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# QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Erna Fergusson, native New Mexican, author of *Dancing Gods, Fiesta in Mexico, Guatemala, Venezuela, Our Hawaii*, recently spent the better part of a year in Chile, which is the subject of her article "You Yanquis" and of her forthcoming book. Miss Fergusson's wide-ranging interest turned to Latin America long before most Americans were aware of the importance of our neighbors to the south.

E. L. Moulton has for many years been associated with the Charles Ilfeld Company in Albuquerque, one of the oldest and largest firms in New Mexico. His article was a paean read before the Ten Dons of Albuquerque and before luncheon clubs last spring. The swift succession of events and of governmental rulings since last spring has not, the editor feels, robbed the article of its value as a succinct statement of the effects of the war on business.

H. G. Alexander teaches philosophy and aesthetics at the University of New Mexico.

Spud Johnson, of Taos, pauses in his series of impressions, "On and On," to pay tribute to Gina Knee of Santa Fe. Mrs. Knee's watercolors were shown recently in New York galleries and are now to be seen at La Quinta Gallery in Albuquerque.

George St. Clair, Dean Emeritus of the College of Fine Arts and Professor Emeritus of English, University of New Mexico, continues his travel letters from previous issues of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Ray B. West, Jr., is one of the editors of the *Rocky Mountain Review* and is the compiler of the recent *Rocky Mountain Stories*. This is his first appearance in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lyle Saunders' bibliographical feature, "A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest," will be continued indefinitely. Mr. Saunders is on the staff of the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico.

J. V. Cunningham, author of the recent collection of poems *The Helmsman*, and Y. Winters, author of many books of poems and criticism, teach at Stanford. Harris Dow is a member of the English faculty at Louisiana State University. Clark Mills teaches in the modern languages department at Cornell; he has appeared in many collections with original poems and translations from French. These are the first poems published by Howard R. Houston, who lives in New England. James Franklin Lewis, one of the poets in the recent *Three Young Poets*, teaches science at Arkansas College. Winthrop Palmer writes for a dance group in New York; two of her books are reviewed in this issue. John Ciaffaglia, winner of a major award at Michigan recently, is now in the army air corps. Raymond Kresensky lives in Emerson, Nebraska; Dick Roberts in Billings, Montana; Irene Bruce in Reno, Nevada. Isobel McBride Sarvis is the wife of David Sarvis, formerly of the faculty of the University of New Mexico, now in the armed services.

Several of the reviewers in this issue are new to the readers of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. Eric Russell Bentley contributed an article on D. H. Lawrence to our last issue, and one on Stefan George to the *Partisan Review*. He now teaches at Black Mountain College. Thorstein Nickerson, now living in Albuquerque, had a bookstore in Honolulu almost up to the top of the recent "unpleasantness" there. Ruth Hannas, who sojourned recently in Albuquerque, is head of the theory department in the music school of North Carolina Woman's College, Greensboro. Mabel Major, of Texas Christian University, has been a kind of pioneer in the study of Southwestern literature. Among other things, she helped edit the biography of Bigfoot Wallace and helped write a history of literature in the Southwest. She has long been active in the Texas Folk-Lore Society.

George P. Hammond, dean of the graduate school of the University of New Mexico and editor of the valuable publications of the Quivira Society, is an eminent Southwestern and Latin American historical scholar. The rest of the reviewers are also on the staff of the University of New Mexico. Willis Jacobs, Katherine Simons, and Alan Swallow teach in the English department. W. W. Hill is in the anthropology department, Lyle Saunders in the School of Inter-American Affairs, Mela Sedillo in the College of Fine Arts, and V. C. Klepper in the department of government and citizenship.

# YOU YANQUIS

*Erna Fergusson*

**I**N OUR bustling eagerness to make friends with Latin America perhaps we are overlooking one very important party to the transaction. Do we know who is seeking friendship to the south? Can we even imagine how the North American looks to the people who receive his protestations, his emissaries, his literature, and his loans? Doubtless the people who have formulated and are carrying out the Good Neighbor policy have a very definite North American in mind—a sturdy, friendly fellow with democratic principles, honesty of purpose, and nothing remotely resembling an ulterior motive. We also know, in our several ways, the “American South” with whom this Yankee wishes to deal. We have, in fact, written for ourselves quite a literature on that subject. But the *Yanqui* whom the American South sees remains to us an unknown, even an unsuspected character. His very name, Yanqui, has connotations so different from our conception of Yankee that the most unreconstructed Southerner can respond to the title without resentment.

Because United States does not form a euphonious adjective—even in Spanish “Estado-unidense” is awkward—and the world-wide application of American to us offends Latin America, a substitute was inevitable. Mexico uses *gringo*. Hubert Herring, in his excellent *Good Neighbors*, has given us “Americans North” as opposed to “Americans South”; and that is good because it is relative. Canadians are north, Mexicans are south of us, though not in South America. But in Chile “Yanqui” is the common designation for a citizen of the United States. And in Chile it first dawned on me that the Yanqui was a well-defined personality with surprising virtues and vices, some of them so exaggerated as to stand in the way of any clear and adult understanding between us. Unfortunately for us, Americans South have not made quick trips across the United States and written superficial impressions of our quaint and curious ways, or how we seem to be adapting ourselves to

their superior civilization. They should by all means do this. V Americans North, greatly need to know what our neighbors think us. But until those books are available in English, I offer a few notes the Yanqui which were jotted down during several months in Chi

This did not come about through any design; with true Yanc complacency I was not concerned with what Chileans thought of us was thinking about them. But it soon became apparent that Chilea are sensitively, even painfully aware of us. Many, if not most, conver tions in that country sooner or later get round to polite questions abo "you Yanquis," to categorical statements, or even to a half-humorc "the trouble with you Yanquis. . . ." From such talks a character begi to take shape, even a whole family of characters with whom Chile dealing, while we plunge blindly ahead in the smug assurance th Chile knows the citizen we think we are. It is easy to say that Chilea are often mistaken, to cite instances in disproof of every trait the Chile considers typically Yanqui. But the truth or falsity of the picture is no immediate consequence; the important point is that this fictitic character is, for better or worse, the Yanqui against whom Chile judg what we do or say.

Chile knows, first, the Yanqui in his country. A young man who boyhood had been spent in the port of Valparaiso was offered a schol ship at a college in the United States. He wanted to go, but . . .

All I knew of Yanquis [he said] was what I had seen at Valpo: drunken sailors who insulted our women and smashed every- thing. They always offered to pay for what they smashed, but that to us was only added insult, for it made it so clear how little our pesos were worth against their dollars. We didn't want their dirty dollars (that's the way it seemed to us); we wanted them to treat us and our things with respect. So I went to the States with real trepidation. I was very young, you see. I had never traveled. I thought all Yanquis were ill-bred savages and when I got to New York and found how well mannered the people were and how kind, I couldn't believe it.

Sailors ashore are rowdy the world over. But men doing business a foreign country might be expected to put themselves out to ma friends; to conform somewhat to the customs of the land where th live. Yet this summation is typical.

Your men are interested only in business, they can talk nothing but business. They pay no attention to our politics unless their

precious dollars are threatened. They do not read our books. And one of them making a serious study of our history, even of our relations with his own country, is unthinkable. They are smugly, blindly unaware that we have a culture, that a life might be founded on anything besides business.

A sterner indictment of the business man is related of so many men in so many situations that there must be truth back of it somewhere. This version was told by a professor in one of Chile's universities.

One of our professors took a group of students to visit a great Yanqui plant. It is a splendid operation and well worth study. The group was conducted about by a young Yanqui who was very casual, almost rude. But our professor, who happens to be half English and a graduate of an English university, knows you Yanquis well. So he put on his Oxford accent and his most insufferable British manner. At once the Yanqui changed his tone to one of complete courtesy. He even asked the group to spend the night, offering the professor a room in the company guest house where "you won't have to associate with the natives." Remember that the professor was a "native" on the other side.

The professor who told the story will never forget it; whether he was Nazi or not I cannot say. But this is the sort of thing that the Nazis gleefully use against us.

Impossible to explain in Chile, where only gentlemen are educated, the ill-bred Yanqui was probably the graduate of some hinterland college where he might have had excellent technical training without acquiring either culture or manners. We need not be ashamed of him, because he is a product of our universal education; he has done well in the line he chose; his children will do better; they may even attain a culture capable of appreciating a foreign country. But we must deplore the fact that he has for so long been almost the only Yanqui Chile knew. The cultivated, considerate gentlemen we have also sent to Chile are always so unobtrusive (according to their kind) that they are looked upon as exceptions. "You would never take him for a Yanqui" is high praise in Chile.

The wives of these men—with some notable exceptions—Chileans brush aside with light scorn. "The Yanqui woman never interests herself in Chile, seldom bothers to speak a decent Spanish, knows nothing of our literature or history. She stays apart from our life, gets her clothes from the States, plays bridge with her friends, goes home as soon as she can."

Yanqui women, on their part, complain that Chilean women do not make them welcome. This is true for different reasons involving different classes. The small-town Chilean woman, who would be the natural friend of the Podunk woman living in Chile, does not speak English. And the Chilean woman who does speak English belongs to an aristocratic and very exclusive society. Until the war she lived in Europe more than in her own country, she moved among people of great names if not great titles. Chilean society is as inaccessible, if not more so, to the business man or engineer and his wife as is the society of, say, Philadelphia or Boston. When Yanqui women complain of Chilean women or vice versa, it is interesting to learn what class of woman in each case is speaking and what class she is talking about.

So much for the Yanqui living in Chile. Though many are liked even loved, the casual visitor with an ear cocked for both good and bad hears more bad than good. The Yanqui in Chile must mend his manners if he (including she) is going to make a vital contribution to international understanding and good will.

The casual Yanqui, traveling expensively through the country or staying a short time for study, as a government representative, or (most suspect of all) to write a book, has much to answer for. Now and then one earns heartfelt praise, and the terms of approbation are suggestive.

A professor of Chile's national university spoke of a member of our embassy, recently transferred. "He alone could solve all the problems of cultural relations between us. He dominated Castilian [as the Spanish phrase it], and he could use Chilean slang; he knew our history, had read our classics and kept up with modern books; he was more Chilean than the Chileans." Of a student of Chilean literature: "He became one of us. His printed studies of Chilean literature show deep understanding of the idiom and the mode of thought." Of another: "He and his wife became so much a part of Santiago that their going leaves a gap in our social and cultural life. They both spoke Spanish, they worked with the *Instituto Chileno Norte Americano de Cultura*; they sang in the Ambassador's choir; they were Chileans to us."

Another and a sadder story was told of a group of students from a small college in the United States. Off on a junket, they appeared more frequently in the night clubs than in the lecture halls; they put their feet on the plush seats of special railroad coaches supplied them as a courtesy; they failed to attend cultural or even social events planned for them. On one occasion, when they had been invited to a handsome

home, so few of the honor guests showed up that Chilean friends of the United States hastily substituted other Yanquis that the exquisite buffet supper should not go untasted, that the rude disregard of hospitality should not be too apparent. But it was apparent. That group of students has confirmed Chile's impression that all Yanquis are uncultured and ill mannered. Many generations of decenter students will have difficulty in changing that opinion.

Writers are looked upon with suspicion. As why should they not be? There is something impudent about bouncing into a country, uninvited, to write about it. A citizen might reasonably inquire: "Who are you, anyway? How dare you assume that you are fitted to write about us? Why should we who live here have to submit to have ourselves presented to your countrymen as we happen to strike you? Is your judgment any good? Is your heart in the right place? Can you speak our language, appreciate our point of view? Do you know our history, our literature? Are you going to stay long enough, study hard enough to qualify on any of these points?"

Chileans did not ask me just these questions, but they were implicit in many remarks.

A woman professor, looking at me with a calculating eye, said: "The most charming and clever Yanqui woman I ever knew lived at a mine. She studied Spanish, published a little paper in English which she filled up with news and items of interest about Chile. She studied at our University and read our books. She stayed five years. When we asked her why she did not write a book about Chile, she said she did not know enough."

A male colleague of hers said: "The trouble with you Yanquis is that you don't stay long enough. . . . You are staying longer? Good! But not long enough. . . . And these Yanqui newspaper men who stay four days, talking in bars with young exchange students who have some figures but who understand nothing and then write a book *explaining* Chile. . . . Well!" Spanish is rich in explosive expressions of scorn.

So Chile judges us by the examples we send. But Chile's Yanqui who comes from the movies and is rounded out by hearsay is an even more fantastic character and much more widely known. Gangsters, cowboys, divorcees, idle rich, flip youngsters, colleges dedicated to sports, government given over to graft, homes rife with dissension have produced a composite conception that marks even fairly mature judgments. Impossible to explain that movies are made of the striking and



unusual; that the everyday dullness of the law-abiding citizen, the modest home, the student who studies, the honest and efficient public servant, has no dramatic appeal. To an extent, truly alarming, Chile judges the American home as something fairly represented by *Philadelphia Story*, *The Women*, or *Susan and God*. And Yanqui women are more talked about and more misunderstood than men because the contrast is so sharp between the Chilean girl who is educated in a convent and guarded at home and the Yanqui girl who goes to school with boys, plays and works with them, and grows up to have a vote and a job.

The mildest judgment of the North American mother comes out in such comments as this.

Of course your mothers feel no responsibility for their families as we do. We always have to be with the grandmother, with the children, or the husband. You believe in individual rights; you let the old folks and the children look out for themselves. If your women tire of a husband or fall in love with another man, they divorce and remarry; they insist upon their right to be happy. We Chileans are all married to the wrong men because we marry so young and because we never know our husbands before marriage. Of course we are unhappy, but we stay with the wrong man for the sake of the children. Our children are our greatest concern, much greater than our own happiness.

Thinking of our intense young mothers with their books, magazines and lectures on infant care and child psychology, their constant concern that pre-school children shall not be left to servants, I asked, "Where do you get the notion that our mothers feel no concern for their children?"

"From the movies," she laughed, but went on to propound a truly disturbing question. "Please answer me frankly; I have heard it said often that all your girls begin life at thirteen or fourteen. Is that really true?"

"You mean mature?"

"No, begin to live, to know men. We hear that your way of educating boys and girls together leads naturally to babies; that all your girls—well, maybe not all—but it is the custom for girls to have babies very young, that there are great institutions to care for them; that the girls then enter a life of freedom and adventure and marry late. A friend of mine who was there said one seldom sees young mothers in the United States; that only mature women have legitimate babies."

This speech so overwhelmed my amazed brain that I could only muster up a few denials. I had recently read that the average girl in the United States marries at twenty or twenty-two. I said, but doubt that I was believed, that young people can study and play together without the need of maternity homes. But how can one combat such misinformation? My questioner, who had some doubt but was more than half convinced by what she had heard, was a mature woman of good family, with a sixteen-year-old daughter, well-read, widely traveled (in Europe, not in the United States), a writer, a person of much more than average intelligence.

Later I quoted this conversation to a sensible social worker, a Chilean woman who had studied and worked in the United States and knew our failures as well as our successes. She was grave.

Yes, such tales are widely believed. The movies partly. Propaganda too. We are not free of magazines which feature the worst Yanqui pictures and lurid news stories as generally true. . . .

But it is more serious that we find you on the whole simple and gullible. I know from my social work that trust is the best way to bring out the good in a person. Chileans do not believe that. They see pictures of your boys and girls together in sports, in swimming suits, unchaperoned; they think you are fooled in your belief that no evil comes of it.

Yet your American homes, filled with confidence, are wonderful, the happiest homes I have ever seen. And happiness is what you want most, isn't it? With us it is not so. Our mothers tell us to expect unhappiness with our husbands, with our children. . . . We are a lot of neurotics compared with you. A Chilean woman believes that if she loves her husband she must hang on him, if she loves her children she must hang over them and spoil them. Your methods, in comparison, are so—[she sought a word]—so professional. In a family everyone is an individual; everyone's rights are respected. I think your trust is sometimes carried to the point of being ridiculous, your confidence amounts to simplicity, but I think too that you avoid more evils with your methods than we ever do with ours.

Another Chilean woman, who knew only New York, found there a special and curious simplicity. Our guilelessness is a theme dear to Chileans.

Your young people take themselves so seriously, they have none of the Chilean's deprecating humor. A young Yanqui will

say: "I have a very interesting and unusual job. I'm head of my section in the corset department (or the drug store lunch counter or the hot dog factory)." They push it to the point of being utterly ridiculous. A sober youngster will say: "I am a writer . . . three plays, a short story. . . . Well, I haven't published anything yet, but I have such and such contacts, hopes. . . ."

A Chilean would die before he called himself a writer unless he had a long list of notable books to his credit, but *notable!* He'd be laughed at until he couldn't stand it. But the great difference is that you Yanquis have a self-respect that we lack. Each Yanqui feels himself a person of consequence. He has pride in himself, in his job. He is not afraid. We are afraid of ridicule, of failure, we are afraid to try. A Yanqui of ordinary talent can develop and train himself, get ahead, make a success. Here he would be lost.

So this brings us to the Chileans who have been in the United States. As a rule they admire our country and like us. Many of them are such intense adherents of the United States that they battle for us against their own. Even when their cool and critical observation looks through our pretentiousness and their penetrating humor makes sport of our bumptiousness, their mature judgment sees the other side of every shield, the virtues inherent in the vices, respects the fine principles on which our government is founded, and has confidence in our goal if not always in our ability to keep steering toward it.

And so this is the way the young student who feared that our entire population acted like drunken sailors in Valparaiso finished his story.

I called up my courage and went. I am a scientist; I wanted to see what was being done in my line. New York was not so good for a South American. But when I got beyond that—I went as far as California—I found the real Americans—kind, friendly, hospitable, generous.

Your people are generous as Europeans have never been. In Paris I called on the Director of the Pasteur Institute. He received foreigners, they told me, only on Thursday. So I stayed over almost a week to see him. The day I called I waited an hour. And when I did see him he would give me nothing; his knowledge was a secret to guard against foreigners. In Washington, in contrast, when I went to the bureau which interested me, I was received at once by the chief; in two minutes I was sitting at his desk. And he gave me every aid he could, let me see everything I wished. I did not feel like a stranger in the United States, but like a colleague.

Your friendliness is universal, but President Roosevelt has done wonders to express it. When he sent Sra. Davila home in a plane, all Chile appreciated it. That one act was worth any number of formal protestations, or cultural delegations. "Only a true friend," says the ordinary Chilean, "would do that."

A Chilean girl who spent four years in United States colleges said:

At first I found the girls too naïve and simple for any use. We, in our *liceos*, had deep philosophical talk, discussions of music or art. Those Yanqui girls seemed to have no intellectual interests at all. But afterward I found they could talk well if they were asked. Their frivolous front was a convention; back of it they worked hard, and they played hard too—at sports or at week-end dates. And they were marvelously friendly to me. I was taken to the loveliest homes and made to feel so at home.

I liked the girls' college better. I was in a co-educational one too; and there I found the competition as fierce as in a jungle. Sororities made treaties, but their real ethic is a tooth-and-claw one. And the get-your-man struggle is a fight to the death with no rules respected. In comparison the girls' college was filled with a wonderful spirit of mutual helpfulness and co-operation.

I'd like to live in the States, yes. The Yanqui is probably the best husband in the world. But as long as I teach, I'd rather live in Chile. Here there is more chance to use your ideas; we are just starting. There everything is cut and dried; you have to fit into a rigid system; your ideas are no good until you have taken many degrees and are too old and set to have a new idea.

It is only fair to state that this young woman teaches in the only progressive school in Chile.

Much of Chile's disesteem for us comes from what they have seen of our education. A young Chilean engineer, on his way to take a Westinghouse job, asked seriously:

Is it true that your college students are interested only in sports? A friend of mine wrote me from Stanford that the students there take no interest in politics or in abstract ideas. He says they will fight for the sports section of the paper and the funnies, but never read the serious pages. And the most popular man in the college—he said, but I cannot believe—is a champion at a sport, who has no books in his room, not even a chair at his desk. . . . Can this be true? And why is it? Why are they not interested in ideas, in affairs?

One need not be able to answer such questions to understand Chile's conception of the Yanqui.

More mature travelers, perhaps more guarded in what they say dwell on other qualities which are, after all, not incompatible with gullibility and lack of culture.

One of a group of newspaper men who spent a month working on daily in the United States and another month in travel, said:

To me the most impressive quality of the United States was its spirituality—yes, spirituality. I expected commercialism, materialism, preoccupation with money. I found people everywhere concerned with the general welfare, generous in giving money and support to every effort for good.

And hospitable! Surely there never was such hospitality! Not labored like ours, but casual and completely sincere. They seem to say: "So here you are! Well, make yourself at home!" And they mean just that. With none of the protestations we make they make you feel that you are really at home and may do as you like.

And kind! Even in your hectic great cities a Yanqui will stop in full flight to understand a South American's halting question, to give directions, even to walk along and show the way.

A woman who knew only New York, had another impression.

Any other city [she said] could be known from reading about it. New York, never, because its most notable quality is its rhythm. Without having felt that one can never know New York. Everybody is caught in its pace. Let one fall fainting or injured and who can stop to help? Nobody! If one pauses a second on a subway stair he loses his train, misses his connection, arrives late, loses his job. For no human consideration prevails against the rate and pace of the machine.

This Doña Julia had never beheld the throngs that gather round an accident, free to stand gaping until the police make them give way for the ambulance with stretcher bearers, doctor, and nurse. The importance of her observation seems to be in her impression of a life so geared to the machine that all human values are lost.

An old scholar and gentleman just back from his first visit to the United States had also noted a human lack. He received me in his library with busts of the philosophers on the tall bookcases and books piled everywhere. He rose courteously to greet me, but sank promptly back into the armchair which he had long ago shaped to fit his every curve. "I should have gone when I was younger," he smiled.

At almost eighty, one is too old to stand the excitement, to accustom oneself to strange customs. Meal hours were new to me, and

the quantity of food seemed very little. As you know, we Chileans eat too much. And glasses of water with ice in them to take with meals? No, no, I could never do that after a lifetime of Chilean wines.

And in the United States there are no servants. That I could never adjust myself to. All my life I have had four or five people to answer my bell, to attend me, to lay out my clothes, to hand me things. In your country there are no servants, only employees. . . . It's democracy, I know. I admire it, I believe in it, I've been a democrat all my life. But I couldn't live it.

A Chilean woman who has lived in our country and really studied it, gave me a summing up of our character as she found us at home, which may perhaps offer some solace for what Chileans think of us in Chile.

After three visits to the United States [she said] I began to get its essence. Especially after a three-cornered trip I made to the United States, to Europe, and back to your country again. We are so much closer to Europe than you are. I saw that. I felt your freshness, your youth, your simple directness. Compare Charles Boyer in *El Puerto de Oro* [*Hold Back the Dawn*] with the innocent schoolteacher played by Olivia de Havilland and you will see what I mean. We are closer to the complicated European with his mixed motives, his indirections, his distrust of everyone. You have faith as we have not. In spite of our reputed Catholicism you are much more religious. People talk about their religion. Curious! They always asked me what my religion was. It gave me such a shock the first time. One would never do that in Chile. Never!

But you Yanquis are honest, completely frank. You say what you think; you are direct and clear. That is why, often, we find you crude. We cannot bear the full clear light you shed. We are afraid to see too much. We do not trust each other as you do. You really have no classes. There are rich and poor; there are different social cliques, but there is constant movement among groups. You have no rigid class lines as we have. The United States, compared with any other country I have known, is a true democracy. Men meet each other on a level, deal with each other honestly. There is complete unity among you.

This was leaving me even more breathless than some of the critical remarks I had heard. "Unity?" I recalled our politics, our isolationists, our professional howlers. "Unity of what?"

"In your fundamental belief in liberty, in the value and dignity of the individual, in your tolerance. . . ."

"Ojala!" I said, using the expressive Spanish ejaculation which comes from the Arabic and means: "Oh, Allah! May it be so!"

## THE WAR AND ITS IMPACT ON AMERICAN BUSINESS

*E. L. Moulton*

THE WORLD again is engaged in a great war. It is unanimous agreed that before it is ended it will have been the greatest human struggle of all time. Compared with this one all previous conflicts have been mere brief previews. This war was begun at the instance of a fanatic who aspired to world domination. That was and is his personal ambition; it is the apotheosis of the Prussian spirit of German aggression. Through the pages of history we read of ambitious characters who, in their respective eras, sought to dominate the earth. With an exception or two, each in turn failed, only to be followed in later periods by others who sought to do what their predecessors had failed to do. The germ of this miasmatic protoplasm which has caused the periodic eruptions of the Prussian spirit had its origin in Central Europe in the years 406-453, in the being of Attila, the King of the Huns. Attila has been called the "Scourge of God." He was actuated by no sense of moral right, by no divine instinct, by no human consideration. He was actuated solely by a cruel, dominating spirit which sought only to destroy. And he destroyed and dominated. That spirit has flared up periodically since. In modern history it has manifested itself in the persons of Frederick the Great, Bismarck, and William the Fourth. Now Hitler is the embodiment of it.

It will continue to manifest itself and be a "Scourge of God" until that Prussian military spirit is uprooted and completely exterminated. And that task today is made the more difficult by reason of the existence of a parallel to this Prussian spirit in the form of the military spirit of Japan.

At this writing, when the gloom of the fall of Singapore and Java and Burma hangs over us, and the fortunes of war seem adverse to

nearly every front, it is rather difficult to appraise the situation, economically, in this country today. The adverse effect on our personal fortunes or business as a whole seems dwarfed when contrasted with the picture of a rich and powerful nation in imminent peril. The awful possibility of losing the war strikes terror to our souls. Complacency no longer exists except in the mind of a dotard or a sympathizer with German culture or Nipponese infamy. And, perhaps too late, the question of whether this is our war or not, has ceased to be an academic question.

The writer does not believe that a war such as this is ever started merely because of economic exigency. It is now definitely known by us, and by all other intelligent peoples, that wars do not produce economic gain. All of those engaged in this struggle know that fact. Nevertheless wars do have a terrific impact upon the economic life of all peoples, and disastrous economic results are usually one of the chief casualties of war. Let us examine, then, the effect of war on business in general, at the beginning, during the progress of the war, and after the war has ended.

If we go back into the history of this country as far as the war with Mexico, we find that for a period of time at the incipience of every war there was quite a sharp depression. A short one followed the beginning of the Mexican War; one of a year and a half's duration occurred at the beginning of our Civil War; a sharp one lasting nearly eighteen months occurred at the outbreak of World War I; and, except for two months right at the beginning, the first year of World War II was a period of depression. These business recessions are due almost entirely to psychological reactions; a comparatively fixed pattern can be quite easily traced.

By and large our economic activity is made up of two primary efforts. One is agriculture which produces our food and certain raw materials; the other is industry, consisting of mining, manufacturing, transportation, etc. The products of agriculture are sold partially at points of origin, but largely in the highly developed market centers; the products of industry are sold through a vast distributing maze. The ownership of agricultural resources is largely individual; the control of industry is largely corporate, with a vast number of stockholders participating in the ownership and in the income. The stock is widely held, belonging to investors at home and also in foreign lands. When a war breaks out and it is known that large quantities of food and other commodities will



be needed, markets hit the ceiling the first day. Under the commodity exchange law now in effect, only a maximum advance or decline permitted in one day. But whether under a limit, as now, or without one, as formerly, commodities usually advance rapidly at the beginning of a war. On the other hand, the stock market always falls at the beginning. The reason is as stated—psychological; the explanation is that capital is always timid. Investors are fearful that their securities will decline in value. They dread to take a loss. It is a time, to them, when the only thing of value, it seems, is money itself. Also at such a time a foreign investor sells in order to secure exchange with which to purchase the commodities which his country will need. Therefore, stock markets act unfavorably, securities fall sharply in value, and sometimes the exchanges are closed. Note the ever-recurring pattern. After the first sharp impact is over and people have had an opportunity to realize things fully and adjust their emotional equilibrium, they realize that people do not eat much more in time of war than in times of peace, and that agriculture is susceptible of rather prompt expansion. So the speculative fever wanes promptly, commodity prices return to normal, and a little later usually decline. And securities which sharply decline at the beginning, on account of sharp liquidation, find, fairly promptly, ready buyers looking for bargains, who know the large part of the industry plays in war, especially modern wars. Then the pendulum market ticker swings or fluctuates back and forth. Finally a decline occurs in because some investors cannot be so patient as to wait until actual war material production starts. So at the beginning of most wars, as was the case in this war, there is a period of depression, lasting from a year to eighteen months.

World War II started September 3, 1939. There was a sharp advance in the prices of a few commodities, such as sugar and lard, but those advances lasted only a month or two; thereafter, and until May of 1941, business was not active, and prices remained fairly stationary and, on the average, at low levels. Stock market prices reacted from the first setback and then settled into a decline which has continued down to the present time. What will happen to the market quotations of the big industrial leaders when they get into full swing in the production of war material remains to be seen. It is generally believed, however, that because of the very heavy tax rates now in effect, and the promised increases in the coming measure, security prices will fail to maintain the pattern heretofore designed.

So much for this first phase of war—the short depression. Thereafter, the second phase is entered. Tremendous industrial activity develops. The government votes millions and billions, as in the present conflict, for the purchase of all kinds of war material. And, as wars now are so preponderantly mechanical, the cost of supplying armies and navies with all the mechanical weapons devised is tremendous. Such weapons call for vast quantities of steel, iron, aluminum, and other basic materials. The making of these materials requires a vast amount of labor. Nothing can be done in an orderly manner; there is much haste and confusion. The only thought is to hurry up and win the war. The result of the appropriation and distribution of the vast sums often is inflation. Agricultural prices advance because of accelerated demand, wages in all lines rise sharply because of the competition for labor, industry for civilian production usually competes with the government for basic materials, and a spiral of advancing costs and advancing prices develops. This inflation is pleasant to take, and all kinds of excesses are indulged in. This generally goes on for the duration. Finally the war ends. And even though we are on the winning side, the subsequent adverse effects are catastrophic. There was a depression in 1848 after the Mexican War; a very serious depression in 1865 and 1866, after the Civil War, followed by a secondary postwar depression lasting from 1874 to 1879; and finally the sharpest and most precipitous decline in all history in 1921 and most of 1922, after World War I. The losses sustained by the country during these postwar depressions and the burden of debt piled up have always been infinitely greater than the material gains of the war boom. Paradoxically, then, the net result of war is a terrific loss.

I have pointed out that there was a flurry for a month or so at the outbreak of the war in Europe. Thereafter, and until about May, 1941, there was little, if any, increase in business activity. It was a period of almost hopeless argument in Congress over three fundamental issues. It seems to the writer that no greater proof of the operation of our democratic system was ever displayed in this country than the long debates and exhaustive consideration of the three measures which were finally enacted into laws. First, there was the proposed amendment of the neutrality act. The debate on this lasted for about three months, although the administration had the votes to push it through quickly at any time. Second, there was the lend-lease program, which appropriated over seven billions of dollars for the aid of those countries fight-

ing Germany and Italy. This did not take so long to pass. We seemed finally, to be willing to provide means with which Great Britain and others still free could the better fight the menace to the world. It was finally passed almost unanimously. But when it came down to actually raising an army for our own defense, the debate continued for months. We recognized the danger to the world and naturally to ourselves when we voted funds with which the other countries could fight. But when the administration asked Congress to raise an army so we could do little fighting ourselves, the argument was on, and it seethed for months. The question could have been brought to a vote and carried months before it actually was decided, had the administration desired to force the issue. But everyone in and out of Congress was permitted to argue, as the weary months dragged by. Finally the conscription law was passed with certain amendments which were dangerous for the country. But it provided for an army and the machinery was put in motion. Priceless months were lost in debate, but our democratic system prevailed. It was still stoutly maintained that this was not our war, that we were in no danger, and that none of "our boys" should ever fight away from home. Then came Pearl Harbor and finally a united nation, except for the fifth columnists and German-paid sympathizers in our midst. How clear the issue is today, how menacing the danger! As to those who urged caution or playing safe it is so regrettable that proper steps were not taken long ago! But democracy held sway, the isolationists had their say, and to a large extent we went about our easy, comfortable ways until the conflagration crept up almost to our doorstep. Whether the blaze can now be quenched remains to be seen. It is blazing at white heat in ever widening circles. No one can feel safe.

Just as this is the most terrific war in all history, so it promises to cause the most serious dislocations of business and the most serious effect on activities—professional, occupational, and personal, of all time. The effect is already seen and soon will gain tremendous momentum.

The dislocations referred to are due to two primary causes. First, the production for war requires such quantities of material and such vast amount of labor, that material and labor for the production of civilian goods are largely unavailable. Second, the cost of all this huge governmental outlay must be paid through taxation and through borrowings from the citizens, which in turn must be paid back later in additional taxes. The result is a curtailment in purchasing power during the war and after the war.

Some materials used for war purposes are unlimited in quantity

But many materials and many kinds of labor are not. Therefore there will be a shortage of materials and labor for the production of civilian goods. The shortage in labor is increased also by reason of the large number of young men drafted and to be inducted into military service. It is now calculated by the best authorities that the military and war-goods production effort will take half the man power and more than half of the raw materials of the nation. The other half cannot possibly produce and distribute the full normal requirements of the civilian population. Therefore there will be extreme shortages in goods. Therefore, also, there will be less goods to sell, less goods to transport, less goods to consume.

The net result of all this, as the writer views it, is about as follows:

The five to seven million men in military service are quite largely eliminated as an economic factor because of their non-productive activity and relatively small wages received. The twenty million to be engaged in war materials production will earn tremendous amounts in the aggregate, but will have limited opportunity to buy goods with these earnings. The balance of the earning population consists of agriculturists and the rest of the civilian population. The agriculturists will probably earn a much larger sum than normally. They will pay larger taxes but will have larger amounts left with which to buy manufactured goods. These goods, as stated before, will be scarce because of scarcity of raw materials and scarcity of manufacturing facilities. The "rest of the civilian population" referred to, will as far as possible produce and distribute the goods for their own requirements, for the requirements of the agriculturists, and for the requirements of the twenty millions engaged in war-goods production. New workers, principally women, will be recruited and trained into this service. But, when it is realized that, normally, it requires all of those engaged in war and war production now, and nearly all of the balance, to produce the goods which both of these groups normally consume, it is easily understood why half of that number cannot possibly produce the goods that are normally required. On top of all this, when it is realized that much of the material used in the manufacture of goods for civilian use is not obtainable at all, because it is commandeered for military purposes, and when many other materials are available only in limited quantities or rationed quantities, then it easily can be seen why there will be severe shortages in consumer goods.

What will be the result on business or on our economic life, of all this dislocation? It would seem to be about as follows:

The war-goods production industries will earn vast sums. However under the present tax laws and those to be enacted, they will retain less in their surpluses than formerly. For instance, the huge United States Steel Corporation paid federal taxes of 85 million dollars in 1940 leaving 102 million dollars in net earnings. For 1941 they will pay federal taxes of 180 million dollars and retain only 112 millions net. Thus, their taxes increased 95 millions of dollars but their net earnings increased only ten millions of dollars. And under the proposed new law they will earn much less net than was earned in 1940. Therefore, as far as the war-goods production manufacturers are concerned, the net result will be negative. The wage earners in these industries will earn vastly more than normally, will pay some more taxes, and because personal spending will be curtailed, they will be able to save more money. They will be strongly urged to buy Government securities. The agriculturist will be affected quite similarly to the wage earner and probably will save his money in the same way. The manufacturer of goods for civilian use will produce much less goods than formerly, by reason of shortage of raw materials and shortage of labor. But, as only about one half the number will be engaged in this activity each will be quite full and profitably occupied. However, these persons also will pay much higher taxes and in the end will be no better off, except that they will be in position to continue in their established businesses after the war. The real casualty of the dislocation, it seems to the writer, is the distributor of civilian goods. His services cannot be transformed to activities connected with war-goods production. By reason of the vast decrease in the quantity of civilian goods available, the transporters, the wholesalers, and the retailers of such goods will be very adversely affected. Approximately only half the usual quantity of goods will be transported or sold.

So, as we see it, this is the general situation:

Wage earners .....	Gain
War-goods manufacturers .....	No loss—no gain
Agriculturists .....	Gain
Civilian-goods producers .....	No loss—no gain
Distributors and allied services .....	Net loss

The government has enacted laws to make the war effort effective. It has enacted laws, also, to attempt to soften the shocks, the terrible impacts of the effects of war on the civilian population. First and foremost the government insists on having whatever it needs to prosecute

the war, namely, men and money and materials. Thus the draft, the heavy taxes, the control of all war or other materials. The government also attempts to control the cost of materials for war and prices of goods for consumer use, by price control legislation. It is a very difficult thing to do, but the effort is commended by all thoughtful and unselfish people. The manufacturer ever aims to keep prices down and succeeds. The processor likewise strives always to produce and prepare food supplies at lowest possible cost. The distributor likewise does everything his ingenuity can devise to reduce the cost of transferring goods from the manufacturer to the consumer. The efforts of these two factors—manufacturers and distributors—exemplify the competitive system at its best. The net result is beneficial to all. However, there are elements in our economic life who, mistakenly, have a different philosophy. The agriculturist and the wage earner rather erroneously believe that high prices and high dollar wages are desirable. Naturally it is very difficult to make proper adjustments or to secure the ideal balance, but the history of our economic system proves conclusively that high prices for farm products are not an unmixed blessing, and that high dollar wages for labor are not necessarily a high real wage, but quite often the very opposite. So the price control legislation is commendable, though peculiarly it has little control over the two elements which now most need control, namely, labor and agriculture. This situation exemplifies one of the weaknesses of our democratic system.

A brief reference to the practical steps taken to control supplies for war purposes as well as efforts to control prices will perhaps be of interest.

All are familiar with some steps the government has taken. The War Production Board has authority to appropriate to its use any materials it needs. The Office of Price Administration exercises authority over prices, within the limits permitted by the farm bloc and labor bloc of Congress. The War Production Board started off by appropriating most of the base metals. Aluminum was taken over entirely. Steel was placed on an allocation basis. Priorities were established which provided the order in which steel products were to be allocated. As war production increases, the amount allocated for civilian use declines. Today, for instance, nails and bale ties may be secured on a basis of 100 per cent of the 1940 purchases, not 1941. Allotment is made, however, on a quarterly basis and depends, also, on whether the mill the distributor usually buys from can furnish the material. Barbed wire or

other fencing is on a basis of seventy per cent of 1940 purchases, with the same restrictions regarding supplies. Sheet metal and roofing are theoretically, on a seventy per cent basis, but actually none is now available. Pipe is available up to seventy per cent of 1940. Production of tires is cut eighty to ninety per cent, with amazing restrictions as to sale. In the appliance line, domestic refrigerators are out, with stock on hand frozen. Washing machines are curtailed sharply. Gas ranges are cut fifty per cent. Ammunition and firearms are restricted sharply. Canvas goods are entirely out. Manila rope is out, sisal uncertain. I estimate now that we shall be able to secure less than fifty per cent of our purchases of hardware items last year. In groceries the rules change from day to day. Sugar, first, is on a basis of eighty per cent of the supply of 1941. That left the policing job to the wholesaler. New regulations are coming out which will give the consumer, on stamp certificates, eight ounces of sugar per person per week. These certificates are turned in to the retailer, who turns them over to the wholesaler, who, in turn, delivers them to the refiner. The plan for eating-houses is yet to be worked out. In canned goods, some items are limited to seventy per cent of the 1940 pack. Others are not restricted. But certain sardine cans are now prohibited, to save tin. Dry pack vegetables, such as beans, may be canned no more. That kind of food must be prepared now by the good housewife. Of interest, I am sure, is canned dog food, which now is completely out. In this connection it is amazing to know that more tin has been used in the past in canning dog food than has been used in canning tomatoes or corn. Soups, such as Campbell's, will be limited to three varieties.

This brief recital shows some restrictions. There are many more. The mail of a business man is flooded with new orders and new interpretations. Price ceilings are also set and there will be more, but unless wages or raw materials advance there will be little need of much price control, because the competitive system is still in vogue.

Yes, indeed, the repercussions of this war, like the war itself, are the greatest of all time. As pointed out, various segments of the population will be affected quite differently during the war. But in the end all will suffer. For the after-effects of war are cataclysmic. However, if I correctly appraise the temper of the American people, we are prepared to take the bitter with the less bitter, to do anything and everything required without whimpering, to make any and all sacrifices for our nation, and to die, if need be, that "this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

## TYPES OF AESTHETIC APPEAL

*H. G. Alexander*

**T**HOUGH BEAUTY is usually assumed to be the essential quality of aesthetic appeal, it is well recognized that objects which have such appeal are not equally beautiful. Some aesthetic objects are just pleasantly pretty, and some, from certain angles at least, may even appear ugly. Now beauty is a quality singularly difficult to define, and often difficult to locate, though its influence in matters of human behavior is very great indeed, as witness the fact that for many peoples and cultures, the search for beauty has been more compelling than the search for truth.

In the first place, let us not prejudice ourselves with the assumption that beauty is the aesthetic essence. It may rather be an *emergent quality* which arises from certain basic types of aesthetic appeal. If we can analyze these types of appeal and discover in what way the aspect of beauty customarily attaches to them, we should seem to have a potent argument in favor of such a view, and at least a starting point for further exploration.

It is often noticed that the term "beauty" may have a wider or a narrower meaning. Sometimes in the narrow sense it is contrasted with other "aesthetic types," such as the comic, the tragic, the sublime, or the pretty. On other occasions it refers equally to the whole range of aesthetic appeal. If, however, it is an emergent quality, as we have just postulated, there will be certain preliminary or prerequisite qualities whose combined presence will produce a sense of beauty in varying degrees.

Our first task is that of establishing the basic types. Now the good dialectician—like the good carver, as Socrates remarked—is concerned with the following of *natural* distinctions. Economy of thought demands that we think in terms of large groups or classes or types, and



from this point of view we observe how necessary and useful are such groupings. But it is never certain that divisions and classifications are natural. Upon closer scrutiny it turns out that classifications have little stability. Too often they walk around as did the definitions of Euthyphro at the hand of a greater Daedalus.

It is hard to escape the conviction that in the last degree all classifications and analyses are in some measure arbitrary, that nature, for some reason, does not produce clear-cut boundaries, and that our logic must create these before reasoning can commence. If that is so, the sciences too are partially arbitrary in their descriptions; for there is no science which is so completely particular in reference that it is not concerned with classes of objects or events. Historical science approaches particularity, but even there, comparisons, abstractions, and generalizations are commonplace and necessary.

In a world of innumerable objects and events we glance about and hunt feverishly for the similarities and groupings which appear to be the only road to intellectual salvation. We may pause to notice that in the process we are aided by linguistic habit. Language, as given to us, has already dichotomized experience into classes. Linguistic symbols are for most of us, that is, terms which symbolize some key image or central type from and by which we customarily judge the nature of other objects or events in experience. Any term but a proper name is from the very beginning a metaphor. It symbolizes a group of objects a more or less different from the key image; but since it focuses attention upon the similarities, the differences are usually neglected. It often happens that several key images refer almost equally well to the same situation creating a momentary perplexity of terminology. Or it may be that in spite of the customary usage the differences are excessive, in which case the metaphorical character of the terms is more apparent. For example, if we extend the term "book" to a looseleaf notebook, the differences are not too great, but if we should call a building a "veritable book," the metaphor is seen immediately. What happens? Simply in the light of a certain key image (e. g., book) some aspect of the new object (e. g., building) is called to mind. The latter is, as it were, thrown into an unusual *perspective* by means of the metaphor.

Thus a class of objects is an extended type, the product of the extension of a key image through experience, finding thereby the similarities, and neglecting (we must remember) the differences. Linguistic terms, in a sense, then, are tools for the investigation of

experience and the discovery of perspectives just as much as telescopes or galvanometers. Each name that is at all applicable enhances the understanding of the new object or situation.

It has been stated that our linguistic, logical, and mathematical symbols are metaphorical. Now, the aesthetic temperament enjoys rather the use of far-fetched metaphor, while the scientific temperament prefers the safe similarity which holds within narrow extensions of meaning, cases in which the presence of metaphor is scarcely noticeable. Indeed, the scientific ideal would be to find nature so perfectly dichotomized that logical and mathematical symbols might apply precisely. In a sense, the artist is bolder in his application of terms. He is more concerned with insight than with precision. He loses the ability to create the careful system of interconnected data which the scientist seeks, but he gains the inspiration of a brilliant *rapproch* in the face of great contrast. And by this very device a sense of reality is created which is lacking in scientific abstractions.

The basic intellectual and philosophical value is the sense of realities. Art, insofar as it can capture a feeling of reality, shares in this value. Now, historical science is an effort to recite actual events, but history is only ideally the story of reality, for the real is too complex and elusive to be taken altogether into human consciousness and understanding. Customarily we abstract in two ways from historical reality: (1) toward repetition of similar events, and the abstract patterns of science; (2) toward single, unique events and the particularity which is better represented in art. But just as the abstract pattern has meaning only in its reference back to the historical reality, so the single event has meaning only in some extended context. In drama this context is that of the "whole story," the beginning, the middle, and the end. The dramatic quality of the single event is due, then, to the realization of its significance in the whole process. In general, dramatic qualities are those closely associated with man's fears, desires, strivings, and ideals. Happiness, sadness, anticipation, disappointment, internal tumult and calm, and so on—these are the emergent qualities of drama and history. Insofar as these qualities are caught in the single work of art, it will reflect the dramatic character of reality.

However, such expression of reality is not the only aesthetic value. There are others which are more distinctively aesthetic, as, for example, the capturing or preserving of any experienced quality or impression whatsoever. To reproduce or imitate through some aesthetic media

those traits of nature and human nature which appeal to us for reason at all, is certainly one of the primary functions of art. There is a value in the simple ability to preserve in somewhat permanent form the moments of experience which have proved pleasant or unusual, amusing or harmonious or especially significant.

Another value of art, and one which is usually esteemed more highly than the preservative function, is the ability to enhance or improve qualities of experience which are reproduced. Through distortion and exaggerations, highlightings and emphases of one sort or another, art can call attention to qualities and make them stand out beyond the ordinary force.

There is even a value in experimenting, or playing with the elements of aesthetic media, a process comparable to scientific experiment or mathematical and logical postulation. But this value appears to be strongly instrumental inasmuch as it is the *result* of the experiment. Every case which gives meaning or purpose to the experimental activity. It is the need for novelty of presentation (see below) which is largely responsible for the demands of experimentation in art. Yet even the realization of novelty is not in itself sufficient justification if the claim is merely a startlingly new technique or arrangement rather than concern for expression of beauty or significance.

Types of aesthetic appeal are so closely connected with aesthetic values that they may appear only another aspect of the same thing. However, from the point of view of the appeal alone we are not concerned with a reasoned justification of our evaluation, but rather with the simple qualities in things which are capable of producing aesthetic experience. Nevertheless it is difficult to escape arranging these qualities in a scale of relative importance, even though the basis of such arrangement is admittedly subjective. Let us essay it.

In the first place a purely experimental desire is least important. The preservative value is next, and the value of enhancement or improvement in expression is uppermost. But there is another issue to be considered, namely, the type of quality which is to be preserved or enhanced, and these likewise may be arranged according to importance. We have mentioned five such qualities: the pleasant, the unusual, the amusing, the harmonious, and the significant, tentatively arranged, in the order of their importance; and at the moment these seem to exhaust the range of ordinary aesthetic appeals. Let us remember, however, that these qualities are "types" or typical focal centers (key images) which may

applied more or less to any work of art. That is, as mental instruments they create perspectives by which to aid our perceptions and understandings. It may be further assumed that all the major arts are capable of expressing these types in varying ways and degrees.

Considering first the typically "pleasant," let us take as example a sunny landscape or a pretty face, and all art whose primary concern is to capture or enhance any moment of direct sensory appeal. This quality is marked by an obvious and immediate appeal which evokes a rather simple and spontaneous reaction of pleasure in the spectator. It is not necessary that the subject matter of pleasant art be absolutely representational, for it may vary considerably toward the stylized and conventionalized forms. These latter, however, tend to lose the sort of pleasantness which depends upon associations, conscious or unconscious, and which we have here in mind. As art becomes formalized, it is rather the appeal of harmony or form which predominates, and as this occurs there comes less a sense of perceptual pleasure than of intellectual satisfaction with the realization of abstract pattern.

It is possible that aesthetic media themselves, such as colors or sounds, may have a directly pleasant quality of the same sort as the pleasantness of natural objects. These qualities, as for example brilliant colors, may be to a certain extent suggestive of past associations in an indirect and less concrete way than the scenes themselves. However, they produce a spontaneous appeal, such as a natural object or scene itself would have (though in this respect nature has the advantage of being able to produce more sensations at once). There are thus two sources of pleasantness in art: first, from the subject matter, and second, from the sense matter itself.

The most successful presentation of pleasantness would seem to occur when a pleasing effect of aesthetic media or sense matter is concerned with a pleasant subject matter, thus augmenting and harmonizing both sources; and in this case, of course, art has the advantage over nature in being the product of intelligent combination. It might be noted further that those arts, such as music, which are less directly representational must depend more upon the intrinsic pleasantness of the media themselves than upon pleasant subject matter.

In the appeal of the pleasant the sense or impression of beauty is slight. The customary description of such art would be to term it merely "pretty" or "graceful" or "delightful." The term "beauty" has

a more dignified connotation attaching it to a higher level of appeal. This may be due to the fact that pleasantness is immediate and relatively easy to discover. There is little use of the imaginative or intellectual functions of the mind in this type of appreciation.

The antithesis of pleasantness lies in hideous or badly distorted subject matter, or in jarring media. To some individuals these characteristics are enough to cause art to be completely ugly. Yet there are high types of appeal which redeem distortions and sensory pain, so that would be very unfair to human imagination to rule these qualities from the realm of the beautiful. It is possible that strong, rough, fierce, brutish qualities have a *direct* sensory appeal. Is it not, however, that this appeal comes rather as a reaction against mere pleasantness, and therefore as less spontaneous and more cultivated? (See below under "formal appeal.")

The second appeal is that of the "unusual" or "novel." A particular scene or object is suddenly given a new quality which strongly attracts us to it. This is especially realized in the case of old and familiar objects when abruptly they possess qualities for us which seem quite new. Mountains which we see every day may suddenly become aesthetically attractive because of a strange lighting effect. Often, for example, when we say that a scene appears "unreal" we do not mean this literally but only in the sense of "unaccustomed."<sup>1</sup> Subjective factors often account for a new attitude toward an object or event which makes us aware of a strange aspect of it. As Professor Pepper says, the sense of novelty comes with the breaking of our habits of perception.

In art, novelty occurs in two ways. First, there may be novelty of the object or event *represented*; and second, there may be novelty of technique or *presentation*. It is the first kind which we have had primarily in mind; for it is the desire to catch and enhance the quality of the unusual in nature or experience which contributes directly to the appeal of novelty. Distortions of recognizable subject matter through underemphasis or overemphasis or any sort of alteration are common devices for this purpose. But there is not only a breaking with habits of perception; there is a breaking with habits of artistic presentation. The artist seeks new techniques in the arrangement of his aesthetic media. It

<sup>1</sup> For an excellent discussion of the ambiguity of the term "real," see L. A. Rea, *A Study in Aesthetics* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1931), Chap. X. For an interesting treatment of the general subject of novelty in art, see S. C. Pepper, *Aesthetic Quality* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), Chapter II.

true that we still appreciate the art of former ages, of artists whose schemes if reproduced today would seem trite. But in these cases, either we place ourselves mentally in the epoch of the artist and realize to some degree the novelty of his mode of expression, or else the appeal rests upon other qualities in his work. That artistic expression which most successfully embodies the appeal of novelty should utilize a certain novelty of presentation to convey the original impression of novelty in nature. It should, of course, be cautioned that works of art surpass the proper limits of novel presentation when their distortions are so crazy or juxtapositions so odd that they require labored explanations to convey the artist's intention, even to the intelligent observer.

The apprehension of novelty requires a higher level of mental activity than the apprehension of pleasantness. In the awareness of novelty a focus is created which causes some central image to stand out in high relief against the background of experience. This step is preliminary to any further intellectual activity, such as the abstraction of traits or relations from the central image itself. The creation of a key image in this fashion achieves the importance of becoming a potentially fertile instrument of cognitive exploration. In nature, or in the artistic embodiment of nature, the quality of novelty is sensed whenever the new insight of a unique individual is realized, and its importance is felt when we have the further realization that a new instrument of thought has been forged. But the application of this new instrument has not yet been made.

