fascist, although not necessarily pro-German. The Hungarians, especially, recalled with alarm the Communist coup staged in Budapest by Bela Kun in 1918.

30. The Soviet government, however, had no territorial grudges against any of these countries, with the exception of Rumania, which, it will be recalled, had seized Bessarabia at the end of World War I. Bessarabia, a backward but rich agricultural area, had formed part of the Russian

Empire since 1812, when Russia acquired it from Turkey. On June 26, 1940, a few days after the signing of the Franco-German armistice at Compiègne, which freed a part of the German Army for operations in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, the Soviet government presented an ultimatum to Rumania demanding the immediate return of Bessarabia and the cession of Northern Bukovina. This ultimatum the Rumanian government, already confronted with territorial demands on the part of Hungary and Bulgaria, accepted on June 28, and on July 1 the Red Army occupied Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina, which Moscow claimed on historic and ethnographic grounds.

31. Pending the conclusion of peace treaties with Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, Russia has maintained about 500,000 men on the territory of each of the three Axis satellites. On the ground that it had to safeguard communications across Poland to its zone in Germany, Russia has also kept troops on Polish soil; but according to the most recent reports it has withdrawn its soldiers from Yugoslavia, except for a small number of technical military experts.

32. The fact that Russian occupation forces live off the land, encroaching on the already depleted food resources of the occupied countries, and requisition goods on terms that force the local governments to resort to unrestrained inflation, has caused growing resentment among the native populations. This resentment has been reflected in a strong trend toward social democracy, away from the extremism of both Fascism and Communism. In Hungary, for example, the Small Landholders' Party, representing primarily peasant interests, won nearly 60 per cent of the votes in the national elections of November 4; and in Austria, where Russia shares in the quadrapartite Allied control of the country, the moderate People's Party and the Social Democrats decisively defeated the Communists even in industrial centers in the national elections of November 25.

33. It is true that every newly formed government in Europe has Communists among its members, and that the Communists have, in each case, sought to obtain key ministries, notably Interior, Foreign Affairs, and Justice. The significant point, however, is that the moderate parties are now in the ascendant and realize that the best chance to check Communist demands is to undertake long-overdue reforms, whose absence had greatly facilitated Communist propaganda before and during the war.

34. There are two notable exceptions. In Bulgaria the November 18 elections gave an 80 per cent vote for the Fatherland Front composed of Communists, Agrarians, and Socialists, while in Yugoslavia the November 11 elections brought overwhelming victory for Marshal Tito. It is not possible to assess accurately the trend of public opinion in Poland and Rumania, where free elections have not yet been held.

35. While little unbiased information is available about political con-

ditions in Poland, the impression is growing that the Polish government, as might have been expected, is becoming increasingly more pro-Polish in its views, and that the influence of former Premier Mikolajczyk is in the ascendant. Many of the Poles living abroad find it impossible to reconcile themselves to the new regime; but others are ready to return to Poland and work for the nation's welfare, provided they can receive trustworthy assurances of personal safety.

V

36. At the Yalta Conference, it will be recalled, the Big Three pledged themselves to assist the people in any liberated state or former Axis satellite in Europe where, in their judgment, conditions require outside aid, "to form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population and pledged to the earliest possible establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people," and to facilitate where necessary the holding of such elections.

37. The principal obstacle to realization of these aims has been the difficulty of finding a formula defining the term "democratic" which would be acceptable to both the Western powers and Russia. The United States and Britain agreed to recognize the Polish government on July 5, after it had been enlarged, as provided at Yalta, by the inclusion of several Polish leaders from London, notably former Premier Mikolajczyk. They also extended recognition in November to the government formed in Hungary by Zoltan Tildy, leader of the Small Landholders' Party, who has since become President of the Hungarian Republic.

38. On December 22 the Western powers recognized the government of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, but on this occasion the United States criticized the methods used in the elections, and declared that recognition should not be interpreted as approval of the policies of the Yugoslav government. Hitherto, however, the Western powers have been reluctant to extend recognition to the regime of Premier Groza in Rumania, and have indicated that, in their opinion, the elections in Bulgaria were not representative of the popular will because opposition parties had not been given an opportunity to present their program to the voters on equal terms with the Fatherland Front.

39. From the point of view of the United States and Britain, democracy means unrestricted participation by all parties, except avowed Fascists, in universal and secret balloting for various party candidates. From the point of view of Russia, democracy means acceptance by all groups of the population of economic and social concepts and practices which the Russians regard as essential for the creation in these countries of governments that would be friendly to the U.S.S.R. Discussion of these divergent inter-

pretations of democracy has been complicated by the existence in Greece, which alone of the Balkan countries lies outside Russia's sphere of influence, of political controversies similar to those in Rumania and Bulgaria.

40. In an attempt to ascertain conditions in Rumania and Bulgaria, about which the Big Three disagreed at the London Council of Foreign Ministers, the United States in October sent Mark Ethridge, publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* to observe the situation on the spot. His report formed the subject of discussion between Secretary of State Byrnes and Foreign Commissar Molotov at the Big Three Conference in Moscow last December.

41. At this conference the United States, Britain, and Russia decided to arrange for certain changes in the governments of Rumania and Bulgaria, already recognized by Russia. Recognition by the two Western powers clears the way for the conclusion of peace treaties with them. The Rumanian government of Premier Groza was to be enlarged by the inclusion of one member each of the National Peasant Party and the Liberal Party. This reorganized government was then to declare that "free and unfettered elections" would be held as soon as possible on the basis of universal and secret ballot. It was also to give assurances concerning the grant of freedom of the press, speech, religion, and association. The performance of these tasks was to be supervised by an Allied commission.

42. The situation in Bulgaria was more complicated because, as Secretary of State Byrnes frankly said in his radio address of December 30, the Soviet government regards the Bulgarian elections of November 18 as free, and "we do not." The compromise reached in this case was that the Soviet government took "upon itself the mission of giving friendly advice to the Bulgarian government with regard to the desirability" of including in the cabinet of the Fatherland Front (then in process of being formed) two additional representatives of "other democratic groups."

43. The decisions reached with respect to Rumania and Bulgaria, although falling short of what the United States and Britain would have liked to see done, marked an important step forward, for two reasons. The Soviet government, for the first time since the Yalta Conference, agreed to coöperate with the Western powers toward making these two governments more representative; and the Western powers apparently convinced Moscow that they recognized Russia's special interest in the peaceful character of its neighbors.

VI

44. No matter what pledges are made about democracy, or what institutions are established to meet the political standards of the Western powers, democracy in the Western sense cannot be expected to flourish in Eastern Europe and the Balkans unless economic and social conditions are fundamentally improved. It is significant that the only country in the

area which has succeeded in developing a strong democratic system is Czechoslovakia, which has also established efficient modern industries, has modernized agriculture, and has created a vast network of social services.

45. What must never be forgotten in discussing the situation of Russia's neighbors in Europe is that most of them are today at an economic and social level strikingly similar to that of Russia in 1917. Of the five countries considered in this article, Poland alone had made notable progress toward industrialization. Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and to a lesser extent Hungary, are primarily agricultural countries, which in the past have exported food and certain raw materials, with which they paid for the consumers' goods and machinery they were as yet unable to produce within their own borders. An excellent little book published in England last year, *Economic Development in Southeastern Europe* (London, Political and Economic Planning), succinctly shows that the standard of living in most of the countries of this region was dangerously low, as indicated by an inadequate level of nutrition and the resulting high incidence of deficiency diseases, such as pellagra, anemia, scurvy, and rickets, as well as a high rate of infant mortality. To raise their standard of living these countries need to increase materially their production of food.

46. The breaking up of large estates which, except for some areas of Hungary, had been carried out on an extensive scale during the inter-war years does not of itself offer solution of the agricultural output problem, as the Russians discovered after they had parceled big estates in 1917—and the Poles are discovering now as they divide up Junker estates in East Prussia. What is needed is more efficient utilization of land through scientific crop rotation, use of fertilizers and of modern agricultural machinery, land reclamation and drainage, agronomic research, animal breeding, and improved methods of marketing agricultural products.

47. The Soviet government effected such reforms between 1933—when peasant resistance to collectivization was ruthlessly suppressed—and the invasion of Russia by Germany in 1941—when 99 per cent of the land was cultivated either as collective or as state farms. It is true that in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, where private ownership of land had been far more widespread than in Russia before the Bolshevik revolution, collectivization similar to that undertaken by the Soviet government may prove impracticable; and it is significant that the governments of these countries, even when directly inspired from Moscow, have been cautious about proposing collectivization, and have emphasized their respect for private property.

48. The industrial problems of these countries call for measures in which the experience of Russia may also prove helpful. Owing to the low standard of living throughout this area, the demand for consumption goods was limited to primitive needs for cheap textiles, paper, soap, sugar, salt, and matches. Poland is the only one of the five countries here considered

which has large resources of coal, now increased by the assignment to it of Germany's Silesian coal mines, and can therefore look to the development of large-scale industry. Rumania and Hungary, however, have oil; and Yugoslavia has brown coal, copper, lead, and chromite. The area has considerable resources of water power which have not been sufficiently utilized, and could support a wide variety of consumers' goods industries.

49. The creation of these industries, however, is hampered by an acute shortage of skilled labor and supervisory personnel (who for a time might have to be recruited abroad), and by shortage of capital. Conceivably these countries could develop their resources with little or no capital from abroad by forcing their exports, but this could be done only by decreasing their standard of living still further—as Russia discovered during the hard years of its successive Five-Year Plans. And it must be remembered that Russia had large resources of gold to pay for the services of foreign technicians and for imported machinery, and could draw on a huge reservoir of manpower not available to its small neighbors.

VII

50. To emerge from their backward condition and develop democratic institutions, the border countries need to obtain foreign capital. In the past, however, foreign capital has tended to go into extractive industries (American and British capital has been invested in the oil wells of Rumania, French capital in the copper mines of Yugoslavia), or else has been offered only on condition that the borrower purchase armaments in the lending country (this was particularly true of France's loans during the inter-war years to its allies east of Germany). What is needed most urgently is capital for the development of industries that could produce consumers' goods, raise living standards, and incidentally liberate these countries from their economic dependence on Germany.

51. To develop the productive capacities of Eastern Europe and the Balkans, the United States and Britain would be well advised to propose to the U.S.S.R. a long-term program of joint economic aid for the countries of this area. A precedent for such a program may be found in the plan presented by President Truman to China in his declaration of December 15. A similar offer to Russia for joint assistance by the Big Three in the reconstruction of Eastern Europe and the Balkans, on condition that existing regimes be broadened to include "other political elements," would help to convince the Soviet government that the United States and Britain are genuinely concerned with the future security and economic welfare of the small nations in that area, and are not urging democracy for Rumania or Bulgaria merely to checkmate Moscow's influence.

52. To such a joint economic program each of the Big Three would have a valuable contribution to make. The United States could provide a line of credit in this country for the purchase here of machinery for

new industries, as well as technicians. Britain could offer exports of tools and technical advice, as well as a market for the food and raw material exports of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Russia could share with these countries its own experience in effecting the painful transition from backward agrarian economy to modern industry and agriculture.

53. Whenever we are inclined to be critical of Russia's methods in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, we must remember that we and the British, in the heyday of our power in that area, showed little or no interest in the welfare of the native peoples, and were concerned primarily with the short-term advantages to be gained from investments in oil or other raw materials. The day for foreign investments that disregard the interests of local inhabitants has passed. From now on, the first test of investments must be: will they, in the long run, benefit the borrowing countries and, by benefiting them, also increase the well-being, and hence the security, of the rest of the world?

