

1945

## Book Reviews

University of New Mexico Press

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### Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Book Reviews." *New Mexico Quarterly* 15, 2 (1945). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol15/iss2/35>

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## BOOK REVIEWS

*Georges Rouault: Paintings and Prints*, by James Thrall Soby. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1945. \$3.00.

*Contemporary American Painting*, by Grace Pagano; introduction by Donald Bear. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1945. \$5.00.

*Paul Strand: Photographs 1915-1945*, by Nancy Newhall. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1945. No price indicated.

*Mexico*, by Fritz Henle. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 1945. \$4.00.

Whether an artist uses subject matter as a symbol or whether he puts "meanings" into ordinary things is largely a matter of conjecture or of reliance upon what the artist *says* he means. The work itself may or may not mean something to the beholder. It communicates or not; but critics, no less than the public, like to attach significant meaning and to interpret the symbols—often in a manner complicated and obtuse and not infrequently far afield from any intention of the artist—to pictures which may have been nothing more than sensuous exercises in the simple pleasure of painting.

Through recent publicity Georges Rouault and his intensely personal work have caught the eye and fancy of the American public. The critics, because of the religious bent of the man, have assumed their favorite oracular role to interpret the work. A great deal is made of the man's undoubtedly intense religious nature; and his work is said to be "spiritual," to symbolize much of a moral, social, or religious meaning, and to have significance above and beyond its surface value. To some he is a Savonarola in paint; to others, "a dark horse of the modern movement." His unique place in the field of modern French painting seems to have called forth undue emphasis upon the "symbolism" of Rouault. Interpretation should not detract from an artist or from his accomplishments; but it does seem presumptuous to be attributing some literary, moral, or socially conscious motive to what ordinarily is, as is most subject matter, merely a springboard for the painter's design, for his approach to the thing with which he is most concerned: the problem of form or color or composition or a combination of all these principal elements.

James Thrall Soby avoids the symbolic, interpretive approach in his book, *Georges Rouault: Paintings and Prints*. Serving as it did as the

catalog of the Rouault exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art early in the year, the book now approaches a greater public and a wider function in acquainting the student and the layman with this extraordinary work, with the man, and with his processes. Rouault remains an Expressionist, according to Mr. Soby, as he quotes Rouault as disclaiming any "dependence on surface reality—'as opposed to the reality which satisfied Renoir or Degas, I would say, almost as the Surrealists, that there exists on another plane a very beautiful reality which is not that of the amateur photographer, who has always seen nature through the lens of his camera.'" The reality to which Rouault alludes does not, surely, refer to parable or symbol, but to a sense of being which exists apart from sight.

Mr. Soby's treatment of the biographical material, his chronological record and discussion of Rouault's work, clarify the painter's solitary position in the modern art world and scotch the popular trend toward reading into the work sermons on this and that.

Undoubtedly, as is shown in the text, Rouault was influenced by the nineteenth century Catholic writers, Ernest Hello and Léon Bloy. The latter had the stronger influence, since he was Rouault's mentor and close friend; but, as often occurs between writers and painters, a misunderstanding arose when Rouault sought to follow the path indicated by Bloy's philosophy, because "Bloy could not accept the projection in visual terms of a feverish conviction which so startlingly paralleled his own." Rouault was not a painter of religious subjects merely, but a religious painter in the sense of his intense conviction and devoted loyalty to his artistic ideal.

Of the 128 plates reproduced in the book, only three are in color; but these accomplish the almost impossible task of indicating the original ferocity, the passionate intensity of Rouault's color. The writing is made still more valuable to art students by a chapter on "The Technique of Georges Rouault's Prints," by Carl O. Schwiwind, which explains the technique, so unorthodox and daring as to amount to one of the most significant contributions to etching since Rembrandt.

The section called "Notes from the Artist, February 1945" adds to the portrait of Rouault because he says directly what many artists have said indirectly, "In order to have a taste for enriching the mind, it is perhaps not necessary to be a graduate or to have a degree or to be a mandarin with pearl buttons."

Almost as if to aid in acquiring "a taste for enriching the mind" in the field of American painting, Grace Pagano has compiled *Contemporary American Painting*, which features, in 116 plates, forty-two of them in color, the Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection. The naturally limited and difficult selection of this collection was accomplished through the assistance of an "Advisory Board" of museum and gallery directors and artists. The collection is to circulate as a traveling exhibition and of course is to continue to expand. The book, with an introduction by Donald Bear and a preface by Daniel Cotton Rich, makes a sizable and important contribution to the already popular publications on painting in the United

States. Unlike so many of its immediate predecessors, *Contemporary American Painting* presents the artists and their work and allows both the work and the artist to speak directly without the superfluous claptrap of critical judgment, the bias of press-agenting, or revelations of the precious, despotic savant. The pictures are allowed to communicate or not "according to the basic wishes of the artist," as Mr. Bear says.

In the preface, Mr. Rich remarks, "Too many writers on American art have commenced with a chip on their shoulders . . . a sense of inferiority with regard to Europe. This has resulted in a distasteful toadying to continental standards or a belligerent isolationism." Neither attitude is true of Mr. Bear. He places understanding before classification; and his approach is one of standing, as it were, with the painter before his painting to discuss the work and to invite understanding. He does not attempt to pass judgment or use the hackneyed "what to look for" approach. It is the painter who is allowed to speak both through his picture and in a brief statement of his credo in general or in remarks which refer to his picture. I like the way each plate faces a short biographical text headed by a small portrait of the painter; further, I recommend the format of the book (about 9½ by 10 inches) which is such an improvement over the larger, more unwieldy art books in the same field. Of particular interest to New Mexicans is the inclusion of paintings by John Sloan, Randall Davey, Peter Hurd, and Howard Schleeter, all of whom New Mexico claims.

This otherwise excellent book is made less effective by the inclusion of a vague treatise by Frederick Taubes, who attempts to explain in elaborate terms what he calls "The Technique of Painting." Mr. Taubes manages, as always, to give an impression of profoundness with his pseudoscientific, pseudohistorical approach. As usual, he takes the names of old masters in vain, as it were, of course capitalizing the classification, to back up his profitable legerdemain of art technicalities, his so-called scientific methods, and his precious secrets of the studio for the uninitiated. Analyze his text in the light of painting knowledge and experience, and one finds a neatly put-together, well-written pastiche which amounts to little more than a racket. I am reminded of the final remark of Rouault in Mr. Soby's book: "That is why I sometimes tremble with sacred anger, may I say, when I am compared in my various attempts with some of the great old masters whom I love. . . . I am so far away from them—in a certain way. But can we not say, here more than ever, to make ourselves better understood with regard to this cult of the old masters: 'The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life.'"

Two books of photographs which are far enough above the average to come into the realm of art are the recently published *Paul Strand*, by Nancy Newhall, and *Mexico*, by Fritz Henle. Each is quite successfully done; yet each is as distinct as the work of the man it features. The nearest points of similarity are in some of the subject matter, as when Strand photographs Mexico and when his semiabstract treatment of iris blades

compares favorably with Henle's like approach to a cactus wall. These points of comparison serve chiefly to bring out the real differences of technique, but more definitely the principal difference: the character of the two men.

The Strand book, like most of the Museum of Modern Art publications, was the catalog of an exhibit of Strand photographs; and the format and layout are the usual thorough presentation. There is a concise Yankee flavor about the book, although the subjects range widely both in material and chronology. They cover a period from 1915 to 1945 and include the early candid camera shots of big city types, machine, plant and landscape forms from Gaspé to Mexico, including some of New Mexico. Strand's Mexican photos have a simplicity, a starkness, which is reminiscent of his New England photographs. Somehow there is a feeling of the northern matter-of-factness about them. Although Frit Henle's similar subjects are simple, even severe, they have, in contrast, an exotic quality, a southern, foreign glamour which may be described as a sophistication in the continental sense.

For the photographer and student the Paul Strand book would seem to offer a greater variety of technique and to stimulate experimentation. This is not to say that the Henle book is not also of great interest to these groups; it serves a greater public by its very nature and its theme. Henle's writing and the picture captions in both Spanish and English are well done. They are no ordinary, unimaginative, literal translations from one language into another; each is in essence the same but expressed in the idiom peculiar to each tongue. This book should create a lively interest not only because it deals superbly with photogenic Mexico, but because of its informative bilingual text.

LLOYD L. GOLF

*Ancestors' Brocades: the Literary Debut of Emily Dickinson*, by Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. \$3.75.

*Bolts of Melody: New Poems of Emily Dickinson*, ed. by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945. \$3.00.

In *Ancestors' Brocades* is an image of Emily Dickinson which seems to me to characterize the poet better than any other I have read. Mrs. Todd, Emily's first editor, knew Emily for a short while before the poet's death. About her talks with Emily she later remarked to her daughter "our interviews were chiefly confined to conversations between the brilliantly lighted drawing-room where I sat and the dusky hall just outside where she always remained."