Extended metaphor is especially useful in the representation of novelty; for extended metaphor (e. g., the world is a stage) has the effect of highlighting generally unnoticed aspects of familiar objects or events. This is accomplished by the strong contrast created with the original image. The differences between the objects metaphorically related far outnumber the similarities, thus causing the similar trait or traits to stand out in that much stronger relief. However, metaphor when used to indicate novelty does not depend so much upon awareness of the contrast as upon awareness of the hitherto unnoticed trait in the object illuminated. When the two terms of the metaphor are equally before the attention, we have more a sense of dramatic quality than of mere novelty. In the one case, metaphor is used to indicate the highlighted trait, in the other to indicate the contrast itself.

Metaphor is particularly a device of poetry. However, in a more general way other arts can accomplish the same end. Dramatic allegory

is a complex metaphor, and may be frequently used to show underlying similarity in the face of strong contrast, though it cannot be as direct as a pointer type of metaphor as the simpler kind. Allegorical subject-matter in painting and sculpture likewise is metaphorical. More directly, however, the subtle distortions, exaggerations, narrowing, intensifications, etc., which we find in painting and sculpture are modes of heightening certain aspects or qualities, that is, of producing the impression of novelty. And in a remote sense they are metaphorical.<sup>2</sup> In music, likewise, there are various more or less metaphorical techniques. But here, as in drama, it is usually done by conscious contrast, so that the quality which emerges is more the dramatic than the novel. In music, novelty is produced by unusual effects, either in harmonic, melodic, or rhythmic progressions. This is done only by contrast with conventional music of a certain culture and period, so that it is always rather novelty of presentation than of insight which is achieved. In the unexpected juxtaposition of different styles in music, the effect produced is rather that of humor.<sup>3</sup>

The quality of novelty can produce the effect of beauty. The strange, the unusual, the exotic, are well-known traits surrounding the impression of beauty, and it is just these traits which depend upon unique presentations or the breaking of habitual perceptions. Nevertheless, novelty alone is not so often associated with beauty as is harmony of form, nor with significance as is dramatic contrast. For the more central qualities of beauty and significance we must turn to these latter types.

The character of the amusing and the comic comes so much by contrast with the serious and significant that it seems better to consider them together. Let us turn, therefore, to the appeal of formal harmony. Here we shall consider all types of pattern or structure which first elicit response in the strong human sense of rhythm and balance, and then search for which constitutes the very essence of man's abstractive intellectual delight.

The idealization of form and symmetry was so strong in Classical art

<sup>2</sup> For example, the attenuated figures of El Greco enhance certain human qualities by analogy with elongations and attenuations themselves. We might say that the feeling of slenderness, grace, ethereality, super-mundaneness is created by analogy (i.e., metaphorically) with these qualities present in the aesthetic media.

<sup>3</sup> See below concerning the ridiculous effect of metaphor which is extended too far. For the general position that metaphor constitutes the aesthetic essence, see especially Helen Huss Parkhurst, *Beauty* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1930), Chapter XI.

that traditionally the term "beauty" has more often than not meant formal beauty. It is thus in a sense justifiable to consider that formal harmony is the key image of beauty, or at least the maximum point of the beautiful. Beauty of form will include, in this case, all degrees from simplicity to complexity of structure (even the most "intricate" type of "difficult beauty," to use Bosanquet's term.<sup>4</sup>) In general, we have only to remember how Plato, in the *Philebus*, almost identifies beauty with harmony and symmetry, in order to realize how close was this association for Classical thought.

The appeal of form is primarily due, it seems, to the inner sense of equilibrium to which it leads. There comes a strong feeling of repose and satisfaction, as from a Greek temple or a Bach chorale. This sense of repose gains its character from being the resolution of struggle, a sort of final universal peace which envelops the wearied yearnings of mortals. Perhaps there is in this idea too much of an entelechal perfection, but at least the great feeling of satisfaction which only the formal appeal can give is easily associated with the realization of order in the chaotic.

A balance which is too perfect or too simple is apt to seem commonplace and monotonous. It has lost the suggestion of chaos which it needs to give it meaning. The most successful artistic structures are those which are more or less upset so far as absolute balance or symmetry is concerned. Even when the lack of repose of an asymmetrical arrangement is ultimately resolved in a larger harmony, the general character of formal satisfaction is preserved. However, the greater the noticeable contrast between harmony and disharmony, the more a dramatic quality is introduced.

Appreciation of structure and form involves more mental activity than appreciation of either the pleasant or the novel. A well-developed abstractive ability is necessary before patterns as such are even recognizable in concrete perceptions. That is, perceptions of form are not immediately realized, though structures and interrelations are present in the perceived matter. There is a certain amount of elementary intellectual analysis and synthesis necessary before we can become aware of formal properties. Some imaginative abstraction is presupposed by the very discovery of form. Now, the abstraction of patterns and structures from the raw data of experience is a cogent evidence of the presence of

<sup>4</sup> Bernard Bosanquet, *Three Lectures on Aesthetic* (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1931), Lecture III. For the other types of difficult beauty, involving "tension" (dramatic quality) and "width" (range of variety), I believe we must go beyond the formal.



mentality and intellect. (Again we remember the Platonic evaluation which links beauty with meaning and intelligence.) However, it is not only from admiration of the abstractive power of human intellect that the harmonious is beautiful. There appears to be in man almost an innate love of symmetries, as though the perceiving, sensing, and creating of symmetries and rhythms could bind man harmoniously with nature itself. It is this subtler harmony of man with his environment which produces the strong appeal of the formal.

From the point of view of formal beauty, ugliness would be found in the chaotic, the unformed, which is no part of a larger symmetry. There is, however, a primitive joy in the strength of rough and hidden aspects of experience, which is itself sometimes mentioned as an aesthetic type. In dealing with this quality in art, Professor Flaccus points out that "the task of unifying such material tests our mettle,"<sup>5</sup> thus intimating that one side of the appreciation of the chaotic is the very fact that it challenges us to create of it a harmony. This might also be said of unpleasantness portrayed in art: it challenges us to find the pleasure therein. The suggestion is certainly worth considering, though they do not appear to be oftentimes a genuine joy and a pleasant exhilaration in the sense of brute strength, or irrational and chaotic nature. It may be that such strength is pleasant because it implies a potency to overcome the ordinarily displeasing factors; yet in the moment of enjoyment one is scarcely aware of this implication.

Great quantities of art bear witness to the strong aesthetic appeals of the amusing or humorous and the significant or profound. Though not at all the same in origin, the humorous and significant are in a sense complementary; for whereas the essence of humor lies in incongruity and meaningless contrasts, the significant is, if anything, meaningful. Moreover, it is often but a matter of attitude whether a profound insight appears truly profound or only ludicrous. Considering the amusing and significant together, then, we may term them both "dramatic" though dramatic quality in art pertains primarily to strong contrasts while the degree of humor or significance grows with increasing contrast. However, it is at the level of greatest contrast that these types stand out in strongest relief.

Dramatic qualities are associated in particular with man's striving

<sup>5</sup> Flaccus, Louis W., *The Spirit and Substance of Art*, 3rd edition (Crofts, 1941), p. 2

and ideals, his successes and frustrations. Yet a sense of dramatic quality is present wherever there is a full realization of contrast. It was said above that contrast is present in the quality of novelty; but in that case, as we said, there is not so much an awareness of the two contrasting terms as of the unusual nature of the object highlighted or illuminated by the new perspective. That is, in novelty we are not aware of the perspective itself; in the dramatic we are.

Now, of all the large contrasts, of whose realization man is capable, it is that between uniqueness and endless cosmic process, between the infinitesimal individual and the totality of the universe, which produces the most tremendous dramatic effect upon man's spirit. In the moment of dramatic action something of the uniqueness and irrevocability of that action crowds into the situation heightening the sense of responsibility and creating the impression of significance. There are other contrasts, contrasts of hope and defeat, of life and death, of heaven and hell, of soul and body; but they all lead to the supreme significant conflict of the human and the cosmic.<sup>6</sup>

The various arts capture and present dramatic quality in a variety of ways. A pose is dramatic, for example, when it makes us keenly aware of the historical context which surrounds it, or of the aspirations of the poser. A portrait is dramatic when the historical background, past and future, is concentrated in its lineaments; when it is seen, that is, as a living character engaged in the process of life. But even in the aesthetic media themselves there are dramatic symbolisms. Contrasts of color, of line, of rhythm and balance, all contribute to produce a sense of the dramatic. Dynamic art, especially music, is capable of great dramatic contrast in this latter sense. But all such contrasts appear to be suggestive or symbolic of the more profound significance which attaches to the realization of contrast itself. It is in metaphor that this significance is best understood.

In metaphor, as we said, the key image may be shot far into the universe to shed its light upon some remote region. The result is a striking realization of contrasts, sometimes stunning, almost overpowering. This experience is closely akin to that of vast spatial or temporal perspectives. So much so that the images of such perspectives may be used to create this effect. In this aspect it is called "sublime," for sublimity is associated with any breath-taking sweep of the imagination. The work of art,

<sup>6</sup> See the excellent treatment of the importance of contrast in significant art in Miss Parkhurst's work, *op. cit.*

man's art or nature's, conquers at one blow, by one illumination, the confused vastness of the universe. When the full realization of this illumination has been borne in upon us, we feel it as profound. There is thus a connection between the sublime or lofty and the profound and deep, for one is preliminary to the other. Often the return of contemplation upon man's own insignificance in contrast to the grandiose panorama of reality which has just been divulged will bring with it a feeling of misery and the tragic. The outward movement of thought is thrilling and inspiring, the return is heavy, sickening. Nevertheless, the grandeur of man emerges, found in the self-redemption of a mind which can surpass such reaches and then return to itself with a more profound sense of its own nobility. "La grandeur de l'homme est grande en ce qu'il connaît misérable." "The greatness of man is great in this, that he knows himself miserable. A tree does not know itself miserable. To know one's misery is to be miserable, to know that one is miserable is to be great."<sup>7</sup> So spoke Pascal to whom the vision of man's incompetence was overshadowed by the greatness of his aspirations.

Tragedy is found in the hostility of nature to human aspirations. It is found in the animal stupidities of man himself, stupidities which circumscribe his imaginative powers and thwart the accomplishment of his projects. The beauty and significance of tragedy seems to lie, however, in the opportunity to view dispassionately, somehow remotely, our own futility and weakness, to see the failures of man and yet transcend them. Even in this there is an ultimate gain in understanding.

The nature of the comic emerges from incongruities. The observing of awkwardness in human behavior, of inappropriateness of thought, may give us the desire to laugh, even at ourselves. Where an extended metaphor strikes no chord of sympathy, where the analogy appears too farfetched, the impression of absurdity easily arises. Symbols meaninglessly and inappropriately applied constitute the basis of nonsense humor. Where ignorance and error of others lead to confusion and failure, provided we are not drawn into sympathy and a feeling of pity, we become amused at the comedy of errors.

There is indeed a narrow margin between the ridiculous of a metaphor too farfetched and the sublimity which that metaphor might give if rightly apprehended. The risk of incongruous absurdity is taken whenever artistic metaphor is used. An equally fine margin lies between

<sup>7</sup> *Pensées*, Brunschvicg edition, no. 397.

the comic and the tragic; for a tragic situation easily becomes one in which the slender link of sympathy is lost, and the aloof observer only mocks the sufferings of others. This even seems to be especially so when the frailties of the observer himself are found in another; for he is given, as it were, a chance to transcend his own weaknesses in laughing at them in someone else. Such humor is a support to his morale and a defense against the sense of failure. As simplification is an intellectual need, so a comic relief is often a moral need.

When the comic takes the form of ridiculing the broader deceptions and frauds of mankind, it becomes satire. As the breadth of the trait satirized becomes greater, the satiric itself takes on the character of significance. Every trait condemned implies an ideal. It is a greater desire for the genuine that leads Socrates to ridicule sophistries, or Voltaire to satirize the best of all possible worlds, or Anatole France to blast man's penguin-like uniformity as he repeats again and again the same old follies. In satire the ideal is indirectly revealed, but the ideal of human aspiration is just as surely present as in the direct type of idealistic metaphor.

The effect of dramatic contrast is to produce a strong sense of significance. Is there also an impression of beauty? It would seem that the effect of humor or of a sense of importance in art is not to produce primarily the impression of beauty. Beauty there may be. But in such cases it is almost a secondary trait, subordinated to the primary realizations. In the significant we have passed beyond mere beauty to the level of valued meanings. Why these meanings are valued, and whether they convey truth, and whether indeed in certain cases they alone are capable of conveying truth, all this is another question.<sup>8</sup> Here we shall limit ourselves to the quality of beauty.

Now beauty is strongest at the levels of novelty and formal harmony. It is traditionally connected with the strangely pleasant, the exotic, or with the harmonious, the rhythmic, and the patterned. Yet a sense of beauty pervades all types of aesthetic appeal. Is it not that the quality of beauty emerges at a given level in the contemplative process, whether the object of contemplation is nature or art? Simple pleasantness is too elementary, too direct, in this process and full significance is too far advanced. The intermediate recognition of uniqueness or of harmonies or both produces the strongest sense of beauty.

<sup>8</sup> See especially Urban, W. M., *Language and Reality* (London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1939), Chapters IX, X.

This does not preclude the possibility that a further realization of humor or significance cannot enhance the effect of beauty. The latter attitude may be resumed after an investigation of contrasts and meanings, and subtly these searchings have their effect. The total impression of a work of art will be the result of all such explorations into traits and aesthetic types. Perhaps this exploration never ends. Indeed, it appears a character of all great art that new realizations of quality continue to arise even after numerous investigations.

In a sense, philosophy is art. Its visions are realizations of great contrasts. In metaphysics we find these contrasts between epistemological optimisms and pessimisms, or between the various metaphysical systems. Thought can be, like art, fraught with dramatic quality; for the great sweeps of philosophic metaphor we find dramatic contrasts. It is first the realization of new perspectives, and second the realization that these new perspectives are the illuminations of the world's meanings, the sources of man's understandings, and the triumph of human intelligence, which grant to the systems of the great thinkers the quality of aesthetic significance. Even the disillusioned return to the view of the skeptic cannot destroy the impression of greatness and beauty.

# THE SCHOOL FOR THE RIO GRANDE

## *A Symposium*

**P**ARTICIPANTS in the "School for the Rio Grande" were asked by the editors of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW to tell simply the three most interesting or valuable things they got from the conference. Replies were numerous and prompt. They are given without comment or re-arrangement. Lack of space made it necessary to omit some parts of some replies.

This symposium is printed because of the opinion of the editors that seldom in New Mexico has there been a more concerted and frank attack upon the problems of a region. To many persons, onlookers as well as participants, it seemed that the "School for the Rio Grande," with its emphasis upon the war and cultural relations in New Mexico, was perhaps the beginning of a regional enterprise as important as that in the Tennessee Valley or the Pacific Northwest—important not because of the number of people involved but because of the *nature* of the people. The Spanish-Americans in the Rio Grande Valley are the closest link the United States has with Latin America. If co-operation, intelligent public policy, and long-range planning can bring to the people of the Rio Grande Valley their just share of the benefits (and snares!) of modern society, then the same attitudes, techniques, policies, and plans can be made to function internationally. Here is regionalism with a promise.

To the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, which sponsored the School, and to the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico, which co-operated, go the thanks of the editors for permission to publish these replies. The full proceedings of the School are to be published as a book. This symposium, it is hoped, will give a slight foretaste of the full proceedings and will re-direct attention to the problems of the region.

There has been no editorial attempt to avoid repetition. He "precept upon precept, example upon example" has significance.

Carl F. Taeusch, Head, Division of Program Study and Discussion Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture  
Director, School for the Rio Grande:

1. The generous sponsorship by the University of an undertaking which aimed at the fundamental problems of the Valley; if this is followed up by the penetration of all parts of the State by real extension education, the University would show its functional place in the life of the Valley and of the State.
2. The wide representation of groups and organizations in attendance. Only by concerted efforts of all groups and peoples in the Valley can the people achieve their possibilities; all the churches, all the agencies, private, local, state, and federal, must operate—otherwise the problem will be too big to solve.
3. The wish that more farm people had been present, more Hispanos, so as to get a clearer picture of the real problem.

M. M. Kelso, Regional Representative, Bureau of Agricultural Economics:

I believe I was most impressed by these three things: (1) the importance of the Rio Grande Valley because of its Spanish-Indian-Anglo cultural relationships as a meeting ground through which Inter-American relations might be strengthened. I had not realized before what an important role this area might perform in strengthening these relationships, were we to undertake as a nation a carefully formulated program directed to that end; (2) I obtained a much clearer picture than formerly concerning the problem of accommodating diverse cultural groups one to the other and the role that education, particularly as it revolves around languages, might play in bringing about this accommodation. I am impressed with the inadequacy of our public education system, due to failure to recognize the importance of this problem; and (3) I obtained a startling picture of the health problems among Spanish-speaking peoples of this valley as they relate—not so much to disease as to nutritional shortcomings. The fact that so many people in the valley are not able to perform a full day's work because they are inadequately supplied with food is extremely startling and of great significance to one who is concerned with improving the level of employment of this over-populated area.

Andrew R. Cordova, Associate Agricultural Economist, BAE:

... outstanding, in my opinion, were Dr. Donnelly's suggestion for state scholarships for needy and worthy students, Maurice Sanchez' idea that Spanish-American talents be utilized in the foreign service, the Rio Grande Valley Authority proposal, and Dr. Geo. Sanchez' exposition on bilingual education.

In terms of broader perspective, I would like to name the three things which seemed most impressive to me.

1. *The Tenor of the School.* It seems to me that, in spite of the delicate subject matter, the realistic and objective fashion with which talk and discussions were handled serves first place.
2. *The Inter-American Relationships.* The realization that all Americans—in the total sense of the word—are in the same hemispheric pot, adds great validity to the position that the Rio Grande region can be a vital connecting link with respect to solidarity.

3. *Sponsorship of the School by the University of New Mexico.* It is extremely significant that the University has taken the leadership in this matter. By so doing, this leading educational institution of the State has at least taken a step toward "social consciousness," which is so urgently needed in the Rio Grande Valley.

Hugh G. Calkins, Regional Conservator, Soil Conservation Service,  
U. S. Department of Agriculture:

1. The international importance of the problems of the Rio Grande Valley arising not only from the proximity of its Spanish-speaking people to Mexico, but also from the fact that these people form a segment of a very large minority-group population resident in the United States.

2. The way in which racial discrimination and plain lack of understanding have combined to intensify the social and economic plight of the Rio Grande people.

3. The evidence exhibited throughout the conference of a general willingness to accept factual statements which, a few years ago, would have been considered revolutionary or highly prejudiced.

A. G. Sandoval, Associate Information Specialist, SCS:

1. Maurice Sanchez's suggestion for utilizing New Mexico's wealth of Spanish-American background for developing future U. S. good will representatives for Latin-America.

2. The suggestion made for awarding state scholarships to deserving students in order that they may continue their higher training without the handicap of overtaxing themselves "working their way through college."

3. The several reports made on nutritional, health, and educational deficiencies throughout the Rio Grande Valley proves that a program of action is needed there, immediately, in order to save those people "for democracy." . . . Perhaps the Rio Grande Valley Authority could do it—who knows?

4. . . . The School made a lot of people think. Made them mad. Made them stop and take notice.

Miss Anne Raymond, Division of Education-Information, SCS:

1. It was a real pleasure to hear and see people who were honestly endeavoring to arrive at a better plan for co-operative work. . . . In my many years of attending meetings, I have never found a series of conferences which held such sustained interest or to which I went more readily.

2. I felt that there was a pleasurable lack of personal or organization ambition or jealousies, which was heartening to observe. . . .

3. I was sorry that there seemed to be, towards the latter part of the conference, a definite frustration manifested because of lack of opportunity to finish discussions or of any chance to make working recommendations. . . . It seemed a pity to me that such determination and purposeful energy should have fallen back on itself. . . . I hope some plan will evolve fairly soon to unify their efforts.

Allan G. Harper, Office of Indian Affairs, U. S. Department of the Interior:

1. The collective analysis of the Valley's social and economic problems placed an accent on the need for finding and developing new industrial activities in which the land-



less, unstabilized rural population would be able to find employment. Either this population must gain access to new work opportunity, or it will be compelled ultimately leave the Valley. There is only one other choice and that is for these people to be permanently based upon a relief economy—certainly an unpleasant choice for them and undesirable choice for the taxpayers.

2. As to the Spanish-speaking population, one of the speakers brought out the continuing discrimination in the distribution of school funds; and another speaker exposed the shockingly bad health conditions which prevail. The economic basis of these disturbing facts, rather than anyone's vindictive malevolence, was also emphasized. Only when a sounder economic base is put under the entire population of the Valley can material progress in improving the social welfare of the people be expected.

3. I was impressed by the suggestion of still another speaker that the task of planning the solution of the Valley's problems and of bringing the activities of various public and private bodies into focus belongs to the State.

**W. O. Olson, Junior Administrative Technician, Office of Indian Affairs:**

1. The emphasis on the lack of basic education or facilities for education for the great mass of people within the state. . . .

2. Discussion of the serious economic status of a large percentage of the population of the state and the suggestion that a solution lies in industrial expansion within the state.

3. The expression of the group that co-ordination in planning and execution of administrative programs both federal and state would lead to more efficient utilization of money spent.

**Nina Otero-Warren, State Supervisor of Education, Recreation, and Spanish Projects, WPA:**

. . . the aim to promote a better understanding and relationship of the Spanish speaking groups is a most worthy one. I feel that the conference proved the need for such relationship.

However, no problem can be settled before the people directly concerned can state what their problem is and their idea of its solution. Since the people directly concerned were not present at the conference, neither the problem nor its solution was presented.

In the second place, not enough of the general public was present or participating. The discussions were carried on by out-of-state teachers and college professors, many of whom were not familiar with conditions in the Rio Grande district.

**Mrs. Helen Ellis, Field Representative, New Mexico Department of Public Welfare:**

1. Hungry, apathetic children do not respond to education or training.

2. The one inescapable fact, which must be considered as the premise in all suggestion for the amelioration of conditions or solution of problems in the Valley, is that there is only enough land, even under optimum conditions, to support one half the present rural population of the Middle Rio Grande Valley.

3. Deviations from the norm give rise to discrimination and intolerance. The deviations which are remediable are hunger, physical defects, language difficulties, lack of skill and managerial ability.

4. Training the unemployed in the Rio Grande Valley for skilled occupations would create a vast reservoir of man-power, which could be utilized in the successful pursuit of the war and channeled into industries after the war.

**Albert R. Lopes, Department of Modern Languages, University of New Mexico:**

... I'll briefly state what I think was the most significant aspect of the School: A challenge to civic-minded citizens to think and act wisely in relation to the economic, sociologic, and cultural problems of the Rio Grande Valley.

**P. W. Cockerill, Head, Department of Agricultural Economics, New Mexico State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts:**

... I believe I was impressed by the need of many specialized fields of knowledge necessary to effectively attack the problems in the Rio Grande watershed. ... The talks that were given seemed to add up to the fact that the building of strong bodies and the providing of an education which will enable the young people to compete in the outside world will be the only permanent solution in an over-populated area.

**J. T. Reid, Director, Taos County Project:**

1. The genuine interest of those attending in the problem of inter-cultural affairs in New Mexico. I have heard this matter discussed for years in all kinds of meetings, but I thought it was handled more realistically and vigorously at this meeting than I had seen it before.

2. The by-product of interest in and recognition of the crying need for co-ordinated effort in the solution of county and area problems. There was no evidence of any clear thinking along this line, but rather a sudden realization for its need.

3. The lack of attendance on the part of farmers and laymen in general, as well as agency workers on the job. This is to be deplored, as these are the people upon whose final judgment and co-operation any program of socio-economic improvement depends.

**Antonio Rebolledo, Director of Research, New Mexico Spanish Research Project, Highlands University:**

1. The seriousness of the malnutrition problem among the Spanish-speaking population of New Mexico, due mainly to lack of proteins in the diet. The necessity of an intensive campaign to encourage these people to raise goats and chickens, which would solve 70% of this malnutrition problem.

2. The inadequacy of educational methods of teaching English to Spanish-speaking children in New Mexico. The necessity to look into the proposition made by Dr. George I. Sanchez to the effect that the first years of instruction for these children should be given in Spanish and that the transfer of concepts into English should be made increasingly after the initial experiences have been well established in the vernacular.

3. The realization that the problem of over-population of the productive land of New Mexico should be solved by preparing the excess population for assimilation into industrial and commercial enterprises of the nation.

George I. Sanchez, Department of the History and Philosophy of Education, University of Texas; author of *Forgotten People*:

1. This conference gave a large number of individuals an opportunity to exchange views and experiences on a subject which heretofore has been a matter of unco-ordinated attack by a variety of agencies and individuals. To my mind the greatest contribution of the conference consisted in giving participants the opportunity of approaching the questions involved jointly.

2. In connection with the above I was deeply impressed by the widespread agreement manifested in the discussions as regards the fundamental issues and the relative unimportance of the differences, techniques or views which have in the past handicapped professional collaboration and administrative co-ordination.

3. The most interesting note struck at the conference was the appreciation of the fact that the problems of the Spanish-speaking people in the Rio Grande Valley are not unique and that the procedures for their solution have numerous precedents in other areas. That is to say, the problem of the Spanish-speaking people there is merely a reflection of similar conditions elsewhere, and the solution of the problems in New Mexico may well be found through the use of measures found successful elsewhere in the United States and in other parts of the world.

Carey McWilliams, Chief, California State Commission of Immigration and Housing; author of *Factories in the Field* and of *Ill Fares the Land*:

1. The conference was an excellent demonstration of a sound economic, cultural and political regionalism. In years past we have heard much about regionalism, from many points of view. Unfortunately most of this discussion has been theoretical and suspended in mid-air, so to speak. At Albuquerque an attempt was made to obtain and summarize all of the information about a broad region, its population, its economic resources, its social and economic problems. Proceedings of the conference will unquestionably serve for years to come as a starting point for many programs and policies, both state and federal.

2. I was also deeply impressed with the rather unique importance of New Mexico as a state in which many experimental projects might be developed having for their purpose improvement of Latin American relations. A climate of opinion unquestionably exists in the state which makes possible the successful initiation of many programs which will have much significance in other states, particularly in Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and California—programs which, however, should be logically started in New Mexico.

3. I was also impressed by the enduring values inherent in the pattern of village semi-communal agriculture, with its long historical background, in New Mexico. It seems to me, merely as an observer, that the essentials of this pattern of rural relationships should be preserved, and that the preservation of these patterns has great significance.

No conference would be a success without its rank dissenter. Our correspondent wrote:

Your letter . . . assumes that there [were] at least three valuable things to be derived from the Conference. My personal impression is that we did a lot of talking among a group of people that [were] interested in this and other problems. Unfortunately, the discussions do not get either to those who can do something about the problem, or to those who form the basic part of it. . . . I must be sincere in saying that I could derive nothing of lasting value in the two days that I attended. . . .

## ON AND ON

*Spud Johnson*

Impressions of Some Watercolors by Gina Knee

### *Old Civilizations*

SOMETIMES it is devious, going roundabout, going up and down like a graph, almost disappearing in the vagaries of old script, but there is always that fine line connecting this one and that one: the old dead life, its bones parching on mesa-tops and in caves, and this one, springing up anew under the rain-clouds, under the trees.

### *Monument Valley by Hearsay*

Strange and barren cliffs, you said, rising out of desert like the tortured limbs of a dying civilization. Cleopatra's Needle crumbling into sand-dunes as softly voluptuous as flesh; and cathedrals sinking into subterranean lakes of lava. An other-worldly world of pale colors depicting violence: a pastel purgatory. That's what you said, and here it is, but nobody will believe it.

### *Crisp and Low*

Long winter evenings he sat huddled in his igloo, munching candles; the only sounds above the moan of the wind were the hard crunch of molars against stiff wax, and the loud, measured tick of a clock.

But in summer, lying naked on his mat under the flimsy shelter of a grass hut, the moonlight filtered through, peppering him silently with romantic salt.

### *After Dark*

Always the night is mysterious. Anything may happen. Prowling animals, strange ghostly shapes and noises, sudden steps—these may be horrible. White palings of a fence, black doorways, lighted windows,

these become awesome. After dark, even a mouse is a burglar, and night a dog's howl is always wolves.

*For G. H. and Max*

An aspen grove can be a church: silver pillars supporting a cerulean ceiling, and the feeling that in the transept will be a shrine, cool-shaded with holy trembling leaves.

Odd that a pocket knife in the hands of a city picnicker, slashing names and dates, can change all that. (Who on earth is G. H.?)

The sacred grove becomes a sordid alley; there's a gas station at the corner; and the aging log that was a pew, suddenly resembles a kha bag full of old golf-clubs.

Abracadabra, says Max, tossing a tin can over his left shoulder, at the beautiful pumpkin is a jallopy.

*Pool Without Fish*

No willows trail their long fingers in these pools. Clear, rock-bottomed, wind-washed, their throats gargled a thousand times a day by the tide, each is a clean jewel, a rare green ambler, embedding pansies and anemones and purple sea-urchins within its depths, preserving the shells for the necklaces of future mermaids.

Or perhaps they are not so romantic; perhaps their only purpose is to reflect the sky for a day, or wash the wriggling toes of one larva or urchin, or become the grave of a single handful of salty clams, baked in the sun when the water has evaporated.

*Deep South*

There's more than one chip of Uncle Tom's Cabin left in the world to knock off Aunt Georgia's shoulder. Sometimes you wonder, when factory smoke taints the clear odor of cherry blossoms, or when radio static blurs with blare the clean song of the mocking bird—but deep in the heart of the country the Old South hasn't changed. There they are still: Pickaninies and watermelons, cottonfields and cypresses, Topsys and Scarlet O'Hair and prize hogs all in a row . . . .

*White Cliffs and Red Trees*

Out where the west begins and sometimes ends abruptly, the landscape, like the color, is apt to be violent. Sometimes the trees are red

where the cliffs are white, and sometimes the cliffs are crimson and the trees as pale as ghosts. Sometimes the west begins and ends as abruptly as a precipice of pale volcanic ash against a granite sky.

### *Hero*

The line of his jaw from ear to chin was long and strong, yet delicate, like a steel spring concealed in a Greek statue. The eyes seemed to be gazing far out into some unknown sea, but not dreamily. They said he was born in Arkansas, and yet he spoke in a strange language, beautifully. He was just a photograph in a newspaper, making music in an unknown tongue.

### *Item on New Mexico*

Blue, I remember: blue mountains and blue sky—equally vivid, but out of different realms. And tiny fields like checker-boards, and trees of twig, subdued and pigmied by terrific space. Turbulence organized into a pattern for a new world that is infinitely old.

### *Simple Gesture*

Everything suddenly seemed so simple—like drawing a long straight line and stopping at exactly the spot where you want to stop—or like reaching out to touch a rose, opening in the sun—or picking cherries, putting their cool but sun-warmed fragrance to your lips.

### *It's So Peaceful in the Country*

Daisies and wind-mills, gamboling lambs and trees in bloom; everything is pink and pale and yellow-green. The wind of spring is like strong rum—yet there he lies, a Little Boy Blue, asleep in the cow-pasture.

## FROM MANILA TO MADRID An Epistolary Record of Travel, 1920-1921<sup>1</sup>

*George St. Clair*

### IV. GREECE AND ITALY

On board the *S. S. Eloi*, September 18th

AS THE twilight settles down over the land of Egypt, let me sum up my impressions of the people, gained from three visits to the country. The men are big-footed, ignorant, conceited, and lazily incompetent; the women, thick-ankled, even more ignorant than the men, and hopelessly stupid. Though I sympathize with their aspirations for independence, I do not think they will be able to maintain a decent government for years. I asked our Greek friend on the train if all the Egyptians wanted complete self-government. He replied that the landowners are interested in only one thing, and that is, water for the lands, while the merchants want only peace and quiet. In his opinion as the British absolutely control the Nile dams, and as the farmers are completely dependent on the Nile, it would merely be necessary, in the event of trouble, for the British to shut off their water, and they would be forced to come to terms. If the British would but introduce educational and sanitary reforms, their rule would be much better for the people than any possible government they could form. But we shall see how it works out!

As the polyglot steward is beginning to fill up the wine glass preparatory to dinner, I shall stop and resume my narrative out on the blue Mediterranean.

<sup>1</sup> This is the fourth installment of a travel diary kept by Dr. George St. Clair. A further portion of this travel record will appear. For previous portions see *New Mexico Quarterly*, X (May, November, 1940), pp. 73-86 and 245-258, and *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*, XI (August, 1941), pp. 298-314.

On board, September 21st

We are passing close by those islands famed in song and story—Byron's Isles of Greece, "Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

The Greece of which he then sang was a subject country, with most of its people content to dwell in subjection. How unlike those freedom-lovers of the old Greece, who made the Greek name a synonym for all that was finest and noblest in the ancient world! But the Greeks are a different people now. They have practically regained all that territory which once constituted Greece proper, and seem in a fair way to develop a real country, one not unworthy of their great ancestors who "strove with gods."

I believe I am a bit of a pagan. The beautiful mythology of the old Greeks has still its charm, nor does it seem such a "creed outworn," as Wordsworth called it. I have never been able to understand why it seemed so terrible to him to

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Last night, for instance, with the moon turning the azure waves to silver, it would not have seemed strange had the Nereids appeared sporting around our craft. No wonder that the Greeks were so fanciful and poetic in their mythology! These bold, bright islands, these blue, blue seas, lend themselves naturally to poetic idealization. They mean much to all lovers of Homer and Virgil. Perhaps we are now sailing over the same path once plowed by the ships of Jason and his Argonauts, in their quest for the Golden Fleece; here came Hercules, intent on accomplishing his beneficent labors for mankind; here passed Perseus, later, to rescue the hapless Andromeda (the very rock to which she was tied is now pointed out in the Bay of Jaffa, Palestine); across these waters, the storm, in its mighty fury, bore Ulysses and his fleet to the Land of the Lotus Eaters; later, near that same country, Aeneas found refuge from the anger of Juno, whose wrath had tossed his ships over these same waters. Between these islands passed the Greek colonists, carrying their culture and civilization to Asia Minor and Italy, and here triumphantly and insolently sped that great Athenian fleet to what they thought would be the easy conquest of Syracuse, from whence only a shattered remnant ever returned to their native shores. So, what with its reminiscent and natural beauty, I think we shall enjoy Greece.



Athens, September 23rd

Day before yesterday, we sailed triumphantly into the port Piraeus, four miles from Athens, with the American flag flying proud from our masthead, in honor of the governor, for, as the little captain explained, it is not often that so small a craft has the distinction of carrying a governor. I cannot help thinking, as we go from place to place, of that trip John and I made, in 1909, over these same waters but oh, what a difference! Then we were "pobre maestros," trying to see all Europe with the savings of six years—about a thousand dollars—and we did succeed in seeing most of it, though we had to travel and live very cheaply, in order to accomplish it. Even at that, the ship which we traveled from Alexandria to Constantinople was a much larger and better one than the one we just left, and second class on it was far superior to our de luxe steamer.

We are staying at the Majestic Hôtel, on Boulevard de l' Université. We have a small double bedroom, with a smaller one adjoining, which we use as a dressing room. For room and the light European breakfast we pay twelve and a half drachmas apiece, a day. This is our first experience with the European breakfast, and reminds me of "Mamselle," the little rooming house, in the Latin Quarter, in Paris, where John and I had rooms so long ago, ten dollars a month, breakfast included. Every morning, the *femme de chambre* would bring us up our roll and coffee. The first morning, the roll was long and thick, more than enough for two, though we ate it all. Each morning thereafter, it visibly decreased in both length and thickness, until it was scarcely enough to keep Parisienne alive, much less two healthy, hungry Americans. Finally it had grown so small that we were thinking of hiring a microscope to be able to see it, we grew desperate, raised our window, and shouted over to Mamselle for more bread. The next morning, the loaf had again become long and stout, but it immediately began to shrink in size, until we would again summon up courage to shout to Mamselle. This comedy was played about six times during the five weeks we were there, and never once did she show in any way that she thought anything unusual was occurring. It was partly because of Mamselle that I was sure of France during the war, for I knew that a nation which boasted such daughters, women of such inflexible determination and dauntless thrift, could never be vanquished by the Boches.

But to get back to my story. The governor and I eat around various cafés, but generally at the first one we tried, which is nearest

hotel, and also the best we have found. The dishes are all served à la carte, and one pays for everything he uses and orders, except water. I do not understand why that is free, for this is a very dry country. They even charge for sugar and for napkins. The cuisine is French and excellent. The fruits are especially delicious. The portions are large and we are able to make out a very good meal for about a dollar. A regular course dinner would cost about two dollars and a half, music and art thrown in. The consul here says that living is more expensive in Athens than in New York, but I have my doubts. Certainly, it must be fearfully expensive for the Greeks, but the cafés are all crowded, and they order the most costly dishes. If it were not that our dollar is worth so much more than it used to be, we could not afford to travel in these countries. And yet I would not have missed Athens! Not to mention the fact that it is far cheaper than Egypt or Palestine!

The ruins on the Acropolis are, as every one knows, the Mecca of all travelers to Greece. We have been there twice already, and plan to return. I derived a great deal of pleasure also, as did the governor, from a walk along the little streamlet of Ilyssos, which flows through the outskirts of the city—that is, it flows very gently, for it was almost dry when we saw it. It used to be the favorite haunt of Socrates, and we conjured up the scene of him and his disciples strolling along its banks, or resting in the shady nooks, while they discoursed of the age-old problems of life, death, and immortality. Our stroll there made a fitting introduction to the Acropolis.

You are familiar with the pictures of the Acropolis, with its beautiful temples—the Nike, small but exquisitely pretty; the Propylaea; the Erechtheum, one of whose porticoes is the lovely Porch of the Caryatides or Maidens; and, crowning them all, the wonderful Parthenon, splendid and impressive even in its ruins. It was ruined, you know, during the siege of the city by the Venetians in the seventeenth century, when a shell fell into it and exploded some gunpowder stored within it. Later, Lord Elgin, then British Ambassador, carried away many of its most beautiful friezes, now in the British Museum.

It is in vain for me to attempt any description of these places. It has already been so much better done by better men. I can only tell you how they appealed to us. That we have gazed upon them almost reverently; that I have carried about with me all day a sort of hushed, solemn feeling like that I experienced on my first visit, at twilight, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and that my soul has been filled with

beauty all day—these are the things that seem of importance to

From the Acropolis one gets a splendid view of the plains of Attica including the field of Marathon and the Bay of Salamis. You remember those lines of Byron's from "The Isles of Greece," considered by some critics two of the finest lines in our poetry:

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea.

Below the Acropolis, and resting against its eastern wall, are ruins of the Theater of Dionysos, where the plays of the great Greek dramatists were given, practically in the open air. There still remains enough of the theater to give one an idea of its vastness. Of the stage little is left, and that, I think, of a later period. But the orchestra is clearly defined, and still there rise tier upon tier of seats, the lower being of marble. As you remember, the action of a Greek play took place almost entirely in the orchestra, a flat, level space just in front of the stage and at the foot of the tiers of seats.

We tried to visualize the scene as it must have appeared when Sophocles or Euripides was to present a new play. They were kind rivals. Sophocles was a conservative in art, morals, and religion; Euripides, an innovator, in both form and philosophy: the elder poet more artistic, more sane, perhaps, and a greater poet: Euripides a deeper thinker, with less charm than the other, but a more human appeal, and more modern in his ideas. As judged by their own work Sophocles was the greater, for he won the tragic prize thirteen times; Euripides' five. But, as Browning puts it: "Gain prize, or lose prize, god-like still." Euripides died only a few months before Sophocles, in the next play that he produced, the latter made his actors dress in black. I like to think that those two great souls are friends now in some Elysium of the poets, where, in flowery glades, they discuss their different theories of art and life. No doubt Homer and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare often listen to them and debate earnestly the problems which they stated here but never settled.

I went on a literary pilgrimage this afternoon. It was to Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles. It is a very small village, about a mile and a half northwest of the city, and today possesses little charm or beauty being bare of any sort of decoration, dry and dusty. But in Sophoclean time it was famous for its olive groves, as is shown by his celebrated "Ode to Colonus," in his last play, "Oedipus at Colonus." Then, I

and flowers abounded, and nightingales sang sweetly in the branches. There are no nightingales there now; only the shrill call of the rooster, telling the sun it was time to go to rest, broke the stillness of its lonely solitude. There is a pretty story told about Sophocles, in connection with Colonus:

You know he was a very popular man. Indeed, it was said of him, that he was the only Athenian in public life who never had an enemy. Even the irreverent Aristophanes never satirized him. What makes it more strange is that he was famed for his personal beauty, grace, charm, and success with the other sex! So, it is not always true that a man who has no enemies does not amount to much. Well, as time passed on, the poet aged, and some of his relatives, anxious to get their hands on his property, brought suit in court, asking that a guardian be appointed to administer his affairs, as he was in his dotage. To disprove the charge, the poet read to the jury this Ode to Colonus, itself a triumphant proof that he still retained his mental vigor, though ninety years of age. I have been able to find a translation of this ode, from which I quote a few lines:

To the land of the steed, O stranger,  
To the goodliest homes upon earth thou comest—  
White-cliffed Colonus this,  
Loud with the melody piercing sweet  
Of nightingales that most delight  
In deep green glades to haunt.

. . . . .

Sun-proof, nor vexed by wind,  
Whatever storms may blow.

. . . . .

And the clustering fair narcissus  
Eve by eve out of heaven the fresh dew drinketh—

. . . . .

And bright the crocus springs like gold.

I am glad to have seen the place which this greatest Greek poet thought beautiful enough for a special description, probably the most extensive nature reference in Greek literature, for though the Greeks personified nature in their myths, they rarely put her in their poetry, except in their imagery.

We rode by tram car out to the Temple of Theseus. It stands by itself, on a level space, not far below the Acropolis, and is, I think, the

most beautiful monument of ancient Athens now existing. Looked from a distance, it seems to be in an almost perfect state of preservation. Its severely classical lines rival those of the Parthenon in their simplicity and beauty. I suppose that I confess my ignorance of architecture when I say it, but I must admit that it seems more impressive than the Parthenon. What a gloriously beautiful city ancient Athens must have been! Small wonder that their poets styled it "the violet-crowned!"

We thoroughly enjoyed the National Museum. Its sculptures, vases, bronzes, and ornaments are almost entirely Greek, of the best classical period. It has no remarkably beautiful statues, but we saw some wonderful vases and numbers of figurines, some exquisitely dainty, others comical, often vulgar. One of them, a drunken satyr, was ridiculously funny, but I am not permitted to describe it. How it escaped the hands of the despoilers, who carried away most of what was most beautiful and distinctive in Greek art, I am not able to explain!

What seems strange are the few examples of modern Greek art one sees here! Good modern paintings are rare, and all the fine buildings in the new Athens were designed by foreigners. Yet it is only a hundred years since Greece achieved her independence. Surely she is taking a long time to find herself artistically.

The modern Athens is as handsome a city as one would care to see well laid out, with wide streets, unusually broad sidewalks and numbers of fine buildings, and, more surprising still, it is exceedingly lively. The sort of small edition of Paris, except that it is very dry and dusty. The water is scarce here is abundantly evidenced by the odors that come from the crowds. It is plainly too precious to be lightly used.

The Boulevard de l'Université is the broadest and handsomest thoroughfare, and one that would be a credit to any city. On it are some of the finest buildings—the University, a noble edifice, but pitifully small; the Academy of Science, the most beautiful of all; the Library, the Royal Palace, our Legation, and many more, all of them constructed in the chastest modern classic style. At each end of this boulevard are large plazas, which are the center and heart of the city's life. Parallel to the boulevard, and also connecting these two plazas, is the Rue de Solomou, the busiest street in Athens. When one considers that in 1834 this was but a collection of miserable shacks, some three hundred in all, that today there are over four hundred thousand inhabitants, why has high hopes for Greece. A people that can accomplish such won-

is capable of many better things. But they lack leadership. Apart from Venizelos, there does not seem to be a real statesman among them. The governor is calling me to come for a walk before bed. I will tell you more of my impressions of the Greeks, on the boat. We have secured passage on a small Greek steamer, at a fearfully high passage rate, and leave for Brindisi tomorrow morning, via Patras. Adios.

On board the *S. S. Iperochi*, September 27th

We got away from Piraeus at ten o'clock yesterday, and, strangely enough, though we had made the chargé d'affaires go to a good deal of trouble to get police permits and passport visas for us, nobody stopped us or asked us for any papers when we were embarking.

Shortly after leaving, the ship passed close to the Bay of Salamis, where the Greeks won that famous naval victory over Xerxes, owing to Themistocles' shrewd diplomacy. A little later, we came to the Corinth Canal, which cuts across the Isthmus of Corinth and shortens the journey from the Piraeus to Patras by two days. It is a funny little canal, only three and a half miles long, twenty-six feet wide, twenty-six feet deep, and about the same height. I felt, as we slid along through the canal, as if I were being muffled up, a sort of oppressive feeling, as if the walls, which seemed so close that you could almost touch them on both sides, were about to topple over and bury us alive. After safely negotiating the canal, we sailed out into the lovely Bay of Corinth. From then, about one p. m., until dark, our route lay along the beautiful Greek coasts. The mountains and hills of Grece have a marvelous color towards sunset, a soft sort of violet haze, which, together with the effect of the changing light on the surface of the waters, was indescribably lovely. It is worth while coming to Greece just to see the beauty of a Grecian evening on an inland sea. I have not seen anything quite like it anywhere else. I must come back here some day when I have time to take a leisurely trip, and see the whole country. I am very much disappointed in not being able to see Sunium's flower-clad promontory, Mt. Parnassus, the sacred shrines of Olympus and Delphi, and many other less-known beauty spots. But the governor's leave is drawing to a close and we must hurry.

But I promised to give you some of my impressions of Greece and the Greeks. With its new accessions of territory, almost as large again as it was, and the great growth of the nationalistic spirit, Greece is on the way to becoming an important power. Americans, unfortunately,

are not very popular with them. You know President Wilson opposed their claims to Thrace, and the other night at a "*ciné*," when his picture and the American flag were displayed, there was a small riot caused by anti-Americans. A keen student of Near East affairs, who has spent some time here, told us in Athens that, in his opinion, the Greek government is way out in advance of the people; that they have at least men who are supermen, and may have the strength to pull the Greeks up after them; these men are Venizelos, whose diplomacy won for them all their new territory, and the High Commissioner, who has charge of the country in and around Smyrna—Steriapedes by name. Venizelos is their god at present. They are giving him a great fête today in Athens.

In appearance, the Greeks are not prepossessing, though we saw an occasional mountaineer, in his picturesque national costume, who might have served for a sculptor's model. The women, as a rule, have large figures, big feet, and thick ankles, though many of them possess also the most exquisite skin and complexion. The styles vary considerably, of course, but very short skirts were much in evidence. They frequently fell scarcely to the knees, so that it was difficult to tell, from behind, whether any given female was a grown woman or a girl. Though we saw many pretty women, there were few really beautiful ones, as both their faces and figures are too heavy for true beauty. I do not think that the most beautiful statues are Greek! The women are so gay and vivacious. I notice here on the ship, that it is entirely correct for a lady to do her manicuring in public.

The men have a bad reputation as regards honesty, especially in commercial affairs, though we ourselves saw no evidence of this. They seem industrious enough, when it is necessary so to be, though they are handicapped by lack of industries. They are still natural sailors and traders, just as their ancestors used to be in the old days. A gentleman in Athens told me that a large percentage of the workmen spend practically all they make at the cafés. These are numerous, and extend out on the sidewalks, much like those of Paris. Here the men sit, all day, slowly sipping coffee or some mild decoction, watch and comment upon the passers-by, and talk politics. Politics seem to be the most absorbing occupation of the men; what the women do in lieu thereof I cannot imagine!

Wages are high, and so are rents and prices. As in the Orient, one has always to bargain in the stores, as there are no marked prices.

this respect, the Greek seems to be the Chinaman of the Near East, without the Chinaman's sense of business honor. The general opinion seems to be that it is very difficult to bind a Greek down to a bargain and that he will slip out of a contract unless he is tied down by the most ironclad agreement. You know they say the same of the Japanese in the Far East. On the other hand, they are kindly and courteous, though rather excitable, and extremely hospitable. In this respect, too, they resemble the Japanese. The claim is made that there are no illiterates among them—remarkable, if true!

We came to Corfu, the loveliest of the Greek islands, at noon today. It is, you remember, the Phaeacia of the Odyssey, where Ulysses was washed ashore after his nine days' swim and where he frightened Nausicaa and her maids by popping up out of the bushes, clad only in leaves. The very spot where he came ashore was pointed out to us by our Jehu, this afternoon. Corfu is one of the Ionian Isles, very close to the mainland of Greece and directly across from Albania. It is famous for its olives and its beautiful drives.

We got a carriage and went out to the Achilleon, the former palace of William of Hohenzollern. Our road lay through the finest and most extensive olive groves that I have ever seen. Some of these gnarled old giants, they told us, are over six hundred years old. The Achilleon is beautifully located, on the highest point of the island, and is surrounded by magnificent gardens with numbers of fine statues scattered everywhere. The views of the sea and mountains, seen through the green foliage, are enchanting. Why should a man with such wonderful places to live in risk them all because of his insane ambition? Our entire excursion, with fruits, lemonade and café Turc at a quaint little restaurant, cost us less than three dollars apiece.

We left Corfu at six and are now sailing over the moon-swept waters of the Adriatic. We have had a memorable week in Greece. All I have ever learned or seen of Greece is summed up in the one word: "Beauty." Egypt will always connote to me flat desert sands; green fields, with the life-giving Nile flowing through them; and, dominating all, the majestic pyramids—mysterious impressiveness: my recollections of Palestine will be of treeless, brown hills, dry water-courses, and holy shrines, Jewish, Moslem, Christian—sacred and religious associations. But Greece will ever be to me the land of Beauty—natural, historic, and artistic Beauty. I hope to see it again some day!



Naples, September 29th—Evening

*O bella Napoli! Finalmente, ti rivedo.*

When we got up yesterday morning, the shores of Italy were already in sight. We docked early, but as the train for Naples left at 8:10, and the doctor had not come aboard at eight, it looked as if we were good for a whole day in Brindisi. This was bad medicine, since even the guide books admit that there is practically nothing to see there. It is just a port of call for steamers bound for Constantinople or Egypt. The most important thing that ever happened in the place was Virgil's untimely death, just after his return from Athens, and before he had completed his *Aeneid*.

We had an early and miserable breakfast, and then waited as patiently as possible for the medico. About two hours after we had entered port, there came panting up the gangway a pot-bellied, somewhat important personage, who announced himself as the "signore medico." He was so slow and pompous that we had resigned ourselves to the impossibility of making our train, when our English friend came hurrying up and told us he had just discovered that Italian time was an hour slower than Greek, and that we could catch the train if we could prevail upon his "Eccellenza, the signore medico," to hurry. He then presented the governor as a very important American official, who was in a great hurry to get the Naples train, for he had an appointment with the Ambassador. All of this, however, produced little effect. In fact, the fat old rascal was rather indolent, muttering something about *forestieri* (foreigners) in his barbarous perversion of the *bella lingua* of Dante. But he had to give us our clearances at last, and then began the race to catch the train. We had just ten minutes to get through customs, buy our tickets, and reach the station. We had no time even to say goodbye to our new friends. Without any regrets at parting from our "cabin of luxury," we jumped into a carriage, provided for us by a Cook's man, and were rushed by him through customs—I am sure that he slipped something to the inspector—and into our train, just as she was preparing to depart. We found that Tomasso, our life-saver, was an American citizen who had been in Italy visiting his relatives when the war broke out, and he had been conscripted. He had served four years in the Italian army without a wound. Since we very willingly gave him the largest tip I had probably seen for ages, he will likely remember us for a long time. He said business in his line was very, very dull as tourist travel had not yet been resumed.

We had our compartment to ourselves all the way to Naples. We had been warned that the Italian trains were bad, but the filthy reality was worse than could have been pictured to us. I hope never to see again anything as foul as the lavatory. And we rode first class, too!

