

1943

Book Reviews

University of New Mexico Press

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Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Book Reviews." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 2 (1943). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss2/36>

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Truth about Soviet Russia, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb; with an essay on the Webbs by Bernard Shaw. New York, London, and Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company, 1942. \$1.50.

White Mammoths: the Dramatic Story of Russian Tanks in Action, by Alexander Poliakov; translated by Norbert Guterman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Siberia, by Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House, 1943. \$3.75.

The first of these three items about the most successful of the United Nations in World War II ought to accomplish a good deal toward overcoming the ignorance and confusion so prevalent in our country regarding Soviet Russia. The American people generally know next to nothing about our great ally except in terms of military communiques and of names like Stalin, Litvinov, and Molotov. Our press has purveyed little but distortion and lies. Before June, 1941, the American press linked Russia and Stalin with Germany and Hitler in an undifferentiated picture of bestiality and fearsome menace. Since Germany's invasion of the Soviet Republics, we have heard praise of the heroic Red Army in their stands at Leningrad and Stalingrad; and there has been a dominant theme of friendship, with background murmurs of suspicion and distrust, along with much controversy, prejudice, and heat on such troublesome issues as religion. But in all of this there has been little real understanding; the ignorance that prevailed up to two years ago has not materially lessened. This new phase of Soviet-American relations is as bad and as dangerous for world peace as the former one. For many years authentic and truthful information about the Soviets has been available to Americans, but it was ignored by the majority and red-herringed into ineffectuality by our press and by such white-haired darlings of American anti-Soviet interests as Eugene Lyons and William Henry Chamberlin, who falsified what real knowledge they

possessed and in print and on platform deliberately beclouded every issue.

Foremost among the dependable sources of light on Russia has long been the massive and thoroughly sound work of the Webbs, *Soviet Communism: a New Civilization*; but this work was not easily accessible to the many. Here now, in the small space of 128 pages, is a compendium that offers the American reader an excellent opportunity to know essentials about a nation, or rather a group of nations, which it behooves him to understand. Shaw's brief essay on the Webbs is inconsiderably Shavian, but it serves to establish the reliability of the witnesses. In the next seventy pages the Webbs briefly and clearly answer those questions and explain those issues about Russia which Americans need to comprehend. The result is a clear picture of fundamental truth. Following this section is a complete text of the new Soviet Constitution of 1936, a document viewed by Americans generally, if they view it at all, with the disbelief that reveals how seldom it has been read in this country, let alone studied. The process by which it came into being, not related in this volume, is a saga that would open many an American eye. The translation of the Constitution here given is that of Anna Louise Strong, whose book, *The New Soviet Constitution* (New York, 1937), should be read in conjunction with the present handbook. The Webbs have added a postscript on the Constitutional Rights and Duties of Man in the Soviet Union. Many a postwar problem would fade if Americans informed themselves of the contents of this book.

White Mammoths is a fascinating, dramatic account of the giant Russian KV tanks (named for Marshal "Klim" Voroshilov) in the critical campaign of 1941-42 on the front around Lake Ilmen. Poliakov, *Red Star* correspondent with the Red Army as well as battalion commissar, thus a combination journalist and soldier, writes here a tale of exploits and heroism, simply and powerfully narrated, which together with his earlier *Russians Don't Surrender*, will rank with the best literature of this war. Dozens of superb photographs add immeasurably to an absorbing book. The author was reported killed in action last October.

If Americans know little about the Soviet Union, politically and sociologically speaking, Siberia, the very word a symbol of a vast limbo, is indeed *terra incognita*. In the American mind it remains a vast and vague expanse of limitless snow and ice, once the wretched exile of

political prisoners and now probably untenanted. To know what Siberia is, its land, people, history, and possibilities, one should read Lengyel's book. It is big, complete, fascinating, a panoramic presentation, with many excellent photographs. It seems clear that the Soviet population will gravitate to the east and that the great Siberian sub-continent will be increasingly industrialized and settled. If so, this book will be a valuable source of information, while remaining popular enough for the average reader.

C. V. WICKER

Brothers under the Skin, by Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The first, full impulse is to say, simply and to anyone who will listen and whose eyes are still open and whose other organs (sensory) are not entirely decomposed and whose beliefs, sentiments, attitudes about democracy can take some re-animation: Read McWilliams' book, *Brothers under the Skin*. Read it, please, and take a good, long look at what he says, what he describes, and what he proposes about the life of minority groups in the United States of America. This is how the Negroes, the Indians, the Chinese, the Filipinos, the Japanese, the Puerto Ricans, the Mexicans, and, yes, the "Hispanos" of New Mexico, as McWilliams calls them, have tried to live and work in the United States of America. This is how these peoples have been welcomed and used and rejected by employers, by "civic" organizations, by public institutions, and, most dishearteningly, by certain old-line trade unions. This is the account of what has happened and what is still happening to these people, whatever the hyphenation. So: Read it and don't say any more that you didn't know, that nobody told you, because ignorance and inaction, from here on out, are precisely what won't help these people, or democracy, or the still-to-be-applied declarations of the United Nations.

With *Brothers under the Skin*, McWilliams again reveals his skill in documenting diverse sociological material and his expert sensitivity to those areas of social and economic disorganization which need the kind of presentation and analysis he so forthrightly provides. One could wish, however, that he might have somehow disentangled some of his frequently overlong and even unnecessary quotations from other sources. His gift for summary statement might have been more boldly

used. This work reveals, too, McWilliams' astonishing duality: his immense humanity and his industrious practicality.

