

- BOOK REVIEW -

HITLER SPEAKS

Hermann Rauschning

Reviewed by Herbert L. Johnston

As the many readers of *The Revolution of Nihilism* know, Hermann Rauschning is the former Nazi President of the Danzig Senate. Closely associated with Hitler before and during the early years of the latter's supremacy, he set down almost verbatim reports of discussions with his chief and his fellow-Nazis immediately after these took place. The more significant portions of these notes form the main part of his latest book, *Hitler Speaks*, an absorbing revelation of the most widely discussed figure of our time. If the conversations recorded in this volume are authentic, and those in the best positions to judge seem unanimous in considering them so, the world is confronted with a destructive force whose menace can scarcely be exaggerated.

In the mind of its leader and prophet, National Socialism is more than a political, economic, or military movement with definite, circumscribed ends. It is a revolutionary force intended to extend through all space and all time, and to be put into effect throughout the world by the specially-bred, all-conquering heroes of the Germanic race. The Nazi world of tomorrow resembles that described by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*; Hitler's Utopia, however, is even more horrible, more inhuman, and also more close to realisation. All cultural, all Christian, all human values are declared outmoded and worthless; they are to be replaced by the naked rule of brute force in the hands of a special class which is expected to result from the turning of the whole world into a vast breeding-ground. A few scattered quotations from Hitler's own words will give a better notion of his conception of the value of all those convictions, moral or intellectual, of divine or of human origin, on which we build our lives on this earth and our hopes of salvation.

For our people it is essential whether they acknowledge the Jewish Christ-creed with its effeminate pity-ethics, or a strong, heroic belief in God in nature, God in our own people, in our destiny, in our blood One is

either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both. . . Instead of worshipping the blood of their quondam Savior, they will worship the pure blood of our people'. This is blasphemy with a pseudo-biological basis.

Again, 'We have no scruples. I have no *bourgeois* hesitations! I expect each one of us to become one of a single family of conspirators . . . We want to be barbarians. It is an honourable title. *We* shall rejuvenate the world. This world is near its end. It is our mission to cause unrest . . . We are not in a position to dally with humane feelings . . . There is only *one* legal right, the nation's right to live. . . The world can only be ruled by fear'.

We all know how Hitler regards treaties. These are his own words on the matter: 'I am willing to sign anything. I will do anything to facilitate the success of my policy. I am prepared to guarantee all frontiers and to make non-aggression pacts and friendly alliances with anybody. It would be sheer stupidity to refuse to make use of such measures merely because one might possibly be driven into a position where a solemn promise would have to be broken.'

Hitler's stark inhumanity is perhaps best revealed in the policy he has in store for the so-called "subject races" and is today carrying into effect in unhappy Poland. '*We are obliged to depopulate . . . as part of our mission of preserving the German population. We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation. If you ask me what I mean by depopulation, I mean the removal of entire racial units . . . Nature is cruel, therefore we, too, may be cruel . . . I have the right to remove millions of an inferior race that breed like vermin.*'

Many other quotations and enlightening comments by the author could be drawn from this absorbing volume. They would show us Hitler the demagogue, Hitler the mystic, Hitler the fanatical proponent of undigested ideas of Heracleitus, Hegel, and Nietzsche. They would show us, perhaps, Hitler the madman, but without question a force to be reckoned with. Rauschnig's own summary is this: "He is, indeed, a remarkable man. It leads nowhere to depreciate him and speak mockingly of him. He is simply a sort of great medicine man. He is literally that, in the full sense of the term. We have gone back so far toward the savage state that the medicine-man has become king among us It is the Shaman's

drum that beats round Hitler. Asiatic, African cults and betwitchments are the true element of his spell . . . The primitive world has invaded the West."

Few among us have any doubt that we are fighting truly evil forces. This compilation from Hitler's own words will confirm those opinions. But it will do more; it will bring home more forcefully than any amount of descriptive writing could do the terror and horror of the nightmare that Hitler is striving to make a reality.