The distance from Brindisi to Naples, via Tarentum, is 240 miles. According to the time table, we were due in Naples at nine-thirty, p. m., which would have given us an average of about seventeen miles to the hour. We actually arrived at one, a. m., over three hours late. Two of those hours we were on a siding, waiting for the train from Sicily, which was also very late.

There was no dining car. We had to buy our meals at unhygienic Italian railroad restaurants, scarcely cleaner than the cars. Our menu for the two meals was this: two big hunks of war bread—sour and unpalatable, meat from just behind the ear, grapes—the smallest and sourest ever discovered, a small bottle of thin, acid wine. Our English friend on the steamer had told us: "You will soon understand why Columbus discovered America, after you spend a day on an Italian train." And we do. It was to get out of Italy!

This stuff, wretched as it was, cost us twenty-five lire, even now, with our favorable exchange, over a dollar, a very high price for what we got. How can the Italians pay such prices? Unless it was, as I suspect, that those descendants of the *condottieri* were fleecing the stranger within their gates.

Although our journey occupied the whole day and far into the night, we did not get tired, because of the varied features of the country. In general, the soil looked thin and rocky, and there were no particularly beautiful views. If all Italy were like this part between Brindisi and Naples, it would certainly never have been given the name of "bella Italia."

The most striking features were the old towns and fortresses perched high up on steep, rocky hillsides. Probably, they were once the eyries of the robber barons and *condottieri*, who would sweep down from their strongholds and levy toll upon the passing merchant and traveler. A pleasant life merchants lived in those romantic times! They are getting their revenge now, though, and are themselves robbing the descendants of those same knightly thieves. Honestly, of course, and all in the way of business; at the same time, they eke out the revenue derived from these compatriots by felonious assaults on the purses of unfortunate *forestieri* like ourselves.

The railway has an enormous number of tunnels. They seem hundreds to me, but it is possible that my imagination exaggerates them, since I always experience a kind of stifling sensation when I am going through one. The latter part of the journey was by night, but there was a glorious moon shining, and its mellow light, flooding the hillsides and valleys, softened their bare outlines and gave them a pale ethereal beauty which, by day, they would not have had.

It was well after one o'clock when the night porter at this hotel, the Continental, ushered us into the most magnificent room I have ever seen, outside of palaces and museums, an immense room, with a very high, painted ceiling, silk-papered walls, and a marble-tiled floor. It is absurdly overcrowded with furniture, all gilded and enameled, and upholstered in satin; there is a magnificent chandelier, electric light everywhere, and in one corner, a fine piece of bronze statuary. It is what we would call a second floor front, and opens out on a large balcony from which one has a superb view of the famous Bay of Naples, Vesuvius, Capri, and the heights above the city.

I had a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I saw all this luxury, for it looked like a million dollars to me, and I saw a big bill looming up. But as it was too late then to make any inquiries, we accepted the room and began to get ready for bed.

The first thing I always do, when I get into a hotel room, is to look for the posted regulations. I soon found them behind the door. There was an announcement, signed by the Prefect of Naples, that the Continental was in the category of first-class hotels and that the charge for our room was twenty-five lire, a little over a dollar in our money. Next morning, I saw a copy of a Prefectural decree, in which the hotels of Naples were all classified, with a statement of the exact amount they could charge for each room. The prices vary according to the location of the room, and whether or not there is a bath. Our room is supposed to have a bath, but it is not directly connected with the room, and so when we went to pay our bill, we found ourselves charged up with five lire for a bath. The prices of rooms, in first class hotels, run from eight to eighteen lire, so that it is possible to get a room in such a hotel for about thirty-five cents gold.

We do not live "en pension" here but eat around. As in the case of the rooms, our favorable exchange makes the food cheap to us. For instance, dinner here cost us about sixty cents. It was a good dinner, too.

except that the choice of dishes was very limited, and the bread was that same horrible straw bread we had bought on the train. We had lunch at a small Italian restaurant, where we had spaghetti, an enormous portion, enough for a large family, a meat dish, a bottle of Falernian wine, and fruit, at a cost of thirty cents, including the tip.

Naples is not much of a tourist city. The place itself is unlovely, unromantic, though it is beautifully situated. The varied street life is of interest, especially in the upper levels, with their narrow, steep streets and crowded tenements, with the inevitable washing hanging from the windows. The people have the reputation of being lazy and indolent, for which traits they are heartily despised by the industrious northerners.

The National Museum, though, is very much worth while. Unfortunately, we had lost so much time at the consulate and the transport, that we could not give it the attention it merited. Always we must keep on the go, because of the governor's need for haste. There is a great profusion of fine statuary and sculptures, notably, the Farnese Bull, and the Farnese Hercules, superb vases and bronzes, a great variety of articles found in Pompeii and Herculaneum—the wall paintings, with their brilliant colors, still almost as fresh as when laid on, are especially fascinating—and hundreds of paintings, many of them masterpieces of the first rank. Titian's weeping Magdalen is a wonder, and a very affecting picture. I hope to be able to spend more time there, when we visit it together.

If one came to Naples only to see Pompeii, he would be more than rewarded for his trip. I do not believe that there is any single place in the world where one may spend a more absorbing or a more profitable day. There is nothing like it anywhere else. We spent our second day there. From the moment that we set foot in the railway station at Naples, until we reached the station at Pompeii, we were surrounded, besieged, and almost assaulted by guides, altruistically and patriotically anxious to show us the wonders of the dead city. After valiantly repulsing all attacks, we weakly yielded to one who struck us as we were about to enter the gates. He made out such a strong case that there was no resisting him. Besides, he looked as if he needed the money much worse than we did. We made a hard and fast bargain with him to this effect: we were to give him forty-six lire, and he was to pay all necessary expenses, such as entrance fees and tips, give us three hours of his services, and show us everything that was to be seen. With this understanding, we entered the old gate.

The museum just within the gate serves as a fitting introduction to the city. The most striking objects there are the corpses, in the same position in which the ashes from the volcano caught them. Everybody has read descriptions of Pompeii, so that you don't need any further one from me. Everything within the excavated town is of the greatest interest. Do not fail to read Bulwer-Lytton's novel on Pompeii, before you come. It is a wonderful re-creation of the Roman city, as it was when destroyed.

In the course of our wanderings, we had become fairly well acquainted with our guide, who spoke a little English, but considerably more Italian. He was one of the thousands of reasons why the Italians made such a poor showing on the Austrian front, he having deserted in the face of the enemy. "For why," he said, "do I stand up to be shot? I hate not the Austrian, I more comfortable back home." Such was Italian patriotism! Good sense, though!

I must say that he was a very persuasive rascal. He finally induced us to let him take us up on the slopes of Vesuvius, to see the lava flow from the last eruption, that of 1906. First, though, he steered us into the Chalet Suisse for lunch. It is just outside the main gate.

The lunch was good, and expensive, but even had it been the most wretched of repasts, we had thought it excellent, because of the delicious though heady wine which accompanied it. It was the celebrated Vesuvian wine, "Lagrima di Cristo"—and the two bottles we imbibed put us into such a good humor that tears were the last thing we would have thought of and the governor quit worrying about catching the five o'clock train for Rome. "Carpe diem!" became his motto. Never before had he been so gay and witty. The bill presented for our and the guide's lunch was a staggering one, but we paid it cheerfully. That is why they keep that wine there.

After lunch, the governor having bought some Pompeiian relics—made in Germany—we put ourselves in the hands of the guide, and henceforth we were his meat. Taking entire charge of us, he threw us first into a little electric train, from which we were bundled off after a while into a sort of surrey. In this, we rattled over the stony pavements of numerous dead though not buried villages, till we came at last to the scene of the lava flow. The destroyed houses had been nearly all rebuilt, right over the ruins of the village. One of the inducements which the guide had held out to us for taking this trip was that there were three

skeletons which had been buried by the lava. When we asked him, on the scene, where the skeletons were, he told us they were buried under a certain house, now used as an inn, into which he had steered us, and where he tried to get us to buy another bottle. But as we were beginning to feel the after-effects of the "Tears of Christ," we had no desire to look again upon the wine when it was yellow. He finally gave us up as a bad job, and rushed us to the little station where we could catch our train for Naples. While waiting, he presented his bill. The forty-six lire of our bargain had grown to over ninety. So I gave him a hundred lire, at the same time making a mental vow never again to take a guide at Pompeii. They are a useless and expensive nuisance. All one needs for a visit there is a good guidebook, with a plan of the city. The guides are so insistent, though, that it takes a man of almost heroic resolution to refuse them.

What shall I say about Rome? What can I say? We have been here only six days, and Rome needs as many months to be adequately taken in. We have been on the move from morning to night, and have managed to see most of the principal attractions. Hurriedly, of course. We have admired, wondered, and enjoyed, just as all travelers to the sacred city do. It has been a week crowded with sensations. The governor has been most impressed by St. Peter's, its immensity overwhelming him, and by the Palatine Hill, where are the ruined Palaces of the Caesars. The art galleries have appealed most to me. The Vatican, with its world-famous sculptures, and its few, though select pictures, as well as the great frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo; the Barberini Palace, where hangs the celebrated *Fornarina*, by Raphael, and the haunting *Beatrice Cenci*, supposed to be by Guido Reni, and the Borghese Villa, where there is so much that is beautiful, that one is in despair at even trying to name any one thing.

I refuse to be conducted through a museum or gallery. It makes me almost weep to see a party of my countrymen following a guide through a museum. It is such an insult to one's intelligence. Yet one sees them constantly in galleries, following the guide around like sheep, seeing only what he points out to them, rarely asking a question, doing the largest galleries in a couple of hours. It is such travelers that have made us the laughing stock of intelligent Europeans. This is the way a typical American's day in Italy is described: "Breakfast at Naples, lunch at Rome, tea at Pisa, and supper and bed at Genoa."

The American Ambassador, Mr. Underwood Johnson, the person whom we called on, and with whom we had a very pleasant chat, told a story which illustrates the haste with which Americans "do" Europe. There were a couple of American business men, who had come all the way from San Francisco to see Europe, and had only seven weeks in which to do it. They got along to their own satisfaction, too. The method was to stop at the best hotels, tell the manager they wanted the best guide that could be obtained, start out early and keep on the go all day, and thus cover each place, as they thought, excellently well. When they came to Florence, they started out as usual. "Where are we going today?" one of them asked the guide. He replied that they would first go to one of the famous picture galleries. But let Joe finish the tale:

"I looked at Jim, and Jim looked at me, and we understood each other at once. I told the guide we had seen a picture gallery at Rome, so we guessed we didn't need to see any more. 'In that case, gentlemen, I have nothing to show you,' says the guide, and we were satisfied. We had seen all of Florence we wanted to, so we left for Venice."

[To be continued]

## SCOREKEEPER

*Ray B. West, Jr.*

**P**IGGY AND HARRY were standing together before the tall pillared portals of the Lafayette School. Piggy was plunking a baseball into the soft, new-oiled pocket of his fielding mitt. Harry had his legs crossed, and he was knocking the mud from the run-over heels of his shoes with a bright yellow bat. He had an old battered mitt strapped onto his belt.

"Gee, Piggy," he said. "I wisht my old man'd buy me a new mitt an' a bat like this'n."

He pulled himself up straight, and threw the bat over his shoulder, took one or two quick flourishes, then stepped forward and swung with all his might. He shielded his eyes with one hand and followed the imaginary flight of the ball.

"There goes another'n in the stands for old Dolph," he said. "Camilli's smacked another'n."

Piggy threw the ball into the air and caught it as it came down.

"No, he didn't," he said, turning and holding out the new white ball. "I'm Medwick, see. It looked like a homer all right, but it wasn't. Ducky backed up, and he shot one arm into the air. He came down with the ball. See. Here it is."

He held the ball out for Harry to see.

"Ye're crazy, Piggy," Harry said. "How could Medwick've caught Camilli's homer. They're both Dodgers. How could he, huh?"

Piggy turned red. Of course, he'd forgotten. He was sorry he'd said it. Harry knew all the players on all the teams, and Piggy wanted to know them just as well as Harry did. He'd never be able to play as well as Harry, none of the kids at the Lafayette could, but he thought he could know the players just as well. He ought to be able to, he



could remember the dates in history better than Harry, and the timetables. Still he couldn't remember the players, even if he did listen to the world series, every game except Sunday, and he missed the first part of that, because his father wouldn't turn off the "Church of the Air" on another station.

"Here comes Joe!" Harry shouted, pointing with the bat. "Hi-yo Joe, where the hell ye been?"

He turned to Piggy.

"Now we can start havin' battin' practice."

Joe was lean and long, with willowy arms that reached almost to his knees. He stood half a head taller than either Piggy or Harry. He walked with a kind of slouch, both knees bent. He couldn't field as well as he couldn't bat, but he certainly could shine that old apple down across the plate.

Piggy wasn't as anxious as Harry for the whole team to come. If only eight of them came, say, then he'd be sure to get a chance to play. Harry was his best friend, and Harry let him play every chance there was, but he couldn't field like the rest of the kids. He guessed it was because he was always afraid he might break his glasses. He wished that he could. When he was alone at home, he imagined that he could. He imagined they were out there playing the Whittier School, a Rogue Belden punted a nasty one to him along the ground. He could see himself scooping it up smoothly out of the dirt the way Harry did. He would throw with an easy motion to first, catching the runner several feet.

"An easy out," he imagined everyone saying. "That Piggy Renshaw can really play ball."

"Hiya, Piggy. Gee, whatcha got? Another new mitt?"

Joe took the clean new glove and bent it carefully, inspecting the leather.

"Holy hell!" he said whistling. "A real Joe Gordon. How much set-ja back?"

Piggy didn't know. His father had brought it home to him that night, the mitt and the bat. He never would tell him how much this cost.

"It's not the cost that counts," he'd say. "It's the value that you put on it yourself."

Piggy didn't ever know what his Dad meant when he said things like that. He didn't like to let the kids think he didn't know how much things cost, so he just put a price on it himself.

"Three-fifty," he told Joe, adding the fifty cents to make it sound real.

"Geel!" Joe had the mitt on, and he was flexing the fingers. "Three-fifty! Geel!"

He turned to Piggy.

"Let me try it a while, will-ya?" Here, you use mine, an' let me try this good ol' Joe Gordon."

He took a battered and scratched glove from his hip pocket and threw it to Piggy. When Piggy put it on, he could feel the padding coming loose inside.

"Where's all the fellers?"

Harry took a thick watch from the front of his overalls.

"I donno," he said. "It's time they-as comin'."

He put the watch back.

"Well, come on," he said. "Let's knock a few. The Whittier guys'll be comin' up pretty soon."

Joe threw them to Harry, who knocked grounders with Piggy's new bat. Piggy would shag the ones they missed, then he would throw the ball back to Joe. He didn't do badly, though. He didn't miss many. He hoped Harry was watching. Maybe, even if all the kids came, Harry would let him start.

The rest of the team showed up one by one. Then, after a while, there was a shout down by the front steps, and they saw the Whittier team stringing through the gate. They had their bats slung over their shoulders, with mitts and masks strung along some of them. They wore white shirts with WHITTIER written in blue letters across the front. This was something new, and Piggy could see they were proud of it. They swaggered across the diamond, and threw their bats down along the first base line.

Harry walked up to Rogue Belden, their captain.

"Hi-ya, Rogue," he called. "Where'd ye get the new shirts?"

"Ye like 'em?" Rogue said, throwing out his broad chest. "Purty nifty, huh?"

"Oh, they're not much," Harry said. "I seen some just like 'em down at Sears'."

"Yeh?" Rogue said. "Well, what if ye did? I don't see you Lafayette guys wearin' none."

Harry called his team in, and the Whittier boys went into the field and began throwing the ball about. Harry was holding a little score book, and he looked about, then called out a name. He was making out the batting order. Piggy didn't expect his name to be called until near the end, even if Harry did let him play. He stood back near the rim where a group of neighborhood kids were watching. Piggy knew that Harry would let him play if he could. Sometimes Piggy was pretty good batter. If the other team had a pitcher that didn't throw them too fast, sometimes Piggy would get hold of one. If he could get his weight behind it, he could knock the ball farther than anyone on the team. If the pitcher was able to throw fast ones across, though, he couldn't see the ball, and he usually struck out.

"Piggy, you start at third."

Piggy felt the perspiration come out in the palms of his hands. He clenched his fingers and looked about at the neighborhood kids that surrounded him. He didn't want them to know how he felt.

Lafayette was the home team, so they had their first outs. Piggy took his place at the left of the diamond, feeling good and important. There weren't as many balls knocked down toward third, and he knew that this was why Harry had put him there. He got along all right throwing the ball around, but when the first Whittier batter got ready to come to the plate, he felt his knees go weak and rubbery. His stomach burned. He wished he had his own mitt, but Joe hadn't offered to return it, so he kept Joe's old one. There was no pocket in it, and the fingers were limp and frayed.

The kids on the sidelines had got together and formed a cheering squad, and as the first man stepped up to the home plate, they began their cheer.

*Up the River,  
Down the lake!  
Whittier's got  
The belly-ache!*

That was another thing Harry had done. He had got the kids together and taught them how to cheer, just like it was done at the high school games, and up at the college. Piggy thought their cheers were

better, even than the ones the high school had. He had made one of them up, and he hoped the kids would use it now. It went like this:

*Chop 'em hard!  
Chop 'em good!  
Chop 'em up  
To kindling wood!*

Then he didn't have any more time to think about it. The first batter hit the first ball, knocked it rolling to Harry at short-stop. Harry picked it up and slammed it to first.

One out! The kids on the side cheered, and Piggy felt better. Two more now and Lafayette would be up at bat.

The second man knocked a pop-foul. It came down right near the pitcher's box, and Joe should have got it, but Harry waved him away. He ran in and stood under it until it came down, plop into his glove. He banged it toward first, and the infielders threw it around. Piggy caught it, then dropped it, picked it up and threw it to Joe on the mound.

"Hang on to them, Piggy!" Harry called half-reprovingly.

Piggy had just got himself feeling good. There was only one more man to get out. Now, missing the hard throw from Harry, it was like his insides were tied up in a knot again. He gritted his teeth and leaned forward, his hands on his knees; then he straightened and pounded his mitt with his fist. The reason he'd missed that throw, he told himself, was because there was no padding in Joe's glove. Harry had thrown the ball like a bullet, and it had burnt his hand. His fingers had refused to close over it, and the ball had bounded out on the ground.

"Ball four!"

Joe walked this man. Piggy could hear Harry's voice in his ear, but he didn't look at him. He was straining in toward home plate. On the first throw to the next man, Rogue Belden, the Whittier runner, stole second. Harry had told the catcher to let them run, not to try to peg it down. They'd lost too many men that way. On a good over-throw, a man could make it from second clear home. But Piggy knew that if the runner tried to steal again, they would peg it third. His nervousness increased as Joe began his stretch, just like the pitchers in the Valley League did.

"Piggy!"

He knew the man must be trying to steal. He saw the ball streaking toward him from the catcher. It struck his mitt. He held on, but he turned too slow to catch the runner. It was as though he had forgotten for a moment. When he turned, the boy was standing on the pile of rocks that marked third base, teetering to hold his balance.

"S'matter, Tubby?" he grinned.

Piggy flushed. He threw the ball back to Joe, who stood scowling in the pitcher's box. Harry walked up to him.

"That's all right," he said. "You held him on third. He didn't score."

But Piggy knew he should have tagged the runner. He'd had plenty of time. He took off his glove and rubbed the bright red spot in the center of his palm. He glanced toward home plate. Rogue Belden was standing, leaning on his bat and laughing.

"Come on, Rogue! A homer!" the Whittier kids were yelling. "Paste it out, Rogue!"

Piggy gritted his teeth. He wished he had his own mitt. Joe didn't need it. Hardly any balls were knocked to the pitcher. He'd tell Joe. After this inning, he'd tell Joe he wanted to use his own mitt.

"Strike one."

"That's the way, Joe. That's the boy," Piggy heard Harry calling at his left.

He shouted himself.

"Burn it to him, Joe," he called, spitting in his glove and wiping with his fist the way Harry did. He wished he could call time-out to wipe his glasses off, but he didn't dare. He knew what the kids would say. It was bad enough being called Piggy, because he was fat, but it would have been worse if they called him Specs.

Rogue let one ball pass, then he got hold of the next one and belted it foul, way off to the left. Three balls and two strikes. Piggy could hear Harry shouting, but he didn't shout any more. He tried to concentrate on the batter, but he kept remembering a story he had read late in *Second-base Simpson*, it was called, and it was a book by Wallace LaMar Hoyt. He had read a lot of books by Wallace LaMar Hoyt. He remembered some of them, *Halfback Harry*, *Fullback Fullmer*. They were all about sports, and about someone who knocked a home-run, who made a touchdown in the last minute of the game. Sometimes

Piggy had thought that he would do something like that some day. He imagined things like that all the time.

"Strike three!"

Rogue cut at the ball, missing it cleanly. Harry let out a yell and threw his glove in the air. He ran into the center of the diamond and thumped Joe on the back.

"Attaboy, Joe. You're doing fine, Joe," he shouted.

Joe straightened up and smiled and he walked off the field. Piggy was still thinking about asking him for his mitt, but he couldn't now, because the whole team came up and told Joe how fine he was doing. Piggy walked over too.

"Nice going, Joe," he said.

He couldn't keep his eyes off the new Joe Gordon mitt that Joe had thrust over his wrists, though. He wanted to ask about it, but he didn't.

Somehow, it wasn't the same in here on the sidelines as it was out in the field. He wasn't nervous any more. He only wished that he could have made a clean catch of that ball and tagged the runner on third. Then he would have been the one who was getting the praise. He could have gone up and asked Joe for the mitt.

"See here," he would have said. "That last throw was pretty hard on my hands with this old mitt. I almost didn't grab on to it. Let me take my own mitt, will you?"

And Joe would have had to do it, because of the fine play that Piggy had just made. But he hadn't made it, and he tried to console himself. Pretty soon, he thought, it'll be my turn at bat. Maybe I can really get hold of a good one. Maybe I can knock it clean down over the gate and into the road. The bases will be full. All the kids on the sidelines will be cheering. I'll step up, and I'll take a swing at the first one that comes over.

He could almost hear it connect, with a solid ripeness. *Whang!*

Harry came up to him.

"Hey, Piggy. What-ya doin'?"

Piggy looked up and blinked.

"What?"

"What-ya pullin' faces for?"

Piggy hadn't known what he was doing. It was like waking from a dream. He'd had that home-run almost in his hands. He flushed.

Harry edged up close to him and began kicking his toes in the dirt.

"Say, Piggy—"

"Yeah?"

"I hate to do this, but it looks like it's gonna be a purty close game. I guess I better let Rod play third next inning."

Piggy didn't trust himself to look up.

"Sure," he said hoarsely.

Harry sighed, relieved. He looked at Piggy.

"I'll tell you what," he said.

"What?"

"You can keep the scorebook."

He whacked Piggy on the back with genuine enthusiasm.

"You're the best score-keeper we got anyway," he said, as though wishing he'd thought of this sooner. "You know, Piggy, I can't trust nobody to keep the score the way you can. You go over and tell 'em I told you to keep score."

"G'wan," he shouted. "Who told you ye could pitch, anyway?"

Piggy watched him admiringly. Harry was some boy, all right. He'd be in the big leagues someday. Joe, too. Joe would make some-a the big league pitchers like Red Ruffing and Whit Wyatt look like children. "C" one of these days, he thought. He saw Joe looking at him. He called.

"You can go on using my mitt," he called. "I'm gonna keep score."

Joe grinned and held up his arm. He still had the mitt hung on his wrist.

"Just strike out ol' Rogue Belden once more," Piggy called, forcing a smile. "Strike him out again, and you can use it all season."

Joe waved and turned back to the game. Piggy walked slowly over toward the boy who was keeping score.

## POETRY

### SIX POEMS

#### THE METAPHYSICAL AMORIST

My dear, there is disparity  
Between the problems that we sense  
In context of experience  
And the abstracted forms we pose  
When we explain what they may be.  
This is a theme obscured in prose,  
And much abused in poetry.

You are the problem I propose,  
The text I would expound and glose:—  
I call you, for convenience, love.

By definition you're a cause  
Inferred by necessary laws—  
You are so to the saints above.  
But in this shadowy lower life  
I sleep with a terrestrial wife  
And earthly children I beget.  
Love is a fiction I must use,  
A privilege I may abuse,  
And sometimes something I forget.  
Now, in the heavenly other place  
Love is, in the eternal mind,  
The luminous form whose shade she is,  
A ghost discarnate, thought defined.  
She was so in my early bliss;  
She is so while I comprehend



The forms my senses apprehend;  
And in the end she will be so.

Her whom my hands embrace I kiss;  
Her whom my mind infers I know.  
The one exists in time and space  
And as she was she will not be;  
The other is in her own grace  
And is *She* is eternally.

Plato, you shall not plague my life!  
I married a terrestrial wife.  
And Hume, she is not mere sensation  
In sequence of observed relation!  
She has two forms. (Ah, thank you, Duns!)  
I know her in both ways at once.  
I knew her, yes, before I knew her,  
And by both means I must construe her,  
And none among you shall undo her.

#### EPIGRAMS

1.  
I know not what I am. I think I know  
Much of the circumstance in which I flow.  
But knowledge is not power. I am that flow  
Of history and of percept which I know.
2.  
Deep summer, and time pauses. Sorrow wastes  
To a new sorrow. While time heals time hastes.
3.  
The dry soul rages. The unfeeling feel  
With the dry vehemence of the unreal.  
So I in the Idea of your arms, unwon!  
Am, as the real in the unreal, undone.
4.  
Things hasten to their end. If life and love  
Seem slow, it is their end we're ignorant of.

5.  
 What visage is this? in what fears arrayed?  
 This ghost I conjured though that ghost was laid?  
 — The vision of a vision, still unstayed  
 By my voice! still by its old fears dismayed!

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

## TWO POEMS

### EXHIBITION

(For Wassily Kandinsky)

All loves and aspirations of  
 A thousand inspired men  
 Are hung upon the walls above  
 The little cards of *who* and *when*.

Ten lovely women slightly veiled  
 And many men lain naked,  
 White flying geese, and Trotsky jailed,  
 Madame Poots and Spring Awaked.

And there before the dreams all framed,  
 The whispering flesh walks sideways by,  
 Travailing in the spirit lamed  
 To find the shade where their dreams lie.

The light is weaved by shuttling look,  
 Warping the walls from frame to frame  
 And wefting down to the clenched guide book:  
 Or Nymph or Peach, the look's the same.

Christ Crucified and Napoleon Dead,  
 Atrophied Apple, Birds in the Snow,  
 Or Lady in Green or Lady in Red—  
 Still hungry they come. And hungry they go.

## THE LEPERS

Here in this spacious cloister  
 That apes the free world we once knew  
 I might forget the insidious matter  
 Webbed in the exiled thew

But for the dream of ambient hair  
 Of gold or black, and rounded bosom:  
 A garden of delicate graces where  
 My turgent love might blossom.

It is April. The air is dense  
 With jasmine. The season's charities  
 Indifferent fall upon the sense  
 Swelling the rank asperities

Of the soul. The geranium is dead  
 That, through the cold, awaited spring.  
 Its speck of rot the sun first spread  
 Then forced the bloom, a barren thing.

\* \* \* \*

From beyond the blue althea hedge  
 A patient looks with predilection,  
 Magnificent in her sortilege  
 Of tulips and affection.

Secret notes in attitude and glance  
 She hides in pockets of the wind  
 Dreaming: through the arabesque of chance  
 They may receptive eyes prescind.

But I not grasp this dull attainable.  
 Desire and object side by side?  
 A youthful dream, an agèd fable,  
 Self-deception for a ruthless pride.

The incunabula of this love  
 Would rock and falter on a crutch,

Hideous with the knowledge of  
The tomb—and cold and dank to touch.

\* \* \* \*

O brave anatomies clean and white  
And thrilled with life unto the bone—  
Where no intimacies of fancy might  
Corrode upon an alien zone

As: spreading their bright filaments  
Towards adventure and the ecstasy,  
They flaccid fall—and impotent—  
A green-slimer jar's anthology.

This cold corrosion of the flesh  
Is as much escapable  
As the heart's hot restlessness  
For things irreconcilable.

Ayl as the brittle insect wings  
Are shaped anemones beneath the glass,  
Against the arrant guise of things  
The soul is forced to loneliness.

HARRIS DOWNEY

### SHATTERED CITY

Evening is alone—the sun has gone:  
A laggard sky wades through the smoking city;  
Cement spouts its ruptured veins; withdrawn  
Is life upon the pavement of lost pity.

Hunks of bitten buildings, spat on streets,  
Retard the dragging feet of restitution;  
Crawling rags humanity secretes,  
Lie writhing in the midst of dread pollution.

IRENE BRUCE

## A R E N T E D P L A N E T A R I U M

Look up, look up, *the speaker said,*  
at Mother Earth amidst the spheres,  
who has not stumbled, but instead  
walks the slow centuries of years,

keeps to her own judicious path  
between the darkness of the void  
and the round pool of molten wrath  
where she, and we, might be destroyed,

and in unmeasured time and space,  
at the right moment, never fails  
to occupy the proper place!  
Down her parabola she sails,

and wheels her mountains and her seas  
out of the shadow into light,  
bringing with metronomic ease  
the break of day, the fall of night.

We see the solar solitaires  
move with a leisured impetus.  
Unseen, our mother-planet carries  
the burden of frenetic us.

*. . . And as his polished lenses grope,  
sifting the flakes of nebulae,  
the Martian at his telescope  
suddenly calls a colleague: See,*

see, this is the one I meant,  
spotted with green-gold, white and blue;  
notice the leaf-shaped continent,  
the well-marked polar ice-caps too;

with air and water, warmth and room  
developing its latent powers,  
we have good reason to assume  
life is abundant there, and flowers.

CLARK MILL

## TWO NOCTURNES

## i

Some hour I am awake time seems to pause  
 Sighing lightly as a sleeper breathes  
 And turns to grope toward a yet deeper sleep:

Only my self is watchful at this hushed  
 Interval between two inhalations,  
 Alone, fearing the secret dark, lost:

Then if a bell chimes life begins to move,  
 And self goes forth to bless all things that love  
 Asleep and knowing not of their sweet change.

## ii

The pied fields have surrendered to gray;  
 The woods surround them, sullen cliffs of black.  
 Bushes encumber them, like monoliths,  
 And moonlight powders them all as thick as rust.  
 The wagon might have made this wagon track  
 As well a year ago as half a day:  
 The wagoner who jolted home this way  
 Have stumbled into his own stubborn clay:  
 The wheelwright, like his wheels, have rolled in dust.  
 Here are the shriveled faces of barns and house.  
 From sagging rafters rotten shingles hang  
 At angles, like old teeth in an idiot's mouth.  
 The gaping moon regards this lunacy.

Who plants his feet in the warm earth at noon  
 Gets his quick answer: nostrils choke with loam.  
 But venture on this ancient crust at night,  
 You will find a stranger staring in return,  
 Going alone, under a cold moon.

HOWARD R. HOUSTON

## from THE STERILE DUST

## S A W - T E E T H

The wind clapped music-cycles,  
 Roundabout  
 Went about catching wind.  
 Unnatural thunder  
 Shook the sunken stair.  
 Gypsum-powder  
 Drifted into snow.  
 Unnatural hunger  
 Lusted at the soup-holes,  
 Watching a windowful of lightning.  
 Beyond the jagged smashed pane,  
 The cracked lightning  
 Gibbered with unnatural wonder.  
 The salted eyes dribbled,  
 And children sucked for soup-nipples.

The lightning's ragged fingernail  
 Rasped on drumhead-parchment,  
 Cackling static news.  
 The radio's dry voice was torn  
 By Hitler's mouthscrawl.  
 A mortar's rocky bell  
 Clanged out toxic powders.

But I recall a line of Heine,  
 "*Auf die Berge will ich steigen*"—  
 A smooth nooning speech  
 Round as tongue can tell.

## M A P - R E A D I N G

Bang the sash.  
 Shut out the foolish shuddering owl.  
 Shut out the gangs of clammy leaves.  
 We have blood to dream, and dreams of blood,  
 And how without the hood of hate

Tomorrow kill our sworn quarry  
And pop his two white sight-buds.

It must be done,  
And the mind takes rapid hold  
Of pity and the mother-smile  
Sweet-smelling babies, and the marriage-manger—  
Yet tomorrow—kill!  
Shut out the shuddering owl.

I wonder now if the very name of war  
Contracts the ears,  
Points the eyes,  
Sharps the fingers,  
Calms the heart.  
We kill at dim personifications,  
Too soon true,  
More hateful than our love.  
Tonight pinch off a bit of bread  
For your dry mouth.  
Shut out the foolish owl.

#### PROHIBITION

The fire-infested west  
Takes a henna-rinse.  
Local-colored libraries  
Take the generous glow  
Where not long since  
The last puritan massively shook his beard.

The world's bewildering volume—  
Now a schoolboy's atlas.  
Now three-dimensional men,  
Carefully understating,  
Wonder when.

When! Ah, to unfence the range  
Where storming cattle



Kick up clouds—  
Long-buried battle.

Curb only the belted barons  
Wearing spider-signs and fasces.  
Curb only the firebrands, firehands,  
Silting the spirited earth with spark and ashes.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

## CRUMBLING OF THE ROCK

Long torrents the grass waves,  
Touched as with life.  
Live your years as minutes,  
For no wind has the night.  
Night holds the knife.

Smiling, a hard-faced man,  
Crumbling Of The Rock, hot breathes  
Upon live things blooming and unbloomed.  
Give your fragrance  
To the pulseless roofs if must,  
For none can escape the withering.  
The greatest ocean will precipitate dust.

\* \* \* \*

No man felt me coming,  
And God is a sightless man  
Who must be told.  
I have slipped in  
Where there is no space.

Old deathless man, Crumbling Of The Rock,  
Sheds sand upon my upturned face,  
And this that is feature  
Will come to be a mound—  
Eye hollows, mouth filled in,  
And the specially-mumbled of a once voice  
Will be heard as time passing.

DICK ROBERT

# FOR THE OPENING OF THE WILLIAM DINSMORE BRIGGS ROOM\*

Stanford University

May 7, 1942

Because our Being grows in mind,  
And evil in imperfect thought,  
And passion running undefined  
May ruin what the masters taught;

Within the edge of war we meet  
To dedicate this room to one  
Who made his wisdom more complete  
Than any save the great have done:

That in this room, men yet may reach,  
By labor and wit's sullen shock,  
The final certitude of speech  
Which Hell itself cannot unlock.

YVOR WINTERS

\* A room equipped for reading and for social gatherings for graduate students in English, in memory of the late head of the Stanford English department.

## P O E M

Call in the oxen and bed the lambs,  
Blow out the light on the stable door;  
Come is the night, and the moon is throwing  
Puddles of cream on the kitchen floor.  
Pause in the doorway to stroke the puppy,  
Say goodnight to the nearest star.  
Home are the dreams that roamed the meadows,  
Gathering fay-flowers near and far.  
Loosen the buttons on your apron. . . .  
(Who is to know it's the flesh you shed?)  
Kiss all the sleeping little faces,  
Blow out the candle; deep is the bed.

ISOBEL MCBRIDE SARVIS

SONNET

Should I retreat within the house of years  
Spending my life to save a little time,  
Nursing with wrinkled care the creeping fears  
That shun the lamp and toward no window climb . . .

Would this be me, or, useful, a disguise—  
A pretext cunning made to substitute  
For ardor, the courageous and unwise,  
Too eloquent to suffer and be mute?

A character—that creature with a shape—  
Instrument of action, needs a frame;  
House, ship-at-sea, landscape,  
The scene described to vision dull or lame.

But Time's an island in the sea of space  
And spirits kindred meet there face to face.

WINTHROP PALMER

VISION FOR AVENUE N

Extravagant with stars over Avenue N,  
Night looms foreign as the inspecting duchess.  
If any consider planets from this address  
They are no astronomers, but unmethodized, alien.

What rides the alley air between geraniums  
Solidifies in shadow as ancient  
As the back smells of Babylon. Be patient:  
We shall outlive to clock by lead-uraniums.

And Avenue N shall be permitted in space  
Made congruous with the astronomer's dignity.  
Across the daily clatter of a face  
Shall fall the shadow of a galaxy.

And the visiting duchess will not need the poor.  
And Nell Fink's planet open from her door.

JOHN CIARDI

## W A R ' S   Y E A R

That was the time the white-throated sparrow  
Moving north in seasonal migration  
Stopped in the lilacs calling softly,  
Of birds, what is their nation?

Now they have gone with the thrush and warbler.  
Summer has gone, and the fall.  
That one spring day, not soon forgotten,  
We heard the nations call.

We had opened the door for the bird's low singing,  
To mark its flight down the lane,  
When behind us the words of the message thundered,  
Innocent lovers are slain.

The lilacs are gone with the rose and the daisy.  
The seasonal flowers have faded  
With the passing of peace, with the falling of nations  
And the cry of peoples invaded.

Now we have gone again to the doorway  
With the birds and the flowers still there,  
That moment of peace now past returning  
And a chill of fear on the air.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Thus Speaks Germany*, edited by W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter; foreword by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.

*The Roots of National Socialism*, by Rohan D'O. Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1942. \$3.00.

\**Metapolitics: From the Romantics to Hitler*, by Peter Viereck. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941. \$3.00.

These books are accounts of Nazi ideas found in Germany before 1933 and, for the most part before 1914. Coole and Potter's *Thus Speaks Germany* is an assortment of brief quotations from Germans of the past several centuries, quotations calculated, in their uncompromising illiberalism, to shock men of good will, yet purporting to be representative of German culture as a whole. Rohan D'O Butler's *The Roots of National Socialism* is a well-written history of the anti-liberal thought of Germany (1783-1933) in its relation to the social, but much more to the political, background; Butler is a Fellow of All Souls, and his book is embellished by a dry, donnish wit. Viereck's *Metapolitics* is less urbane, less erudite, and less competent; but it is neither so pompous nor so insular, nor so tendentious. For the first time in English, as far as I am aware, Viereck expounds the views of typical and influential "pro-Nazi": Father Jahn, the first Storm Trooper, and Richard Wagner, the Führer's Führer. Instead of emulating Francis Hackett's rodomicomade on *Mein Kampf*, Viereck gives an excellent summary of the ideas of the egregious Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's chief ideologist, author of the fullest apologies for Nazism, shadow-author of *Mein Kampf* itself, and now reported "ruler" of the Ukraine.

All three books have an end in view beyond correcting the prejudices of the political philosophers by calling attention to writers neglected in England and America, whose work is as influential as it

dangerous. They pass judgment on Germany as a whole; and one of them seems to call for her annihilation.

This is Coole and Potter's *Thus Speaks Germany*, and here is the authors' version of the 1919 settlement (pp. 357-358):

The Western world so thoroughly believed in the sudden transformation of the soul of Germany that it did all it could to help the Germans forget their defeat and make a quick recovery . . . [but] . . . when the camouflage of a "democratic" Republic ceased to be necessary, Germany disclosed her former features. . . .

Note (1) the lie of "did all it could;" (2) the fascist assumption that German democracy was only an artificial superstructure hiding the "real" Germany; (3) the curious and fantastic hypothesis of a "soul of Germany," an idea of Rosenberg's; (4) the Spenglerian pomposity and the crosspatch pontificality of the language.

Butler is much more civilized. Embarrassed by his own hatred of Germany, he couches his argument in the language of a masochistic litotes. For instance note the last sentences of the book (p. 299):

. . . one is inclined to wonder whether that darkness which the Germans have so ardently invoked has not indeed proved very fruitful. . . . And one wonders whether that people will see the light again.

Why does Butler pretend to speak more in sorrow than in anger? A cheap rhetorical device. If his bitter and uncompromising indictment of Germany were even half-true, a man would have no business "wondering," much less being "inclined to wonder," whether German thought has been fruitful. Butler's irony is spurious, for a true irony implies a recognition that truth is not simple and that the universe is not painted in blacks and whites. Such a "two-valued orientation," to use Korzybski's phrase, would find a more natural vent in invective, as Hitler knows. I dwell on Butler's rhetoric because it has persuaded some reviewers that the book is dispassionate. "Scrupulously restrained, honest, and scientific, it carries a potent impact," says one. But in two long and important reviews (*Dublin Review* and *Horizon*) Franz Borkenau, the eminent German liberal, has revealed the utter unfairness of Butler's garbled quotations, his careful suppressions and his stupid *non-sequiturs*.

Actually, Peter Viereck, for all his slapdash manner, is much more honest and even more nearly dispassionate. His book gains for being

written in a country not yet at war; and perhaps there is always more hatred of Germany in the land of Butler, Coole, and Potter.

Viereck starts by citing Goethe and Yeats in meanings utterly remote from the authors' intentions. He is a journalist, and he seeks the picturesque even to the extent of interpreting the rise of Nazism as result of "romanticism" and the frustration of a few Greenwich Village phonies. That Viereck's analysis is not always as simple as it sounds is shown by the fact that he has discomfited some of his reviewers by simple citation of his original text. Generalize about Viereck's interpretation (as I have just done) and he will produce a passage contradicting your generalization. This does not mean that he is profound; where Coole and Potter are crude, Viereck is ambiguous.

The basic faults or limitations of all these men are, first, their utter dependence upon high-order abstractions such as national souls; second, their enslavement to the facile antithesis and the "two-valued orientation." A characteristic result is Butler's complete failure to mention Germany's magnificent anti-fascists from Marx on; a sentence from a recent article in the anti-fascist *Freies Deutschland* is suggestive: "um die Nazis zu hassen muss man ein Deutscher sein." Furthermore, Butler gives the impression that fascism is not important outside Germany. This error is part of an even more important one common among liberals (though not among communists): the idea that democracy is traditional and that tyranny is a return to some long-outgrown stage. The naïve idea that all history has been a preparation for the liberal professor is flattering to him but weakening to his fellow because it leads to an underestimation of the enemy's strength. Even Hitler's program is hatefully traditional. It is we with our hopes for the common man who have only the future and not the past on our side.

Men like Butler and Viereck think that we are fighting for Socrates and Jesus. The struggle, they tell us, is of mighty opposites: barbarism versus civilization, East versus West, paganism versus Christianity, hell versus heaven, Germany versus the world. Just because Hitler's charlatans are dressed in the rags and tatters of historicism, pragmatism, relativism, and the like, these philosophies—the backbone of modern progressive thought—are declared fascistic. "Whoever," says Viereck (p. 313), "believes that the end justifies the means is a barbarian invader of Western and Christian civilization." What then does he say

to the invasion of Finland or Madagascar? To wage war at all for good ends must be to invade Western and Christian civilization. One reviewer says that Butler convinced him that the essential tenets of anti-fascism are (1) the spiritual basis of human life and (2) the absolute value of the individual. All this is much closer to the Neo-Thomism of President Hutchins than to the main varieties of modern progressive philosophy such as American pragmatism or Soviet communism.

The terms in which Butler and Viereck conduct their discussion drive them to utter unreality so that one wonders what is the validity of this sort of book anyway. What is the argument? Hölderlin speaks of national revival, Hitler speaks of national revival; therefore Hitler is a romantic and Hölderlin a proto-Nazi. I suggest two objections to this: first, that Hölderlin is insulted and dragged in the mire; second, that Hitler is flattered and accepted too much at his own valuation. Naturally Hitler would like to think himself in the main channel of German thought. But Brecht's characterization of the Führer is much more accurate: *der blutige Dummkopf*.

These books on the "German soul" advance a sort of counter-fascist theology that has little appeal outside the small circles in which their authors move. If the roots of the trouble lie so deep in national souls as is assumed, then how can there be a solution without the total annihilation of Germany—which the world would not tolerate and which Stalin (for instance) does not, according to his own statement, desire? If good is identified with the West and with Christianity, then perhaps the Japanese "soul" will also prove incorrigible. India, too, is not a western democracy, nor is it in any sense Christian. Butler hints that Germany is barbarous because it was never Romanized, but neither was most of the rest of the world.

These books and the ideas they set forth are the weapons and strategy of the last war in ideology as well as in action; they are wraiths of bygone actualities, especially of national wars and jealousies. We shall not have a twentieth-century ideology until it is recognized that our struggles are not basically national at all and that we and our allies are not fighting for spirituality or even for any national "soul."

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY



*Our Hawaii*, by Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 194  
\$3.50.

At a time when our Pacific outpost is shrouded in a veil of censorship, it is interesting and rewarding to examine the excellent prewar picture of the islands which Erna Fergusson presents in *Our Hawaii* particularly in view of the fact that Hawaii's experiment in living may offer, as the author points out, valuable suggestions in the formulation of a lasting peace.

*Our Hawaii* is conceived in such a form as to meet the requirements and pique the curiosity of the average reader. Neither a textbook for the specialist nor a handbook for the tourist, this well-illustrated volume presupposes on the part of the reader little knowledge of our territorial possession.

Miss Fergusson is too canny to leap into the midst of her subject. She contents herself at the outset in sharing with her readers casual facts about the islands and impressions obtained from her expert and sympathetic probings of persons from every walk of life. Then, after judicial weighing of written and oral evidence, she lays the cornerstone of her reconstruction of post-Captain Cook Hawaii in making the assertion that "New England fathered modern Hawaii and its mother was Polynesian" and that it is impossible to understand Hawaii without first appreciating the qualities of these two races which have shared honor throughout her recent history.

Having established this sure foundation, she proceeds to point out that, unlike other countries, Hawaii was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the Gospel and the schoolbook; that the missionaries arriving at a moment when the Christian faith was eagerly seized upon as a substitute for the crumbling system of tabu, "made a literate population out of the Stone Age people" and "steadied the little kingdom through fifty years of covetous conflict between powerful nations.

Miss Fergusson succeeds in conveying a clear impression of the successive stages in this extraordinary transition—a transition which in a single century embraced what many parts of the world required at least three hundred years to achieve. She does this by presenting in turn the portraits of four remarkable women: Kaahumanu, the queen who had the courage to break the dread tabu; the "Missionary Mother," who paved the way for a beneficent paternalism; Queen Emma, whose impeccable court was the counterpart of Queen Victoria's; and Prince

Kaiulani, whose tragic plea for the dying monarchy makes touching reading in this hour of blitzkrieg. The charming portraits of these four women, each so individual and so representative of her time, give us an intimate insight into the sweep of history.

In building up her picture of present-day Hawaii, Miss Fergusson does not confine herself to Honolulu and the island of Oahu. Taking us to "the other islands," she seizes upon the essential characteristics of each, telling us, among other things, about the Hawaiian paniolo who indulges his love for finery in the gaudy shirt and gay neckerchief of the Españoles, whence derives his name and much of his technique.

A highlight in Miss Fergusson's travels is her investigation of the hula. There are numerous varieties, she discovered: the hula staged for tourists; the ancient sacred hula, suppressed by the missionaries and doomed by the overthrow of the native gods; the distinctly profane longshoreman's hula from which the "Mainland" versions stem; the hula as performed at social gatherings; and that which the Hawaiian natives dance for their own enjoyment—a version delectably described in a priceless chapter titled "New Year's Luau at Kahakuloa." It was at Kahakuloa that the author became aware of the hula as a fluid, living form of art.

Miss Fergusson savors her astute observations with a sparkling sense of humor. As to her conclusions, the war suspends judgment. But one hopes with her that in the postwar search for a worldwide formula for peace, Hawaii will be able to present laboratory proof that, on a small scale at least, peoples of different racial and cultural background can be fused into that workable whole which constitutes the ideal of democracy.

THOMAS NICKERSON

*Hernán Cortés, Conqueror of Mexico*, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. \$4.00.

*Liberators and Heroes of Mexico and Central America*, by Marion F. Lansing. Boston: L. C. Page & Company, 1941. \$3.00.

Of books on Hernán Cortés and the Conquest of Mexico, there have been a large number. The theme is a dramatic one. It includes those stirring qualities of love and romance; rise from nonentity to a position of leadership by sheer personal courage, shrewdness, and strength; dis-

covery of unknown lands and peoples; military conquest against appalling odds; and the addition to the Spanish empire of Mexico, one of its richest and most precious jewels.

Such was the fortune of Cortés. From his day to the present, there is perhaps no chapter in history more remarkable. It is small wonder therefore, that numerous writers have tried to tell this story, and that we have such accounts as W. H. Prescott's classic *Conquest of Mexico* as brilliant a story now as when it was written nearly a hundred years ago, or that a man of the reputation of Salvador de Madariaga should today, give us a new interpretation of this same event.

Briefly, Cortés, born in Spain in 1487, was seized with a desire to go adventuring during those stirring days following the discovery of America and the water-route to India, and succeeded in coming to "the Indies" in 1504. There, on the Island of Santa Domingo, he became a planter and minor official, but gave little indication of the qualities that were later to place him on a pinnacle of success, which rivaled only the accomplishments of Christopher Columbus.

But the world was expanding. From the little group of Spanish islands in the West Indies and the Caribbean area, all that was then known of the New World, Spanish expeditions penetrated to the northern coast of South America, to the shores of Central America and across its narrow isthmus, and, most important of all, to Yucatan and Mexico with their distinctive native civilizations. Two captains from Cuba, on orders of its governor, had ventured into the Gulf of Mexico, and then Cortés, in 1519, was sent to tempt success where they had failed. He did so, but here we may only refer to the highlights of his conquest: how he obtained the interpreters, Aguilar and Doña Marina; made an alliance with Cempoalla; founded Vera Cruz; "burned" (sank) his ships; invaded and conquered Tlaxcala with less than five hundred men and sixteen horses; overwhelmed treacherous Cholula; entered Mexico City and made a captive of its ruler, Montezuma; captured Narváez and his army of nine hundred men and eighty horses with a force of about two hundred and fifty; was driven out of Mexico on the "noche triste;" reconquered the city and entire surrounding area with less than one thousand Spanish soldiers; and how he was recognized by the Emperor and acclaimed throughout Spain.

Madariaga relates the whole dramatic story, but the reader will miss in his pages many of the anecdotes told by others. Yet he treads alway

on firm ground. Rarely does he stray from such contemporary chronicles as the *Historia Verdadera* of Bernal Díaz del Castillo, the *Crónica de la Nueva España* of Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, or other contemporary evidence. The author has little space for the amorous escapades of Cortés, dwelt on at length by some, but grasps the wider significance of the entire conquest with clearness and force. He understands Cortés and the men of his time far better than many. He realizes that the sixteenth century was different from the nineteenth. He senses the greatness and weakness of Cortés. Madariaga's account of Cortés will endure as a keen, factual, well-written, psychological approach to the Conquest of Mexico.

In contrast to Madariaga's volume, which measures up to the critic's taste in scholarship, *Liberators and Heroes of Mexico and Central America*, by Marion F. Lansing, is designated for a different audience. It is written for the general public. In a series of short chapters, he tells the story of Hidalgo, Morelos, Iturbide, Morazán, Benito Juárez, Barrios, and half a dozen other heroes of these countries. Each essay is a unit, a little gem from the history of that particular country. If the people of the United States understood these and other heroes of the Latin American nations better and if they realized that these men are real heroes in their own country, the cause of the Good Neighbor policy would be vastly enhanced.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

*South America and Hemisphere Defense*, by J. Fred Rippey. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1941. \$1.50.

*Inter-American Solidarity*, by Herminio Portell Vila *et al.* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1941. \$1.50.

*The A. B. C. of Latin America*, by Frank Henius. Philadelphia: David McKay Company, 1942. \$1.50.

These three modest volumes are a pleasant relief from the mass of current literature on Latin America: travel notes by our messengers of good will, interesting but superficial accounts by itinerant journalists turned statesmen for the occasion, ponderous professional dissertations based on secondary authorities, all written with an eye to the coordinator's budget, the best seller list, or the promotion committee, as the case may be.

