



# The Gale of August Twentieth

By JOHN HERRMANN

FOR SALE.—Auxiliary gaff-rigged cruising ketch, Golden Bantam. Length over all 34 feet, beam 9 feet 5 inches, draft 5 feet. A real little ship. Weathered gale of August 20th crossing Lake Michigan. Fully found. Sails and rigging like new. Built last year of finest materials. Sleeps four. Two spring berths in main cabin, double stateroom. Galley, Shipmate stove, ice chest, electric lights. Fully equipped for cruise and in the water. Cost \$8,000. No reasonable offer refused. Can be seen at Pentwater Harbor. Roger Martin, Benton, Mich.

A LIGHT southerly breeze allowed an easy reach out of Pentwater Harbor. Roger Martin hoisted all three sails on his ketch, the *Golden Bantam*, cast off from the mooring, rushed back to the tiller, and waited tensely for the craft to pay off and the sails to fill. A light puff from over the city to the eastward swung her head around and she began to make way.

If the wind had been from a less favorable quarter Martin would have gone out of the harbor under power. He did not want to take the boat single-handed out through the narrow breakwaters under any but favorable conditions.

With a beam wind now blowing steadily it was a cinch going out through the breakwaters, and it certainly was a pleasure to feel the *Bantam* take the long easy swells in the harbor mouth, surging ahead steadily and noiselessly.

He looked aloft to see that everything was right, and trimmed the mainsail in just slightly. He felt a little additional speed and a just perceptibly stronger

lug on the tiller. He settled back against the weather combing and raised his long left leg up on the seat. His right foot was braced against the lee side of the small self-bailing cockpit.

Passing the life-saving station he looked up at the group of people watching him from the breakwater. He kept his face straight but couldn't help allowing himself a glow of pride. One of the coast guards, who knew him, waved. Martin waved back at him, leaning lower under the mizzen-boom.

"Good luck," the fellow called.

"You bet," Martin said.

He leaned back again and the mizzen-boom shut the crowd from his view. He had to smile. It was great, starting out alone for two weeks of it. He was going to cross the lake, sail up to Mackinac Island, into the Cheneaux Islands, stop off at Harbor Point, and then come down the lake on the Michigan side. And the idea was to take his time, do some fishing and swimming, cook his own food, read some good books, and get a lot of healthy sunshine.

That summer Martin had come near asking Katherine Lowie to marry him, but now he was glad he had put it off. She couldn't look at water without getting seasick, and it would have put a crimp in any chance for him to get out alone on the *Bantam*. And he felt that he was young yet and had plenty of time.

The cross swell at the mouth of the breakwaters was just noticeable and in

it Martin felt that he was really starting out on his cruise. He held out about one hundred feet and then took his course from the light on the end of the southern breakwater. He trimmed the jib, main and mizzen sheets to a light beam breeze and then picked up the chart and glanced at it to reassure himself that west a quarter south was correct.

He watched the compass carefully, let go the tiller and noted a tendency to come up into the wind. Martin then trimmed in the jib sheet slightly and eased off the mizzen just a trifle. The *Golden Bantam* held her course.

He stood up and stretched, walked forward, and then hurried aft and again looked at the compass. The *Golden Bantam* was steering herself. This was swell. If the breeze held she would steer herself until she bumped bottom somewhere in the vicinity of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Martin was glad he had chosen a ketch-rigged craft and was glad she had a long underbody. He felt pretty sure that the boat he had was about as good a boat as there was. Maybe she wasn't as big as some or as fancy but she was seaworthy and fast for her size, and she made a pretty picture sailing along with all sail set, heeled over slightly to leeward. Her black hull, white trunk cabin, and sails glistened in the sun.

The day was just about perfect except that Martin would have liked a little more breeze, enough to bring the rail down to about three inches above the water. Then the *Bantam* sailed like a seagull. He looked to the southward to see if there was any wind in the sky. The sky was clear and the weather might hold fair forever from the looks of things.

