

# The BOWLING GREEN

## Streamlines

OLD QUERCUS and his high-spirited Vizier, Eddie Ziegler, setting off on another Trade Survey, had with them as viaticum a bottle of superb Scottish whiskey. It was *Auld George*, the gift of a generous bookseller in Cleveland. The careful Scots distiller had included in the package a printed instruction about opening the seal topping the bottle. "The Tear-down strip will break off half way down if the attempt to open it is half-hearted."

When, cried Mr. Ziegler, did Scotland begin to open its whiskey in half-hearted fashion?

The Vizier, once nominated in the *Publishers' Weekly* as the Best Dressed Traveler in the book trade, is sometimes disturbed by the imperfections of his Caliph's tenue. At a haberdashery in Hamilton, N. Y., Old Quercus's springtime impulse was tempted by some lively shirts in blue and cinnamon colors, set out for the youth of Colgate University. Quercus perhaps aspired to be proud-pied April dressed in all his trim, but his counsellor was stern. A Lecturer, he said, should not wear anything but plain white. If you have fifteen minutes to spare, why not get a hair cut?

What lovely country it is between Utica and Hamilton and then on towards the Finger Lakes. I was told that the rounded hills were in some way due to ancient glaciers. Was there also once some spiritual convulsion in that region which left moraines of religious oddity, deposits of sectarian assurance, fossils of crystallized creed? One hears, even in rapid transit, of rich potholes of Mormonism, Adventists, Roycrofters, Utopians of all sorts, and the birthplace (justly marked on all gasoline company road maps) of John D. Rockefeller. And some Hellenist surveyor must once have swept over the land with a Greek theodolite, sprinkling lovely place-names from the classics. What an engaging book could be written on the Spiritual Eccentricity of Upstate New York. And, as theology and wine have always been kinsprits, it is also a land of grapes.

I noticed that Colgate University—like Syracuse, which I had visited not long before—is set on a hill. It is the right idea for a college. The medieval notion was to pick out the junction of two streams and build the university in a meadow—which becomes, in winter, when most studying is done, a swamp.

The Vizier is by temperament a City Slicker; one of the ancient yarns told of him is that when he was taken sailing in a centerboard sloop he exclaimed with horror that the water was coming up through the middle of the boat; and they set him to work to pump it out. So much of his life is spent in large cities and hotels that the comfortable Colgate Inn, a delightful college-town hostelry with flowered wall-papers and pinewood fittings, appealed to him vastly. He fell asleep, douce man, promising himself a Real Country Breakfast. Which he had: fruit and cereal and steak and potatoes. But allow poor Old Quercus his moments too: it was he who learned the first name of the enchantingly pretty girl at the desk.

There is a little lake on the Colgate campus where a pair of swans are now raising this spring's family. The lady swan was sitting high on her nest, which she had built very publicly on a small promontory; the college had kindly put a fence across to guard her from intrusion; her consort floated nearby in snowy duplicate; at forage, I suppose. But the important thing seemed to be that when the nesting began these stern parents drove last year's brood, half a dozen well-grown birds, away from the placid water of their cyg-

nethood. With screams and buffets they expelled them into a swift-running stream that feeds the lake, where these youngsters now have to support themselves and must paddle vigorously in the rushing flow. It seemed an opportune parable of what all colleges are about to do to their young protégés.

In an old volume of Demosthenes in the Colgate Library I saw a bookplate marked as an *Anti-Tea Book*. The librarian explained that a hundred years ago students at Colgate who voluntarily gave up tea in the college dining room were credited with a reduction in board, and this money was used to buy books for the young library. I was pleased also with the librarian's suggestion of a quotation from Sir William Osler as motto for the college library: *Let the word be your slave and not your master.*

A poet met us at Hamilton and drove us to Aurora. As a poet should, he drove deliberately; when we heard frogs whistling in marshy swamps he halted the car to listen. He quoted a fine phrase from Robert Frost describing that narrow edge



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, BY J. S. SARGENT  
(Taft Museum, Cincinnati)

of sound, but I have lost it. It was a country of hills and streams; excellent barns and old churches; glimpses perfect for the artist in woodcuts, and it was a happiness to learn that J. J. Lankes, whose hand is so perfect in that skill, is now teaching at Wells College. As we approached the college strings of wild geese were rising off the lake. There was an agreeable rustic touch in a sign at the edge of the village: CAUTION—BULL IN PASTURE; and a few yards farther another notice: IF IN TROUBLE CALL THE SHERIFF. This reminded me of an advice I saw long ago at the Bronx Zoo: BABY CARRIAGE EXIT AT BUFFALO ENTRANCE.

