

Maybe the world *was* changing more than he realized.

As he neared the gate, Dr. White cast one last look at the row of sororities across the street. He was considerably surprised to see a co-ed sunning herself in the back lawn of the Beta house wearing apparently no shorts at all. He thought he must surely be wrong even though continued and intensive study of the evidence failed to indicate how he had been mistaken. "Well, it must be my eyes," he finally muttered to himself, "I guess I just don't see as clearly as I used to."

Then he turned out from under the arches onto the adjacent street. There, ahead of him, clearly enough this time, he saw coming toward him a young man and a young woman, holding hands. Very young they were and, to the eyes of Dr. White, very beautiful. Shyly, the girl dis-

engaged her hand. She could carry her love in her heart for a few paces: it would be untarnished there by the corrosive public view. The boy fingered his tie self-consciously. For her sake it would be well to measure up to the appraisal even a stranger might direct his way.

And looking upon them, Dr. White loved them intuitively with the strength of his heart. Then he watched them as they slowly entered the arch into Crestwood. As they disappeared, Dr. White's face grew grave and troubled. What would happen to them, he wondered, when his old friend Dr. Bassett prepared them for the future? How might they suffer from those who knew so much and understood so little? Dr. White hoped—how successfully, he would never know—that there was more value built into those old buildings of Crestwood College than Dr. Bassett even remotely understood.

San Marco Square

Mann knew. The death he saw dwelled
Like a still canal within his heart;
And there on the steps where the Doges swam,
 he smelled
The stagnant stones. It wasn't plague that weighed
Upon the hero's life, but feeling the cement
Pumped into the city's veins, to preserve
The sinking corpse.

 And here is this square of wings,
There is no flight for God or man—
Only the patient quicksand of the sea.

LARRY RUBIN

REVIEWS

INDEX TO REVIEWS

- | | | |
|-----|---|---------------------|
| 191 | “Those Incurrigible Germans”
William L. Shirer, <i>The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany</i> | Felix Morley |
| 194 | “Reform without Principle”
Ralph de Toledano, <i>Lament for a Generation</i> | Frank S. Meyer |
| 197 | “An Apologist for Folly”
Herbert Feis, <i>Between War and Peace</i> | George Morgenstern |
| 200 | “The Christ of Unamuno”
Vincente Marrero, <i>El Cristo de Unamuno</i> | Charles J. Adamec |
| 202 | “From Welfarism to Chaos”
Gunnar Myrdal, <i>Beyond the Welfare State</i> | Willmoore Kendall |
| 203 | “Economics as a Moral Science”
D. Van Nostrand, <i>The Economic Point of View</i> | Murray N. Rothbard |
| 204 | “Faction in the Global Assembly”
Thomas Hovet, Jr., <i>Bloc Politics in the United Nations</i> | J. Fred Rippy |
| 206 | “Dissenting for Freedom”
Lowell Mason, <i>The Language of Dissent</i> | Edwin McDowell |
| 208 | “The Meaning of Orpheus”
Elizabeth Sewell, <i>The Orphic Voice: Poetry and Natural History</i> | Ralph J. Mills, Jr. |
| 210 | “Philosophy in Hemingway”
John Killinger, <i>Hemingway and the Dead Gods: A Study in Existentialism</i> | David Sumner |

Those Incurrible Germans

FELIX MORLEY

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany, by William L. Shirer. *New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960.*

IN HIS FOREWORD to this massive volume (1,250 pages) Mr. Shirer confronts the question of whether or not its laborious birth was premature. "Some may think," he admits, "that it is much too early to try to write a history of the Third Reich. . . ." He concludes, however, that the availability of captured German documentation justifies his "attempt." And he draws additional support by quoting the famous observation of Thucydides: "I lived through the whole [Peloponnesian] war, being of an age to comprehend events and giving my attention to them in order to know the exact truth about them."

Mr. Shirer, however, is no Thucydides. For "the exact truth" about Nazi Germany we shall have to wait longer, despite the publisher's optimistic surmise that now we have "what may well be the definitive history of one of the greatest and most frightening chapters in the history of mankind."

Certainly Mr. Shirer has made effective use of the truckloads of material assembled at Nuremberg to prove the war guilt and abominations of the Nazi leaders. There is no question of their horrible and damning accuracy. But the history of any murder, whether of an individual or a civilization, requires more insight than is either needed or provided by the attorneys for the prosecution.

This is not to minimize the provisional value of Mr. Shirer's monumental study. No scholar, it is safe to assert, will in future probe into the murky history of the Third Reich without having this book at hand. It pulls together within single covers much that was heretofore available only in many separate volumes. And, as its immediately acquired best-seller status suggests, Mr. Shirer's work is easy reading. There is, indeed, an almost morbid fascination in this extensive background to events seared into the memory of most of us. Praise is also due for a skill in narration that frequently recaptures all the inherent drama in sensational events.

There are many such illustrations of