Dr. Rippy's little volume contains the Walter Lynwood Fleming Lectures in Southern History, delivered by him at Louisiana State University in 1941. These four lectures reflect the author's customary careful scholarship, and his analysis of the United States-Latin American relations is sound and readable. It is only when Dr. Rippy feels that he has something to sell in the way of an inter-American program that his efforts become rather strained. Thus in the first lecture, a detailed discussion of the foreign policy of the United States becomes, quote the author, "the Evolution of the American System," an American system which it is stated has existed for more than a century. There may be an American system, but Latin Americans will probably not accept references to Simon Bolivar, the Panama Congress of 1826, and past clashes with Britain over contraband policies as evidence of the antiquity of our present-day foreign policy. Why not offer the Good Neighbor Policy as a pure act of repentance? In his discussion of future commercial relations and investment possibilities in South America, Dr. Rippy is not on certain ground. Mr. Hull's reciprocal trade treaty program is surely not a prop for any concept of hemispheric self-sufficiency which the author apparently believes to be the most satisfactory solution of these problems, and it is difficult to see just in what manner the financing of South America by our government instead of by private investors, is any great improvement. It seems obvious that while under a system of free enterprise only a few commercial disputes become the subject of diplomatic intervention, under the present system of government financing, every default by a Latin American country will necessarily involve a diplomatic incident. The author's thesis in these lectures leads him to the verge of hemispheric isolation. One must bear the fact in mind, however, that most of our Latin American experts, including those in our government service, are finding it necessary to fit their views into the terms of the Atlantic Charter, and a broader concept of world organization than that embodied in the term "Pan-Americanism."

*Inter-American Solidarity* consists of seven lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in 1941 under the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation. These lectures cover the entire field of inter-American relations, including an excellent discussion by Major George Fielding Eliot on the "Strategy of Hemispheric Defense" and other lectures on trade and financial problems, raw materials, cultural relations, and Pan-Americanism. Several of the authors are Latin Amer-

cans who present the point of view of their countries. Señor Ortega's lecture on cultural relations ought to be sufficient to persuade our most ardent good will messengers that culture is something that cannot be bought and sold by folio. Practically all the lectures with the exception of Major Eliot's stress the detachment of the Western Hemisphere, although Dr. Rippey in his lecture on Pan-Americanism somewhat regretfully concedes that the Western Hemisphere is a part of the world and that the conquest of the British Isles by a military aggressor would menace the American nations. The volume contains a lecture by Professor Scott of McGill University on "Canada and Hemispheric Solidarity." This is interesting because most of our experts on inter-American affairs, including the authors of this volume apart from Professor Scott, seem to overlook the fact that Canada is a part of the Western Hemisphere, although she is unquestionably, as Professor Scott states, "its largest and second most powerful state." It would be well for those having our program of inter-American relations in charge not to overlook the importance of our northern neighbor and the part that Canada, free as she is from those criticisms which beset the past policies of the United States, may play in bringing about hemispheric solidarity.

*The A. B. C. of Latin America* is a compilation of factual information, commercial, governmental, and otherwise, from each of the republics of Latin America. This work appears to have been carefully done and within limits a publication of this kind undoubtedly will serve a useful purpose. It is not a volume which one reads through, but rather a useful manual for consultation.

VICTOR E. KLEVEN

*The Unpublished Letters of Adolphe F. Bandelier, concerning the Writing and Publication of The Delight Makers*, with an introduction by Paul Radin. El Paso, Texas: Carl Hertzog, 1942. \$2.50.

In 1929 Mrs. Fanny Bandelier gave Paul Radin a small packet of letters written by her husband to Thomas Allibone Janvier and his wife between March 12, 1888, and May, 1892. Radin and the New York bookseller and importer, Charles P. Everitt, eventually asked Carl Hertzog and Tom Lea, the El Paso printer and artist noted for their interest in rare Southwest items, to publish the letters for them. An

almost eerie chain of trials and mishaps, for both Radin and the publishers, attending the making of the book are now belied by its perfection, with Lea's portrait frontispiece of Bandelier, Hertzog's flawless printing and design, and their fine facsimile of one of the letters. The misfortunes were a story in themselves sufficient to make both artist and printer declare that the ghost of an irate Bandelier must be haunting the project of Paul Radin for his introductory remarks about the scientist being "a befuddled romantic." If so, the ghost of that perfectionist unjustly pursued a printer of equal probity, for only a fine craftsman working for the love of the job would have seen the book through the complete re-printing and resulting financial loss which Hertzog endured to make a book worthy of telling the story of another fine book.

All that is an inside story, but it is fitting preface to this account of Bandelier's own struggle with the novel. In March, 1888, writing to Janvier, a Philadelphia journalist who had spent most of 1881-1887 in Colorado and New Mexico, Bandelier first diffidently mentions his book: "... now don't be too much prejudiced against that poor 'romance' of mine, but read it first," and asks some questions about preparing a manuscript for publication. Apparently, Janvier was loath, then at least, to take the scientist's venture into literature very seriously and must have suggested concentration on scientific tracts, for in September, 1888, Bandelier defends the project on the grounds that the romantic Indian "fraud" of Cooper or the Aztec "myth" of Prescott must be destroyed in literature as well as in science.

In many letters Bandelier speaks of his difficulty in translating from German of his first draft and repeatedly belittles his own literary power before Janvier's greater skill. In January, 1889, he writes with great relief that the book is completed, asks Janvier's help in submitting it to publishers, and expresses his entire willingness to alter anything to save the truth of his picture; not one "IOTA" of that will he sacrifice. Janvier evidently made faithful though unsuccessful attempts to find a publisher; but he would not say what he thought of the book, now tentatively titled *The Koshare*; and Bandelier, jokingly threatening him with "a stone knife and hatchet of my forefathers" if he doesn't stop "making fun of my novel," begs for frank comment which Janvier never, apparently, expressed. (In his introduction Mr. Radin, I believe, misreads the letter of June 20, 1889, wherein Bandelier speaks of "c

approbation," obviously not that of Janvier but of the publishers, since Bandelier still pleads for his friend's criticism.)

Bandelier is heartened even by Scribner's refusal because their rejection is based on limited appeal rather than on literary incompetence which he so feared. Finally, the manuscript remains for several months with Charles Eliot Norton, whose influence may have helped toward publication, though on November 24, 1889, Bandelier has almost given up *The Koshare*. Then there is a gap in the correspondence until January 31, 1891, when he reports favorable reviews of *The Delight Makers*.

Aside from this story of the book, the biographical glimpses in the letters are interesting. This is the time of Bandelier's bitter disillusionment with the Hemenway expedition, and with the Southwest—"It is strange how everything related to this country turns melancholy at once," even with the United States where for forty years he has had "nothing but sorrow and disappointments." There are a few uncomplimentary asides, about the unreliability of Davis (in *El Gringo*), Helen Hunt Jackson's ignorance of the California Indians, J. Walter Fewkes' "villainous intrigues," Charles F. Lummis's "bumptiousness," both personal and literary.

But the genuine modesty of Bandelier, the glow of his friendship and admiration for the more facile Janvier, his utter unawareness of the unique merit of his book contribute the most endearing personal touch. Janvier produced an archaeological novel, too, a light, racy affair possibly inspired by his friend's efforts. On October 13, 1889, Bandelier says, "am curious to read that novel of yours," generously admitting that a Mexican setting has more appeal than one of the Southwest. On January 31, 1889, he writes to Mrs. Janvier of *The Delight Makers*, "If I were able to write as Tom writes, I might have made a good book out of it. . . . *The Aztec Treasure House* [1890] is a very remarkable book." However he adds gently, "he ought to study the Indian more . . . penetrate his inner life. . . . From Mexico and with the Indian as he is there now, a new literature could almost be started. I have enough to do with the New Mexican aborigine." But Janvier was to go potboiling a merry way from the Aztecs through Provence and the Sargasso Sea and back to Mexico only casually; and Bandelier was soon off to the better days of his Bolivian and Peruvian research, neither of them, in their honest friendship apparently to perceive the irony of



these letters between the humble novice who made literature out of scientific truth and the admired and faintly condescending mentor who took his readers on a George A. Henty expedition through *The A. Treasure House*.

KATHERINE SIMON

*Navajo Creation Myth, The Story of Emergence*, by Hasteen Klah; recorded by Mary C. Wheelwright. Navajo Religion Series, Vol. Santa Fe: Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, 1942. \$10.00.

Knowledge of Southwestern ethnology is considerably enhanced by the appearance of *Navajo Creation Myth*. This is the first of a projected series of publications on America's most populous Indian tribe. Both professional and lay readers will anticipate with pleasure subsequent contributions.

The scope of the volume is broader than the title would indicate. The bulk of the work dealing with the legend of emergence is of extreme interest psychologically and culturally. It illustrates the importance of the personality factor in myth rendition which was forcefully brought to the attention of anthropologists by Dr. Morris Edgewood Opler in *Three Types of Variation and Their Relation to Cultural Change in Language, Culture, and Personality*.

Klah, Miss Wheelwright's informant, was one of the noted transvestites of the Navajo reservation. While *Navajo Creation Myth* follows the conventional myth pattern of previous versions recorded from the people, the neurotic background of the raconteur is clearly discernible in certain substitutions and changes of emphasis. The most notable of these digressions is the attributing of the central role in creation and emergence to *be'gocidi*, the transvestite deity of the Navajo. A minor character under normal conditions, Klah's account raises his status to that approaching a high god. In this way the informant was able to rationalize his own eccentric behavior. The case is an extremely interesting one. It is an actual example of cultural dynamics and illustrates the latitude which the cultural pattern allows for the accommodation of the unusual individual.

Other notable features of the volume are a section of Navajo songs from various ceremonials, hitherto unpublished material on Navajo masked performers, and an account of the Blessing Way Chant. The latter is profusely illustrated with reproductions of the pollen paintings used in that ritual.

Two points may be mentioned in criticism: Readers will deplore the excessive use of native terms which make reading difficult. Moreover, these terms are recorded in an unaccepted system. Folklorists will complain that the myth has been over-edited.

The book is an attractive one. The Rydal Press is to be complimented on its printing. The binding, by Hazel Dreis, is artistic and well done. Great credit is due the Dunewald Printing Company for their realistic reproduction of the color illustrations of the pollen paintings.

W. W. HILL

*Short Grass Country*, by Stanley Vestal. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941. \$3.00.

*A History of Oklahoma*, by Grant Foreman. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. \$3.50.

*The Road to Disappearance*, by Angie Debo. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941. \$3.50.

"Fasten one end of a logchain to the top of a fence-post. If the wind does not blow the chain straight out, the breeze is moderate."

This quotation, as well as anything, illustrates the quality of Stanley Vestal's *Short Grass Country*. The third volume of the American Folkways series, *Short Grass Country* is an admirable companion to its predecessors, Haniel Long's *Piñon Country* and Edwin Corle's *Desert Country*. It is a good deal of everything and not much of anything in particular, an engaging patchwork of folklore, history, humor, sociology, and weather reports that somehow manages to catch the flavor of the region which Vestal describes as bounded "by the Ozark Hill-billies to the east, by the Spanish-American sheep-herders to the west, by the cornhuskers in Nebraska on the north, and on the south by the brush-poppers of Texas."

The country of which Vestal writes is a "land of buffalo hunts and county-seat wars; of roundups, rodeos, and barbecues; of cattle, wheat, and oil; of prairie fires, tornadoes, cloudbursts, northers, and dust storms; of barbed wire, windmills, and branding irons; of boots and saddles, warbonnets, and steel helmets; . . . of dugouts, soddies, bunk-houses and skyscrapers; of ghost towns and boom towns; of Okies and squawmen, *ciboleros* and rustlers, and vigilantes; of sidewinders and coyotes and roadrunners; of horned toads and prairie dogs, of good women and bad men."

*Short Grass Country* contains a great deal of information on top as widely separated as tipis and menus; a good many stories, tall and otherwise, illustrating the plainsman's capacity for overstatement; and an excellent, although incidental, analysis of the relationships between the characteristics of the land and those of the people who inhabit it. Behind the lightness of the book is a solid knowledge of the region and a profound admiration for the courage of its people who battled Indians and blizzards, dust storms and floods, droughts and depressions, and were still able to say at the end, "Well, the wind blew the dirt away. But we haven't lost everything. We still got the mortgage."

The people of Vestal's book are the people who made Oklahoma a people whose complete story is told by Grant Foreman in his scholarly history of that state. Having come into Oklahoma with the Dawes Commission near the beginning of the present century, Mr. Foreman had an excellent opportunity to observe the events leading up to Oklahoma's admission to statehood in 1907 and to study the relations between the government of the United States and those of the Five Civilized Tribes who for seventy-five years maintained an orderly civilization in the Indian Territory. In 358 closely packed pages, he gives with considerable detail, the turbulent story of Oklahoma from the time of the Louisiana Purchase until the present when the state has already begun to lose many of those characteristics which made it unique. "The history of no other state," Mr. Foreman states in his introduction, "is derived from more fundamentally distinctive natural forces, conditions, trends, and developments—bewildering questions of public policy, difficult problems of reconciling the operation of the laws of nature with Indian rights, private greed, and national honor—than the state that was refused admission to the Union until she had half as many people as were in the Thirteen Original Colonies at the close of the Revolution."

Out of the complicated and difficult material of Oklahoma's history Mr. Foreman has made a smooth-moving book whose wealth of detail is deceptive in its easy flow. It is not an easy book to read, nor a particularly entertaining one; but it is both comprehensive and thorough and will become one of the principal sources to which students of the region will refer.

Miss Debo's *The Road to Disappearance* might be said to be an enlargement upon a part of Foreman's history of Oklahoma. For where Foreman dealt with the entire panorama of Oklahoma history, Miss

Debo has focused upon one of the Five Civilized Tribes, the Creeks, and particularly upon their history since the Civil War, and has given us their entire story from the time of their first encounter with the whites on their tribal lands east of the Mississippi until their loss of independent political identity during the first decade of the twentieth century.

It is not a pleasant story that Miss Debo has to tell—it could never be pleasant to trace the descent of a proud and integrated people from national independence to the status of a scattered and disintegrating minority shorn of their institutional patterns and forced into the acceptance of an alien culture—nor is it one that reflects credit upon our national policies towards minority groups within our borders. But it is a story that needed to be told, and Miss Debo has done a fine job in the telling of the whole story: the forcible wrenching of the Creeks from their eastern lands; their ill-planned, harrowing exodus to the west; the partial rebuilding of their political and social institutions in their new home; and their final engulfment by the westward-spreading wave of white settlers.

The Creek nation no longer exists. But in the words of Pleasant Porter, one of the last of their national leaders: "The vitality of our race still persists. We have not lived for naught. We are the original discoverers of this continent, and the conquerors of it from the animal kingdom, and on it first taught the arts of peace and war, and first planted the institutions of virtue, truth, and liberty. . . . The race that has rendered this service to the other nations of mankind cannot utterly perish."

LYLE SAUNDERS

*Billy King's Tombstone*, by C. L. Sonnichsen. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1942. \$3.00.

*Longhorn Cowboy*, by James H. Cook, edited and with an introduction by Howard R. Driggs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. \$2.00.

*Death Valley and Scotty*, by Clarence P. Milligan. Los Angeles: The Ward Ritchie Press, 1942. \$2.50.

*Law West of the Pecos*, by Everett Lloyd. San Antonio: The Naylor Co., 1941. \$2.00.

It is good occasionally to gossip over the back fence of time about the juicy happenings of other days. It is particularly good when the

gossiper chances to be Billy King, erstwhile barkeep, gambler, deputy sheriff, and the happenings are those which took place in Tombstone, Arizona, in the roistering eighties.

In its heyday there was nothing dead about Tombstone except occasional citizen who talked too much and too soon and shot too and too late. From Tough Nut Street to Dutch Annie's and beyond Tombstone was a lively and lusty town whose flavor is admirably served in Mr. Sonnichsen's gusty narrative. From the opening page where a toughie from Bisbee who brought a wildcat on a leash into Tombstone saloon was put to flight by a live rattlesnake casually drawn from the pocket of an unperturbed local barfly, the book comes to life and the fascinated reader is plunged into the social whirl of "the wildest town in the United States." Sordid and vicious and bawdy were the lives of the knights and ladies of Tombstone, but their vice was tempered by a ribald and gargantuan humor, and their bawdiness could be attributed, by one charitably inclined, to nothing more than an irresistible impulse to good clean lust. Whatever the balance of their faults and virtues, the Dutch Kid, Fatty Ryan, Billy Stiles, Lizette the Flamingo Nymph, Crazy Horse Lil, Nosey Kate, Madame Moustache, *et al.* make up an interesting crew and Mr. Sonnichsen has made of them and their community a vastly entertaining book.

While the good people of Tombstone were scattering fragments of the Ten Commandments over the Arizona landscape, James H. Cook was growing up as a "brush popper" and "cow waddie" on the Texas plains. In *Longhorn Cowboy* he tells, with a simplicity that approaches understatement, the details of cowboy life in the days of the Chisholm Trail, a life that was dangerous and lonely and hard, a life which "lacking in excesses and frills, tended to make men." It is a story that Cook has to tell and one which gains appreciably through excellent editing of Howard R. Driggs, who has managed to keep the uninhibited vitality of Cook's own words and at the same time to remove the repetitions and grammatical errors which have spoiled many other books of this type.

*Death Valley and Scotty* might have been a better book if Milligan had had someone like Driggs to edit it before publication. For Milligan's book is as lush as Cook's is simple, and one's attention is frequently diverted from the mountains of Death Valley to mountains of adjectives with here and there a *cliché* leaping from pinnacle to pinnacle. It is a pity that Mr. Milligan could not have resisted his over-fond

for words like cromlech, revenant, gonfalons, and behemoth; that he did not decide to write either a book of fact or a book of fantasy and then stick to his decision; that he did not tell more about both Death Valley and Scotty. For one has the feeling that Mr. Milligan could write an excellent book about Death Valley if he tried. *Death Valley and Scotty*, however, is not it.

Judge Roy Bean perhaps deserves a better biographer than he found in Everett Lloyd. *Law West of the Pecos* deals with the stuff of which legends are made, but the book suffers from poor organization and indifferent writing. The stories of Judge Bean are good stories, but when they are told three times in a hundred and twenty pages—as are the accounts of Bean's fining a corpse forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon and of his fondness for shortchanging customers at his bar—even the best stories grow a little tiresome. It may be, as Lloyd claims, that the real Judge Roy Bean was the type of person who will occupy a permanent place in the folklore of the Southwest, but the Roy Bean who fills the pages of *Law West of the Pecos* is only an egocentric and cantankerous old man addicted to petty graft and pompous blustering, whom it would be kinder to forget.

Each of the books here considered is important in that it records, however well or indifferently, a bit of the color and flavor of an era that now lives only in the minds of a few "last leaves" like Billy King and James Cook and Scotty. No one who wishes to know the old West can afford to ignore them.

LYLE SAUNDERS

*The Spanish-American Song and Game Book*, compiled by workers of the Writers Program, Music Program and Art Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of New Mexico. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. \$2.00.

This book contains material which has long been needed in the folk world. To the various W.P.A. Programs goes a vote of thanks for collecting and bringing it together in book form.

As is often the case where there is much collaboration, however, a certain evident lack of oneness in purpose keeps cropping up. Perhaps the most apparent fault is the failure to make the transition of feeling from Spanish to English. Granted that an explanation is made in the introduction as to the translations: "The songs have been trans-

lated freely into English so they can be sung more easily; therefore, English for the stanzas will be found to differ in some instances from the Spanish." Nevertheless, it is disconcerting to find the direction of the games again and again translated so freely that the meaning or importation of the game loses its original form. The same (and to a great degree) is true of certain words used in the stanzas which could have perhaps, been better left untranslated. For example, the folk sense of the word "posole" (food for Christmas and special occasions—hominy, pigs' feet, etc.) is lost when inane translation "soup"! A familiar dish, why translate it any more than one would attempt to translate "chile," "tamal" or "tortilla"? The idea being to preserve the folk meaning (and surely that was the idea), free translation should have encouraged that preservation and not its destruction.

This exaggerated freedom of translation again hits one in the case when in such a game as *Puño Puñete* the phrase "date en la frente" becomes "touch your wrist." From a virile game (we recall hitting ourselves so hard on the forehead that we had to finish the game by tending to fall down dead) it turns into a panty-waist business of "touch your wrist"! Mexican children in our day would have laughed any day out of the room who had thought of sacrificing a punch on the forehead for a touch on the wrist just for the sake of a jingle.

Perhaps those responsible for making the language transition could not sense the feeling behind the Spanish version. Yet in spite of the fact that this ineffectual attempt often badly bungles the authentic meaning, the original quality of the games usually shows through.

We did not mind the grammatically incorrect language for which an explanation was offered, but we did mind the changing of some of the "incorrectness" into more polite versions. Thus a "mata se" which definitely was related to animal excrement in other epochs made to appear "meca ceca" and translated "here and there." Such purification is painful. One tries much harder not to laugh, which is the purpose of the game, if the punishment is eating a dead dog or excrement of a cow—imaginary as it may be—than if all one has to do is a Disneyed "pay a price before my eyes."

The book itself is very attractive and of practical size for use both in playing the music or following directions.

We feel that more than ordinary credit should go to Gisella Loe and Undine Gutierrez for their part in illustrating the book.

usual charm and feeling characteristic of these artists make up for the frequent blanks where apparently illustrations should have been inserted but were not, thus giving the book a hurried-job appearance that is to be regretted, since the whole effort is very worth while and should have received the completest consideration—both from the publisher and those engaged in producing it.

MELA SEDILLO

*Slave Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands*, by Lydia Parrish. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. \$3.50.

For seventy years we were preoccupied with considerations of the white man's domination over the black man, strength versus weakness. In the last decade there has been a sensible reversal of viewpoint: The southerner can best be understood only in the dark of his association with the Negro. It is protectively worth while, then, to familiarize ourselves with the artistic expressions of African psychology.

Mrs. Parrish, though not a social propagandist, is aware of the deep-rooted race consciousness of the black man, and appreciative of his cultural heritage, to the preservation of which she has devoted twenty-five years of service. Descended from Salem Quakers, she early conditioned her ear to the songs of runaway slaves. She is well equipped to present to us related songs of the Georgia Sea Islanders whose confidence she has won. For "Janey Jackson" or "Milly Polecat" is as jealous of her racial tradition as the New Mexican Indian, and as secretive. The songs of the Negro are basically his own, the product of his needs and superstitions. He has contributed more to musical literature than he has borrowed, and efforts to discredit the origin of his talents and contributions imply an intolerable arrogance on the part of the white man. Rather, it should be the white man's privilege to preserve the African song-forms of emotional release instead of attacking them at their dandelion roots. Boomerangs have been known to be unpleasant.

"Rockah Mh Moomba," "Knee-bone I Call You Knee-bone Bend," "Stickit Ball a Hack," "Can't Hide Sinner," "Pay Me My Money Down"—such characteristic titles symbolize play, religion, and work. American experiences of every character undergo a peculiar chemical change in their passage through African consciousness. The primitive truth which we associate with the folksong emerges, felt rather than consciously planned.



Slave songs of the Georgia Sea Islands have their echoes in these sections. "No Hidin' Place" with its "Ah'm goin' t' run t' the rock a hidin' place . . . Fox got a hole in the groun'/ Bird got a nest in air/ There's nare one thing got a hidin' place/ But these sinners none" was a favorite at the Zeta Tau Alpha house in Berkeley, California, in 1914. It had the following form, however, sung by a man from Kentucky: "A sinner sat at the gates of hell/ The gates gave way and in he fell/ Go down Moses/ I went to the rock to hide my face/ The rock cried out 'No hidin' place'/ Go down Moses."

The music of these songs, solo and chorus and percussion, is transcribed by Creighton Churchill and Robert MacGuinsey. The task of indicating a non-European idiom is a difficult one, in the end a compromise. But there has been no recourse to mere arrangement. The musicians have erred mechanically, perhaps, in their efforts to preserve conventional key signatures. The reader's psychology is thereby conditioned, and the effect of Pentatonic-Major and Pentatonic-Aeolian modes blurred. The major scale minus its fourth and seventh degrees is in reality an independent, unrelated agent.

The book is beautifully illustrated and up to standards set by Creative Age Press. An excellent introduction by Olin Downes is a justified prestige.

RUTH HANN

*The Copper Pot*, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. \$2.50.

*The Copper Pot* is a skillful novel, a good novel, in no sense a great novel. The canvas is small but alive and sensuous. The reader gets the excitement of going behind the closed doors of the New Orleans French Quarter, of glimpsing the lives in the rooms edged by the lacy iron galleries. The plot is slight. The conflict is the age-old conflict of young-man-artist avoiding easy financial security to the right and "over the brink" to the left. The author has his hero Tom Hartshorn achieve—not without excursions to left and right—the hard, rewarding road of honest work and honest love. Painting what the world will let him—that he may paint what he believes in—art feeding art—seems to be the answer. Finally if the artist is the real thing, the real pictures (one is a copper pot on a balcony) win honorable mentions, prizes, and success.

The theme is old. The time and place and slant of characterization fresh. During the two years before Pearl Harbor, the time of the story, the rumble of distant wars coming ever nearer makes work and love both more and less important to artists and writers. It is significant that the art colony is in New Orleans, U. S. A.—not Italy, not Paris now.

Mr. La Farge knows New Orleans from his own writing days in the French Quarter. His permanent address is now Santa Fe. The New England and Harvard background of the hero are partially autobiographical, too.

The men in the novel are convincing and clearly distinguishable. Tom and his best friend Pete, the writer, are a little too alike, and the continuous drinking is a bore and reminiscent of the novels of the twenties. "Have a Martini." "No, I have just had three beers," etc., etc. The women are unreal. Jenny and Frances merge until you forget which name belongs to which. Estelle is merely a symbol of the easy wealth and social smoothness Tom finds himself pulled toward. Rita, of the house of the copper pot, is no more believable than a Kress store imitation of a Dresden figurine. La Farge has never been able to show what makes women tick. Even Slim Girl of the Pulitzer Prize winner, *Laughing Boy*, is a romanticist's dream.

It is easy to pick flaws with a La Farge novel, the plotting and the characterization. It is as a pure artist that he is superb. He makes you sense places, interiors, exteriors of houses, colors, lights, shadows, and the cooling rains. While you read the book you live in New Orleans. And there is always the pleasure of the exact word, the perfectly turned phrase that few can achieve so well. If you love New Orleans and can't go just now, or if you can, read *The Copper Pot*.

MABEL MAJOR

*Venetian Adventurer: Marco Polo*, by Henry H. Hart. Palo Alto, California: Stanford University Press, 1942. \$3.50.

The pageantry of the West, the fever and glitter of European history, fade into dim insubstantial things as the adventure of Marco Polo spreads its unimaginable but true tapestry before one's eyes. It is a miraculous story, and the quiet unemphatic narration of it merely accentuates its miracle.

For the travels of Marco Polo into the land of the Tartars, his twenty-five years as an honored guest of Kublai Khan, his long, incred-

ible return to his native Venice, all this was a journey not alone in a new climate, but a journey into a new world. One is staggered at the facts. There is more blood here than one can understand; there is more allure here than one can well bear.

The grandfather of Kublai Khan was Genghis Khan. Since his time there has been no comparable slaughter, no comparable devastation. Let air-borne bombs say what they will. Genghis Khan captured the Persian city of Termed, and left it a city of one million and a half corpses. At Nishapur not even domestic animals, cats, or dogs were spared. A mountain of skulls smoked into the sky. When he died in 1227 he ruled the largest empire in the world, no man a larger before or since, and left over eighteen million human corpses in Asia alone as a memorial. The Mongol flood washed the walls of Prague and flowed toward a supine Europe.

Before Kublai Khan in 1270 stood Marco Polo of Venice, "a young bachelor of very great and noble aspect." He had completed the chapter of the longest, the most wearisome, and the most remarkable journey "ever made and recorded by any man in all the world's history." So writes Dr. Hart, and his book proves every word of this and more. Not for twenty-five years did Marco Polo return to Europe, and when he once more saw the lions of St. Mark in 1295, he was an old man, not a new man, a man who had lived a fuller life than any human being could more than possibly know, and who wag the world on as it may.

He had—take it just at random—governed a province of China, known Burma well, been ambassador to tribes and principalities, brought the omnipotent gold seals of the Khan into regions unknown by Europeans to this day; he had discovered what group of women is the most beautiful in the world; he had learned the real reason for the binding of the feet of Chinese women; he perhaps was the first European to know spaghetti and ice cream; he had seen petroleum, paper money, printed maps of the lands of Java, Sumatra, and India; he had described animals that only later history was to verify, deserts and valleys and populations that mankind only centuries later was to admit; he had gazed toward Japan and in misplacing it influenced the later Columbus—he had seen and done whatever marvels there are in the world. His story, so matter-of-factly told by him, so matter-of-factly and so intelligently retold by Dr. Hart, is a masterpiece of observation, experience, fortitude, and wisdom.

There is dissatisfaction in this book. After reading it, one moves on about in his daily tasks. He does not whistle while he works. He has

the muted clang of Cathayan bells, and his eyes see the gates of distant wonder.

W. D. JACOBS

*A Witness Tree*, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1942. \$2.00.

*Out of the Jewel*, by Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942. \$2.50.

*An American Anthology*, edited by Tom Boggs. Prairie City, Ill.: The Press of James A. Decker, 1942. \$2.00.

*Sonnets and Lyrics*, by Winthrop Palmer. Portland, Me.: Falmouth Publishing House, 1941. \$2.00.

*The Ballad of Three Sons*, by Winthrop Palmer. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1941. No price indicated.

*A Drunken Boat*, by Jean-Arthur Rimbaud; translated by Clark Mills. Ithaca, N. Y.: Voyages, 1942. \$1.00.

*Mexican Summer*, by Helen Gerry. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1941. \$2.00.

*Mill Talk and Other Poems*, by Leslie Nelson Jennings. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1942. \$2.00.

*Boy at Dusk*, by Ralph Friedrich. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1941. \$2.00.

*Sing for Your Supper*, by Sylvi Edith Mackey. Yellow Springs, Ohio: The Antioch Press, 1942. \$1.50.

*Man Who Fell in Love with God*, by John Quinn. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1942. \$2.00.

*Smoking Flax*, by Odell Francis. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1941. \$1.50.

*Bright Singing Hour*, by Dion O'Donnol. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1942. \$1.00.

With *A Witness Tree* Robert Frost presents his seventh book of poems, his first in six years. And immediately one may say that the book is not very much different from the former ones. Here again are a group of lyrics, some short narratives, and some long lyrics in what the publishers call Frost's "characteristic and highly personal quality of wisdom."

None of this can be quarreled with. Frost does not have the ability that Yeats had—the ability to deepen and strengthen his craftsmanship as he grew older. If there is any change in Frost's work, it is that this last collection seems thinner than others, not in bulk, but in riding a spare horse with determination, even petulance. The personal "wisdom" the publishers speak of, somehow in the poems becomes real and importantly said. The cry against Frost's reactionary attitudes which went up at the publication of *A Further Range* has not been repeated for this volume; yet the attitudes are much the same. It is unfortunate that anyone, including the publishers, should emphasize this side of Frost, for the poems indicated are not his most permanent contribution, though many are substantial poems. The real gold is in the lyrics, represented best in this collection by "I Could Give All to Time." No one can deny that Frost is a great minor poet, and this volume, as did each of the others, adds one or two really fine poems to his credit.

Rolfe Humphries is frankly a minor poet. He prefaces his collection with this quotation: "A minor art needs to be hard, condensed, and durable." What the term *hard* can mean other than *condensed*, I do not know; but if those two terms are virtually the same, Humphries generally satisfies the requirements for a good minor poetry. The collection is by no means even in execution: I found that the first section struck a generally fine level which was not equaled, except in spots, in subsequent sections. But his ability shows in a large number of styles and kinds of perception, an interesting test for any minor poetry. He is at his best in a poem occasioned by some apparently slight situation, such as hearing a waltz, as in "Valse Triste," or reading a legend, as in "Theseus." These poems and many others like them, but on varying occasions, are fine indeed. If he misses the mark he has set up for himself, even in his best poems it is in lack of condensation in the sense of the image and the symbol of many ramifications found in much traditional English poetry.

*An American Anthology* is at least the fifth or sixth collection Tom Boggs has edited, and, so far as I know them, it is his best. Here appear still his faults as an anthologist: a very personal taste which is often faulty toward the "easy" and the experimental lyric; a continual thrusting forward of some favorites (sometimes with the same poems used before) who are by no means the best poets in the books. But in *An American Anthology* his virtues show more importantly than formerly: a wider range of taste; a willingness to give the better poets generally

more space. Here are sizeable chunks from Kenneth Fearing and Wallace Stevens, two fine poems by Yvor Winters, individual poems of quality by a number of other people. Boggs limited himself to poems which had not previously appeared in other anthologies except a few from Boggs' own earlier collections. He presents, then, little known poems, and there is much of value in the book.

Of Winthrop Palmer's two books, I like better the collection of sonnets and lyrics. *The Ballad of Three Sons* is an allegorical story of the three sons who are "The proud, the fierce and the malcontent." The writing is interesting, at times accomplished, but too often turgid. In the other book I admire the sonnets particularly. In them Mrs. Palmer demonstrates that she is a craftsman; she writes with a good sense of what she is doing. A device she uses throughout the sonnets is the juxtaposition of a general or abstract word with an image, a device often found in older English poetry and which she often turns off very well. The method has limitations, however, and as Mrs. Palmer gets command of more ambitious devices we may expect even better poems of her.

The Rimbaud translation by Clark Mills is printed in a limited edition, presented attractively. The translation seems accomplished and well done. Quite of another sort, however, is Helen Gerry's *Mexican Summer*. Miss Gerry is adept at getting the surface impressions, but her range does not go below such surface manifestations; and generally her verse composition is inept, as in "Miasma," with four of the first twelve lines ending with prepositions.

Of the six first books of poems here noticed, the best is easily *Mill Talk and Other Poems* by Leslie Nelson Jennings. Mr. Jennings has been publishing poetry for more than two decades, and it is surprising to find this his first book collection. He is a mature poet, often writing very well. He is a minor poet and invites comparison with Rolfe Humphries: two or three of Mr. Jennings' poems come up to the best standard of Mr. Humphries, but he does not have Humphries' breadth of theme and material nor his diverse technical accomplishment.

*Boy at Dusk* by Ralph Friedrich is the more typical first book. The accomplishments are real and make for a few interesting, good poems. But the accomplishments are not many, nor are they brilliant. The metrical composition is generally wooden. The poems most of the time cry for a definite image, sensory impact, and psychological depth. As Mr. Friedrich adds these to his ability, he very likely will produce some

important work. *Sing for Your Supper* by Sylvi Edith Mackey is the opposite, a mixture of free verse and prose, a group of isolated images put together with a casual thread of idea moving from "Plowing" through "Harvest." One cannot quarrel with the ideas, even some of the individual passages; but in all, the work suffers from lack of that texture in poetry which we sometimes identify as "control" or "depth of perception." Something similar could be said of John Quinn's *Man Who Fell in Love with God*. The book deals with the love of man for man and son for father, and in a variety of verse styles. Many perceptions are strongly worded, and in the more formal sections there is forced on the poet a tighter composition which indicates that Mr. Quinn has considerable ability.

The work of Odell Francis in *Smoking Flax* and of Dion O'Donnol in *Bright Singing Hour* may be compared with Mr. Friedrich's book, since they also use formal patterns. One may say that the accomplishments of these two poets are less real than those of Mr. Friedrich, yet still important and solid; and that the same needs for a functional use of metrics and for a sharper image are felt in the work of both poets.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Public Schools and British Opinion Since 1860*, by Edward C. Mack. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.75.

The French Revolution won some measure of human rights for mankind, but this monumental, unswerving study shows that the fundamental premises of democracy never penetrated into the English public school. Unless real changes occur, here is the burial ground of British liberalism. The gravestone will read: "Here lies Democracy, killed by Public School Snobbism. Rest in Disdain."

W. D. J.

*Rodeo, the Sport of the Cow Country*, by Max Kegley. New York: Hastings House, 1942. \$1.00.

Excellent action photographs, held together by a minimum of text, make this sixty-four page book a choice addition to the guest room library. Skim through the brief account of the rise of rodeo as a major spectator sport, and you'll find yourself in the midst of horses with their

feet off the ground and men with their seats off the horses. If you like horseflesh, this is your dish.

L. S.

*Texas Childhood*, by Evelyn Miller Crowell. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1941. \$1.50.

Rose-colored reminiscences of life on a Texas plantation, complete with a "big house" and "darkies standing at a respectful distance, grinning and giggling and waiting for their presents." Not recommended for anyone who doesn't still relish the Bobbsey Twins.

L. S.

*Twentieth Century Indians*, photographs and text by Frances Boone MacGregor; with a foreword by Clark Wissler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941. \$3.00.

"Given the opportunity to raise his standard of living and to regain his national pride, the Indian will not only enrich his own life but that of America as well." Thus Mrs. MacGregor sums up her brief but excellent statement of the history and present status of the American Indian. Superb documentary photographs offer convincing proof of Mrs. MacGregor's thesis.

L. S.

*Three Southwest Plays*, with an introduction by John Rosenfield. Dallas: Southwest Review, 1942. \$2.50.

An historical drama, a sprightly comedy, and a dramatic treatment of a race relations theme attest the versatility and maturity of the Little Theater in Texas. Considered separately, the three plays—"We Are Beseiged," "Where the Dear Antelope Play," and "Jute"—are good; bound together with John Rosenfield's introductory comments, they mirror not only the Texas amateur theater but Southwestern life as well.

L. S.

*Spanish Colonial Furniture*, by A. D. Williams. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1941. \$3.00.

A requisite for wood carvers, this book gives illustrations, working



drawings and specifications, bills of material for fifty-seven authentic, attractive adaptations of Spanish furniture. Process instructions, fruit of the author's teaching experience, are excellently clear. The wide variety of models, particularly good in bookcases, typical Spanish chests and cabinets, is well within amateur range even though professional in design and appearance.

K. S.

*The Pueblos: A Camera Chronicle*, by Laura Gilpin. New York: Hastings House, 1942. \$3.00.

Tourist bait or learned society publications dealing with the Pueblos are usually unserviceable for the average Southwest enthusiast. Here is something better, a perfect union of photographic art and reliable scholarship achieved through twenty years of exploration of the Southwest and acquaintance with its scientists, which is vivid, concise Pueblo history.

K. S.

*A Spanish Tudor: The Life of "Bloody Mary,"* by H. F. M. Prescott. New York and London: Columbia University Press and Constable and Company, Ltd., 1941. \$5.00.

John Richard Green, if not Lytton Strachey, would have been proud of this book. With vividness born of concrete scholarship and pungent style, a seemingly impenetrable mass of documentary evidence has been fused into a sympathetic, accurate account of England's most tragic queen. The voice of Tudor England tells the story, ambassador, lord, and commoner alike detailing Mary's way to dusty death.

K. S.

*Shakespeare's Audience*, by Alfred Harbage. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$2.25.

Chapter, verse, and statistics combine to prove that Shakespeare's audience was not "the very scum, rascallitie, and baggage of the people," as some prejudiced contemporaries have persuaded our most distin-

guished scholars, but rather like our own moviegoers or the "grocer and his wife." Revision of previous conceptions is demanded by this accurate, convincing study.

K. S.

*The Raven and Other Poems*, by Edgar Allan Poe; reproduced in facsimile from the Lorimer Graham copy of the edition of 1845 with author's corrections and an introduction by Thomas Ollive Mabbott. (Publication No. 56 of the Facsimile Text Society.) New York: Columbia University Press for The Facsimile Text Society, 1942. \$1.80.

Poe's own corrections and additions to this 1845 edition give increased interest to "Lenore," "The Conqueror Worm," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Raven," which some think needed more than it got. This evidence of Poe's working habits plus an introduction tracing various issues of this volume merits minute examination from the specialists.

K. S.

*Honorable Enemy*, by Ernest O. Hauser. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941. \$2.50.

An important primer, if not a profound analysis, this swift, journalistic survey presents Japan's John Doe, living, working, fighting, worshipping the Son of Heaven. Blighted liberals, military, political, and economic dictators, in fact the whole Japanese ruling pattern, are sketched for a general public which had better study carefully the special twists of this feudal, insular civilization that we have to fight.

K. S.

# A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

*Lyle Saunders*

**I**NCLUDED here are mainly those books and periodicals published between April 1 and June 30. A few items omitted from the May issue are included here for the sake of completeness.

As usual an asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review at a future date. The letter (F) designates fiction (J) denotes books written for juveniles.

## BOOKS

- Aniol, Claude M. *San Antonio, City of Missions*. New York, Hastings House, 1942. \$1.25.
- \*Baker, Mrs. Karle Wilson. *Star of the Wilderness; a Novel*. New York, Coward-McCann, 1942. \$2.75. (F).
- Bradley, Ann, and Sharp, Lawrence A., eds. *Echoes of the Southland*. Literature of the south and southwest. 2v. Austin, Steck Co., 1942. \$2.00.
- Brown, Dee. *Wave High the Banner; a Novel Based on the Life of Davy Crockett*. Philadelphia, Macrae-Smith, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- †Carroll, H. Bailey, and Haggard, J. Villasana. *Three New Mexico Chronicles*. Quivira Society, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1942. \$10.00.
- Chabot, Frederick C. *Corpus Christi and Lipantitlan; a Story of the Army of Texas Volunteers, 1842*. San Antonio, the Author, 1942. \$2.00.
- Comstock, Mrs. Harriet Theresa. *Windy Corners*. New York, Doubleday, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- \*Cook, James H. *Longhorn Cowboy*, edited by Howard R. Driggs. New York, Putnam, 1942. \$2.00.
- Dale, Edward Everett. *Cow Country*. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. \$2.75.
- Dobie, James Frank, and others. *Texian Stomping Grounds*. Austin, Texas Folklore Society, Publication No. 17, 1942. \$2.50.
- Emrich, Duncan. *Casey Jones and Other Ballads of the Mining West*. Denver, the Author, 1942. \$ .50.
- Eyre, Alice. *Torture at Midnight*. New York, House of Field, Inc., 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- Falk, Orson. *Thunder Birds*. New York, Random House, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- Friend, Oscar J. *The Long Noose*. New York, Gateway Books, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- Garst, Shannon. *When the West Was Young*. Douglas, Wyoming, Douglas Enterprises Co., 1942. \$2.50. (F).
- Grey, Zane. *Majesty's Rancho*. New York, Harper, 1942. \$2.00 (F).
- Grinstead, Jesse Edward. *Hellfire Range*. New York, Dodge, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- Hafen, Le Roy R., ed., *Overland Routes to the Gold Fields, 1859, from Contemporary Diaries*. Glendale, A. H. Clark, 1942. \$6.00.

- †Kantor, MacKinlay. *Gentle Annie, a Western Novel*. New York, Coward-McCann, 1942. \$2.00. (F).
- Mersfelder, Louis Calhoun. *Cowboy-Fisherman-Hunter*. Kansas City, Brown, White, Lowell Press, 1942. \$2.50.
- Mumey, Nolie. *History of the Early Settlements of Denver, 1599-1860*. Glendale, A. H. Clark, 1942. \$6.00.
- \*New Mexico Writers', Music, and Art Projects. *The Spanish-American Song and Game Book*. New York, A. S. Barnes, 1942. \$2.00.
- Peterson, Elmer T. *Forward to the Land*. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. \$2.75.
- Priest, Loring Benson. *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren: the Reformation of United States Indian Policy*. New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 1942. \$3.75.
- Reed, S. G. *A History of the Texas Railroads and of Transportation Conditions Under Spain, Mexico, the Republic, and the State*. Houston, St. Clair Publishing Co., 1942. \$3.50.
- Snedden, Geneva Sisson. *Docas, Indian of Santa Clara*. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co., 1942. \$ .96. (J).
- \*Sonnichsen, C. L. *Billy King's Tombstone; the Private Life of an Arizona Boom Town*. Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers, 1942. \$3.00.
- Steele, Rufus. *Mustangs of the Mesas; a Saga of the Wild Horse*. Westwood Hills, California, Mrs. Rufus Steele, 1942. \$2.50.
- Steen, Ralph W. *20th Century Texas*. Austin, Steck Co., 1942. \$3.00.
- †Talayesva, Don C. *Sun Chief; the Autobiography of a Hopi Indian*, edited by Leo W. Simmons. New Haven, Institute of Human Relations, Yale University, 1942. \$4.25.
- Turner, Mary Honeyman Ten Eyck. *These High Plains*. Amarillo, the Author, 1942. \$2.50.
- †Waters, Frank. *The Man Who Killed the Deer*. New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1942. \$2.50. (F).
- WPA Writers' Program, State of Texas. *Randolph Field; a History and Guide*. New York, Devin-Adair, 1942. \$2.00.

## PERIODICAL MATERIAL

### NON-TECHNICAL

- Abbott, Clifton. "Father Kino, Empire Builder of the Old Southwest." *Travel*, May, 1942. Popularized account of life and work of Eusebio Francisco Kino.
- Anonymous. "Arizona's Newest Natural Wonder." *Arizona Highways*, May, 1942. Ford-TWA meteorite expedition.
- "The Arts of the Pueblos." *Design*, April, 1942. Very brief discussion.
- "The Environs of Santa Fe." *Design*, April, 1942. Short description.
- "Galvan Visits United States as Artist-in-Residence at University of New Mexico." *Art Digest*, April 1, 1942.
- "Indian Homemakers Make Mattresses." *Extension Service Review*, April, 1942. Results of extension mattress program among Arizona Indians.
- "Indians! Indians! Indians!" *Santa Fe Magazine*, April, 1942. Jemez Indian dancers on a tour selling war bonds and stamps.
- "Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial at Gallup." *Design*, April, 1942. Half-page description.
- "Mesa Verde, an Ancient Apartment in the Cliffs of Colorado." *Design*, April, 1942. Brief description.
- "Rapid Growth of Navajo Tribe Becomes an Economic Problem." *Hobbies*, February, 1942.
- "Santa Fe Jemez Indians Tour the East in War Bond and Stamp Drive." *Santa Fe Magazine*, June, 1942.
- "Thunder in the Skies; a Portrait of Old Glory Preparing for War. Arizona Flying Fields." *Arizona Highways*, June, 1942.
- "Viva la Fiesta!" *Arizona Highways*, April, 1942. Prospects for *La Fiesta de las Flores* at Nogales, May 3-10.
- Arizona Writers' Project. "John Vukceovich, the Story of an American." *Arizona Highways*, May and June, 1942. Life story of a Globe, Arizona, miner and business man.
- "Sons of the Captain." *Arizona Highways*, April, 1942. Yuma Indians.
- Barker, S. Omar. "Circle Sampler." *New Mexico*, May, 1942. A circular tour from Las Cruces to Silver City and return.

- Beal, Mary. "Marigolds in Desert Sands." *The Desert Magazine*, May, 1942.
- Bloom, Lansing B. "Martin Amador and Mesilla Valley History," *New Mexico Historical Review*, April, 1942.
- "The Rev. Hiram Walter Read, Baptist Missionary to New Mexico." *New Mexico Historical Review*, April, 1942.
- Bomb Sight*. Weekly publication of soldiers at Albuquerque Air Base.
- Capps, Ethel S. "When Hollywood Comes to the Desert." *The Desert Magazine*, July, 1942. Movie making on location in Arizona.
- Carroll, H. Bailey. "Texas County Histories." *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, April, 1942. Bibliography, continued from January issue.
- Cassidy, Ina Sizer. "Painter of Old Houses." *New Mexico*, June, 1942. Regina Tatum Cooke.
- Chapman, Kenneth M. "The Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe." *Design*, April, 1942. Half-page mention of the work of the laboratory.
- Clawson, Marion. "What's in Store for the Western Third." *Land Policy Review*, June, 1942. Plan for future of western third of the United States.
- Cosulich, Bernice. "The Vulture." *Arizona Highways*, May, 1942. The story of Henry Wickenburg's mine.
- Cunningham, Blanche. "A Little Leche, Please." *The Rio Grande Writer*, Spring, 1942. Dialogues tending to reveal Spanish-American personality.
- Daugherty, F. "College on Horseback; Polo Is a Year-round Fixture at the University of Arizona." *Collier's*, May 23, 1942.
- Davidson, Col. Wilson T. "A Comanche Prisoner in 1841." *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, April, 1942. Experiences of an eleven-year-old boy kidnaped by Indians.
- De Golyer, E. L. "Compleat Collector: New Mexicana." *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 16, 1942. Bibliographica.
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- Dobie, J. Frank. "Coyote Traits and Trails." *Arizona Highways*, May, 1942. Coyote intelligence.
- Dodge, Natt N. "Saguaro." *Arizona Highways*, May, 1942. Habitat and description.
- Donnell, F. S. "The Confederate Territory of Arizona as Compiled from Official Sources." *New Mexico Historical Review*, April, 1942.
- Douglas, Frederic H. "Indian Art in the Southwest." *Design*, April, 1942. List of collections.
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- Eaves, Royce. "Teli-Thlakai." *The Rio Grande Writer*, Spring, 1942. Navajo amusements.
- Economic News for New Mexico Farmers*. Monthly publication of New Mexico State College, Extension Service, giving price and market information.
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- Feth, J. "All Kinds of Ways to Dig; Suction Method Used at Sandia Cave, New Mexico." *Compressed Air Magazine*, March, 1942.
- Fitzpatrick, George. "Tireless Vacation." *New Mexico*, June, 1942.
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- Freudenberger, Helen. "The Oklahoma A. & M. College." *Phi Kappa Phi Journal*, May, 1942. General description.
- Germann, Frank E. "The Second Las Cruces Meeting of the Southwestern Division. (A.A.A.S.)" *Science*, May 29, 1942. Description of proceedings; list of new officers.
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- Greaves, Gordon. "Mr. Peanut Goes to War." *New Mexico*, May, 1942. Effect of war on Portales Valley crop.

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- Halloran, Arthur F. "The Western Red Fox in Southern New Mexico." *Journal of Mammalogy*, May, 1942. Capture of an isolated specimen in Dona Ana County.
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- Hunt, W. Ben. "Whittling—a Jackknife Technique." *Industrial Arts and Vocational Education*, May, 1942. Contains information on carving Katchina dolls.
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- Kay, Eleanor. "Gathering of the Tribes." *New Mexico*, July, 1942. Gallup ceremonial.
- "The War Priest's Magic." *New Mexico*, June, 1942. Zuni.
- Kelly, Charles. "Gold Hunters Are Like That." *The Desert Magazine*, July, 1942. Rescue of a starving prospector along Colorado River in southern Utah.
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- Muench, Joyce Rockwell, and Brewer, Jimmie. "The Lily of the Southwest." *Arizona Highways*, April, 1942. The story of Yucca and the Yucca moth.
- Nasatir, A. P. "Jacques Clamorgan: Colonial Promoter of the Northern Border of New Spain." *New Mexico Historical Review*, April, 1942.
- New Mexico Miner and Prospector*. Monthly publication of New Mexico Miners and Prospectors Association with news of miners and mining.
- New Mexico Progress*. Monthly publication giving, in current issue, news of New Mexico School for the Deaf.
- New Mexico State Tourist Bureau. *Battlefields of the Conquistadores*. Santa Fe, the Bureau, 1942.
- New Mexico Tax Bulletin*. Publication of New Mexico Taxpayer's Association with items of interest to taxpayers.
- Nininger, H. H. "Visitor from a Distant Planet." *The Desert Magazine*, July, 1942. Meteorites in Barringer Crater in northern Arizona.
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- Shelton, Charles. "Transforming a Desert Into a Playground." *Travel*, May, 1942. Accomplishments of National Park Service at Lake Mead.
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- Thrapp, Dan. "Polk and Posey on the Warpath." *The Desert Magazine*, May, 1942. Ute uprising against the government in 1914.
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## LOS PAISANOS

### Saludo a Todo Los Paisanos:

In a recent personally conducted Los Paisanos poll concerning the literary activities of local writers, only one author answered my ear-to-ear questionnaire with a "What is the use of writing now?" Regardless of the hazardous business of finding a publisher willing to gamble on future book sales, and in spite of the terrific emotional impact engendered by each day's war news, all of them, with the exception of the Texan, are finishing the book that has been in the offing, or planning new one with a confident approach to our present tight-rope-walking existence and to the ultimate worth of personal achievement.

Consider for a moment Alan Swallow, poet-publisher, and instructor in English at the University of New Mexico. Dr. Swallow has just recently edited three books which will appear this summer from the publishing house of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois. *American Writing, 1942*, the first of the three, will be published soon. It is an anthology of short stories and poems which appeared in the non-commercial magazines of 1941 and will include also a yearbook of those magazines. The volume will contain more than fifty poems and several short stories, including one story and several poems selected from THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. The anthology is the first of an annual selection which Dr. Swallow will edit.

*Three Young Poets*, to appear soon also, includes work of three poets, Thomas McGrath of New York City, William Peterson of Glendale, California, and James Franklin Lewis of Batesville, Arkansas.

