

COMMON GROUND

ing. More to be wondered at is the reasonableness of the many who saw behind that hate-hysteria a saving democratic principle in which—despite its passing violation—they still could believe. The stress in this thoroughly documented volume is on the human “spoilage” resulting from the evacuation—the human problems, reactions, and attitudes developed by evacuees during the segregation period. The report grows out of a study undertaken by a group of social scientists in the University of California in 1942, involving intensive observation of camps in California, Arizona, and Idaho over a period of three years. It is exhaustive and complete in respect to stated goals and is a book to be read with careful thought by all Americans concerned with democratic human relations and civil rights.

Under the Red Sun by Forbes Monaghan (Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.75) is a record of Filipino loyalty and faith in America during the conquest and occupation of the Philippines by Japan. Despite initial bungling and slipshod negligence at the outbreak of war, “America had taught these people, not by words, but by deeds, to trust us,” the

author points out. This trust, held through heartbreaking years of delay, is one of the miracles of our time and proves the common folk of the Islands worthy of all the assistance this country can give in restoring their wasted cities and lands. Here are tales of heroism past counting, not only in the Bataan army of deathless fame (four-fifths Filipino), but also among the guerrilla bands. Father Monaghan, now Chairman of the National Educational Congress in Manila, establishes that the Island culture, once adopted and now ingrained in the people, is one with ours.

Arva C. Floyd's *White Man—Yellow Man* (Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.75) charts the course of four hundred years of rivalry between two races, each of which has shown at some points superiority to the other and, at times, felt it. The story of the highhanded manner in which five European nations have gained and held ascendancy in Asia is a depressing one. The author makes it shockingly plain that only a complete change of attitude, with humility and respect replacing arrogance and contempt, can heal old resentments and enable the two races to meet on wholly human terms.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS

Milla Logan's early memoirs, happily named *Bring Along Laughter* (Random House. \$2.50), collected from *COMMON GROUND* and other periodicals and added to, appear now in book form. A Serbian patriarch, hearing of the project, wrote asking, “What kind contents your book should be, and who is big fool who would read it?” She says the “kind contents” concern the affairs of some people she knew before there was a Yugoslavia,

who lived in San Francisco and called themselves Serbs. As for the “fools” who will read it, they'll be happier than they've been for a long time. For, starting with the night when the Zenovich family was thrown out of bed by an earthquake, joined others of their connection roaming the streets till the clan was united, then enjoyed the calamity in a whole-souled way, here is a series of episodes in which everybody is incor-

rigibly individual, incredibly clannish and social, and irresistibly funny. We've had nothing like it since *Anything Can Happen*. Shelf-mates, the two books.

Gertrude Atherton's *My San Francisco* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50) deals naturally with the affairs of authors, leading citizens, and persons in public life, folk with whom, as a famed writer, she has had much to do. But her loyalty is for the city as a whole. She finds there a largeness of spirit shown in recognition of merit regardless of class, faith, or sex. She devotes one chapter to persons of distinction who are Jews, a fact no one bothers to mention; another to the achievements of women in law, letters, business, technology, medicine, education, and the arts.

Country Jake by Charles B. Driscoll (Macmillan. \$3) is the second volume of Driscoll's autobiographical explorations, the first of which was *Kansas Irish*. The new volume gives an account of the author's early years up to the day when at the age of twenty he left the farm for higher schooling, prepared for by heroic efforts under unbelievable odds. He had never before traveled by rail or been out of the county. All the secret of painful preparation for his later career as successor to O. O. McIntyre as a Broadway columnist is here.

As *We Were*, comment by Bellamy Partridge and prints from Otto Bettman's fabulous collection (Whittlesey House. \$4.50), is a pictorial record of American life, 1850 to 1900. Comments by the author of *Country Lawyer* are apt and illuminating. Prints are chosen with humor and good judgment, displaying dress, manners, work, sports, fads, inventions, and progress—with war's interruptions—for these expansive years. Home life is stressed.