In truth Emily Dickinson has become in American literature the speaker from the "dusky hall." She took seriously the doctrine of Emerson regarding the ecstatic and divine quality of the momentary vision, a doctrine which in more recent years is that of "automatic writing," association, and surrealism. She seemed literally to live in a separation between intellect and emotion, in the realm between conscious and subconscious.

thought. As she says in one of her poems, "I dwelt as if myself were out." And the following two stanzas of the first poem in *Bolts of Melody* illustrate the doctrine vividly, and as well Emily's frequent obscurantism of imagery and thought:

I would not talk like cornets.  
I'd rather be the one  
Raised softly to horizons  
And out, and easy on  
Through villages of ether,  
Myself endued balloon  
By but a lip of metal  
The pier to my pontoon.

Nor would I be a poet.  
It's finer own the ear,  
Enamored, impotent, content  
The license to revere—  
A privilege so awful  
What would the dower be  
Had I the art to stun myself  
With bolts of melody!

The resultant body of poetry is one of the most remarkable in the world. On a single page of *Bolts of Melody* we find the two extremes. The poem numbered 482 shows Emily working with an intellectual construct with her provocative and maddening ambiguity:

Her sweet weight on my heart a night  
Had scarcely deigned to lie,  
When, stirring for belief's delight,  
My bride had slipped away.

If 'twas a dream, made solid just  
The heaven to confirm,  
Of if myself were dreamed of her,  
The wisdom to presume

With Him remain, Who unto me  
Gave, even as to all,  
A fiction superseding faith  
By so much as 'twas real.

The poem numbered 484 is one of those slight perceptions which apparently delighted Emily and which still delight the poetry "clubs" and their little magazines:

We introduce ourselves  
 To planets and to flowers,  
 But with ourselves have etiquettes,  
 Embarrassments and awes.

Rare, but truly fine, were the moments when Emily got somewhere in between these two extremes to communicate a perception which was remarkable, interesting, extensive, and truly sensible. Those rare poems among her work have made her the finest American poet of the nineteenth century.

The publishers are right in calling these two books a literary event of the first importance. *Ancestors' Brocades* is written simply and with small literary flourish, and it tells one of the most interesting stories in American literature. It wipes away the mystery about the publication of Emily's poems, and incidentally it provides us with a less speculative and more natural view of Emily than we have had before. *Bolts of Melody* gives us more than 650 new poems or fragments of Emily's work. The book probably completes the text of Emily's poetry until such time as scholars are able to get their hands on all the manuscripts and other documents. Actually the book does not add a considerable number to Emily's finest poems which we already know, but to Millicent Todd Bingham go rightfully our gratitude and our admiration for her accomplishment in these two books.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Cannery Row*, by John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$2.00.

*Sleep in the Sun*, by Alan Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1945. \$2.00.

"Cannery Row in Monterey in California is a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream." *Cannery Row*, the novel by John Steinbeck, is neither a poem nor a quality of light. It is simply the most spurious piece of folksy lore to have oozed from the pen of any writer of our time whose talent, if not his judgment, should have taught him better. It occupies the same position on Steinbeck's shelf as *The Wild Palms* does on Faulkner's or *Tragic Ground* on Caldwell's. Like their failures, it acknowledges the decadence that must set in when realism finds nothing about man more interesting than his physiology.

There is more secretion, regurgitation, defecation, expectoration and generally visceral and cloacal activity in these two hundred pages than can be found in the nearest freshman textbook for "Zo" Ia. Ostensibly, it is the story of the attempts of the inhabitants of Cannery Row, all of whom have a mental age of about ten, to throw a party for Doc, whom Steinbeck would persuade us has a mental age of about one thousand. Actually, it is a confused (or is it deliberate?) amoral succession of episodes maintaining impenitently that despite the biological uniformity which excites Steinbeck so utterly, man is much more than he seems. Lee Chong is more than a Chinese grocer. He is "an Asiatic planet held to its orbit by the

pull of Lao Tze and held away from Lao Tze by the centrifugality of abacus and cash register." Gay, besides being an inspired mechanic, is the "St. Francis of coils and armatures and gears"; and Doc, owner and operator of the marine laboratory, collector of Daumier, Titian, Picasso, Dali, and Gregorian chants, reader of Li Po and Bihana (preferably aloud), has a face "half Christ, half satyr"; and when he knocked down Mack for wrecking his laboratory during a drunken brawl, "in Doc's head the monotonal opening of Monteverdi's *Hor ch'el Ciel e la Terra* began to form, the infinitely sad and resigned mourning of Petrarch for Laura."

Outside the pages of William Saroyan and Henry Miller, more pretentious writing would be difficult to locate, and Steinbeck has much less justification for it, dramatically or philosophically, than either of those gentlemen. In Chapter Six, where Steinbeck, with all the delicious shudders that accompany a child's first discussion of sex, describes marine life in the Great Tide Pool, the word "lovely" is used three times as synonymous with "murderous." The fact is that Steinbeck has ceased to be a novelist, since a novelist, for most purposes, deals with the stuff of humanity; and Steinbeck is far more at home, and genuinely more edifying, when he is writing directly about octopi, crabs, or gophers.

The late Mr. Moody's *Sleep in the Sun*, as the title suggests, belongs, also, to the siesta school of literature which produced *You Can't Take It With You*, *The Beautiful People*, and *Tortilla Flat*, as well as *Cannery Row*: the school that says, if the life of the mind is as inaccessible as the life of power and wealth, it's more fun to surrender and proclaim the beauties of irresponsibility, hallucination, or rural shiftlessness.

Mr. Moody found these beauties among the Mexicans of the Oxnard country in Southern California. Like Cannery Row, the San Marqué canyon houses the primitives of society. Unlike Steinbeck's these primitives are agricultural, not urban, backwash, and Moody had at least the good grace not to confuse them with animals or saints. Very quietly, with as little charlatanry as distinction, he chronicles the adventures of the whimsical Mercados and their neighbors on the technological border, baffled by any strain put upon their intelligence by machines or projects or by the exigencies of their own confusion. Moody has added nothing to what Steinbeck in *Tortilla Flat* and Robert Bright in *The Life and Death of Little Jo* told us about the paisano: that he is hopelessly superstitious, uninformed, sly, self-exploited, frequently cruel—and charming withal. Lacking the sense of fable and the poetic ability that Steinbeck did, indeed, project in *Tortilla Flat*, Mr. Moody's novel is as scanty in implications as it is in pages.

VERNON YOUNG

*The Ghostly Lover*, by Elizabeth Hardwick. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1945. \$2.50.

Elizabeth Hardwick's first novel (her first published story appeared in these pages) elicits a special problem and service of criticism: how, justly, to distinguish between the dozens of first novels of this order that appear



annually, all obviously autobiographical, each rendering the magic or travail of existence as experienced by its author, none dealing an impact beyond the evening taken to read them. How does this one, for example differ from the others of its kind, frail offerings at the altar of personality bearing such titles as *Dawn Breaks the Heart* or *We Too Are Drifting*? The obvious answer, in this case, is that it differs mainly in the superficiality of subject matter and in its treatment. One may well demand what else in literature, there is, and approach closer, thereby, to the distinction between a first novel that incontestably signals a future (one of stature, not of mere productivity) for its author and one that is simply minor.

The provenance of minor literature is established in every gossamer line of Miss Hardwick's production: the intention, not so much of analyzing or dramatizing experience, as of repossessing it (Proust's intention, but not his sole one); the submergence in emotion instead of emergence from it; the obsession with the texture rather than the meaning of events. These preferences are legitimate components of fiction, but taken from the service of atmosphere and employed as be-all and end-all, as they are in this novel they are pejorative to complete artistic experience. Structurally, *The Ghostly Lover* is transparent enough:—no pun intended!—Marian Coleman (so designated because Elizabeth Hardwick cannot fairly name her Elizabeth Hardwick) grows painfully into herself by learning to reject her own need of too soon serving the needs of others. This theme is at least as old as *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*, and is still potentially powerful, but it deserves maintaining by a braver self-examination than Miss Hardwick seems able to provoke or by more undaunted observation of the external world than she is willing to endure. A vivid social correlative is suggested in the early pages of the book by her depiction of a Southern family's insecurity before the confident animality of its ancestors and of its Negro servant. It remains a suggestion only; the characters who surround Marian during her college days, and later, remain as ghostly as Marian herself or her hypothetical lover.

It is not gratuitous, but pertinent, to perceive an analogy between the following description of a "particular night" undergone by Miss Coleman Hardwick and the novel itself.

[It] had no flesh or bone; it was composed of papier-mâché reproductions of emotion, constructed only for the occasion. . . . Reality intruded momentarily and vanished the succeeding moment.

Reality did just this on page 95, when Miss Hardwick's invertebrate dependence on phantom sensibility led her not to stylistic crisis only, but to the very "surface of the intense inane":

But the impenetrable insincerity, as automatic and instinctual as closing the eyelid against dust, threw its weight between them.

On page 254, constructed for another occasion, the simile, this time without accuracy, if with unconscious irony, is urged to do yeoman's service:

This feeling of obligation was so old it was now a reflex response, but, like the instantaneous closing of the eyelid against danger, it was fleeting and could not be sustained.

In the face of such a contretemps, the critical reader is likely to dismiss as publisher's trade humor the jacket's declaration that Miss Hardwick "has . . . stepped into the front rank of American novelists," assuring himself that the front rank includes Katherine Anne Porter and Jean Stafford.

VERNON YOUNG

*I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen*, by Leon Z. Surmelian. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1945. \$2.75.