Southwesterners—not the professional landscape-lickers—but those who live there and are trying honestly, without any of the old or fashionable paternalism, to understand the Indian and Spanish American, will be particularly interested in the discussion of the Indians of the United States, the “Forgotten Mexican,” and the “Hispanos” of New Mexico. It is worth repeating that the discussion of the Indian is extremely closely argued and, probably, the best single section in the book.

Although McWilliams' discussion of the “Hispanos” is good and although he has drawn, apart from his own observations, on the best sources (Dr. Eshref Shevky, Allan Harper, Dr. George I. Sánchez, Dr. Joaquín Ortega), less leaning on Sánchez' “forgotten” concept would have yielded firmer conclusions. The pioneering studies and formulations of Dr. Shevky would have shown that Sánchez' thesis of the “forgotten,” however appealing, is not central to the land and livelihood problems of the Spanish Americans. Exploitation is still both a sound concept and an observable phenomenon, though, perhaps, not so pleasant as others.

In such a season as this, McWilliams' book deserves readers everywhere—readers who will heed, as well, the concrete proposals to reduce, if not entirely eliminate, the stupid prejudices and the vicious practices to which too many people have been subjected.

VINCENT GAROFFOLO

Man's Most Dangerous Myth: the Fallacy of Race, by M. F. Ashley Montagu; with a foreword by Aldous Huxley. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$2.25.*

In this small volume an eminent physical anthropologist evaluates the connotations of the term *race* in its relation to politics, culture, psychology, eugenics, physical anthropology, war, and our democracy. The book forms an authoritative estimate of the scientific knowledge concerning race and a brilliantly written resumé of the evidence opposing popular suppositions of the value of racial purity, the physical or mental decadence of mixed groups, and comparable old wives' tales.

Ashley Montagu indicates the lack of scientific justification for claims that any one race is in any respect superior and cites the rarity of “pure” races and the overwhelming extent and innumerable degrees

of mixture. Race is a subdivision of a human species which inherits distinctive *physical* characters. The current confusion of mental, cultural, and personality traits with these physical characters is without basis in fact. Because the modern, nonscientific concept of race stems from emotion, the author joins with Huxley in desiring the final removal of the term from the contemporary lexicon. (However, the suggested substitution of "ethnic group" would hardly suffice, for in cultural anthropology this term already involves social and linguistic connotation.) Physical anthropologists in general are taken to task for taxonomic splitting and for classifying averages of human groups by means of complexes of physical characters. Instead, classification in terms of gene frequencies is suggested, "race" here being delimited as a dynamic condition which is "merely an expression of the process of genetic change within a definite ecologic area."

The association of any "higher mentality" with a specific skin color, nose form, hair shape, or brain size, or even the existence of such an enviable mentality as a group characteristic, is amusingly and capably debunked. "If we are to hold that the Negro is mentally inferior to the white because his brain has a capacity of 50 c.c. less than that of the white, then by the same token we must hold that Kaffirs, Amaxosa, Japanese, and many other peoples are mentally superior to whites." Again, "the concept of 'race' which holds that the physical differences between peoples are reflections of underlying mental differences . . . is a myth and a delusion."

The author cites scientific observations of outbreeding, from Chinese mixture with whites to Low German-Dutch crosses with Hottentots. Virtually without exception these exhaustive studies warrant conclusion that "inbreeding tends to stabilize the type and in the long run to produce a decrease in vigor. Outbreeding, on the contrary, increases the variability of the type, and at least temporarily augments its vigor." Also, "human hybridization and ethnic mixture lead, on the whole, to effects which are advantageous to the offspring and to the group. Harmful effects, physical disharmonies of various alleged kinds are of the greatest rarity, and degeneracies do not occur."

Many of the author's fellow physical anthropologists, after rather more chastening than they deserve, will feel justified in continuing to maintain their taxonomic and methodological independence. And in the later chapters it may be that a political economist would find Ashley Montagu's idealism to verge on the exuberant. But with few exceptions

the volume is a brilliant, stimulating, and timely survey, a handbook of what one can and cannot blame on race, and an anthropological contribution which should be at the elbow of those who endeavor to plan the peace.

PAUL REITER

Passengers to Mexico: the Last Invasion of the Americas, by Blair Niles. New York and Toronto: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943. \$3.00.

Forgotten Front, by John Lear. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Land Where Time Stands Still, by Max Miller; illustrated with photographs by George Lindsay and the author. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The reviewing of books is a thankless and delicate business and one which should be engaged in only by those who are blessed with the skin of a rhinoceros and the sensitivity of a dead baboon. For a reviewer is like a man given a flashlight and placed in a dark room. Swinging his beam of light at random he is as likely to illuminate the pile of rubbish in the corner as the Botticelli madonna on the wall. And even if he should see both—a feat which is quite probable since all books are compounded of various portions of treasure and rubbish—he will be attracted to one or the other as his taste runs to madonnas or rubbish and will tend to emphasize what he likes and to ignore what he doesn't. A book reviewer, like everyone else, is merely an animated collection of prejudices, and a review is nothing more than a focusing of those prejudices on the work at hand. Any claim to objectivity is, of course, sheer nonsense; and anyone who advances such a claim should be suspended by the thumbs with a typewriter hung from each ankle or pickled in a butt of Malmsey.

All of which is but a prelude to the tender consideration of three books on Latin America. *Passengers to Mexico*, *Forgotten Front*, and *Land Where Time Stands Still* were written by professional writers and ought to be good books. In some ways they are. But they are not so good as they ought to be, and not so good, one feels, as their respective authors were capable of making them.

