

done, there are many who, like Miss Chase, will never admit that it can take the place of the King James Version.

THE BIBLE FOR EVERYMAN: The response to the first edition of Mary Ellen Chase's "*The Bible and the Common Reader*," published in 1944, has been such as amply to justify its revision and republication. The additions made in a new edition just published by Macmillan at \$4 are a result of questions raised by Miss Chase's students at Smith College. As its title suggests, the book is not intended for the theologian or the scholar but for the common reader. It will serve as an admirable introduction to the book of books, and readers of it will go to the King James Version itself with new interest and appreciation of its literary qualities and its religious message.

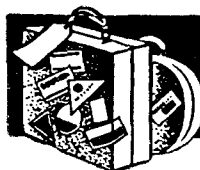
It is a book which should be read with a Bible close at hand, for its various chapters are introductions to and interpretations of selected groups of writings from the books of the Old and New Testaments. This and "Readings from the Bible" (reviewed above) are companion books and should be read and treasured together.

LEGENDS ABOUT JESUS: By dint of thoroughgoing scholarly research, Joseph Gaer has gathered together in "*The Lore of the New Testament*" (Little, Brown, \$5) a wide variety of the legends which have grown up around the New Testament story and its leading personalities. Most of these stories have grown out of the stimulus given to the folk imagination by the personality of Jesus and out of the desire of His followers to fill in the gaps left in the Gospel narrative and to embroider that rich fabric of the story of the life and ministry of the Man of Nazareth.

Many of the legendary stories have to do with the birth and early years of Mary, the mother of Jesus. However, most of them are concerned with "the hidden years" in the life of Jesus, the time between his infancy and his childhood visit to the temple at Jerusalem and the ensuing period up to the beginning of his public ministry. Drawing upon their imagination, the faithful have produced some beautiful and inspiring stories of that period in the life of Christ, but most of them make of Jesus a mere wonder worker, with miracles the sole test of His divinity.

The book is carefully documented for scholarly use. It also throws light, directly or indirectly, upon the way the personality of the Christ affected His followers throughout the generations.

—KENNETH D. MILLER.



BOOKED for TRAVEL

ON A FAST BOAT TO THE ORIENT

ABOARD THE PRESIDENT WILSON.

IF THERE is anyone in the house who would like to get me on a fast boat to the Orient, now is the time. Assuming that the skipper got good marks in arithmetic, we are cutting up the North Pacific, two days out of Yokohama. That night two weeks ago when we left San Francisco is away back in the murky distance. I remember the Ferry Building, which is no great shakes by day, shining at night like a tower of jewels, swathed in garlands of white and blue bulbs.

Standing under the port wing of the bridge and watching the phosphorescent excitement of San Francisco glow against the autumn sky, you could hear the low, sure voice of the skipper, Captain Joseph Cox. "Slow astern port," it said quietly. There was the sound of a bell as the order went along the ship's telegraph. "Slow astern starboard." Then, "Half astern both engines." "Full astern starboard." Finally we had backed away from the pier, and were heading forward. We slipped past Coit Tower, slid under the Golden Gate Bridge (strung with amber shining stones), and headed into the Pacific.

This is a cruise ship and a passenger transport. It means business and pleasure. There are those on board who have come to enjoy the sun of the southern route, and we have had day after day of it, the pool full of swimmers through this whole final week of November. But there is also the Lutheran missionary going to Kowloon who reads each day from his Bible printed in Chinese. There is the Episcopal missionary going back to Japan with his wife and four children. And there is also his bishop, who is Japanese. There is the young Congregationalist with wife, two children, and another on the way, going to Hongkong after eighteen months under the Communists on the mainland. He had mastered Mandarin, but now he has to learn Cantonese, and between games of deck tennis he has whittled away at a Cantonese primer published by the Harvard University Press for just such emergencies.

Returning from a high time in Eu-

rope is the well-fed German and his wife who run a restaurant in Manila, and who are carefully avoided by the members of the American Manila colony sailing home after a summer in the States. The cooperative spirit of the Axis partners is remembered with untempered bitterness. Looking down towards the fantail you can always get a view of the Sikhs sitting on the benches there, their faces crowned with turbans and underscored with a beard.

Then there are the neat, pretty Army wives off to join their husbands on alien shores, especially the happy little blonde from Tampa who has crossed a continent and a great sea to spend a two-week furlough with her husband, a surgeon in Korea. "If he doesn't make it, I'll just see Japan, that's all." And the Orientals smile faintly and say, "Ah, so," just like in the movies, and the matrons from Chicago, going around the world on a tour, buzz and purr and strut off around the promenade deck where twelve laps make a mile.