It is hard to find a critical handle by which to lay hold of a book like *I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen*. One could put it upon the shelf with all the other books by immigrants telling what they have found and what they miss in the United States. Or one could classify it with accounts of the Armenian massacres and say that here is a vivid, first-hand record of those events. Perhaps simple exclamatory words of praise, like William Saroyan's in the introduction he has written for the book, would be best—but that has already been done.

Leon Z. Surmelian, son of an apothecary, was born and grew up in Trebizond, where Greeks were Christians and friends and the Moslem menace was perpetual. He idolized an uncle who was an Armenian revolutionary, had most embarrassing experiences at his confirmation, went to school, spent summer vacations in Armenian villages. The Russians fought the Turks and the Turks in turn took their wrath out on the Armenians. The boy's family were forced to go into the interior, his father and mother finally dying of their sufferings. His sisters got refuge with the Greek, Dr. Metaxas. The boy escaped his captors, went to Russia to school and orphanage, finally got back to Constantinople, from whence he departed to America to study agriculture in Kansas State College. He has been in America now approximately twenty years, and he lives in Hollywood and owns an automobile and drinks martinis on New Year's Eve when memories get the better of him. The book is a series of separate sketches and not a connected autobiography, but it is neither sketchy nor incomplete. It is to be read for pleasure and not for information; part of the reader's pleasure will come from vicarious experience of ways of life Americans know little about, but most of it will come from the earnestness with which Surmelian sticks to his inner life—his fantasies, his enthusiasms, his appreciation of the qualities of experience.

Reading this book, one is prompted to put an old question. What is this immense difference between the Old World and the New—the Old World where young boys admit they love poetry and talk about their fantasies and learn early to find a place in the scheme of things for suffering and defeat, and the New World where the "young Americans [have] bright minds, [are] keen in laboratory work, and wonderfully healthy" but are

singularly devoid of intellectual, spiritual, or cultural interests? It is no solution to say that the Americans have a different kind of inner life which the Old World cannot understand, or that if given time we will show to the world our particular brand of spirituality; or even that, after all, a Leon Surmelian may be as rare an Armenian as the highly perceptive and sensitive person is rare among us. For however tired we may be of having our cultural thinness pointed out to us, we are likely to admit in our better moments that this Surmelian and the Old World have something we do not have. True, there may be a great deal of fulsome posturing in Surmelian's characters (see, for example, the chapter "Ah, That Night in Stambul" which, incidentally, appeared first in these pages); those lads may not have been as full of Dostoievsky, Baudelaire, music, and poetry as they thought; they may have been only emotionally effervescent, possessed of the gesture without the meaning. But making the gesture may lead to the meaning. And when we talk about our own cultural thinness we are talking mainly about our unwillingness to make the gestures, to admit the existence of the inner life, to try to tease it out into form; about a certain lack of warmth and spontaneity and concern about goods and evils.

Surmelian, being a gentleman, does not harp on these things. He is abundantly grateful for American freedom—freedom from want, oppression, all the inherited petty meannesses of Europe and Asia. At one point he feels a rapturous identification with the American earth—the same earth as in his native land—and he is thoroughly "Americanized." But in his very next chapter the old division plagues him; Hollywood and his automobile and the martinis are not it. "It" is childhood's straight seeing an honest feeling—an Asiatic more than a European contribution, and one not very easily adoptable, one fears, in these parts.

Our terrific outpouring of external energy in the war may have led us to believe we can put all these considerations behind us. The end of the war will perhaps bring us finally out of our colonial sense of cultural inferiority. But power and world leadership will not relieve us of the responsibility of trying to see how much of the Old World needs blending into the New if the latter is to have more than a certain bright efficiency in the creation of instruments of power.

DUDLEY WYNNE

*The Best American Short Stories 1944: and the Yearbook of the American Short Story*, edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1944. \$2.75.

*American Writing 1943: the Anthology and Yearbook of the American Novel and Commercial Magazine*, edited by Alan Swallow. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc., 1944. \$2.50.

In the preface to her crop of 1944 stories, Martha Foley inveighs bitterly against the publishing mores, the editorial inflexibility of commercial magazines, and the lure of Hollywood for what they do in draining off literary talent to more paying but less creative pursuits. By now this is an old story. Apparently Miss Foley feels the need for saying that her job

separating the best short stories from the acres of published material of this past year was a particularly tough one. It is not mere coincidence that prompts Alan Swallow also to confess to the rather troublesome experience of gathering his anthology of story and verse. Mr. Swallow, though, probably hits more immediately home by ascribing the falling off in quality of writing to the impact of war. This is, however, no reason for critical laxity. If the "little" magazines, from which about half of Miss Foley's stories derive, are indeed, as Mr. Swallow tells us, the tutelary deities of much that is promising and great, then our critical sights must be trained even higher. The truth is that Miss Foley's anthology is marked by a good deal of undistinguished writing. "Best" is after all one of the language's superlatives—a fact we may overlook in the easy American habit of just wanting to read something, the same easy way publishers have of going into adjectival transports just to sell something. And "best" is not the word for too many stories in this volume. We are mindful of Matthew Arnold's judgment that only twenty per cent of Wordsworth's poetry rated immortality. The remainder is wingless. That is inevitable. To write well, as Maugham remarked, one must write much—if not always well, we can add. But in this collection the reader is justified in expecting a more sustained level of excellence since it represents not one man's output but a conglomerate effort.

Miss Foley's credo? "I make no plea for grimness in writing. Laughter is as valid as tragedy. I do make a plea for the truth." Miss Foley hews faithfully to this line. The stories she has selected speak with a ring of truth, if the transmission of this truth to the realm of feeling in the accents of imaginative literature is not always successfully consummated. Sidney Alexander contributes a fine story of a relief family of Negroes caught in a mad and tragic stampede to board an excursion boat. Saul Bellows writes some maundering "Notes of a Dangling Man." Mr. Bellows' "Man" is more like a dangling doll, shiftless, undirected, and spilling over with the bitterness, frustration, and ill will of minor political factionalism. Lionel Trilling takes a flier from his critical work and contributes a keen study of two college students. A sensitive close-up of awakening adolescence is furnished by Elizabeth Eastman. Humor and mirth receive sprightly expression in stories by William E. Barrett and Emanuel Winters. Stories about soldiers by Berry Fleming, Josephine Johnson, and Ruth Portugal tell of wartime America. War-torn America has yet to come home and tell its story. The prolific, the facile, the almost glib Irwin Shaw is here again with the reflections of a veteran on his way home after victory listening to the kind of big business talk that would make for another world war. Miss Johnson writes a deeply moving story of a mother and child moving from state to state in order to be with her soldier husband. The griefs, hardships, and hopes of war prisoners, refugees, the hungry, the dispossessed are recorded in overseas settings by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Noel Huston, Eyre de Lanux, Vladimir Nabokoff, Leon Z. Surmelian, Edita Morris. Mention must be made of a long, powerful

tale by Carson McCullers, "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," portraying the rotten, unregenerate, destructive individualism of the South. There are thirty stories in all.

In the brief space remaining, it is perhaps better in the longer view to acknowledge the excellent case Alan Swallow makes out for the "little" magazines from which his entire selection of stories and poetry is drawn. The undeniable record these small journals have established in introducing future writers of note, and in serving as media for advanced cultural and literary thinking is indeed all out of proportion to the meagre support and recognition they inspire. Mr. Swallow seems strangely resigned to this. In place of striving for a wider acceptance, he offers the camaraderie which exists between the writers and editors within the small corporation of these "little" magazines. "Camaraderie" in this case can spell "coterie" and may ultimately result in a complete removal from the literary mainstream to the rarefied atmosphere of the "elect" with all of its implications. Men like Anderson and Sandburg grew to full stature not because of the dubious satisfaction derived from writer-editor exchanges, but out of an instinctive desire to reach out to the greater number they were thinking and writing about, and from them to gain renewal and nourishment. It is not for the "little" magazine to continue preening itself on its parturient past, or on the great and near great it has cradled within its covers. This can be as meaningless as the fact that George Washington slept here. In remaining content (and basically they are) about the problem of limited circulation, the noncommercial magazines betray a stasis in thinking as to the potential audience that exists for the kind of writing they offer. Publishers are given to marveling nowadays with ill-concealed puzzlement at how "serious" the public taste has become. Regardless of whether this is the audience, if the "little" magazines are to grow (or have any desire to grow), it is for them to discover whether they can do so on what may be a greater base than they have admittedly had in the past. If not, they will persist in their present and restricted function of being an *avant-garde* for the *avant* few (with reports of casualties among their number from time to time), and, as Miss Foley points out, as the initial springboard to send the more fortunate on their way to monied recognition.

IRVING BRODKIN

*Continent's End: a Collection of California Writing*, edited by Joseph Henry Jackson. New York and London: Whittlesey House, 1944. \$3.50.

Mr. Jackson states in the introduction to this volume that the purpose of any collection of regional writing "should serve to remind the general reader of the high quality, the variety and vigor of the writing that has stemmed from the region, and it should suggest to him something of the region's physical, social and—so to put it—spiritual variety." This is, on the whole, an excellent and succinct statement of the aim of the regional anthologist, and we can have little quarrel with it. One question that arises, however, is concerned with the use of the term "high quality." Un-

less the anthology is to represent merely a sampling of California's best writing and a stimulation to the reader to go back and reread the works from which passages have been taken, it is difficult to see how we are to judge the "quality" of certain brief excerpts such as the one from John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*, without first having read the book in its entirety.

