

## BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

IN PLACE OF PROFIT: SOCIAL INCENTIVES IN THE SOVIET UNION. By HARRY F. WARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE Soviet Union has frankly and definitely discarded many of the traditional incentives to production. It permits no one to become a millionaire through the private ownership and development of banks and railroads, factories and mines. It is rapidly wiping out the much more modest type of capitalist represented by the individual farmer. Communists and anti-Communists alike, therefore, must recognize the compelling importance of the question whether the new incentives which the Soviet system provides will effectively replace the discarded old ones of private initiative.

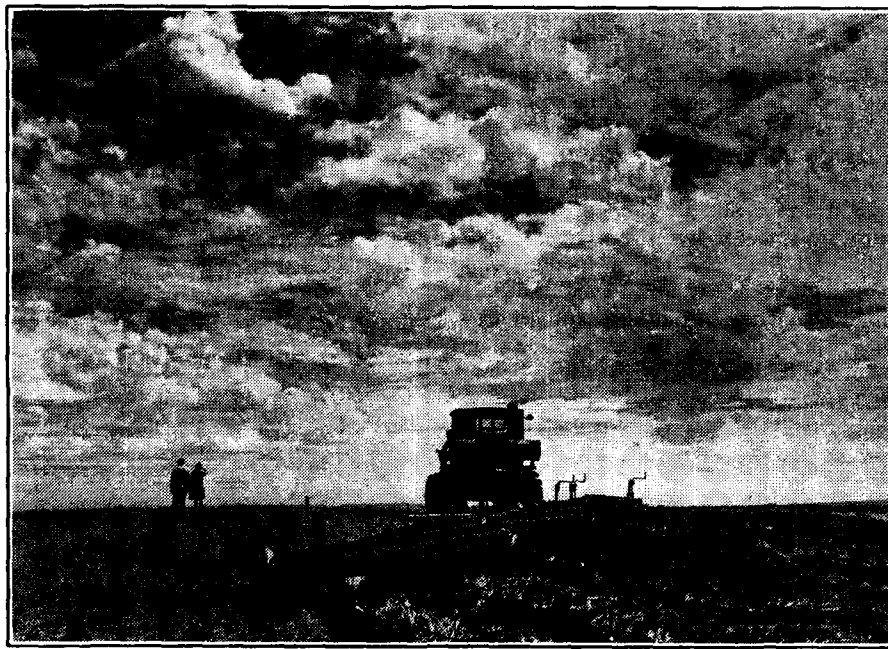
Dr. Ward approached his study of this problem with a rather obvious hope that he could turn in a favorable answer; and this is just what he has done. The reader whose impressions of Russia have been formed by hostile short-time visitors who concentrated their attention exclusively on food difficulties, shabby clothing, and the curiously high prices in terms of that most ambiguous currency unit, the Soviet ruble, will derive benefit from the perusal of Dr. Ward's book. For here one finds a very sympathetic and fairly complete account of the constructive sides of Soviet life; the voluntary labor service of the enthusiastic Young Communists, the effort of the more active-minded workers to take part in the direction of the enterprises where they work by submitting suggestions for saving and improvement; the "shock brigades," "socialist competition," and other means of supplementing the material inducement of differential wage-scales with the pressure of organized public opinion in the factories in order to produce greater efficiency. One also finds in the book a good exposition of the underlying ideas of communism and of some of the current problems confronting the Soviet régime, as set down in statements of Lenin, Stalin, and other Communist leaders.

However, Dr. Ward seems to follow out, perhaps unconsciously, a train of thought which the reviewer often encounters in radicals and liberals who visit Russia. His antipathy to the capitalist system is so strong that his investigating spectacles, dark black whenever capitalism is under investigation, become rose-tinted in contemplating any aspect of Soviet life. It is rather amusing, for instance, to hear Dr. Ward praise as beneficial to the peasants the "contracting" system by which the state compulsorily bought up the peasants' surplus produce when the Soviet Government has found it necessary to abandon or at least very greatly to modify this system of thinly veiled requisitions because it had proved in practice a distinctly discouraging factor in relation to peasant productivity.

In his discussion of real wages in Russia Dr. Ward completely and most unjustifiably ignores the sweeping depreciation in the purchasing power of the ruble which has occurred during the last few years as a result of such developments as the introduction of the rationing system for many food products, the marked rise of prices even in the controlled coöperative stores, and the fantastic skyrocketing of prices on the free markets, where the law of supply and demand has free sway as in capitalist countries.