Passengers to Mexico could not be other than a fascinating book. The story of Maximilian and Carlota is too full of color and drama ever

to be other than absorbing, no matter how badly it is told. And Mrs. Niles does not tell it badly, although at times one can not help wishing she would stop looking at the scenery and get on with the story.

What Mrs. Niles has set out to do is to tell the full story of the French invasion of Mexico as it was experienced by eye witnesses. And when she finishes, it has all been told. The wily scheming of Napoleon III, the gullibility and vacillating ambition of Maximilian, the patient determination of Juárez, the conflict of personal desire for power with national destiny are all there, delineated with understanding and skill and substantiated by an excellent bibliography. But in her care to include everything, Mrs. Niles has kept both the baby and the bathwater, so that her book is cluttered with much that doesn't really belong. The story of the murder of Ogden Yorke, messenger from our Minister to Mexico to the Secretary of State; the long build-up of Agnes Joy, who became the Princess Salm-Salm; the extra attention given the Confederate refugees who settled in Mexico; and the personal experiences of Mrs. Niles in the New York Public Library ferreting out material for the book—all these are interesting in themselves, but slightly off the beam.

If one may believe the blurb on the dust jacket, *Passengers to Mexico* is a "sparkling history of breathless excitement, whose every page is vibrant with the underlying theme of the undying struggle between the Old World spirit and the New; between the ideology of tyranny and the vision of freedom." Perhaps it is all that; but its so being does not alter the fact that someone should sometime say kindly and seriously to Mrs. Niles: "Don't look now, Blair, but your mechanics are showing."

John Lear is an Associated Press correspondent who, in August, 1940, was assigned to check on Nazi activities in Iquitos, Peru. To reach Iquitos from Lima, he traveled in the decrepit planes of the Condor Tampa Airline, a haphazard service owned and managed by a former U. S. air mail pilot. On the return trip to Lima the plane was forced down in the Sechura Desert. Lear, together with the pilot of the plane and a Peruvian highway engineer (who, Lear says, didn't know the Pan American highway when he saw it), set out for the coast to secure help. Out of their experiences in the desert, Lear has written the major part of his book, portraying in careful detail the heat and the thirst, the loneliness and despair they experienced. He writes well, in a good, solid, journalistic style; and he has the newsman's sense for

the dramatic—so much so that some of the situations he describes border on the incredible. If Lear had limited his book to the thrilling experience of being forced down in a desert and to the subsequent hardships he encountered, one could recommend it without reservation. But the trouble with *Forgotten Front* is that Lear couldn't make up his mind whether he was writing a book of personal adventure or composing a treatise on the present status of inter-American relations. He could probably do either competently—but to attempt to do both in one book makes for a sort of literary hash that is not only unappetizing, but almost indigestible as well.

Between snatches of harrowing adventure, Lear manages to insert some realistic evaluations of the attitudes of Latin Americans towards the United States and of the progress the Nazis have made in winning their friendship. But it is highly disconcerting to a reader to have the author, at a moment when his tongue is dangling from thirst and his reason is tottering on the brink of sanity from the awful heat of the desert sun, pause for a lucid commentary on the types of people to be found in Latin America and the proper ways of dealing with them. Then, too, there is the fact that much of what Lear has to report is now out-of-date. Since August, 1940, much blood has flowed under many bridges, and the government and the people of the United States have taken heed of the fact that we need to cultivate the friendship of Latin America. It is not that we do not need again to be reminded of the difficulties in the way of a better understanding between the people of the Americas. The major fault to find with what Lear has to say is that he writes, in the now famous phrase, "too little and too late."

In October, 1941, Max Miller, together with two naturalists from the San Diego Museum of Natural History, set out to drive from San Diego to Cape San Lucas at the southern end of Lower California. Out of the experiences of his trip, Miller wrote *Land Where Time Stands Still*, a forthright account of the people and places of Baja California presented against a background of the turbulent history of the region. The Lower California which Miller describes is a forlorn and poverty-stricken land, inhabited by a handful of people with a dull past, a bleak present, and an uncertain future. It is a land of few resources, infertile and arid soil, and almost no industries, a land remote in time and space from the swiftly moving events of the twentieth century. And yet, because its western shoreline possesses numerous excellent, though undeveloped, harbors, Lower California is a land that

must be carefully watched now lest its almost uninhabited coast be used as a beach head for a hostile, invading force.

Miller does not succeed in making Lower California either an interesting or an exciting place. Perhaps he never tried to do either. What does come through his book is an impression of dull hopelessness, of apathy and resignation, of a people who have long since given up an impossible struggle. There is also a bit of confusion resulting from Miller's tendency to underwrite and from his deliberate avoidance of any chronological order in his own observations and in his frequent sketching of historical background.

Relatively unimportant in themselves, these three books are significant in that they are a part of the growing stream of printed matter dealing with the other countries of the Americas, a stream which is an indication that we of the United States are at last realizing that we share a continent with the Latin-American countries and that, whether we like it or not, our destinies are inextricably bound up together. We North Americans have still a long way to go before we can fully understand or appreciate the intellectual and cultural values of our neighbors to the south. Such understanding and appreciation can grow only out of knowledge—and it is largely because they contribute something to that knowledge that the three books considered here can be said to have importance and value.

LYLE SAUNDERS

A Latin American Speaks, by Luis Quintanilla. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

World events are shaping a common cause for the United States and the other countries of the Western Hemisphere. Belatedly, we are becoming aware of these neighbors whose destinies promise to be closely intermingled with ours.

Until a few years ago our knowledge and understanding of our Latin American neighbors were meager, owing to indifference, ignorance, and bias. Our contacts with them were colored by national egoism and "Yankee Imperialism." Very few of us, including our writers, took them seriously enough to give a true reporting of their attainments and future potentialities. In almost every book concerning them, well-meaning writers used the yardstick of "The United States Way of Life"; and our neighbors suffered accordingly.