The *Bantam* was doing a good five miles and Martin had it figured out as fifty-four and a half miles across the

lake from Pentwater to Sheboygan. He went below and looked at the ship's clock on the forward cabin bulkhead. It was four-thirty, and that meant he would sight the Wisconsin shore very early in the morning if the wind held. It was going to be great sailing along at night and there would be a moon after one o'clock.

Below decks in the snug cabin Martin felt with pleasure the slight steady motion and heard the water swish up forward. He thought of the remote possibility of being run down while he was below, and stuck his head out of the hatch. There were no vessels in sight.

He started to go over the supplies in the cabin and make sure everything was snugly stowed away. If it came on to blow he wouldn't have time to be down below. He fixed the guard rail on the bookshelf. There were about twenty books, all of them about small-boat sailing, cruises in small boats, etc. They were his favorite reading matter.

He pulled himself up on the weather berth and sat with his chin in his hands looking around him. The galley was neat as a pin, and in fact the whole below decks looked shipshape and orderly. He decided to keep it that way the whole cruise. He thought of reading, but decided against it and went above. The little ship was still sailing herself and had not varied a quarter point. He looked around him again with pride. He could feel the easy swell.

Martin opened the chart and looked at it again. The land astern had almost disappeared and only a standpipe and a tall building still showed. Looking at the chart he remembered he had not allowed anything for leeway. To correct this he trimmed in the mizzen just a trifle and saw the ship edge almost a quarter point higher into the wind. He thought this was plenty to allow.

Sitting on the weather deck with his

feet on the cockpit seat and arms folded across his knees he started in thinking about how bad business was and wondering if his affairs could possibly pick up. It seemed almost dead sure that his small air-cooled-engine plant in Benton was headed for bankruptcy. He got up and tried to forget that. His whole idea in going on the cruise was to get that out of his mind and try to get over the nervousness and mental depression he had been going through the past four or five months. He wasn't going to let his business get the best of him.

Martin went below again and brought up his copy of "The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss." On the strength of this book he had had the sailmaker make him a sea anchor on the Voss specifications. He never expected to use it on Lake Michigan, but there was no telling, and it was a matter of pride with Martin to have the *Bantam* equipped for any emergency. Allowing a drift of from one and a half to three miles an hour in a gale with sea anchor out you would need quite a bit of sea room.

Roger Martin started reading the book at the beginning, but as he had already read it through five times he skipped pages and only read a line and a paragraph here and there. Then he took the book back. He didn't feel like reading and it was good just watching the little ship sail along.

The breeze held steady and the sky looked clear. Around the horizon in every direction Martin noted a slight haze. He looked at the clock. It was six-fifteen. There were no vessels in sight. Then he went below and lighted his small primus stove and made coffee. He opened a can of beans, got butter out of the ice chest, and thought of eggs. He put the butter and a few pieces of pilot bread on a cloth on the starboard berth.

He took a look around on deck and thought he saw smoke to the southward.

It could have been a car ferry or one of the passenger vessels out of Chicago bound for northern Michigan ports.

Below he set out his plate, knife, fork, spoon, and coffee cup, punched holes in a can of evaporated milk and laid it beside his plate. The table was set. He took a look at the coffee. It was just starting to boil. He set it off the stove, put two eggs in the pan, throwing the shells in the coffee. When the eggs were fairly hard he turned them over and swished some melted butter on them. After he had them on his plate the beans went in for a warming.

When he sat down to eat he was hungry and his supper tasted fine. He always liked canned beans and wished his mother served them at home once in a while. The coffee was good and the pilot-bread a real treat. He got a little jam out of the ice chest. Before he had finished he stuck his head up out of the hatch and it seemed that the smoke from the steamer was already nearer. It would pass him well astern he figured.

Martin ate every scrap of his supper and felt fine. Up forward in the chain locker he had a few bottles of brandy. He opened one and mixed a big shot with white rock and went on deck. He left the dirty dishes stacked in the galley sink.