54. In spite of the disillusionment that Russia's neighbors have experienced on coming into direct—and somewhat too intimate—contact with its armies of occupation, they have distinctly something to gain from closer relations with the U.S.S.R., which has far outdistanced them on the road to industrialization. Not only do they stand to learn a great deal from Russia's solutions of its industrial and agricultural problems, which are similar to their own, but they are bound to be impressed with the success of the Soviet government in assuring wide cultural autonomy to the 160 national groups of the U.S.S.R. welded together in a strong political and economic union.

55. For centuries the nations buffeted between the four great empires that once dominated this area have vainly sought to discover some way in which they could preserve their precious heritage of culture and at the same time attain a measure of political and economic security. The League of Nations proved a vain hope because of the refusal of the Great Powers to safeguard the interests of the small. The United Nations Organization now has an opportunity to succeed where the League failed. But if again the small nations should find themselves at the mercy of the ambitions and conflicts of the great, the possibility must not be excluded that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will make a strong bid for the inclusion, within its elastic framework, of some of its small neighbors, especially those countries which are inhabited by Slavs.

56. If the Western powers want to have a voice in the future destiny of Russia's neighbors, they must revise their own previous approach to these peoples, whom too often in the past they treated with contempt for their backwardness, and match Russia's bid with socially desirable measures for rehabilitation of the area, in coöperation with, and not in hostility against, Russia.



INDIA—SUBCONTINENT OF SCHISMS AND CONTRASTS[1]

George E. Jones

George E. Jones (1916-), after graduation from the University of Oregon in 1937, worked for newspapers in Eugene and Salem. He has been correspondent for both the United Press and the Associated Press. During the war he was reporter in the Pacific for the New York Times. *This article is a direct report from India, where Mr. Jones was assigned.*

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

India's plains are brutally warm in the spring. A hot brisk wind sweeps across the land and succeeds only in raising a semi-permanent haze of red dust which occasionally becomes a first-class dust storm. A newcomer might, in fact, uncharitably describe this particular spot on the globe as an earthly hades, whose permanent inhabitants painstakingly and cheerily pass along the assurance, "this is nothing—wait until summer comes."

Their admonition reeks of authenticity. From India's winding, rutted roads the traveler can see an occasional gaunt cow wandering sorrowfully along a dried stream, looking for water; the dust-laden sky is dotted with the everlasting vultures wheeling in endless circles.

One must come to the conclusion, indeed, that this is a land where things are quite likely to get worse before they get better, and where the immediate future seems only to offer dark prospects of heat, rash and silicosis for the most fortunate of its inhabitants. The less fortunate will die of starvation by the tens and, perhaps, hundreds of thousands unless help comes from abroad.

This is the physical reality of India, whose harsh impact is likely to blind the newcomer to its other more amenable aspects. Yet, if he looks about him, his mind will record many and confusing impressions—poverty and

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine*, June 16, 1946.

splendor, dry plains and humid jungles, lofty spiritual concepts and smug apathy.

Indians like to refer to their country as a "subcontinent." Outsiders refer repetitiously to its "teeming millions." Both clichés are substantially correct, and they emphasize the underlying fact that India is a complex country with a complex theme.

How shall one attempt to come to a quick understanding of India?

One has the choice of two short cuts—the nonsensical blurbs of the romanticists who talk of the Orient's magic, maharajahs and star sapphires, or the vast array of imposing statistics relating to India's many languages, religions, political subdivisions and to its poverty and illiteracy. One or the other short cut is likely to bring the observer to a dead end. India is too large in all its aspects for either approach.

A visitor of only four months' experience in this country cannot judge of its scope or depth. But, while admitting its complexity, he instinctively rejects the assertion of Indians themselves that "outsiders cannot understand India." After all, no country is really understood, perhaps, even within its own family. One must search for the threads of India's fabric, sorting them out and examining them, even as one concludes despairingly from time to time that India is a country without beginning or end, a disconnected and improvised narrative whose origins disappear into the mists of time.

New Delhi is a poor start for the exploration of India. Here in this modern adjunct to ancient Delhi is the capital of India. Yet New Delhi itself bears as little relation to the country as the Government of India does to the concept of a government rooted in the people.

The visitor may experience a profound depression as he views the poverty and squalor of India's cities. But he is appalled as he wanders through the immense catacombs of New Delhi's government buildings, countless corridors where the Government of India transacts its business in the half-world of unreality and improbability. There are the "Chaprassis," unseeing messengers and handymen who sit patiently hour after hour outside the offices, waiting for some hand to give them a message, with a few curt words of instruction. Thereupon they will rise to their feet and shuffle away bearing the "chit," of whose content they have no idea, and wouldn't care if they had. They can't read, of course. They know nothing of the Government—not even the office to which they are assigned.

The observer suspects that even the clerks and officers in a particular cubicle know nothing except what their assigned routine tells them to do. No one—except, perhaps, a very few men in the topmost brackets—seems to have a coherent idea of the purpose of the Government, and the co-relation of their work to the people of other distant, seldom seen offices in the vast sprawling "Secretariat."

The Secretariat is one of several huge pink and white sandstone mausoleums comprising the government group. Built in the early Nineteen Twenties—New Delhi has been the capital of India for only a quarter of a century—the government buildings were designed as an undistinguished hash of Mogul, Hindu and English architecture. They are vast and gloomy edifices, of uncertain plumbing virtues, carelessly decorated here and there with frilly cornices, towers and drainage pipes dropping wearily from windows.

Nor does the city of New Delhi itself bear much relation to reality. It sprawls lifelessly but well-planned on the red plains, its wide streets and broad-lawned grounds accentuating a grotesque contrast with the crowded, dirty streets of India's other cities. Houses are constructed according to a uniform pattern—low-slung L or H-shaped bungalows of stucco construction, looking for all the world like genteel undertaking parlors, obedient to the purposes of the government mausoleums.

At night in New Delhi you occasionally hear the howl of the jackal rising to the moonless sky, but the only other sound that can be heard as one passes by its gloomy Secretariat is—according to a well-related legend—the whirring of grinding axes.

It is said that Clemenceau, gazing upon the massive hulk of government architecture, murmured, "What lovely ruins they would make!"

The visitor passed from New Delhi into the old city and into reality. Here are the crowded dirty streets filled with humanity, and cattle, goats and an occasional camel. There is Chadni Chowk, once called the "richest street in the world," because of the gold and silversmith shops which line the thoroughfare. There is the huge grim "Red Fort" of pink sandstone which served as a symbol of the tyranny of the Moghul Emperors. Automobiles and horse-drawn two-wheeled "tongas" pass through Kashmir Gate. It still bears the pock marks of the British shells which finally broke the mutiny of 1857.

Here in Old Delhi is the past that is so evident throughout India. Successive layers of civilization have grown atop each other in this troubled country. Each has left traces of its culture, and India to a great extent dwells in the memory of their age. She has received many waves of invaders who poured through the massive "Hills of God" and down the Indus Valley, bringing with them the streams of life from Asia and beyond—Aryans, Greeks, Tartars and Persians. They became part of India's earth, fighting the earth for food, plotting fiercely against each other and submitting passively for the most part to their rulers.

Old Delhi is their heritage. It rose from the plains—seven cities, one buried beneath the other. Here successive waves of conquerors paused to destroy what they could of the old, and to add their own distinctive touch

which, as it happened, usually included a strong touch of murder, larceny and lust.

There is squalor in Delhi, but the old city fits its surroundings, even to the thick black vultures which huddle in the bare branches of the trees overlooking the municipal slaughter house. One recalls only dimly the inscription in the Diwan-i-Khas—Hall of Private Audience—in the Red Palace: "If there is a heaven on the face of earth it is this, it is this, it is this."

The visitor wandering through the Red Palace notes its magnificence, even though many of its fabulous riches have been carried off by the invading armies. Along its streets he notes the beggars and the lepers, and the little cubicles where food collects the dust and filth of Delhi.

Delhi with its past glories and present squalor remains the cultural and emotional core of India as a nation. The Indian revolutionary, Subhas Chandra Bose, leading his Japanese-sponsored army to the borders of India two years ago, proclaimed to his troops:

"There in the distance, beyond that river, beyond these jungles, beyond these hills, lies the promised land—the soil from which we sprang—the land to which we shall now return . . . and if we fall, in our last sleep we shall kiss the road that will bring our army to Delhi. . . . The road to Delhi is the road to freedom . . . Chalo Delhi! (Go to Delhi)."

Delhi is but one city, of course, but through it runs the same economic and social thread that the visitor encounters in the others. One recalls Bombay, an ingratiating cosmopolitan mixture of East and West, which turns a pleasant smiling face to the visitor as he steps off the boat, holding shyly behind its back the shocking slums where factory workers sleep eight to twelve in a room. Going through the slum district on a warm spring night one sees countless hundreds sleeping in the streets. Some of the men stay up playing cards or arguing, and in these dark hours many a communal riot between Moslem and Hindu has started.

Or the newcomer remembers his visit to one of the more progressive factories. It has a day nursery for the children of mothers who earn 20 or 30 cents in ten hours of work. The nursery is run by three elderly wrinkled women with fierce black eyes and nose rings. There are, perhaps, fifteen babies ranging from six months to four or five years of age playing on the floor. Some seem healthy enough, but several are gaunt-eyed and their bellies are distended. They lie in a motionless stupor.

"Doped with opium," says the manager, turning away. In the crowded tenements the mothers drug their babies to keep them quiet at night.

Madras has its starving beggars who cluster around the garbage—what city in India doesn't? Calcutta has its thousands of women patiently daubing the walls of the dwellings with cow dung which eventually will be used as fuel. American troops called them "pattycake Annies." And so on

through the cities of India. Each has its full quota of beggars, gibbering, imploring, horribly maimed humanity, some with babies—rented in some cases—dangling from their arms. They crawl over the streets on stumps of legs, they run after the visitor, they wallow in the dust and murmur sadly, exhibiting their sores and infirmities.

From the windows of the train coach, passing through the barren uncompromising countryside, the visitor feels that he is closer to India than in the cities. He sees a flat brown country eroded by centuries of wind and drought. Here and there he glimpses a patch of green irrigated land.

"We are so poor," says the gray-bearded Sikh, a provincial official, who sits down in the berth opposite. "This is a backward country. Many people have got something out of India, but few have put anything into it."

"Haven't you gone ahead in the past few years?"

"Hah—just a pinprick. A few canals here, a few roads there. India's a big country. It's a subcontinent."

The train crawls ahead with many stops and starts. Indian trains have been described as "intoxicated caterpillars." Dust has seeped into the compartment, and it spreads a thin film over the seats and suitcases and occupants. Outside, the peasant in his bullock cart, goading the bony animal with a stick, moves slowly along and out of sight as his ancestors have moved and disappeared for thousands of years since the beginning of time.

The Sikh's eyes turn away wearily, and he makes a slight grimace. "When you've finished traveling in India, tell me how many tractors you've counted."

Thus one wades through India's frustration which seeps through every pore of national life. Even business transactions are permeated by an air of doubt and improbability. Someone goes into a telegraph office to send a message. He must first submit his message to a clerk who counts over the wordage three times, then sets the price the customer must pay. Then he must move to another window and buy stamps corresponding to the price. He then moves on to a glue pot and pastes the stamps onto the message. Then, finally, he may bring the message back to the original clerk who looks it over suspiciously and sends it on its way. The telegram may reach its destination, Calcutta or Bombay, one day to three weeks later.