A Latin American Speaks, by Luis Quintanilla, is a brilliant and interesting clarification of most of these misconceptions. So far as we know, it is the first book of this nature written by a representative of the Latin Americas. Mr. Quintanilla is a well-educated and cultured gentleman. Although a citizen of Mexico, he has lived in the United States, in France, and in other nations of the world. Until recently he was the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Mexican Government in Washington, and he has been a Lecturer in Political Science at George Washington University. He is perhaps the best-qualified man of any nationality who has attacked the problem of Pan-Americanism. (We of the United States are becoming increasingly aware of the existence of numerous well-qualified gentlemen in the Latin-American countries.)

The ideas advanced by Mr. Quintanilla are refreshing and definitely provocative. For years we have taken the Latin Americans apart in a rather disinterested scrutiny. To find ourselves in turn scientifically dissected is both interesting and challenging, especially when we feel that the writer is almost one of us. We are challenged into a frank admiration when he discusses the Monroe Doctrine, Pan-Americanism, the Good Neighbor Policy, and the Meaning for Democracy, promulgating ideas wholly at variance with those we have long accepted. We are astonished that anyone outside the United States in the Western Hemisphere should have such a grasp of those ideas of hemispheric solidarity that we have been so weakly fumbling after.

A Latin American Speaks will add zest to anyone's interest in inter-American relations. It should be read by the peoples of both the United States and the Latin Americas. All will find in it a fresh point of view concerning existing conditions and an abounding faith in the potentialities of the future.

JAMES P. THRELKELD

Chile, by Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. \$3.50.

The Chilean Popular Front, by John Reese Stevenson. Philadelphia and London: University of Pennsylvania Press and Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press., 1942. \$1.50.

Chile, so one discovers upon consulting standard source books, is a ribbon-like country bounded by the Pacific and the Andes and having a greater inhabited latitudinal range than any other country in the world. Miss Fergusson's and Mr. Stevenson's books offer types of infor-

mation which are not to be found among such source books, types which widely differ, yet complement each other.

In *The Chilean Popular Front*, Mr. Stevenson clearly illuminates Chileans in the mass as they form and re-form into new combinations of political parties—a bewildering process which Miss Fergusson, in her *Chile*, dismisses by quoting a professor who told her to “remember that we Chileans are as true to our one Church as you Yanquis are to your two political parties. And that we start a new political party as readily as you start a new religion.”

After sketching Chile's early history, Mr. Stevenson embarks upon his main thesis: a detailed account of her relatively neglected political development since 1920. This era was ushered in by the appearance upon the political scene of leonine Arturo Alessandri, who was father to advanced social legislation and godfather to the Constitution of 1925. Mr. Stevenson shows how the awakening of the masses, of whose vote Alessandri was the first to take full advantage, culminated in the formation of the Popular Front, which, in two years, bettered the records of similar governments in Spain and France. Mr. Stevenson's book will be an aid to global thinking in that it emphasizes the extent to which our Wall Street crash, the collapse of the world market for nitrates at the end of the First World War, Russia's popular front policy of 1935, and events in other countries influenced this most stable of Latin-American countries.

Miss Fergusson is less interested in politicians and the movements of political fronts, popular or otherwise, than she is in the people themselves. I believe it was Hubert Herring who once remarked that you could always count on Miss Fergusson's knowing what people eat for breakfast. In her charming company we enter the hearts and homes of the people of this “multiplex” population: the home of the mistress of a Chilean plantation; the humble house of an inquilino family; and the establishments of the poetess, Gabriela Mistral, and of other prominent women of this woman-dominated country.

With her customary fair-mindedness, Miss Fergusson visits people of every walk of life and includes in her itinerary every representative unit of the country. Accordingly, we see through her eyes the nitrate and copper regions of the barren north, the Araucanian sector in the forested south, and the principal cities in the Vale of Chile, not to mention the German settlement at Valdivia. She shows us a rodeo, the cueca, a presidential funeral—in short, everything, whether intrinsi-

cally important or seemingly trivial, which contributes to a well-rounded picture of this newest Latin-American member of the United Nations. And, as usual, she makes all of it vivid and interesting—even the breath-taking beauty of the “Switzerland of America,” which she visited but never saw because of constant rain!

Just in case something might encroach upon your reading time, it is suggested that you turn first to page 131 of Miss Fergusson's book and read the chapter titled “You Yanquis”—unless you have already encountered it in a recent issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. Much has been written about what we think of Americans South. This chapter presents the other side of the coin: what they think of Americans North. And high time, too.

THOMAS NICKERSON

The Boy Who Could Do Anything and Other Mexican Folk Tales, by Anita Brenner; illustrated by Jean Charlot. New York: William R. Scott, Inc., 1942. \$2.50.

Juárez, Hero of Mexico, by Nina Brown Baker; illustrations by Marion Greenwood. New York: The Vanguard Press, 1942. \$2.50.

Amid the influx of literature dealing with the Latin-American countries, one notices an increasing number of books on the juvenile level—good neighbor education for the coming generation. A glance at two of them may indicate tendencies and point a moral.