It is doubtful manners to comment on what one has seen only so briefly; but Wells in its green seclusion by Cayuga seemed as near the ideal site for a college as one may find. Founded in 1868 by Henry Wells of the Wells Fargo Express, it still preserves an old overland coach as a historic relic and has not outgrown its sound classical doctrine. When I asked what lectures were going on in the morning the first three I heard of were Chaucer, Middle English, and Juvenal, and this pleased me. Nor does it mean that the college is remote from present concerns for I noticed in the catalogue a course called Sociology 363, *The Family*:—

A study of the composition and functions of the family, including the history of matrimonial institutions, analysis of relationships within the family, factors in the economic and social environment influencing marriage and family life, family disorganization, divorce and illegitimacy, and proposals for reshaping family life. No textbook will be used in this course.

I am always a great lover of college catalogues and I wish that those interested to know what has become of Tennyson's Princess might study the Wells College booklet. I'm not quite happy about the word "Musicology" which seems to have crept into college jargon lately: wouldn't History of Music do? And one thing puzzles me strongly. The catalogue says "Seventeen miles south lies Auburn." Unless my geography is strangely mixed, Auburn is northward from Aurora.

Wells seems to have made wise and gracious adjustment between the old classical spirit and the stirring novelties of Now. The statue of Pallas, the La Farge stained glass, the delicious water-colors (some by Sir Joshua, did they tell me?) remind us of one phase; an exhibition of ultra modern art then on show was a proof of forward spirit. Macmillan Hall, where I had the good luck to sit in at a Chaucer Class and to talk with President Macmillan for whom it is named, is one of the most beautiful new buildings I've seen anywhere—almost too beautiful still; for college halls need a lot of living in before they contribute overtones of their own. I was sorry not to have a chance to visit the Library, named for Mrs. Grover Cleve-

In those days the cops perhaps had time for reading. Also, at John Kidd's, the Everyman edition of De Quincey's *Reminiscences of the Lake Poets* (my third copy of this book. It was put into my mind by seeing, at Harry Korner's bookshop in Cleveland, Mary Brooks's drawing of Ottery St. Mary where Coleridge's father was rector and had the adventure of the shirt-tail). By happy chance, met the bookseller Richard Laukhuff in the Railroad Terminal in Cleveland on a rainy Sunday morning. The modern Terminal is almost the Cathedral of our civilization, where one may wander about and admire the various brightly lit shrines of trade. Mr. Laukhuff suggested, with much wisdom, that publishers and booksellers have debauched the public by incessant insistence on the Very Newest Thing. Ted Robinson, Cleveland's "Philosopher of Folly," seen at Higbee's, said he thought Struthers Burt's *Entertaining the Islanders* the best book of 1933 and in a class with *South Wind*. In the Meridian Bookshop in Indianapolis was told that Booth Tarkington is a regular customer there. The Book Department of Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio, has sold over 7,000 scrapbooks for people to paste in Dickens's Love Letters now being syndicated in some newspaper chain. In a cellar of 2nd hand books at Pettibone McLean's in Dayton decided that I want to reread Conrad's *The Arrow of Gold*.

The huge new Railroad Station in Cincinnati, with its circular leather settees, industrial mosaics by Winold Reiss and general color scheme of orange juice or Old Chrome, is an extraordinary performance. I should like to study it more carefully before venturing opinion, but my first thought was that in a few years it will date very poignantly. I nominate it as one of the Incredibilities by about 1950. Compare, by contrast, how well the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York have worn. It struck me as odd that among so much modern ingenuity the telephone booths are arranged so that one stands in one's own light while trying to read numbers in the chained directories.