It had grown appreciably darker and the faint haze he had noticed earlier around the horizon had risen higher and looked dark and slightly ominous. The sun by this time had become pale and white and was sinking into the haze to the westward. It seemed to Martin that things had taken a decidedly sudden change from the time he was last on deck and maybe he was in for some nasty weather. The breeze was holding steady and the *Bantam* was holding her course as well as if he had been at the tiller.

Martin drank off the drink hurried-

ly and felt a little nervous. He knew he had a good little ship that would take about anything in the way of weather, but the idea of being out alone in a gale of wind dampened his spirits considerably. The sun was obscured by the bank of haze that was beginning to take cloud form. There was no glow in the sky and it was getting dark rapidly.

The breeze just petered out with the sun and the sea became very dark and oily-looking and smooth. The swell was small and short and the sails started slatting viciously. Martin wondered from which direction it was going to come, for he felt certain now that he was in for it.

He hurried below and looked at the barometer but there was no change in it yet. He thought it couldn't be much of an instrument, but it had worked other times. The slatting increased his nervousness and he thought for a minute he might get seasick. A calm was surely a real test. He poured himself out another stiff drink, mixed it and drank it.

The slatting sounded bad enough to tear his sails. He decided to use his engine, though he had wanted to make the crossing under sail alone. He lowered the mainsail and stopped it. It was getting dark fast. Then he took in the mizzen and stopped it. Then the jib.

He couldn't get the engine started on deck and went below. The motion down below was pretty bad and the engine room was stuffy. He figured he might get sick if he stayed down there very long. He tried hurriedly to start the motor. He couldn't get a kick out of it. It was no time to work on the engine and he wanted to be outside where he could see what was going on.

Martin decided to forget the engine and depend on his sails. In a storm, sail was steadier than power and he would sooner trust the *Bantam* under sail than

plowing into it under power. He went on deck and secured the hatch. If a storm was coming he was too far from either shore to run for shelter and he knew it was a good thing to have plenty of sea room.

He got to figuring what he would do if a sudden squall hit him. He double-reefed the mainsail and mizzen, stopped them and lashed the booms down. The sky to the eastward was much darker than in any other quarter. The *Bantam* was lying to under no sail.

Martin lit the running lights and binnacle light and again went below to look at the barometer. The air was heavy and uncomfortable. The barometer had dropped considerably since he last looked at it and he wondered if he had been mistaken in thinking it had not shown a drop that time.

To the southward the lights of a steamer and her green light showed up. She would pass the *Bantam* well astern. Although it was already pretty dark he could see a faint trace of yellow in the sky to the westward and it looked dirty. There was nothing to do but sit tight and wait for something to happen.

The swell increased and now seemed to be coming from the north. Martin saw a streak of lightning on the southwestern horizon. He wondered if the storm would come from that quarter or the opposite, as it more often did on the Lakes. He was glad he was aboard the *Golden Bantam* and not the old twenty-foot catboat he had been sailing for the past ten summers. Katherine Lowie had not even cared to sail around the harbor in that. There was one thing sure about it, if he and Katherine were married her father could be depended on to help get the business back on a sound financial basis.

It would have been wiser not to sink eight thousand dollars in the *Bantam*. Instead, he should have kept it in re-



serve, married and settled down. That would have been businesslike. But Martin's mother did not altogether like Katherine and she had urged Roger to get the boat and wait until he was a little older and more settled.

When he ordered the *Bantam*, things were going good at the plant and eight thousand dollars seemed very little to lay out on something with all the possibilities for enjoyment he saw in the little craft.

If a storm hit him Katherine would be worried sick, he thought. She had practically told him he was taking his life in his hands crossing the lake alone. He wasn't superstitious, but he felt very uneasy on account of the way she had talked.

The lights of the steamer were much nearer. She seemed to have altered her course slightly to come up closer to the *Bantam*. Martin watched her anxiously and for a moment thought she might be coming up to speak him. She passed astern about a quarter mile off. The lights in the cabins were all burning and she looked gay against the dark sky. He heard faintly the jazz band playing for dinner. He thought of the *Titanic* with the band playing as it went down and wondered if the passengers aboard the lake steamer had any idea that a bad storm was coming.