So runs the tempo of existence in India. Adding machines are virtually unknown. Telephones are usually answered by chaprassis who hold the instrument gingerly a foot from their ear and spill an unceasing stream of dialect into the distant receiver. Hundreds of thousands of clerks, elderly and mournful, spend their lives writing every transaction in triplicate or quadruplicate. Inter-office memorandums, that great Indian institution known as "chits," pass back and forth between offices, where they collect dust in the reasonable hope that they and their origin will soon be forgotten.

And the tempo is maintained in the home. Recently the writer and another correspondent moved into a house which had a staff of seven servants. There was a dishwasher because the cook couldn't wash table dishes. There was a sweeper because the "bearers" (personal servants) would consider it beneath them to clean the floors. There was a gardener because no one else deemed it to be his job. And an order given today was carried out "just now"—which meant three or four days later, after repeated admonitions.

It is a sine qua non of such a situation, of course, that Hindu and Moslem elements of this arrangement decline to eat together.

The newcomer to India can escape from the frustrations and evidences of squalor, of course, if he chooses to flee reality. He can sit in the lounge of the Hotel Taj Mahal in Bombay, the Imperial in New Delhi, or the Cecil in Old Delhi, and wallow in unreality. He can watch the procession of princes through the hotel lobby, followed at a respectful distance by retainers caparisoned in scarlet and gold livery. He sips tea or gin and bitters, and watches the façade of Europeanized life in India. On hot Sunday forenoons blatant martial music from the bandstand pours into his ears, as turbaned servants pad about with trays of drinks.

Or the visitor goes to a hill station, the ultimate refuge from the heat and poverty of India—Simla, for instance. There are the young ladies, parasols shading them from the late morning sun as they stroll through the winding lanes. There are the retired generals who talk of past campaigns and the India that used to be. There are the Saturday nights where one can enter a dining room only if clad in evening clothes—but then the elders complain that in the old days one would require evening dress every night when dining in public. In this year of prospective famine, the menu offers hors d'oeuvres, soup, steak, vegetables, dessert, cheese, coffee and plenty of bread—and at noon, rice and curry if desired.

A murmur of well-bred conversation ripples through the dining room. Past the hotel stagger coolies carrying incredible loads on their backs—as much as a bed and commode—up and down the tortuous roads. You see the rickshaws drawn by four huffing and puffing coolies, the only mode of transportation for an average person in Simla.

Europeanized Indians live much the same life. One goes to their homes and encounters men and women in evening attire—only the women usually wear beautifully finished and graceful saris and the men Jodhpur breeches and long coats (sherwanis). Well-appointed tables of good European or Indian cooking; scotch and soda before dinner and brandy afterward. The homes of India's upper classes are equivalent to those of any American of a similar station in life and income, perhaps slightly more luxurious.

As the visitor wanders through India he becomes increasingly aware of the schism between old and new, and of its many violent contrasts existing side by side. From heaven to hell is not a long step in India, and betwixt

the two are the few people—the somber Indians, the conscientious Englishman—who are trying to do something about it.

He meets these few people gratefully, just as he remembers with distaste the invidious remark audible above the conversation in the dining room and cocktail lounge to the effect that the Bengal famine of 1943 was "a failure" because "after all, you know, it killed off less than two million people and India's population increases five million a year."

The newcomer cannot dwell too extensively on India's complexities, its intermingled cultures, religions and traditions, its overpopulation and poverty. He looks, also, at its monuments to the past, the reminder of a long consecutive history of an indigenous civilization. He becomes engrossed in its intellectual and emotional ferment, the spectacle of nearly four hundred million people groping toward a satisfactory and meaningful life. He remembers the searing sun beating down mercilessly, cracking the mud walls of India's age-old villages. But he remembers also the delicate cadence of the Bengali song as it is sung in the early evening by the young boy picking his way through the human misery in the streets of India.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

The New World

ONE WORLD[1]

Wendell Willkie

Wendell Willkie (1892-1944), the Republican nominee for President in 1940, was one of the foremost spokesmen for the international point of view in America's domestic and foreign policy.

In order to gain an understanding of the peoples of the world and to foster a better spirit of global unity, Mr. Willkie made a forty-nine day world tour in 1942. As a consequence of this tour, he published One World, *from which this essay is taken. The entire book is a moving appeal for self-government among the lesser nations of the world, for the end of imperialism everywhere, and for the creation of some international organization that will make future wars impossible.*

1. It was only a short time ago—less than a quarter of a century—that the allied nations gained an outstanding victory over the forces of conquest and aggression then led by imperial Germany.

2. But the peace that should have followed that war failed primarily because no joint objectives upon which it could be based had been arrived at in the minds of the people, and therefore no world peace was possible. The League of Nations was created full-blown; and men and women, having developed no joint purpose, except to defeat a common enemy, fell into capricious arguments about its structural form. Likewise, it failed because it was primarily an Anglo-French-American solution, retaining the old colonial imperialisms under new and fancy terms. It took inadequate account of the pressing needs of the Far East, nor did it sufficiently seek solution of the economic problems of the world. Its attempts to solve the world's problems were primarily political. But political internationalism without economic internationalism is a house built upon sand. For no nation can reach its fullest development alone.

3. Our ow ı history furnishes, I believe, another clue to our failure. One of our most obvious weaknesses, in the light of what is going on today, is the lack of any continuity in our foreign policy. Neither major party can claim to have pursued a stable or consistent program of international co-operation even during the relatively brief period of the last forty-five years. Each has had its season of world outlook—sometimes an imperialistic one—

[1] Copyright 1942 by Wendell L. Willkie, and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

and each its season of strict isolationism, the Congressional leadership of the party out of power usually, according to accepted American political practice, opposing the program of the party in power, whatever it might be.

4. For years many in both parties have recognized that if peace, economic prosperity, and liberty itself were to continue in this world, the nations of the world must find a method of economic stabilization and co-operative effort.

5. These aspirations at the end of the First World War, under the presidency of Woodrow Wilson, produced a program of international co-operation intended to safeguard all nations against military aggression, to protect racial minorities, and to give the oncoming generation some confidence that it could go about its affairs without a return of the disrupting and blighting scourge of war. Whatever we may think about the details of that program, it was definite, affirmative action for world peace. We cannot state positively just how effective it might have proved had the United States extended to it support, influence, and active participation.

6. But we do know that we tried the opposite course and found it altogether futile. We entered into an era of strictest detachment from world affairs. Many of our public leaders, Democratic and Republican, went about the country proclaiming that we had been tricked into the last war, that our ideals had been betrayed, that never again should we allow ourselves to become entangled in world politics which would inevitably bring about another armed outbreak. We were blessed with natural barriers, they maintained, and need not concern ourselves with the complicated and unsavory affairs of an old world beyond our borders.

7. We shut ourselves away from world trade by excessive tariff barriers. We washed our hands of the continent of Europe and displayed no interest in its fate while Germany rearmed. We torpedoed the London Economic Conference when the European democracies, with France lagging in the rear, were just beginning to recover from the economic depression that had sapped their vitality, and when the instability of foreign exchange remained the principal obstacle to full revival. And in so doing, we sacrificed a magnificent opportunity for leadership in strengthening and rehabilitating the democratic nations, in fortifying them against assault by the forces of aggression which at that very moment were beginning to gather.

8. The responsibility for this does not attach solely to any political party. For neither major party stood consistently and conclusively before the American public as either the party of world outlook or the party of isolation. If we were to say that Republican leadership destroyed the League of Nations in 1920, we must add that it was Democratic leadership that broke up the London Economic Conference in 1933.

9. I was a believer in the League. Without, at this time, however, arguing either for or against the provisions of the League plans, I should like to

point out the steps leading to its defeat here in the United States. For that fight furnishes a perfect example of the type of leadership we must avoid in this country if we are ever going to fulfill our responsibilities as a nation that believes in a free world, a just world, a world at peace.

10. President Wilson negotiated the peace proposals at Versailles, including the covenant of the League, without consultation with or the participation of the Republican leadership in the Senate. He monopolized the issue for the Democratic party and thereby strategically caused many Republicans—even international-minded Republicans—to take the opposite position. Upon his return the treaty and the covenant were submitted to the United States Senate for ratification. And there arose one of the most dramatic episodes in American history. I cannot here trace the details of that fight which resulted in rejection on the part of the United States of world leadership. It is important for us today, however, to remember the broad outlines of the picture.

11. First, as to the Senate group, the so-called "battalion of death," the "irreconcilables," or the "bitter-enders." Here was a group that had no party complexion. In its leadership the name of the Democratic orator, James A. Reed, occupies as conspicuous a position as that of the Republican, Borah. At the other extreme was the uncompromising war President, Woodrow Wilson, who insisted on the treaty with every *i* dotted and every *t* crossed. Between them were the reservationists, of various complexions and opinions, and of both Republican and Democratic affiliation.

12. We do not know today, and perhaps we never shall know, whether the man who was then Republican leader of the Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge, whose name we now associate with the defeat of the League, truly wanted the League adopted with safeguarding reservations or whether he employed the reservations to kill the League. Even his close friends and members of his family have reported contrary opinions on the subject.

13. But we do know that when this question passed from the Senate to the two great political conventions of 1920, neither of them stood altogether for, or altogether against, the treaty as it had been brought home by the President. The Democratic Convention in its platform did not oppose reservations. The Republican platform adopted a compromise plank which was broad enough to accommodate the firm supporters of the League in the Republican ranks. The anti-League delegates found safe footing there too.

14. Both platforms were ambiguous; the parties had no consistent historical position about the co-operation of the United States with other nations. The confusion was doubled by the attitude of the Republican candidate, Warren Harding, an amiable, pleasant man of no firm convictions. There was no doubt that Cox's position on the Democratic ticket was a fairly definite support of the Wilson treaty, though his party platform left open the possibility of reservations and many of the Democratic leaders

were strongly in opposition. But no one was certain whether Harding was merely pulling his punches against the League or whether he intended to support it upon election, in a modified form. All that was clear was that he felt he had to make some opposition to the League since it had been made a political issue by the Democrats. In private conversation, he gave each man the answer he wanted. It was not until after the election returns were in that Harding spoke frankly of the League as "now deceased."

15. The elections, ironically, had turned primarily on different questions. The great cause of America's co-operation with the world was put to the test of an election dominated by local issues through the fault of both parties. The Democratic party and its leaders unwisely sought to monopolize the international position and the Republican party equally unwisely allowed itself to be pushed strategically in the opposite direction. The time is approaching when we must once more determine whether America will assume its proper position in world affairs, and we must not let that determination be again decided by mere party strategy.

16. I am satisfied that the American people never deliberately and intentionally turned their backs on a program for international co-operation. Possibly they would have preferred changes in the precise Versailles covenant, but not complete aloofness from the efforts of other nations. They were betrayed by leaders without convictions who were thinking in terms of group vote catching and partisan advantage.

17. If our withdrawal from world affairs after the last war was a contributing factor to the present war and to the economic instability of the past twenty years—and it seems plain that it was—a withdrawal from the problems and responsibilities of the world after this war would be sheer disaster. Even our relative geographical isolation no longer exists.

18. At the end of the last war, not a single plane had flown across the Atlantic. Today that ocean is a mere ribbon, with airplanes making regular scheduled flights. The Pacific is only a slightly wider ribbon in the ocean of the air, and Europe and Asia are at our very doorstep.