This problem, of course, represents the dilemma of the anthologist, the inevitable compromise between form and subject matter; but it is difficult to understand why Mr. Jackson did not allow so prolific an author as Steinbeck the advantage of a complete selection, one of his many excellent short stories, for instance. *Continent's End*, like so many of the recent anthologies, suffers from the inclusion of too many obvious excerpts, particularly in the first section, which contains the bulk of what might be termed "quality" writing—if such a term may encompass the works of such divergent authors as Yvor Winters, William Saroyan, and Budd Schulberg. The selections from Gale Wilhelm's excellent novel *The Time Between*, Upton Sinclair's *Oil*, Myron Brinig's *The Flutter of an Eyelid*, as well as from the Steinbeck novel, suffer a formlessness which can be accounted for only upon the grounds of either parsimony or the inadaptability of the original work to the purposes of the anthologist.

The very catholicity of Mr. Jackson's collection does, however, manage to present the incomparable mixture of cultural forces—the "spiritual variety"—which make up the California milieu, from the excellent though diverse poetry of Josephine Miles, Robinson Jeffers, Yvor Winters, Kenneth Rexroth, and Hildegard Flanner to the products of San Francisco journalism and the Hollywood film colony, from the quiet scholarship of T. K. Whipple to the flamboyant historical sketches of William and George Banning and Oscar Lewis. It is, for the most part, a culture based more upon the search for gold (either of the Hollywood or of the Sutter's Mill variety) than upon a search for human—"ethical" and "moral"—values, which are the stuff of genuine literature.

RAY B. WEST, JR.

*Wife to Mr. Milton: the Story of Marie Powell*, by Robert Graves. New York: The Creative Age Press, Inc., 1944. \$2.75.

Marie Powell, wife to Mr. Milton, was the daughter of a Cavalier. She believed in the Cavalier cause, grew up and revelled in the Cavalier manner of living, and at the age of twelve fell in love with one Mun, a Cavalier. She remained in love with Mun until she was twenty-six years old, at which time she died. According to her own confession she was a "particular bold spirit." Thus it is not strange that as "wife to Mr. Milton" she was unhappy. For John Milton in his own particular way was also a bold spirit; and he undoubtedly found his patience tried by a wife who always disapproved, and frequently opposed, those things in which he most earnestly believed.

An account of the conflict between these two bold spirits constitutes the central theme of Robert Graves' latest novel. The romance with Mun

provides sentimental interludes. The two are larded together by descriptions of war, politics, and customs in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. The result is not happy, particularly in view of the fact that we have a right to expect better things from the author of *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*.

Marie Powell arouses sympathy at times and occasionally irritation, but she is never quite plausible as a figure of either fact or fiction. And despite the publisher's assurance that at last Milton is presented "in his true light in those characteristics which led him to become Oliver Cromwell's Dr. Goebbels," it is impossible to regard the portrait as authentic. A characterization of John Milton that ignores the eloquent testimony of his peers and disregards most of the facts of his public life is necessarily suspect when in place of such sources it substitutes the evidence of a wife antagonistic in temperament, politics, and religion, and admittedly in love with another man, the result can be viewed only as a distorted caricature, having validity only if presented as a mirror in which we see the reflection, not of Milton, but Marie. In such a circumstance, the reflection is unworthy of the mirror.

But despite its weakness and its inferiority to previous novels by its author, *Wife to Mr. Milton* is not without virtue. Readers surfeited with the lusty, bloodletting, swaggering seventeenth century presented by so many novelists in recent years may well find in Mr. Graves' seventeenth century a certain relief. Even the quarrels between Marie and her husband might be a welcome change from overlush romance. This reaction, of course, is a matter of taste; but the hard, vigorous writing of Robert Graves is happily a matter of fact. To a degree it compensates for a novel poorly conceived and built from too scant materials. CHARLES JUDAH

*The Lambs: a Story of Pre-Victorian England*, by Katherine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1945. \$3.50.

*Charles Lamb and His Friends*, by Will D. Howe. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1944. \$3.50.

The principal difference between these two recent books about Charles Lamb and his circle is that one of them, Mr. Howe's, is chiefly about Lamb himself; Miss Anthony's decidedly is not. *The Lambs* is a double biography of Charles and Mary, with almost as complete a presentation of Coleridge and less well-rounded accounts of Hazlitt and others for good measure. *Charles Lamb and His Friends* proceeds in another manner, devoting but a single chapter to straight biography and dealing critically and appreciatively in the rest of the book with his haunts, his friends, and various aspects of the man.

Miss Anthony is a skilled writer of biography, as those who have read her previous books are aware. But in *The Lambs* she has not come anywhere near the standard she set in *Margaret Fuller*, *Catherine the Great*, or *Queen Elizabeth*. Those books were sure, deft, enjoyable. *The Lambs* by comparison is labored and forced; it verges upon being angry. The reason

may be found in two facts. First, all of Miss Anthony's previous studies have been of women, whom she apparently understands and to whom she is more successful in applying her method of psychological analysis. Now that for the first time the center of her stage is occupied by a man, her weaknesses become apparent. And this points to the second fact in explanation of the defects in *The Lambs*: Miss Anthony is a vigorous partisan of the cause and rights of women. She tries to build Mary Lamb up to the proportions of her brother; indeed, at times, she attributes the greater importance to the sister. This, rightly or wrongly, neither history nor posterity will have. It is the *Essays of Elia* after all which so delightfully enrich English literature, and these are Charles Lamb; he is Elia. Furthermore, a century of tradition has made of Lamb "the best-loved writer in English literature." If any neglect has been visited upon Mary Lamb, Miss Anthony's book does not correct it. In her zeal she has built far too heavily, not only in dealing with Mary but throughout the book, upon assumption. The best present-day knowledge of Lamb still leaves many gaps; some of these Miss Anthony has tried to fill, but the result is not, to me at least, very plausible. Along the path of conjecture she has encountered more stones than primroses.

Mr. Howe has abided much more faithfully by the record; and since he is a trained and careful scholar, that record is the fullest now known. To this fund of knowledge Mr. Howe has added an enthusiasm for Lamb and a nicety of critical appreciation that make of his book a rich and judicious picture of Lamb, his background and times, his life and friends, his tastes and habits, his writing and his conversation. The book will serve admirably as an introduction to the much-loved essayist. The only more enjoyable study of Lamb I know is Canon Ainger's, the shorter one, now nearly fifty years old, but in my estimation one of the best of all literary biographies. *Charles Lamb and His Friends* has, of course, the advantage of much recently discovered material, particularly that brought to light by E. V. Lucas, towards whom, incidentally, Miss Anthony tosses two or three rather sour glances. One of the wise things about Mr. Howe's book is the liberality with which he has quoted from Lamb's writings.

Both books are provided with brief bibliographies and are well illustrated. Miss Anthony's book will no doubt find many admiring readers, but Mr. Howe's *Charles Lamb and His Friends* is a much more solid contribution, in spite of the looseness of its organization, and will remain so.

C. V. WICKER

*The Violent Friends*, by Winston Clewes. New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1945. \$2.50.

Described on the jacket as "a novel of the great Jonathan Swift and of the two women who loved him," *The Violent Friends* does very well in 225 pages to make a readable work of fiction out of very recalcitrant material. The story begins with Swift's return to Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's and carries on two threads of story: the amazing and never-to-be-



understood triangle of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa; and Swift's defense of the Irish people against Wood's Pence in the *Drapier's Letters*. Two capital difficulties beset Mr. Clewes, that of explaining to the uninformed reader much political and literary history and that of creating scenes and putting into the mouths of well-known historical personages speeches to fit the scenes. The first of these problems results in slowing down the story considerably, and the second Mr. Clewes has handled in far too melodramatic a fashion to please those who are familiar with Swift's life and writings. The book jacket further informs us that both the play which Mr. Clewes has written about Swift and the present novel are already successes in England; having read the novel and enjoyed it, though with a good many reservations, I should like very much to see the play. Mr. Clewes writes well and *The Violent Friends* is decidedly worth reading.

C. V. WICKER

*Inocência*, by Alfredo d'Escagnolle Taunay; translated by Henriqueta Chamberlain. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1945. \$2.50.

*Rebellion in the Backlands (Os Sertões)*, by Euclides da Cunha; translated by Samuel Putnam. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1944. \$5.00.

Both of these books recently translated from the Portuguese have as their background the *sertões*, the Brazilian hinterlands, and as characters the *sertanejos*, the inhabitants of this same vast, mysterious region.

The earlier of these two publications, *Inocência* (1872) is one of the best-known works in Brazilian literature and the masterpiece of Alfredo d'Escagnolle Taunay. *Inocência* is primarily a novel of protest in which the author raises his voice against a social system that tolerates parental tyranny over children. The chief literary merit of the novel, however, lies in the fresh and simple portrayal of the people who live in the interior provinces of Brazil and in the faithful description of their customs and environment.