He saw lightning astern of the vessel in the east, then in the northeast. There was still no air and the *Golden Bantam* was rolling to the swell.

Night had definitely settled down. The lights of the steamer rapidly receded and it was lonesome out there. Martin felt a breath of air from the north. It was very cool. The lightning was becoming insistent. To the northeast flash followed flash.

He hurriedly unstopped the two-reefed mainsail and hoisted it. He felt the *Bantam* begin to make way. He trim-

med the sail to a quartering breeze and sailed on his course toward Sheboygan. He decided not to hoist the mizzen and jib until he saw what was going to happen.

He held the tiller nervously and lit a cigarette. He wasn't much of a smoker, but now a cigarette tasted good. The lights of the steamer were well down on the horizon.

The breeze increased slowly at first and then came in puffs. He felt them tug at the sail and felt the whole ship respond. Finally one puff larger than the others sent the lee rail down to the water. He felt the strong tug on the tiller and instinctively looked over his shoulder to windward. The lightning was coming fast and he heard the rumble of thunder faintly in the distance.

Martin knew he was in for something. If it came on to blow hard he would still try to make Sheboygan harbor. With only the two-reefed main he was afraid the *Bantam* would just lie hove to and only possibly eat into it a little. But he dared not put on more sail and began to feel it would have been better to take three reefs in the main and just ride it out in as much comfort as possible.

Short choppy seas were slapping the side of the ship. Another puff hit him, the *Bantam* heeled over and the boom end dragged in the water. She came right up and was going at a good clip. He heard the water churn and swish up forward.

The next puff might come harder yet and the canvas, which was ten-ounce stuff, might not take it. The seams were cut from luff to leach and though it made a fine setting sail it might not stand a good hard puff socking it all of a sudden the way the last one had. He eased the little vessel up into the wind, trimmed in the sail and lay practically hove to, eating into it just slightly. He

let go the tiller and saw that she would hold her course.

The seas were increasing in size and the wind began to blow in earnest. There was lots of thunder and lightning but no rain yet. Martin decided to take another reef in the mainsail and just ride it out all night. He had lots of sea room and figured he was about thirty miles from the Wisconsin shore.

He went forward cautiously, holding the grab rail on top of the cabin. It would be a hell of a job reefing that sail in all that wind and alone at that. If there was some one at the tiller it wouldn't be so bad. He loosed the throat and peak halyards, braced himself against the mast with a foot against the starboard rail and, crouching, let the sail fall.

The wind was now blowing half a gale and shook the canvas and bellied it out. Still holding to the halyards with his right hand he attempted to muzzle the sail with his left arm and body. The *Bantam*, with no sail to steady her, came broadside to a sea, rolled, and Martin turned a somersault over the boom. His head hit the lee deck an awful crack and his legs came right over after. The sock on the head nearly knocked him out, but he had a good hold on the halyards which he didn't loosen. He came down heels over head, waist-deep in the water over the lee rail and swung around.

The little ship rolled abruptly to windward. The pull on the halyards raised the gaff slightly, the port lazy-jack parted, and the sail ballooned out, clapping and flapping with a great noise. Martin grabbed at the port shrouds and held on. The *Bantam* again rolled to leeward, and he hauled himself up on the deck out of the way of the swinging gaff, which could have given him a dirty blow. He could see the mess he had made of it in the bright flashes of lightning.

He got hold of the mast and then, puffing pretty hard, secured the gaff to the boom. The rain was coming at him hard now. He had stops for the sail in his left pants pocket and got it muzzled and in stops. The *Bantam* was rolling unmercifully and Martin knew he would have to get sail on her, because it was all he could do to hang on. And his head hurt badly.

