

The TIMES Book Page

Clear and Intelligent Study of Murder Is Important, Strong Stuff

"THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE." By Fredric Wertham, M.D. New York, Doubleday, \$3.

By HENRY BUTLER

WHAT ARE the causes and cures of murder?

That question too seldom is asked in a society that regards at least the thought of murder as an important item of entertainment.

Novels and radio thrillers about homicide, plus newspaper dramatization of violent crimes, tend to obscure the problem.

Hence the value of a book like "The Show of Violence," by the New York psychiatrist, Dr. Fredric Wertham. Here is the clearest, the most intelligent and possibly the most sensational investigation of killing as a social disease yet written.

I call it "sensational" advisedly, since Dr. Wertham's admirable study contains a good deal of clinical material, particularly in his long chapter on Robert Irwin and the tremendously publicized Gideon murders of 1938. That chapter is not pretty reading, but it's something for serious-minded adults to ponder.

IN SOME PARTS of the United States, murder accounts for more deaths than tuberculosis. Statistically, someone is murdered every 45 minutes in this country, and one commits the "perfect crime" every two hours and 60 per cent of murder cases never are solved. This is strong stuff. In so far as we think at all about the society we live in, we like to assume it's reasonably well governed. We like to believe justice overtakes evil-doers, murder will out and killers will eventually pay the ultimate penalty.

Dr. Wertham gives plenty of evidence to show that our assumptions are sadly incorrect. As things actually work out, laws are confused, the processes of justice are influenced by politics and the public attitude towards criminals fluctuates between vengefulness and sentimentality.

Murder is a dangerous plaything. It kills far too many people. But it's also a kind of luxury item. Dr. Wertham doesn't stress that point, any more than he stresses the responsibility (or irresponsibility) of newspapers in making each new homicide a boost to circulation.

Compiles Report



Dr. Ruth Weintraub of Hunter College and New York University has compiled a report on anti-Semitism in the United States for the Anti-Defamation League. Under the title "How Secure These Rights?" the book is a recent Doubleday publication (\$2).

Author Pens Tale of Youth

"AND ONE TO GROW ON." By John Gould. New York, Morrow, \$3.

JOHN GOULD has produced a book full of sweet nostalgia for lost youth and regret that the reader's own boyhood was not spent in a small Maine seaside town.

He calls it "And One to Grow On" and spins it out in the fine style that made his "The House That Jacob Built" notable.

He recreates the ladies Aid food sales so vividly that the musty mixture of stale dust and rich cakes in a long-closed church basement leaves its tantalizing odor almost literally on the pages of his book.

He TAKES small town characters—the "foolish fellows," the old tale-spinners, the town drunk—that populate every village and gives them reality beyond the printed word.

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

MARIAN COLLEGE INDIANAPOLIS

Resident and Non-Resident Liberal Arts and Sciences Teacher Training Pre-Professional Courses Cold Spring Rd. WA. 7337



WFBM—9:15 A. M. Sun. Dr. E. Burdette Backus Speaks on

"Unitarian Contributions to American Religion"

11 A. M. AT THE CHURCH "Disciplines for Democracy"

ALL SOULS UNITARIAN CHURCH 1453 N. Alabama Street

Oil Painting Is Winner of \$150 Prize



"Pastime" is the title of this oil painting by Gero Z. Antreasian of Indianapolis, awarded the Keel & Co. \$150 prize in the 42nd annual Indiana Artists Exhibition, currently at Herron Art Museum through June 5.

Book Cites 11 Generals

"ELEVEN GENERALS." By Fletcher Pratt. New York, William Sloane Associates, \$5.

By ROBERT W. MINTON

ALTHOUGH the contents of Fletcher Pratt's "Eleven Generals" first appeared in the Infantry Journal, these studies in American command were written for the general reader, not the specialist. Mr. Pratt has here analyzed the tactics of some of our great soldiers who have not always received their historical due.

Take Nathanael Greene. He never won a battle, yet he won the campaign against Cornwallis in the South that softened up the British forces for Yorktown. He preferred to make an enemy pay a heavy casualty toll for victory rather than to pay it himself. In 10 months Greene's 1500 men had captured all the British posts, taken 3500 prisoners and split their arms in two.

We all have the attitude I used to hear expressed when I was a kid: "I don't wish a fire on anyone, but if it's going to happen, I want to see it." In a way, that is part of what theologians call our original sin.

Although it's totally different from the Kinsey Report, "The Show of Violence" seems to me almost as important. It's enormously stimulating. It's a book all educators, clergymen, newspapermen and prosecuting attorneys should read, besides the psychiatrists who will do so anyway.

MR. SPRIGLE'S report, due out next Monday, is on the absolutely imperative list for readers with a social conscience.

It contains stories Mr. Sprigle heard of humiliation, injustice, swindling, beatings and unpunished murder. Such stories, corroborated by all other careful investigators, form a dreadful tapestry of fear, which is the background of Negro life in the South.

A Negro World War II veteran in a community dominated by ignorant, arrogant whites, decides he will at last exercise his right to vote. He does, and it's the final act of his life, for he's soon afterward shot "in self-defense" by whites. No redress, no punishment of the trigger-happy protectors of "white supremacy."

Up here, north of what Mr. Sprigle says Negroes call the "Smith & Wesson Line," we are aware that such things happen down there. For some reason, however, we're less shocked than we would be if similar things were reported from Germany, Japan or Russia.

IN CASE we're tempted to feel smug, Indianapolis permits silly and petty restrictions to be imposed. Downtown eateries, which proclaim in large signs, "We reserve the right to refuse service" nevertheless do a big take-out sandwich business with Negroes.

One might imagine that this kind of semi-Jim Crow chaos could be sometimes even more puzzling and irritating than the brutally total policies down South.

Once while he was in staff conference some miles away, his forces were surprised in camp and routed. Hurrying to them he met stragglers retreating. "Turn around boys, we're going back," he said. And turning back with glee, they smashed the enemy in the decisive battle of Cedar Creek.

Mr. Pratt's other generals are Anthony Wayne, Jacob Brown, Richard Mentor Johnson, John Buford, George H. Thomas, James Harrison Wilson, Charles Pelot Summerall and A. A. Vande-

riff, not all names you'll recognize, but one you'll remember after reading this fine book.

SIGNS NEW CONTRACT

Bert Andrews, author of "Washington Witch Hunt" and winner of the 1947 Pulitzer Prize for Journalism, has signed a contract with Appleton-Century-Crofts for an objective book on the Hiss-Chambers case and the Hiss trial. The publisher plans to release the book as soon as possible after the conclusion of the trial.

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to what he depicts in his latest work, who can blame him?

He gives schooldays an attraction they seldom have while they are being lived—from the weekly class in "speaking" to the thrill of smuggling in the sticky softness of the annual hayride.

John Gould still lives on the farm cleared by his grandfather 200 years ago. If life there is an approach to