The third book, *Three Lyric Poets*, presents the work of three Southern poets selected with an introduction by Dr. Swallow. The authors are Tom H. McNeal, head of the English department at East Texas State Teachers College, Alice Moser of New Orleans, and Byron Herbert Reece of Blairsville, Georgia. In addition to this work, Dr. Swallow has also signed a contract for a first book of his own poem which will appear late in the fall under the title *The Remembered Land*.

Conrad Richter, whom Albuquerque proudly claims because he and his wife and daughter Harvena lived here for a number of years (Harvena graduated from the University of New Mexico in 1938), was awarded the annual gold medal for literary achievement by the Society for the Libraries of New York University at the society's annual meeting, May 20. The *New York Times* literary supplement of June 7 carried a one-third page announcement of the decision of the judges, Harry Hansen, Edward Weeks, and Pearl Buck. Mr. Richter is the author of three distinguished books: *Early American* (1936), *The Sea of Grass* (1937), and *Trees* (1940). He has just finished a novel, which will probably be published in the fall. It too is a piece of Americana.

Dorothy and Nils Hogner, whose recent *The Animal Book* is considered their best, are now busily engaged on another juvenile to be called *Stories of the Bible*, which the Oxford Press will issue. According to an eye-witness, Nils' illustrations for the forthcoming one are "perfectly beautiful." They will spend the summer in their Greenwich apartment instead of at their summer studio in Litchfield because Nils is finishing a government consignment of murals, and because both of them have signed up for the duration as air wardens of their precinct.

Kyle Crichton, dramatic, screen, and stage critic for *Collier's Magazine*, spent the Fourth of July week-end in Albuquerque en route to New York from Hollywood. During his short visit he saw all of his friends, from Elfego Baca to Mrs. Clara Fergusson, but most of his time was spent with Mr. E. Shaffer, editor of the *Albuquerque Tribune*, whose hundreds of friends and admirers throughout New Mexico hope for an early recovery from his present illness in St. Joseph's Hospital. The only side-light obtained from Kyle regarding the play on which he has been working for some time was a broad grin.

Erna Fergusson, "Our Southwest's" distinguished author and lecturer, says that she has had a "not too busy summer," but it seems to me that she has been very busy, writing, lecturing, and attending to civic duties. The manuscript of her forthcoming book will be in the hands of her publishers on scheduled time, early fall. In addition to a variety of interesting maps, one of the most charming features of the book will be a set of illustrations of ceramic figurines which Erna fell in love with during her intensive study of Chile last year and which she had an artist pose and photograph against typical backgrounds such as fiestas and wine-harvests.

Miss Fergusson was the honorary chairman of the Albuquerque

June Music Festival given under the direction of the distinguished pianist, Maurice Dumesnil of New York City. Six of the chamber music concerts were given at the Los Poblanos ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simms, and the remaining two at Carlisle Gymnasium on the University campus. Paul Horgan, who grew up in Albuquerque, opened the first broadcast of the event. . . . Paul's most recent story "A Try for the Island," which appeared in the June issue of *Harper's* is a chapter from a novel which he is now completing—a study of adolescence presented from a subjective point of view.

Martha Foley, former editor of *Story* who has taken over the late Edward O'Brien's job of selecting the best short stories of each year, has asked permission to include Boyce Eakin's story *Prairies* in the 1942 volume of *Best Short Stories*. Mr. Eakin's story appeared in the August 1941, issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. Originally from Connecticut, Boyce Eakin lived in Taos for several years.

Mabel Major, of Texas Christian University, former president of the Texas Folklore Society, and collaborator with Dr. T. M. Pearce and Rebecca Smith on *Southwest Heritage*, is a charming addition to the University of New Mexico's summer school faculty. Miss Major has supplied the following very interesting supplement to "Los Paisanos" concerning Texas writers.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

## NOTES ON TEXAS BOOKS AND WRITERS

The most important fiction out of Texas on the spring book list is Karle Wilson Baker's *Star of the Wilderness*, a first-rate historical novel of the years just before San Jacinto. History is there and accurate, but it does not get in the way of the story. This second novel of Texas' foremost poet is an entire success. The first one, *Family Style*, was not quite.

John A. and Alan Lomax's collection of ballads, *Our Singing Country*, is a considerable addition to the body of folklore. It is a handsome Macmillan book of 190 songs and with headnotes by the contributors and delightful interspersed essays on ballad hunting by John Lomax. Musical scores, as prepared by Ruth Seeger, are given for all of the songs.

Frank Dobie is entertaining the soldiers in the large Texas army camps with Mexican legends and yarns. The section "Life Goes to a

Party" of *Life Magazine* for June 1 was practically devoted to showing him in action. The photographs were made at the annual meeting of the Texas Folklore Society at Texas State College for Women in May.

George Sessions Perry, whose *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, was the 1941 Texas Institute of Letters Book Award novel, is at San Antonio writing stories and articles of the Texas air training fields. See nearly any issue of current magazines for his work.

Alfred A. Knopf has announced the June 29 publication of *A Talent for Murder*, by Anna Mary Wells, formerly of Dallas and the English department of Texas Christian University, now Mrs. Theodore Smitt of Detroit. This murder mystery is another evidence of Miss Wells' versatility. For several years she has been writing stories for the *New Yorker*, the *American Mercury*, and the *Family Circle*.

The Sunday, June 14, *New York Times* ran a story on creative arts at Texas Christian University with special attention to the very substantial poetry scholarship.

For other Texas writers see May 16 "Southwestern Issue" of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It is nearly all Texan, too much Texan to be fair to the whole region. It was edited by John McGinnis of the *Southwest Review* and the "Book Section" of the *Dallas News*.

MABEL MAJOR

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Erna Fergusson, native New Mexican, author of *Dancing Gods, Fiesta in Mexico, Guatemala, Venezuela, Our Hawaii*, recently spent the better part of a year in Chile, which is the subject of her article "You Yanquis" and of her forthcoming book. Miss Fergusson's wide-ranging interest turned to Latin America long before most Americans were aware of the importance of our neighbors to the south.

E. L. Moulton has for many years been associated with the Charles Ilfeld Company in Albuquerque, one of the oldest and largest firms in New Mexico. His article was a paean read before the Ten Dons of Albuquerque and before luncheon clubs last spring. The swift succession of events and of governmental rulings since last spring has not, the editor feels, robbed the article of its value as a succinct statement of the effects of the war on business.

H. G. Alexander teaches philosophy and aesthetics at the University of New Mexico.

Spud Johnson, of Taos, pauses in his series of impressions, "On and On," to pay tribute to Gina Knee of Santa Fe. Mrs. Knee's watercolors were shown recently in New York galleries and are now to be seen at La Quinta Gallery in Albuquerque.

George St. Clair, Dean Emeritus of the College of Fine Arts and Professor Emeritus of English, University of New Mexico, continues his travel letters from previous issues of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Ray B. West, Jr., is one of the editors of the *Rocky Mountain Review* and is the compiler of the recent *Rocky Mountain Stories*. This is his first appearance in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lyle Saunders' bibliographical feature, "A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest," will be continued indefinitely. Mr. Saunders is on the staff of the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico.

J. V. Cunningham, author of the recent collection of poems *The Helmsman*, and Y. Winters, author of many books of poems and criticism, teach at Stanford. Harris Dow is a member of the English faculty at Louisiana State University. Clark Mills teaches in the modern languages department at Cornell; he has appeared in many collections with original poems and translations from French. These are the first poems published by Howard R. Houston, who lives in New England. James Franklin Lewis, one of the poets in the recent *Three Young Poets*, teaches science at Arkansas College. Winthrop Palmer writes for a dance group in New York; two of her books are reviewed in this issue. John Ciaffaglia, winner of a major award at Michigan recently, is now in the army air corps. Raymond Kresensky lives in Emerson, Nebraska; Dick Roberts in Billings, Montana; Irene Bruce in Reno, Nevada. Isobel McBride Sarvis is the wife of David Sarvis, formerly of the faculty of the University of New Mexico, now in the armed services.

Several of the reviewers in this issue are new to the readers of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. Eric Russell Bentley contributed an article on D. H. Lawrence to our last issue, and one on Stefan George to the *Partisan Review*. He now teaches at Black Mountain College. Thorstein Nickerson, now living in Albuquerque, had a bookstore in Honolulu almost up to the top of the recent "unpleasantness" there. Ruth Hannas, who sojourned recently in Albuquerque, is head of the theory department in the music school of North Carolina Woman's College, Greensboro. Mabel Major, of Texas Christian University, has been a kind of pioneer in the study of Southwestern literature. Among other things, she helped edit the biography of Bigfoot Wallace and helped write a history of literature in the Southwest. She has long been active in the Texas Folk-Lore Society.

George P. Hammond, dean of the graduate school of the University of New Mexico and editor of the valuable publications of the Quivira Society, is an eminent Southwestern Latin American historical scholar. The rest of the reviewers are also on the staff of the University of New Mexico. Willis Jacobs, Katherine Simons, and Alan Swallow teach in the English department. W. W. Hill is in the anthropology department, Lyle Saunders in the School of Inter-American Affairs, Mela Sedillo in the College of Fine Arts, and V. C. Kleiman in the department of government and citizenship.

# YOU YANQUIS

*Erna Fergusson*

**I**N OUR bustling eagerness to make friends with Latin America perhaps we are overlooking one very important party to the transaction. Do we know who is seeking friendship to the south? Can we even imagine how the North American looks to the people who receive his protestations, his emissaries, his literature, and his loans? Doubtless the people who have formulated and are carrying out the Good Neighbor policy have a very definite North American in mind—a sturdy, friendly fellow with democratic principles, honesty of purpose, and nothing remotely resembling an ulterior motive. We also know, in our several ways, the “American South” with whom this Yankee wishes to deal. We have, in fact, written for ourselves quite a literature on that subject. But the *Yanqui* whom the American South sees remains to us an unknown, even an unsuspected character. His very name, Yanqui, has connotations so different from our conception of Yankee that the most unreconstructed Southerner can respond to the title without resentment.

Because United States does not form a euphonious adjective—even in Spanish “Estado-unidense” is awkward—and the world-wide application of American to us offends Latin America, a substitute was inevitable. Mexico uses *gringo*. Hubert Herring, in his excellent *Good Neighbors*, has given us “Americans North” as opposed to “Americans South”; and that is good because it is relative. Canadians are north, Mexicans are south of us, though not in South America. But in Chile “Yanqui” is the common designation for a citizen of the United States. And in Chile it first dawned on me that the Yanqui was a well-defined personality with surprising virtues and vices, some of them so exaggerated as to stand in the way of any clear and adult understanding between us. Unfortunately for us, Americans South have not made quick trips across the United States and written superficial impressions of our quaint and curious ways, or how we seem to be adapting ourselves to

their superior civilization. They should by all means do this. V Americans North, greatly need to know what our neighbors think us. But until those books are available in English, I offer a few notes the Yanqui which were jotted down during several months in Chi

This did not come about through any design; with true Yanc complacency I was not concerned with what Chileans thought of us was thinking about them. But it soon became apparent that Chilea are sensitively, even painfully aware of us. Many, if not most, conver tions in that country sooner or later get round to polite questions abo "you Yanquis," to categorical statements, or even to a half-humorc "the trouble with you Yanquis. . . ." From such talks a character begi to take shape, even a whole family of characters with whom Chile dealing, while we plunge blindly ahead in the smug assurance th Chile knows the citizen we think we are. It is easy to say that Chilea are often mistaken, to cite instances in disproof of every trait the Chile considers typically Yanqui. But the truth or falsity of the picture is no immediate consequence; the important point is that this fictitic character is, for better or worse, the Yanqui against whom Chile judg what we do or say.

Chile knows, first, the Yanqui in his country. A young man who boyhood had been spent in the port of Valparaiso was offered a schol ship at a college in the United States. He wanted to go, but . . .

All I knew of Yanquis [he said] was what I had seen at Valpo: drunken sailors who insulted our women and smashed every- thing. They always offered to pay for what they smashed, but that to us was only added insult, for it made it so clear how little our pesos were worth against their dollars. We didn't want their dirty dollars (that's the way it seemed to us); we wanted them to treat us and our things with respect. So I went to the States with real trepidation. I was very young, you see. I had never traveled. I thought all Yanquis were ill-bred savages and when I got to New York and found how well mannered the people were and how kind, I couldn't believe it.

Sailors ashore are rowdy the world over. But men doing business a foreign country might be expected to put themselves out to ma friends; to conform somewhat to the customs of the land where th live. Yet this summation is typical.

Your men are interested only in business, they can talk nothing but business. They pay no attention to our politics unless their

precious dollars are threatened. They do not read our books. And one of them making a serious study of our history, even of our relations with his own country, is unthinkable. They are smugly, blindly unaware that we have a culture, that a life might be founded on anything besides business.

A sterner indictment of the business man is related of so many men in so many situations that there must be truth back of it somewhere. This version was told by a professor in one of Chile's universities.

One of our professors took a group of students to visit a great Yanqui plant. It is a splendid operation and well worth study. The group was conducted about by a young Yanqui who was very casual, almost rude. But our professor, who happens to be half English and a graduate of an English university, knows you Yanquis well. So he put on his Oxford accent and his most insufferable British manner. At once the Yanqui changed his tone to one of complete courtesy. He even asked the group to spend the night, offering the professor a room in the company guest house where "you won't have to associate with the natives." Remember that the professor was a "native" on the other side.

The professor who told the story will never forget it; whether he was Nazi or not I cannot say. But this is the sort of thing that the Nazis gleefully use against us.

Impossible to explain in Chile, where only gentlemen are educated, the ill-bred Yanqui was probably the graduate of some hinterland college where he might have had excellent technical training without acquiring either culture or manners. We need not be ashamed of him, because he is a product of our universal education; he has done well in the line he chose; his children will do better; they may even attain a culture capable of appreciating a foreign country. But we must deplore the fact that he has for so long been almost the only Yanqui Chile knew. The cultivated, considerate gentlemen we have also sent to Chile are always so unobtrusive (according to their kind) that they are looked upon as exceptions. "You would never take him for a Yanqui" is high praise in Chile.

The wives of these men—with some notable exceptions—Chileans brush aside with light scorn. "The Yanqui woman never interests herself in Chile, seldom bothers to speak a decent Spanish, knows nothing of our literature or history. She stays apart from our life, gets her clothes from the States, plays bridge with her friends, goes home as soon as she can."

Yanqui women, on their part, complain that Chilean women do not make them welcome. This is true for different reasons involving different classes. The small-town Chilean woman, who would be the natural friend of the Podunk woman living in Chile, does not speak English. And the Chilean woman who does speak English belongs to an aristocratic and very exclusive society. Until the war she lived in Europe more than in her own country, she moved among people of great names if not great titles. Chilean society is as inaccessible, if not more so, to the business man or engineer and his wife as is the society of, say, Philadelphia or Boston. When Yanqui women complain of Chilean women or vice versa, it is interesting to learn what class of woman in each case is speaking and what class she is talking about.

So much for the Yanqui living in Chile. Though many are liked even loved, the casual visitor with an ear cocked for both good and bad hears more bad than good. The Yanqui in Chile must mend his manners if he (including she) is going to make a vital contribution to international understanding and good will.

The casual Yanqui, traveling expensively through the country or staying a short time for study, as a government representative, or (most suspect of all) to write a book, has much to answer for. Now and then one earns heartfelt praise, and the terms of approbation are suggestive.

A professor of Chile's national university spoke of a member of our embassy, recently transferred. "He alone could solve all the problems of cultural relations between us. He dominated Castilian [as the Spanish phrase it], and he could use Chilean slang; he knew our history, had read our classics and kept up with modern books; he was more Chilean than the Chileans." Of a student of Chilean literature: "He became one of us. His printed studies of Chilean literature show deep understanding of the idiom and the mode of thought." Of another: "He and his wife became so much a part of Santiago that their going leaves a gap in our social and cultural life. They both spoke Spanish, they worked with the *Instituto Chileno Norte Americano de Cultura*; they sang in the Ambassador's choir; they were Chileans to us."

Another and a sadder story was told of a group of students from a small college in the United States. Off on a junket, they appeared more frequently in the night clubs than in the lecture halls; they put their feet on the plush seats of special railroad coaches supplied them as a courtesy; they failed to attend cultural or even social events planned for them. On one occasion, when they had been invited to a handsome

home, so few of the honor guests showed up that Chilean friends of the United States hastily substituted other Yanquis that the exquisite buffet supper should not go untasted, that the rude disregard of hospitality should not be too apparent. But it was apparent. That group of students has confirmed Chile's impression that all Yanquis are uncultured and ill mannered. Many generations of decenter students will have difficulty in changing that opinion.

Writers are looked upon with suspicion. As why should they not be? There is something impudent about bouncing into a country, uninvited, to write about it. A citizen might reasonably inquire: "Who are you, anyway? How dare you assume that you are fitted to write about us? Why should we who live here have to submit to have ourselves presented to your countrymen as we happen to strike you? Is your judgment any good? Is your heart in the right place? Can you speak our language, appreciate our point of view? Do you know our history, our literature? Are you going to stay long enough, study hard enough to qualify on any of these points?"

Chileans did not ask me just these questions, but they were implicit in many remarks.

A woman professor, looking at me with a calculating eye, said: "The most charming and clever Yanqui woman I ever knew lived at a mine. She studied Spanish, published a little paper in English which she filled up with news and items of interest about Chile. She studied at our University and read our books. She stayed five years. When we asked her why she did not write a book about Chile, she said she did not know enough."

A male colleague of hers said: "The trouble with you Yanquis is that you don't stay long enough. . . . You are staying longer? Good! But not long enough. . . . And these Yanqui newspaper men who stay four days, talking in bars with young exchange students who have some figures but who understand nothing and then write a book *explaining* Chile. . . . Well!" Spanish is rich in explosive expressions of scorn.

So Chile judges us by the examples we send. But Chile's Yanqui who comes from the movies and is rounded out by hearsay is an even more fantastic character and much more widely known. Gangsters, cowboys, divorcees, idle rich, flip youngsters, colleges dedicated to sports, government given over to graft, homes rife with dissension have produced a composite conception that marks even fairly mature judgments. Impossible to explain that movies are made of the striking and

unusual; that the everyday dullness of the law-abiding citizen, the modest home, the student who studies, the honest and efficient public servant, has no dramatic appeal. To an extent, truly alarming, Chile judges the American home as something fairly represented by *Philadelphia Story*, *The Women*, or *Susan and God*. And Yanqui women are more talked about and more misunderstood than men because the contrast is so sharp between the Chilean girl who is educated in a convent and guarded at home and the Yanqui girl who goes to school with boys, plays and works with them, and grows up to have a vote and a job.

The mildest judgment of the North American mother comes out in such comments as this.

Of course your mothers feel no responsibility for their families as we do. We always have to be with the grandmother, with the children, or the husband. You believe in individual rights; you let the old folks and the children look out for themselves. If your women tire of a husband or fall in love with another man, they divorce and remarry; they insist upon their right to be happy. We Chileans are all married to the wrong men because we marry so young and because we never know our husbands before marriage. Of course we are unhappy, but we stay with the wrong man for the sake of the children. Our children are our greatest concern, much greater than our own happiness.

Thinking of our intense young mothers with their books, magazines and lectures on infant care and child psychology, their constant concern that pre-school children shall not be left to servants, I asked, "Where do you get the notion that our mothers feel no concern for their children?"

"From the movies," she laughed, but went on to propound a truly disturbing question. "Please answer me frankly; I have heard it said often that all your girls begin life at thirteen or fourteen. Is that really true?"

"You mean mature?"

"No, begin to live, to know men. We hear that your way of educating boys and girls together leads naturally to babies; that all your girls—well, maybe not all—but it is the custom for girls to have babies very young, that there are great institutions to care for them; that the girls then enter a life of freedom and adventure and marry late. A friend of mine who was there said one seldom sees young mothers in the United States; that only mature women have legitimate babies."

This speech so overwhelmed my amazed brain that I could only muster up a few denials. I had recently read that the average girl in the United States marries at twenty or twenty-two. I said, but doubt that I was believed, that young people can study and play together without the need of maternity homes. But how can one combat such misinformation? My questioner, who had some doubt but was more than half convinced by what she had heard, was a mature woman of good family, with a sixteen-year-old daughter, well-read, widely traveled (in Europe, not in the United States), a writer, a person of much more than average intelligence.

Later I quoted this conversation to a sensible social worker, a Chilean woman who had studied and worked in the United States and knew our failures as well as our successes. She was grave.

Yes, such tales are widely believed. The movies partly. Propaganda too. We are not free of magazines which feature the worst Yanqui pictures and lurid news stories as generally true. . . .

But it is more serious that we find you on the whole simple and gullible. I know from my social work that trust is the best way to bring out the good in a person. Chileans do not believe that. They see pictures of your boys and girls together in sports, in swimming suits, unchaperoned; they think you are fooled in your belief that no evil comes of it.

Yet your American homes, filled with confidence, are wonderful, the happiest homes I have ever seen. And happiness is what you want most, isn't it? With us it is not so. Our mothers tell us to expect unhappiness with our husbands, with our children. . . . We are a lot of neurotics compared with you. A Chilean woman believes that if she loves her husband she must hang on him, if she loves her children she must hang over them and spoil them. Your methods, in comparison, are so—[she sought a word]—so professional. In a family everyone is an individual; everyone's rights are respected. I think your trust is sometimes carried to the point of being ridiculous, your confidence amounts to simplicity, but I think too that you avoid more evils with your methods than we ever do with ours.

Another Chilean woman, who knew only New York, found there a special and curious simplicity. Our guilelessness is a theme dear to Chileans.

Your young people take themselves so seriously, they have none of the Chilean's deprecating humor. A young Yanqui will



say: "I have a very interesting and unusual job. I'm head of my section in the corset department (or the drug store lunch counter or the hot dog factory)." They push it to the point of being utterly ridiculous. A sober youngster will say: "I am a writer . . . three plays, a short story. . . . Well, I haven't published anything yet, but I have such and such contacts, hopes. . . ."

A Chilean would die before he called himself a writer unless he had a long list of notable books to his credit, but *notable!* He'd be laughed at until he couldn't stand it. But the great difference is that you Yanquis have a self-respect that we lack. Each Yanqui feels himself a person of consequence. He has pride in himself, in his job. He is not afraid. We are afraid of ridicule, of failure, we are afraid to try. A Yanqui of ordinary talent can develop and train himself, get ahead, make a success. Here he would be lost.

So this brings us to the Chileans who have been in the United States. As a rule they admire our country and like us. Many of them are such intense adherents of the United States that they battle for us against their own. Even when their cool and critical observation looks through our pretentiousness and their penetrating humor makes sport of our bumptiousness, their mature judgment sees the other side of every shield, the virtues inherent in the vices, respects the fine principles on which our government is founded, and has confidence in our goal if not always in our ability to keep steering toward it.

And so this is the way the young student who feared that our entire population acted like drunken sailors in Valparaiso finished his story.

I called up my courage and went. I am a scientist; I wanted to see what was being done in my line. New York was not so good for a South American. But when I got beyond that—I went as far as California—I found the real Americans—kind, friendly, hospitable, generous.

Your people are generous as Europeans have never been. In Paris I called on the Director of the Pasteur Institute. He received foreigners, they told me, only on Thursday. So I stayed over almost a week to see him. The day I called I waited an hour. And when I did see him he would give me nothing; his knowledge was a secret to guard against foreigners. In Washington, in contrast, when I went to the bureau which interested me, I was received at once by the chief; in two minutes I was sitting at his desk. And he gave me every aid he could, let me see everything I wished. I did not feel like a stranger in the United States, but like a colleague.

Your friendliness is universal, but President Roosevelt has done wonders to express it. When he sent Sra. Davila home in a plane, all Chile appreciated it. That one act was worth any number of formal protestations, or cultural delegations. "Only a true friend," says the ordinary Chilean, "would do that."

A Chilean girl who spent four years in United States colleges said:

At first I found the girls too naïve and simple for any use. We, in our *liceos*, had deep philosophical talk, discussions of music or art. Those Yanqui girls seemed to have no intellectual interests at all. But afterward I found they could talk well if they were asked. Their frivolous front was a convention; back of it they worked hard, and they played hard too—at sports or at week-end dates. And they were marvelously friendly to me. I was taken to the loveliest homes and made to feel so at home.

I liked the girls' college better. I was in a co-educational one too; and there I found the competition as fierce as in a jungle. Sororities made treaties, but their real ethic is a tooth-and-claw one. And the get-your-man struggle is a fight to the death with no rules respected. In comparison the girls' college was filled with a wonderful spirit of mutual helpfulness and co-operation.

I'd like to live in the States, yes. The Yanqui is probably the best husband in the world. But as long as I teach, I'd rather live in Chile. Here there is more chance to use your ideas; we are just starting. There everything is cut and dried; you have to fit into a rigid system; your ideas are no good until you have taken many degrees and are too old and set to have a new idea.

It is only fair to state that this young woman teaches in the only progressive school in Chile.

Much of Chile's disesteem for us comes from what they have seen of our education. A young Chilean engineer, on his way to take a Westinghouse job, asked seriously:

Is it true that your college students are interested only in sports? A friend of mine wrote me from Stanford that the students there take no interest in politics or in abstract ideas. He says they will fight for the sports section of the paper and the funnies, but never read the serious pages. And the most popular man in the college—he said, but I cannot believe—is a champion at a sport, who has no books in his room, not even a chair at his desk. . . . Can this be true? And why is it? Why are they not interested in ideas, in affairs?

One need not be able to answer such questions to understand Chile's conception of the Yanqui.

More mature travelers, perhaps more guarded in what they say dwell on other qualities which are, after all, not incompatible with gullibility and lack of culture.

One of a group of newspaper men who spent a month working on daily in the United States and another month in travel, said:

To me the most impressive quality of the United States was its spirituality—yes, spirituality. I expected commercialism, materialism, preoccupation with money. I found people everywhere concerned with the general welfare, generous in giving money and support to every effort for good.

And hospitable! Surely there never was such hospitality! Not labored like ours, but casual and completely sincere. They seem to say: "So here you are! Well, make yourself at home!" And they mean just that. With none of the protestations we make they make you feel that you are really at home and may do as you like.

And kind! Even in your hectic great cities a Yanqui will stop in full flight to understand a South American's halting question, to give directions, even to walk along and show the way.

A woman who knew only New York, had another impression.

Any other city [she said] could be known from reading about it. New York, never, because its most notable quality is its rhythm. Without having felt that one can never know New York. Everybody is caught in its pace. Let one fall fainting or injured and who can stop to help? Nobody! If one pauses a second on a subway stair he loses his train, misses his connection, arrives late, loses his job. For no human consideration prevails against the rate and pace of the machine.

This Doña Julia had never beheld the throngs that gather round an accident, free to stand gaping until the police make them give way for the ambulance with stretcher bearers, doctor, and nurse. The importance of her observation seems to be in her impression of a life so geared to the machine that all human values are lost.

An old scholar and gentleman just back from his first visit to the United States had also noted a human lack. He received me in his library with busts of the philosophers on the tall bookcases and books piled everywhere. He rose courteously to greet me, but sank promptly back into the armchair which he had long ago shaped to fit his every curve. "I should have gone when I was younger," he smiled.

At almost eighty, one is too old to stand the excitement, to accustom oneself to strange customs. Meal hours were new to me, and

the quantity of food seemed very little. As you know, we Chileans eat too much. And glasses of water with ice in them to take with meals? No, no, I could never do that after a lifetime of Chilean wines.

And in the United States there are no servants. That I could never adjust myself to. All my life I have had four or five people to answer my bell, to attend me, to lay out my clothes, to hand me things. In your country there are no servants, only employees. . . . It's democracy, I know. I admire it, I believe in it, I've been a democrat all my life. But I couldn't live it.

A Chilean woman who has lived in our country and really studied it, gave me a summing up of our character as she found us at home, which may perhaps offer some solace for what Chileans think of us in Chile.

After three visits to the United States [she said] I began to get its essence. Especially after a three-cornered trip I made to the United States, to Europe, and back to your country again. We are so much closer to Europe than you are. I saw that. I felt your freshness, your youth, your simple directness. Compare Charles Boyer in *El Puerto de Oro* [*Hold Back the Dawn*] with the innocent schoolteacher played by Olivia de Havilland and you will see what I mean. We are closer to the complicated European with his mixed motives, his indirections, his distrust of everyone. You have faith as we have not. In spite of our reputed Catholicism you are much more religious. People talk about their religion. Curious! They always asked me what my religion was. It gave me such a shock the first time. One would never do that in Chile. Never!

But you Yanquis are honest, completely frank. You say what you think; you are direct and clear. That is why, often, we find you crude. We cannot bear the full clear light you shed. We are afraid to see too much. We do not trust each other as you do. You really have no classes. There are rich and poor; there are different social cliques, but there is constant movement among groups. You have no rigid class lines as we have. The United States, compared with any other country I have known, is a true democracy. Men meet each other on a level, deal with each other honestly. There is complete unity among you.

This was leaving me even more breathless than some of the critical remarks I had heard. "Unity?" I recalled our politics, our isolationists, our professional howlers. "Unity of what?"

"In your fundamental belief in liberty, in the value and dignity of the individual, in your tolerance. . . ."

"Ojala!" I said, using the expressive Spanish ejaculation which comes from the Arabic and means: "Oh, Allah! May it be so!"

## THE WAR AND ITS IMPACT ON AMERICAN BUSINESS

*E. L. Moulton*

THE WORLD again is engaged in a great war. It is unanimous agreed that before it is ended it will have been the greatest human struggle of all time. Compared with this one all previous conflicts have been mere brief previews. This war was begun at the instance of a fanatic who aspired to world domination. That was and is his personal ambition; it is the apotheosis of the Prussian spirit of German aggression. Through the pages of history we read of ambitious characters who, in their respective eras, sought to dominate the earth. With an exception or two, each in turn failed, only to be followed in later periods by others who sought to do what their predecessors had failed to do. The germ of this miasmatic protoplasm which has caused the periodic eruptions of the Prussian spirit had its origin in Central Europe in the years 406-453, in the being of Attila, the King of the Huns. Attila has been called the "Scourge of God." He was actuated by no sense of moral right, by no divine instinct, by no human consideration. He was actuated solely by a cruel, dominating spirit which sought only to destroy. And he destroyed and dominated. That spirit has flared up periodically since. In modern history it has manifested itself in the persons of Frederick the Great, Bismarck, and William the Fourth. Now Hitler is the embodiment of it.

It will continue to manifest itself and be a "Scourge of God" until that Prussian military spirit is uprooted and completely exterminated. And that task today is made the more difficult by reason of the existence of a parallel to this Prussian spirit in the form of the military spirit of Japan.

At this writing, when the gloom of the fall of Singapore and Java and Burma hangs over us, and the fortunes of war seem adverse to

nearly every front, it is rather difficult to appraise the situation, economically, in this country today. The adverse effect on our personal fortunes or business as a whole seems dwarfed when contrasted with the picture of a rich and powerful nation in imminent peril. The awful possibility of losing the war strikes terror to our souls. Complacency no longer exists except in the mind of a dotard or a sympathizer with German culture or Nipponese infamy. And, perhaps too late, the question of whether this is our war or not, has ceased to be an academic question.

The writer does not believe that a war such as this is ever started merely because of economic exigency. It is now definitely known by us, and by all other intelligent peoples, that wars do not produce economic gain. All of those engaged in this struggle know that fact. Nevertheless wars do have a terrific impact upon the economic life of all peoples, and disastrous economic results are usually one of the chief casualties of war. Let us examine, then, the effect of war on business in general, at the beginning, during the progress of the war, and after the war has ended.

If we go back into the history of this country as far as the war with Mexico, we find that for a period of time at the incipience of every war there was quite a sharp depression. A short one followed the beginning of the Mexican War; one of a year and a half's duration occurred at the beginning of our Civil War; a sharp one lasting nearly eighteen months occurred at the outbreak of World War I; and, except for two months right at the beginning, the first year of World War II was a period of depression. These business recessions are due almost entirely to psychological reactions; a comparatively fixed pattern can be quite easily traced.

By and large our economic activity is made up of two primary efforts. One is agriculture which produces our food and certain raw materials; the other is industry, consisting of mining, manufacturing, transportation, etc. The products of agriculture are sold partially at points of origin, but largely in the highly developed market centers; the products of industry are sold through a vast distributing maze. The ownership of agricultural resources is largely individual; the control of industry is largely corporate, with a vast number of stockholders participating in the ownership and in the income. The stock is widely held, belonging to investors at home and also in foreign lands. When a war breaks out and it is known that large quantities of food and other commodities will

be needed, markets hit the ceiling the first day. Under the commodity exchange law now in effect, only a maximum advance or decline permitted in one day. But whether under a limit, as now, or without one, as formerly, commodities usually advance rapidly at the beginning of a war. On the other hand, the stock market always falls at the beginning. The reason is as stated—psychological; the explanation is that capital is always timid. Investors are fearful that their securities will decline in value. They dread to take a loss. It is a time, to them, when the only thing of value, it seems, is money itself. Also at such a time a foreign investor sells in order to secure exchange with which to purchase the commodities which his country will need. Therefore, stock markets act unfavorably, securities fall sharply in value, and sometimes the exchanges are closed. Note the ever-recurring pattern. After the first sharp impact is over and people have had an opportunity to realize things fully and adjust their emotional equilibrium, they realize that people do not eat much more in time of war than in times of peace, and that agriculture is susceptible of rather prompt expansion. So the speculative fever wanes promptly, commodity prices return to normal, and a little later usually decline. And securities which sharply decline at the beginning, on account of sharp liquidation, find, fairly promptly, ready buyers looking for bargains, who know the large part of the industry plays in war, especially modern wars. Then the pendulum market ticker swings or fluctuates back and forth. Finally a decline occurs in because some investors cannot be so patient as to wait until actual war material production starts. So at the beginning of most wars, as was the case in this war, there is a period of depression, lasting from a year to eighteen months.

World War II started September 3, 1939. There was a sharp advance in the prices of a few commodities, such as sugar and lard, but those advances lasted only a month or two; thereafter, and until November of 1941, business was not active, and prices remained fairly stationary and, on the average, at low levels. Stock market prices reacted from the first setback and then settled into a decline which has continued down to the present time. What will happen to the market quotations of the big industrial leaders when they get into full swing in the production of war material remains to be seen. It is generally believed, however, that because of the very heavy tax rates now in effect, and the promised increases in the coming measure, security prices will fail to maintain the pattern heretofore designed.

So much for this first phase of war—the short depression. Thereafter, the second phase is entered. Tremendous industrial activity develops. The government votes millions and billions, as in the present conflict, for the purchase of all kinds of war material. And, as wars now are so preponderantly mechanical, the cost of supplying armies and navies with all the mechanical weapons devised is tremendous. Such weapons call for vast quantities of steel, iron, aluminum, and other basic materials. The making of these materials requires a vast amount of labor. Nothing can be done in an orderly manner; there is much haste and confusion. The only thought is to hurry up and win the war. The result of the appropriation and distribution of the vast sums often is inflation. Agricultural prices advance because of accelerated demand, wages in all lines rise sharply because of the competition for labor, industry for civilian production usually competes with the government for basic materials, and a spiral of advancing costs and advancing prices develops. This inflation is pleasant to take, and all kinds of excesses are indulged in. This generally goes on for the duration. Finally the war ends. And even though we are on the winning side, the subsequent adverse effects are catastrophic. There was a depression in 1848 after the Mexican War; a very serious depression in 1865 and 1866, after the Civil War, followed by a secondary postwar depression lasting from 1874 to 1879; and finally the sharpest and most precipitous decline in all history in 1921 and most of 1922, after World War I. The losses sustained by the country during these postwar depressions and the burden of debt piled up have always been infinitely greater than the material gains of the war boom. Paradoxically, then, the net result of war is a terrific loss.

I have pointed out that there was a flurry for a month or so at the outbreak of the war in Europe. Thereafter, and until about May, 1941, there was little, if any, increase in business activity. It was a period of almost hopeless argument in Congress over three fundamental issues. It seems to the writer that no greater proof of the operation of our democratic system was ever displayed in this country than the long debates and exhaustive consideration of the three measures which were finally enacted into laws. First, there was the proposed amendment of the neutrality act. The debate on this lasted for about three months, although the administration had the votes to push it through quickly at any time. Second, there was the lend-lease program, which appropriated over seven billions of dollars for the aid of those countries fight-



ing Germany and Italy. This did not take so long to pass. We seemed finally, to be willing to provide means with which Great Britain and others still free could the better fight the menace to the world. It was finally passed almost unanimously. But when it came down to actually raising an army for our own defense, the debate continued for months. We recognized the danger to the world and naturally to ourselves when we voted funds with which the other countries could fight. But when the administration asked Congress to raise an army so we could do little fighting ourselves, the argument was on, and it seethed for months. The question could have been brought to a vote and carried months before it actually was decided, had the administration desired to force the issue. But everyone in and out of Congress was permitted to argue, as the weary months dragged by. Finally the conscription law was passed with certain amendments which were dangerous for the country. But it provided for an army and the machinery was put in motion. Priceless months were lost in debate, but our democratic system prevailed. It was still stoutly maintained that this was not our war, that we were in no danger, and that none of "our boys" should ever fight away from home. Then came Pearl Harbor and finally a united nation, except for the fifth columnists and German-paid sympathizers in our midst. How clear the issue is today, how menacing the danger! As to those who urged caution or playing safe it is so regrettable that proper steps were not taken long ago! But democracy held sway, the isolationists had their say, and to a large extent we went about our easy, comfortable ways until the conflagration crept up almost to our doorstep. Whether the blaze can now be quenched remains to be seen. It is blazing at white heat in ever widening circles. No one can feel safe.

Just as this is the most terrific war in all history, so it promises to cause the most serious dislocations of business and the most serious effect on activities—professional, occupational, and personal, of all time. The effect is already seen and soon will gain tremendous momentum.

The dislocations referred to are due to two primary causes. First, the production for war requires such quantities of material and such vast amount of labor, that material and labor for the production of civilian goods are largely unavailable. Second, the cost of all this huge governmental outlay must be paid through taxation and through borrowings from the citizens, which in turn must be paid back later in additional taxes. The result is a curtailment in purchasing power during the war and after the war.

Some materials used for war purposes are unlimited in quantity

But many materials and many kinds of labor are not. Therefore there will be a shortage of materials and labor for the production of civilian goods. The shortage in labor is increased also by reason of the large number of young men drafted and to be inducted into military service. It is now calculated by the best authorities that the military and war-goods production effort will take half the man power and more than half of the raw materials of the nation. The other half cannot possibly produce and distribute the full normal requirements of the civilian population. Therefore there will be extreme shortages in goods. Therefore, also, there will be less goods to sell, less goods to transport, less goods to consume.

The net result of all this, as the writer views it, is about as follows:

The five to seven million men in military service are quite largely eliminated as an economic factor because of their non-productive activity and relatively small wages received. The twenty million to be engaged in war materials production will earn tremendous amounts in the aggregate, but will have limited opportunity to buy goods with these earnings. The balance of the earning population consists of agriculturists and the rest of the civilian population. The agriculturists will probably earn a much larger sum than normally. They will pay larger taxes but will have larger amounts left with which to buy manufactured goods. These goods, as stated before, will be scarce because of scarcity of raw materials and scarcity of manufacturing facilities. The "rest of the civilian population" referred to, will as far as possible produce and distribute the goods for their own requirements, for the requirements of the agriculturists, and for the requirements of the twenty millions engaged in war-goods production. New workers, principally women, will be recruited and trained into this service. But, when it is realized that, normally, it requires all of those engaged in war and war production now, and nearly all of the balance, to produce the goods which both of these groups normally consume, it is easily understood why half of that number cannot possibly produce the goods that are normally required. On top of all this, when it is realized that much of the material used in the manufacture of goods for civilian use is not obtainable at all, because it is commandeered for military purposes, and when many other materials are available only in limited quantities or rationed quantities, then it easily can be seen why there will be severe shortages in consumer goods.

What will be the result on business or on our economic life, of all this dislocation? It would seem to be about as follows:

The war-goods production industries will earn vast sums. However under the present tax laws and those to be enacted, they will retain less in their surpluses than formerly. For instance, the huge United States Steel Corporation paid federal taxes of 85 million dollars in 1940 leaving 102 million dollars in net earnings. For 1941 they will pay federal taxes of 180 million dollars and retain only 112 millions net. Thus, their taxes increased 95 millions of dollars but their net earnings increased only ten millions of dollars. And under the proposed new law they will earn much less net than was earned in 1940. Therefore, as far as the war-goods production manufacturers are concerned, the net result will be negative. The wage earners in these industries will earn vastly more than normally, will pay some more taxes, and because personal spending will be curtailed, they will be able to save more money. They will be strongly urged to buy Government securities. The agriculturist will be affected quite similarly to the wage earner and probably will save his money in the same way. The manufacturer of goods for civilian use will produce much less goods than formerly, by reason of shortage of raw materials and shortage of labor. But, as only about one half the number will be engaged in this activity each will be quite full and profitably occupied. However, these persons also will pay much higher taxes and in the end will be no better off, except that they will be in position to continue in their established businesses after the war. The real casualty of the dislocation, it seems to the writer, is the distributor of civilian goods. His services cannot be transformed to activities connected with war-goods production. By reason of the vast decrease in the quantity of civilian goods available, the transporters, the wholesalers, and the retailers of such goods will be very adversely affected. Approximately only half the usual quantity of goods will be transported or sold.

So, as we see it, this is the general situation:

Wage earners .....	Gain
War-goods manufacturers .....	No loss—no gain
Agriculturists .....	Gain
Civilian-goods producers .....	No loss—no gain
Distributors and allied services .....	Net loss

The government has enacted laws to make the war effort effective. It has enacted laws, also, to attempt to soften the shocks, the terrible impacts of the effects of war on the civilian population. First and foremost the government insists on having whatever it needs to prosecute

the war, namely, men and money and materials. Thus the draft, the heavy taxes, the control of all war or other materials. The government also attempts to control the cost of materials for war and prices of goods for consumer use, by price control legislation. It is a very difficult thing to do, but the effort is commended by all thoughtful and unselfish people. The manufacturer ever aims to keep prices down and succeeds. The processor likewise strives always to produce and prepare food supplies at lowest possible cost. The distributor likewise does everything his ingenuity can devise to reduce the cost of transferring goods from the manufacturer to the consumer. The efforts of these two factors—manufacturers and distributors—exemplify the competitive system at its best. The net result is beneficial to all. However, there are elements in our economic life who, mistakenly, have a different philosophy. The agriculturist and the wage earner rather erroneously believe that high prices and high dollar wages are desirable. Naturally it is very difficult to make proper adjustments or to secure the ideal balance, but the history of our economic system proves conclusively that high prices for farm products are not an unmixed blessing, and that high dollar wages for labor are not necessarily a high real wage, but quite often the very opposite. So the price control legislation is commendable, though peculiarly it has little control over the two elements which now most need control, namely, labor and agriculture. This situation exemplifies one of the weaknesses of our democratic system.

A brief reference to the practical steps taken to control supplies for war purposes as well as efforts to control prices will perhaps be of interest.

All are familiar with some steps the government has taken. The War Production Board has authority to appropriate to its use any materials it needs. The Office of Price Administration exercises authority over prices, within the limits permitted by the farm bloc and labor bloc of Congress. The War Production Board started off by appropriating most of the base metals. Aluminum was taken over entirely. Steel was placed on an allocation basis. Priorities were established which provided the order in which steel products were to be allocated. As war production increases, the amount allocated for civilian use declines. Today, for instance, nails and bale ties may be secured on a basis of 100 per cent of the 1940 purchases, not 1941. Allotment is made, however, on a quarterly basis and depends, also, on whether the mill the distributor usually buys from can furnish the material. Barbed wire or

other fencing is on a basis of seventy per cent of 1940 purchases, with the same restrictions regarding supplies. Sheet metal and roofing are theoretically, on a seventy per cent basis, but actually none is now available. Pipe is available up to seventy per cent of 1940. Production of tires is cut eighty to ninety per cent, with amazing restrictions on sale. In the appliance line, domestic refrigerators are out, with stock on hand frozen. Washing machines are curtailed sharply. Gas ranges are cut fifty per cent. Ammunition and firearms are restricted sharply. Canvas goods are entirely out. Manila rope is out, sisal uncertain. I estimate now that we shall be able to secure less than fifty per cent of our purchases of hardware items last year. In groceries the rules change from day to day. Sugar, first, is on a basis of eighty per cent of the supply of 1941. That left the policing job to the wholesaler. New regulations are coming out which will give the consumer, on stamp certificate, eight ounces of sugar per person per week. These certificates are turned in to the retailer, who turns them over to the wholesaler, who, in turn, delivers them to the refiner. The plan for eating-houses is yet to be worked out. In canned goods, some items are limited to seventy per cent of the 1940 pack. Others are not restricted. But certain sardine cans are now prohibited, to save tin. Dry pack vegetables, such as beans, may be canned no more. That kind of food must be prepared now by the good housewife. Of interest, I am sure, is canned dog food, which now is completely out. In this connection it is amazing to know that more tin has been used in the past in canning dog food than has been used in canning tomatoes or corn. Soups, such as Campbell's, will be limited to three varieties.

This brief recital shows some restrictions. There are many more. The mail of a business man is flooded with new orders and new interpretations. Price ceilings are also set and there will be more, but unless wages or raw materials advance there will be little need of much price control, because the competitive system is still in vogue.

Yes, indeed, the repercussions of this war, like the war itself, are the greatest of all time. As pointed out, various segments of the population will be affected quite differently during the war. But in the end all will suffer. For the after-effects of war are cataclysmic. However, if I correctly appraise the temper of the American people, we are prepared to take the bitter with the less bitter, to do anything and everything required without whimpering, to make any and all sacrifices for our nation, and to die, if need be, that "this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

## TYPES OF AESTHETIC APPEAL

*H. G. Alexander*

**T**HOUGH BEAUTY is usually assumed to be the essential quality of aesthetic appeal, it is well recognized that objects which have such appeal are not equally beautiful. Some aesthetic objects are just pleasantly pretty, and some, from certain angles at least, may even appear ugly. Now beauty is a quality singularly difficult to define, and often difficult to locate, though its influence in matters of human behavior is very great indeed, as witness the fact that for many peoples and cultures, the search for beauty has been more compelling than the search for truth.

In the first place, let us not prejudice ourselves with the assumption that beauty is the aesthetic essence. It may rather be an *emergent quality* which arises from certain basic types of aesthetic appeal. If we can analyze these types of appeal and discover in what way the aspect of beauty customarily attaches to them, we should seem to have a potent argument in favor of such a view, and at least a starting point for further exploration.

It is often noticed that the term "beauty" may have a wider or a narrower meaning. Sometimes in the narrow sense it is contrasted with other "aesthetic types," such as the comic, the tragic, the sublime, or the pretty. On other occasions it refers equally to the whole range of aesthetic appeal. If, however, it is an emergent quality, as we have just postulated, there will be certain preliminary or prerequisite qualities whose combined presence will produce a sense of beauty in varying degrees.

Our first task is that of establishing the basic types. Now the good dialectician—like the good carver, as Socrates remarked—is concerned with the following of *natural* distinctions. Economy of thought demands that we think in terms of large groups or classes or types, and

from this point of view we observe how necessary and useful are such groupings. But it is never certain that divisions and classifications are natural. Upon closer scrutiny it turns out that classifications have little stability. Too often they walk around as did the definitions of Euthyphro at the hand of a greater Daedalus.

It is hard to escape the conviction that in the last degree all classifications and analyses are in some measure arbitrary, that nature, for some reason, does not produce clear-cut boundaries, and that our logic must create these before reasoning can commence. If that is so, the sciences too are partially arbitrary in their descriptions; for there is no science which is so completely particular in reference that it is not concerned with classes of objects or events. Historical science approaches particularity, but even there, comparisons, abstractions, and generalizations are commonplace and necessary.

In a world of innumerable objects and events we glance about and hunt feverishly for the similarities and groupings which appear to be the only road to intellectual salvation. We may pause to notice that in the process we are aided by linguistic habit. Language, as given to us, has already dichotomized experience into classes. Linguistic symbols are for most of us, that is, terms which symbolize some key image or central type from and by which we customarily judge the nature of other objects or events in experience. Any term but a proper name is from the very beginning a metaphor. It symbolizes a group of objects a more or less different from the key image; but since it focuses attention upon the similarities, the differences are usually neglected. It often happens that several key images refer almost equally well to the same situation creating a momentary perplexity of terminology. Or it may be that in spite of the customary usage the differences are excessive, in which case the metaphorical character of the terms is more apparent. For example, if we extend the term "book" to a looseleaf notebook, the differences are not too great, but if we should call a building a "veritable book," the metaphor is seen immediately. What happens? Simply in the light of a certain key image (e. g., book) some aspect of the new object (e. g., building) is called to mind. The latter is, as it were, thrown into an unusual *perspective* by means of the metaphor.

Thus a class of objects is an extended type, the product of the extension of a key image through experience, finding thereby the similarities, and neglecting (we must remember) the differences. Linguistic terms, in a sense, then, are tools for the investigation of

experience and the discovery of perspectives just as much as telescopes or galvanometers. Each name that is at all applicable enhances the understanding of the new object or situation.

It has been stated that our linguistic, logical, and mathematical symbols are metaphorical. Now, the aesthetic temperament enjoys rather the use of far-fetched metaphor, while the scientific temperament prefers the safe similarity which holds within narrow extensions of meaning, cases in which the presence of metaphor is scarcely noticeable. Indeed, the scientific ideal would be to find nature so perfectly dichotomized that logical and mathematical symbols might apply precisely. In a sense, the artist is bolder in his application of terms. He is more concerned with insight than with precision. He loses the ability to create the careful system of interconnected data which the scientist seeks, but he gains the inspiration of a brilliant *rapproch* in the face of great contrast. And by this very device a sense of reality is created which is lacking in scientific abstractions.

The basic intellectual and philosophical value is the sense of realities. Art, insofar as it can capture a feeling of reality, shares in this value. Now, historical science is an effort to recite actual events, but history is only ideally the story of reality, for the real is too complex and elusive to be taken altogether into human consciousness and understanding. Customarily we abstract in two ways from historical reality: (1) toward repetition of similar events, and the abstract patterns of science; (2) toward single, unique events and the particularity which is better represented in art. But just as the abstract pattern has meaning only in its reference back to the historical reality, so the single event has meaning only in some extended context. In drama this context is that of the "whole story," the beginning, the middle, and the end. The dramatic quality of the single event is due, then, to the realization of its significance in the whole process. In general, dramatic qualities are those closely associated with man's fears, desires, strivings, and ideals. Happiness, sadness, anticipation, disappointment, internal tumult and calm, and so on—these are the emergent qualities of drama and history. Insofar as these qualities are caught in the single work of art, it will reflect the dramatic character of reality.

However, such expression of reality is not the only aesthetic value. There are others which are more distinctively aesthetic, as, for example, the capturing or preserving of any experienced quality or impression whatsoever. To reproduce or imitate through some aesthetic media



those traits of nature and human nature which appeal to us for reason at all, is certainly one of the primary functions of art. There is a value in the simple ability to preserve in somewhat permanent form the moments of experience which have proved pleasant or unusual, amusing or harmonious or especially significant.

Another value of art, and one which is usually esteemed more highly than the preservative function, is the ability to enhance or improve qualities of experience which are reproduced. Through distortion and exaggerations, highlightings and emphases of one sort or another, art can call attention to qualities and make them stand out beyond the ordinary force.

There is even a value in experimenting, or playing with the elements of aesthetic media, a process comparable to scientific experiment or mathematical and logical postulation. But this value appears to be strongly instrumental inasmuch as it is the *result* of the experiment. Every case which gives meaning or purpose to the experimental activity. It is the need for novelty of presentation (see below) which is largely responsible for the demands of experimentation in art. Yet even the realization of novelty is not in itself sufficient justification if the claim is merely a startlingly new technique or arrangement rather than a concern for expression of beauty or significance.

Types of aesthetic appeal are so closely connected with aesthetic values that they may appear only another aspect of the same thing. However, from the point of view of the appeal alone we are not concerned with a reasoned justification of our evaluation, but rather with the simple qualities in things which are capable of producing aesthetic experience. Nevertheless it is difficult to escape arranging these qualities in a scale of relative importance, even though the basis of such an arrangement is admittedly subjective. Let us essay it.