He remembered Katherine Lowie telling him he would end up at the bottom, and it looked as if there was something in it if the damn wind was going to keep on blowing stronger all the time. He wished he could try it under power. Then he thought: "To hell with the power, I'll get those reefs in her."

He worked away tying the reef points, and finally when he was about all tuckered out he tied the last one. The wind was roaring and cold and the water was feather white all around him. The shrouds whistled and the rigging made a loud tattoo. The waves splashed and sloshed and threw spray over the whole of the little ship. Martin was soaked through from his fall overboard, the rain, and the seas which washed over. A big sea hit the craft and he felt her tremble and quiver, roll down and then quickly come up to be slammed by another one bigger than the last.

He loosed the stops and the sail blew out again. He hauled on the halyards and felt them give. The gaff moved up a little. He got a better hold, hauled. The gaff had swung outboard and the *Bantam* was making way in the trough of the seas. Martin lugged on the halyards and got the sail on her. She pointed up fairly well into the wind. He set the peak and made the halyards fast.

With sail on her the *Bantam* took the seas more easily and the motion was comparatively so steady that Martin felt fairly secure and sat on the cabin top for a minute to rest before working his

way aft to the cockpit. He held on to the mast and drew a few breaths of real relief. Then he started aft.

The seas were increasing in size and it was pretty wet forward. In the cockpit it was not so bad. He took the tiller and eased the little ship into the seas. She was practically hove to and was pointing about northwest, with the wind now in the north. He let go the tiller and the *Bantam* held herself under the short canvas, but his nerve was pretty well shot and he sat right there, afraid to leave the tiller. He carefully watched a couple of long broken seas go under him and saw that she would take care of herself for a short time at least.

He hurried below. The dishes were scattered on the floor of the cabin, some of them broken. He got the brandy bottle, oilskin coat, and mackinaw coat and went above. The motion down below seemed worse than ever. Outside the wind had increased and the rain came at him horizontally. The seas were longer and were breaking. A wave coming down on the *Bantam* seemed enough to bury her. But she took them nicely and the water was flying across at Martin in sheets. It was now blowing about full-gale strength. The little vessel quivered and shook with the blows of the big breaking seas but held on.

Martin got into his mackinaw and oilskin coat. The wind was very cold and the water, as it drove at him, felt warm in comparison. He took a pull at the bottle. It was a godsend. The sail shook and he was sorry he hadn't brought a storm trysail, because it looked to him as if the sail would blow itself to pieces.

He crouched low as possible and watched the big ones, easing the ship into them. Suddenly the wind increased in force, he didn't think the *Bantam* could possibly live through it. He wished he had the sea anchor ready for use. But he didn't dare leave the tiller. He

thought now was the time for praying and he tried it. He wasn't a churchgoer and didn't think the prayer would help much.

Martin wished he had stayed at home and tended to business. If things were going bad, there was all the more reason for him to be on the job. He thought Katherine Lowie would have made a wonderful wife for him. It didn't look as if he would ever see land again.

Off to the southward, when he was on top of a big wave, he thought he saw a light. He waited until he had climbed the next one and he saw very distinctly a rocket shoot into the sky and flare. A cold shiver shot up his spine. He saw another rocket and then another. When the *Bantam* had climbed the next wave he strained his eyes, and in a flare of lightning saw plainly the black hull and white superstructure of a vessel to the southward and he knew it was one of the big railroad-car ferries. Another rocket went up.

The *Bantam* slid down another long wave. The wind was howling and all the rigging straining. He raised himself, let go the tiller, and held on to the mizzen-boom, and when the *Bantam* was on top of the sea he strained his eyes to the southward. The lightning was very bright and he heard an exceptionally loud crack of thunder, but he could not see the vessel and there were no more rockets. A terrible fear and depression came over him. The vessel must have gone down and he wondered how it could have happened so quickly. She must have broken in two to sink so quickly. All hands would be lost. They couldn't launch a boat in that sea. He wondered if there was any way he could get there and possibly pick up somebody. He didn't dare try it; it was all his little ship could do to hold her own hove to.