One treasure house in Cincinnati which will never be out of fashion, exquisite in every line and color and courteous care, is the Taft Museum. To see Reynolds: *Mrs. John Weyland and Her Son*, Lawrence: *The Ladies Maryborough*, and Constable: *Dedham Mill* (to mention only three of so many surprises) was to remember that some things never grow old. And even more exciting to my own private taste to come upon Sargent's portrait of R. L. S. with the long hair, long fingers with two rings, bell-shaped trousers and velvet coat. The Vizier was disturbed and said he feared it was a bit effeminate. A queer contrast is the sombrely tragic bronze of young Abe Lincoln, by George Gray Barnard, in Lytle Park near the Taft mansion. This is known as the colic or bellyache statue by reason of the agonized face, and hands folded over the stomach.

A persevering connoisseur of the Old Fashioned Cocktail may be permitted to express his thrill in first tasting one in its native territory, the Commonwealth of Kentucky. For the Old Fashioned, as originally compounded (without the sophistications of alien fruit, with Bourbon whiskey and ice crushed, not in blocks) is said, I believe, to have come from the Pendennis Club in Louisville? By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Polk Laffoon the surveyors were able to drink a health to Shakespeare (whose birthday it was) in this empirical potion. This was at Fort Mitchell, Kentucky; and there also I saw the Blue Grass for the first time. Was it just the trickery of sunset light, or the romanticism of one seeing the new spring colors after an exceptional winter? Certainly that Kentucky turf seemed to have an extraordinarily vivid greenness. It would have pleased Walt Whitman.

At Mr. Laffoon's farm I noticed a framed commission, signed by his brother the Governor, appointing him a Commodore of the Ohio River—certainly an enviable office if I may judge by my visit to the steamboat *Chris Greene* which was lying at the levee in Cincinnati. But that adventure I must postpone until next week.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



## JOHN DOS PASSOS

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A swift-marching narrative of the most dramatic events in the recent careers of Spain and Russia, Mexico and America.

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\$2.50 Everywhere Scribners

## The New Books

### Fiction

**THE GORGEOUS HUSSY.** By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. \$2.50.

The entertainment value of this historical novel is high. Easy to read, amusing, and informative, it affectionately illuminates the city of Washington during the age of Jackson. Mr. Adams has the deft touch in his political writing, an ironic urbanity that delights in showing how intrigue and conniving, through the interplay of personalities, make history. In "Revelry," eight years ago, he was bitter; here in "The Gorgeous Hussy" he is tolerant and occupied with the picturesque. This is not to say that politics are to him more lovely than when he ended that rousing first chapter of "Revelry," but these Jacksonian absurdities are distant, they have the seductiveness of "the good old days." And most potent of all mellowing influences, Mr. Adams is in love with his hussy.

Through the first two-thirds of the story, Peggy O'Neale is the conquering beauty, bowling over social obstacles by the force of ebullient charm, and becoming at the end of this period a veritable Alger heroine—from tavern wench to political power supreme. The triumphal march goes through the first forty years of her life, and cheering her on are Mr. Adams's eminently satisfying (to the laymen of historical research) portraits: the Jacksons—Uncle Andy and his ill-starred "Rawchel," Daniel Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Calhoun, and a dozen others. By most readers, these shadows of great men will be immediately identified with the men themselves. Only when Mr. Adams forces the draught of his invention, and gives us mere snippets that he labels E. A. Poe, or Audubon, or Lincoln (in the last pages), do we feel that he is indiscreet. These sins are small, however, in contrast with the strength in his major characters and the verisimilitude of his larger portraits. As a whole, the book is definitely worth the reading.

R. B. M.

**THE LONG WHIP.** By Eugene Campbell. Scribners. 1934. \$2.

"The more I see of human nature, the more I always marvel at human presumptions," the old family lawyer said at Frederick Fortescu's death. Yet even he for all his glib prophecies of the family's future, could not foresee to what limits presumption would go. Old Fortescu had come from England a poor, obscure blacksmith, embittered by the thrashing given him by a young lord squire and M. F. H. He died worth millions in America, leaving behind him a coach and four with the Fortescu arms upon it, and a portrait of himself in full hunting regalia though he'd never ridden to hounds in his life. The third generation found Blair, dominant heir, all his grandfather could have desired, with estates in Virginia, Newport, and New York. In him Mr. Campbell has drawn a full-length portrait, done with sharpness, directness and telling simplicity, of a man possessed by his money and veneration for family.