In the first place a purely experimental desire is least important. The preservative value is next, and the value of enhancement or improvement in expression is uppermost. But there is another issue to be considered, namely, the type of quality which is to be preserved or enhanced, and these likewise may be arranged according to importance. We have mentioned five such qualities: the pleasant, the unusual, the amusing, the harmonious, and the significant, tentatively arranged, in the order of their importance; and at the moment these seem to exhaust the range of ordinary aesthetic appeals. Let us remember, however, that these qualities are "types" or typical focal centers (key images) which may

applied more or less to any work of art. That is, as mental instruments they create perspectives by which to aid our perceptions and understandings. It may be further assumed that all the major arts are capable of expressing these types in varying ways and degrees.

Considering first the typically "pleasant," let us take as example a sunny landscape or a pretty face, and all art whose primary concern is to capture or enhance any moment of direct sensory appeal. This quality is marked by an obvious and immediate appeal which evokes a rather simple and spontaneous reaction of pleasure in the spectator. It is not necessary that the subject matter of pleasant art be absolutely representational, for it may vary considerably toward the stylized and conventionalized forms. These latter, however, tend to lose the sort of pleasantness which depends upon associations, conscious or unconscious, and which we have here in mind. As art becomes formalized, it is rather the appeal of harmony or form which predominates, and as this occurs there comes less a sense of perceptual pleasure than of intellectual satisfaction with the realization of abstract pattern.

It is possible that aesthetic media themselves, such as colors or sounds, may have a directly pleasant quality of the same sort as the pleasantness of natural objects. These qualities, as for example brilliant colors, may be to a certain extent suggestive of past associations in an indirect and less concrete way than the scenes themselves. However, they produce a spontaneous appeal, such as a natural object or scene itself would have (though in this respect nature has the advantage of being able to produce more sensations at once). There are thus two sources of pleasantness in art: first, from the subject matter, and second, from the sense matter itself.

The most successful presentation of pleasantness would seem to occur when a pleasing effect of aesthetic media or sense matter is concerned with a pleasant subject matter, thus augmenting and harmonizing both sources; and in this case, of course, art has the advantage over nature in being the product of intelligent combination. It might be noted further that those arts, such as music, which are less directly representational must depend more upon the intrinsic pleasantness of the media themselves than upon pleasant subject matter.

In the appeal of the pleasant the sense or impression of beauty is slight. The customary description of such art would be to term it merely "pretty" or "graceful" or "delightful." The term "beauty" has

a more dignified connotation attaching it to a higher level of appeal. This may be due to the fact that pleasantness is immediate and relatively easy to discover. There is little use of the imaginative or intellectual functions of the mind in this type of appreciation.

The antithesis of pleasantness lies in hideous or badly distorted subject matter, or in jarring media. To some individuals these characteristics are enough to cause art to be completely ugly. Yet there are high types of appeal which redeem distortions and sensory pain, so that would be very unfair to human imagination to rule these qualities from the realm of the beautiful. It is possible that strong, rough, fierce, brutish qualities have a *direct* sensory appeal. Is it not, however, that this appeal comes rather as a reaction against mere pleasantness, and therefore as less spontaneous and more cultivated? (See below under "formal appeal.")

The second appeal is that of the "unusual" or "novel." A particular scene or object is suddenly given a new quality which strongly attracts us to it. This is especially realized in the case of old and familiar objects when abruptly they possess qualities for us which seem quite new. Mountains which we see every day may suddenly become aesthetically attractive because of a strange lighting effect. Often, for example, when we say that a scene appears "unreal" we do not mean this literally but only in the sense of "unaccustomed."<sup>1</sup> Subjective factors often account for a new attitude toward an object or event which makes us aware of a strange aspect of it. As Professor Pepper says, the sense of novelty comes with the breaking of our habits of perception.

In art, novelty occurs in two ways. First, there may be novelty of the object or event *represented*; and second, there may be novelty of technique or *presentation*. It is the first kind which we have had primarily in mind; for it is the desire to catch and enhance the quality of the unusual in nature or experience which contributes directly to the appeal of novelty. Distortions of recognizable subject matter through underemphasis or overemphasis or any sort of alteration are common devices for this purpose. But there is not only a breaking with habits of perception; there is a breaking with habits of artistic presentation. The artist seeks new techniques in the arrangement of his aesthetic media. It

<sup>1</sup> For an excellent discussion of the ambiguity of the term "real," see L. A. Reed, *A Study in Aesthetics* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1931), Chap. X. For an interesting treatment of the general subject of novelty in art, see S. C. Pepper, *Aesthetic Quality* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), Chapter II.

true that we still appreciate the art of former ages, of artists whose schemes if reproduced today would seem trite. But in these cases, either we place ourselves mentally in the epoch of the artist and realize to some degree the novelty of his mode of expression, or else the appeal rests upon other qualities in his work. That artistic expression which most successfully embodies the appeal of novelty should utilize a certain novelty of presentation to convey the original impression of novelty in nature. It should, of course, be cautioned that works of art surpass the proper limits of novel presentation when their distortions are so crazy or juxtapositions so odd that they require labored explanations to convey the artist's intention, even to the intelligent observer.

The apprehension of novelty requires a higher level of mental activity than the apprehension of pleasantness. In the awareness of novelty a focus is created which causes some central image to stand out in high relief against the background of experience. This step is preliminary to any further intellectual activity, such as the abstraction of traits or relations from the central image itself. The creation of a key image in this fashion achieves the importance of becoming a potentially fertile instrument of cognitive exploration. In nature, or in the artistic embodiment of nature, the quality of novelty is sensed whenever the new insight of a unique individual is realized, and its importance is felt when we have the further realization that a new instrument of thought has been forged. But the application of this new instrument has not yet been made.

Extended metaphor is especially useful in the representation of novelty; for extended metaphor (e. g., the world is a stage) has the effect of highlighting generally unnoticed aspects of familiar objects or events. This is accomplished by the strong contrast created with the original image. The differences between the objects metaphorically related far outnumber the similarities, thus causing the similar trait or traits to stand out in that much stronger relief. However, metaphor when used to indicate novelty does not depend so much upon awareness of the contrast as upon awareness of the hitherto unnoticed trait in the object illuminated. When the two terms of the metaphor are equally before the attention, we have more a sense of dramatic quality than of mere novelty. In the one case, metaphor is used to indicate the highlighted trait, in the other to indicate the contrast itself.

Metaphor is particularly a device of poetry. However, in a more general way other arts can accomplish the same end. Dramatic allegory

is a complex metaphor, and may be frequently used to show underlying similarity in the face of strong contrast, though it cannot be as direct as a pointer type of metaphor as the simpler kind. Allegorical subject matter in painting and sculpture likewise is metaphorical. More directly, however, the subtle distortions, exaggerations, narrowing, intensifications, etc., which we find in painting and sculpture are modes of heightening certain aspects or qualities, that is, of producing the impression of novelty. And in a remote sense they are metaphorical.<sup>2</sup> In music, likewise, there are various more or less metaphorical techniques. But here, as in drama, it is usually done by conscious contrast, so that the quality which emerges is more the dramatic than the novel. In music, novelty is produced by unusual effects, either in harmonic, melodic, or rhythmic progressions. This is done only by contrast with conventional music of a certain culture and period, so that it is always rather novelty of presentation than of insight which is achieved. In the unexpected juxtaposition of different styles in music, the effect produced is rather that of humor.<sup>3</sup>

The quality of novelty can produce the effect of beauty. The strange, the unusual, the exotic, are well-known traits surrounding the impression of beauty, and it is just these traits which depend upon unique presentations or the breaking of habitual perceptions. Nevertheless, novelty alone is not so often associated with beauty as is harmony of form, nor with significance as is dramatic contrast. For the more central qualities of beauty and significance we must turn to these latter types.

The character of the amusing and the comic comes so much by contrast with the serious and significant that it seems better to consider them together. Let us turn, therefore, to the appeal of formal harmony. Here we shall consider all types of pattern or structure which first elicit response in the strong human sense of rhythm and balance, and then search for which constitutes the very essence of man's abstractive intellectual delight.

The idealization of form and symmetry was so strong in Classical art

<sup>2</sup> For example, the attenuated figures of El Greco enhance certain human qualities by analogy with elongations and attenuations themselves. We might say that the feeling of slenderness, grace, ethereality, super-mundaneness is created by analogy (i.e., metaphorically) with these qualities present in the aesthetic media.

<sup>3</sup> See below concerning the ridiculous effect of metaphor which is extended too far. For the general position that metaphor constitutes the aesthetic essence, see especially Helen Huss Parkhurst, *Beauty* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1930), Chapter XI.

that traditionally the term "beauty" has more often than not meant formal beauty. It is thus in a sense justifiable to consider that formal harmony is the key image of beauty, or at least the maximum point of the beautiful. Beauty of form will include, in this case, all degrees from simplicity to complexity of structure (even the most "intricate" type of "difficult beauty," to use Bosanquet's term.<sup>4</sup>) In general, we have only to remember how Plato, in the *Philebus*, almost identifies beauty with harmony and symmetry, in order to realize how close was this association for Classical thought.

The appeal of form is primarily due, it seems, to the inner sense of equilibrium to which it leads. There comes a strong feeling of repose and satisfaction, as from a Greek temple or a Bach chorale. This sense of repose gains its character from being the resolution of struggle, a sort of final universal peace which envelops the wearied yearnings of mortals. Perhaps there is in this idea too much of an entelechal perfection, but at least the great feeling of satisfaction which only the formal appeal can give is easily associated with the realization of order in the chaotic.

A balance which is too perfect or too simple is apt to seem commonplace and monotonous. It has lost the suggestion of chaos which it needs to give it meaning. The most successful artistic structures are those which are more or less upset so far as absolute balance or symmetry is concerned. Even when the lack of repose of an asymmetrical arrangement is ultimately resolved in a larger harmony, the general character of formal satisfaction is preserved. However, the greater the noticeable contrast between harmony and disharmony, the more a dramatic quality is introduced.

Appreciation of structure and form involves more mental activity than appreciation of either the pleasant or the novel. A well-developed abstractive ability is necessary before patterns as such are even recognizable in concrete perceptions. That is, perceptions of form are not immediately realized, though structures and interrelations are present in the perceived matter. There is a certain amount of elementary intellectual analysis and synthesis necessary before we can become aware of formal properties. Some imaginative abstraction is presupposed by the very discovery of form. Now, the abstraction of patterns and structures from the raw data of experience is a cogent evidence of the presence of

<sup>4</sup> Bernard Bosanquet, *Three Lectures on Aesthetic* (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1931), Lecture III. For the other types of difficult beauty, involving "tension" (dramatic quality) and "width" (range of variety), I believe we must go beyond the formal.

mentality and intellect. (Again we remember the Platonic evaluation which links beauty with meaning and intelligence.) However, it is not only from admiration of the abstractive power of human intellect that the harmonious is beautiful. There appears to be in man almost an innate love of symmetries, as though the perceiving, sensing, and creating of symmetries and rhythms could bind man harmoniously with nature itself. It is this subtler harmony of man with his environment which produces the strong appeal of the formal.

From the point of view of formal beauty, ugliness would be found in the chaotic, the unformed, which is no part of a larger symmetry. There is, however, a primitive joy in the strength of rough and hidden aspects of experience, which is itself sometimes mentioned as an aesthetic type. In dealing with this quality in art, Professor Flaccus points out that "the task of unifying such material tests our mettle,"<sup>5</sup> thus intimating that one side of the appreciation of the chaotic is the very fact that it challenges us to create of it a harmony. This might also be said of unpleasantness portrayed in art: it challenges us to find the pleasure therein. The suggestion is certainly worth considering, though they do not appear to be oftentimes a genuine joy and a pleasant exhilaration in the sense of brute strength, or irrational and chaotic nature. It may be that such strength is pleasant because it implies a potency to overcome the ordinarily displeasing factors; yet in the moment of enjoyment one is scarcely aware of this implication.

Great quantities of art bear witness to the strong aesthetic appeals of the amusing or humorous and the significant or profound. Though not at all the same in origin, the humorous and significant are in a sense complementary; for whereas the essence of humor lies in incongruity and meaningless contrasts, the significant is, if anything, meaningful. Moreover, it is often but a matter of attitude whether a profound insight appears truly profound or only ludicrous. Considering the amusing and significant together, then, we may term them both "dramatic" though dramatic quality in art pertains primarily to strong contrasts while the degree of humor or significance grows with increasing contrast. However, it is at the level of greatest contrast that these types stand out in strongest relief.

Dramatic qualities are associated in particular with man's striving

<sup>5</sup> Flaccus, Louis W., *The Spirit and Substance of Art*, 3rd edition (Crofts, 1941), p. 2

and ideals, his successes and frustrations. Yet a sense of dramatic quality is present wherever there is a full realization of contrast. It was said above that contrast is present in the quality of novelty; but in that case, as we said, there is not so much an awareness of the two contrasting terms as of the unusual nature of the object highlighted or illuminated by the new perspective. That is, in novelty we are not aware of the perspective itself; in the dramatic we are.

Now, of all the large contrasts, of whose realization man is capable, it is that between uniqueness and endless cosmic process, between the infinitesimal individual and the totality of the universe, which produces the most tremendous dramatic effect upon man's spirit. In the moment of dramatic action something of the uniqueness and irrevocability of that action crowds into the situation heightening the sense of responsibility and creating the impression of significance. There are other contrasts, contrasts of hope and defeat, of life and death, of heaven and hell, of soul and body; but they all lead to the supreme significant conflict of the human and the cosmic.<sup>6</sup>

The various arts capture and present dramatic quality in a variety of ways. A pose is dramatic, for example, when it makes us keenly aware of the historical context which surrounds it, or of the aspirations of the poser. A portrait is dramatic when the historical background, past and future, is concentrated in its lineaments; when it is seen, that is, as a living character engaged in the process of life. But even in the aesthetic media themselves there are dramatic symbolisms. Contrasts of color, of line, of rhythm and balance, all contribute to produce a sense of the dramatic. Dynamic art, especially music, is capable of great dramatic contrast in this latter sense. But all such contrasts appear to be suggestive or symbolic of the more profound significance which attaches to the realization of contrast itself. It is in metaphor that this significance is best understood.

In metaphor, as we said, the key image may be shot far into the universe to shed its light upon some remote region. The result is a striking realization of contrasts, sometimes stunning, almost overpowering. This experience is closely akin to that of vast spatial or temporal perspectives. So much so that the images of such perspectives may be used to create this effect. In this aspect it is called "sublime," for sublimity is associated with any breath-taking sweep of the imagination. The work of art,

<sup>6</sup> See the excellent treatment of the importance of contrast in significant art in Miss Parkhurst's work, *op. cit.*



man's art or nature's, conquers at one blow, by one illumination, the confused vastness of the universe. When the full realization of this illumination has been borne in upon us, we feel it as profound. There is thus a connection between the sublime or lofty and the profound and deep, for one is preliminary to the other. Often the return of contemplation upon man's own insignificance in contrast to the grandiose panorama of reality which has just been divulged will bring with it a feeling of misery and the tragic. The outward movement of thought is thrilling and inspiring, the return is heavy, sickening. Nevertheless, the grandeur of man emerges, found in the self-redemption of a mind which can surpass such reaches and then return to itself with a more profound sense of its own nobility. "La grandeur de l'homme est grande en ce qu'il connaît misérable." "The greatness of man is great in this, that he knows himself miserable. A tree does not know itself miserable. To know one's misery is to be miserable, to know that one is miserable is to be great."<sup>7</sup> So spoke Pascal to whom the vision of man's incompetence was overshadowed by the greatness of his aspirations.

Tragedy is found in the hostility of nature to human aspirations. It is found in the animal stupidities of man himself, stupidities which circumscribe his imaginative powers and thwart the accomplishment of his projects. The beauty and significance of tragedy seems to lie, however, in the opportunity to view dispassionately, somehow remotely, our own futility and weakness, to see the failures of man and yet transcend them. Even in this there is an ultimate gain in understanding.

The nature of the comic emerges from incongruities. The observing of awkwardness in human behavior, of inappropriateness of thought, may give us the desire to laugh, even at ourselves. Where an extended metaphor strikes no chord of sympathy, where the analogy appears too farfetched, the impression of absurdity easily arises. Symbols meaninglessly and inappropriately applied constitute the basis of nonsense humor. Where ignorance and error of others lead to confusion and failure, provided we are not drawn into sympathy and a feeling of pity, we become amused at the comedy of errors.

There is indeed a narrow margin between the ridiculous of a metaphor too farfetched and the sublimity which that metaphor might give if rightly apprehended. The risk of incongruous absurdity is taken whenever artistic metaphor is used. An equally fine margin lies between

<sup>7</sup> *Pensées*, Brunschvicg edition, no. 397.

the comic and the tragic; for a tragic situation easily becomes one in which the slender link of sympathy is lost, and the aloof observer only mocks the sufferings of others. This even seems to be especially so when the frailties of the observer himself are found in another; for he is given, as it were, a chance to transcend his own weaknesses in laughing at them in someone else. Such humor is a support to his morale and a defense against the sense of failure. As simplification is an intellectual need, so a comic relief is often a moral need.

When the comic takes the form of ridiculing the broader deceptions and frauds of mankind, it becomes satire. As the breadth of the trait satirized becomes greater, the satiric itself takes on the character of significance. Every trait condemned implies an ideal. It is a greater desire for the genuine that leads Socrates to ridicule sophistries, or Voltaire to satirize the best of all possible worlds, or Anatole France to blast man's penguin-like uniformity as he repeats again and again the same old follies. In satire the ideal is indirectly revealed, but the ideal of human aspiration is just as surely present as in the direct type of idealistic metaphor.

The effect of dramatic contrast is to produce a strong sense of significance. Is there also an impression of beauty? It would seem that the effect of humor or of a sense of importance in art is not to produce primarily the impression of beauty. Beauty there may be. But in such cases it is almost a secondary trait, subordinated to the primary realizations. In the significant we have passed beyond mere beauty to the level of valued meanings. Why these meanings are valued, and whether they convey truth, and whether indeed in certain cases they alone are capable of conveying truth, all this is another question.<sup>8</sup> Here we shall limit ourselves to the quality of beauty.

Now beauty is strongest at the levels of novelty and formal harmony. It is traditionally connected with the strangely pleasant, the exotic, or with the harmonious, the rhythmic, and the patterned. Yet a sense of beauty pervades all types of æsthetic appeal. Is it not that the quality of beauty emerges at a given level in the contemplative process, whether the object of contemplation is nature or art? Simple pleasantness is too elementary, too direct, in this process and full significance is too far advanced. The intermediate recognition of uniqueness or of harmonies or both produces the strongest sense of beauty.

<sup>8</sup> See especially Urban, W. M., *Language and Reality* (London: Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1939), Chapters IX, X.

This does not preclude the possibility that a further realization of humor or significance cannot enhance the effect of beauty. The latter attitude may be resumed after an investigation of contrasts and meanings, and subtly these searchings have their effect. The total impression of a work of art will be the result of all such explorations into traits and aesthetic types. Perhaps this exploration never ends. Indeed, it appears a character of all great art that new realizations of quality continue to arise even after numerous investigations.

In a sense, philosophy is art. Its visions are realizations of great contrasts. In metaphysics we find these contrasts between epistemological optimisms and pessimisms, or between the various metaphysical systems. Thought can be, like art, fraught with dramatic quality; for the great sweeps of philosophic metaphor we find dramatic contrasts. It is first the realization of new perspectives, and second the realization that these new perspectives are the illuminations of the world's meanings, the sources of man's understandings, and the triumph of human intelligence, which grant to the systems of the great thinkers the quality of aesthetic significance. Even the disillusioned return to the view of the skeptic cannot destroy the impression of greatness and beauty.

# THE SCHOOL FOR THE RIO GRANDE

## *A Symposium*

**P**ARTICIPANTS in the "School for the Rio Grande" were asked by the editors of the *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW* to tell simply the three most interesting or valuable things they got from the conference. Replies were numerous and prompt. They are given without comment or re-arrangement. Lack of space made it necessary to omit some parts of some replies.

This symposium is printed because of the opinion of the editors that seldom in New Mexico has there been a more concerted and frank attack upon the problems of a region. To many persons, onlookers as well as participants, it seemed that the "School for the Rio Grande," with its emphasis upon the war and cultural relations in New Mexico, was perhaps the beginning of a regional enterprise as important as that in the Tennessee Valley or the Pacific Northwest—important not because of the number of people involved but because of the *nature* of the people. The Spanish-Americans in the Rio Grande Valley are the closest link the United States has with Latin America. If co-operation, intelligent public policy, and long-range planning can bring to the people of the Rio Grande Valley their just share of the benefits (and snares!) of modern society, then the same attitudes, techniques, policies, and plans can be made to function internationally. Here is regionalism with a promise.

To the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, which sponsored the School, and to the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico, which co-operated, go the thanks of the editors for permission to publish these replies. The full proceedings of the School are to be published as a book. This symposium, it is hoped, will give a slight foretaste of the full proceedings and will re-direct attention to the problems of the region.

There has been no editorial attempt to avoid repetition. He "precept upon precept, example upon example" has significance.

Carl F. Taeusch, Head, Division of Program Study and Discussion Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture  
Director, School for the Rio Grande:

1. The generous sponsorship by the University of an undertaking which aimed at the fundamental problems of the Valley; if this is followed up by the penetration of all parts of the State by real extension education, the University would show its functional place in the life of the Valley and of the State.
2. The wide representation of groups and organizations in attendance. Only by concerted efforts of all groups and peoples in the Valley can the people achieve their possibilities; all the churches, all the agencies, private, local, state, and federal, must operate—otherwise the problem will be too big to solve.
3. The wish that more farm people had been present, more Hispanos, so as to get a clearer picture of the real problem.

M. M. Kelso, Regional Representative, Bureau of Agricultural Economics:

I believe I was most impressed by these three things: (1) the importance of the Rio Grande Valley because of its Spanish-Indian-Anglo cultural relationships as a meeting ground through which Inter-American relations might be strengthened. I had not realized before what an important role this area might perform in strengthening these relationships, were we to undertake as a nation a carefully formulated program directed to that end; (2) I obtained a much clearer picture than formerly concerning the problem of accommodating diverse cultural groups one to the other and the role that education, particularly as it revolves around languages, might play in bringing about this accommodation. I am impressed with the inadequacy of our public education system, due to failure to recognize the importance of this problem; and (3) I obtained a startling picture of the health problems among Spanish-speaking peoples of this valley as they relate—not so much to disease as to nutritional shortcomings. The fact that so many people in the valley are not able to perform a full day's work because they are inadequately supplied with food is extremely startling and of great significance to one who is concerned with improving the level of employment of this over-populated area.

Andrew R. Cordova, Associate Agricultural Economist, BAE:

... outstanding, in my opinion, were Dr. Donnelly's suggestion for state scholarships for needy and worthy students, Maurice Sanchez' idea that Spanish-American talents be utilized in the foreign service, the Rio Grande Valley Authority proposal, and Dr. Geo. Sanchez' exposition on bilingual education.

In terms of broader perspective, I would like to name the three things which seemed most impressive to me.

1. *The Tenor of the School.* It seems to me that, in spite of the delicate subject matter, the realistic and objective fashion with which talk and discussions were handled serves first place.
2. *The Inter-American Relationships.* The realization that all Americans—in the total sense of the word—are in the same hemispheric pot, adds great validity to the position that the Rio Grande region can be a vital connecting link with respect to solidarity.

3. *Sponsorship of the School by the University of New Mexico.* It is extremely significant that the University has taken the leadership in this matter. By so doing, this leading educational institution of the State has at least taken a step toward "social consciousness," which is so urgently needed in the Rio Grande Valley.

Hugh G. Calkins, Regional Conservator, Soil Conservation Service,  
U. S. Department of Agriculture:

1. The international importance of the problems of the Rio Grande Valley arising not only from the proximity of its Spanish-speaking people to Mexico, but also from the fact that these people form a segment of a very large minority-group population resident in the United States.

2. The way in which racial discrimination and plain lack of understanding have combined to intensify the social and economic plight of the Rio Grande people.

3. The evidence exhibited throughout the conference of a general willingness to accept factual statements which, a few years ago, would have been considered revolutionary or highly prejudiced.

A. G. Sandoval, Associate Information Specialist, SCS:

1. Maurice Sanchez's suggestion for utilizing New Mexico's wealth of Spanish-American background for developing future U. S. good will representatives for Latin-America.

2. The suggestion made for awarding state scholarships to deserving students in order that they may continue their higher training without the handicap of overtaxing themselves "working their way through college."

3. The several reports made on nutritional, health, and educational deficiencies throughout the Rio Grande Valley proves that a program of action is needed there, immediately, in order to save those people "for democracy." . . . Perhaps the Rio Grande Valley Authority could do it—who knows?

4. . . . The School made a lot of people think. Made them mad. Made them stop and take notice.

Miss Anne Raymond, Division of Education-Information, SCS:

1. It was a real pleasure to hear and see people who were honestly endeavoring to arrive at a better plan for co-operative work. . . . In my many years of attending meetings, I have never found a series of conferences which held such sustained interest or to which I went more readily.

2. I felt that there was a pleasurable lack of personal or organization ambition or jealousies, which was heartening to observe. . . .

3. I was sorry that there seemed to be, towards the latter part of the conference, a definite frustration manifested because of lack of opportunity to finish discussions or of any chance to make working recommendations. . . . It seemed a pity to me that such determination and purposeful energy should have fallen back on itself. . . . I hope some plan will evolve fairly soon to unify their efforts.

Allan G. Harper, Office of Indian Affairs, U. S. Department of the Interior:

1. The collective analysis of the Valley's social and economic problems placed an accent on the need for finding and developing new industrial activities in which the land-

less, unstabilized rural population would be able to find employment. Either this population must gain access to new work opportunity, or it will be compelled ultimately leave the Valley. There is only one other choice and that is for these people to be permanently based upon a relief economy—certainly an unpleasant choice for them and undesirable choice for the taxpayers.

2. As to the Spanish-speaking population, one of the speakers brought out the continuing discrimination in the distribution of school funds; and another speaker exposed the shockingly bad health conditions which prevail. The economic basis of these disturbing facts, rather than anyone's vindictive malevolence, was also emphasized. Only when a sounder economic base is put under the entire population of the Valley can material progress in improving the social welfare of the people be expected.

3. I was impressed by the suggestion of still another speaker that the task of planning the solution of the Valley's problems and of bringing the activities of various public and private bodies into focus belongs to the State.

**W. O. Olson, Junior Administrative Technician, Office of Indian Affairs:**

1. The emphasis on the lack of basic education or facilities for education for the great mass of people within the state. . . .

2. Discussion of the serious economic status of a large percentage of the population of the state and the suggestion that a solution lies in industrial expansion within the state.

3. The expression of the group that co-ordination in planning and execution of administrative programs both federal and state would lead to more efficient utilization of money spent.

**Nina Otero-Warren, State Supervisor of Education, Recreation, and Spanish Projects, WPA:**

. . . the aim to promote a better understanding and relationship of the Spanish speaking groups is a most worthy one. I feel that the conference proved the need for such relationship.

However, no problem can be settled before the people directly concerned can state what their problem is and their idea of its solution. Since the people directly concerned were not present at the conference, neither the problem nor its solution was presented.

In the second place, not enough of the general public was present or participating. The discussions were carried on by out-of-state teachers and college professors, many of whom were not familiar with conditions in the Rio Grande district.

**Mrs. Helen Ellis, Field Representative, New Mexico Department of Public Welfare:**

1. Hungry, apathetic children do not respond to education or training.

2. The one inescapable fact, which must be considered as the premise in all suggestion for the amelioration of conditions or solution of problems in the Valley, is that there is only enough land, even under optimum conditions, to support one half the present rural population of the Middle Rio Grande Valley.

3. Deviations from the norm give rise to discrimination and intolerance. The deviations which are remediable are hunger, physical defects, language difficulties, lack of skill and managerial ability.

4. Training the unemployed in the Rio Grande Valley for skilled occupations would create a vast reservoir of man-power, which could be utilized in the successful pursuit of the war and channeled into industries after the war.

**Albert R. Lopes, Department of Modern Languages, University of New Mexico:**

... I'll briefly state what I think was the most significant aspect of the School: A challenge to civic-minded citizens to think and act wisely in relation to the economic, sociologic, and cultural problems of the Rio Grande Valley.

**P. W. Cockerill, Head, Department of Agricultural Economics, New Mexico State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts:**

... I believe I was impressed by the need of many specialized fields of knowledge necessary to effectively attack the problems in the Rio Grande watershed. ... The talks that were given seemed to add up to the fact that the building of strong bodies and the providing of an education which will enable the young people to compete in the outside world will be the only permanent solution in an over-populated area.

**J. T. Reid, Director, Taos County Project:**

1. The genuine interest of those attending in the problem of inter-cultural affairs in New Mexico. I have heard this matter discussed for years in all kinds of meetings, but I thought it was handled more realistically and vigorously at this meeting than I had seen it before.

2. The by-product of interest in and recognition of the crying need for co-ordinated effort in the solution of county and area problems. There was no evidence of any clear thinking along this line, but rather a sudden realization for its need.

3. The lack of attendance on the part of farmers and laymen in general, as well as agency workers on the job. This is to be deplored, as these are the people upon whose final judgment and co-operation any program of socio-economic improvement depends.

**Antonio Rebolledo, Director of Research, New Mexico Spanish Research Project, Highlands University:**

1. The seriousness of the malnutrition problem among the Spanish-speaking population of New Mexico, due mainly to lack of proteins in the diet. The necessity of an intensive campaign to encourage these people to raise goats and chickens, which would solve 70% of this malnutrition problem.

2. The inadequacy of educational methods of teaching English to Spanish-speaking children in New Mexico. The necessity to look into the proposition made by Dr. George I. Sanchez to the effect that the first years of instruction for these children should be given in Spanish and that the transfer of concepts into English should be made increasingly after the initial experiences have been well established in the vernacular.

3. The realization that the problem of over-population of the productive land of New Mexico should be solved by preparing the excess population for assimilation into industrial and commercial enterprises of the nation.



George I. Sanchez, Department of the History and Philosophy of Education, University of Texas; author of *Forgotten People*:

1. This conference gave a large number of individuals an opportunity to exchange views and experiences on a subject which heretofore has been a matter of unco-ordinated attack by a variety of agencies and individuals. To my mind the greatest contribution of the conference consisted in giving participants the opportunity of approaching the questions involved jointly.

2. In connection with the above I was deeply impressed by the widespread agreement manifested in the discussions as regards the fundamental issues and the relative unimportance of the differences, techniques or views which have in the past handicapped professional collaboration and administrative co-ordination.

3. The most interesting note struck at the conference was the appreciation of the fact that the problems of the Spanish-speaking people in the Rio Grande Valley are not unique and that the procedures for their solution have numerous precedents in other areas. That is to say, the problem of the Spanish-speaking people there is merely a reflection of similar conditions elsewhere, and the solution of the problems in New Mexico may well be found through the use of measures found successful elsewhere in the United States and in other parts of the world.

Carey McWilliams, Chief, California State Commission of Immigration and Housing; author of *Factories in the Field* and of *Ill Fares the Land*:

1. The conference was an excellent demonstration of a sound economic, cultural and political regionalism. In years past we have heard much about regionalism, from many points of view. Unfortunately most of this discussion has been theoretical and suspended in mid-air, so to speak. At Albuquerque an attempt was made to obtain and summarize all of the information about a broad region, its population, its economic resources, its social and economic problems. Proceedings of the conference will unquestionably serve for years to come as a starting point for many programs and policies, both state and federal.

2. I was also deeply impressed with the rather unique importance of New Mexico as a state in which many experimental projects might be developed having for their purpose improvement of Latin American relations. A climate of opinion unquestionably exists in the state which makes possible the successful initiation of many programs which will have much significance in other states, particularly in Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and California—programs which, however, should be logically started in New Mexico.

3. I was also impressed by the enduring values inherent in the pattern of village semi-communal agriculture, with its long historical background, in New Mexico. It seems to me, merely as an observer, that the essentials of this pattern of rural relationships should be preserved, and that the preservation of these patterns has great significance.

No conference would be a success without its rank dissenter. Our correspondent wrote:

Your letter . . . assumes that there [were] at least three valuable things to be derived from the Conference. My personal impression is that we did a lot of talking among a group of people that [were] interested in this and other problems. Unfortunately, the discussions do not get either to those who can do something about the problem, or to those who form the basic part of it. . . . I must be sincere in saying that I could derive nothing of lasting value in the two days that I attended. . . .

## ON AND ON

*Spud Johnson*

Impressions of Some Watercolors by Gina Knee

### *Old Civilizations*

SOMETIMES it is devious, going roundabout, going up and down like a graph, almost disappearing in the vagaries of old script, but there is always that fine line connecting this one and that one: the old dead life, its bones parching on mesa-tops and in caves, and this one, springing up anew under the rain-clouds, under the trees.

### *Monument Valley by Hearsay*

Strange and barren cliffs, you said, rising out of desert like the tortured limbs of a dying civilization. Cleopatra's Needle crumbling into sand-dunes as softly voluptuous as flesh; and cathedrals sinking into subterranean lakes of lava. An other-worldly world of pale colors depicting violence: a pastel purgatory. That's what you said, and here it is, but nobody will believe it.

### *Crisp and Low*

Long winter evenings he sat huddled in his igloo, munching candles; the only sounds above the moan of the wind were the hard crunch of molars against stiff wax, and the loud, measured tick of a clock.

But in summer, lying naked on his mat under the flimsy shelter of a grass hut, the moonlight filtered through, peppering him silently with romantic salt.

### *After Dark*

Always the night is mysterious. Anything may happen. Prowling animals, strange ghostly shapes and noises, sudden steps—these may be horrible. White palings of a fence, black doorways, lighted windows,

these become awesome. After dark, even a mouse is a burglar, and night a dog's howl is always wolves.

*For G. H. and Max*

An aspen grove can be a church: silver pillars supporting a cerulean ceiling, and the feeling that in the transept will be a shrine, cool-shaded with holy trembling leaves.

Odd that a pocket knife in the hands of a city picnicker, slashing names and dates, can change all that. (Who on earth is G. H.?)

The sacred grove becomes a sordid alley; there's a gas station at the corner; and the aging log that was a pew, suddenly resembles a kha bag full of old golf-clubs.

Abracadabra, says Max, tossing a tin can over his left shoulder, at the beautiful pumpkin is a jallopy.

*Pool Without Fish*

No willows trail their long fingers in these pools. Clear, rock-bottomed, wind-washed, their throats gargled a thousand times a day by the tide, each is a clean jewel, a rare green ambler, embedding pansies and anemones and purple sea-urchins within its depths, preserving the shells for the necklaces of future mermaids.

Or perhaps they are not so romantic; perhaps their only purpose is to reflect the sky for a day, or wash the wriggling toes of one larva, or become the grave of a single handful of salty clams, baked in the sun when the water has evaporated.

*Deep South*

There's more than one chip of Uncle Tom's Cabin left in the world to knock off Aunt Georgia's shoulder. Sometimes you wonder, when factory smoke taints the clear odor of cherry blossoms, or when radio static blurs with blare the clean song of the mocking bird—but deep in the country the Old South hasn't changed. There they are still: Pickaninies and watermelons, cottonfields and cypresses, Topsys and Scarlet O'Hair and prize hogs all in a row . . . .

*White Cliffs and Red Trees*

Out where the west begins and sometimes ends abruptly, the landscape, like the color, is apt to be violent. Sometimes the trees are red

where the cliffs are white, and sometimes the cliffs are crimson and the trees as pale as ghosts. Sometimes the west begins and ends as abruptly as a precipice of pale volcanic ash against a granite sky.

### *Hero*

The line of his jaw from ear to chin was long and strong, yet delicate, like a steel spring concealed in a Greek statue. The eyes seemed to be gazing far out into some unknown sea, but not dreamily. They said he was born in Arkansas, and yet he spoke in a strange language, beautifully. He was just a photograph in a newspaper, making music in an unknown tongue.

### *Item on New Mexico*

Blue, I remember: blue mountains and blue sky—equally vivid, but out of different realms. And tiny fields like checker-boards, and trees of twig, subdued and pigmied by terrific space. Turbulence organized into a pattern for a new world that is infinitely old.

### *Simple Gesture*

Everything suddenly seemed so simple—like drawing a long straight line and stopping at exactly the spot where you want to stop—or like reaching out to touch a rose, opening in the sun—or picking cherries, putting their cool but sun-warmed fragrance to your lips.

### *It's So Peaceful in the Country*

Daisies and wind-mills, gamboling lambs and trees in bloom; everything is pink and pale and yellow-green. The wind of spring is like strong rum—yet there he lies, a Little Boy Blue, asleep in the cow-pasture.

## FROM MANILA TO MADRID An Epistolary Record of Travel, 1920-1921<sup>1</sup>

*George St. Clair*

### IV. GREECE AND ITALY

On board the *S. S. Eloi*, September 18th

AS THE twilight settles down over the land of Egypt, let me sum up my impressions of the people, gained from three visits to the country. The men are big-footed, ignorant, conceited, and lazily incompetent; the women, thick-ankled, even more ignorant than the men, and hopelessly stupid. Though I sympathize with their aspirations for independence, I do not think they will be able to maintain a decent government for years. I asked our Greek friend on the train if all the Egyptians wanted complete self-government. He replied that the landowners are interested in only one thing, and that is, water for the lands, while the merchants want only peace and quiet. In his opinion as the British absolutely control the Nile dams, and as the farmers are completely dependent on the Nile, it would merely be necessary, in the event of trouble, for the British to shut off their water, and they would be forced to come to terms. If the British would but introduce educational and sanitary reforms, their rule would be much better for the people than any possible government they could form. But we shall see how it works out!

As the polyglot steward is beginning to fill up the wine glass preparatory to dinner, I shall stop and resume my narrative out on the blue Mediterranean.

<sup>1</sup> This is the fourth installment of a travel diary kept by Dr. George St. Clair. A further portion of this travel record will appear. For previous portions see *New Mexico Quarterly*, X (May, November, 1940), pp. 73-86 and 245-258, and *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW*, XI (August, 1941), pp. 298-314.

On board, September 21st

We are passing close by those islands famed in song and story—Byron's Isles of Greece, "Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

The Greece of which he then sang was a subject country, with most of its people content to dwell in subjection. How unlike those freedom-lovers of the old Greece, who made the Greek name a synonym for all that was finest and noblest in the ancient world! But the Greeks are a different people now. They have practically regained all that territory which once constituted Greece proper, and seem in a fair way to develop a real country, one not unworthy of their great ancestors who "strove with gods."

I believe I am a bit of a pagan. The beautiful mythology of the old Greeks has still its charm, nor does it seem such a "creed outworn," as Wordsworth called it. I have never been able to understand why it seemed so terrible to him to

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Last night, for instance, with the moon turning the azure waves to silver, it would not have seemed strange had the Nereids appeared sporting around our craft. No wonder that the Greeks were so fanciful and poetic in their mythology! These bold, bright islands, these blue, blue seas, lend themselves naturally to poetic idealization. They mean much to all lovers of Homer and Virgil. Perhaps we are now sailing over the same path once plowed by the ships of Jason and his Argonauts, in their quest for the Golden Fleece; here came Hercules, intent on accomplishing his beneficent labors for mankind; here passed Perseus, later, to rescue the hapless Andromeda (the very rock to which she was tied is now pointed out in the Bay of Jaffa, Palestine); across these waters, the storm, in its mighty fury, bore Ulysses and his fleet to the Land of the Lotus Eaters; later, near that same country, Aeneas found refuge from the anger of Juno, whose wrath had tossed his ships over these same waters. Between these islands passed the Greek colonists, carrying their culture and civilization to Asia Minor and Italy, and here triumphantly and insolently sped that great Athenian fleet to what they thought would be the easy conquest of Syracuse, from whence only a shattered remnant ever returned to their native shores. So, what with its reminiscent and natural beauty, I think we shall enjoy Greece.

Athens, September 23rd

Day before yesterday, we sailed triumphantly into the port Piraeus, four miles from Athens, with the American flag flying proud from our masthead, in honor of the governor, for, as the little captain explained, it is not often that so small a craft has the distinction of carrying a governor. I cannot help thinking, as we go from place to place, of that trip John and I made, in 1909, over these same waters but oh, what a difference! Then we were "pobre maestros," trying to see all Europe with the savings of six years—about a thousand dollars—and we did succeed in seeing most of it, though we had to travel and live very cheaply, in order to accomplish it. Even at that, the ship which we traveled from Alexandria to Constantinople was a much larger and better one than the one we just left, and second class on it was far superior to our de luxe steamer.

We are staying at the Majestic Hôtel, on Boulevard de l' Université. We have a small double bedroom, with a smaller one adjoining, which we use as a dressing room. For room and the light European breakfast we pay twelve and a half drachmas apiece, a day. This is our first experience with the European breakfast, and reminds me of "Mamselle," the little rooming house, in the Latin Quarter, in Paris, where John and I had rooms so long ago, ten dollars a month, breakfast included. Every morning, the *femme de chambre* would bring us up our roll and coffee. The first morning, the roll was long and thick, more than enough for two, though we ate it all. Each morning thereafter, it visibly decreased in both length and thickness, until it was scarcely enough to keep Parisienne alive, much less two healthy, hungry Americans. Finally it had grown so small that we were thinking of hiring a microscope to be able to see it, we grew desperate, raised our window, and shouted over to Mamselle for more bread. The next morning, the loaf had again become long and stout, but it immediately began to shrink in size, until we would again summon up courage to shout to Mamselle. This comedy was played about six times during the five weeks we were there, and never once did she show in any way that she thought anything unusual was occurring. It was partly because of Mamselle that I was sure of France during the war, for I knew that a nation which boasted such daughters, women of such inflexible determination and dauntless thrift, could never be vanquished by the Boches.

But to get back to my story. The governor and I eat around various cafés, but generally at the first one we tried, which is nearest

hotel, and also the best we have found. The dishes are all served à la carte, and one pays for everything he uses and orders, except water. I do not understand why that is free, for this is a very dry country. They even charge for sugar and for napkins. The cuisine is French and excellent. The fruits are especially delicious. The portions are large and we are able to make out a very good meal for about a dollar. A regular course dinner would cost about two dollars and a half, music and art thrown in. The consul here says that living is more expensive in Athens than in New York, but I have my doubts. Certainly, it must be fearfully expensive for the Greeks, but the cafés are all crowded, and they order the most costly dishes. If it were not that our dollar is worth so much more than it used to be, we could not afford to travel in these countries. And yet I would not have missed Athens! Not to mention the fact that it is far cheaper than Egypt or Palestine!

The ruins on the Acropolis are, as every one knows, the Mecca of all travelers to Greece. We have been there twice already, and plan to return. I derived a great deal of pleasure also, as did the governor, from a walk along the little streamlet of Ilyssos, which flows through the outskirts of the city—that is, it flows very gently, for it was almost dry when we saw it. It used to be the favorite haunt of Socrates, and we conjured up the scene of him and his disciples strolling along its banks, or resting in the shady nooks, while they discoursed of the age-old problems of life, death, and immortality. Our stroll there made a fitting introduction to the Acropolis.

You are familiar with the pictures of the Acropolis, with its beautiful temples—the Nike, small but exquisitely pretty; the Propylaea; the Erechtheum, one of whose porticoes is the lovely Porch of the Caryatides or Maidens; and, crowning them all, the wonderful Parthenon, splendid and impressive even in its ruins. It was ruined, you know, during the siege of the city by the Venetians in the seventeenth century, when a shell fell into it and exploded some gunpowder stored within it. Later, Lord Elgin, then British Ambassador, carried away many of its most beautiful friezes, now in the British Museum.

It is in vain for me to attempt any description of these places. It has already been so much better done by better men. I can only tell you how they appealed to us. That we have gazed upon them almost reverently; that I have carried about with me all day a sort of hushed, solemn feeling like that I experienced on my first visit, at twilight, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and that my soul has been filled with



beauty all day—these are the things that seem of importance to

From the Acropolis one gets a splendid view of the plains of Attica including the field of Marathon and the Bay of Salamis. You remember those lines of Byron's from "The Isles of Greece," considered by some critics two of the finest lines in our poetry:

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea.

Below the Acropolis, and resting against its eastern wall, are ruins of the Theater of Dionysos, where the plays of the great Greek dramatists were given, practically in the open air. There still remains enough of the theater to give one an idea of its vastness. Of the stage little is left, and that, I think, of a later period. But the orchestra is clearly defined, and still there rise tier upon tier of seats, the lower being of marble. As you remember, the action of a Greek play took place almost entirely in the orchestra, a flat, level space just in front of the stage and at the foot of the tiers of seats.

We tried to visualize the scene as it must have appeared when Sophocles or Euripides was to present a new play. They were kind of rivals. Sophocles was a conservative in art, morals, and religion; Euripides, an innovator, in both form and philosophy: the elder poet more artistic, more sane, perhaps, and a greater poet: Euripides a deeper thinker, with less charm than the other, but a more human appeal, and more modern in his ideas. As judged by their own countrymen Sophocles was the greater, for he won the tragic prize thirteen times, Euripides' five. But, as Browning puts it: "Gain prize, or lose prize, god-like still." Euripides died only a few months before Sophocles, and in the next play that he produced, the latter made his actors dress in black. I like to think that those two great souls are friends now in some Elysium of the poets, where, in flowery glades, they discuss their different theories of art and life. No doubt Homer and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare often listen to them and debate earnestly the problems which they stated here but never settled.

I went on a literary pilgrimage this afternoon. It was to Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles. It is a very small village, about a mile and a half northwest of the city, and today possesses little charm or beauty, being bare of any sort of decoration, dry and dusty. But in Sophoclean time it was famous for its olive groves, as is shown by his celebrated "Ode to Colonus," in his last play, "Oedipus at Colonus." Then, I

and flowers abounded, and nightingales sang sweetly in the branches. There are no nightingales there now; only the shrill call of the rooster, telling the sun it was time to go to rest, broke the stillness of its lonely solitude. There is a pretty story told about Sophocles, in connection with Colonus:

You know he was a very popular man. Indeed, it was said of him, that he was the only Athenian in public life who never had an enemy. Even the irreverent Aristophanes never satirized him. What makes it more strange is that he was famed for his personal beauty, grace, charm, and success with the other sex! So, it is not always true that a man who has no enemies does not amount to much. Well, as time passed on, the poet aged, and some of his relatives, anxious to get their hands on his property, brought suit in court, asking that a guardian be appointed to administer his affairs, as he was in his dotage. To disprove the charge, the poet read to the jury this Ode to Colonus, itself a triumphant proof that he still retained his mental vigor, though ninety years of age. I have been able to find a translation of this ode, from which I quote a few lines:

To the land of the steed, O stranger,  
To the goodliest homes upon earth thou comest—  
White-cliffed Colonus this,  
Loud with the melody piercing sweet  
Of nightingales that most delight  
In deep green glades to haunt.

. . . . .

Sun-proof, nor vexed by wind,  
Whatever storms may blow.

. . . . .

And the clustering fair narcissus  
Eve by eve out of heaven the fresh dew drinketh—

. . . . .

And bright the crocus springs like gold.

I am glad to have seen the place which this greatest Greek poet thought beautiful enough for a special description, probably the most extensive nature reference in Greek literature, for though the Greeks personified nature in their myths, they rarely put her in their poetry, except in their imagery.

We rode by tram car out to the Temple of Theseus. It stands by itself, on a level space, not far below the Acropolis, and is, I think, the

most beautiful monument of ancient Athens now existing. Looked from a distance, it seems to be in an almost perfect state of preservation. Its severely classical lines rival those of the Parthenon in their simplicity and beauty. I suppose that I confess my ignorance of architecture when I say it, but I must admit that it seems more impressive than the Parthenon. What a gloriously beautiful city ancient Athens must have been! Small wonder that their poets styled it "the violet-crowned!"

We thoroughly enjoyed the National Museum. Its sculptures, vases, bronzes, and ornaments are almost entirely Greek, of the best classical period. It has no remarkably beautiful statues, but we saw some wonderful vases and numbers of figurines, some exquisitely dainty, others comical, often vulgar. One of them, a drunken satyr, was ridiculously funny, but I am not permitted to describe it. How it escaped the hands of the despoilers, who carried away most of what was most beautiful and distinctive in Greek art, I am not able to explain!

What seems strange are the few examples of modern Greek art one sees here! Good modern paintings are rare, and all the fine buildings in the new Athens were designed by foreigners. Yet it is only a hundred years since Greece achieved her independence. Surely she is taking a long time to find herself artistically.

The modern Athens is as handsome a city as one would care to see well laid out, with wide streets, unusually broad sidewalks and numbers of fine buildings, and, more surprising still, it is exceedingly lively. The sort of small edition of Paris, except that it is very dry and dusty. The water is scarce here is abundantly evidenced by the odors that come from the crowds. It is plainly too precious to be lightly used.

The Boulevard de l'Université is the broadest and handsomest thoroughfare, and one that would be a credit to any city. On it are some of the finest buildings—the University, a noble edifice, but pitifully small; the Academy of Science, the most beautiful of all; the Library, the Royal Palace, our Legation, and many more, all of them constructed in the chastest modern classic style. At each end of this boulevard are large plazas, which are the center and heart of the city's life. Parallel to the boulevard, and also connecting these two plazas, is the Rue de Solomou, the busiest street in Athens. When one considers that in 1834 this was but a collection of miserable shacks, some three hundred in all, that today there are over four hundred thousand inhabitants, why has high hopes for Greece. A people that can accomplish such won-

is capable of many better things. But they lack leadership. Apart from Venizelos, there does not seem to be a real statesman among them. The governor is calling me to come for a walk before bed. I will tell you more of my impressions of the Greeks, on the boat. We have secured passage on a small Greek steamer, at a fearfully high passage rate, and leave for Brindisi tomorrow morning, via Patras. Adios.

On board the *S. S. Iperochi*, September 27th

We got away from Piraeus at ten o'clock yesterday, and, strangely enough, though we had made the *chargé d'affaires* go to a good deal of trouble to get police permits and passport visas for us, nobody stopped us or asked us for any papers when we were embarking.

Shortly after leaving, the ship passed close to the Bay of Salamis, where the Greeks won that famous naval victory over Xerxes, owing to Themistocles' shrewd diplomacy. A little later, we came to the Corinth Canal, which cuts across the Isthmus of Corinth and shortens the journey from the Piraeus to Patras by two days. It is a funny little canal, only three and a half miles long, twenty-six feet wide, twenty-six feet deep, and about the same height. I felt, as we slid along through the canal, as if I were being muffled up, a sort of oppressive feeling, as if the walls, which seemed so close that you could almost touch them on both sides, were about to topple over and bury us alive. After safely negotiating the canal, we sailed out into the lovely Bay of Corinth. From then, about one p. m., until dark, our route lay along the beautiful Greek coasts. The mountains and hills of Grece have a marvelous color towards sunset, a soft sort of violet haze, which, together with the effect of the changing light on the surface of the waters, was indescribably lovely. It is worth while coming to Greece just to see the beauty of a Grecian evening on an inland sea. I have not seen anything quite like it anywhere else. I must come back here some day when I have time to take a leisurely trip, and see the whole country. I am very much disappointed in not being able to see Sunium's flower-clad promontory, Mt. Parnassus, the sacred shrines of Olympus and Delphi, and many other less-known beauty spots. But the governor's leave is drawing to a close and we must hurry.

But I promised to give you some of my impressions of Greece and the Greeks. With its new accessions of territory, almost as large again as it was, and the great growth of the nationalistic spirit, Greece is on the way to becoming an important power. Americans, unfortunately,

are not very popular with them. You know President Wilson opposed their claims to Thrace, and the other night at a "*ciné*," when his picture and the American flag were displayed, there was a small riot caused by anti-Americans. A keen student of Near East affairs, who has spent some time here, told us in Athens that, in his opinion, the Greek government is way out in advance of the people; that they have at least men who are supermen, and may have the strength to pull the Greeks up after them; these men are Venizelos, whose diplomacy won for them all their new territory, and the High Commissioner, who has charge of the country in and around Smyrna—Steriापades by name. Venizelos is their god at present. They are giving him a great fête today in Athens.