A more powerful and significant work is *Rebellion in the Backlands (Os Sertões)*, written by Euclides da Cunha toward the close of the year 1902. The central theme of *Os Sertões* is historical—the founding of the village of Canudos by the fanatic Messiah, Antônio Conselheiro, and the amazingly heroic resistance of his backwoods followers against troops of the national government (1896-1897).

Authors before da Cunha had manifested an interest in this same Brazilian hinterland. Whereas theirs was chiefly a fictional interest, da Cunha's is that of a man of science. His book is indeed "an epic treatise of the geology, the geography, the climatology, the flora, the fauna, and the human life of the Brazilian backlands."

Although *Os Sertões* is not a novel, its importance in the history of the Brazilian novel cannot be exaggerated, for time and again novelists have found inspiration in its pages. Besides affording a wealth of material for plots, *Os Sertões* paved the way for the regional and social novel

of today. And the modern Brazilian novel is basically regional and social.

Mr. Putnam's translation of this monumental work is superior—precise, clear, and often brilliant. In addition to an excellent introduction that accurately evaluates the author and his works, there are notes, glossaries (botanical, zoological, and regional terms), and two indices, one of names and one of subjects.

ALBERT R. LOPES

*Cocks and Bulls in Caracas*, by Olga Briceno; illustrated by Kay Peterson Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1945. \$2.75.

Olga Briceno was for three years Cultural Delegate of Venezuela to the United States, has lectured in Europe and the Americas, and is now a correspondent for the Caracas daily, *El Universal*. In this little book she has attempted to describe her native country, not as the tourist sees it, but as the setting for the life of a typical Venezuelan upper-class family, her own to be exact. Her point of view is that of the Venezuelan woman, concerned first solely with courtship and matrimony, then with managing her household and rearing her children, her life spent indoors, her interests centered in her home, family, friends, and church.

Miss Briceno has written charmingly and sympathetically of Venezuelan customs and superstitions, food, courtship, convent education, servants, man, and money. But the author herself, not having been confined by the sheltered life she describes, can well afford to sigh with "sheer longing for the old known things," to cry, "How long the little while seems before I return again!" Such a life as the author wants us to believe typical of Venezuela, serene, comfortable, unchanging, is no doubt that of her own economic class. But she herself says, "At this tragic moment of history it is almost a moral obligation for people to look each other straight in the eye, and to see other men and countries in their true colors." Miss Briceno has certainly not given us the whole picture in *Cocks and Bulls in Caracas*, but rather only that part which is quaint and alluring. The book is pleasantly illustrated with watercolor reproductions in the end papers and a generous sprinkling of woodcuts through the text.

MARY WICKER

*Origins of Inter-American Interest 1700-1812*, by Harry Bernstein. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1945. \$2.00.

In this study of the origins of inter-American interest, prepared and published under the direction of the American Historical Association, Professor Bernstein successfully shows that the earliest appearance of inter-American relations took place in an area of English influence—New York, New England, and Pennsylvania—even though Florida, Louisiana, and the Southwest had the advantage of Spanish settlement and culture.

The arguments are arranged under headings such as "The Contest for the New World," "Pre-Revolutionary Trade," "Inter-American Trade," "The Formation of Cultural Interest," and "Inter-American Political Ties." The composition of the book and the seventeen-page bibliography bespeak

the scholarship of the author and his wide acquaintance with the literature pertinent to his subject. A glance through the many footnotes shows how extensive the author's research has been. The discussions are constantly intermingled with relatively brief quotations from original sources; this approach has the advantage of dispensing with many notes but the disadvantage of hampering the reader who wishes to obtain a general view of the subject without stopping to consult the evidence provided.

Criticism of omission may seem unjust to so meaty a work as Professor Bernstein's. But one cannot help wondering whether an interpretative study of early inter-American relations, rather than so factual a compilation—even though it would risk being both personal and prejudiced—would not have left the reader with a clearer evaluation of this canvas depicting the political, economic, and cultural inter-American activities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia between 1700-1812.

Scholarly, readable, and businesslike, Professor Bernstein's work certainly represents a great amount of painstaking effort. As a contribution to the history of the period, however, his monograph will be valued for its details rather than for its synthesis, for its facts rather than for its insight or interpretation.

EDNA LUE FURNESS

*Mexico's Role in International Intellectual Cooperation: Proceedings of the Conference Held in Albuquerque, February 24-25, 1944, under the Sponsorship of the University of Texas and the University of New Mexico*, edited by Joaquín Ortega. Inter-Americana Short Papers, VI. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1945. \$.65.

This thin volume contains the proceedings of the Conference on *Mexico's Role in International Intellectual Cooperation* held under the joint sponsorship of the Institute of Latin-American Studies of the University of Texas and the School of Inter-American Affairs of the University of New Mexico. The purpose of the Conference was to provide the opportunity for the furtherance of understanding and appreciation and the establishment of good will between the United States and Mexico through the promotion of cultural relations between the two countries.

Five well-known Mexican scholars presented addresses that admirably supplement and reinforce one another. Alfonso Caso's masterly paper, "The Indigenous Cultures of Central Mexico," is followed by one by Francisco Villagrán Prado on "The Importance of the Study of English and Spanish in the International Relations of Mexico and the United States." Specialists in principles of education will be interested in reading that effective foreign language instruction enabling the student to use the language for other than purposes of translation is also a problem in Mexico. In his analysis of Mexican-American relations, Pablo Martínez del Río states that a policy of absolute nonintervention is a *sine qua non* in Mexican-American relations. Rodolfo Brito Foucher follows with a short address, "The National Autonomous University of Mexico; Its Past, Present, and Future Contributions to International Intellectual Cooperation."

Jaime Torres Bodet closes the series with "The Bases and Significance of Relations Between Mexico and the United States," in which paper he recommends the international co-operation of the cultures of the Americas and of Europe. In addition to several photographs of the leaders at the Conference, there are several pages of general information concerning the activities arranged in honor of the five distinguished Mexican guests upon whom the University of New Mexico conferred honorary degrees at the Fifty-second Annual Commencement.

The fact that this material was designed for oral presentation adds to the charming informality in the unfolding of the theme. Surely only those who were present at the delivery of the lectures can by comparison with this text appreciate fully how useful these papers are as contributions to cultural understanding.

EDNA LUE FURNESS

*The Netherlands*, edited by Bartholomew Landheer. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1943. \$5.00.

This volume is one of a series under the general editorship of Professor Kerner and designed to promote a more intimate acquaintance among the United Nations. "A nation is a living and growing entity," writes the editor in the preface. The twenty-one authors who have contributed to this work have not spared themselves in writing of the growth of the Netherlands. But they have not imparted to their work the warmth of a nation that is living.

To parade the chief characters of Dutch life and highlight the principal events of Dutch history are not sufficient to introduce the foreigner to the character of the Dutch people. No sharp delineation of the "little fellow" who has contributed so much to the development of the country emerges from the pages. One catches neither the varied color nor the full vigor of Dutch life. This reviewer believes that Professor Adriaan J. Barnouw's volume, *The Dutch*, more nearly conveys the life and spirit of the Netherlands than does the book under review.

The book is divided into seven parts: (1) The Scene; (2) Historical Background; (3) Political and Constitutional Development; (4) Economic and Social Development; (5) Cultural Aspects; (6) Netherlands Overseas Territory; and (7) Second World War and After.

One's field of interest naturally will dictate his reading, but the third and fourth parts most nearly explain the "why" and answer the "how" of a people who have welded themselves into a really united nation. Landheer, in his chapter on social structure, observes:

On the whole, the average Dutchman has not been particularly empire-conscious. He has been too individualistic to regard the Dutch role in the overseas territories as an achievement of the community as such. But he has taken a pardonable pride in the achievements of his fellow countrymen, and this has aided him in overcoming the inferiority complex peculiar to citizens of many small countries, a reaction by no means alien to the Dutch. . . .

This individualism, to which the other contributors have paid too little

attention, has been the strength of the nation. From it has sprung a refreshing degree of tolerance and a marked tenacity of character. The latter is best known to the outsider in the popular figure of speech, "stubborn as a Dutchman." But five years of unflinching conflict against the Nazi invaders have turned this into an heroic phrase. Freedom-loving Hollanders will find even deeper significance in that stanza of their national anthem, "William of Nassau," which runs:

My God, I pray Thee, save me from all who do pursue,  
And threaten to enslave me. Thy trusted servant true.  
O Father, do not sanction their wicked, foul design.  
Don't let them wash their hands in this guiltless blood of mine.

ALBERT C. F. WESTPHAL

*University Records and Life in the Middle Ages*, by Lynn Thorndike. New York; Columbia University Press, 1944. \$5.50.

This volume is "Number XXXVII of the Records of Civilization—Sources and Studies," edited by Austin P. Evans of the department of history of Columbia University, with an advisory board composed of such distinguished scholars in history as David S. Muzzey, James T. Shotwell, and William L. Westermann, as well as the compiler of this collection, Lynn Thorndike. However, Professor Thorndike has done more than compile, for besides writing a general introduction he has supplied valuable explanatory introductions to most of the selections, as well as numerous footnotes. These records, arranged chronologically from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, contain 176 selections, beginning with an extract from one of Abelard's letters dealing with the rivalry of teachers and concluding with a catalog of lectures and exercises at the University of Hesse-Schaumburg for the semester "from Michaelmas 1654 to Easter 1655." They range in length from a few lines to thirty-four pages.