19. America must choose one of three courses after this war: narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the ultimate loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation. I am convinced the American people will choose, by overwhelming majority, the last of these courses. To make this choice effective, we must win not only the war, but also the peace, and we must start winning it now.

20. To win this peace three things seem to me necessary—first, we must plan now for peace on a world basis; second, the world must be free, politically and economically, for nations and for men, that peace may exist

in it; third, America must play an active, constructive part in freeing it and keeping its peace.

21. When I say that peace must be planned on a world basis, I mean quite literally that it must embrace the earth. Continents and oceans are plainly only parts of a whole, seen, as I have seen them, from the air. England and America are parts. Russia and China, Egypt, Syria and Turkey, Iraq and Iran are also parts. And it is inescapable that there can be no peace for any part of the world unless the foundations of peace are made secure throughout all parts of the world.

22. This cannot be accomplished by mere declarations of our leaders, as in an Atlantic Charter. Its accomplishment depends primarily upon acceptance by the peoples of the world. For if the failure to reach international understanding after the last war taught us anything it taught us this: even if war leaders apparently agree upon generalized principles and slogans while the war is being fought, when they come to the peace table they make their own interpretations of their previous declarations. So unless today, while the war is being fought, the people of the United States and of Great Britain, of Russia and of China, and of all the other United Nations, fundamentally agree on their purposes, fine and idealistic expressions of hope such as those of the Atlantic Charter will live merely to mock us as have Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points. The Four Freedoms will not be accomplished by the declarations of those momentarily in power. They will become real only if the people of the world forge them into actuality.

23. When I say that in order to have peace this world must be free, I am only reporting that a great process has started which no man—certainly not Hitler—can stop. Men and women all over the world are on the march, physically, intellectually, and spiritually. After centuries of ignorant and dull compliance, hundreds of millions of people in eastern Europe and Asia have opened the books. Old fears no longer frighten them. They are no longer willing to be Eastern slaves for Western profits. They are beginning to know that men's welfare throughout the world is interdependent. They are resolved, as we must be, that there is no more place for imperialism within their own society than in the society of nations. The big house on the hill surrounded by mud huts has lost its awesome charm.

24. Our Western world and our presumed supremacy are now on trial. Our boasting and our big talk leave Asia cold. Men and women in Russia and China and in the Middle East are conscious now of their own potential strength. They are coming to know that many of the decisions about the future of the world lie in their hands. And they intend that these decisions shall leave the peoples of each nation free from foreign domination, free for economic, social, and spiritual growth.

25. Economic freedom is as important as political freedom. Not only must people have access to what other peoples produce, but their own

products must in turn have some chance of reaching men all over the world. There will be no peace, there will be no real development, there will be no economic stability, unless we find the method by which we can begin to break down the unnecessary trade barriers hampering the flow of goods. Obviously, the sudden and uncompromising abolition of tariffs after the war could only result in disaster. But obviously, also, one of the freedoms we are fighting for is freedom to trade. I know there are many men, particularly in America, where our standard of living exceeds the standard of living in the rest of the world, who are genuinely alarmed at such a prospect, who believe that any such process will only lessen our own standard of living. The reverse of this is true.

26. Many reasons may be assigned for the amazing economic development of the United States. The abundance of our national resources, the freedom of our political institutions, and the character of our population have all undoubtedly contributed. But in my judgment the greatest factor has been the fact that by the happenstance of good fortune there was created here in America the largest area in the world in which there were no barriers to the exchange of goods and ideas.

27. And I should like to point out to those who are fearful one inescapable fact. In view of the astronomical figures our national debt will assume by the end of this war, and in a world reduced in size by industrial and transportation developments, even our present standard of living in America cannot be maintained unless the exchange of goods flows more freely over the whole world. It is also inescapably true that to raise the standard of living of any man anywhere in the world is to raise the standard of living by some slight degree of every man everywhere in the world.

28. Finally, when I say that this world demands the full participation of a self-confident America, I am only passing on an invitation which the peoples of the East have given us. They would like the United States and the other United Nations to be partners with them in this grand adventure. They want us to join them in creating a new society of independent nations, free alike of the economic injustices of the West and the political malpractices of the East. But as partners in that great new combination they want us neither hesitant, incompetent, nor afraid. They want partners who will not hesitate to speak out for the correction of injustice anywhere in the world.

29. Our allies in the East know that we intend to pour out our resources in this war. But they expect us now—not after the war—to use the enormous power of our giving to promote liberty and justice. Other peoples, not yet fighting, are waiting no less eagerly for us to accept the most challenging opportunity of all history—the chance to help create a new society in which men and women the world around can live and grow invigorated by independence and freedom.

FALLACY OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY[1]

Emery Reves

Emery Reves (1904-) was born at Bocsfoldvar, Hungary (a part of Yugoslavia since 1919). He holds a doctor's degree in political economy from the University of Zurich. In 1930 he founded the Cooperation Press Service and Cooperation Publishing Company in order to publish, all over the world, the views of leading statesmen on international affairs.

Mr. Reves was a staunch enemy of the totalitarians and refused to let any spokesman of their systems use his syndicate. Three times he barely escaped the Nazis, when they raided his offices in Berlin, when they entered Vienna, and as they were nearing Paris. His firm acted as agent for the publication of Fritz Thyssen's I Paid Hitler *in 1941 and for Prince Ernst Starhemberg's* Between Hitler and Mussolini *in 1942.*

In 1942 he also published his own Democratic Manifesto, *in which he contends that nationalism will have to be subordinated to international interdependence if wars are to be averted. In* The Anatomy of Peace, *1945, from which this essay is taken, he develops and elaborates this thesis, advocating "a legal order between men beyond and above the existing nation-state structure." At the Rollins College conference on world government he signed a petition suggesting amendments to the United Nations' charter so that the organization might be transformed "from a league of sovereign states into a government deriving its specific powers from the peoples of the world."*

Some people think Mr. Reves is an idealist who may, unwittingly, help to bring about the failure of the United Nations. Others believe that the radical changes he advocates must be effected before there can be any kind of world organization. As you read the essay, try to decide which group evaluates Mr. Reves's thinking more wisely.

1. For some thousands of years we have been struggling for peace. That we have never reached our goal does not prove that peace is unattainable. But it does prove that the means and methods by which we have tried to achieve it are inadequate.

2. In 1919, completely misunderstanding the forces of his time and the meaning of the crisis which he was called upon to solve, Woodrow Wilson rejuvenated all the eighteenth century conceptions of nationalism. The order created after the first World War was the apotheosis of nationalism, of national sovereignty, of self-determination of nations, of the right of each nationality to its own sovereign state.

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *The Anatomy of Peace,* published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1945, by Emery Reves.

3. For twenty years the world agonized in the strait-jacket of this rigid structure which prevented organic integration of the nations, led to higher and higher tariffs, to mistrust, unemployment, hatred, misery, dictatorships, armaments and—the second World War.

4. It would seem that all these horrible events might have shaken the blind confidence in those outdated and deadly dogmas, and that the people who have to lead the nations through this holocaust might at least have searched for the real causes of the crisis and for the path that could lead us out of it.

5. The tragic fact, however, is that we are neither heading nor thinking in a new direction. Those in power have no time and no incentive to think. And those who think have no power whatsoever.

6. All the documents and pronouncements of the governments of the United Nations prove that they have nothing else in mind than a return to the old policies that failed so completely. It is a strangely topsy-turvy world in which all governments, statesmen, diplomats, politicians and party leaders are ardent protagonists of theories and conceptions so evidently at variance with the realities of our time.

7. During the second World War the documents in which are crystallized the thoughts of the United Nations are the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations Declaration, the Moscow, Teheran and Yalta agreements, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and the San Francisco Charter.

8. When the Atlantic Charter was first proclaimed, the democratic world was thrilled to the marrow. That thrill derived more from the event itself than from the contents of the proclamation. After a series of Brenner Pass meetings between Hitler and Mussolini, each the prelude to further Axis triumphs, the high-seas meeting between Roosevelt and Churchill was novel and dramatic; it held the promise of triumphs for the enemies of the Axis.

9. Does the Atlantic Charter—does the world view implicit in that document—offer a new approach to the solution of international problems?

10. The underlying idea of the Atlantic Charter is expressed in its third paragraph: "They (the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister) respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

11. That is the charter of the first World War.

12. That is a reiteration of the old doctrine of self-determination, upon which we built the world of 1919 that crumbled so miserably and so quickly. The Atlantic Charter again proclaimed the right of every nation to choose the form of government it desires—or the form imposed upon it by a ruthless minority. It bowed abjectly before the fetish of "national sovereignty" with all that it implies: unlimited terror and organization for aggression within any nation so inclined; nonintervention in military epidemics until

too late; blind isolationism and neutrality in a world made small by science and interdependent by industry.

13. The Atlantic Charter, for all its fine intentions, is an anachronism. If applied it would divide the world into more and yet more nations, each of them independent of the others, unlimited in its sovereign right to do mischief. It recognized the right of any country to be as undemocratic and totalitarian as it pleases, a law unto itself. It failed to recognize and to implement larger sovereignties that transcend national sovereignties, human rights that take precedence over national rights.

14. Self-determination is no guarantee of independence. The sad fate of the small nations set up at Versailles proves that. Even before their freedom was finally wiped out by the rampant and self-determined nationalism of Nazi Germany, they could maintain the illusion of independence only by accepting the patronage and protection of one of the more powerful nations. Independence in its absolute form produces only fear, mistrust, conflict, slavery—because it penalizes pacific nations and gives the right of way to aggressors and troublemakers among countries.

15. The third paragraph of the Atlantic Charter, in one terse phrase, enshrines the tragic misunderstanding of our generation.

16. We all assume it to be true that freedom and independence are the inalienable rights of man, and we are seeking to create institutions to guarantee and safeguard those rights. In the eighteenth century our forebears found those guarantees and safeguards in the principle of national sovereignty, in the institutions of the sovereign nation-state, controlled by the people, and in the rights of all peoples to self-determination, to choose the form of government, the structure of their political and economic system within the territorial boundaries of their state, to do so of their own free will without foreign interference.

17. These concepts and these institutions, in their absolute form, were perfectly capable of expressing and protecting national independence as long as contact between the established national units was either nonexistent, unnecessary or loose. Since modern industrialism, science and communications have shrunk this planet of ours into a sixty-hour flying trip, and will continue to shrink it further; since no nation, not even the mightiest, is economically self-sufficient; since industry seeks to gain markets all over the world and can develop only within a framework where exchange and free communication are possible, these eighteenth century concepts, as expressed in the treaties of 1919 and in the Atlantic Charter, create in their absolute form, conditions similar to a society in which individuals may act as they please, without any limitations on their impulses, without any consideration as to the effect of their actions on other members of that society. In their absolute form, the principles upon which the Atlantic Charter is based lead straight to anarchy in international life.

18. If this present trend cannot be reversed, we are heading toward nationalism more frenzied and delirious than ever. If we cling to the principle of self-determination of nations, we shall have to face the claims of the innumerable nationalities in Europe, Asia, even in Africa, to have sovereign states of their own.

19. The principle of "self-determination of nations" is a primitive and oversimplified expression of the concept of national independence. It is designed to work in laboratory conditions. Present-day realities, however, produce too many interferences to make possible the application of such a hypothetical formula without recurrent explosions.