WE HAVE had our days here on the *President Wilson*. Like the one when the three-year-old Army brat pulled the white spade beard of the Rev. C. J. Beurms of Belgium, thirty-two years in the Philippines, and said, "I know who you are, you're Santa Claus!" There was the night of the gala gymkhana when three passengers were called out on the floor, given a saltine and a piece of cheese, told to start eating at the first signal, and the first man to whistle is the winner. The contestants proved to be the Canadian consul-general to the Philippines, a six-foot-five-inch Scotsman selling housewares in the Far East, and a five-foot Chinese who is assistant chief of police in Singapore. The chief brought down the house when he said, "Chinese no like cheese." But he nibbled the cracker all right, and when he was through he barked like a dog, because apparently Chinese don't whistle either.

There was that wonderful day in Hawaii, five days out of San Francisco (we shall cover Hawaii in later dispatches on the return leg), when the



President Wilson edged up to the dock to the music of the Royal Hawaiian band and Hawaiians came on board and kissed us and put leis around our necks. We walked off the gangplank up to our ears in orchids and heady with the carnations which had been scented with a strange oriental fragrance.

Then we swam at Waikiki, rode the waves to shore in an outrigger canoe, had the magnificent buffet on the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel while the warm sun burned our backs. We saw the town, bought coconut hats, had lobster tails at Don the Beachcomber's, and when we went back to the ship there were hula girls on the dock, music of guitars and ukuleles. We threw streamers to friends on the quay and held them till the ship moved away and the paper snapped. Then we took off our leis, tossed them over the side, and watched them drop gently on the water. And so we were assured of coming back, which is tommyrot if you are crass and lovely if you are sentimental.

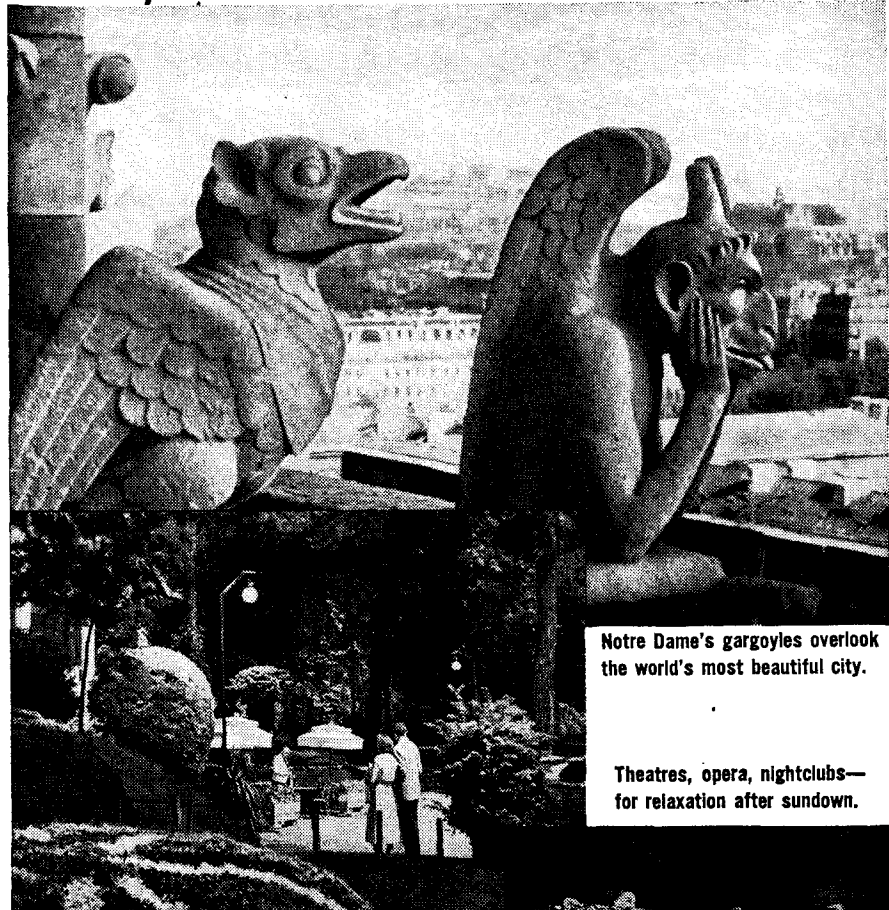
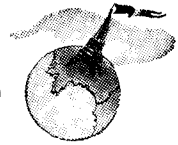
THE next morning the ship was blooming with the fruits of Hawaii. The chrysanthemums of the California autumn were gone. Now on every dining-room table there were bouquets of orchid sprays, stalks of red ginger, red and green croton leaves, and scarlet anthurium. The menus blossomed with fried mahi-mahi and fresh Hawaiian mackerel, Hawaiian pineapple fritters with white wine foam sauce.