Two common responses will result from reading this book. First is the realization of the similarity between educational problems of today and those of five hundred years ago. A few titles will illustrate: "The Youth Movement," "Literature versus Logis," "An Invective Against the New Learning," "Regulation of Booksellers," "Academic Dress Regulated," "Hours of Classes," "Hazing of Freshmen Forbidden, Paris 1340," "Students Forbidden to Catch the Burghers' Pigeons," "Absences of Professors at Padua, 1424," "Getting a Degree," "Student Responsibility," "A Case of Violence and Academic Discipline, Montpellier, 1455," "Inspection of University Buildings, Heidelberg, 1512." Moreover, the nature of the controversies, the types of regulations, and the reforms recurrently urged have a strangely familiar ring.

The second point of general interest is the predominant position of theology in the intellectual life of five hundred years ago. Here the themes debated sound as anachronistic as those dealing with student and faculty problems sound like a contemporary university catalog or the carryings-on at a faculty club. Few better measures of the extent to which science in-

fluences our whole intellectual outlook can be found than in material of this sort out of daily life and thinking in medieval universities.

Collections of documents like these have many specialized uses for the historian and the educator, of course, but their value is perhaps even greater as a medium of insight into the way men's minds habitually respond to persistent human problems.

JAY C. KNODE

*Puritanism and Democracy*, by Ralph Barton Perry. New York: The Vanguard Press, 1944. \$5.00.

This book is timely, for it is a digest, historical and philosophic, of the vital ideas at the roots of the United States, a survey of their growth, and an appraisal of the fruit they have borne. In style, it fluctuates between illuminating epigrammatic phrase and stretches of prolonged, persevering analysis. The life of the Puritan, in this discussion of it, assumes at times the "spirit of dull sobriety" with which critics have condemned it. Again, the author breaks through with a kind of dry wit and crisp irony that is singularly refreshing, such as his reference to Cotton Mather's "relentless benevolence."

However, *Puritanism and Democracy* was not meant to be read as a diversion; nor was it intended as glowing, heartfelt eulogy of the sturdy English folk in the Eastern colonies who have in many ways set the pattern for American thought and behavior. Professor Perry undertook to interpret the relationship between the religious and political elements known in the seventeenth century as puritanism and their philosophic counterparts in the eighteenth century defined as democracy. He points out the antitheses between the medieval, theocratic, puritan ideals and the enlightened, tolerant, humane outlook of the eighteenth century deists; but he finds a leaven working within the former set of dynamic principles which brought about a gradual union with the revolutionary social forces which followed them. "The deepest bond between puritanism and democracy was their common respect for the human individual irrespective of his place in any ecclesiastical, political, social, economic or other institution. This individualism, with its far-reaching implications, modified every difference of method and doctrine." Although puritanism was authoritarian in its conception of God, the fact that every individual was given a Bible and taught to read it and confirm for himself the fundamental truths encouraged self-reliance and free judgment. "Among the puritans religion itself was education," writes Mr. Perry. Such deists as Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin may be said to have reversed the terms and made education their religion; but where the search for truth was both literate and zealous, the mind found its own freedom to arrive at principles emphasizing worldly happiness, economic prosperity, and justice based upon social compacts and the English common law.

Professor Perry does not disregard the role played in American history by the Spanish in Florida and in the Southwest, by the French in the Carolinas and in the Mississippi Valley, by the Dutch in New York, the

Germans and Scotch-Irish in the Middle Atlantic regions; but in his opinion an earlier society had crystallized the American pattern sufficiently to assimilate new material without altering the type. In this respect, I am reminded of the point made by Howard Mumford Jones, in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* five years ago, that the Irish population of Boston today is "the puritan branch of the church universal," and has much in common with the traditional puritanism of New England in stressing domestic virtues and demanding thrift and sobriety of its parishioners. One who is not a Catholic feels that in America the laity plays a larger part in shaping the destinies of Catholicism than in the countries where political democracy is not so strongly felt. When the late Al Smith ran for the presidency, it was generally understood that the principle of separation of church and state had been accepted by American Catholicism; in contrast, in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Argentina, and elsewhere no such acknowledgment has ever been made.

Professor Perry concludes with a strong plea for American democracy to abandon its provincial outlook. Modern democracy is pledged to the creation of a just and humane international order by virtue of its concern with morality, which it conceives in terms of the relations of human individuals as such. "Democracy implies internationality, then, by the expansion of its basic moral principles to the total aggregate of mankind." He endorses the use of force to establish a world-wide conscience and a world-wide economic, legal, and political system which shall achieve for the several nation-states what each nation-state accomplishes for its individual members. Professor Perry concludes eloquently, "Nations, like men, will no longer live in walled castles from which they make occasional armed forays, but in the valleys and plains where without loss of domestic privacy they enjoy together the fruits of the earth and the achievements of human genius."

T. M. PEARCE

*Ideas in America*, by Howard Mumford Jones. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1944. \$3.00.

In 1935, Dr. Howard Mumford Jones gave a paper before the English Section of the Modern Language Association of America. He pointed out that this society of American scholars at its founding in 1883 had no section devoted to American literature, that in thirty-nine presidential addresses it had never listened to one which discussed American letters, that it had published 1405 articles and studies of which only twenty-nine dealt with American literature as such, and that of forty-three presidents it had selected only one who could be called a scholar in the American field and that one was James Russell Lowell, recognized as a critic of British literature rather than of American. Pursuing the anomalous position of the study of American literature in colleges and universities of the United States, Dr. Jones analyzed the personnel of a typical university department of English. It is a masterpiece of quiet satire: the "remaining" man of a staff of fifteen or sixteen is assigned to American literature, the entire field

from 1607 to 1935 and in all the literary forms—poetry, the drama, essay, biography, and fiction. This challenging and entertaining speech is the first essay in *Ideas in America*, a collection of speeches and articles prepared by Dr. Jones between 1934 and 1944, dealing with American literature, colonial history, and the cultural responsibilities of American educational institutions. Some of the essays are among the liveliest and most easily read papers of the present day. All invite discussion, and discussion at length. In this review only three more of the essays can be touched upon.

"The American Scholar Once More" points out that American cultural traditions have been ignored or treated with ineptitude by the division of studies called the humanities in just the way departments of literature have mishandled American writing. While orientation courses have been provided on the art of Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance of the Old World, and entire curricula built about lists of great books including the legendry of India, the science of Greece, and the metaphysics of medieval Europe, the hemispheric geography and cultural history of the Americas have been slighted; and the art, literature, and evolutionary thought of the United States and other related American nations regarded as minor, if considered at all. "I am continually impressed," says Dr. Jones, "by the fact that among the humanities we seem to stress the importance of an acquaintance with every great culture except our own." After a résumé of the well-known educational experiments by Meiklejohn, Foerster, and Hutchins, the first rooted in classical heritage and the last renovating the disciplines of European scholasticism, Dean Jones comments: "I venture to suggest that a living core of interest around which the liberal college could once more be given a vital unity is the study and comprehension of American civilization." This reviewer applauds when he continues, "What I am seeking is not an administrative reorganization nor a required course nor a curricular upset nor an absorption with the immediate and contemporary, but a point of view. . . . We do not necessarily need to abandon what we are teaching, but we need to teach it in a different way. . . . I do not desire to drive Europe out of the colleges, I merely insist upon the necessity of putting America in. How long can we safely permit our students to believe that the rise of industry is all there is to the story of American life? We have faced backwards and turned to Europe in the humanities; cannot we sometimes turn westward and appraise our own accomplishments? The spirit of Emerson is likewise America. We have neglected the resources of our own spiritual life too long."

In "American Literature and the Melting Pot" and "New England Dilemma," the idea is stressed that English political and cultural traditions, if they survive, must co-operate, assimilate, and merge with the traditions of the non-English peoples in the United States. Why not with the traditions of the other Americas as well? Since this review is being written in Mexico, it is easy here for me to feel the community of political, economic,



and creative life between the American republics. The right ideas in one will have vitality in the other, and an exchange is indispensable to understanding.

It is difficult to put down the pen while reviewing this book. I felt regrets that Professor Jones' admirable researches into colonial origins did not include the colonial backgrounds of New Mexico as well as those of Virginia. The ideas of colonial New Spain are a part of the total American experiment, and the area is rich in the qualities Dean Jones declares the New England intellectual tradition gravely needs—"earthiness, emotion, a deep sense of life, a belief that intellect is not all." T. M. PEARCE

*The Ten Grandmothers*, by Alice Marriott. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1945. \$3.00.

Here are people. That their blood is Indian, their language Kiowa, their locale the Wichita Mountains, seem but accidental particularizations of history, so universally human are the men and women in these pages. Their life in actuality, both past and present, is one thing; their life in the printed record of this book is another, a triumph of the author's deep insight and literary skill in transferring the elusive vital warmth of reality from the one to the other. The book is a rich picture of Kiowa tribal life as represented by a handful of people—one or two families, their friends and associates—living between the years 1847 and 1944.