In Miss Brenner's series of what are presumed to be typical Mexican folk tales, those dealing with *The Boy Who Could Do Anything* are undoubtedly the best. Here, the typically Mexican-Indian background is predominant and authentic; consequently the tales may be classified as genuine folk material as they recount the deeds of a pagan Indian god on earth in the guise of an ordinary Indian boy, who devotes his supernatural powers to good works among his adopted people. Many of the other tales, however, lack a peculiarly Mexican flavor which would distinguish them as folk tales in comparison with the many variations of children's stories common to most illiterate, superstitious peoples. The most authentic folk material of the series adequately illustrates the most striking peculiarity of all such tales: their flexibility. Even some of the oldest legends are brought up to date with such modern touches as the inclusion of the railroad, the alarm clock, and the automobile. The tales themselves cover incidents of everyday village life, pre-Span-

ish mythology, and magic; and all tend to present, either directly or indirectly, some object lesson.

The style in which the tales are written is of necessity simple, inasmuch as they were designed for children. Illustrations by Jean Charlot add immeasurably to the interest of the book.

A less successful ambassador of Mexico to young Americans is Miss Baker's biography of Mexico's first Indian president. The life of the twelve-year-old shepherd boy of Oaxaca, in southern Mexico, becomes progressively less detailed and vivid as the author traces his political and domestic life. Beginning with Juárez' flight from his native village, she tells of his schooling in Oaxaca through the generosity of a wealthy family, his graduation from the Institute of Sciences and Arts, his law practice, and political activities. His career in opposition to Santa Ana and his eventual triumph as president of Mexico seem rather climaxes to a catalog of general historical facts and events than any vivification of character or interpretation of these facts and events. The style is dramatic, necessarily apocryphal, producing untrustworthy history and a trite and sketchy character study.

One might suggest, after a reading of these two books, that for the youth of America, as well as for their elders, the facts and folk essences of our hemispheric neighbors are important links in the mental highway that is being industriously laid today; that those materials are not to be handled lightly or with condescension, no matter what the level of appeal; and that the genuine—such as the story of *The Boy Who Could Do Anything*—is the only reliable and honest point of contact.

ANN LIGHT

Maxwell Land Grant: a New Mexico Item, by William A. Keleher.
Santa Fe: The Rydal Press, 1942. \$3.00.

The title gives no intimation of the stirring story unfolded in this unpretentious but beautifully printed volume. The author not only clears up tangled incidents of a memorable phase of land development, but also draws a vivid picture of late frontier days, prelude to present-day progress. Across the pages march rugged pioneers of comparatively recent years, some of whom Mr. Keleher knew personally, others of whom he knew through the word of contemporaries. A talent for storytelling and evident zeal for truth and accuracy make the account of their frailties and heroics intensely human and alive. The first

chapter explains, in nontechnical language, the origin and nature of Spanish and Mexican land grants. The second and third chapters tell the story of the granting to Guadalupe Miranda and Carlos Beaubien, a hundred years ago, of the vast domain acquired later, through marriage and purchase, by Lucian Maxwell. Maxwell, one of the western trail blazers, boon companion of Kit Carson, is the subject of the fourth and fifth chapters, studded with details of romantic incidents, such as the secret marriage of Maxwell's daughter, Virginia, to Captain A. S. B. Keyes of the U. S. Army. The claims of Utes and Apaches to the land, the infiltration of squatters, the intrusion of desperadoes who came with the building of the railroad, the arrival of peace officers, vigilantes, and ministers of the gospel, including the late Reverend Thomas Harwood, "a one man army of the Lord," together with the accounts of murders and lynchings, form thrilling interludes. Then follow chapters describing litigation fought to the highest court of the United States, the ousting of squatters, the charges of public land stealing during the Cleveland administration, in which several prominent New Mexicans became involved. If the author appears prejudiced in favor of settlers who were dispossessed, the bias is due to sympathy for the underdog and the losers. In conclusion, somewhat digressive, perhaps, but fitting into the mosaic, the suspension of Chief Justice William A. Vincent, the Dawson ranch dispute, the so-called Dorsey scandal, the mention of U. S. Senators Elkins, Catron, Jones, and other notables of the day, ring down the curtain on an exciting historic drama.

It is gratifying that of late years there have come out of the University of New Mexico and the School of American Research, in book form or in contributions to the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW or *The New Mexico Historical Review*, studies of detached phases of recent New Mexico history and sociology, giving a clear understanding of life and happenings in the Spanish Southwest since the American Occupation. Perhaps, some day, some scholar will write the history of New Mexico since statehood, supplementing Twitchell's monumental *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*. In Keleher, we have an author who could, if he would.

PAUL A. F. WALTER

Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos, by C. L. Sonnichsen. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

There is one unfailing method for discovering whether a man is a genuine Westerner. Just ask him if he knows the story of Roy Bean and the corpse that was fined for carrying concealed weapons. If he doesn't, you may put him down for a rank outsider. Every real Westerner knows that story, even if he knows nothing else about the frontier judge who was dispensing a crude variety of justice beyond the Pecos when timid men were still saying, "West of the Pecos there is no law, and west of El Paso there is no God." Bean's career has made him favorite meat for writers, as innumerable magazine articles and several biographies will testify. The best of these in every respect, with particular emphasis on well-documented accuracy, is *Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos*, by C. L. Sonnichsen of El Paso.

In his first chapter, Dr. Sonnichsen analyzes keenly the reason for Bean's place in the galaxy of our frontier folk heroes. Americans, he says, in their inarticulate longing for symbols to express the strength and toughness of their pioneer days, set up certain "shockingly simple" qualifications for such a hero. "He must substitute natural shrewdness for 'book larnin'"; he must be poor, courageous, and smart enough to outguess or outbluff any opponent; above all, he must do things—good or bad—in a big way. Roy Bean satisfies all these demands—one might even say they were made for him. As a result, the Bean legend began even before his death, for men "knew deep down among their instincts that Roy Bean was made out of the stuff of America."