20. The right of one man is the fruit of the obligations of all men. In social life, this is self-evident. No organized society is conceivable without a codification of the rights and duties of all members of that society. Now, irresistible and inexorable events force us to organize the relations of nations. In international life, however, we refuse to acknowledge this fundamental principle of society, and insist that a workable world order be built upon a Bill of Rights without a Bill of Duties. We fail to recognize that what made the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of the Rights of Man possible were the Ten Commandments.

21. The Atlantic Charter, far from explaining the causes of this world catastrophe and indicating the road to real freedom and independence, again lured mankind toward the mirage of peace, toward a belief that we can have peace and all our cherished democratic ideals if only we give every nation complete self-determination and "the right to choose its own form of government."

22. The ideals of group independence and group self-determination have degenerated into an idol which must be destroyed in our minds if we ever want to see again exactly what that ideal really means.

23. In the Atlantic Charter as well as in all the other documents and pronouncements relating to a future world organization, there lies an implication that is a dangerous fallacy. This is the widespread and generally accepted notion about the nature and causes of aggression.

24. Aggression is popularly considered the root of all international evils, the cause of all wars. This fundamentally erroneous premise logically leads to the equally erroneous conclusion that the task of peace-makers is to suppress aggression.

25. The idea of setting up international machinery with no other purpose than to "prevent aggression"—to "keep the peace"—as the slogan goes, not only misses the point completely, but indeed may become the source of grave consequences.

26. Peace is conceivable only as a social order having the machinery necessary to carry out all the organic changes and modifications in human

society that may at any time be required by the natural and uninterrupted development of that society.

27. Such an order of never-ending reform is the only alternative to recurrent outbreaks of violence. This only known alternative is the Rule of Law.

28. If there were no national legal order, then violence between the individuals, religions, parties, classes and other groups within a given nation would be inevitable. Violence under such conditions is an absolutely natural phenomenon, indispensable, unavoidable, even desirable for carrying out changes required by permanently evolving human society.

29. We know that so long as we believe in peace between sovereign nations and endeavor to maintain an established *status quo* between these nations (no matter what *status quo*) we shall have wars. If, on top of this policy, which failed as often as it was tried in the past, we are going to create an international "security organization" to "prevent aggressions" or to stamp out aggression by force when it does occur, then we shall have created, certainly not peace but higher pressure on a society that is simmering, stronger obstacles to the irresistible torrent of events, which are bound to cause more and more violent eruptions, because in such an order change without violence is exceptional, if not impossible.

30. To condemn aggression irrespective of the conditions within which it takes place is a superficial truism which can never solve a problem of such complexity. We can never have peace and security by aiming at negative, static conceptions, like "preventing aggressions." If we want to live a more civilized life, we shall simply have to go through the painful labor of setting up "a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair," proclaiming principles and fighting for them.

31. At one time, there were seven Saxon kingdoms in England eternally waging wars against each other. Then a foreigner, a conqueror from Normandy, crossed the Channel, invaded the island and unified the bickering, quarreling, warring Saxon tribes. By no imaginable moral standard was this a justifiable act in the eyes of those who lived on the island. It was clearly a case of brutal, unprovoked aggression. But was it evil? Was the unification of the English kingdoms, although brought about by a foreign conqueror, wrong?

32. The conquest of the American West was unquestionably another case of brutal, unprovoked aggression. But was this opening of the American continent, this unification by aggressive methods, evil?

33. The planners of future peace should beware of their fundamental illusion: that they can create an order to last forever. No one can put this world into a strait-jacket. No one can design an order and freeze it into permanent shape. It is against the nature of things to create a system of national boundaries and alliances, of economic organization, and then

command history to stand still; to consider anyone who attempts to change this order an "aggressor."

34. When the essence of life is perpetual change, adherence to worn-out forms and static conceptions must lead to explosions, wars and revolutions. Static structures, too weak and rigid to withstand the storms of events, will be blown away like a house of cards.

35. Here is the fundamental fallacy of the idea of collective security, based on treaty agreements between sovereign nations, which seems to be the one and only dogma upon which this generation can visualize a world order.

36. All the peace treaties ever signed, all the alliances ever concluded on this planet, the Covenant of the League of Nations, the United Nations Organization, the principles of collective security, are *identical* in their fundamental conception. They all arbitrarily divide the world into a number of sovereign social units, create a *status quo,* and try to prevent any changes in the established order except by unanimous consent, which makes no sense; or by force, which makes war.

37. The Covenant of the League, the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco documents, the notion of collective security, are all static, Ptolemaic conceptions. They are antidynamic and consequently represent only barriers to peace, to life itself. They all seek solutions on a basis which—if it existed —would leave no problems to be solved.

38. Collective security without collective sovereignty is meaningless. The insecurity of the individual as well as of groups of individuals is the direct result of the nonexistence of law to govern their relations. Allowing sovereign sources of law to reside, not in the community but in the eighty-odd separate nation-states forming that community; attempting to make their coexistence peaceful, not by establishing institutions with sovereign power to create law binding all members of the collectivity but by agreements and treaties between the divided sovereign units, can never, under any condition, create security for that collectivity. Only a legal order can bring security. Consequently, without constitutional institutions to express the sovereignty of the community and to create law for the collectivity, there can be no security for that collectivity.

39. The debate among the representatives of the nations in drafting the charter of a world organization was exclusively limited to formalities and technicalities which have absolutely no bearing upon peace and the future of mankind. All the representatives of national governments are in full agreement in rejecting the only foundation upon which a peaceful international order could be constructed.

40. One of the technicalities is the question of voting within a council of sovereign nations. According to the Covenant of the League, in case of an "aggression" by any sovereign member state of the League, sanctions could be taken only by unanimous consent. Naturally, this made the func-

tioning of the inadequate League machinery—which under no conditions could have prevented major wars—utterly illusory.

41. No sovereign nation-state will ever freely admit that it is an aggressor, nor of its own free will, will it submit to sanctions imposed by other sovereign nations. So whenever a nation was accused by the League of aggression or threatened with sanctions, it merely tendered its resignation and left the party.

42. The accusing nations behaved just as hypocritically. When the consequences of such collective action were to be faced and decisions carried out against the offending nations, all the other sovereign members of the League followed the private interests of their individual nation-states. The use of force against any major power was unthinkable. That meant war.

43. This tragi-comic game will be repeated again and again, so long as we believe that a league or a council of sovereign nation-states can, under any circumstances, maintain peace among its members.

44. In a society without any system of law, no individual would ever trust a judge, a jury or a court, even if composed of the most eminent and selfless of his fellows. No individual would ever freely submit his personal freedom and fortunes to the judgment of any group of men composed of members with no higher authority than his own. No individual would ever submit of his free will, without defending himself by all means at his disposal, to interference in his life by a force, if the actions of that force had not previously been delineated and defined.

45. Individual members of a society are prepared to submit to one thing alone. To Law. They are ready to submit to social institutions only insofar as those institutions are the instruments of Law.

46. Such law is nonexistent in our international life. It never did exist in international relations. It has been excluded from the League of Nations and from the United Nations Organization. Under these circumstances, there can be no peace between nations.

47. To base "peace" on unanimous decisions of a certain number of sovereign national governments—in the present day, on the unanimous decisions of the five greatest military powers—means indulging in a daydream. It is an Alice-in-Wonderland adventure. And in seriously proposing such an organization and assuring the peoples of the earth that the five greatest military powers will—by common consent and unanimous decision—act in concert, our present leaders, our governments and diplomats are guilty of monstrous hypocrisy or else of naïveté far greater even than Alice showed in her adventures in dreamland.

48. History proves beyond doubt that any real danger to world peace always emanates from one of the major military powers. It is to be expected that in every situation threatening the existing order, one of the major powers will be seriously involved. It is clear that the major power will not cast its vote in any international council against its own interests. Conse-

quently, in no major crisis will unanimous vote in the security council be obtainable. Whenever such conflicts arise, as they are bound to arise, the only course open to the others will be to close their eyes and let the events of Manchuria, Austria, Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia repeat themselves—or go to war.

49. But even if the nations be prepared to accept majority decisions within such a world council, the problem would remain unsolved. Majority decisions in a council of sovereign nations would be wholly unrealistic. If in a given situation, three of the major powers voted for a certain military intervention, while the other two voted against such a measure, these two powers could scarcely be pictured taking up arms and undertaking military action contrary to what they regard as their own national interests, and contrary to their votes.

50. So the whole debate on unanimous vote versus majority vote on issues arising in a security council of a world organization is irrelevant because in neither case could a decision on an issue involving a great power be enforced without precipitating a major war.

51. The conclusion to be drawn is this: The fundamental problem of regulating the relations between great powers without the permanent danger of major wars cannot be solved so long as absolute sovereign power continues to reside in the nation-states. Unless their sovereign institutions are integrated into higher institutions expressing directly the sovereignty of the community, unless the relations of their peoples are regulated by law, violent conflicts between national units are inevitable. This is not prophecy, not even an opinion, but an observable and irrefutable axiom of human society.

52. Just as a council of delegates and representatives of fifty sovereign cities, defending the interests of their respective municipalities, could never create a united nation, a national legal order, peaceful relations between the citizens of the fifty cities, security and freedom of the individuals living within each sovereign municipality—so the representatives and delegates of fifty sovereign nations meeting in a council and defending their own national interests, will never arrive at a satisfactory solution and settlement of any problem concerning the interrelations of the sovereign national units.

53. Just as peace, freedom and equality of the citizens of a nation require within their state specific institutions and authorities separate from and standing above municipal or local authorities, and the direct delegation of sovereign power by the people to these higher, national, government authorities—so peace, freedom and equality of men on this earth, between the nation-states, require specific institutions, authorities separate from and standing above national authorities, as well as the direct delegation of sovereign power by the people to these higher world government authorities, to deal with those problems of human relations that reach beyond the national state structure. . . .

ARE WE READY FOR A WORLD STATE?[1]

Edward Rieman Lewis

Edward Rieman Lewis (1886-), a lawyer, for a long time has been interested in American political history and in international affairs. He is the author of two authoritative books on American history: America, Nation or Confusion: a Study of Our Immigration Problems, *1928, and* A History of Political Thought from the Civil War to the World War, *1937.*

1. Since the atomic bomb was loosed on Japan, stunning the Japanese people, and the minds of all of us, the demand for the formation of a world state has taken on new vigor and insistence. The majority of the persons attending the Dublin, New Hampshire, Conference last October, declared that "The implications of the atomic bomb are appalling," and that only a world government, with a world parliament, and a world executive responsible to the world parliament can save us. Albert Einstein, likewise, has demanded world government, chiefly in order to control the atomic bomb; and to that end he recommends that exclusive military and naval power be vested in a world government. Norman Cousins, in his eloquent and moving book, "Modern Man Is Obsolete," adds his voice to the same demand. It is the old cry of "Unite or Perish." The time is short, tragically short, we are told. The atomic bomb will not be a secret long. We must act at once before it is too late.

2. The intense idealism and sincerity of the demand are unquestionable. But despite these earnest appeals, the time cannot be so short that we have not time to consider what a world state implies, what the difference is between a world state and the present United Nations, so far as effective control of the atomic bomb may be concerned, whether a world state gives promise of successful operation today, and above all, whether it is likely to furnish us with a protection from the atomic bomb.

3. We have been told, of course, that the world state should have a parliament and an executive. Naturally, it would have a supreme court to decide cases appealed from the highest courts of its member nations which involved questions under its constitution. Likewise, probably, a world state would have its own courts in which a citizen of one nation could sue a citizen of another nation.