These years comprise a critical period in the history of the Kiowa and other Southern Plains tribes, a time when the flow of native life broke upon the relentless rocks of an impeding culture, churned in futile rebellion until, rechanneled, it today moves on with quiet strength in the great common stream of American civilization. The Kiowa of Miss Marriott's book appear in four generations: there are Spear Woman's parental relatives, her own age-mates at various stages of their lives, her children and their new problems, and finally her grandchildren. These genealogical levels roughly coincide with the four major sections of the book: Part I, "The Time When There Were Plenty of Buffalo" (1847-1869, native life as yet barely touched by White contacts); Part II, "The Time When the Buffalo Were Going" (1870-1883, White encroachment destroying basic subsistence and normal mode of life); Part III, "The Time When the Buffalo Were Gone" (1884-1910, complete disintegration of native life with artificial support from the patron government); Part IV "Modern Times" (1912-1944, contemporary Indian life, self-sustaining, essentially American but with strong native retentions). Biographical incidents encompassing the manifold activities and emotions inherent in Kiowa life through its phases of calm and chaos are strung on the supporting threads of Spear Woman's and Eagle Plume's lives: a child's first taste of sugar, a tired wife's need for a sister-helper, a youth's straining after spiritual power, an old man's haven of rest, such bits in all their homely, poignant intimacy are there. Skillfully the author has presented Kiowa culture in terms of its own logic

and, without explanation or apology, has rendered it comprehensible, even sympathetic, to an alien reading public.

The basic data carefully recorded from native lips are ethnographically sound, though the chosen method of presentation is not sufficiently stringent to permit free use of the material for technical purposes. But the radiance of human warmth which this book sheds will serve to illumine colder, more objective studies of Kiowa life; it will be a joy to anthropologist and layman alike.

A. H. GAYTON

*Home in the West: an Inquiry into My Origins*, by Harvey Fergusson. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1944. \$2.75.

Harvey Fergusson, the author of eight novels (several of which are excellent), one philosophical book, and one history, now adds an attempt at autobiography to an already long list of writings. He was born and reared in New Mexico, and although he left home as a very young man, he manages a rather solitary return from time to time. He calls himself an alien to the world that produced him, "one who departed but never forgot, who always returned but never again could belong." This statement, although it appears in an appendix to the book as a sort of apology or justification for this story of his first twenty-one years, might well serve for the basis of the opening chapter because it creates the mood of disillusionment and unrest that permeates the whole work. The title, *Home in the West*, is less fitting than the subtitle, *An Inquiry into My Origins*, for he is more concerned with the emotional process of his growing up than with a home that is either a family, a house, or even a town or region. The author is beset with the problem of having "something to communicate" about himself, something that he has been unable to express through the characters in his novels, however much they may have been a part of their creator. He claims to have refrained deliberately from dramatizing himself and to have looked upon his early life with detachment in the dual role of "observer and observed," but almost with the same stroke of the pen he admits the difficulty of describing "a process of becoming from the viewpoint of the subject."

Mr. Fergusson begins with an impressive description of the Albuquerque of his childhood, a sprawling Western city in the late nineteenth century, sunk into insignificance in the immensity of its natural surroundings. One feels that he loves this sight and that it must have been a powerful influence upon his rather solitary childhood. He describes his youth as being antisocial, unrestrained by the normal amount of parental influence, confined within himself. Although he was fully and contentedly aware of his natural environment, he hardly ever became a part of his human surroundings. It is interesting to note that except for his maternal grandfather, his father, and himself, the few people mentioned in the course of the autobiography pass through the pages as mere shadows, never made to live and breathe, forgotten once they are briefly mentioned.

Sympathetically and with a sketchy sort of grandeur, Mr. Fergusson

tells the story of his German immigrant grandfather, Franz Huning, an imaginative, dreamy youth, but not without practicality, who came to America in 1848 and finally landed in New Mexico in 1850, having worked his way across the country as a bullwhacker with a wagon train. He liked the place, easily adapted himself to the three-faceted culture of the region and proceeded to settle down to make his fortune, found a family, and become an integral, moving part of the frontier Southwest. Here is the skeleton of a story of consuming interest with possibilities for powerful characterization, a story to which the author has failed to give substance and life. He next, somewhat less sympathetically, sketches his father's post-Civil War background in South Carolina. The elder Mr. Fergusson migrated to the New Mexico Territory to practice law. He entered territorial politics, was sent to Washington as a delegate, and was twice elected to Congress after New Mexico became a state. According to his son, he "enjoyed the West but he never became a part of it as Franz Huning had done." He remained a Southern gentleman, deeply rooted in his own tradition.

These three influences, then, the region, the grandfather, and the father, are our author's origins. He might have done well to expand this much into a whole book rather than confine it to the first eighty pages. When he writes about his own emotional reactions to the "process of becoming" he grows dull, repetitious, and mystical. In telling of his life as an adolescent, as a cadet at a military academy, and later as a student at Washington and Lee University, he is preoccupied with his struggle to become an individual, to rid himself of the chivalrous tradition ground into him by his father, to discover woman, and free himself from the sexual inhibitions which stemmed from the Southern idealization of woman. This absorption with the minute details of his curiosity about sex, his near-sexual experiences, and the final elimination of all restraint is boring. From the point where he begins to write about himself he withdraws more and more into his own soul-searchings until hardly a breath of the real world about him enlivens the pages of his book.

It is never quite clear that Mr. Fergusson succeeds in communicating the "something" that he thinks he must, or if he does so, it is far too personal an end to mean a great deal to the reader. Even autobiography must go beyond the confines of the individual to justify the expenditure of time and energy put into both the writing and the reading of it. Someday the epic of Grandfather Huning should be written in full, perhaps even by novelist Fergusson himself, as a study of the adaptable, intrepid immigrant who so materially assisted in throwing open the American Southwest to advancing civilization. It would make a magnificent story and certainly should prove to be of more permanent value as a social document than the tortured self-probings Mr. Fergusson has given us in *Home in the West*.

MARY WICKE

*Border Command: General Phil Sheridan in the West*, by Carl Coke Rister.  
Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1944. \$2.75.

Another volume from the pen of Carl Coke Rister presents the career of General Phil Sheridan from Civil War days through his brilliant activities in the defense of the West. Crediting Sheridan's Rio Grande demonstrations of military power with part of the responsibility for the French collapse in Mexico, the author turns to the period of the military governorship of Louisiana and Texas. Apparently unable to meet the diplomatic demands of this assignment, Sheridan was removed from his position and ordered to take over a border command, the Department of Missouri, under his friend, Major General W. T. Sherman, Commander of the Division of the Missouri.

Here Sheridan dealt with "the wild Indians of the Great Plains." Few and poorly disciplined troops had to be built into a competent force to handle strong nomadic tribes. Border problems involving rights and claims in white men's scattered settlements, American and Spanish traders and adventurers of all kinds confronted Sheridan. The administrator found himself dependent upon public funds often quite inadequate and upon public opinion that ranged from indifference to white-hot anger over Indian depredations.

Sherman and Sheridan agreed upon a realistic policy of punishing recalcitrant Indians rather than upon continuation of ineffective peace agreements. Many difficulties such as remoteness from supplies and police and presence of large numbers of hostile Indians led to the unprecedented plan for winter campaigns. The battle of the Washita and the Fort Cobb powwow that followed somewhat modified original policy, but Sheridan still adhered to the fundamental tenet that "punishment shall follow crime." From south to north he and his men ranged the Indian country, working with Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, Cheyenne, and Sioux, in contact with Custer, Miles, Buffalo Bill, Satanta, Sitting Bull, and many others. Raised to the rank of Lieutenant General, given command of the Division of the Missouri, Sheridan moved into the Grant Administration and found himself confronted with a peace policy in Washington. But frontier problems were not solved by such a policy, and again Sheridan was permitted to pursue his plan of stopping Indian raids by complete military control. From the Red River to the north his realistic work was carried on. Mr. Rister says in evaluation, "His . . . solution was effective, and the way was paved for the white man's occupation of the Great Plains. . . . In the light of history, Sheridan's policy was justified."

Although Sheridan's campaigns, battles and marches, travel to Europe, and promotion to full generalship are related in some detail, the composite fails to leave a very clear picture of the man during this time. Dates, battles, commands, and events overshadow him. Descriptions such as that of the Kiowa-Comanche country and of the Indian's advantages and disadvantages for living off the land are splendidly written. But too often after such warmth of writing, the author falls back into a recital of facts that

conceal the individual of chief concern. One too wishes for references in which to trace certain facts and interesting quotations (pages 182, 184). Omissions of desired explanations and some stilted expressions are compensated for, however, in an adequate index and a splendid bibliography. This volume is a usable addition to the ever-growing literature on the expansion of the American frontier. DOROTHY WOODWARD

*100 Great Years*, by Thomas Ewing Dabney. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1944. \$4.00.

The *New Orleans Times-Picayune* played a major role in the history of Louisiana. Founded in January, 1837, as the *Picayune*, this influential daily newspaper began a most illustrious history full of innovations in news gathering, feature sections, cartoons, pictures, and editorials. Not least among its triumphs were the dispatches of war correspondents from the front of the Mexican War. One of these reporters was George Wilkins Kendall, participant in the Texan-Santa Fe Expedition and author of the famous book compiled from articles published in the *Picayune*. In 1848 Kendall went to Europe to write foreign correspondence which transformed the *Times-Picayune* from a provincial news-sheet to an organ of international comment. Telegraphic dispatches dating from 1848 further extended the scope of a press which surmounted many difficulties to make itself a sound newspaper with national and international coverage.