In appearance, the Greeks are not prepossessing, though we saw an occasional mountaineer, in his picturesque national costume, who might have served for a sculptor's model. The women, as a rule, have large figures, big feet, and thick ankles, though many of them possess also the most exquisite skin and complexion. The styles vary considerably, of course, but very short skirts were much in evidence. They frequently fell scarcely to the knees, so that it was difficult to tell, from behind, whether any given female was a grown woman or a girl. Though we saw many pretty women, there were few really beautiful ones, as both their faces and figures are too heavy for true beauty. I do not think that the most beautiful statues are Greek! The women are so gay and vivacious. I notice here on the ship, that it is entirely common for a lady to do her manicuring in public.

The men have a bad reputation as regards honesty, especially in commercial affairs, though we ourselves saw no evidence of this. They seem industrious enough, when it is necessary so to be, though they are handicapped by lack of industries. They are still natural sailors and traders, just as their ancestors used to be in the old days. A gentleman in Athens told me that a large percentage of the workmen spend practically all they make at the cafés. These are numerous, and extend all out on the sidewalks, much like those of Paris. Here the men sit, all day, slowly sipping coffee or some mild decoction, watch and comment upon the passers-by, and talk politics. Politics seem to be the most absorbing occupation of the men; what the women do in lieu thereof I cannot imagine!

Wages are high, and so are rents and prices. As in the Orient, one has always to bargain in the stores, as there are no marked prices.

this respect, the Greek seems to be the Chinaman of the Near East, without the Chinaman's sense of business honor. The general opinion seems to be that it is very difficult to bind a Greek down to a bargain and that he will slip out of a contract unless he is tied down by the most ironclad agreement. You know they say the same of the Japanese in the Far East. On the other hand, they are kindly and courteous, though rather excitable, and extremely hospitable. In this respect, too, they resemble the Japanese. The claim is made that there are no illiterates among them—remarkable, if true!

We came to Corfu, the loveliest of the Greek islands, at noon today. It is, you remember, the Phaeacia of the Odyssey, where Ulysses was washed ashore after his nine days' swim and where he frightened Nausicaa and her maids by popping up out of the bushes, clad only in leaves. The very spot where he came ashore was pointed out to us by our Jehu, this afternoon. Corfu is one of the Ionian Isles, very close to the mainland of Greece and directly across from Albania. It is famous for its olives and its beautiful drives.

We got a carriage and went out to the Achilleon, the former palace of William of Hohenzollern. Our road lay through the finest and most extensive olive groves that I have ever seen. Some of these gnarled old giants, they told us, are over six hundred years old. The Achilleon is beautifully located, on the highest point of the island, and is surrounded by magnificent gardens with numbers of fine statues scattered everywhere. The views of the sea and mountains, seen through the green foliage, are enchanting. Why should a man with such wonderful places to live in risk them all because of his insane ambition? Our entire excursion, with fruits, lemonade and café Turc at a quaint little restaurant, cost us less than three dollars apiece.

We left Corfu at six and are now sailing over the moon-swept waters of the Adriatic. We have had a memorable week in Greece. All I have ever learned or seen of Greece is summed up in the one word: "Beauty." Egypt will always connote to me flat desert sands; green fields, with the life-giving Nile flowing through them; and, dominating all, the majestic pyramids—mysterious impressiveness: my recollections of Palestine will be of treeless, brown hills, dry water-courses, and holy shrines, Jewish, Moslem, Christian—sacred and religious associations. But Greece will ever be to me the land of Beauty—natural, historic, and artistic Beauty. I hope to see it again some day!

Naples, September 29th—Evening

*O bella Napoli! Finalmente, ti rivedo.*

When we got up yesterday morning, the shores of Italy were already in sight. We docked early, but as the train for Naples left at 8:10, and the doctor had not come aboard at eight, it looked as if we were good for a whole day in Brindisi. This was bad medicine, since even the guide books admit that there is practically nothing to see there. It is just a port of call for steamers bound for Constantinople or Egypt. The most important thing that ever happened in the place was Virgil's untimely death, just after his return from Athens, and before he had completed his *Aeneid*.

We had an early and miserable breakfast, and then waited as patiently as possible for the medico. About two hours after we had entered port, there came panting up the gangway a pot-bellied, somewhat important personage, who announced himself as the "signore medico." He was so slow and pompous that we had resigned ourselves to the impossibility of making our train, when our English friend came hurrying up and told us he had just discovered that Italian time was an hour slower than Greek, and that we could catch the train if we could prevail upon his "Eccellenza, the signore medico," to hurry. He then presented the governor as a very important American official, who was in a great hurry to get the Naples train, for he had an appointment with the Ambassador. All of this, however, produced little effect. In fact, the fat old rascal was rather indolent, muttering something about *forestieri* (foreigners) in his barbarous perversion of the *bella lingua* of Dante. But he had to give us our clearances at last, and then began the race to catch the train. We had just ten minutes to get through customs, buy our tickets, and reach the station. We had no time even to say goodbye to our new friends. Without any regrets at parting from our "cabin of luxury," we jumped into a carriage, provided for us by a Cook's man, and were rushed by him through customs—I am sure that he slipped something to the inspector—and into our train, just as she was preparing to depart. We found that Tomasso, our life-saver, was an American citizen who had been in Italy visiting his relatives when the war broke out, and he had been conscripted. He had served four years in the Italian army without a wound. Since we very willingly gave him the largest tip I had probably seen for ages, he will likely remember us for a long time. He said business in his line was very, very dull as tourist travel had not yet been resumed.

We had our compartment to ourselves all the way to Naples. We had been warned that the Italian trains were bad, but the filthy reality was worse than could have been pictured to us. I hope never to see again anything as foul as the lavatory. And we rode first class, too!

The distance from Brindisi to Naples, via Tarentum, is 240 miles. According to the time table, we were due in Naples at nine-thirty, p. m., which would have given us an average of about seventeen miles to the hour. We actually arrived at one, a. m., over three hours late. Two of those hours we were on a siding, waiting for the train from Sicily, which was also very late.

There was no dining car. We had to buy our meals at unhygienic Italian railroad restaurants, scarcely cleaner than the cars. Our menu for the two meals was this: two big hunks of war bread—sour and unpalatable, meat from just behind the ear, grapes—the smallest and sourest ever discovered, a small bottle of thin, acid wine. Our English friend on the steamer had told us: "You will soon understand why Columbus discovered America, after you spend a day on an Italian train." And we do. It was to get out of Italy!

This stuff, wretched as it was, cost us twenty-five lire, even now, with our favorable exchange, over a dollar, a very high price for what we got. How can the Italians pay such prices? Unless it was, as I suspect, that those descendants of the *condottieri* were fleecing the stranger within their gates.

Although our journey occupied the whole day and far into the night, we did not get tired, because of the varied features of the country. In general, the soil looked thin and rocky, and there were no particularly beautiful views. If all Italy were like this part between Brindisi and Naples, it would certainly never have been given the name of "bella Italia."

The most striking features were the old towns and fortresses perched high up on steep, rocky hillsides. Probably, they were once the eyries of the robber barons and *condottieri*, who would sweep down from their strongholds and levy toll upon the passing merchant and traveler. A pleasant life merchants lived in those romantic times! They are getting their revenge now, though, and are themselves robbing the descendants of those same knightly thieves. Honestly, of course, and all in the way of business; at the same time, they eke out the revenue derived from these compatriots by felonious assaults on the purses of unfortunate *forestieri* like ourselves.



The railway has an enormous number of tunnels. They seem hundreds to me, but it is possible that my imagination exaggerates them, since I always experience a kind of stifling sensation when I am going through one. The latter part of the journey was by night, but there was a glorious moon shining, and its mellow light, flooding the hillsides and valleys, softened their bare outlines and gave them a pale ethereal beauty which, by day, they would not have had.

It was well after one o'clock when the night porter at this hotel, the Continental, ushered us into the most magnificent room I have ever seen, outside of palaces and museums, an immense room, with a very high, painted ceiling, silk-papered walls, and a marble-tiled floor. It is absurdly overcrowded with furniture, all gilded and enameled, and upholstered in satin; there is a magnificent chandelier, electric light everywhere, and in one corner, a fine piece of bronze statuary. It is what we would call a second floor front, and opens out on a large balcony from which one has a superb view of the famous Bay of Naples, Vesuvius, Capri, and the heights above the city.

I had a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I saw all this luxury, for it looked like a million dollars to me, and I saw a big bill looming up. But as it was too late then to make any inquiries, we accepted the room and began to get ready for bed.

The first thing I always do, when I get into a hotel room, is to look for the posted regulations. I soon found them behind the door. There was an announcement, signed by the Prefect of Naples, that the Continental was in the category of first-class hotels and that the charge for our room was twenty-five lire, a little over a dollar in our money. Next morning, I saw a copy of a Prefectural decree, in which the hotels of Naples were all classified, with a statement of the exact amount they could charge for each room. The prices vary according to the location of the room, and whether or not there is a bath. Our room is supposed to have a bath, but it is not directly connected with the room, and so when we went to pay our bill, we found ourselves charged up with five lire for a bath. The prices of rooms, in first class hotels, run from eight to eighteen lire, so that it is possible to get a room in such a hotel for about thirty-five cents gold.

We do not live "en pension" here but eat around. As in the case of the rooms, our favorable exchange makes the food cheap to us. For instance, dinner here cost us about sixty cents. It was a good dinner, too.

except that the choice of dishes was very limited, and the bread was that same horrible straw bread we had bought on the train. We had lunch at a small Italian restaurant, where we had spaghetti, an enormous portion, enough for a large family, a meat dish, a bottle of Falernian wine, and fruit, at a cost of thirty cents, including the tip.

Naples is not much of a tourist city. The place itself is unlovely, unromantic, though it is beautifully situated. The varied street life is of interest, especially in the upper levels, with their narrow, steep streets and crowded tenements, with the inevitable washing hanging from the windows. The people have the reputation of being lazy and indolent, for which traits they are heartily despised by the industrious northerners.

The National Museum, though, is very much worth while. Unfortunately, we had lost so much time at the consulate and the transport, that we could not give it the attention it merited. Always we must keep on the go, because of the governor's need for haste. There is a great profusion of fine statuary and sculptures, notably, the Farnese Bull, and the Farnese Hercules, superb vases and bronzes, a great variety of articles found in Pompeii and Herculaneum—the wall paintings, with their brilliant colors, still almost as fresh as when laid on, are especially fascinating—and hundreds of paintings, many of them masterpieces of the first rank. Titian's weeping Magdalen is a wonder, and a very affecting picture. I hope to be able to spend more time there, when we visit it together.

If one came to Naples only to see Pompeii, he would be more than rewarded for his trip. I do not believe that there is any single place in the world where one may spend a more absorbing or a more profitable day. There is nothing like it anywhere else. We spent our second day there. From the moment that we set foot in the railway station at Naples, until we reached the station at Pompeii, we were surrounded, besieged, and almost assaulted by guides, altruistically and patriotically anxious to show us the wonders of the dead city. After valiantly repulsing all attacks, we weakly yielded to one who struck us as we were about to enter the gates. He made out such a strong case that there was no resisting him. Besides, he looked as if he needed the money much worse than we did. We made a hard and fast bargain with him to this effect: we were to give him forty-six lire, and he was to pay all necessary expenses, such as entrance fees and tips, give us three hours of his services, and show us everything that was to be seen. With this understanding, we entered the old gate.

The museum just within the gate serves as a fitting introduction to the city. The most striking objects there are the corpses, in the same position in which the ashes from the volcano caught them. Everybody has read descriptions of Pompeii, so that you don't need any further one from me. Everything within the excavated town is of the greatest interest. Do not fail to read Bulwer-Lytton's novel on Pompeii, before you come. It is a wonderful re-creation of the Roman city, as it was when destroyed.

In the course of our wanderings, we had become fairly well acquainted with our guide, who spoke a little English, but considerably more Italian. He was one of the thousands of reasons why the Italians made such a poor showing on the Austrian front, he having deserted in the face of the enemy. "For why," he said, "do I stand up to be shot? I hate not the Austrian, I more comfortable back home." Such was Italian patriotism! Good sense, though!

I must say that he was a very persuasive rascal. He finally induced us to let him take us up on the slopes of Vesuvius, to see the lava flow from the last eruption, that of 1906. First, though, he steered us into the Chalet Suisse for lunch. It is just outside the main gate.

The lunch was good, and expensive, but even had it been the most wretched of repasts, we had thought it excellent, because of the delicious though heady wine which accompanied it. It was the celebrated Vesuvian wine, "Lagrima di Cristo"—and the two bottles we imbibed put us into such a good humor that tears were the last thing we would have thought of and the governor quit worrying about catching the five o'clock train for Rome. "Carpe diem!" became his motto. Never before had he been so gay and witty. The bill presented for our and the guide's lunch was a staggering one, but we paid it cheerfully. That is why they keep that wine there.

After lunch, the governor having bought some Pompeiian relics—made in Germany—we put ourselves in the hands of the guide, and henceforth we were his meat. Taking entire charge of us, he threw us first into a little electric train, from which we were bundled off after a while into a sort of surrey. In this, we rattled over the stony pavements of numerous dead though not buried villages, till we came at last to the scene of the lava flow. The destroyed houses had been nearly all rebuilt, right over the ruins of the village. One of the inducements which the guide had held out to us for taking this trip was that there were three

skeletons which had been buried by the lava. When we asked him, on the scene, where the skeletons were, he told us they were buried under a certain house, now used as an inn, into which he had steered us, and where he tried to get us to buy another bottle. But as we were beginning to feel the after-effects of the "Tears of Christ," we had no desire to look again upon the wine when it was yellow. He finally gave us up as a bad job, and rushed us to the little station where we could catch our train for Naples. While waiting, he presented his bill. The forty-six lire of our bargain had grown to over ninety. So I gave him a hundred lire, at the same time making a mental vow never again to take a guide at Pompeii. They are a useless and expensive nuisance. All one needs for a visit there is a good guidebook, with a plan of the city. The guides are so insistent, though, that it takes a man of almost heroic resolution to refuse them.

What shall I say about Rome? What can I say? We have been here only six days, and Rome needs as many months to be adequately taken in. We have been on the move from morning to night, and have managed to see most of the principal attractions. Hurriedly, of course. We have admired, wondered, and enjoyed, just as all travelers to the sacred city do. It has been a week crowded with sensations. The governor has been most impressed by St. Peter's, its immensity overwhelming him, and by the Palatine Hill, where are the ruined Palaces of the Caesars. The art galleries have appealed most to me. The Vatican, with its world-famous sculptures, and its few, though select pictures, as well as the great frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo; the Barberini Palace, where hangs the celebrated Fornarina, by Raphael, and the haunting Beatrice Cenci, supposed to be by Guido Reni, and the Borghese Villa, where there is so much that is beautiful, that one is in despair at even trying to name any one thing.

I refuse to be conducted through a museum or gallery. It makes me almost weep to see a party of my countrymen following a guide through a museum. It is such an insult to one's intelligence. Yet one sees them constantly in galleries, following the guide around like sheep, seeing only what he points out to them, rarely asking a question, doing the largest galleries in a couple of hours. It is such travelers that have made us the laughing stock of intelligent Europeans. This is the way a typical American's day in Italy is described: "Breakfast at Naples, lunch at Rome, tea at Pisa, and supper and bed at Genoa."

The American Ambassador, Mr. Underwood Johnson, the person whom we called on, and with whom we had a very pleasant chat, told a story which illustrates the haste with which Americans "do" Europe. There were a couple of American business men, who had come all the way from San Francisco to see Europe, and had only seven weeks in which to do it. They got along to their own satisfaction, too. The method was to stop at the best hotels, tell the manager they wanted the best guide that could be obtained, start out early and keep on the go all day, and thus cover each place, as they thought, excellently well. When they came to Florence, they started out as usual. "Where are we going today?" one of them asked the guide. He replied that they would first go to one of the famous picture galleries. But let Joe finish the tale:

"I looked at Jim, and Jim looked at me, and we understood each other at once. I told the guide we had seen a picture gallery at Rome, so we guessed we didn't need to see any more. 'In that case, gentlemen, I have nothing to show you,' says the guide, and we were satisfied. When we had seen all of Florence we wanted to, so we left for Venice."

[To be continued]

## SCOREKEEPER

*Ray B. West, Jr.*

**P**IGGY AND HARRY were standing together before the tall pillared portals of the Lafayette School. Piggy was plunking a baseball into the soft, new-oiled pocket of his fielding mitt. Harry had his legs crossed, and he was knocking the mud from the run-over heels of his shoes with a bright yellow bat. He had an old battered mitt strapped onto his belt.

"Gee, Piggy," he said. "I wisht my old man'd buy me a new mitt an' a bat like this'n."

He pulled himself up straight, and threw the bat over his shoulder, took one or two quick flourishes, then stepped forward and swung with all his might. He shielded his eyes with one hand and followed the imaginary flight of the ball.

"There goes another'n in the stands for old Dolph," he said. "Camilli's smacked another'n."

Piggy threw the ball into the air and caught it as it came down.

"No, he didn't," he said, turning and holding out the new white ball. "I'm Medwick, see. It looked like a homer all right, but it wasn't. Ducky backed up, and he shot one arm into the air. He came down with the ball. See. Here it is."

He held the ball out for Harry to see.

"Ye're crazy, Piggy," Harry said. "How could Medwick've caught Camilli's homer. They're both Dodgers. How could he, huh?"

Piggy turned red. Of course, he'd forgotten. He was sorry he'd said it. Harry knew all the players on all the teams, and Piggy wanted to know them just as well as Harry did. He'd never be able to play as well as Harry, none of the kids at the Lafayette could, but he thought he could know the players just as well. He ought to be able to, he

could remember the dates in history better than Harry, and the timetables. Still he couldn't remember the players, even if he did listen to the world series, every game except Sunday, and he missed the first part of that, because his father wouldn't turn off the "Church of the Air" on another station.

"Here comes Joe!" Harry shouted, pointing with the bat. "Hi-yo Joe, where the hell ye been?"

He turned to Piggy.

"Now we can start havin' battin' practice."

Joe was lean and long, with willowy arms that reached almost to his knees. He stood half a head taller than either Piggy or Harry. He walked with a kind of slouch, both knees bent. He couldn't field as well as he couldn't bat, but he certainly could shine that old apple down across the plate.

Piggy wasn't as anxious as Harry for the whole team to come. If only eight of them came, say, then he'd be sure to get a chance to play. Harry was his best friend, and Harry let him play every chance there was, but he couldn't field like the rest of the kids. He guessed it was because he was always afraid he might break his glasses. He wished that he could. When he was alone at home, he imagined that he could. He imagined they were out there playing the Whittier School, a Rogue Belden punted a nasty one to him along the ground. He could see himself scooping it up smoothly out of the dirt the way Harry did. He would throw with an easy motion to first, catching the runner several feet.

"An easy out," he imagined everyone saying. "That Piggy Renshaw can really play ball."

"Hiya, Piggy. Gee, whatcha got? Another new mitt?"

Joe took the clean new glove and bent it carefully, inspecting the leather.

"Holy hell!" he said whistling. "A real Joe Gordon. How much set-ja back?"

Piggy didn't know. His father had brought it home to him that night, the mitt and the bat. He never would tell him how much this cost.

"It's not the cost that counts," he'd say. "It's the value that you put on it yourself."

Piggy didn't ever know what his Dad meant when he said things like that. He didn't like to let the kids think he didn't know how much things cost, so he just put a price on it himself.

"Three-fifty," he told Joe, adding the fifty cents to make it sound real.

"Geel!" Joe had the mitt on, and he was flexing the fingers. "Three-fifty! Geel!"

He turned to Piggy.

"Let me try it a while, will-ya?" Here, you use mine, an' let me try this good ol' Joe Gordon."

He took a battered and scratched glove from his hip pocket and threw it to Piggy. When Piggy put it on, he could feel the padding coming loose inside.

"Where's all the fellers?"

Harry took a thick watch from the front of his overalls.

"I donno," he said. "It's time they-as comin'."

He put the watch back.

"Well, come on," he said. "Let's knock a few. The Whittier guys'll be comin' up pretty soon."

Joe threw them to Harry, who knocked grounders with Piggy's new bat. Piggy would shag the ones they missed, then he would throw the ball back to Joe. He didn't do badly, though. He didn't miss many. He hoped Harry was watching. Maybe, even if all the kids came, Harry would let him start.

The rest of the team showed up one by one. Then, after a while, there was a shout down by the front steps, and they saw the Whittier team stringing through the gate. They had their bats slung over their shoulders, with mitts and masks strung along some of them. They wore white shirts with WHITTIER written in blue letters across the front. This was something new, and Piggy could see they were proud of it. They swaggered across the diamond, and threw their bats down along the first base line.

Harry walked up to Rogue Belden, their captain.

"Hi-ya, Rogue," he called. "Where'd ye get the new shirts?"

"Ye like 'em?" Rogue said, throwing out his broad chest. "Purty nifty, huh?"

"Oh, they're not much," Harry said. "I seen some just like 'em down at Sears'."



"Yeh?" Rogue said. "Well, what if ye did? I don't see you Lafayette guys wearin' none."

Harry called his team in, and the Whittier boys went into the field and began throwing the ball about. Harry was holding a little score book, and he looked about, then called out a name. He was making out the batting order. Piggy didn't expect his name to be called until near the end, even if Harry did let him play. He stood back near the rim where a group of neighborhood kids were watching. Piggy knew that Harry would let him play if he could. Sometimes Piggy was pretty good batter. If the other team had a pitcher that didn't throw them too fast, sometimes Piggy would get hold of one. If he could get his weight behind it, he could knock the ball farther than anyone on the team. If the pitcher was able to throw fast ones across, though, he couldn't see the ball, and he usually struck out.

"Piggy, you start at third."

Piggy felt the perspiration come out in the palms of his hands. He clenched his fingers and looked about at the neighborhood kids that surrounded him. He didn't want them to know how he felt.

Lafayette was the home team, so they had their first outs. Piggy took his place at the left of the diamond, feeling good and important. There weren't as many balls knocked down toward third, and he knew that this was why Harry had put him there. He got along all right throwing the ball around, but when the first Whittier batter got ready to come to the plate, he felt his knees go weak and rubbery. His stomach burned. He wished he had his own mitt, but Joe hadn't offered to return it, so he kept Joe's old one. There was no pocket in it, and the fingers were limp and frayed.

The kids on the sidelines had got together and formed a cheering squad, and as the first man stepped up to the home plate, they began their cheer.

*Up the River,  
Down the lake!  
Whittier's got  
The belly-ache!*

That was another thing Harry had done. He had got the kids together and taught them how to cheer, just like it was done at the high school games, and up at the college. Piggy thought their cheers were

better, even than the ones the high school had. He had made one of them up, and he hoped the kids would use it now. It went like this:

*Chop 'em hard!  
Chop 'em good!  
Chop 'em up  
To kindling wood!*

Then he didn't have any more time to think about it. The first batter hit the first ball, knocked it rolling to Harry at short-stop. Harry picked it up and slammed it to first.

One out! The kids on the side cheered, and Piggy felt better. Two more now and Lafayette would be up at bat.

The second man knocked a pop-foul. It came down right near the pitcher's box, and Joe should have got it, but Harry waved him away. He ran in and stood under it until it came down, plop into his glove. He banged it toward first, and the infielders threw it around. Piggy caught it, then dropped it, picked it up and threw it to Joe on the mound.

"Hang on to them, Piggy!" Harry called half-reprovingly.

Piggy had just got himself feeling good. There was only one more man to get out. Now, missing the hard throw from Harry, it was like his insides were tied up in a knot again. He gritted his teeth and leaned forward, his hands on his knees; then he straightened and pounded his mitt with his fist. The reason he'd missed that throw, he told himself, was because there was no padding in Joe's glove. Harry had thrown the ball like a bullet, and it had burnt his hand. His fingers had refused to close over it, and the ball had bounded out on the ground.

"Ball four!"

Joe walked this man. Piggy could hear Harry's voice in his ear, but he didn't look at him. He was straining in toward home plate. On the first throw to the next man, Rogue Belden, the Whittier runner, stole second. Harry had told the catcher to let them run, not to try to peg it down. They'd lost too many men that way. On a good over-throw, a man could make it from second clear home. But Piggy knew that if the runner tried to steal again, they would peg it third. His nervousness increased as Joe began his stretch, just like the pitchers in the Valley League did.

"Piggy!"

He knew the man must be trying to steal. He saw the ball streaking toward him from the catcher. It struck his mitt. He held on, but he turned too slow to catch the runner. It was as though he had forgotten for a moment. When he turned, the boy was standing on the pile of rocks that marked third base, teetering to hold his balance.

"S'matter, Tubby?" he grinned.

Piggy flushed. He threw the ball back to Joe, who stood scowling in the pitcher's box. Harry walked up to him.

"That's all right," he said. "You held him on third. He didn't score."

But Piggy knew he should have tagged the runner. He'd had plenty of time. He took off his glove and rubbed the bright red spot in the center of his palm. He glanced toward home plate. Rogue Belden was standing, leaning on his bat and laughing.

"Come on, Rogue! A homer!" the Whittier kids were yelling. "Paste it out, Rogue!"

Piggy gritted his teeth. He wished he had his own mitt. Joe didn't need it. Hardly any balls were knocked to the pitcher. He'd tell Joe. After this inning, he'd tell Joe he wanted to use his own mitt.

"Strike one."

"That's the way, Joe. That's the boy," Piggy heard Harry calling at his left.

He shouted himself.

"Burn it to him, Joe," he called, spitting in his glove and wiping with his fist the way Harry did. He wished he could call time-out to wipe his glasses off, but he didn't dare. He knew what the kids would say. It was bad enough being called Piggy, because he was fat, but it would have been worse if they called him Specs.

Rogue let one ball pass, then he got hold of the next one and belted it foul, way off to the left. Three balls and two strikes. Piggy could hear Harry shouting, but he didn't shout any more. He tried to concentrate on the batter, but he kept remembering a story he had read late in *Second-base Simpson*, it was called, and it was a book by Wallace LaMar Hoyt. He had read a lot of books by Wallace LaMar Hoyt. He remembered some of them, *Halfback Harry*, *Fullback Fullmer*. They were all about sports, and about someone who knocked a home-run, who made a touchdown in the last minute of the game. Sometimes

Piggy had thought that he would do something like that some day. He imagined things like that all the time.

"Strike three!"

Rogue cut at the ball, missing it cleanly. Harry let out a yell and threw his glove in the air. He ran into the center of the diamond and thumped Joe on the back.

"Attaboy, Joe. You're doing fine, Joe," he shouted.

Joe straightened up and smiled and he walked off the field. Piggy was still thinking about asking him for his mitt, but he couldn't now, because the whole team came up and told Joe how fine he was doing. Piggy walked over too.

"Nice going, Joe," he said.

He couldn't keep his eyes off the new Joe Gordon mitt that Joe had thrust over his wrists, though. He wanted to ask about it, but he didn't.

Somehow, it wasn't the same in here on the sidelines as it was out in the field. He wasn't nervous any more. He only wished that he could have made a clean catch of that ball and tagged the runner on third. Then he would have been the one who was getting the praise. He could have gone up and asked Joe for the mitt.

"See here," he would have said. "That last throw was pretty hard on my hands with this old mitt. I almost didn't grab on to it. Let me take my own mitt, will you?"

And Joe would have had to do it, because of the fine play that Piggy had just made. But he hadn't made it, and he tried to console himself. Pretty soon, he thought, it'll be my turn at bat. Maybe I can really get hold of a good one. Maybe I can knock it clean down over the gate and into the road. The bases will be full. All the kids on the sidelines will be cheering. I'll step up, and I'll take a swing at the first one that comes over.

He could almost hear it connect, with a solid ripeness. *Whang!*

Harry came up to him.

"Hey, Piggy. What-ya doin'?"

Piggy looked up and blinked.

"What?"

"What-ya pullin' faces for?"

Piggy hadn't known what he was doing. It was like waking from a dream. He'd had that home-run almost in his hands. He flushed.

Harry edged up close to him and began kicking his toes in the dirt.

"Say, Piggy—"

"Yeah?"

"I hate to do this, but it looks like it's gonna be a purty close game. I guess I better let Rod play third next inning."

Piggy didn't trust himself to look up.

"Sure," he said hoarsely.

Harry sighed, relieved. He looked at Piggy.

"I'll tell you what," he said.

"What?"

"You can keep the scorebook."

He whacked Piggy on the back with genuine enthusiasm.

"You're the best score-keeper we got anyway," he said, as though wishing he'd thought of this sooner. "You know, Piggy, I can't trust nobody to keep the score the way you can. You go over and tell 'em I told you to keep score."

"G'wan," he shouted. "Who told you ye could pitch, anyway?"

Piggy watched him admiringly. Harry was some boy, all right. He'd be in the big leagues someday. Joe, too. Joe would make some-a the big league pitchers like Red Ruffing and Whit Wyatt look like chumps. "C" one of these days, he thought. He saw Joe looking at him. He called.

"You can go on using my mitt," he called. "I'm gonna keep score."

Joe grinned and held up his arm. He still had the mitt hung on his wrist.

"Just strike out ol' Rogue Belden once more," Piggy called, forcing a smile. "Strike him out again, and you can use it all season."

Joe waved and turned back to the game. Piggy walked slowly over toward the boy who was keeping score.

## POETRY

### SIX POEMS

#### THE METAPHYSICAL AMORIST

My dear, there is disparity  
Between the problems that we sense  
In context of experience  
And the abstracted forms we pose  
When we explain what they may be.  
This is a theme obscured in prose,  
And much abused in poetry.

You are the problem I propose,  
The text I would expound and glose:—  
I call you, for convenience, love.

By definition you're a cause  
Inferred by necessary laws—  
You are so to the saints above.  
But in this shadowy lower life  
I sleep with a terrestrial wife  
And earthly children I beget.  
Love is a fiction I must use,  
A privilege I may abuse,  
And sometimes something I forget.  
Now, in the heavenly other place  
Love is, in the eternal mind,  
The luminous form whose shade she is,  
A ghost discarnate, thought defined.  
She was so in my early bliss;  
She is so while I comprehend

The forms my senses apprehend;  
And in the end she will be so.

Her whom my hands embrace I kiss;  
Her whom my mind infers I know.  
The one exists in time and space  
And as she was she will not be;  
The other is in her own grace  
And is *She* is eternally.

Plato, you shall not plague my life!  
I married a terrestrial wife.  
And Hume, she is not mere sensation  
In sequence of observed relation!  
She has two forms. (Ah, thank you, Duns!)  
I know her in both ways at once.  
I knew her, yes, before I knew her,  
And by both means I must construe her,  
And none among you shall undo her.

#### EPIGRAMS

1.  
I know not what I am. I think I know  
Much of the circumstance in which I flow.  
But knowledge is not power. I am that flow  
Of history and of percept which I know.
2.  
Deep summer, and time pauses. Sorrow wastes  
To a new sorrow. While time heals time hastes.
3.  
The dry soul rages. The unfeeling feel  
With the dry vehemence of the unreal.  
So I in the Idea of your arms, unwon!  
Am, as the real in the unreal, undone.
4.  
Things hasten to their end. If life and love  
Seem slow, it is their end we're ignorant of.

5.  
 What visage is this? in what fears arrayed?  
 This ghost I conjured though that ghost was laid?  
 — The vision of a vision, still unstayed  
 By my voice! still by its old fears dismayed!

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

## TWO POEMS

### EXHIBITION

(For Wassily Kandinsky)

All loves and aspirations of  
 A thousand inspired men  
 Are hung upon the walls above  
 The little cards of *who* and *when*.

Ten lovely women slightly veiled  
 And many men lain naked,  
 White flying geese, and Trotsky jailed,  
 Madame Poots and Spring Awaked.

And there before the dreams all framed,  
 The whispering flesh walks sideways by,  
 Travailing in the spirit lamed  
 To find the shade where their dreams lie.

The light is weaved by shuttling look,  
 Warping the walls from frame to frame  
 And wefting down to the clenched guide book:  
 Or Nymph or Peach, the look's the same.

Christ Crucified and Napoleon Dead,  
 Atrophied Apple, Birds in the Snow,  
 Or Lady in Green or Lady in Red—  
 Still hungry they come. And hungry they go.



## THE LEPERS

Here in this spacious cloister  
 That apes the free world we once knew  
 I might forget the insidious matter  
 Webbed in the exiled thew

But for the dream of ambient hair  
 Of gold or black, and rounded bosom:  
 A garden of delicate graces where  
 My turgent love might blossom.

It is April. The air is dense  
 With jasmine. The season's charities  
 Indifferent fall upon the sense  
 Swelling the rank asperities

Of the soul. The geranium is dead  
 That, through the cold, awaited spring.  
 Its speck of rot the sun first spread  
 Then forced the bloom, a barren thing.

\* \* \* \*

From beyond the blue althea hedge  
 A patient looks with predilection,  
 Magnificent in her sortilege  
 Of tulips and affection.

Secret notes in attitude and glance  
 She hides in pockets of the wind  
 Dreaming: through the arabesque of chance  
 They may receptive eyes prescind.

But I not grasp this dull attainable.  
 Desire and object side by side?  
 A youthful dream, an agèd fable,  
 Self-deception for a ruthless pride.

The incunabula of this love  
 Would rock and falter on a crutch,

Hideous with the knowledge of  
The tomb—and cold and dank to touch.

\* \* \* \*

O brave anatomies clean and white  
And thrilled with life unto the bone—  
Where no intimacies of fancy might  
Corrode upon an alien zone

As: spreading their bright filaments  
Towards adventure and the ecstasy,  
They flaccid fall—and impotent—  
A green-slimed jar's anthology.

This cold corrosion of the flesh  
Is as much escapable  
As the heart's hot restlessness  
For things irreconcilable.

Ayl as the brittle insect wings  
Are shaped anemones beneath the glass,  
Against the arrant guise of things  
The soul is forced to loneliness.

HARRIS DOWNEY

### SHATTERED CITY

Evening is alone—the sun has gone:  
A laggard sky wades through the smoking city;  
Cement spouts its ruptured veins; withdrawn  
Is life upon the pavement of lost pity.

Hunks of bitten buildings, spat on streets,  
Retard the dragging feet of restitution;  
Crawling rags humanity secretes,  
Lie writhing in the midst of dread pollution.

IRENE BRUCE

## A R E N T E D P L A N E T A R I U M

Look up, look up, *the speaker said,*  
 at Mother Earth amidst the spheres,  
 who has not stumbled, but instead  
 walks the slow centuries of years,

keeps to her own judicious path  
 between the darkness of the void  
 and the round pool of molten wrath  
 where she, and we, might be destroyed,

and in unmeasured time and space,  
 at the right moment, never fails  
 to occupy the proper place!  
 Down her parabola she sails,

and wheels her mountains and her seas  
 out of the shadow into light,  
 bringing with metronomic ease  
 the break of day, the fall of night.

We see the solar solitaires  
 move with a leisured impetus.  
 Unseen, our mother-planet carries  
 the burden of frenetic us.

*. . . And as his polished lenses grope,  
 sifting the flakes of nebulae,  
 the Martian at his telescope  
 suddenly calls a colleague: See,*

see, this is the one I meant,  
 spotted with green-gold, white and blue;  
 notice the leaf-shaped continent,  
 the well-marked polar ice-caps too;

with air and water, warmth and room  
 developing its latent powers,  
 we have good reason to assume  
 life is abundant there, and flowers.

CLARK MILL

## TWO NOCTURNES

## i

Some hour I am awake time seems to pause  
 Sighing lightly as a sleeper breathes  
 And turns to grope toward a yet deeper sleep:

Only my self is watchful at this hushed  
 Interval between two inhalations,  
 Alone, fearing the secret dark, lost:

Then if a bell chimes life begins to move,  
 And self goes forth to bless all things that love  
 Asleep and knowing not of their sweet change.

## ii

The pied fields have surrendered to gray;  
 The woods surround them, sullen cliffs of black.  
 Bushes encumber them, like monoliths,  
 And moonlight powders them all as thick as rust.  
 The wagon might have made this wagon track  
 As well a year ago as half a day:  
 The wagoner who jolted home this way  
 Have stumbled into his own stubborn clay:  
 The wheelwright, like his wheels, have rolled in dust.  
 Here are the shriveled faces of barns and house.  
 From sagging rafters rotten shingles hang  
 At angles, like old teeth in an idiot's mouth.  
 The gaping moon regards this lunacy.

Who plants his feet in the warm earth at noon  
 Gets his quick answer: nostrils choke with loam.  
 But venture on this ancient crust at night,  
 You will find a stranger staring in return,  
 Going alone, under a cold moon.

HOWARD R. HOUSTON

## from THE STERILE DUST

## S A W - T E E T H

The wind clapped music-cycles,  
 Roundabout  
 Went about catching wind.  
 Unnatural thunder  
 Shook the sunken stair.  
 Gypsum-powder  
 Drifted into snow.  
 Unnatural hunger  
 Lusted at the soup-holes,  
 Watching a windowful of lightning.  
 Beyond the jagged smashed pane,  
 The cracked lightning  
 Gibbered with unnatural wonder.  
 The salted eyes dribbled,  
 And children sucked for soup-nipples.

The lightning's ragged fingernail  
 Rasped on drumhead-parchment,  
 Cackling static news.  
 The radio's dry voice was torn  
 By Hitler's mouthscrawl.  
 A mortar's rocky bell  
 Clanged out toxic powders.

But I recall a line of Heine,  
 "*Auf die Berge will ich steigen*"—  
 A smooth nooning speech  
 Round as tongue can tell.

## M A P - R E A D I N G

Bang the sash.  
 Shut out the foolish shuddering owl.  
 Shut out the gangs of clammy leaves.  
 We have blood to dream, and dreams of blood,  
 And how without the hood of hate

Tomorrow kill our sworn quarry  
And pop his two white sight-buds.

It must be done,  
And the mind takes rapid hold  
Of pity and the mother-smile  
Sweet-smelling babies, and the marriage-manger—  
Yet tomorrow—kill!  
Shut out the shuddering owl.

I wonder now if the very name of war  
Contracts the ears,  
Points the eyes,  
Sharps the fingers,  
Calms the heart.  
We kill at dim personifications,  
Too soon true,  
More hateful than our love.  
Tonight pinch off a bit of bread  
For your dry mouth.  
Shut out the foolish owl.

#### PROHIBITION

The fire-infested west  
Takes a henna-rinse.  
Local-colored libraries  
Take the generous glow  
Where not long since  
The last puritan massively shook his beard.

The world's bewildering volume—  
Now a schoolboy's atlas.  
Now three-dimensional men,  
Carefully understating,  
Wonder when.

When! Ah, to unfence the range  
Where storming cattle

Kick up clouds—  
Long-buried battle.

Curb only the belted barons  
Wearing spider-signs and fasces.  
Curb only the firebrands, firehands,  
Silting the spirited earth with spark and ashes.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

## CRUMBLING OF THE ROCK

Long torrents the grass waves,  
Touched as with life.  
Live your years as minutes,  
For no wind has the night.  
Night holds the knife.

Smiling, a hard-faced man,  
Crumbling Of The Rock, hot breathes  
Upon live things blooming and unbloomed.  
Give your fragrance  
To the pulseless roofs if must,  
For none can escape the withering.  
The greatest ocean will precipitate dust.

\* \* \* \*

No man felt me coming,  
And God is a sightless man  
Who must be told.  
I have slipped in  
Where there is no space.

Old deathless man, Crumbling Of The Rock,  
Sheds sand upon my upturned face,  
And this that is feature  
Will come to be a mound—  
Eye hollows, mouth filled in,  
And the specially-mumbled of a once voice  
Will be heard as time passing.

DICK ROBERT

# FOR THE OPENING OF THE WILLIAM DINSMORE BRIGGS ROOM\*

Stanford University

May 7, 1942

Because our Being grows in mind,  
And evil in imperfect thought,  
And passion running undefined  
May ruin what the masters taught;

Within the edge of war we meet  
To dedicate this room to one  
Who made his wisdom more complete  
Than any save the great have done:

That in this room, men yet may reach,  
By labor and wit's sullen shock,  
The final certitude of speech  
Which Hell itself cannot unlock.

YVOR WINTERS

\* A room equipped for reading and for social gatherings for graduate students in English, in memory of the late head of the Stanford English department.

## P O E M

Call in the oxen and bed the lambs,  
Blow out the light on the stable door;  
Come is the night, and the moon is throwing  
Puddles of cream on the kitchen floor.  
Pause in the doorway to stroke the puppy,  
Say goodnight to the nearest star.  
Home are the dreams that roamed the meadows,  
Gathering fay-flowers near and far.  
Loosen the buttons on your apron. . . .  
(Who is to know it's the flesh you shed?)  
Kiss all the sleeping little faces,  
Blow out the candle; deep is the bed.

ISOBEL MCBRIDE SARVIS



SONNET

Should I retreat within the house of years  
Spending my life to save a little time,  
Nursing with wrinkled care the creeping fears  
That shun the lamp and toward no window climb . . .

Would this be me, or, useful, a disguise—  
A pretext cunning made to substitute  
For ardor, the courageous and unwise,  
Too eloquent to suffer and be mute?

A character—that creature with a shape—  
Instrument of action, needs a frame;  
House, ship-at-sea, landscape,  
The scene described to vision dull or lame.

But Time's an island in the sea of space  
And spirits kindred meet there face to face.

WINTHROP PALMER

VISION FOR AVENUE N

Extravagant with stars over Avenue N,  
Night looms foreign as the inspecting duchess.  
If any consider planets from this address  
They are no astronomers, but unmethodized, alien.

What rides the alley air between geraniums  
Solidifies in shadow as ancient  
As the back smells of Babylon. Be patient:  
We shall outlive to clock by lead-uraniums.

And Avenue N shall be permitted in space  
Made congruous with the astronomer's dignity.  
Across the daily clatter of a face  
Shall fall the shadow of a galaxy.

And the visiting duchess will not need the poor.  
And Nell Fink's planet open from her door.

JOHN CIARDI

## W A R ' S   Y E A R

That was the time the white-throated sparrow  
Moving north in seasonal migration  
Stopped in the lilacs calling softly,  
Of birds, what is their nation?

Now they have gone with the thrush and warbler.  
Summer has gone, and the fall.  
That one spring day, not soon forgotten,  
We heard the nations call.

We had opened the door for the bird's low singing,  
To mark its flight down the lane,  
When behind us the words of the message thundered,  
Innocent lovers are slain.

The lilacs are gone with the rose and the daisy.  
The seasonal flowers have faded  
With the passing of peace, with the falling of nations  
And the cry of peoples invaded.

Now we have gone again to the doorway  
With the birds and the flowers still there,  
That moment of peace now past returning  
And a chill of fear on the air.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Thus Speaks Germany*, edited by W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter; foreword by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.

*The Roots of National Socialism*, by Rohan D'O. Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1942. \$3.00.

\**Metapolitics: From the Romantics to Hitler*, by Peter Viereck. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941. \$3.00.

These books are accounts of Nazi ideas found in Germany before 1933 and, for the most part before 1914. Coole and Potter's *Thus Speaks Germany* is an assortment of brief quotations from Germans of the past several centuries, quotations calculated, in their uncompromising illiberalism, to shock men of good will, yet purporting to be representative of German culture as a whole. Rohan D'O Butler's *The Roots of National Socialism* is a well-written history of the anti-liberal thought of Germany (1783-1933) in its relation to the social, but much more to the political, background; Butler is a Fellow of All Souls, and his book is embellished by a dry, donnish wit. Viereck's *Metapolitics* is less urbane, less erudite, and less competent; but it is neither so pompous nor so insular, nor so tendentious. For the first time in English, as far as I am aware, Viereck expounds the views of typical and influential "pro-Nazis": Father Jahn, the first Storm Trooper, and Richard Wagner, the Führer's Führer. Instead of emulating Francis Hackett's rodomicade on *Mein Kampf*, Viereck gives an excellent summary of the ideas of the egregious Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's chief ideologist, author of the fullest apologies for Nazism, shadow-author of *Mein Kampf* itself, and now reported "ruler" of the Ukraine.

All three books have an end in view beyond correcting the prejudices of the political philosophers by calling attention to writers neglected in England and America, whose work is as influential as it

dangerous. They pass judgment on Germany as a whole; and one of them seems to call for her annihilation.

This is Coole and Potter's *Thus Speaks Germany*, and here is the authors' version of the 1919 settlement (pp. 357-358):

The Western world so thoroughly believed in the sudden transformation of the soul of Germany that it did all it could to help the Germans forget their defeat and make a quick recovery . . . [but] . . . when the camouflage of a "democratic" Republic ceased to be necessary, Germany disclosed her former features. . . .

Note (1) the lie of "did all it could;" (2) the fascist assumption that German democracy was only an artificial superstructure hiding the "real" Germany; (3) the curious and fantastic hypothesis of a "soul of Germany," an idea of Rosenberg's; (4) the Spenglerian pomposity and the crosspatch pontificality of the language.

Butler is much more civilized. Embarrassed by his own hatred of Germany, he couches his argument in the language of a masochistic litotes. For instance note the last sentences of the book (p. 299):

. . . one is inclined to wonder whether that darkness which the Germans have so ardently invoked has not indeed proved very fruitful. . . . And one wonders whether that people will see the light again.

Why does Butler pretend to speak more in sorrow than in anger? A cheap rhetorical device. If his bitter and uncompromising indictment of Germany were even half-true, a man would have no business "wondering," much less being "inclined to wonder," whether German thought has been fruitful. Butler's irony is spurious, for a true irony implies a recognition that truth is not simple and that the universe is not painted in blacks and whites. Such a "two-valued orientation," to use Korzybski's phrase, would find a more natural vent in invective, as Hitler knows. I dwell on Butler's rhetoric because it has persuaded some reviewers that the book is dispassionate. "Scrupulously restrained, honest, and scientific, it carries a potent impact," says one. But in two long and important reviews (*Dublin Review* and *Horizon*) Franz Borkenau, the eminent German liberal, has revealed the utter unfairness of Butler's garbled quotations, his careful suppressions and his stupid *non-sequiturs*.

Actually, Peter Viereck, for all his slapdash manner, is much more honest and even more nearly dispassionate. His book gains for being

written in a country not yet at war; and perhaps there is always more hatred of Germany in the land of Butler, Coole, and Potter.

Viereck starts by citing Goethe and Yeats in meanings utterly remote from the authors' intentions. He is a journalist, and he seeks the picturesque even to the extent of interpreting the rise of Nazism as result of "romanticism" and the frustration of a few Greenwich Village phonies. That Viereck's analysis is not always as simple as it sounds is shown by the fact that he has discomfited some of his reviewers by simple citation of his original text. Generalize about Viereck's interpretation (as I have just done) and he will produce a passage contradicting your generalization. This does not mean that he is profound; where Coole and Potter are crude, Viereck is ambiguous.

The basic faults or limitations of all these men are, first, their utter dependence upon high-order abstractions such as national souls; second, their enslavement to the facile antithesis and the "two-valued orientation." A characteristic result is Butler's complete failure to mention Germany's magnificent anti-fascists from Marx on; a sentence from a recent article in the anti-fascist *Freies Deutschland* is suggestive: "um die Nazis zu hassen muss man ein Deutscher sein." Furthermore, Butler gives the impression that fascism is not important outside Germany. This error is part of an even more important one common among liberals (though not among communists): the idea that democracy is traditional and that tyranny is a return to some long-outgrown darkness. The naïve idea that all history has been a preparation for the liberal professor is flattering to him but weakening to his fellow because it leads to an underestimation of the enemy's strength. Even Hitler's program is hatefully traditional. It is we with our hopes for the common man who have only the future and not the past on our side.

Men like Butler and Viereck think that we are fighting for Socrates and Jesus. The struggle, they tell us, is of mighty opposites: barbarism versus civilization, East versus West, paganism versus Christianity, hell versus heaven, Germany versus the world. Just because Hitler's charlatans are dressed in the rags and tatters of historicism, pragmatism, relativism, and the like, these philosophies—the backbone of modern progressive thought—are declared fascistic. "Whoever," says Viereck (p. 313), "believes that the end justifies the means is a barbarian invader of Western and Christian civilization." What then does he say

to the invasion of Finland or Madagascar? To wage war at all for good ends must be to invade Western and Christian civilization. One reviewer says that Butler convinced him that the essential tenets of anti-fascism are (1) the spiritual basis of human life and (2) the absolute value of the individual. All this is much closer to the Neo-Thomism of President Hutchins than to the main varieties of modern progressive philosophy such as American pragmatism or Soviet communism.

The terms in which Butler and Viereck conduct their discussion drive them to utter unreality so that one wonders what is the validity of this sort of book anyway. What is the argument? Hölderlin speaks of national revival, Hitler speaks of national revival; therefore Hitler is a romantic and Hölderlin a proto-Nazi. I suggest two objections to this: first, that Hölderlin is insulted and dragged in the mire; second, that Hitler is flattered and accepted too much at his own valuation. Naturally Hitler would like to think himself in the main channel of German thought. But Brecht's characterization of the Führer is much more accurate: *der blutige Dummkopf*.

These books on the "German soul" advance a sort of counter-fascist theology that has little appeal outside the small circles in which their authors move. If the roots of the trouble lie so deep in national souls as is assumed, then how can there be a solution without the total annihilation of Germany—which the world would not tolerate and which Stalin (for instance) does not, according to his own statement, desire? If good is identified with the West and with Christianity, then perhaps the Japanese "soul" will also prove incorrigible. India, too, is not a western democracy, nor is it in any sense Christian. Butler hints that Germany is barbarous because it was never Romanized, but neither was most of the rest of the world.

These books and the ideas they set forth are the weapons and strategy of the last war in ideology as well as in action; they are wraiths of bygone actualities, especially of national wars and jealousies. We shall not have a twentieth-century ideology until it is recognized that our struggles are not basically national at all and that we and our allies are not fighting for spirituality or even for any national "soul."

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

*Our Hawaii*, by Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 194  
\$3.50.

At a time when our Pacific outpost is shrouded in a veil of censorship, it is interesting and rewarding to examine the excellent prewar picture of the islands which Erna Fergusson presents in *Our Hawaii* particularly in view of the fact that Hawaii's experiment in living may offer, as the author points out, valuable suggestions in the formulation of a lasting peace.

*Our Hawaii* is conceived in such a form as to meet the requirements and pique the curiosity of the average reader. Neither a textbook for the specialist nor a handbook for the tourist, this well-illustrated volume presupposes on the part of the reader little knowledge of our territorial possession.

Miss Fergusson is too canny to leap into the midst of her subject. She contents herself at the outset in sharing with her readers casual facts about the islands and impressions obtained from her expert and sympathetic probings of persons from every walk of life. Then, after judicial weighing of written and oral evidence, she lays the cornerstone of her reconstruction of post-Captain Cook Hawaii in making the assertion that "New England fathered modern Hawaii and its mother was Polynesian" and that it is impossible to understand Hawaii without first appreciating the qualities of these two races which have shared honor throughout her recent history.

Having established this sure foundation, she proceeds to point out that, unlike other countries, Hawaii was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the Gospel and the schoolbook; that the missionaries arriving at a moment when the Christian faith was eagerly seized upon as a substitute for the crumbling system of tabu, "made a literate population out of the Stone Age people" and "steadied the little kingdom through fifty years of covetous conflict between powerful nations.

Miss Fergusson succeeds in conveying a clear impression of the successive stages in this extraordinary transition—a transition which in a single century embraced what many parts of the world required at least three hundred years to achieve. She does this by presenting in turn the portraits of four remarkable women: Kaahumanu, the queen who had the courage to break the dread tabu; the "Missionary Mother," who paved the way for a beneficent paternalism; Queen Emma, whose impeccable court was the counterpart of Queen Victoria's; and Prince

Kaiulani, whose tragic plea for the dying monarchy makes touching reading in this hour of blitzkrieg. The charming portraits of these four women, each so individual and so representative of her time, give us an intimate insight into the sweep of history.

In building up her picture of present-day Hawaii, Miss Fergusson does not confine herself to Honolulu and the island of Oahu. Taking us to "the other islands," she seizes upon the essential characteristics of each, telling us, among other things, about the Hawaiian paniolo who indulges his love for finery in the gaudy shirt and gay neckerchief of the Españoles, whence derives his name and much of his technique.