So the merits of Dr. Ward's book are uneven. It is worth reading for its exposition of Communist ideas and goals, for its painstaking record of the various non-materialistic stimuli which have been introduced in Soviet factories and offices, for its sympathetic interpretation of the new Communist ethical and social conceptions. But in discussing present-day concrete facts of Soviet life the author often seems to record them as he would like to have them, rather than as they actually are.

William Henry Chamberlin is the Moscow correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, and author of "Soviet Russia."



SOVKHOZ (COLLECTIVE FARM) IN U. S. S. R. Photograph by Margaret Bourke-White

### Annals of the Theatre

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA. By MARGARET G. MAYORGA. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1932. \$3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR H. QUINN

THE requisites for an historian of any subject are first hand knowledge, sympathy with his material, and a sense of proportion. The historian of the drama must also possess a feeling for the theatre and an ability to know a fine play from a poor one. Miss Mayorga seems to have read industriously whatever material was available in or near New York City, but the fact that she bases her criticism of Stone's "Metamora" upon the account of the play in Alger's "Life of Forrest" instead of taking the trouble to inspect the manuscript at the Forrest Home in Philadelphia is perhaps a measure of the limitations of her research. Her sympathy with the material is more open to dispute. Her preface is almost entirely an apology, and the question naturally arises why she chooses a subject concerning whose importance she is so insecure. Her sense of proportion is simply non-existent.

In a one volume history of the American drama, considering the wealth of material, rigid exclusion of the unimportant is the only salvation. But Miss Mayorga gives nine pages to John Brougham and only three to all the plays of George Henry Boker, who is universally recognized as having done the best work in tragedy during the nineteenth century. Her reasons, too, for omitting those playwrights "who have made their appearance since 1920" do not seem adequate. Not to treat Philip Barry, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Sidney Howard, Gilbert Emery, and Maxwell Anderson, to mention only a few names, is to leave out the last act of the drama. Even more unfortunate is her inability to call up the plays as living things in the theatre. Consequently, her history is largely a record of her opinions based on a reading of the plays or reading what earlier historians have said about them. She is, of course, not to blame if she has not seen all the early plays she describes, but so many of these have been revived by the Columbia Laboratory Players in New York City that her comment upon Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" as "a sorry piece which merits revival only in the spirit of burlesque" is inexcusable. Since 1917, when Plays and Players of Philadelphia put on our first comedy, it has been produced by nearly all the leading college dramatic societies and always with distinguished success.

Miss Mayorga's bibliography of plays, one hundred pages long, is simply hopeless. The dates are apparently sometimes those of publication, sometimes of production, and sometimes, I regret to say, of neither. It is obvious that such a bibliography should give first the date of publication; second that of production, together with the theatre and city; third, any reprint or collection edition. No mention is

made, for example, of the volumes of Belasco's or of Herne's plays, both published in 1928. It is a pity that the great labor evidently spent by Miss Mayorga was not organized properly, so that her effort to present the history of our drama in a compact form should be to all practical purposes a failure.

Arthur H. Quinn is professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, and an authority on the American drama. Among his books on the theatre are "History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War" and "History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day."

### The Middle Ages

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Planned by the late J. B. BURY, edited by the late J. R. TANNER, C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON and Z. N. BROOKE. Volume VII. DECLINE OF THE PAPACY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. \$13.

Reviewed by JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

ONE who is already familiar with the previous volumes of the "Cambridge Medieval History" will be convinced by the appearance of the seventh volume that in this series of massive volumes the solution of a huge problem in architectonics is slowly being worked out. These almost monolithic tomes are piled, one upon another, until the effect is that of viewing the façade of a great Palladian building.

The present work, while in a scholarly way perhaps as sound as its predecessors, is structurally among the weakest in the series. For the fourteenth century defies synthesis; it is almost impossible to integrate the diverse movements of the age, to canalize the maze of currents. Professor Previté-Orton, who by the death of Mr. J. R. Tanner has now become senior editor, in the introduction has made a magnificent endeavor to generalize the forces of the epoch, but his plea for "the naturalness of this division" is unconvincing.

