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Points of View

Who Said It?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

To locate a familiar quotation would seem a simple thing. I am at present in position to deny that simplicity; unless among the many who read the *Review* a pigeon-holed remembrance may produce one quotation I wish to locate but have in a year's search failed to do.

I must premise by saying I had no education, myself, and but a newspaper man's swift and general method of collecting information at need. This quotation apparently was compassed neither by my primary school instruction nor subsequent experience.

Whether the quotation, therefore, would apply to me, I am not sure.

But someone, somewhere, at some time, said, or wrote, or is said to have made or recorded the statement regarding the education of youth: "Give me a child until he is six years old, and you may have him for the rest of his life."

I do not insist on that exact wording, but something very definitely to that effect, and in somewhat near those words.

I wrote first to that compendium of information and requests, the *New York Times*' query column.

The answers I got were diverse and a little vague: Jean Jacques Rousseau, Ignatius Loyola, and "a Jesuit writer."

A subsequent informant, however, stated more definitely that Jean Jacques Rousseau was the author, and that the quotation might be found in his "Emile," edition of 1762.

English translations failed to record it as a part of "Emile." Knowing how faulty translations may be, I referred directly to the 1762 edition, in French. A careful reading from title-page to last fly-leaf failed to find it there.

I had, long before, of course, done Bartlett from "Make Me Again" to "A Wise Father."

In despair I appealed to one who has solved more problems of this sort for querists than any respondent of the time or *Times*, Miss Everett, of Boston. Her courteous reply said: "An answer to this query in the *Boston Transcript* ascribes the quotation to Cardinal Newman; but gives no further identifying clue. My only Newman is on some back bookshelf; but I'll root it out and search it through."

A conscientious respondent from Carthage, Illinois, replied to the query: "I shall try to locate the educator who said many a time before his class in Pedagogy: 'Jean Jacques Rousseau says "Give me a child until he is six, and the world may have him the rest of his life."' I cannot locate the quotation, chapter, page, line, where Rousseau makes such an observation. I have just finished reading an English translation of 'Emile; or a Treatise of Education,' Edinburgh publication, 1763. I have interested a number of my friends, especially a professor of Romance Languages, and hope to locate the quotation soon."

Yet, though these hopes were born in August and September last, and my first inquiry was made through the *Times* in April, 1929, almost a year ago, no one has yet located or proved the verbiage of that quotation. Can any reader of the *Saturday Review* do so?

Was such a statement made by Jean Jacques Rousseau, or by Cardinal Newman, or by Ignatius Loyola? And where can it be found? And what is its true verbiage?

I shall be immensely obliged to anyone who can give me this information.

JOHN BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

Rabelais and Americanism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I cannot let pass a statement in Mr. Berdan's recent article "Rabelais, Humanist." I refer to the last paragraph where he says, "The Abbey of Theleme, with its motto 'Do What You Will,' was the ideal because he believed in the inherent nobility of the human soul. Consequently Rabelais is curiously modern, curiously American."

Does Mr. Berdan mean that Rabelais is curiously American because we believe in the "inherent nobility of the human soul"? or because the motto "Do What You Will" is a particularly American philosophy?

The "inherent nobility of the human soul" is of course Socratic (and perhaps American) and the "Do What You Will" is no doubt the motto of the present younger generation, yet to call Rabelais curiously American seems to me "curiously" inappropriate. It savors a bit of Mr. Bruce

Barton's book on Jesus, the man nobody but an advertising man could have made an American gogetter.

Rabelais was a Latin first of all with a craze for knowledge and a craze for living. The American is a Puritan who has voted into the constitution the eighteenth amendment, about as un-Rabelaisian an act as I can imagine.

Pantagruelism, as Anatole France called the Rabelaisian philosophy, is the very negation of American Puritanism and also of the present movement in America called inappropriately, I think, Humanism. The "full, brutal Renaissance" as expressed in "Gargantua" is a far cry from the academic Humanism of Mr. Irving Babbitt, who it seems to me is curiously American as François Rabelais was curiously un-American. When Rabelais is curiously American let our motto be "Trine" and "Do What You Will" in the real Rabelaisian sense, and if that occurs, and when, America will have reached the millennium and all our uplift societies, and militant organizations to keep me from doing what I will, will have sunk into the obscurity that should be theirs, and men of honor will sit in the seats of the mighty.

H. FAULKNER WEST.

Dartmouth College.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., regrets that the article on "Dramatic Criticism," which appears on pages 619 and 620 of Volume 7 of the Fourteenth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was inadvertently attributed in the index of authors to Professor Jules Isaac of the Lycée of Lyons. The author of the article is in fact Mr. Jacob Isaac, M. A. (Oxon), Lecturer in English Literature and Language in the University of London, King's College.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
New York.

Creative Humanism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Harry Hayden Clark, in a letter by Mr. J. T. Shipley in your issue of January 18, is conceived as suggesting a "doting on tradition." This seems to me unjust. Mr. Clark is no blind advocate of the past. Like other humanists (like the Brooks-Mumford school of criticism also), he believes that we must seek to create a usable past, by means of a "purposeful and discriminating interpretation." When a usable past had been created and widely accepted, we may begin to hope for a useful future.