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4. Many believe that the chief purpose of a world state would be to have an army, a navy, and an air force, and to have a monopoly of military, naval, and air power. If a constituent nation could have a separate army, navy, or air force, there would be no purpose in a world state.

5. If the problem of the control of war power were answered, the problem of the constitution of the parliament of a world state would come next.

6. Russia has 192,000,000 people; China about 450,000,000; India 388,000,000; the countries of South America about 88,000,000. I think it is not unfair to say that the people of China, India, Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, Thailand, Poland, the Arab nations, the Malay States, Burma, Iran, Afghanistan, and the countries of South and Central America have as yet shown no long-term capacity for representative government; nor have they developed the ingrained habits requisite for it. Their combined population is about 1,650,000,000.

7. On the other hand, it can be said that the only countries which have shown sustained capacity for self-government, with an effective desire to govern themselves, are Great Britain, the United States, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. It might be added that the Union of South Africa, the Irish Free State, and Czechoslovakia in its brief but promising career cut short by the ruthless Nazis, have shown evidence of capacity for this type of sustained political achievement. The combined population of all these countries is about 275,000,000.

8. Thus the countries without fairly long records of substantial success in self-government would on a per-capita basis outnumber those with such records by more than five to one.

9. The Dublin Conference suggested that representation in a world state be based not merely on population but on industrial and natural resources as well. Yet it is difficult to see how, on any basis that can be imagined, the countries that lack the political habits and achievement of representative self-government would not overwhelmingly outvote the countries that have them.

10. Even if a world parliament were bi-cameral, and in the upper house each nation were allowed but one vote, the politically experienced nations would still be badly outvoted in the upper house by the politically inexperienced nations, and in the lower house, if it were based on population, the balance would be overwhelmingly against the politically experienced nations.

11. Obviously, it is no answer to say that this argument is based on political conceit, and that it may be merely the misfortune and not the fault of the politically backward countries that they have not yet shown political ability in self-government. One cannot avoid replying that the

people of many of these countries have had long periods, some of them centuries, in which to assert and develop their ability, more time in a number of cases than the people of the politically more competent countries have had, and that many of them have shown not only no aptitude for self-government but no sustained interest in it. Certainly this is true of the people of Germany and Italy. But the point need not be argued. Let us assume that the people of all these countries have the innate capacity for self-government. The fact remains that they have not yet shown this capacity, and that a world state is being demanded immediately. We may well ask that it should not be the task of a world state to educate backward member nations in self-government.

12. But composition of a world parliament is only the first of the problems involved in grievous discrepancies between the nations of the proposed world state which would create clashes at every turn.

13. It is difficult to see how a world state could deny free movement of people from any nation to any other nation in such a state. Indeed, there are those who insist now, under the United Nations Charter, that one of the fundamental freedoms should be the right of people to move freely from any part to any other part of the world. Denial of such a right has been characterized as akin to Nazi racial intolerance. Thus a well-known essayist has stigmatized the Australian policy for a white Australia as mere "tribalism." Such opinions are doubtless a natural result of the intense feeling aroused during the past ten years by the hateful Nazi race doctrines. Because people have been shocked by the vicious Nazi persecutions and by the horrors of the concentration camps, they have leaped to the opposite extreme of asserting that it is intolerance to base any political or social action on the ground of race or color. War, as everyone knows, promotes doctrinaire extremes. Lincoln once said that he rejected the "counterfeit logic" which asserted that because he did not want a Negro woman as a slave, he must want her as a wife. I suggest that we should reject the equally counterfeit logic which now says that because we hate Nazi persecution and cruelty on account of race, we must allow the unlimited immigration of people of all races and colors into our country. It is certain that in the foreseeable future a policy of unrestricted immigration into the United States, Australia, New Zealand, or Britain, say, would only lead to a tragic increase of race problems which would make the successful operation of any democracy impossible. At any rate, it would be bitterly and strongly opposed.

14. The problem of free migration suggests the real reason why the nations of the United Nations organization are not yet ready for entrance into a world state. They have vastly different political experiences and backgrounds. Their political traditions are different. Their systems of law

are different. Their cultural roots and habits are different. Their languages are different.

15. Surely, it takes a naïve optimism to imagine that a closely integrated world state with a world parliament, a world law, perhaps a world bill of rights, could be formed of so heterogeneous and unevenly developed a concourse of constituent nations.

16. Yet we are told confidently that this is the attitude of querulous Bourbonism. Not only, it is said, does necessity today call for a world state but the formation of our own country points the way. The assertion has been made repeatedly that the United States of America was formed of thirteen separate, sovereign States, with great diversity in population and with jealous and antagonistic views. If the United States could be formed in 1787 out of the weak league of the Articles of Confederation, it is but political intransigence, many argue, to doubt that a world state can be formed now by the nations of the United Nations.

17. Our school and college courses in argumentation and logic teach that the argument from historical analogy is the most unreliable and the least convincing of all arguments. But the advocates of a world state, like the advocates of "Union Now," are indifferent to, or perhaps unconscious of, such doubts.

18. I think, however, that the only similarity of the United States of America to the proposed United States of the World lies in the word "united." The comparison is completely at variance with the facts. It is amazing that such a distortion of our history should have attained such a vogue. It has run through the arguments of "Union Now" and the eloquent advocates of a world state. The comparison has been repeated so often that by many it is now accepted as an established fact that our country was formed by the union of thirteen separate States, separate in the sense that the nations of the United Nations are now separate.

19. Such a distortion of our history is puzzling. Perhaps it may be due to the fact that in the forty years before 1924 we received such masses of immigration from countries of vastly different backgrounds that our sense of continuity with our past has become blurred. This theory goes far beyond the extreme States Rights theory of Calhoun, for even Calhoun did not claim that the thirteen colonies, which he stubbornly and erroneously called "sovereign," had ever been independent nations.

20. Those who argue that the formation of the United States is analogous to the proposed formation of a world state would probably be surprised to learn that Rufus King of New York declared in the Constitutional Convention of 1787: "None of the States are now sovereign or independent. . . . This is a union of the men of those States." James Wilson, one of the great constitutional lawyers, if not the greatest, of the Convention, asserted: "The States under the confed. are not sovereign States—they can do no act

but such as are of a subordinate nature." He declared that the States "are now subordinate corporations or Societies and not Sovereigns." He asked whether we were forming a government for "men, or for the imaginary beings called States." Elbridge Gerry of Rhode Island "urged that we never were independent States, were not such now, & never could be even on the principles of the Confederation. The States & the advocates for them were intoxicated with the idea of their *sovereignty*." Madison said, "Some contend that states are sovereign, when in fact they are only political societies. . . . The states never possessed the essential rights of sovereignty." In the summer of 1861, Lincoln admirably summarized his theory of the States Rights question in his Special Message to Congress, in which he said that none of the original thirteen States had ever been States "either in substance or in name outside of the Union," that none of them had ever been independent or sovereign, but "passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence."

21. Advocates of a world state who cite the example of the formation of our Union are ignoring a great deal of our history. The truth is that our Union was formed in 1776 of thirteen colonies all of which were colonies of Great Britain. New York, New Jersey, and Delaware had for brief periods been under either Dutch or Swedish rule, but after 1673, all the colonies were colonies of Great Britain, and ten of them had been from the beginning. None of our colonies or States had ever sent an ambassador to a foreign country, or received one; none had ever made war against or signed a treaty with a foreign nation. None had ever been an independent nation.

22. Moreover, the thirteen colonies had powerful historical forces making for union when they declared independence. The colonies were all under the English common law. They all had legislatures modelled on the English system. Save for a few Swedes in Delaware, some Dutch in New York, New Jersey and Delaware, some Germans in Virginia and a considerable number in Pennsylvania, all spoke the English language. The United States Census Bureau Report, "A Century of Population Growth," estimated that in 1790 more than 90% of our population had originated in Great Britain and North Ireland. The National Origins figures, presented to Congress in 1928 and accepted as a basis for immigration quotas, estimated the percentage as 80%.

23. It is mistaken, therefore, to say that our population was notably diverse and heterogeneous in 1790. Certainly it was remarkably homogeneous compared with the populations of the United Nations today.

24. Advocates of a world state who are fond of emphasizing our diversity in 1790 like also to emphasize our present diversity. Always, they stress diversity instead of our essential unity. So, likewise, there are people who invariably stress the minority elements of any problem instead of the major factors. They seem to think that there is some magic in diversity. But while

a reasonable amount of diversity may add variety and interest to a body politic, an undue amount with too great extremes is a definite danger to it. Diversity, indeed, never of itself makes for union. Our Union in 1787 was not made because of diversity but in spite of it. Benjamin Franklin, for example, testified to the weakening effect of the racial diversity in Pennsylvania. This held Pennsylvania back while the homogeneous States of Virginia and Massachusetts led the way in the Revolution and in the creation of the Union. Our Union was formed in 1787 despite the diversity which then existed but which was not great enough to overcome the forces for union; we were brought by integrating common aims and traditions into essential unity.

25. The people of the thirteen colonies had also had vital experiences which had welded them together. Many had fought side by side in three French and Indian wars. They had so fought in the Revolutionary War. They had come after a century and a half of pioneer life on this continent to think of themselves as one nation, as Americans, so that Patrick Henry could say in 1774, "I am not a Virginian, I am an American."

26. Moreover, the people of the thirteen colonies had reached, generally speaking, the same stage of political development. The United States, then, was made from a deep feeling of unity. When that feeling became dominant, but not until then, the Union came.

27. The contrast between the thirteen colonies in 1776, or the thirteen States in 1787, on the one hand, and the nations of the United Nations today, on the other hand, could hardly be more crucial. The differences of these nations in political capacity and achievement, in traditions and background, in race and language, are, as all know, immense. To make any comparison hold, it would be necessary to show that in 1787 each of our thirteen States had been an independent nation, with a centuries-old political tradition, a law and a proud history of its own. In short the analogy of the formation of our Union with the formation of a world state now is lame and faulty.

28. Throughout the course of the Second World War, we have seen many examples of what may be called the "blue-print state of mind," which likes to make elaborate charts of world organization, to make detailed statements of plans, based upon the hope or the assumption that political constitutions can be evolved in the study or conference room.

29. It is, of course, natural that the emotions generated by war have tended to produce grandiose and doctrinaire proposals. Emotionally stirred, many of us like to imagine that democracy can be produced by a few courses in the schools, and that without a common basis a world state can be brought about by a mere agreement. But reason should remind us that states are not made that way. During the French Revolution, Edmund Burke warned that "The science of constructing a commonwealth, or

renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught a priori." He exerted all his power and energy in eloquent argument against the theory that a constitution could be made to order by the members of the Constituent Assembly. He declared that state constitutions are the result of growth, that they depend on long-evolved political habits and institutions.

30. William James once said that "the civic genius of our people," the "mystery, at once the secret and the glory of our English-speaking race, consists in nothing but two common habits, two inveterate habits carried into public life, habits so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained." These two habits, he went on to say, are, first, "the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings" and, second, the habit of "fierce and merciless resentment towards every man or set of men who break the public peace."

31. It may safely be said that no world state can survive if these two habits are not ingrained in the peoples which make it up. And, surely, no one can say that these two habits are now recognized or followed by the great majority of the people in the nations of the present United Nations.