The book opens with a survey of the history of Italy in the time of Dante from the pen of the late Edward Armstrong, who fortunately lived long enough to correct the proofs of his contribution. This chapter is succeeded by one contributed by Professor Romolo Caggese on Italy in the century between 1313 and 1414. Here the nature and the terminals of the period are fortunately well defined. One's only complaint may be that the masterly achievements of Cardinal Albornoz and the revolt of the Ciompi are too briefly treated. The first portion of the chapter on Germany (1273-1313) has been written by the late Professor Blok, the dean of Dutch historians, and completed by Professor Waugh, a Canadian contributor. Without meaning to express a cruel judgment it may be said that the change of authorship was a fortunate one. Blok's half-chapter betrays the failing powers of an aged scholar. Professor Waugh's two

chapters upon Germany (IV-V) are of great merit. The solidity of his scholarship is matched by vivacity of style.

Professor Weiner's chapter on The Hansa, and the Teutonic Order, by Professor Boswell, are clear and brief summaries; but the latter writer has failed to appreciate the substantial economic factors in the history of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia. Professor Hilda Johnston's two chapters on France under the last Capetians, and England under Edward I and Edward II, are complementary, and deal almost wholly with internal institutional development. Each of them needs to be related to Chap. XXIII upon Medieval Estates. In this chapter Professor McIlwain of Harvard, in my estimation, has contributed the most original chapter in the book. It is a masterly treatise on comparative political institutions in a century which was procreant of new institutions, e.g., the English parliament, the French estates-general, the German diet, the Spanish cortes, and when the principles and the practices of representative government first acquired shape. Professor Altamira, who has been responsible for Spanish history in every volume of this series, has a traditionally competent chapter on Spain (1252-1410), and Professor Coville, than whom there is no greater authority, has contributed two chapters on the Hundred Years' War which exhibit remarkable ability to include much information in compact form. The history of England under Edward III and Richard II, and a brief chapter on Wyclif, are from the pen of Professor Manning, and naturally hang together.

In previous volumes of this series the minor countries of Europe have been scantily represented. Accordingly, in this volume, in the history of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Russia, the reader is thrown back again into the depth of the Middle Ages—to 1066 for Wales, to the battle of Clontarf (1014) for Ireland, to the time of the Picts and Scots in the case of Scotland, to 1015 for Russia. The deviation exemplifies the difficulties of coördination. But the authors of these chapters, Professors Lloyd, Terry, and Orpen, are masters of the craft and specialists in their fields, and the same may be said of Prince Mirsky, so that each of them has dexterously succeeded in weaving his particular pattern into the warp and woof of the epoch. Even more remarkable as a "throw-back" is Chap. XXII, The Jews in the Middle Ages, by Professor Roth, which begins with the diaspora and the rise of Christianity. It is of excellent quality, but much too brief, considering the long length of time covered and the importance of the subject.

The difficult subject of the Avignones Papacy, the Great Schism, and the reforming councils is in the hands of Professor Mollat of the Catholic University of Freiburg in Switzerland. The latter phase of this subject seems almost too balanced and too cautious a handling of the vexed issues, as if the writer were endeavoring to satisfy all and to antagonize none. It is a truer presentation of the theories of canon law than of actual historical conditions.

Finally come three chapters of culture history. Peasant life and rural conditions ca. 1100-1500 by Dr. Eileen Power; The Early Renaissance, by Professor Tilley and Medieval Mysticism, by Miss Evelyn Underhill. Miss Power, who combines substantial scholarship with unusual literary artistry, has succeeded admirably in synthesizing a complex and difficult body of material. Her chapter is a masterpiece of clarity and cogency. One expects excellence from so veteran a student of the Renaissance as Professor Tilley, and is not disappointed. But one wonders why this chapter, which mainly deals with the quattrocento, should have been included in this volume devoted to the fourteenth century.

The bibliographies in this volume, it may be said, excel some of those in previous volumes in analytic classification of materials.

James Westfall Thompson is professor of medieval history in the University of Chicago, and the author of books on the Middle Ages.



## Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

### East Against West

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: When two so opinionated critics as Bernard De Voto and Lewis Mumford clash, it takes no ironist to detect an anger that is scarcely hedged in by so many sporting rules as governed a pioneer pistol duel. Mumford, inheritor of a finished pioneer picture, with the blood-rush of its creation gone with the doing, temperamentally hates many of its elements. His conscientious (if disturbingly conscious) efforts are toward bringing America under the critical auspices of the best that has been thought and done by cumulative humane effort, as far back as culture transmits. He is a fair spokesman of our intellectuals who have emerged as the pioneering job got pushed to its ultimate limit. And it is well and good. But Mr. Mumford is gratuitous when he speaks of "so much rapture and so little understanding" in De Voto's description of pioneer society. After all, De Voto is the Westerner. He is culturally native, just as Mumford is alien, to the tradition he treats. So much the better if he is romantically sympathetic. In spite of crotchets he is in a position no opponent can match to correct the civilized-centric error of judgment of pioneer society. If he is in sympathetic error, just as much are Mumford and Brooks in antipathetic error.