Martin was cold with fear and the cut-

ting wind and hung on to the mizzen-boom while his craft rode up on another huge sea. The top of the sea, breaking, threw the *Bantam* broadside to it and she was knocked down on her beam ends. Martin felt sure that it was all over. Now he was going to get his and he felt desperately calm about it and waited for the end. He held very tight to the mizzen-boom.

The ballast and heavy lead shoe brought the *Bantam* up quickly and he was surprised to feel himself violently lifted as the craft righted herself. The mainsail had filled with water in the knockdown and split from leach to luff as the *Bantam* came up. Martin did not feel safe and was afraid the praying was no use. The split mainsail was flapping, cracking and tearing in the wind.

He pulled himself together quickly and thought the ship must have taken in quite a lot of water. With the sail off of her she was rolling very badly. He worked himself to the cabin hatchway, slid back the hatch cover, turned on the lights. There was a mess down below.

He braced himself in the hatchway and turned the centrifugal bilge pump. She had taken in quite a bit of water. He turned the pump handle, the *Bantam* rolled and the seas kept washing over her. More water was getting in the hatch than he was pumping. He closed the hatch tightly and pumped away. He was very frightened at being inside with the *Bantam* rolling and the hatch closed and was afraid any moment he would start for the bottom in his thirty-four-foot coffin.

Martin heard and felt the main gaff strike against the shrouds with each roll to leeward. Then he had to work his way up forward and lower the gaff. He made it fast and then laboriously crawled back to the pump again.

While pumping, he said out loud: "If I ever set foot on land I'll never go on

the water again as long as I live." It relieved him a little, so said again: "I'll never go out on the water again if God lets me get ashore."

And he kept on pumping steadily. There was quite a lot of water in her. Pumping away he began to get accustomed to the rolling motion of the ship and minded it less. He finally made air on the pump. He was dead tired and afraid to go above and still in terror down there below decks. The bedding and mattresses were on the cabin floor soaking wet.

He climbed over the stuff and wondered how it had all found its way to the floor after he had stowed it so carefully. He got himself another bottle of brandy from the chain locker, found a corkscrew, and feeling very dizzy from the motion, the strain and excitement, took a good long drink. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw how white and strained his face looked. He took another drink. He began to think there was a chance for him to save himself.

He went forward and got the sea anchor. He had a hundred and fifty feet of one-inch rope which he made fast to the sea anchor. The ring was weighted and the cork float was rigged to it. He had to struggle to get the line and anchor out on deck in the violent rolling.

Once on deck he saw that it was lighter and he could see the white water on all sides of the *Bantam*. The roll and jerk and the water coming on board with each sea brought back his terror. He was afraid she might roll her masts out and he might not be able to get the sea anchor and gear forward.

He closed up the hatch. Then he waited for a sea to pass under the *Bantam* and hurried forward along the weather deck. He came up against the mainmast when the next sea hit the ship and got a good soaking.



He made the free end of the line fast to the mainmast, took a turn around the bitts and slipped it into the weather-bow chock. All this was done rapidly and in constant fear of being thrown overboard by the roll or washed over by a sea. He waited his chance and threw the sea anchor out to windward, payed out the line and felt it draw taut. He braced himself well and watched to see if she would head into it. For a couple of minutes it looked as if the sea anchor was just a joke and would not do a bit of good. But then the *Bantam* slowly started to point up into the gale.

Martin went aft and crouched down in the cockpit. The *Bantam* lay three or four points off the wind and rode it better and with much less water coming aboard. She swung farther off again. If he had the mizzen on her she would hold up into it better but he was afraid he might lose that sail too.

He repeated to himself that if he ever made shore it was his last time on the water. And he wished again he had asked Katherine to marry him. It seemed simple out there in the storm. Even his business didn't seem to be in the mess he had thought it was in. He felt sure everything would turn out all right if he could only get his feet on land. He was ready to sell the *Bantam*.