In chatty, intimate style, replete with expressions typically and appropriately Western, author Sonnichsen devotes the first third of his book to tracing the wanderings of Bean from his "Sprouting Time" to the day when his loaded wagon drew to a halt in the "Hell-on-wheels" construction town of Eagle's Nest in Texas. Here the real story, the Bean "flowering time," began; for it was in this vicious section of the frontier that he achieved his title of "The Law." There are many stories about the decisions handed down in Judge Bean's court at the Jersey Lilly saloon, and the printable ones are entertainingly retold in this book. Dr. Sonnichsen's best contribution to the Roy Bean legend, however, is his attitude, at once sympathetic and without illusion, toward its protagonist. Bean is presented without whitewash as a rough, tough, unscrupulous frontiersman who achieved his place among the "minor immortals" for the double reason that his perfect

identification with the period in which he lived was expressed through a strikingly vivid and forceful personality.

THELMA CAMPBELL

Say the Bells of Old Missions: Legends of Old New Mexico Churches, by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. St. Louis, Mo., and London: B. Herder Book Company, 1943. \$1.75.

Elizabeth Willis DeHuff's ability to narrate folktales and legends has long been recognized in New Mexico. Her successful handling of such material in her recently published book, *Say the Bells of Old Missions*, as well as in her other books, lies in the fact, it seems to this reviewer, that she is always able to keep that objectivity which is so necessary. Yet at the same time by implied subjectivity she makes the reader aware of her deep interest in the material being presented and of her sympathetic understanding of what that "matter" has meant and will continue to mean to individuals and races conditioned by cultural and religious heritage.

In *Say the Bells of Old Missions* thirty legends and tales growing out of and influenced by Catholic tradition and culture are interestingly unified, as the title of the book suggests, because "the tales which have grown up around Mission Churches are kept alive by old men and women who keep hearing the bells chiming the tales and believe implicitly in what the bells say." The device thus adopted provides a spatial continuity and in some instances a perspective on degrees of religious influences. Characteristically presented and limned against an adequate historical background are all of our old favorite stories such as "The Town of the Broken Promises," "The Passing of the Christ Child," "Maria Coronel," and "St. Isidro."

Among the newer tales which Mrs. DeHuff presents is one called "The Revelation of Cristo Rey." The legend revolves around the beautiful reredos which was placed in the Military Chapel at Santa Fe by Don Francisco Antonio Marín del Valle, Governor General of the Territory of New Mexico in 1754-60. When the chapel was razed in 1859, the reredos was stored in the sacristy of St. Francis Cathedral; but it is now housed in a church called Cristo Rey, built especially for it by Archbishop Gerken.

All of the stories are artfully told. The dramatic glimpses of church and home, saint and sinner are often of peephole proportions;

but they are always there, serving to further the tale or climax the legend. Sometimes the dramatic element is deftly broadened in order to allow the reader to enjoy the backdrop, the principal characters, and the supporting members of the cast.

Say the Bells of Old Missions is not only a contribution to New Mexicana, but to all those areas where mission bells have affected and directed the thoughts and the lives of individuals and races.

JULIA KELEHER

Crusaders of the Rio Grande: the Story of Don Diego de Vargas and the Reconquest and Refounding of New Mexico, by J. Manuel Espinosa. Chicago: Institute of Jesuit History, 1942. No price indicated.

With the journal of Don Diego de Vargas as basis, supplemented by other manuscript and archival material, the author sets forth the adventures of this seventeenth century crusader. Well-documented and supplied with an adequate bibliography, the volume relates the genealogical background of the conqueror. The account continues with de Vargas' successful reconquest of New Mexico in 1692 through the recolonizing and re-establishment of the missions and settlements in the Rio Grande Valley. Then we follow the Indian revolt of 1696, its suppression, the accession of Governor Cubero, Vargas' *residencia* and subsequent legal difficulties, his final triumphal return to Santa Fe and the governorship in 1703, and his death in Bernalillo in 1704.

The book is marred, however, by two rather obvious slants. One is the attitude of hero worship, the conception of de Vargas as the successful conqueror without the just perspective of preliminary events in the twelve years preceding the reconquest. A footnote suffices to recount the work of predecessors, and little attention is given to changed conditions among the Indians. Both situations contributed something to the de Vargas success. The other emphasis is an almost defensive attitude concerning the religious aspect of the account. Facts are sufficient to leave unquestioned the glory of the churchman in early Southwest history. The volume would carry more conviction if prejudices were not so apparent.

Certain confusion of footnotes is regrettable, as is inconsistent italicizing of many words borrowed from the Spanish.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

America: the Story of a Free People, by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. \$3.00.

Reading this little volume is like seeing a movie when you have already read the book. One may be disappointed because of what was left out, but he would not relish the task of improving on the job. The two distinguished authors present for the busy reader a dramatic and picturesque narrative of American history. They describe "the impact of an old culture upon a wilderness environment" and "the evolution of a free society." Much of the account is a delight to read. The style is frequently enriched by brief quotations from intriguing sources. Handsome George Percy's observations on the strawberries and oysters the first Englishmen found in Virginia enchant one who has just picked up the book, and this extract is matched later by Henry Ford's recollections of the reaction of the public to his first car.

The volume is well proportioned. The first ten chapters bring us down to Fort Sumter; the last ten, to Pearl Harbor. The economic, social, political, and military phases of our national history receive due emphasis. Outstanding personalities are analyzed briefly, but vividly.