Perhaps one of the most unusual facts in its colorful record is its successful leadership by a woman, Pearl Rivers. As editor, publisher, and sound policy maker when women, especially in the South, were not usually accepted in the business world, Pearl Rivers introduced special editorial features, a woman's page and society section; she early sponsored Dorothy Dix and maintained continued excellence in newswriting, editorial comment, and general make-up of the paper.

Mr. Dabney has stated in his preface that no history of a newspaper can be written "without telling the history of its community," and beyond that, of state, nation, and world developments. Truly this story of the *Times-Picayune* is justly an illustration of this point of view. Perhaps no better source of social history can be found than the pages of the daily press. Hence the author compiles through the century a picture of the customs, needs, and improvements of the city of New Orleans, of state and national events. Editorials vary in subject from condemnation of duelling to "gentle ridicule" of the filthy streets; from commenting upon changing fashion, notably "bloomers," and upon the delectable oyster loaf, to taking up the torch for public education; from campaigning for protection against yellow fever and cholera to discussing river-boat races on the Mississippi and public works construction. Sports reporting ranges from bicycling to prize fights and football. Reports of art, music, and literary attractions glorify New Orleans as an unequalled Southern cultural center. Thus the many facets of the growing city and port are relayed.

Political and military history too thread through the volume: the

Mexican War, the heavy and heartbreaking events of the Civil War, post-war defiance and final peace, the era of trade expansion and civic development in the eighties and nineties, World War I, depression and postwar Ku Klux Klan, the spectacular regime of Huey Long, and the prelude to World War II. In economic history, the press follows the trends of local agriculture, especially cotton, the trade of the Mississippi, the expansion into greater sea traffic, the building of port facilities, transportation by rail and water, flood control, establishment of banks and stock exchange, market quotations. Events of local interest, such as Eads' successful opening of the Southwest Pass by jetties, centered national attention upon the city.

Mr. Dabney's lively, interesting style and his ability to present an all-around picture are evident. We note the admirable pride the author takes in his place of birth, even as we now are happy to claim him a citizen of Socorro, New Mexico. We might take issue with the use of certain superlatives and with his unqualified assumption that in 1837 "Louisiana was close to its beginnings" (page 3). We commend the explanatory footnotes and quotations from the press, the appendix and excellent index, and we note the novel arrangement of the table of contents. Mr. Dabney has written not only an able history of the *Times-Picayune*, but also an excellent, truly social history of Louisiana as seen through the pages of this active, alert newspaper.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

*A Grizzly from the Coral Sea: Conversation and Pictures*, by Tom Lea. El Paso, Texas: Carl Hertzog, 1944. \$2.00 and \$4.00.

*Charles Schreiner, General Merchandise: the Story of a Country Store*, by J. Evetts Haley; illustrations by H. D. Bugbee. Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1944. No price indicated.

Some time ago, in a notation concerning a volume of the letters of Adolph Bandelier, this department commented with pleasure and admiration on its publisher and designer, Carl Hertzog, of El Paso. It is surely no derogation of the texts of *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* and *Charles Schreiner, General Merchandise*, to treat two such disparate books in a review which chooses to link them through their common indebtedness to this same designer, Mr. Hertzog.

Connoisseurs of Southwestern items have noted, in the past ten years or so, occasional perfect little books, the product, often, of collaboration between Mr. Hertzog and the artist Tom Lea. *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* is their latest, though it will soon be succeeded by *Peleliu Landing*, a book of battle narrative and drawings, the original material of the oil paintings by Mr. Lea which were published in *Life* this summer. *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* is a thin, rare little book, recording, in conversation and pictures, Tom Lea's reminiscence in a Chungking restaurant concerning a mountain, a silver bear, and a certain General Quarters aboard the aircraft carrier *Hornet* just out of Bougainville. A West Texan, "not a professional Texan," Tom Lea loves the mountain—El Paso's Mount Franklin, "the

stone-sided mountain at home"; he has been fascinated since childhood by the grizzly, almost as an animal fetish, now embodied for him in a silver commemorative coin from Lieutenant Commander Herbert Jackson collector, whose mind met Lea's in that battle tension in the Coral Sea. The emotional synthesis of elements so diverse is one of the magical ones we owe to the impact of war on the creative artist. That the result is living unity is due to Mr. Lea's skill with the dialogue of men at war, to his painter's perception of detail—note especially his description of that General Quarters—, and to his power to distill the universally significant from his own emotional reactions.

The combined craft of Carl Hertzog and Tom Lea supports this unity at every step of the collaboration. A sea-green cover is imprinted with the stars of Ursa Major; the end papers are the drawing of a great carrier against a delicate coral sea and a muted lavender and green sky; the sea blue in which Lea's sketches are reproduced and their very placement in conformity to climax and anticlimax in the narrative attest the presence of a creative artist in bookmaking as well as in text and illustration.

That Mr. Hertzog is equally skillful in the presence of another author and other material is amply proved in his work with J. Evetts Haley's *Charles Schreiner, General Merchandise*. Mr. Haley tells in homespun Texan the story of a pioneer mercantile firm and its founder, Charles Schreiner, from the beginnings of this country store through three generations of Schreiner management in seventy-five years of serving the hill country of Kerrville County, Texas. Mr. Haley injects into his narrative the full flavor of the pioneer trade: storekeeper and customer bargain again in frontier commodities and frontier speech; characters and anecdotes vivify what might otherwise have been a dull hymn to free enterprise. Some readers, this one included, may feel that the barrelhead has been unduly beaten, even so, in the latter cause. To me, the Schreiner story is good enough in itself; to force it to adorn a present theory and point an economic moral is an unconscious anachronism, a distortion of its real import. This is a carping point, however, mentioned only because I feel it the only flaw in the otherwise perfect unity of text and book design.

Subtly and with restraint, Mr. Hertzog has used "horse and buggy" type for chapter titles, brown ink on an off-color paper ("whatever," said Haley, "you call a dun in paper language")—details which communicate the full flavor of the country store. The title page and jacket design utilize the first letterheads of the store, and H. D. Bugbee's Western sketches blend ideally with the design as a whole.

Books such as these have been largely labors of love, for these publishing ventures are not in the direct current of Mr. Hertzog's activity. That he indulges in them generously, in terms of time, skill, and money, is a fact too little noticed and appreciated, even in a Southwest which should be proud to acclaim him.

KATHERINE SIMONS

*New Mexico's Future: an Economic and Employment Appraisal*, by E. L. Moulton. Albuquerque: Committee for Economic Development, Bernalillo County, New Mexico, 1945. \$2.00.

Anyone who has followed the many economic studies of the Committee for Economic Development has been impressed with two ideas: any economic system must give opportunity for steady, high employment to survive; and no economic system can accomplish this end more effectively than one which gives emphasis at the same time to individual initiative and to control of enterprise. Mr. Moulton in his splendid summary and discussion of economic data of New Mexico has pressed this viewpoint and has suggested a pattern to be followed.

Mr. Moulton strikes a sound note in his plea for a balanced economy in this state. New Mexico is predominantly agricultural, with definitely limited room for expansion in this field. Limited rainfall and water resources are controlling factors. Our high normal unemployment (21 per cent in 1940) demands development of new opportunities for endeavor. He feels these opportunities can best be found in the field for manufacturing, particularly light and relatively high-value production. There can be no quarrel with this conclusion.

Mr. Moulton, however, has made this conclusion his beginning. New Mexico is ripe for many new manufacturing industries such as handicrafts and food and raw material processing, but it is doubtful whether sufficient growth can be obtained from this source soon enough to bring about the high level of employment the author seeks unless certain trade restrictions are ameliorated.

Equal emphasis must be placed upon the expansion of service trades. The wholesaling business, particularly the small wholesaler, has been constricted by what Mr. Moulton calls "the bogie of freight rates." Extremely favorable distribution rates into New Mexico from nearby out-of-state cities have cut unfairly the market for goods which already exists within the state. Amarillo and El Paso, for instance, enjoy lower mileage rates and commodity classifications than exist from Albuquerque and other New Mexico centers. An equalization of freight rates in this area would do much to stimulate employment in New Mexico.

The extractive industries offer, with the aid of research, a growing field for employment. The study draws a detailed picture of these possibilities. Cheap power, however, is an essential in this field. It is to be regretted that a thoroughgoing endorsement of a Rio Grande Valley development with hydroelectric power was not made in the book. Public works of this type act as a multiplier of income, a creator of property values, and a strong backbone for a healthy system of free enterprise. Mr. Moulton is too prone to point out the small percentage which public works expenditures bear to total income in the state. The significant factor is the effect these expenditures have on future income and employment. Witness the TVA.

The case for manufacturing would be stronger if more consideration



were given to the quality of labor available. There is a crying need for a comprehensive health program in New Mexico, which would have one of its purposes increased productiveness of the working man. Manufacturing will grow faster and operate at lower costs when efficient labor is present in quantity.

These criticisms are minor indeed when stacked against the genuine contribution which Mr. Moulton has made to the economic future of New Mexico. The large amount of data which he has collected and interpreted so ably should awaken many an enterpriser to the possibilities for successful industrial operations in this state.

WILLIAM J. PARRIS