Cruising began in earnest. Invitations to join the ping pong, shuffleboard, deck golf, and deck tennis tournaments appeared on the bulletin board. People stayed up on deck for lunch, faces turned red and healthy from the Pacific sun. There were movies every few nights, and on the last Saturday before Yokohama there was a giant costume ball, followed by a show, followed by hangovers, followed by bloody marys and other sure-cures. Sunday arrived gentle and peaceful. In the afternoon, when we might otherwise have been walking the heir in the park, we found ourselves in the forward lounge of the *President Wilson* listening to the ship's orchestra do pleasant things with the score from "South Pacific" while the Pacific rose and fell easily, like a matron's bosom.

Invitations to private cocktail parties appeared under the door each morning as surely as the electric bill comes each month. Chi-chi people had them printed by the ship's typesetter. If a man wasn't careful he could eat six times a day, and there were notices passed around by American President Lines that room service at no charge was available twenty-four hours a

IF YOU'D GIVE HER THE WORLD—

Give her a trip to France!

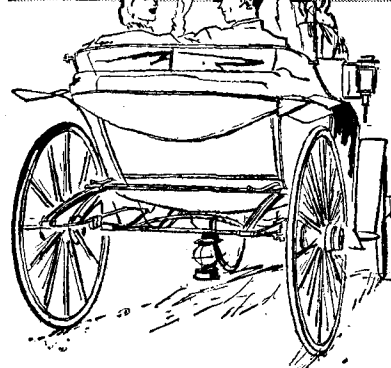


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**FRENCH GOVERNMENT
TOURIST OFFICE**

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day. Fifty items appear on the average dinner menu. When we were still near the West Coast you would find native things like Oregon cheddar and Monterey Jack. Now, off Japan, there has been an outbreaking of umeboshi, which are pickled plums; takuwan, which are pickled turnips; fukuzin suke, or Japanese relish; and fried Japanese prawns with shoyu sauce, which could burn a hole through granite. You could have your choice of nearly sixty things for breakfast, and I have liked them all except "Poached Pickled Salmon Bellies in Cream or Drawn Butter," which, with singular inappropriateness, appeared on the card the morning after the big gala night.

Some nights the stewards have prepared Italian dinners for individual tables, which were covered with gingham cloths, the passengers with gingham bibs. The Japanese, meanwhile, were given charcoal braziers and they prepared their own sukiyaki right at the table. The North Atlantic was never like this.

After the sayonara dinner tomorrow, which is the farewell, Yokohama gets us, sunburned and overstuffed. The *President Wilson* goes on to Manila, Hongkong, and Kobe, which are the other stops on its regular six-week's Orient cruise, and then returns to Yokohama, where we board her again. We shall enjoy Japan the meanwhile, but we shall look forward with great affection to the return of the *Wilson*, which has been our corner saloon, athletic field, movie house, nightclub, and floating delicatessen. After two weeks with the chopsticks we may be hungry. But I do hope by that time the chef has run clean out of poached pickled salmon bellies in cream or in butter.

—HORACE SUTTON.

"Argosies of Magic Sails"

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

THE Clipper coursed steadily through the autumn night under fair skies. Ahead, over the horizon of the chilly Atlantic, lay that ancient home of navigators and explorers, Portugal. Behind, invisible under the curve of the ocean, lay the United States.

This was no routine trip. In a symbolic sense the whole world was aboard. The passengers knew it: the Canadian editor, the South African diplomat, the Liberian banker, the Portuguese exporter, the American publisher, the Spanish grandee, the Italian manufacturer, the Gold Coast missionary, the Ecuadorian tourist, they and all the others. They knew that out in space, in this moment of time, with neighbors from four continents, they would share a small fragment of history, of man's progress.

Alfred Lord Tennyson foresaw this trip in 1842 when he wrote in "Locksley Hall" the memorable lines:

For I dipt into the future, far as
human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all
the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, drop-
ping down with costly bales.

In 1952 this was one of the argosies that Tennyson had prophesied. It was

Pan American World Airways Clipper, Flight 150, en route from New York to Santa Maria in the Azores; Lisbon, Portugal; Dakar, French West Africa; Monrovia, Liberia; Accra; the Gold Coast; Leopoldville, the Belgian Congo; and Johannesburg, Union of South Africa; every name laden with romantic associations and its own urgent history.

The giant Clipper was making Pan American's 40,000th crossing of the Atlantic. It was only thirteen years ago, in 1939, that Pan American inaugurated trans-Atlantic service. Then the flight from New York to Lisbon required twenty-six hours. Today the four-motored Clipper completes the 3,300 mile trip in half the time, and the air above the ocean has become a thoroughfare for the world's airlines.

When the plane circled over the Tagus River and landed at Lisbon Airport to be greeted by Portuguese and American officials, it marked the close of a cycle during which Pan American had flown enough passengers across the Atlantic to be the equivalent of flying the entire population of the world once around the world, or the population of the United States around the globe thirteen times.

Or as one Pan American executive expressed it with a wry gleam in his eye, "This is the same as flying the entire population of Soviet Russia on



The Rossio in Lisbon—"the refinement of the senses, the enlargement of the spirit, the enrichment of experience."