32. The advocates of a world state are in too much of a h ·rry to realize a lofty ideal. There is some reason to believe, as I have already said, that the crashing blows we have all had during the past six years, the carking anxiety, the grievous losses, the death and desolation, have warped us so that we no longer think in the terms of gradual and fruitful change necessary where great new goals are concerned. Rather we think in terms of abrupt and even cataclysmic revolution. We are often impatient when anyone even counsels delay. Yet only last summer, in San Francisco, we found that the U.S.S.R. could not be induced to enter the United Nations Organization, unless each of the five big powers were granted the veto power. The Charter was accepted, weak as it was, on the statesmanlike ground that it was the best that could be obtained at the time, and in the hope that it could be broadened and strengthened. It seems incongruous, to say the least, that within six months after it was found impracticable to make the Charter of the United Nations stronger, through such a first step towards abatement of national sovereignty, it should be proposed to jump over all intervening steps and form a world state at once.

33. What, then, of the argument that the alternative to a world state is now destruction? In these days when black predictions of catastrophe are common, it may seem foolhardy to venture an opinion that our choice is not so compelling. Yet it may be ventured. If, owing to the atom bomb or other destructive weapons, it is certain that we are doomed if the people of the United Nations cannot be convinced in a year or so of the necessity of a world state, then perforce we are doomed, because men's minds in a score

of countries cannot possibly be convinced or action achieved so fast. But I agree with the famous statement of Justice Holmes, that he had "no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin." Even in the present circumstances, his words may still well be heeded.

34. What reason is there to believe that a world state is a panacea against the atomic bomb, or if that question seems unfair, what reason is there to think that a world state could control the atomic bomb more effectively than could the United Nations?

35. The people of the world state would still be scattered as people are now over the entire globe. No world-state army or navy or air force could be big enough to police every corner of the globe. If scientists can produce atomic bombs in some nation of the United Nations, it is difficult to see why they could not produce them in some corner of a world state. What reason have we for believing that a world state could prevent their use any more effectively than could the United Nations? There have often been civil wars in single states as there have been wars between nations.

36. A world state offers no more protection against the atomic bomb than can the present United Nations. On the other hand, a world state would face all the obstacles we have considered—a Babel of tongues, a Babel of diverse laws and customs, peoples at different stages of development, with no common backgrounds, the majority of them with no sustained political habits, no tried traditions of self-government. A nation, wrote Renan, is a soul, a spiritual principle. It is, he said, both of the present and the past. It is formed of a rich legacy of memories, and the desire to live together, to maintain the heritage from the past. A nation, he went on, cannot be improvised. Nor can a world state.

37. The advocates of a world state would try overnight to manufacture a world state to order. It cannot be manufactured. It must grow and develop naturally, out of ever closer association of nation with nation in a common effort, if it is to come at all. Nature, an old Latin proverb says, does not make jumps. All political experience would seem to warn us to go forward in the path on which we have started, persistently step by step, instead of attempting an uncertain leap into the unknown.

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AMERICA'S WORLD CHANCE[1]

Eric A. Johnston

Eric A. Johnston (1898-) was born in Washington, D. C. He studied law at the University of Washington and received his law degree in 1917. In addition, he has been awarded honorary degrees by several colleges. During his early manhood he was active in several private businesses, especially electrical, insurance, and banking enterprises. From 1931 through 1945 he was increasingly engaged in Chamber of Commerce activities, beginning as president of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce in 1931 and serving as either director or president of the United States Chamber of Commerce after 1934. During the war he traveled widely and became a vigorous official spokesman for American business in relation to world trade, of which the following article is representative. At present he is associated with Motion Picture Producers.

Directions. *Read the essay as fast as you can and still comprehend the central thought and important subordinate ideas. Do not* study *the essay. Immediately after you have finished your reading, record on your Timed-Reading Schedule the number of minutes required, and take the appropriate comprehension test. In computing your speed, count only the time devoted to reading the essay.*

When you begin reading the essay, record the time here. .....

The last half of this century can and should be the most resplendent economic era in human history—the era of the industrialization and modernization of backward peoples.

The profit to the United States would be prodigious. Industrialized countries are by far our best customers. Britain has a population of only 47,000,000. In the last year of world peacetime prosperity—1929—our exports to Britain were $841,000,000. China has a population of 450,000,000. In 1929 our exports to China were only $124,000,000. Main reason: Britain is industrialized and has a relatively high income per person. China is unindustrialized and has a wretchedly low income per person.

More than half of the world's population—more than 1,000,000,000 human beings—live in a state of miserable industrial backwardness and poverty. That is an immense challenging new frontier for modern economic audacity and development.

At the outset, let me point to some of the tremendous possibilities for

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vastly expanded world trade. If these seem fantastic, remember that I am not blueprinting the proximate future. I am looking beyond that, to a world inhabited by the generations which will follow us. To them, the limitations of the 1940's will seem as unreal as those of colonial America seem to us today.

For instance, if people everywhere used as much cotton per person as we use in the United States, the world's production of cotton would have to be trebled. If people everywhere used as much soap per person as we use, production would have to be quadrupled.

The United States has some 27,000,000 telephones. It would be necessary to manufacture 350,000,000 telephones to bring the rest of the world up to the American standard of telephone use. The United States has some 57,000,000 radios. It would be necessary to manufacture 600,000,000 to equip the rest of the world equivalently.

One of America's greatest opportunities for its own pocketbook lies in the promotion of world-wide wealth and welfare.

Almost every backward country wants to rise up out of its backwardness. Our fellow American William D. Pawley of the Intercontinent Corporation recently built India's first airplane plant. A committee of inquiry had reported that Indians were not yet able to do such work. Mr. Pawley said he would train them to do it. He got together some 400 educated Indians, many of whom held degrees from universities in Britain, the United States, Germany, France. "They took to aeronautical engineering," says Mr. Pawley, "like ducks to water."

The American members of the staff numbered only 38. The Indian employees (engineers and workmen) were ultimately 14,000. They established India's first real assembly line, and came to rival American records of production per man hour. At present the plant—Hindustan Aircraft—is used by the U. S. Army Air Force for the repair and maintenance of its aircraft in India,

"My experience in India," says Mr. Pawley, "has convinced me that India is destined to a tremendous industrial development."

There is no doubt that almost all backward peoples are mentally and physically capable of doing higher work and more remunerative work than they are doing now. What they need first is *capital.* They all have some, but not enough. And where is capital most plentiful? In the United States.

In the United States we have *surplus* capital. One of the basic criticisms of our economic situation during the last two decades has been that we have surplus capital that remains idle. The backward countries are calling for it.

I'm not talking about *gifts.* Nor am I talking about *loans.* In loans the money gets spent by the foreign borrower with little or no control over it by the American lender. I am speaking of what is called *direct investment.*

I am speaking of American money that goes into a foreign country and builds a plant which remains substantially under American direction and is operated with American skills of engineering and management. This is better for us because then we can watch our money. It is better for a backward country because then it gets the productive benefit not only of American capital but of American know-how.

At the outbreak of the war we Americans had almost $10,000,000,000 in such direct investment abroad. I am convinced that this sum can be multiplied advantageously many times in the near future.

Every Latin-American country has a "Commission of Inter-American Development" preparing projects devised to be attractive to capital from the United States. The Joint Mexican-American Commission for Economic Coöperation has approved projects which in Mexico alone would require a capital expenditure of some $400,000,000.

On behalf of China the Chief Engineer of the U. S. Foreign Economic Administration, Alex Taub, has compiled a list of some 1000 projects—in mining and manufacturing and other fields—offering an investment in China of approximately $1,000,000,000. The Chinese Government itself has projects which it believes could profitably use an investment of $4,000,000,000 *in each of the ten years after the war.* That sum seems huge, but it would have to be multiplied many times to give the Chinese as much industrial equipment as we Americans have.

If China had been thus industrialized in 1929, our exports to China in that year, instead of being $124,000,000, might have been over $8,000,000,000. I see profit in that thar hill, even if it should rise only to one half or one quarter of that height, profit for the dividends of American investors and profit for the wages of American workingmen.

But all this can happen only on one condition. No longer can surplus-capital countries, whether Britain, France or Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden or the United States, invest in undeveloped countries and then suck out all the dividends. That kind of "economic imperialism" is everywhere either dying or already dead. The industrially backward countries resent it and will no longer tolerate it. What they want now—and what they should have—is a partnership of their local capital with foreign capital in the risks and *profits* of new enterprises on their soils.

The change thus indicated is one of the most momentous in all the world's long political and economic history. The age of the mere "exploitation" of backward countries is closed. We move into the age of *coöperative effort* by advanced countries and undeveloped countries together for *mutual* profit. I am happy and proud to say that this principle is already recognized as cardinal in the future economic development of the Americas. It is a principle which is already in broad action. For instance, the W. R. Grace Company of New York, famous for its pioneering work in transportation

and trade along the west coast of South America, now has textile mills in Colombia, Peru and Chile, vegetable-oil and paint and sugar plants in Chile, and flour and cement mills in Bolivia. But these enterprises are not simply United States enterprises. They are also Colombian, Peruvian, Chilean, Bolivian enterprises. In all of them there are substantial stockholdings by local investors. In some of them, though the Grace Company provides the managerial direction, the local investors own a stock majority. These enterprises are not just transients from abroad. They are rooted in the local earth.

In Chile the America Cyanamid Company has a joint enterprise with the local Chilean chemical company, Sanitas. In Mexico, Pan American Airways is operating through a local company in which the manager is from the United States. Mexicans hold 45 percent of the stock and occupy eight out of 11 seats on the board of directors.

In Argentina there is a large glass company owned jointly by the Corning Glass Works, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company and Argentine citizens. Dividends therefore go to citizens of both countries. But the big point I want to make here is not dividends but wages. The glass company's 3800 employes, with the benefit of North American machinery and management, are earning roughly *60 percent higher wages than they ever earned before.*

What then? Then they can buy more Argentine goods; *and then they can also buy more imported United States goods.*

Is this a matter of "profit-seeking" American business? It is. Is it a matter of "profit-seeking" American *labor?* It is. American labor leaders are interested in expanding American exports because our export industries tend to be our most developed industries, and tend to pay the highest wages. Outstanding illustrations are motorcars and rubber tires and machine tools. Labor leaders know that when we expand our export trade we increase the number of our best-paid workers.

The investment of our surplus capital abroad enlarges our exports in two ways. First is what are called "producers' goods"—machinery and equipment. This wave of exports to undeveloped countries could go on for many decades. But it is the second wave that brings real human welfare with it for the peoples of these regions.

This second wave almost instantly overlaps the first. As soon as the people of an undeveloped region begin to get the higher incomes that industrialization generates, they begin to buy more "consumers' goods": clothing, furniture, kitchen appliances, automobiles, radios and all the "gadgets" of modern living.

We Americans are good at manufacturing both producers' tools and consumers' gadgets. We shall therefore profit handsomely on both waves of exports. Let us constantly remember: we are the country that stands to win most out of an energetic industrialization of the total world.

So much for exports. Now for imports. They are essential. The foreign world cannot get the dollars with which to buy our *ex*ports unless we pay dollars to the foreign world for *im*ports. I then make two points.

The first is that world-wide industrialization will increasingly diminish our fear of imports. What makes that fear? "Cheap foreign labor." But industrialization abroad, as we have seen, raises wages. As foreign wages are raised step by step toward the American level, we shall move up step by step out of our fear of imports.

The second point is that we need numerous raw materials from abroad to go into the products we manufacture for export. We shall export more telephones. In every American phone there are 18 materials from foreign countries. We shall export more automobiles. In every American car there are 300 materials from 56 foreign lands.