It seems fundamentally wrong to talk of Twain, as Mumford does, as if the troubling thing is that here is a man who seemed to have fallen just short of some universal stature possessed by Cervantes (the muted-Milton romantic fallacy?). Is such a statement more than eloquence? If Mark was less than Cervantes, perhaps he had less potential ability. After all, an author must have character enough to write his best, even as it is said one wrote outside pioneer America with his brats crying about him and unseemly goings and comings on the stairs. Perhaps in its way "Huckleberry Finn" sums up a sympathy, a country, and a life as perfectly, say, as "Don Quixote." ORIN ATRIUS.  
Springfield, Ill.

### Voice from a Bog

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: Those Westerners out in the literary Styx who (even so) are trying to absorb culture might take the Chypts off their shoulders. Why anyone should look patiently for a word of adverse criticism of anything English, I—an Easterner up here in the illiterate cranberry bogs—cannot explain. Those Westerners must be grouchy fellows. Mr. Priestley's "Faraway," so advisedly praised, I consider passing good melodrama. Now of course if those Westerners were not so profoundly hallucinated by good old standardized America, they would find their reading pretty thin at times, were it not supplemented by the work of foreign authors, especially English. I daresay, too, that the novelists of England enjoy quite voracious home consumption before, while, or after, their literary wares appear on the American market. If any trade be free and friendly, let it be the literary.

ARNOLD PAINE.

Marion, Mass.

### Saintsbury's Habits

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: In his recent account of George Saintsbury Ben Ray Redman says an error in a reference to Fronto does not show that Saintsbury had not read Fronto, but only that he had taken notes of his reading and then "misinterpreted" his notes. I agree. Having had privilege of reading proof on one of Saintsbury's works, I certify that I thought I saw internal evidence in Saintsbury's punctuation (what there was of it) that he had put in punctuation marks after writing the page, and that he had been unable to read his own handwriting reliably. I do not mean that anybody else could read Saintsbury's writing better than he himself could. Of course responsibility of typesetting rested with a compositor who was expert on bad handwriting. Once in a while she consulted me to help her out. I was consulted on a word that ought to be French. Being unable to read it, I took some paper and imitated the marks of Saintsbury's pen as closely as I could, with the intention of trying a French dictionary for different words it might possibly spell. When I got back to my desk and looked at my memorandum I read on it with perfect clearness *degré*,

which I had been unable to read from the original manuscript.

I did not invariably get every word right myself. One night I dreamed I met a plaster-of-Paris lion, the sort that you see peddled on the streets, and the beast got my arm in its mouth and was going to bite it off. My alarm was so intense that it woke me up. And I woke up with an overwhelming consciousness that in my Saintsbury work I had allowed a word to be printed "blast" when it ought to be "blaze." As soon as I got to the office in the morning I hurried to find the proofs and correct the error of which the waking from my dream had warned me; and I found that it was printed "flash" and that "flash" was right. And it is "flash" to this day: "Locci Critici," page 42.

I thoroughly agree that it was Saintsbury's habit to know what he was writing about.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

### Little Boy Bird

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: Despite the decadence in all values there still remains a place—in your pages—where one may contend for the value of a word. Your reviewer of "The Birds of Minnesota" might have saved himself the pain of an "invidious criticism" (his phrase for it) of certain titles had he stopped to reflect that ornithologists are, within their own province, scrupulous in regard to the use of technical words. "Juvenal" is the one in question, Mr. Scoville believing that "juvenile" was intended and missed. Whatever the field naturalist may think of the laboratory ornithologist, he should remember that the latter has the right of way in respect to technical terms. "Juvenal" is such a one, and even Webster's dictionary would have informed him that "juvenal plumage," in zoology, is the plumage of a bird immediately succeeding the natal down.