In regard to the present revolt in Germany against an unhumanistic university education, I should like to call attention to the Harvard lectures of Fritz Kellermann, "The Effect of the World War on European Education, with Special Reference to Germany" (Harvard University Press, 1928), particularly page 52.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

A Practical Joke

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In "All Our Yesterdays" Mr. Tomlinson has included an incident which he has already published as a separate article in either *Scribner's*, or *Harper's*, telling, as one of the many mysterious occurrences at the front, of the visit of two French officers to a British mess, and their extraordinary conduct and subsequent disappearance. The story is related to the narrator of "All Our Yesterdays" by an officer who was present at the occasion.

Both in the magazine where it originally appeared and in the book Mr. Tomlinson tells it with a portentous gravity. Yet an explanation other than supernatural or mysterious must immediately occur, it seems to me, to American readers who have been at the front.

It is with no desire to detract from the high and noble seriousness of this book that I suggest that Mr. Tomlinson and the officer eyewitness have both been taken in, and that the two French officers were Norton Harjes's ambulance drivers in disguise playing one of the most superb practical jokes in history or literature on our gallant Britannic Allies.

HOWARD SWIGGETT.

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"Orion! There was no flaw in it, no blemish. Steadily, ardently it shone, upon his still face lifted to its brightness, on teeming millions struggling in darkness, on the dark waters and the shadowed earth."

—PAGE 446



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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 80. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Country Auction." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 11.)

Competition No. 81. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best specimens of what might have happened if Mr. Ring Lardner had written "Romeo and Juliet." (Entries, which must not exceed 400 words of prose, should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 25. Competitors are advised not to attempt telling the whole story.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION No. 76

The prize for the best short rhymed poem, called "First Flight," has been divided equally between Claudius Jones and Arjeh.

THE PRIZE POEMS

FIRST FLIGHT

I—By CLAUDIUS JONES

HER cheek was pink, her hair a braid,
Her shadowed eyes were brown,
And I, love-sick and half afraid,
I tried with rhyme and meter's aid
To write my passion down.

When Marlowe praised the face that burned
The topless towers of Troy,
I think, not all the praise he earned
From Mermaid's wits in couplets turned
Gave half so deep a joy.

The Muses prize the mighty scene
That stirs the poet's heart,
But more, I think, they prize the keen
Unmuttered joy of seventeen,
Too sweet for words of art.

II—By ARJEH

"They'd take mair washin'," quo'
Mistress McGlashan,
"Than wud be richt;
There's nae sense fashin' maseel with
splashin'
The hale first flicht.

Them in y'r attic ken I'm rheumatic;
An' for the lave
O' y'r fine tenants P've independence,
An' P'll no slave.

Y'r stairheid's dirty for Nineteen-
thirty
—But I'm near din;
I've slopped them even, the hale
damned seven,
An' no washed yin."

This was not one of our most successful competitions. The absence of any really outstanding entry has compelled the division of the prize. Entries fell into three groups. The least successful, on the whole, were the poems that dealt with human flight. Strangely enough there were only half a dozen of these, although, I confess, that I was thinking in terms of aeroplanes when I set the competition. Marine Ado, Homer Parsons, and Howard Donnelly were rather better than Phoebe Scribble and Fanny Hodges Newman whose "Man takes to the air" did not sustain its opening lines.

A second group considered the birds. Joseph Remick's poem (containing a murderous cat) was too long to qualify: Eleanor Glenn Wallis, Phoebe Scribble, and Agnes Kendrick Gray divided the honors in this group, but none of them qualified for the prize.

The third group dealt either with the Flight into Egypt or varied the ancient theme of Hadrian. Gardia L. Blackney bettered R. S. Buck's moving picture of the Holy Family, and Clinton Scollard, Alice Boorman Williamson, and E. R. Applebee competed closely in the second division. I shall try to print some of their offerings at a later time.

Most of the poems mentioned were rather more ambitious than either of the prize entries; but Claudius Jones and Arjeh made their points better than anybody else, so that after only a little hesitation it seemed fairest to let them divide our fifteen dollars.

We print some poems promised in recent competitions:

ODE

Dedicating my Encyclopædia Britannica to household use
Minions of ignorance have camped about

My dwelling, and their oft-recurring bivouacs
Frighten the kine till milk I do without,

Nor can I coax the honey-bees to give wax,
Let alone honey.

But now more sunny
The lining of my cloud appears.

There comes
Help to the rescue. Look: their pens are brighter
Than swords! Behold: machine-gun fee favo fums
Spatter destruction—from an old typewriter!

Gallant Fourteenth, two million dollars strong,
Galloping down the field in handsome bindings!

Thirty-five million words cannot be wrong;
So ignorance, turning tail, accepts their findings

And, helter-skelter
Running to shelter,
Leaves me this heritage of metaphor
To straighten out as well as I am able.

Now that's one horse on me—but there are more:
Thirty-five hundred in my book-case (s) table!

Away, ye military figures! All
Thy work is done. What thou art now good for is

To raise the children properly. For Paul
Two books are needed; one will do for Doris.

Thus for the youngsters
Yet from the tongue stirs
Praise by their elders, while the rapt eye turns

From page to page, till smells empyreumatic
Warn me that supper on the cookstove burns,

And fill my nose with harsh olfactory static.

To what shall I compare thee? O'er my head
Thou ragest, like a fearful Arctic blizzard

Bleak and Borean, hurling, if truth be said,
Slithering drifts of wisdom, A to Izzard,

Into my noggin.
Come, let's toboggan
Adown the slope. Britannia rules the waves

(Or ruled them till the recent peace commotions).

In realms of knowledge then shall we be slaves?
Britannica (hail Britannica!) rules the notions!

HOMER M. PARSONS.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.