It grew lighter and Martin knew the wind was abating. He felt freezing cold. He went below and changed his clothes but didn't try to straighten up the mess in the cabin. He took another drink and a handful of pilot-bread and went outside and crouched in the cockpit. The rain had let up.

He figured he had drifted at least fifteen miles south of his position when the storm began, possibly more. In the early dawn light the seas looked bigger and more vicious than before and they

were long and black. The *Bantam* slid down them and then came up rapidly, cut the broken water on top and the sea fell off astern, white and cold. He ate his pilot-bread and took a few more swigs at the bottle. When it let up a little he was going to have another look at the engine.

The wind abated more and more. Martin sat up on the seat and watched it. He finally decided he could safely sail her under jib and two-reefed mizzen. He would head back to Pentwater, sell the *Bantam*, go back to his business and see what could be done about raising some money. By five-thirty he was ready to take in the sea anchor. He saw he had forgotten to attach the trip line and he had to cut it loose.

Martin hoisted the jib and mizzen and set his course northeast by east. He thought Pentwater lay in that direction. With the wind in the north, still blowing fresh and the seas running high but minus their dangerous tops, he started on a long reach for Pentwater. The *Bantam* performed splendidly and sailed herself. Martin went into the engine compartment and in a couple of minutes located the trouble, a loose wire from the distributor.

On deck once more, he started the motor. He shoved in the clutch with the engine running slowly and the *Bantam* took the extra speed with very little fuss. The wind died off steadily and Martin increased the engine speed. The seas began to smooth themselves down. When the sun rose the wind backed into the northwest. He eased off the jib and mizzen sheets and opened the engine a little more. He left the two reefs in the mizzen. The sea was choppy from the shift in the wind but the *Golden Bantam* took it nicely and held her course toward Pentwater.



# As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



Two words that are constantly being associated, compared, and contrasted, are Science and Religion. Among the large number of new books dealing with each and both, I particularly recommend "Science and Religion. A Symposium," with a Foreword by Michael Pupin. This handy volume of 175 pages contains twelve essays written by scientists and by clergymen; the discussion is candid and sincere. It is a fair field, not a free fight.

In fact, the courtesy shown by the leaders on both sides brings a note of admonition from Dean Inge, who, in the second paragraph of his contribution, says:

The danger now is that both sides may be a little too polite. "There is no longer," we are told, "any conflict between religion and science." If by religion we mean theology, and if by science we mean naturalism, this is not true. Theology and naturalism are both theories about ultimate reality. They are both inveterate poachers; theology cannot be content with religion, nor naturalism with science; and when they meet on each other's ground, or on no-man's-land, they are likely to fight.

These twelve essays are twelve radio talks given in Great Britain in the autumn of 1930. The object is "to determine . . . to what degree the conclusions of modern science affect religious dogma and the fundamental tenets of Christian belief."

To thoughtful men and women, this subject is more important than disarmament, reparations, or even prohibition. I do not see, considering the necessity of presenting clearly various points of view, and by men whose standing commands respect, how a better jury of twelve could have been empanelled.

They speak in this order:

Julian Huxley, professor of zoology.  
Sir J. Arthur Thomson, biologist.

J. S. Haldane (*not* J. B. S.), mining engineer, physiologist, philosopher.  
Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, Church of England Modernist.

B. Malinowski, professor of anthropology.

Dean Sheppard of Canterbury, fairly orthodox Christian minister.

Canon B. H. Streeter, Christian philosopher.

Reverend C. W. O'Hara, Catholic: professor of mathematics and astronomy.

Sir Arthur Eddington, professor of astronomy.

S. Alexander, professor of philosophy.  
Dean Inge, dean of St. Paul's.

L. P. Jacks, editor of *The Hibbert Journal*.

There is naturally less of what the Christian means by religion in the first paper, by Julian Huxley, than in any of the others. But from the scientific point of view, Doctor Huxley, though not religious, is devout. His religion is the pursuit of truth, that is, truth as demonstrable and verifiable. "If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit." The first of these two sentences will of course never be accepted by Catholics.