Unless the ornithologists among your readers are fewer than I should like to hope, you will receive other protests on this theme. Mine is accentuated by the fact that juvenal is one of my pet words. I would aid any effort toward bringing it (metaphorically phrased) into common use. But if, due to indolence in regard to the use of the dictionary, such broadening of our vocabulary through biological borrowings cannot be tolerated, then I must conclude that the student trying for a college entrance credit in zoology was right in defining *metamorphosis* as "the change which takes place in a tadpole from infancy to manhood." Similarly "juvenile" would describe the plumage of little boy bird.

HENRY TRACY.

Hollywood, Calif.

### The Feathers Fly

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: It seems ungracious to criticize so kindly and generous a review as that by Mr. Scoville of Dr. Roberts's "Birds of Minnesota." The fact is, however, that neither the editor nor author had a "bad spell" in printing the titles "Juvenal Plumage" on some of the illustrations contained in the book, since the title Juvenal (not Juvenile) Plumage is a technical zoological term sanctioned by Webster's and other dictionaries.

JOSEPH R. KINGMAN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

### Beware Superlatives

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir: In his review of Roberts's "The Birds of Minnesota" in your May 6 issue, Samuel Scoville, Jr., says: "Ornithology now awaits 'Birds of the North' and 'Birds of the Southwest' to complete a library of books on birds, which will cover all of the United States. . . . Speed the day when either or both of these books appear." Well, one of them has already appeared—as recently as 1928. Mr. Scoville has certainly heard of "Birds of New Mexico" by Florence Merriam Bailey, which is the first comprehensive work on the bird life of the Southwest. Mr. Scoville, I think, is careless with his superlatives when he says that "Birds of Minnesota" is the "best book on birds for both amateur observers and scientific ornithologists which has appeared in America." I do not believe that it is better than Mrs. Bailey's book or Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts."

PAUL H. OEHSE,

Editor, U. S. National Museum.  
Washington, D. C.

## The New Books

### Fiction

LOST LAUGHTER. By MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM. Dodd, Mead. 1933. \$2.50.

It was a bright idea of Mrs. Farnham's to combine the story of a country town with the fantasies of a prodigal daughter who fled to the wicked city and kept coming back to an ambiguous welcome. The tale centers in an illegitimate son, the only male child of a family of Missouri grain-dealing aristocrats, and in his mother, the wanton, selfish, fascinating Bella, who can neither keep the boy nor stay away from him. Her recurring visits bring climaxes of acute discomfort to the whole family, who walk in fear that the scandal will be found out and that, far worse, the boy will discover that his giddy "cousin," who so shamelessly and entertainingly romances about her life in New York and Europe, is really his mother.

The comic aspects of the situation, however, are sternly subordinated to the more conventional view of its tragic potentialities, and especially its moral aspects. Mrs. Farnham's older generation are a helpless lot; she lets them off pretty easily, seeming to feel, as she very well may, that they have been punished enough by her contemporaries, with light jibes at their indigestion and the contentment of widows. Her younger generation are, as she taunts them with being, willing to accept bastardy in the abstract along with drinking and smoking; but when it is brought home to them they shrink from it, even though they can find no better sanction for conventional morality than the sentimental one implied in the title. Mrs. Farnham seems to be struggling with two difficulties. She is not quite sure of her own fundamental convictions, and she is purposely subduing a shrewd and delightful sense of humor to what is widely conceived to be the proper woman's magazine tone. In spite of that, she has done a very good job with Bella.

SHATTERED PORCELAIN. The Daughter of the Narikin. By ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. \$2.50.

Mrs. Sugimoto's "Daughter of the Samurai" told the tragic tale of the ruthless shattering of the medieval custom with the revolution that opened the doors which had been closed to foreign influences for centuries. Her "Shattered Porcelain" is the story of Yukiki, the daughter of the self-made merchant prince, who knows quite enough of the Western ideals of love and marriage to feel the full shock of ancient custom of an arranged marriage to a husband who is even less bound than she, and whose companionship even her dutiful adherence fails to win. Dominated and subordinated by ancient custom, and loyal to her filial obligations as conceived by her elders, all of her hopes and aspirations for freedom and affection are frustrated, but throughout the ordeal her loyalty abates nothing from perfection. Though crushed and broken, the pattern of her character remains as beautiful as that of the outward customs environing it. She winds up as a priestess in a Buddhist temple to which her youthful lover after years of success in Formosa and New York later brings his wife for ancestral obeisance. To make the meeting even more poignant her successor in her girlhood lover's affections is a modern woman, once affianced to, but rejected by her own wealth-seeking but recreant husband.