TWO SAILORS

Warwick M. Tompkins

Reviewed by Hubert O'Hanley, '42

In his latest book Captain Tompkins gives another account of his voyage around Cape Horn in the schooner *Wander Bird*. He does not describe the voyage from a technical point of view, as in *Fifty South to Fifty South*, but recounts just what occurred during the long months of his journey. Accompanying him on the voyage were his two children, Commodore and Anne, whom the crew called the "Two Sailors". Hence comes the name of the book.

The story begins with Captain Tompkins' proposal of a voyage from Gloucester to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn in his schooner, *Wander Bird*. After much preparation the schooner set sail on the first lap of the journey in the summer of 1936. Two months later *Wander Bird* sailed into Rio de Janeiro, where it was thoroughly overhauled by the crew. Then the small schooner put to sea to do battle with Cape Horn's mighty seas and winds. For fifty-two days the battle lasted, with the schooner gaining ground under a fair breeze only to be driven back by howling gales and swift currents. All the time it was in imminent danger of being crushed by the raging seas or of being dashed to pieces on the reefs. Finally, the schooner won out and was soon in the safe harbour of Talcahuano in Chile. After a few days of rest Captain Tompkins again set sail and under favourable winds soon anchored in San Francisco, where he arrived in April, 1937.

Although this book is an account of a real voyage, it is very interesting. It seems to prove the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction". The author's style is simple and plain with no attempts to use flowery language. The dialogue is full of the language of sailing and much of it is made up of the humorous "tall" stories of Bosun William. The one serious fault is that from time to time the author interrupts the action to give lengthly and detailed explanations of nautical terms. But, on the whole, this interesting narrative is well worth the short time spent in reading it.

TOO MUCH COLLEGE

Stephen Leacock

Reviewed by Herbert L. Johnston

In *Too Much College* Stephen Leacock, the famous Canadian humorist, has set down his serious reflections on education. Those reflections, the result of a lifetime spent in the educational field, are characterized by an insight and a common sense all too rare in the mass of literature devoted to the subject.

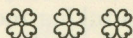
The main thesis of the book, as the title suggests, is that formal education is taking too many of the precious years of life and is failing to fit the student for the tasks ahead. In the first place the curriculum is overcrowded, burdened with a great deal of deadwood that simply wastes the student's time and his parents' money; it should and could be shortened. In the second place it is so designed that "education has become to a great extent a closed profession, in place of being a process undertaken for its own sake." Instead of being given a start on a lifetime road of learning, the student spends a certain number of years in school or college and then, heaving a sigh of relief that that part of his life is over, turns to the more important one, for which he has not been fitted.

After stating and explaining his thesis in the preface, Professor Leacock goes on to consider the present-day school and college curriculum in some detail. The first chapter is a considerably simplified but not too inaccurate history of the development of the liberal arts college, with which alone the author is concerned. The next,

entitled, "The Machine at Work", deals with the overcrowded and mechanically administered curriculum, and suggests definite and very sensible changes. The following chapters Professor Leacock devotes to the classics, mathematics, modern languages, economics, psychology, and sundry other subjects, and winds up with a devastating attack on the profusion of extra-curricular activities.

This criticism is unsparing and far-reaching, but it is constructive as well. Radical in the original sense of going to the root of the matter, it not only exposes mercilessly the weaknesses in our educational system, but provides fairly specific remedies for those weaknesses. And the remedies are sound. Further, the book is written in the style of which Leacock alone is master, with a wealth of picturesque illustration and happy turn of phrase that have for years delighted so many readers.

It is unfortunate that the latter part of this stimulating and readable volume is padded with little essays and anecdotes which fall far below the level expected of the man who gave us the immortal chapter on "Boarding-House Geometry". The quality of the preceding part, however, more than atones for what follows it. *Too Much College* is a welcome breath of fresh air in the miasma of contemporary literature on education.



Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant
is a mind distressed.

—Cowper

Everyone has his besetting fault—that is no disgrace
to him, but it is a disgrace if we do not find it out, and by
God's grace overcome it.

—Livingstone