We lack certain raw materials. Others, which we have had in abundance, are rapidly becoming less abundant. We have been one of the world's greatest iron-ore countries. Now, though, we are building the world's biggest and fastest iron-ore-carrying ships to fetch us iron ore all the way from Chile. Our exports of manufactured products will compel us to import larger and larger quantities of copper, lead, zinc, petroleum, and many other materials.

I make no "idealistic" approach to the problem of imports. I think that in the coming decades we shall take more and more imports not at all because we *ought* to but because we shall *need* to and *want* to in order to promote our own prosperity.

This policy ultimately will move the millions of backward people forward. And in the process let us not forget that we are helping ourselves, not only in the matter of profits and jobs and wages but in the matter of international good will and coöperation. Americans are going to be more genuinely and realistically interested in international affairs when they have more international interests.

But the road ahead is not a clear highway. It is mined and moated. I am referring to the inclination of many contemporary governments, including our own, to intrude themselves unnecessarily and excessively into international investments of capital and exchanges of goods. This inclination, if unchecked, would turn every government into a bitter economic competitor of every other government. It would change all the private trade contests of the world into contests between nations. It would change them into contests not of intelligence but of *force*.

World development, if it is to be peaceful, must be accomplished by private effort. The capital of the investing countries should go abroad *simply as personal private capital,* not as an arm of nationalized economic aggression. A private risk is personal, but a government risk involves a whole people and their national honor.

Behind every diplomat stands the soldier, the sailor, the flag. Negotiations between governments are negotiations between rival arrays of national pride, prestige, power. The world has suffered enough from power *politics.* It could not possibly survive power *economics.* That road is the road to unending wars.

Let's have an utter abolishment of all "spheres of economic influence." American capital should be welcome in Burma, even if over Burma floats the Union Jack. British capital should be welcome in all the American Republics, even if over them floats the Monroe Doctrine. In world development for human happiness let us operate not as nationals of this or that country but as human beings.

Thomas Jefferson is reported to have said: "The less intercourse we have between *governments,* and the more between *peoples,* the better." As usual, he used extreme language. As usual, he reached through it toward a great truth. Peace must spring from the state of mind of *peoples.* All the things that I propose in this article are by and for *peoples.*

These proposals are economic steps toward world prosperity. Without them, I am convinced, no political steps can ever lead us to assured world peace. Peace can come only when peoples walk the ways of work and wealth together.

The future is ours. We can go into it with our faces toward the past, reluctantly, stumblingly, backs first. Or we can go into it chests first, with our eyes on the golden sunrise of a new day. I contend that the most intelligent and most manly and most profitable way is chests first and eyes forward.

Note. Turn to the exercise booklet, record your reading time on the Timed-Reading Schedule, and take the appropriate comprehension test.

Appendix

WORDS LISTED IN VOCABULARY EXTENSION

IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN

hallucination (1)
conjecture (1)
goading (3)
isolated (4)
spasmodic (4)
fatalist (8)
falters (11)
agitate (12)

IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE—WILL TO DO!

transitory (2)
mandatory (7)
diligence (8)
indolent (8)
crucial (9)
frivolous (11)
interminable (13)
menial (14)
nonentity (16)
actuated (18)
pragmatical (20)

AN EX-MARINE RETURNS TO TEACHING

ambiguous (10)
cynically (11)
manifesto (12)
tangible (13)
analogous (16)
deteriorate (20)
simultaneously (20)

DANIEL WEBSTER

demon (1)
exuberant (1)
unction (1)
avocation (2)
surly (2)
sycophant (2)
truculent (2)
regime (3)
prone (3)
buttressed (3)

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

equanimity (7)
ramifying (10)
dubious (10)
chimerical (10)
pilfered (11)

THE SOUL OF FLORIDA

entity (5)
sinister (5)
primal (6)
nondescript (14)
doldrums (14)
nomenclature (22)
buccaneers (23)
ganglia (25)

THE U. S. A.

cosmic (4)
indigenous (7)
imperialism (7)
nonchalantly (7)
integration (9)
fecund (13)
cabalistic (17)
ingenuity (21)
renegade (29)
avidly (30)
arid (33)
chronic (33)
topographically (42)
arable (43)

"... AND TIME TO ENJOY IT"

illusion (4)
inevitable (12)
aggressive (15)
toga (19)
ceremonious (21)

HABIT

credible (2)
acquisitions (6)
volitional (6)
ingrained (6)
maxims (7)
initiative (7)
incompatible (7)
imperative (9)
inanition (10)
weltering (13)
indulgence (13)
inertly (13)
gratuitous (14)
ascetic (14)
inured (14)

ON BELIEVING IN GOD

moderator (1)
subtleties (6)
sophisticated (14)
insatiable (16)
frustrations (16)
exacting (17)
complacency (20)
manifestoes (20)
formidable (21)
spontaneously (21)
concise (23)
apt (23)
culminate (24)

THE YOUNG MAN WASHINGTON

querulous (5)
strident (5)
exigent (9)
indefatigable (14)
innate (21)
impetuosity (25)
sophisticated (26)
capitulate (26)
ambuscade (27)
impregnable (28)
prodigious (29)
propensity (30)
Stoicism (34)
callow (34)
eradicated (35)

FACTORIES CAN'T EMPLOY EVERYBODY!

colossal (1)
infinity (4)
primitive (10)
tertiary (11)
virtually (11)
antiquated (12)
accessible (14)
potentialities (19)

PREJUDICE AND MINORITY GROUPS

alien (1)
amity (2)
anathematize (4)
opprobrious (5)
contemptuous (5)
eccentricities (6)
annihilate (7)
emancipated (8)
vestiges (10)
enervation (12)
jingoism (12)
ostracism (15)
tacitly (15)
conglomerate (21)

WHAT KIND OF COLLECTIVISM DO WE WANT?

equitable (7)
muddling (11)
ultimate (14)
stagnation (15)
militant (15)

THE ART OF ENJOYING POETRY

conundrum (2)
impact (2)
pregnant (3)
proletariat (4)
apathy (14)
veritable (16)
practicality (16)
epithet (18)
appertains (19)

LANGUAGE MADE IN THE U. S. A.

vigilant (2)
lexicographers (5)
manuscript (5)
Cavaliers (9)
stampeded (17)
obsolete (25)
embellishing (25)
upstart (26)

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

tenaciously (2)
bequeathed (2)
oracles (2)
sordid (3)
idyllic (3)
terrestrial (8)
celestial (8)
aphorisms (9)
skeptic (10)
sonorous (12)
sententious (13)
compassionate (14)
apostasy (14)

A NOVELIST'S ALLEGORY

saffron (23)
pallid (24)
howbeit (31)
pestilential (38)
admonished (50)
proximity (50)
mellifluous (77)
conjuring (77)
malevolent (77)

RADIO NEWS: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

spectacular (1)
inherent (3)
insatiable (3)
transcendental (7)
abdication (8)
anecdote (9)
redoubtable (13)
affiliated (32)
paragons (42)
innuendo (45)
dictum (47)
hectic (48)

THE LONG ARM OF HOLLYWOOD

innocuousness (2)
expostulations (3)
tantamount (4)
maligned (6)
catastrophe (8)
recondite (9)
expiatory (9)
aggrandizement (10)
stereotypes (15)
omnipotence (15)
usurped (19)
spurious (22)
esoteric (22)
insidious (26)
accentuated (29)

THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN MUSIC

forum (5)
contour (10)
diabolic (11)
poignancy (12)
prolific (17)
category (20)
premise (21)
variegated (23)
subsidiary (25)

THE ATOMIC AGE

Promethean (2)
aggregation (5)
repulsion (10)
silhouette (11)
ensuing (13)
alchemy (18)
subterranean (19)
components (24)
millenniums (29)
plausible (29)
pellet (29)
fission (32)
quantum (33)
incandescent (34)

THE GREAT SALMON EXPERIMENT

fry (8)
freshets (9)
unique (9)
epochs (11)
parapet (16)
stamina (28)
crustacean (34)
melee (41)
sanctuary (42)
aquatic (45)

ON BEING THE RIGHT SIZE

inevitably (1)
fantastic (5)
formidable (5)
vertebrates (8)
mammal (10)
referendum (14)

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG

suave (4)
traversed (10)
peroration (10)
wont (13)
expatiate (18)
panorama (20)
oblivion (20)
hermetically (22)
encomium (25)
ludicrous (26)
incarnated (37)
epitomized (37)
enigmas (37)
nocturne (38)
bland (38)
inviolable (42)

HOW AMERICANS CHOOSE THEIR HEROES

delirium (3)
decorous (3)
irony (3)
canonized (5)
monasticism (5)
fetish (6)
affinity (7)
prestige (7)
ribald (9)
orthodoxy (10)
vindicating (11)
virtuoso (12)
equestrian (20)
prerogatives (21)
naïve (21)

THE GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY

dogmatically (5)
abrogate (8)
criteria (8)
inordinate (9)
incursions (11)
inertia (15)
eschew (16)
anomaly (17)
mitigate (18)
generic (27)
heretics (29)
dilemma (29)
primogeniture (30)
subservience (30)

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA

incredibly (2)
paternalistic (2)
oligarchs (6)
façade (8)
sensibilities (14)
relevant (15)
aboriginal (17)
decadence (32)
intrepid (39)

THE CHINESE MIND

divination (3)
feudal (4)
ecstatic (4)
orgy (4)
elixir (5)
ascendancy (5)
celibacy (6)
mutilation (6)
sanctity (6)
pantheon (6)

RUSSIA AND HER NEIGHBORS IN EUROPE

phase (1)
unanimity (6)
antidote (7)
perspective (8)
strategic (9)
suzerainty (9)
agrarian (12)
contingency (14)
invalidated (16)
arduous (22)
ultimatum (30)
facilitated (33)
succinctly (45)
heyday (53)

ONE WORLD

capricious (2)
aspirations (5)
detachment (6)
unsavory (6)
ratification (10)
amiable (14)
idealistic (22)
momentarily (22)
compliance (23)
abolition (25)

FALLACY OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY

apotheosis (2)
holocaust (4)
implicit (9)
reiteration (12)
implement (13)
rampant (14)
inalienable (16)
anarchy (17)
inexorable (20)
mirage (21)
adherence (34)
arbitrarily (36)
emanates (48)
intervention (49)
irrelevant (50)

ARE WE READY FOR A WORLD STATE?

vested (1)
discrepancies (12)
stigmatized (13)
heterogeneous (15)
constituent (15)
distortion (18)
grandiose (29)
inveterate (30)
cataclysmic (32)
incongruous (32)
abatement (32)
panacea (34)
improvised (36)

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Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics (Edited by James Hastings)
Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences (Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman)

YEAR BOOKS

American Year Book
The World Almanac

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Dictionary of American Biography
Dictionary of National Biography
Living Authors
Twentieth Century Authors
Who's Who
Who's Who in America

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New Dictionary of Quotations on Historical Principles from Ancient and Modern Sources by H. L. Mencken
Oxford Companion to American Literature by James D. Hart
Oxford Companion to English Literature by Paul Harvey
Oxford Dictionary of Quotations
Reader's Handbook by E. C. Brewer

ATLASES

Hammond's New Universal World Atlas
Rand McNally Commercial Atlas

DICTIONARIES

American Thesaurus of Slang by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin van den Bark
Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles
Dictionary of Modern American Usage by H. W. Horwill
Dictionary of Modern English Usage by H. W. Fowler
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