The second half of the book is characterized by excellent summaries of the economic problems which have complicated American life since 1865. One is also impressed by the boldness with which the authors have expressed opinions which will seem unfair to some, but true and timely to others. Thus the "much hated" Woodrow Wilson is pictured as a remarkable political leader, who in three years "had pushed through more, and more important, legislation than any President since Lincoln." After a sympathetic review of Wilson's foreign policy, we read: "Not until a Second World War . . . had shaken the very foundations of the firmament were men to recognize the validity of the principles for which he had fought so gallantly." This theme continues into the final chapter: "Never before had the United States so cavalierly betrayed the hopes of mankind: the traditional American policy had been rather one of fulfillment of the promise of world leadership." After damning the presidents of the 1920's in challenging phrases, the chapter discusses the significance of the automobile, the moving picture, and the radio in American life, together with the causes of the depression. It closes with a favorable picture of Roosevelt and the New Deal and a brief account of the coming of the war.

America: the Story of a Free People will aid in bringing American traditions and ideals home to both civilians and fighting men. It is

gratifying to know that it has just been reprinted in a twenty-five-cent edition.

MARION DARGAN

Lee's Lieutenants: a Study in Command, by Douglas Southall Freeman. Vol. I, Manassas to Malvern Hill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942. \$5.00.

Brought up in Richmond in the atmosphere of the Confederate Veterans, of which his father was once head, Douglas Freeman early became interested in the Civil War. After taking a Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, he acquired an understanding of military history through editing the correspondence of R. E. Lee with President Davis. The editor of a Richmond paper since 1915, he has been described by *Life* as "probably the sanest and soundest observer of the European war in the United States today." Asked by a publisher to write a life of Lee in 1914, he declined to do a hurry-up job, but after twenty years produced a definitive biography in four volumes.

The method used in *Lee's Lieutenants* was suggested by the Confederate commander himself. Shortly before his invasion of Pennsylvania, Lee wrote: "Our Army would be invincible if it could be properly organized and officered. There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led. But there is the difficulty—proper commanders—where can they be obtained?" Mulling over these words, Freeman decided to make the search for leadership in the Army of Northern Virginia the theme of a three-volume work. The result is an original collective biography. Instead of devoting a chapter to each individual who gave promise of leadership, the author allows the reader to become acquainted with each as he comes on the stage and to stay with him as long as he plays a prominent role. Time and the acid test of battle show whether he possesses real leadership. Meanwhile the reader is kept in suspense—he won't know all the answers until the war is over—and not even then.

The story begins when Beauregard arrives from Fort Sumter to take command. Confident of victory, he draws up elaborate plans which green troops and an inexperienced staff are unable to carry out at Manassas. Becoming involved in a quarrel with Davis, he is replaced by Joseph Johnston. Sensitive about his rank and alarmed because military secrets had leaked out from Richmond, the Virginian refused to confide his plans to the government and also quarreled with the President. Johnston seems to have kept his secrets from the historians,

too, as he has always been a center of controversy. Even Freeman leaves us in doubt as to why he retreated from Manassas toward the Confederate capital and why he abandoned most of his supplies and destroyed a million pounds of meat! Our author suggests, however, that he lacked the ability to administer a large army, although some critics think he showed great ability when he faced Sherman in Georgia in 1864.

Jackson receives more space than any other individual. No hero-worshiper, Freeman admits that "Old Jack's" successes in the Valley campaign were largely due to the blunders of his opponents, that he did not know how to get the best use out of his infantry or cavalry, and that he quarreled with his subordinates. In the Seven Days campaign, nothing went according to plan; and the men had to fight hard to make up for the blunders and delays of their leaders. Jackson suffered from loss of sleep and did not measure up to expectations. Freeman concludes, however, that Jackson possessed qualities which made him a brilliant fighter, though not a great army commander. Once he learned the geography of an area, he could estimate accurately the military value of the terrain. He kept his plans absolutely secret and thus surprised the enemy by getting there first with the most men. His men sometimes made from thirty to thirty-six miles on a day's march. This combination of qualities enabled him to use the initiative so as to strip the enemies of alternatives.

Altogether, fourteen major characters and twenty minor figures, all of whom play a part in Volume I, are listed in the very helpful *dramatis personae* given at the beginning of the volume. The book is fascinating reading and extremely timely, since the United States today must also search for leaders who can survive the test of battle. It is to be hoped that someone will write a history of the Army of the Potomac from a similar perspective.

MARION DARGAN

Number One, by John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.50.

"Weak as the weakest, strong as the strongest,
the people are the republic,
the people are you."

Thus Dos Passos tells the theme of his story in the short segments of poetic prose apparently tossed in between chapters of his newest novel. Tyler Spotswood, the main character, after devoting himself to

robbing the public, finally begins to see that his place in life is as a part of that public, and further, that in order to be accepted in his place, he must have something to contribute.

No survey of the writing of the past twenty years could omit Dos Passos; neither could his work be separated from the period. His novels reflected the bitterness of the 'twenties and the confusion of the 'thirties. *Number One* is the thinking of the present, and the lesson is the one we're striving to learn in this war; however, to avoid the impossible task of trying to write a novel about a subject which in its magnitude dwarfs fiction, Dos Passos moves the story back to prewar years.

The character for whom the book is named may not be patterned after a real person, but *Number One* is a Southern United States Senator with a boyish, pleasing manner, pink cheeks, curly black hair, a chubby figure, a gift for winning votes, a deficiency of morals, and a political machine of scandalous strength and practices. For this boy wonder, Tyler acts as confidential secretary, brains, campaign manager, and whipping boy, sticking to his revolting, thankless job because he loves Sue Ann, the Senator's wife, although it is never apparent why he should. When the political structure begins to crack, he finds himself blandly thrown to the wolves and rather belatedly begins to evaluate his life.