A highlight in Miss Fergusson's travels is her investigation of the hula. There are numerous varieties, she discovered: the hula staged for tourists; the ancient sacred hula, suppressed by the missionaries and doomed by the overthrow of the native gods; the distinctly profane longshoreman's hula from which the "Mainland" versions stem; the hula as performed at social gatherings; and that which the Hawaiian natives dance for their own enjoyment—a version delectably described in a priceless chapter titled "New Year's Luau at Kahakuloa." It was at Kahakuloa that the author became aware of the hula as a fluid, living form of art.

Miss Fergusson savors her astute observations with a sparkling sense of humor. As to her conclusions, the war suspends judgment. But one hopes with her that in the postwar search for a worldwide formula for peace, Hawaii will be able to present laboratory proof that, on a small scale at least, peoples of different racial and cultural background can be fused into that workable whole which constitutes the ideal of democracy.

THOMAS NICKERSON

*Hernán Cortés, Conqueror of Mexico*, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. \$4.00.

*Liberators and Heroes of Mexico and Central America*, by Marion F. Lansing. Boston: L. C. Page & Company, 1941. \$3.00.

Of books on Hernán Cortés and the Conquest of Mexico, there have been a large number. The theme is a dramatic one. It includes those stirring qualities of love and romance; rise from nonentity to a position of leadership by sheer personal courage, shrewdness, and strength; dis-



covery of unknown lands and peoples; military conquest against appalling odds; and the addition to the Spanish empire of Mexico, one of its richest and most precious jewels.

Such was the fortune of Cortés. From his day to the present, there is perhaps no chapter in history more remarkable. It is small wonder therefore, that numerous writers have tried to tell this story, and that we have such accounts as W. H. Prescott's classic *Conquest of Mexico* as brilliant a story now as when it was written nearly a hundred years ago, or that a man of the reputation of Salvador de Madariaga should today, give us a new interpretation of this same event.

Briefly, Cortés, born in Spain in 1487, was seized with a desire to go adventuring during those stirring days following the discovery of America and the water-route to India, and succeeded in coming to "the Indies" in 1504. There, on the Island of Santa Domingo, he became a planter and minor official, but gave little indication of the qualities that were later to place him on a pinnacle of success, which rivaled only the accomplishments of Christopher Columbus.

But the world was expanding. From the little group of Spanish islands in the West Indies and the Caribbean area, all that was then known of the New World, Spanish expeditions penetrated to the northern coast of South America, to the shores of Central America and across its narrow isthmus, and, most important of all, to Yucatan and Mexico with their distinctive native civilizations. Two captains from Cuba, on orders of its governor, had ventured into the Gulf of Mexico, and then Cortés, in 1519, was sent to tempt success where they had failed. He did so, but here we may only refer to the highlights of his conquest: how he obtained the interpreters, Aguilar and Doña Marina; made an alliance with Cempoalla; founded Vera Cruz; "burned" (sank) his ships; invaded and conquered Tlaxcala with less than five hundred men and sixteen horses; overwhelmed treacherous Cholula; entered Mexico City and made a captive of its ruler, Montezuma; captured Narváez and his army of nine hundred men and eighty horses with a force of about two hundred and fifty; was driven out of Mexico on the "noche triste;" reconquered the city and entire surrounding area with less than one thousand Spanish soldiers; and how he was recognized by the Emperor and acclaimed throughout Spain.

Madariaga relates the whole dramatic story, but the reader will miss in his pages many of the anecdotes told by others. Yet he treads alway

on firm ground. Rarely does he stray from such contemporary chronicles as the *Historia Verdadera* of Bernal Díaz del Castillo, the *Crónica de la Nueva España* of Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, or other contemporary evidence. The author has little space for the amorous escapades of Cortés, dwelt on at length by some, but grasps the wider significance of the entire conquest with clearness and force. He understands Cortés and the men of his time far better than many. He realizes that the sixteenth century was different from the nineteenth. He senses the greatness and weakness of Cortés. Madariaga's account of Cortés will endure as a keen, factual, well-written, psychological approach to the Conquest of Mexico.

In contrast to Madariaga's volume, which measures up to the critic's taste in scholarship, *Liberators and Heroes of Mexico and Central America*, by Marion F. Lansing, is designated for a different audience. It is written for the general public. In a series of short chapters, he tells the story of Hidalgo, Morelos, Iturbide, Morazán, Benito Juárez, Barrios, and half a dozen other heroes of these countries. Each essay is a unit, a little gem from the history of that particular country. If the people of the United States understood these and other heroes of the Latin American nations better and if they realized that these men are real heroes in their own country, the cause of the Good Neighbor policy would be vastly enhanced.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

*South America and Hemisphere Defense*, by J. Fred Rippey. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1941. \$1.50.

*Inter-American Solidarity*, by Herminio Portell Vila *et al.* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1941. \$1.50.

*The A. B. C. of Latin America*, by Frank Henius. Philadelphia: David McKay Company, 1942. \$1.50.

These three modest volumes are a pleasant relief from the mass of current literature on Latin America: travel notes by our messengers of good will, interesting but superficial accounts by itinerant journalists turned statesmen for the occasion, ponderous professional dissertations based on secondary authorities, all written with an eye to the coordinator's budget, the best seller list, or the promotion committee, as the case may be.

Dr. Rippy's little volume contains the Walter Lynwood Fleming Lectures in Southern History, delivered by him at Louisiana State University in 1941. These four lectures reflect the author's customary careful scholarship, and his analysis of the United States-Latin American relations is sound and readable. It is only when Dr. Rippy feels that he has something to sell in the way of an inter-American program that his efforts become rather strained. Thus in the first lecture, a detailed discussion of the foreign policy of the United States becomes, quote the author, "the Evolution of the American System," an American system which it is stated has existed for more than a century. There may be an American system, but Latin Americans will probably not accept references to Simon Bolivar, the Panama Congress of 1826, and past clashes with Britain over contraband policies as evidence of the antiquity of our present-day foreign policy. Why not offer the Good Neighbor Policy as a pure act of repentance? In his discussion of future commercial relations and investment possibilities in South America, Dr. Rippy is not on certain ground. Mr. Hull's reciprocal trade treaty program is surely not a prop for any concept of hemispheric self-sufficiency which the author apparently believes to be the most satisfactory solution of these problems, and it is difficult to see just in what manner the financing of South America by our government instead of by private investors, is any great improvement. It seems obvious that while under a system of free enterprise only a few commercial disputes become the subject of diplomatic intervention, under the present system of government financing, every default by a Latin American country will necessarily involve a diplomatic incident. The author's thesis in these lectures leads him to the verge of hemispheric isolation. One must bear the fact in mind, however, that most of our Latin American experts, including those in our government service, are finding it necessary to fit their views into the terms of the Atlantic Charter, and a broader concept of world organization than that embodied in the term "Pan-Americanism."

*Inter-American Solidarity* consists of seven lectures delivered at the University of Chicago in 1941 under the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation. These lectures cover the entire field of inter-American relations, including an excellent discussion by Major George Fielding Eliot on the "Strategy of Hemispheric Defense" and other lectures on trade and financial problems, raw materials, cultural relations, and Pan-Americanism. Several of the authors are Latin Amer-

cans who present the point of view of their countries. Señor Ortega's lecture on cultural relations ought to be sufficient to persuade our most ardent good will messengers that culture is something that cannot be bought and sold by folio. Practically all the lectures with the exception of Major Eliot's stress the detachment of the Western Hemisphere, although Dr. Rippey in his lecture on Pan-Americanism somewhat regretfully concedes that the Western Hemisphere is a part of the world and that the conquest of the British Isles by a military aggressor would menace the American nations. The volume contains a lecture by Professor Scott of McGill University on "Canada and Hemispheric Solidarity." This is interesting because most of our experts on inter-American affairs, including the authors of this volume apart from Professor Scott, seem to overlook the fact that Canada is a part of the Western Hemisphere, although she is unquestionably, as Professor Scott states, "its largest and second most powerful state." It would be well for those having our program of inter-American relations in charge not to overlook the importance of our northern neighbor and the part that Canada, free as she is from those criticisms which beset the past policies of the United States, may play in bringing about hemispheric solidarity.

*The A. B. C. of Latin America* is a compilation of factual information, commercial, governmental, and otherwise, from each of the republics of Latin America. This work appears to have been carefully done and within limits a publication of this kind undoubtedly will serve a useful purpose. It is not a volume which one reads through, but rather a useful manual for consultation.

VICTOR E. KLEVEN

*The Unpublished Letters of Adolphe F. Bandelier, concerning the Writing and Publication of The Delight Makers*, with an introduction by Paul Radin. El Paso, Texas: Carl Hertzog, 1942. \$2.50.

In 1929 Mrs. Fanny Bandelier gave Paul Radin a small packet of letters written by her husband to Thomas Allibone Janvier and his wife between March 12, 1888, and May, 1892. Radin and the New York bookseller and importer, Charles P. Everitt, eventually asked Carl Hertzog and Tom Lea, the El Paso printer and artist noted for their interest in rare Southwest items, to publish the letters for them. An

almost eerie chain of trials and mishaps, for both Radin and the publishers, attending the making of the book are now belied by its perfection, with Lea's portrait frontispiece of Bandelier, Hertzog's flawless printing and design, and their fine facsimile of one of the letters. The misfortunes were a story in themselves sufficient to make both artist and printer declare that the ghost of an irate Bandelier must be haunting the project of Paul Radin for his introductory remarks about the scientist being "a befuddled romantic." If so, the ghost of that perfectionist unjustly pursued a printer of equal probity, for only a fine craftsman working for the love of the job would have seen the book through the complete re-printing and resulting financial loss which Hertzog endured to make a book worthy of telling the story of another fine book.

All that is an inside story, but it is fitting preface to this account of Bandelier's own struggle with the novel. In March, 1888, writing Janvier, a Philadelphia journalist who had spent most of 1881-1887 in Colorado and New Mexico, Bandelier first diffidently mentions his book: "... now don't be too much prejudiced against that poor 'romance' mine, but read it first," and asks some questions about preparing a manuscript for publication. Apparently, Janvier was loath, then at least, to take the scientist's venture into literature very seriously and must have suggested concentration on scientific tracts, for in September, 1888, Bandelier defends the project on the grounds that the romantic Indian "fraud" of Cooper or the Aztec "myth" of Prescott must be destroyed in literature as well as in science.

In many letters Bandelier speaks of his difficulty in translating from German of his first draft and repeatedly belittles his own literary power before Janvier's greater skill. In January, 1889, he writes with great relief that the book is completed, asks Janvier's help in submitting it to publishers, and expresses his entire willingness to alter anything to save the truth of his picture; not one "IOTA" of that will he sacrifice. Janvier evidently made faithful though unsuccessful attempts to find a publisher; but he would not say what he thought of the book, now tentatively titled *The Koshare*; and Bandelier, jokingly threatening him with "a stone knife and hatchet of my forefathers" if he doesn't stop "making fun of my novel," begs for frank comment which Janvier never, apparently, expressed. (In his introduction Mr. Radin, I believe, misreads the letter of June 20, 1889, wherein Bandelier speaks of "c

approbation," obviously not that of Janvier but of the publishers, since Bandelier still pleads for his friend's criticism.)

Bandelier is heartened even by Scribner's refusal because their rejection is based on limited appeal rather than on literary incompetence which he so feared. Finally, the manuscript remains for several months with Charles Eliot Norton, whose influence may have helped toward publication, though on November 24, 1889, Bandelier has almost given up *The Koshare*. Then there is a gap in the correspondence until January 31, 1891, when he reports favorable reviews of *The Delight Makers*.

Aside from this story of the book, the biographical glimpses in the letters are interesting. This is the time of Bandelier's bitter disillusionment with the Hemenway expedition, and with the Southwest—"It is strange how everything related to this country turns melancholy at once," even with the United States where for forty years he has had "nothing but sorrow and disappointments." There are a few uncomplimentary asides, about the unreliability of Davis (in *El Gringo*), Helen Hunt Jackson's ignorance of the California Indians, J. Walter Fewkes' "villainous intrigues," Charles F. Lummis's "bumptiousness," both personal and literary.

But the genuine modesty of Bandelier, the glow of his friendship and admiration for the more facile Janvier, his utter unawareness of the unique merit of his book contribute the most endearing personal touch. Janvier produced an archaeological novel, too, a light, racy affair possibly inspired by his friend's efforts. On October 13, 1889, Bandelier says, "am curious to read that novel of yours," generously admitting that a Mexican setting has more appeal than one of the Southwest. On January 31, 1889, he writes to Mrs. Janvier of *The Delight Makers*, "If I were able to write as Tom writes, I might have made a good book out of it. . . . *The Aztec Treasure House* [1890] is a very remarkable book." However he adds gently, "he ought to study the Indian more . . . penetrate his inner life. . . . From Mexico and with the Indian as he is there now, a new literature could almost be started. I have enough to do with the New Mexican aborigine." But Janvier was to go potboiling a merry way from the Aztecs through Provence and the Sargasso Sea and back to Mexico only casually; and Bandelier was soon off to the better days of his Bolivian and Peruvian research, neither of them, in their honest friendship apparently to perceive the irony of

these letters between the humble novice who made literature out of scientific truth and the admired and faintly condescending mentor who took his readers on a George A. Henty expedition through *The A. Treasure House*.

KATHERINE SIMON

*Navajo Creation Myth, The Story of Emergence*, by Hasteen Klah; recorded by Mary C. Wheelwright. Navajo Religion Series, Vol. Santa Fe: Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, 1942. \$10.00.

Knowledge of Southwestern ethnology is considerably enhanced by the appearance of *Navajo Creation Myth*. This is the first of a projected series of publications on America's most populous Indian tribe. Both professional and lay readers will anticipate with pleasure subsequent contributions.

The scope of the volume is broader than the title would indicate. The bulk of the work dealing with the legend of emergence is of extreme interest psychologically and culturally. It illustrates the importance of the personality factor in myth rendition which was forcefully brought to the attention of anthropologists by Dr. Morris Edgewood Opler in *Three Types of Variation and Their Relation to Cultural Change in Language, Culture, and Personality*.

Klah, Miss Wheelwright's informant, was one of the noted transvestites of the Navajo reservation. While *Navajo Creation Myth* follows the conventional myth pattern of previous versions recorded from the people, the neurotic background of the raconteur is clearly discernible in certain substitutions and changes of emphasis. The most notable of these digressions is the attributing of the central role in creation and emergence to *be'gocidi*, the transvestite deity of the Navajo. A minor character under normal conditions, Klah's account raises his status to that approaching a high god. In this way the informant was able to rationalize his own eccentric behavior. The case is an extremely interesting one. It is an actual example of cultural dynamics and illustrates the latitude which the cultural pattern allows for the accommodation of the unusual individual.

Other notable features of the volume are a section of Navajo songs from various ceremonials, hitherto unpublished material on Navajo masked performers, and an account of the Blessing Way Chant. The latter is profusely illustrated with reproductions of the pollen paintings used in that ritual.

Two points may be mentioned in criticism: Readers will deplore the excessive use of native terms which make reading difficult. Moreover, these terms are recorded in an unaccepted system. Folklorists will complain that the myth has been over-edited.

The book is an attractive one. The Rydal Press is to be complimented on its printing. The binding, by Hazel Dreis, is artistic and well done. Great credit is due the Dunewald Printing Company for their realistic reproduction of the color illustrations of the pollen paintings.

W. W. HILL

*Short Grass Country*, by Stanley Vestal. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941. \$3.00.

*A History of Oklahoma*, by Grant Foreman. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. \$3.50.

*The Road to Disappearance*, by Angie Debo. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1941. \$3.50.

"Fasten one end of a logchain to the top of a fence-post. If the wind does not blow the chain straight out, the breeze is moderate."

This quotation, as well as anything, illustrates the quality of Stanley Vestal's *Short Grass Country*. The third volume of the American Folkways series, *Short Grass Country* is an admirable companion to its predecessors, Haniel Long's *Piñon Country* and Edwin Corle's *Desert Country*. It is a good deal of everything and not much of anything in particular, an engaging patchwork of folklore, history, humor, sociology, and weather reports that somehow manages to catch the flavor of the region which Vestal describes as bounded "by the Ozark Hill-billies to the east, by the Spanish-American sheep-herders to the west, by the cornhuskers in Nebraska on the north, and on the south by the brush-poppers of Texas."

The country of which Vestal writes is a "land of buffalo hunts and county-seat wars; of roundups, rodeos, and barbecues; of cattle, wheat, and oil; of prairie fires, tornadoes, cloudbursts, northers, and dust storms; of barbed wire, windmills, and branding irons; of boots and saddles, warbonnets, and steel helmets; . . . of dugouts, soddies, bunkhouses and skyscrapers; of ghost towns and boom towns; of Okies and squawmen, *ciboleros* and rustlers, and vigilantes; of sidewinders and coyotes and roadrunners; of horned toads and prairie dogs, of good women and bad men."



*Short Grass Country* contains a great deal of information on top as widely separated as tipis and menus; a good many stories, tall and otherwise, illustrating the plainsman's capacity for overstatement; and an excellent, although incidental, analysis of the relationships between the characteristics of the land and those of the people who inhabit it. Behind the lightness of the book is a solid knowledge of the region and a profound admiration for the courage of its people who battled Indians and blizzards, dust storms and floods, droughts and depressions, and were still able to say at the end, "Well, the wind blew the dirt away. But we haven't lost everything. We still got the mortgage."

The people of Vestal's book are the people who made Oklahoma a people whose complete story is told by Grant Foreman in his scholarly history of that state. Having come into Oklahoma with the Dawes Commission near the beginning of the present century, Mr. Foreman had an excellent opportunity to observe the events leading up to Oklahoma's admission to statehood in 1907 and to study the relations between the government of the United States and those of the Five Civilized Tribes who for seventy-five years maintained an orderly civilization in the Indian Territory. In 358 closely packed pages, he gives with considerable detail, the turbulent story of Oklahoma from the time of the Louisiana Purchase until the present when the state has already begun to lose many of those characteristics which made it unique. "The history of no other state," Mr. Foreman states in his introduction, "is derived from more fundamentally distinctive natural forces, conditions, trends, and developments—bewildering questions of public policy, difficult problems of reconciling the operation of the laws of nature with Indian rights, private greed, and national honor—than the state that was refused admission to the Union until she had half as many people as were in the Thirteen Original Colonies at the close of the Revolution."

Out of the complicated and difficult material of Oklahoma's history Mr. Foreman has made a smooth-moving book whose wealth of detail is deceptive in its easy flow. It is not an easy book to read, nor a particularly entertaining one; but it is both comprehensive and thorough and will become one of the principal sources to which students of the region will refer.

Miss Debo's *The Road to Disappearance* might be said to be an enlargement upon a part of Foreman's history of Oklahoma. For where Foreman dealt with the entire panorama of Oklahoma history, Miss

Debo has focused upon one of the Five Civilized Tribes, the Creeks, and particularly upon their history since the Civil War, and has given us their entire story from the time of their first encounter with the whites on their tribal lands east of the Mississippi until their loss of independent political identity during the first decade of the twentieth century.

It is not a pleasant story that Miss Debo has to tell—it could never be pleasant to trace the descent of a proud and integrated people from national independence to the status of a scattered and disintegrating minority shorn of their institutional patterns and forced into the acceptance of an alien culture—nor is it one that reflects credit upon our national policies towards minority groups within our borders. But it is a story that needed to be told, and Miss Debo has done a fine job in the telling of the whole story: the forcible wrenching of the Creeks from their eastern lands; their ill-planned, harrowing exodus to the west; the partial rebuilding of their political and social institutions in their new home; and their final engulfment by the westward-spreading wave of white settlers.

The Creek nation no longer exists. But in the words of Pleasant Porter, one of the last of their national leaders: "The vitality of our race still persists. We have not lived for naught. We are the original discoverers of this continent, and the conquerors of it from the animal kingdom, and on it first taught the arts of peace and war, and first planted the institutions of virtue, truth, and liberty. . . . The race that has rendered this service to the other nations of mankind cannot utterly perish."

LYLE SAUNDERS

*Billy King's Tombstone*, by C. L. Sonnichsen. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1942. \$3.00.

*Longhorn Cowboy*, by James H. Cook, edited and with an introduction by Howard R. Driggs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. \$2.00.

*Death Valley and Scotty*, by Clarence P. Milligan. Los Angeles: The Ward Ritchie Press, 1942. \$2.50.

*Law West of the Pecos*, by Everett Lloyd. San Antonio: The Naylor Co., 1941. \$2.00.

It is good occasionally to gossip over the back fence of time about the juicy happenings of other days. It is particularly good when the

gossiper chances to be Billy King, erstwhile barkeep, gambler, deputy sheriff, and the happenings are those which took place in Tombstone, Arizona, in the roistering eighties.

In its heyday there was nothing dead about Tombstone except occasional citizen who talked too much and too soon and shot too and too late. From Tough Nut Street to Dutch Annie's and beyond Tombstone was a lively and lusty town whose flavor is admirably served in Mr. Sonnichsen's gusty narrative. From the opening page where a toughie from Bisbee who brought a wildcat on a leash into Tombstone saloon was put to flight by a live rattlesnake casually drawn from the pocket of an unperturbed local barfly, the book comes to life and the fascinated reader is plunged into the social whirl of "the wildest town in the United States." Sordid and vicious and bawdy were the lives of the knights and ladies of Tombstone, but their vice was tempered by a ribald and gargantuan humor, and their bawdiness could be attributed, by one charitably inclined, to nothing more than an irresistible impulse to good clean lust. Whatever the balance of their faults and virtues, the Dutch Kid, Fatty Ryan, Billy Stiles, Lizette the Flamingo Nymph, Crazy Horse Lil, Nosey Kate, Madame Moustache, *et al.* make up an interesting crew and Mr. Sonnichsen has made of them and their community a vastly entertaining book.

While the good people of Tombstone were scattering fragments of the Ten Commandments over the Arizona landscape, James H. Cook was growing up as a "brush popper" and "cow waddie" on the Texas plains. In *Longhorn Cowboy* he tells, with a simplicity that approaches understatement, the details of cowboy life in the days of the Chisholm Trail, a life that was dangerous and lonely and hard, a life which "lacking in excesses and frills, tended to make men." It is a story that Cook has to tell and one which gains appreciably through excellent editing of Howard R. Driggs, who has managed to keep the uninhibited vitality of Cook's own words and at the same time to remove the repetitions and grammatical errors which have spoiled many other books of this type.

*Death Valley and Scotty* might have been a better book if Milligan had had someone like Driggs to edit it before publication. For Milligan's book is as lush as Cook's is simple, and one's attention is frequently diverted from the mountains of Death Valley to mountains of adjectives with here and there a *cliché* leaping from pinnacle to pinnacle. It is a pity that Mr. Milligan could not have resisted his over-fond

for words like cromlech, revenant, gonfalons, and behemoth; that he did not decide to write either a book of fact or a book of fantasy and then stick to his decision; that he did not tell more about both Death Valley and Scotty. For one has the feeling that Mr. Milligan could write an excellent book about Death Valley if he tried. *Death Valley and Scotty*, however, is not it.

Judge Roy Bean perhaps deserves a better biographer than he found in Everett Lloyd. *Law West of the Pecos* deals with the stuff of which legends are made, but the book suffers from poor organization and indifferent writing. The stories of Judge Bean are good stories, but when they are told three times in a hundred and twenty pages—as are the accounts of Bean's fining a corpse forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon and of his fondness for shortchanging customers at his bar—even the best stories grow a little tiresome. It may be, as Lloyd claims, that the real Judge Roy Bean was the type of person who will occupy a permanent place in the folklore of the Southwest, but the Roy Bean who fills the pages of *Law West of the Pecos* is only an egocentric and cantankerous old man addicted to petty graft and pompous blustering, whom it would be kinder to forget.

Each of the books here considered is important in that it records, however well or indifferently, a bit of the color and flavor of an era that now lives only in the minds of a few "last leaves" like Billy King and James Cook and Scotty. No one who wishes to know the old West can afford to ignore them.

LYLE SAUNDERS

*The Spanish-American Song and Game Book*, compiled by workers of the Writers Program, Music Program and Art Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of New Mexico. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. \$2.00.

This book contains material which has long been needed in the folk world. To the various W.P.A. Programs goes a vote of thanks for collecting and bringing it together in book form.

As is often the case where there is much collaboration, however, a certain evident lack of oneness in purpose keeps cropping up. Perhaps the most apparent fault is the failure to make the transition of feeling from Spanish to English. Granted that an explanation is made in the introduction as to the translations: "The songs have been trans-

lated freely into English so they can be sung more easily; therefore, English for the stanzas will be found to differ in some instances from the Spanish." Nevertheless, it is disconcerting to find the direction of the games again and again translated so freely that the meaning or importation of the game loses its original form. The same (and to a great degree) is true of certain words used in the stanzas which could have perhaps, been better left untranslated. For example, the folk sense of the word "posole" (food for Christmas and special occasions—hominy, pigs' feet, etc.) is lost when inane translation "soup"! A familiar dish, why translate it any more than one would attempt to translate "chile," "tamal" or "tortilla"? The idea being to preserve the folk meaning (and surely that was the idea), free translation should have encouraged that preservation and not its destruction.

This exaggerated freedom of translation again hits one in the case when in such a game as *Puño Puñete* the phrase "date en la frente" becomes "touch your wrist." From a virile game (we recall hitting ourselves so hard on the forehead that we had to finish the game by tending to fall down dead) it turns into a panty-waist business of "touch your wrist"! Mexican children in our day would have laughed any day out of the room who had thought of sacrificing a punch on the forehead for a touch on the wrist just for the sake of a jingle.

Perhaps those responsible for making the language transition could not sense the feeling behind the Spanish version. Yet in spite of the fact that this ineffectual attempt often badly bungles the authentic meaning, the original quality of the games usually shows through.

We did not mind the grammatically incorrect language for which an explanation was offered, but we did mind the changing of some of the "incorrectness" into more polite versions. Thus a "mata se" which definitely was related to animal excrement in other epochs made to appear "meca ceca" and translated "here and there." Such purification is painful. One tries much harder not to laugh, which is the purpose of the game, if the punishment is eating a dead dog or excrement of a cow—imaginary as it may be—than if all one has to do is a Disneyed "pay a price before my eyes."

The book itself is very attractive and of practical size for use both in playing the music or following directions.

We feel that more than ordinary credit should go to Gisella Loe and Undine Gutierrez for their part in illustrating the book.

usual charm and feeling characteristic of these artists make up for the frequent blanks where apparently illustrations should have been inserted but were not, thus giving the book a hurried-job appearance that is to be regretted, since the whole effort is very worth while and should have received the completest consideration—both from the publisher and those engaged in producing it.

MELA SEDILLO

*Slave Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands*, by Lydia Parrish. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. \$3.50.

For seventy years we were preoccupied with considerations of the white man's domination over the black man, strength versus weakness. In the last decade there has been a sensible reversal of viewpoint: The southerner can best be understood only in the dark of his association with the Negro. It is protectively worth while, then, to familiarize ourselves with the artistic expressions of African psychology.

Mrs. Parrish, though not a social propagandist, is aware of the deep-rooted race consciousness of the black man, and appreciative of his cultural heritage, to the preservation of which she has devoted twenty-five years of service. Descended from Salem Quakers, she early conditioned her ear to the songs of runaway slaves. She is well equipped to present to us related songs of the Georgia Sea Islanders whose confidence she has won. For "Janey Jackson" or "Milly Polecat" is as jealous of her racial tradition as the New Mexican Indian, and as secretive. The songs of the Negro are basically his own, the product of his needs and superstitions. He has contributed more to musical literature than he has borrowed, and efforts to discredit the origin of his talents and contributions imply an intolerable arrogance on the part of the white man. Rather, it should be the white man's privilege to preserve the African song-forms of emotional release instead of attacking them at their dandelion roots. Boomerangs have been known to be unpleasant.

"Rockah Mh Moomba," "Knee-bone I Call You Knee-bone Bend," "Stickit Ball a Hack," "Can't Hide Sinner," "Pay Me My Money Down"—such characteristic titles symbolize play, religion, and work. American experiences of every character undergo a peculiar chemical change in their passage through African consciousness. The primitive truth which we associate with the folksong emerges, felt rather than consciously planned.

Slave songs of the Georgia Sea Islands have their echoes in these sections. "No Hidin' Place" with its "Ah'm goin' t' run t' the rock a hidin' place . . . Fox got a hole in the groun'/ Bird got a nest in air/ There's nare one thing got a hidin' place/ But these sinners none" was a favorite at the Zeta Tau Alpha house in Berkeley, California, in 1914. It had the following form, however, sung by a man from Kentucky: "A sinner sat at the gates of hell/ The gates gave way and in he fell/ Go down Moses/ I went to the rock to hide my face/ The rock cried out 'No hidin' place'/ Go down Moses."

The music of these songs, solo and chorus and percussion, is transcribed by Creighton Churchill and Robert MacGuinsey. The task of indicating a non-European idiom is a difficult one, in the end a compromise. But there has been no recourse to mere arrangement. The musicians have erred mechanically, perhaps, in their efforts to preserve conventional key signatures. The reader's psychology is thereby conditioned, and the effect of Pentatonic-Major and Pentatonic-Aeolian modes blurred. The major scale minus its fourth and seventh degrees is in reality an independent, unrelated agent.

The book is beautifully illustrated and up to standards set by Creative Age Press. An excellent introduction by Olin Downes is a justified prestige.

RUTH HANN

*The Copper Pot*, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. \$2.50.

*The Copper Pot* is a skillful novel, a good novel, in no sense a great novel. The canvas is small but alive and sensuous. The reader gets the excitement of going behind the closed doors of the New Orleans French Quarter, of glimpsing the lives in the rooms edged by the lacy iron galleries. The plot is slight. The conflict is the age-old conflict of young-man-artist avoiding easy financial security to the right and "over the brink" to the left. The author has his hero Tom Hartshorn achieve—not without excursions to left and right—the hard, rewarding road of honest work and honest love. Painting what the world will let him—that he may paint what he believes in—art feeding art—seems to be the answer. Finally if the artist is the real thing, the real pictures (one is a copper pot on a balcony) win honorable mentions, prizes, and sales.

The theme is old. The time and place and slant of characterization fresh. During the two years before Pearl Harbor, the time of the story, the rumble of distant wars coming ever nearer makes work and love both more and less important to artists and writers. It is significant that the art colony is in New Orleans, U. S. A.—not Italy, not Paris now.

Mr. La Farge knows New Orleans from his own writing days in the French Quarter. His permanent address is now Santa Fe. The New England and Harvard background of the hero are partially autobiographical, too.

The men in the novel are convincing and clearly distinguishable. Tom and his best friend Pete, the writer, are a little too alike, and the continuous drinking is a bore and reminiscent of the novels of the twenties. "Have a Martini." "No, I have just had three beers," etc., etc. The women are unreal. Jenny and Frances merge until you forget which name belongs to which. Estelle is merely a symbol of the easy wealth and social smoothness Tom finds himself pulled toward. Rita, of the house of the copper pot, is no more believable than a Kress store imitation of a Dresden figurine. La Farge has never been able to show what makes women tick. Even Slim Girl of the Pulitzer Prize winner, *Laughing Boy*, is a romanticist's dream.

It is easy to pick flaws with a La Farge novel, the plotting and the characterization. It is as a pure artist that he is superb. He makes you sense places, interiors, exteriors of houses, colors, lights, shadows, and the cooling rains. While you read the book you live in New Orleans. And there is always the pleasure of the exact word, the perfectly turned phrase that few can achieve so well. If you love New Orleans and can't go just now, or if you can, read *The Copper Pot*.

MABEL MAJOR

*Venetian Adventurer: Marco Polo*, by Henry H. Hart. Palo Alto, California: Stanford University Press, 1942. \$3.50.

The pageantry of the West, the fever and glitter of European history, fade into dim insubstantial things as the adventure of Marco Polo spreads its unimaginable but true tapestry before one's eyes. It is a miraculous story, and the quiet unemphatic narration of it merely accentuates its miracle.

For the travels of Marco Polo into the land of the Tartars, his twenty-five years as an honored guest of Kublai Khan, his long, incred-



ible return to his native Venice, all this was a journey not alone in a new climate, but a journey into a new world. One is staggered at the facts. There is more blood here than one can understand; there is more allure here than one can well bear.

The grandfather of Kublai Khan was Genghis Khan. Since his time there has been no comparable slaughter, no comparable devastation. Let air-borne bombs say what they will. Genghis Khan captured the Persian city of Termed, and left it a city of one million and a half corpses. At Nishapur not even domestic animals, cats, or dogs were spared. A mountain of skulls smoked into the sky. When he died in 1227 he ruled the largest empire in the world, no man a larger before or since, and left over eighteen million human corpses in Asia alone as a memorial. The Mongol flood washed the walls of Prague and looked toward a supine Europe.

Before Kublai Khan in 1270 stood Marco Polo of Venice, "a young bachelor of very great and noble aspect." He had completed the chapter of the longest, the most wearisome, and the most remarkable journey "ever made and recorded by any man in all the world's history." So writes Dr. Hart, and his book proves every word of this and more. Not for twenty-five years did Marco Polo return to Europe, and when he once more saw the lions of St. Mark in 1295, he was an old man, a new man, a man who had lived a fuller life than any human being could more can possibly know, and wag the world on as it may.

He had—take it just at random—governed a province of China, known Burma well, been ambassador to tribes and principalities, brought the omnipotent gold seals of the Khan into regions unknown by Europeans to this day; he had discovered what group of women is the most beautiful in the world; he had learned the real reason for the binding of the feet of Chinese women; he perhaps was the first European to know spaghetti and ice cream; he had seen petroleum, paper money, printed maps of the lands of Java, Sumatra, and India; he had described animals that only later history was to verify, deserts and valleys and populations that mankind only centuries later was to admit; he had gazed toward Japan and in misplacing it influenced the later Columbus—he had seen and done whatever marvels there are in the world. His story, so matter-of-factly told by him, so matter-of-factly and so intelligently retold by Dr. Hart, is a masterpiece of observation, experience, fortitude, and wisdom.

There is dissatisfaction in this book. After reading it, one moves on about in his daily tasks. He does not whistle while he works. He has

the muted clang of Cathayan bells, and his eyes see the gates of distant wonder.

W. D. JACOBS

*A Witness Tree*, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1942. \$2.00.

*Out of the Jewel*, by Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942. \$2.50.

*An American Anthology*, edited by Tom Boggs. Prairie City, Ill.: The Press of James A. Decker, 1942. \$2.00.

*Sonnets and Lyrics*, by Winthrop Palmer. Portland, Me.: Falmouth Publishing House, 1941. \$2.00.

*The Ballad of Three Sons*, by Winthrop Palmer. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1941. No price indicated.

*A Drunken Boat*, by Jean-Arthur Rimbaud; translated by Clark Mills. Ithaca, N. Y.: Voyages, 1942. \$1.00.

*Mexican Summer*, by Helen Gerry. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1941. \$2.00.

*Mill Talk and Other Poems*, by Leslie Nelson Jennings. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1942. \$2.00.

*Boy at Dusk*, by Ralph Friedrich. New York: The Fine Editions Press, 1941. \$2.00.

*Sing for Your Supper*, by Sylvi Edith Mackey. Yellow Springs, Ohio: The Antioch Press, 1942. \$1.50.

*Man Who Fell in Love with God*, by John Quinn. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1942. \$2.00.

*Smoking Flax*, by Odell Francis. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1941. \$1.50.

*Bright Singing Hour*, by Dion O'Donnol. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1942. \$1.00.

With *A Witness Tree* Robert Frost presents his seventh book of poems, his first in six years. And immediately one may say that the book is not very much different from the former ones. Here again are a group of lyrics, some short narratives, and some long lyrics in what the publishers call Frost's "characteristic and highly personal quality of wisdom."

None of this can be quarreled with. Frost does not have the ability that Yeats had—the ability to deepen and strengthen his craftsmanship as he grew older. If there is any change in Frost's work, it is that this last collection seems thinner than others, not in bulk, but in riding a spare horse with determination, even petulance. The personal "wisdom" the publishers speak of, somehow in the poems becomes real and importantly said. The cry against Frost's reactionary attitudes which went up at the publication of *A Further Range* has not been repeated for this volume; yet the attitudes are much the same. It is unfortunate that anyone, including the publishers, should emphasize this side of Frost, for the poems indicated are not his most permanent contribution, though many are substantial poems. The real gold is in the lyrics, represented best in this collection by "I Could Give All to Time." No one can deny that Frost is a great minor poet, and this volume, as did each of the others, adds one or two really fine poems to his credit.

Rolfe Humphries is frankly a minor poet. He prefaces his collection with this quotation: "A minor art needs to be hard, condensed, and durable." What the term *hard* can mean other than *condensed*, I do not know; but if those two terms are virtually the same, Humphries generally satisfies the requirements for a good minor poetry. The collection is by no means even in execution: I found that the first section struck a generally fine level which was not equaled, except in spots, in subsequent sections. But his ability shows in a large number of styles and kinds of perception, an interesting test for any minor poetry. He is at his best in a poem occasioned by some apparently slight situation, such as hearing a waltz, as in "Valse Triste," or reading a legend, as in "Theseus." These poems and many others like them, but on varying occasions, are fine indeed. If he misses the mark he has set up for himself, even in his best poems it is in lack of condensation in the sense of the image and the symbol of many ramifications found in much traditional English poetry.

*An American Anthology* is at least the fifth or sixth collection Tom Boggs has edited, and, so far as I know them, it is his best. Here appear still his faults as an anthologist: a very personal taste which is often faulty toward the "easy" and the experimental lyric; a continual thrusting forward of some favorites (sometimes with the same poems used before) who are by no means the best poets in the books. But in *An American Anthology* his virtues show more importantly than formerly: a wider range of taste; a willingness to give the better poets generally

more space. Here are sizeable chunks from Kenneth Fearing and Wallace Stevens, two fine poems by Yvor Winters, individual poems of quality by a number of other people. Boggs limited himself to poems which had not previously appeared in other anthologies except a few from Boggs' own earlier collections. He presents, then, little known poems, and there is much of value in the book.

Of Winthrop Palmer's two books, I like better the collection of sonnets and lyrics. *The Ballad of Three Sons* is an allegorical story of the three sons who are "The proud, the fierce and the malcontent." The writing is interesting, at times accomplished, but too often turgid. In the other book I admire the sonnets particularly. In them Mrs. Palmer demonstrates that she is a craftsman; she writes with a good sense of what she is doing. A device she uses throughout the sonnets is the juxtaposition of a general or abstract word with an image, a device often found in older English poetry and which she often turns off very well. The method has limitations, however, and as Mrs. Palmer gets command of more ambitious devices we may expect even better poems of her.

The Rimbaud translation by Clark Mills is printed in a limited edition, presented attractively. The translation seems accomplished and well done. Quite of another sort, however, is Helen Gerry's *Mexican Summer*. Miss Gerry is adept at getting the surface impressions, but her range does not go below such surface manifestations; and generally her verse composition is inept, as in "Miasma," with four of the first twelve lines ending with prepositions.

Of the six first books of poems here noticed, the best is easily *Mill Talk and Other Poems* by Leslie Nelson Jennings. Mr. Jennings has been publishing poetry for more than two decades, and it is surprising to find this his first book collection. He is a mature poet, often writing very well. He is a minor poet and invites comparison with Rolfe Humphries: two or three of Mr. Jennings' poems come up to the best standard of Mr. Humphries, but he does not have Humphries' breadth of theme and material nor his diverse technical accomplishment.

*Boy at Dusk* by Ralph Friedrich is the more typical first book. The accomplishments are real and make for a few interesting, good poems. But the accomplishments are not many, nor are they brilliant. The metrical composition is generally wooden. The poems most of the time cry for a definite image, sensory impact, and psychological depth. As Mr. Friedrich adds these to his ability, he very likely will produce some

important work. *Sing for Your Supper* by Sylvi Edith Mackey is the opposite, a mixture of free verse and prose, a group of isolated images put together with a casual thread of idea moving from "Plowing" through "Harvest." One cannot quarrel with the ideas, even some of the individual passages; but in all, the work suffers from lack of that texture in poetry which we sometimes identify as "control" or "depth of perception." Something similar could be said of John Quinn's *Man Who Fell in Love with God*. The book deals with the love of man for man and son for father, and in a variety of verse styles. Many perceptions are strongly worded, and in the more formal sections there is forced on the poet a tighter composition which indicates that Mr. Quinn has considerable ability.

The work of Odell Francis in *Smoking Flax* and of Dion O'Donnol in *Bright Singing Hour* may be compared with Mr. Friedrich's book, since they also use formal patterns. One may say that the accomplishments of these two poets are less real than those of Mr. Friedrich, yet still important and solid; and that the same needs for a functional use of metrics and for a sharper image are felt in the work of both poets.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Public Schools and British Opinion Since 1860*, by Edward C. Mack. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.75.

The French Revolution won some measure of human rights for mankind, but this monumental, unswerving study shows that the fundamental premises of democracy never penetrated into the English public school. Unless real changes occur, here is the burial ground of British liberalism. The gravestone will read: "Here lies Democracy, killed by Public School Snobbism. Rest in Disdain."

W. D. J.

*Rodeo, the Sport of the Cow Country*, by Max Kegley. New York: Hastings House, 1942. \$1.00.

Excellent action photographs, held together by a minimum of text, make this sixty-four page book a choice addition to the guest room library. Skim through the brief account of the rise of rodeo as a major spectator sport, and you'll find yourself in the midst of horses with their

feet off the ground and men with their seats off the horses. If you like horseflesh, this is your dish.

L. S.

*Texas Childhood*, by Evelyn Miller Crowell. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1941. \$1.50.

Rose-colored reminiscences of life on a Texas plantation, complete with a "big house" and "darkies standing at a respectful distance, grinning and giggling and waiting for their presents." Not recommended for anyone who doesn't still relish the Bobbsey Twins.

L. S.

*Twentieth Century Indians*, photographs and text by Frances Boone MacGregor; with a foreword by Clark Wissler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941. \$3.00.

"Given the opportunity to raise his standard of living and to regain his national pride, the Indian will not only enrich his own life but that of America as well." Thus Mrs. MacGregor sums up her brief but excellent statement of the history and present status of the American Indian. Superb documentary photographs offer convincing proof of Mrs. MacGregor's thesis.

L. S.

*Three Southwest Plays*, with an introduction by John Rosenfield. Dallas: Southwest Review, 1942. \$2.50.

An historical drama, a sprightly comedy, and a dramatic treatment of a race relations theme attest the versatility and maturity of the Little Theater in Texas. Considered separately, the three plays—"We Are Beseiged," "Where the Dear Antelope Play," and "Jute"—are good; bound together with John Rosenfield's introductory comments, they mirror not only the Texas amateur theater but Southwestern life as well.

L. S.

*Spanish Colonial Furniture*, by A. D. Williams. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1941. \$3.00.

A requisite for wood carvers, this book gives illustrations, working

drawings and specifications, bills of material for fifty-seven authentic, attractive adaptations of Spanish furniture. Process instructions, fruit of the author's teaching experience, are excellently clear. The wide variety of models, particularly good in bookcases, typical Spanish chests and cabinets, is well within amateur range even though professional in design and appearance.

K. S.

*The Pueblos: A Camera Chronicle*, by Laura Gilpin. New York: Hastings House, 1942. \$3.00.

Tourist bait or learned society publications dealing with the Pueblos are usually unserviceable for the average Southwest enthusiast. Here is something better, a perfect union of photographic art and reliable scholarship achieved through twenty years of exploration of the Southwest and acquaintance with its scientists, which is vivid, concise Pueblo history.

K. S.

*A Spanish Tudor: The Life of "Bloody Mary,"* by H. F. M. Prescott. New York and London: Columbia University Press and Constable and Company, Ltd., 1941. \$5.00.

John Richard Green, if not Lytton Strachey, would have been proud of this book. With vividness born of concrete scholarship and pungent style, a seemingly impenetrable mass of documentary evidence has been fused into a sympathetic, accurate account of England's most tragic queen. The voice of Tudor England tells the story, ambassador, lord, and commoner alike detailing Mary's way to dusty death.

K. S.

*Shakespeare's Audience*, by Alfred Harbage. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$2.25.

Chapter, verse, and statistics combine to prove that Shakespeare's audience was not "the very scum, rascallitie, and baggage of the people," as some prejudiced contemporaries have persuaded our most distin-

guished scholars, but rather like our own moviegoers or the "grocer and his wife." Revision of previous conceptions is demanded by this accurate, convincing study.

K. S.

*The Raven and Other Poems*, by Edgar Allan Poe; reproduced in facsimile from the Lorimer Graham copy of the edition of 1845 with author's corrections and an introduction by Thomas Ollive Mabbott. (Publication No. 56 of the Facsimile Text Society.) New York: Columbia University Press for The Facsimile Text Society, 1942. \$1.80.

Poe's own corrections and additions to this 1845 edition give increased interest to "Lenore," "The Conqueror Worm," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Raven," which some think needed more than it got. This evidence of Poe's working habits plus an introduction tracing various issues of this volume merits minute examination from the specialists.

K. S.

*Honorable Enemy*, by Ernest O. Hauser. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941. \$2.50.

An important primer, if not a profound analysis, this swift, journalistic survey presents Japan's John Doe, living, working, fighting, worshipping the Son of Heaven. Blighted liberals, military, political, and economic dictators, in fact the whole Japanese ruling pattern, are sketched for a general public which had better study carefully the special twists of this feudal, insular civilization that we have to fight.

K. S.



## A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

*Lyle Saunders*

**I**NCLUDED here are mainly those books and periodicals published between April 1 and June 30. A few items omitted from the May issue are included here for the sake of completeness.

As usual an asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review at a future date. The letter (F) designates fiction (J) denotes books written for juveniles.

### BOOKS

- Aniol, Claude M. *San Antonio, City of Missions*. New York, Hastings House, 1942. \$1.25.
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## LOS PAISANOS

### Saludo a Todo Los Paisanos:

In a recent personally conducted Los Paisanos poll concerning the literary activities of local writers, only one author answered my ear-to-ear questionnaire with a "What is the use of writing now?" Regardless of the hazardous business of finding a publisher willing to gamble on future book sales, and in spite of the terrific emotional impact engendered by each day's war news, all of them, with the exception of the Texan, are finishing the book that has been in the offing, or planning new one with a confident approach to our present tight-rope-walking existence and to the ultimate worth of personal achievement.

Consider for a moment Alan Swallow, poet-publisher, and instructor in English at the University of New Mexico. Dr. Swallow has just recently edited three books which will appear this summer from the publishing house of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois. *American Writing, 1942*, the first of the three, will be published soon. It is an anthology of short stories and poems which appeared in the non-commercial magazines of 1941 and will include also a yearbook of those magazines. The volume will contain more than fifty poems and several short stories, including one story and several poems selected from THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. The anthology is the first of an annual selection which Dr. Swallow will edit.

*Three Young Poets*, to appear soon also, includes work of three poets, Thomas McGrath of New York City, William Peterson of Glendale, California, and James Franklin Lewis of Batesville, Arkansas.

The third book, *Three Lyric Poets*, presents the work of three Southern poets selected with an introduction by Dr. Swallow. The authors are Tom H. McNeal, head of the English department at East Texas State Teachers College, Alice Moser of New Orleans, and Byron Herbert Reece of Blairsville, Georgia. In addition to this work, Dr. Swallow has also signed a contract for a first book of his own poem which will appear late in the fall under the title *The Remembered Land*.

Conrad Richter, whom Albuquerque proudly claims because he and his wife and daughter Harvena lived here for a number of years (Harvena graduated from the University of New Mexico in 1938), was awarded the annual gold medal for literary achievement by the Society for the Libraries of New York University at the society's annual meeting, May 20. The *New York Times* literary supplement of June 7 carried a one-third page announcement of the decision of the judges, Harry Hansen, Edward Weeks, and Pearl Buck. Mr. Richter is the author of three distinguished books: *Early American* (1936), *The Sea of Grass* (1937), and *Trees* (1940). He has just finished a novel, which will probably be published in the fall. It too is a piece of Americana.

Dorothy and Nils Hogner, whose recent *The Animal Book* is considered their best, are now busily engaged on another juvenile to be called *Stories of the Bible*, which the Oxford Press will issue. According to an eye-witness, Nils' illustrations for the forthcoming one are "perfectly beautiful." They will spend the summer in their Greenwich apartment instead of at their summer studio in Litchfield because Nils is finishing a government consignment of murals, and because both of them have signed up for the duration as air wardens of their precinct.

Kyle Crichton, dramatic, screen, and stage critic for *Collier's Magazine*, spent the Fourth of July week-end in Albuquerque en route to New York from Hollywood. During his short visit he saw all of his friends, from Elfego Baca to Mrs. Clara Fergusson, but most of his time was spent with Mr. E. Shaffer, editor of the *Albuquerque Tribune*, whose hundreds of friends and admirers throughout New Mexico hope for an early recovery from his present illness in St. Joseph's Hospital. The only side-light obtained from Kyle regarding the play on which he has been working for some time was a broad grin.

Erna Fergusson, "Our Southwest's" distinguished author and lecturer, says that she has had a "not too busy summer," but it seems to me that she has been very busy, writing, lecturing, and attending to civic duties. The manuscript of her forthcoming book will be in the hands of her publishers on scheduled time, early fall. In addition to a variety of interesting maps, one of the most charming features of the book will be a set of illustrations of ceramic figurines which Erna fell in love with during her intensive study of Chile last year and which she had an artist pose and photograph against typical backgrounds such as fiestas and wine-harvests.

Miss Fergusson was the honorary chairman of the Albuquerque

June Music Festival given under the direction of the distinguished pianist, Maurice Dumesnil of New York City. Six of the chamber music concerts were given at the Los Poblanos ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simms, and the remaining two at Carlisle Gymnasium on the University campus. Paul Horgan, who grew up in Albuquerque, opened the first broadcast of the event. . . . Paul's most recent story "A Try for the Island," which appeared in the June issue of *Harper's* is a chapter from a novel which he is now completing—a study of adolescence presented from a subjective point of view.

Martha Foley, former editor of *Story* who has taken over the late Edward O'Brien's job of selecting the best short stories of each year, has asked permission to include Boyce Eakin's story *Prairies* in the 1942 volume of *Best Short Stories*. Mr. Eakin's story appeared in the August 1941, issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. Originally from Connecticut, Boyce Eakin lived in Taos for several years.

Mabel Major, of Texas Christian University, former president of the Texas Folklore Society, and collaborator with Dr. T. M. Pearce and Rebecca Smith on *Southwest Heritage*, is a charming addition to the University of New Mexico's summer school faculty. Miss Major has supplied the following very interesting supplement to "Los Paisanos" concerning Texas writers.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

## NOTES ON TEXAS BOOKS AND WRITERS

The most important fiction out of Texas on the spring book list is Karle Wilson Baker's *Star of the Wilderness*, a first-rate historical novel of the years just before San Jacinto. History is there and accurate, but it does not get in the way of the story. This second novel of Texas' foremost poet is an entire success. The first one, *Family Style*, was not quite.

John A. and Alan Lomax's collection of ballads, *Our Singing Country*, is a considerable addition to the body of folklore. It is a handsome Macmillan book of 190 songs and with headnotes by the contributors and delightful interspersed essays on ballad hunting by John Lomax. Musical scores, as prepared by Ruth Seeger, are given for all of the songs.

Frank Dobie is entertaining the soldiers in the large Texas army camps with Mexican legends and yarns. The section "Life Goes to a

Party" of *Life Magazine* for June 1 was practically devoted to showing him in action. The photographs were made at the annual meeting of the Texas Folklore Society at Texas State College for Women in May.

George Sessions Perry, whose *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, was the 1941 Texas Institute of Letters Book Award novel, is at San Antonio writing stories and articles of the Texas air training fields. See nearly any issue of current magazines for his work.

Alfred A. Knopf has announced the June 29 publication of *A Talent for Murder*, by Anna Mary Wells, formerly of Dallas and the English department of Texas Christian University, now Mrs. Theodore Smitt of Detroit. This murder mystery is another evidence of Miss Wells' versatility. For several years she has been writing stories for the *New Yorker*, the *American Mercury*, and the *Family Circle*.

The Sunday, June 14, *New York Times* ran a story on creative arts at Texas Christian University with special attention to the very substantial poetry scholarship.

For other Texas writers see May 16 "Southwestern Issue" of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It is nearly all Texan, too much Texan to be fair to the whole region. It was edited by John McGinnis of the *Southwest Review* and the "Book Section" of the *Dallas News*.

MABEL MAJOR

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