Stewart Holbrook's *Lost Men of American History* (Macmillan. \$3.50)

takes us a century farther back and singles out persons, not types; men and women whose resourcefulness and courage might rate them as national heroes and heroines, but whom history has commonly by-passed. Ludwick, the honest baker from Hesse-Darmstadt, whose bread saved Washington's army; Jehudi Ashmun, who founded Liberia at the cost of his life; and a host of others adorn these factual and exciting tales.

The figures appearing in *American Scriptures* by Carl Van Doren and Carl Carmer (Boni and Gaer. \$3.75) are known to history and familiar to all, but by taking the written records and dramatizing them, the authors have made stirring events out of what is too often textbook routine. Statesmen and heroes come to life. Great days, monuments, principles, songs, and the saga of expansion become fresh and vivid. Typical are the affair of the *Bon Homme Richard*, captained by John Paul Jones, and the taking of Vincennes by George Rogers Clark. For both, Carmer has done the lines in a blank verse that lifts the action above levels possible to prose. Numerous reproductions of paintings, lithographs, and drawings enhance the appeal of the book.

In Granville Hicks' *Small Town* (Macmillan. \$3) the time is the present. The author, a writer and critic with a strong social bent, has made the affairs of a small rural community in New York State his own, by living there for twelve years and sharing its problems, responsibilities, and social life. As a social study, the book is unique, for the author stands in, not outside of, the pattern he describes.

Only an Ocean Between, edited by Sargent Florence (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50), is designed to acquaint the people of two countries who (one hopes) would like to be neighbors. It so

functioned for the British during the war years when it first appeared (in three separate sections). Now, as a single volume, it gives us, in matched photographs of scenes on both sides of the ocean, a chance to compare our land and living with Britain's. The text, supplemented by color charts and tabulated data, tells

us of geography, climate, resources, politics, and economics, as well as folkways and social habits, in both lands. Liveliest is the section on *Our Private Lives*, done by Lella Secor Florence. More serious, *Our Two Democracies at Work*, by K. B. Smellie, London School of Economics.

RACE MYTH AND PSYCHOSIS

Frank Tannenbaum's *Slave and Citizen* (Knopf. \$2) throws new light on the origin of a blighting illusion that is still the curse of the land. Austrian-born economist and historian and incisive thinker (now Professor of Latin American History at Columbia University), Dr. Tannenbaum shows that the slave in ancient times was never deemed inferior as a man. Slavery was a misfortune that came to any and all conquered peoples. (Cicero expressly declared all men to be equal.) In parts of the New World the slave was first a laborer, then a chattel and a commodity for barter, then declared sub-human and denied moral status. Legal and social consent entrenched the slaveowner in his preposterous claims. With the Negro transformed in our South into a symbol of fantastic slave-attributes, the chain was complete and civil war could not break it. Not so in Brazil. The author draws on Gilberto Freyre's studies to prove that the Negro is qualified by nature to fit in with every aspect of cultural life, and when so accepted no fantasy of white superiority even starts, no race myth, no disabling political disease.

Gilberto Freyre's *The Masters and the Slaves* in Samuel Putnam's brilliant translation (Knopf. \$7.50) gives an exhaustive account of how a union of cul-

tures, Portuguese and Negro, was achieved in Brazil. Freyre shows that this happy result was inevitable from the first, owing to the background as well as to the necessities of the Portuguese colony; but most of all to a cultural fluidity wanting in the British West Indies and the southern United States. As sociology his work appeals to experts in that field. A pervasive leisure of Latinity and its quality as literature also make it luxury reading for book-lovers with emancipated minds.

Miguel Covarrubias in *Mexico South* (Knopf. \$7.50) reveals a similar fluidity among the natives of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, folk of many tribal origins and racial mixtures, with a life and setting that have fascinated him for years. Most of all he admires the Zapotecs, a blend of Indian and white, a free and proud people who "by concerted action and mass resistance have always maintained their self-assurance and independence." Lavish with the author-artist's illustrations, and with antiquarian and nature lore as well as cultural studies, the book has a wide appeal.

For *The Making of a Southerner* (Knopf. \$3), Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin drew on the life and fortunes of her own southern family for three generations, to show how the social architecture