The book is part of a series; it is preceded by *Adventures of a Young Man* and will undoubtedly be followed by others. This fact may justify a jumping into the middle of the story and an equally abrupt ending so far as action goes. Dos Passos' writing is more direct and simple and less shrill than formerly, but it loses none of its strength, speed, or vividness. Indeed, a slight mellowing adds depth and authority. His only remaining style affectation is the one of coining a word by linking a noun and its modifying adjective.

Although it may not prove to be "beyond all question one of America's most important novels," as claimed for it in the blurb, the book will surely hold its own among any of this year's fiction.

ESTHER PIERCY

André Gide and the Crisis of Modern Thought, by Klaus Mann. New York: Creative Age Press Inc., 1943. \$3.00.

"Life travels upward in spirals. And if you go any further than we have been able to go, so much the better; but remember that it is all on the same road." The early rebellious Gide, preaching individual-

ism, honestly seeking himself as well as all men, has grown into the conformist, conscious of man's need to have his place in society and to work to lift all men upward on life's spiral. Klaus Mann has synthesized Gide's work, however paradoxical the elements sometimes seem, by emphasis upon Gide's belief in the two simultaneous urges of man (toward God and toward Satan) and Gide's knowledge that "whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall find it." From this study of Gide's life and work emerges the man who could say: "I do not believe that man has ever been perfect; but I do believe that he may eventually become better than he is now. He is capable of improvement. And to improve does not mean to overcome 'evil' and to develop the 'good'; it means, to integrate good and evil, to render all energies—virtues, vices, love and hatred—serviceable in the interest of progress."

It is unfortunate that to the average reader Gide's name means little more than a book on Russia and legends of homosexuality. If *André Gide and the Crisis of Modern Thought* should come to the attention of this average reader, he might discover why Gide is one of the greatest modern writers, turn to his books for acquaintance with the man, and through him gain an insight into modern society, its problems and its hope. Klaus Mann has written an interesting and valuable book.

EDITH S. BLESSING

The Sculpture of John B. Flannagan, edited by Dorothy C. Miller; introduction by Carl Zigrosser; and a statement by the artist. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1942. No price indicated.

Tchelitchew: Paintings, Drawings, by James Thrall Soby. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1942. No price indicated.

The Museum of Modern Art publishes brochures in connection with its exhibitions. Among the most recent to reach us are *Tchelitchew* and *The Sculpture of John B. Flannagan*.

The impact of the painting of Pavel Tchelitchew and the sculpture of John Flannagan should awaken artists and laymen to the inevitable fact that internationalism in art is becoming our postwar opportunity. America will have a more international role in the future and our artists will undoubtedly respond to enlarged experience. The recent isolationism of our government was reflected in so-called "indigenous," highly nationalistic art, as exemplified by our Midwestern school of

isolationism in painting, which featured the backyard Gothic, the "socially conscious," and the "American" scene. Just as our doctors and scientists in peace, without national bounds, draw upon the common store of knowledge for the good of all, so will our artists, with expanded horizons, draw from the international heritage of art.

It does not matter that Tchelitchew, because of his birth and early life, is "Russian" or that Flannagan, because of his birth and parentage, is "American" and "Irish"; their work communicates their unbounded vision. There is universality in the artist's credo in *The Sculpture of John B. Flannagan*: he says, "... the profound social purpose of art is communication. We communicate something of the human spirit." Carl Zigrosser, writing the introduction to the same book says, concerning the sculptor's desire for anonymity: "The work was enduring and timeless, the artist merely human and temporal. Why should there be this modern cult of the so-called creator? Do we know who *created* Egyptian or Assyrian sculpture, who carved the Cathedral of Chartres?" Does the heritage of art belong to any one nation?

Flannagan's art demonstrates his conviction that the "era of individualism has passed" and that through a return to fundamentals will come a "revival of the human race." He achieved a high type of sculpture in that his conception is purely sculptural. Working directly, he chose material to fit his design and maintained a comprehensible, simple, total form, which insured unity. Incidentally his directness shows the ancient evolution of sculpture from drawing through low relief to total space concept. Flannagan's work, while timeless, is nevertheless keyed to the sculptural needs of the day. Notice his successful solution of a contemporary problem in his "Design for a Skyscraper Court," for which he conceived a sculpture to be seen from above as well as from all sides.

Of the international aspect of Pavel Tchelitchew's art, some may cry "foreign influence" and ask "but is it 'American'?" Surely the definition of "American" is broad enough to include an artist's reaction to all stimuli, to imagination, and to what lies beyond the "outward eye." The Russian Tchelitchew is still an excellent example of an international artist. James Soby, writing in the Museum of Modern Art publication, *Tchelitchew*, reviews the artist's biography in relation to changes in his work. Clearly, international influences on Tchelitchew's painting are striking and exciting. Of him and the artists associated with him in the Neo-Romantic movement, Soby says that "they

were allied in a faith that art must return to its ancient concern with man and his emotions," and that "Tchelitchew was distinguished from his fellows by a more restless, probing intellectuality." This very quality anticipates his universality. His work is individual, but because his knowledge and experience were international, it has little trace of nationalism.

Regardless of whether one agrees with Tchelitchew or his approach to painting, his art is intensely moving. In its probing, provoking inquisitiveness, it is stimulating even in reproduction. One regrets that such controversial work, itself, cannot be made available at least to art schools throughout the country for the purpose of arousing progressive experimentation.

Both Flannagan and Tchelitchew are of the few who have not failed to utilize international fields of art and have performed the function of art by more adequately communicating their enlarged experience.

LLOYD GOFF