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**65 Books in 24 Reviews**

by Archibald MacLeish, John  
Cournos, Geoffrey West, Ashley  
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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Felix Frankfurter, Mary Austin, H.  
S. Jennings, J. M. Clark, Wallace  
Notestein, A. Grenfell Price.



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## The PHOENIX NEST

"THERE'S something," says F. M. Clouter of Little, Brown & Company, "about verse by children that others can achieve only if they are first-flight minor poets. Consider this quatrain, written at the age of four years and two months by Nora Waln, whose 'The House of Exile' we shall publish in April:

A robin sat upon a limb  
His hand upon his chin  
His body was not thin  
He had a pain in him.

The Lower Level restaurant of the Grand Central Station seems to be a rendezvous for literati both at luncheon and at dinner time. Sheila Hibben and Albert Warner were eating Bouillabaisse there recently; H. L. Mencken, when in town, often drops in with Alfred Knopf; Irvin S. Cobb called awhile ago for a Cassoulet Casteldaury before leaving for Chicago on a month's lecture tour. Even we ourselves have toyed with cutlery and cutlets in the same caravansary! . . .

The Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1933 closed on February first with more manuscripts than were received in any of the previous contests. It is believed that more than six hundred have been entered. One individual submitted eight! To the author of the best novel, as determined by the judges, Harper & Brothers will pay the sum of \$7,500. The judges are Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Canfield, and Harry Hansen. . . .

In late March Scribner will publish Conrad Aiken's new novel, "Great Circle." His "Blue Voyage" will be remembered by everyone interested in the stream-of-consciousness school of writing. "Great Circle" is frankly for the sophisticated, but to judge by Aiken's former work it should possess enough "drive," over and above the distinction of the writing, to enlist a larger public. . . .

We are glad to print the following sonnet by a native of Oklahoma, S. C. Giesey:

**THE CATHEDRAL AT CHIHUAHUA**

Most reverently, mantilla-draped and slow,  
A withered woman creeps within the door,  
Crosses herself, and on the dusty floor  
Kneels by an altar where tall candles glow . . .

Outside, the city's voices ebb and flow,  
And careless life, with roistering and roar,  
Sings in a dozen tunes, rude as before,  
The old, mad melody of Mexico.  
Ah, we who pray to dollars—we who vow  
By our own power to our thin souls' cost—  
When shall we know the children of this tongue?

Are we to pass our jaded judgment now,  
Who have not won what here was never lost?  
In this land Saint and Satan still are young! . . .

Arthur W. Bell of Boston contributes:

**RHYMED REVIEW**

His charming fantasy I read,  
And Robert Nathan's praise I sing;  
But I should think that antique bed  
Had need, at least, of "one more spring."

"Do you remember," writes Gretna Green, "'My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown,' and would you be good enough to give me space for the following parody of it?"

**SONG OF MRS. PRESIDENT**

I bought me a gown, Crystelle velvet new,  
For Franklin's Inaugural—"Eleanor blue,"  
And a wrap of "Anna blue" with it to wear,  
Accessories too that were chosen with care,

For March four, March four, March four—  
Ah the day I'll hold dear evermore!

In my "Eleanor blue" tinted gown,  
When I rode into Washington town,  
I was proud, also shy,  
As I'd greet marchers-by,  
And Franklin's constituents meet eye to eye.

Oh, my "Eleanor blue" tinted gown,  
On which Union workers won't frown—  
I'll bear it and wear it,  
And try not to tear it—  
My "Eleanor blue" tinted gown!

The American writer Shaemas O'Sheel, long interested in Irish studies and Irish

affairs, is the founder of a new society known as The Companions Of Brendan, in honor of St. Brendan the Irishman who either discovered, or should have discovered America about a thousand years before Columbus. The purposes are: the study of Irish and Irish-American history; the promotion of Irish culture; and devotion to the cause of Irish nationality. Membership is open to men and women of Irish birth or descent, or related by marriage to those of Irish blood. Other writers already enrolled among the Companions include A. M. Sullivan, George Bingham, J. Dominick Hackett, Patrick Quinlan, Helen H. Foster, and Robert A. Wilson. In its first three months the society has listened to papers or addresses on the legends of St. Brendan, Irish traditional music, the part of Irish labor in England in preventing English support of the South during the Civil War, Irish place-names in America, Irish-American poets and other topics. Work is going forward toward a bibliography of Irish literature and an index of Irish names in the "Dictionary of American Biography."

Calling its branches "Coracles" in memory of the small boats in which Brendan and other Irishmen of old sailed the seas, the Companions of Brendan are now established in New York and Philadelphia. Persons interested either in attending meetings in New York, or establishing Coracles elsewhere, should address Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel, 157 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

Again a communication from Earle F. Walbridge:

Have you read "Gold Falcon, or The Haggard of Love," by Robert Graves, London: Faber & Faber (anonymous my eye, even though there is no name on the title-page)? It strikes me as an amazingly fine novel which gets Manhattan between covers almost as successfully as Christopher Morley did in "Human Being."

All I regret is that I didn't get it two weeks earlier. It is something like a roman à clef to end all romans à clef. So far I have identified Aldous Huxley (Adolf Stueley); Arnold Bennett (Enoch Potter); Hugh Walpole (Horace Whipple); Middleton Murry (Wallington Christie)—and not with impunity to be mentioned in print, I suppose; Rudy Vallee (Jack Starlight); T. E. Lawrence (G. B. Everest); D. H. Lawrence (David Torrence); Gimbel's (Jimbelle's); T. S. Eliot (P. S. Etiol); Horace Liveright (Jacob Livverong); A. A. Milne (B. B. Flynn); Henry Seidel Canby (Harold Vigor Tinby); Isabel Paterson (Isabel Masterson); Ford Madox Ford (Marck Cradocks Speuffer); Stephen Graham (Paul Murray); Alec Waugh (Alick Peace); and Hearst (Furst). But, damn it, I can't place the all-important Commander Thomas Volstead-Wrink for whom he has his knife out especially. "You will remember Captain Hereward, a simple sailorman—that was Wrink—in charge of a millionaire's yacht, and I was Denis Polkinghorne who wanted to seduce the young wife of Captain Hereward's employer. The Fortnightly Book Club made it a first choice. It was boloney." I hope you will say something soon about Doris Langley Moore's "E. Nesbit," which is my idea of a practically perfect biography. It isn't published here yet, of course. . . .

In expressing thanks for letters of sympathy, Mrs. John Galsworthy and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sauter (nephew and niece) send to friends of the novelist in a very dignified leaflet the following poem by John Galsworthy which we think it fitting to quote here:

**VALLEY OF THE SHADOW**

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,  
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter  
Dreamed not of dying—death is such waste  
of me!

Grant me one prayer: Doom not the  
hereafter

Of mankind to war. . . .

Let not my sinking  
In dark be for naught, my death a vain  
thing!

God, let me know it the end of man's  
fever!

Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying  
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills for  
ever!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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