The charm and beauty of the old ways and the essential loveliness of the old traditions are skillfully and artistically revealed by the author's penetrating understanding. Against this as a foil the modern mode seems to lack something of the refining processes of the centuries. In the face of the author's rather elaborate effort to make that mode attractive, it seems only to be useful earthenware beside rare porcelain.

THE GREAT CROONER. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1933. \$2.

If there are any readers who missed this in its serial publication in the *Saturday Evening Post* there is entertainment awaiting them. It is an excellent *Saturday-Post* yarn; hilarious but not too exuberant, satirically amusing, and not overdone. It records the rise and fall of a village tenor, an electrician by trade, who is suddenly transported to the wild life of a New York radio studio where he becomes Claude Dodd, the incomparable crooner. There is an able supporting com-

pany, including a comic operatic *diva*, a gold-digging siren, big business men, Claude's own go-getting manager, and, of course, the really nice girl he is destined to marry. They are all well drawn, and Mr. Kelland's narrative moves rapidly and smoothly to a well staged climax.

### International

SWASTIKA. The Nazi Terror. By JAMES WATERMAN WISE. Smith & Haas. 1933. \$1.

Germany's reversion to the tribal mood has been accompanied by events so grotesque and so bewildering that the detached American observer, still thinking in what the pre-war world would have considered as roughly "normal" terms, scarcely knows whether the stories in the day-to-day despatches from Berlin belong in the field of tragedy or in that of the comic strip. Frequently, they fall into both categories. Such things as the public burning of books which the Nazis happen to dislike seem at one and the same time both an incredibly humorless caricature of such supposedly outgrown acts of barbarism as the Vandal raids on Rome or the burning of the library at Alexandria and a living proof of the conviction of the present rulers of Germany that they can only settle their problems by violence. They are at once a colossal joke and a threat to the peace of Europe.

In such circumstances, a book like that of Mr. Wise is more or less outrun by actual happenings before it can be published. While the editor of *Opinion* and the author of "Jews Are Like That" is preoccupied with the anti-Semitic aspect of the situation and the sufferings of German Jews, the Gentile observer is already wondering when and where the next European war is going to start and if it can possibly be prevented. Mr. Wise's little book is, nevertheless, a useful, and, considering its author's background, objective and temperate record and analysis of the earlier phenomena of the Hitler régime. He isolates and discusses in scholarly fashion, the psychic, not to say psychopathic, elements of the case, and presents a brief but solidly documented record of injustices and violence against the German Jews. There are chapters on the "Brown Terror," the world reaction, boycott, the "cold pogrom," and a brief consideration, from the Jewish point of view, of "what can be done." The book is necessarily "journalistic," in the time sense, but solidly useful, nevertheless.

### Science

MAJOR MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE. By H. GORDON GARBEDIAN. Covici-Friede. 1933. \$3.75.

This work on popular science is not only interesting; it is accurate, objective, and unbiased. Even so meticulously exacting a person as Maynard Shipley found therein but few and unimportant statements with which to take issue. In addition the book is thoroughly literate, non-sensational, and soundly educational in the very best sense.

Just why is this true? We may as well break down and confess that we have never before heard of H. Gordon Garbedian; this is obviously the misfortune of our ignorance rather than any possible adverse reflection on him. We know at once, however, that he is a trustworthy guide in realms of scientific knowledge with which we are relatively unacquainted. He knows how to sift evidence, which sources to accept as authoritative, and can discard fallacies and far-fetched misconceptions while retaining valuable scientific truths.

Mr. Garbedian wanted to make his work trustworthy. He was covering a vast field. He ranged from the practical problems of the machine age, through the story of life, prying en route into the secrets of the earth, and winding up with cosmology and the more distant reaches of astronomy. No man could possibly be an expert in all these branches of knowledge. Yet there must be reliable students who can interpret all these branches to mere laymen or to people who happen to have specialized knowledge about only one or two narrow fields of science. This task can be performed acceptably by a man who is unprejudiced and who knows how to seek and follow the guidance of the most notable scientific specialists. It is significant, therefore, that Mr. Garbedian appealed to Drs. Robert A. Millikan, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Harlow Shapley, Arthur H. Compton, Ales Hrdlicka, George W. Crile, Alexis Carrel, Reginald  
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