The plot of the story woven about him is complex, and overlaid with incident, but the novel has vitality and is more arresting than most tales of the *beau monde*.

E. L. V. A.

**BASSETT.** By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green. 1934. \$2.

One of the characters of this story is a very charming young man who always breaks off the important events of his life before they reach their climax. Miss Gibbons does the same thing with her novel. Such excellent characterizations as she accomplishes cry out for more development than they get; the author is content to use them only as material for sharp, but static, satire. As humor, "Basset" is highly enjoyable; it has delicious moments, and considerable penetration. As a novel, it is a very ramshackle affair, telling two stories which have no connection with each other except that of geographical proximity. One story, and the better one, is that of two old maids who, much to their surprise, manage to make a success of a country boarding-house. The other, more ordinary, is the story of the rich family next door, whose younger members are too self-satisfied to bring off a love affair. Although the two milieus suggest obvious contrasts, the stories do not merge. "Basset" is readable and amusing, but it is not another "Cold Comfort Farm."

G. S.

### Miscellaneous

**YOU MUST RELAX.** By Edmund Jacobson. Whittlesey. 1934. \$1.50.

Relaxing is no elusive subjective demon to Dr. Jacobson. Neither is it something pleasant to indulge in for its own sweet sake. We are a nervous nation, with nerve strain rampant, and it will take scientific relaxation to bring normalcy to nerves, to relieve the insomniac, and help those troubled with colitis, indigestion, and high blood pressure.

Some highly interesting work that promises much has been done by Dr. Jacobson, and this book is a popular account of the objective acquirement of what he calls progressive relaxation. First we must train our sense to note the dull signals from the muscle sense in contracted muscles, and then relax and relax them until the last remnant of muscle sense has gone. We must become skilled at this with our arms in the beginning, then extend it to legs, torso, and even to the eye sockets. The relaxation finally achieved, after a year or so of this attention, exceeds that even of the unscientifically trained mystic, as electrical measurements show. Once this skill is acquired we can relax while

at work all the muscle groups except those needed to push the pen or direct customers. The two dozen photographs in the book should help reach this goal. If one does not care to be frightened into relaxing, then he may skip the sections dealing with neurotic America and start relaxing at the fifth chapter.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Jacobson did not relax while he wrote this book, for it bears the earmarks of a professor laboring to be elementary. Let it be hoped that its jerkiness and recurrent condescension will not prejudice the reader against the real worth of teaching progressive relaxation.

D. A. L.

### Latest Books Received

#### ART

**The Art of the Greeks.** H. B. Walters. Macmillan. \$6.50.

#### INTERNATIONAL

**Democracy and Nazi-ism.** G. G. Fox. Chicago: Argus. 75 cents.

#### PAMPHLETS

**Outline Maps.** Bloomington, Ill.: McKnight. **The Old English Newspaper.** Mrs. H. Richardson. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents. **Trailside Transformation.** W. H. Carr. American Museum of Natural History. **Thoughts: Religious and Philosophic.** A. E. Grimshaw, Jr. Hawthorne, N. J.: The Author. 75 cents.

#### TRAVEL

**Finding the Worth While in the Orient.** L. S. Kirtland. McBride. \$3.

## The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
<b>THE THIRD OWL</b> Robert T. Casey (Bobbs-Merrill: \$2.)	Head of run-to-seed rich family found dead beneath antique owl with evil history. Jim Sands starts deducing.	Not the best of the Sands opera, but failings as mystery are re-deemed by spooky atmosphere.	Diverting
<b>MURDER OFF KEY</b> Kathleen Sproul (Dutton: \$2.)	Much-loved wife of famous 'cellist found poisoned in sanitarium. Numerous lovers are suspect. Dick Wilson picks killer.	Though yarn becomes confused at times and outcome is slightly disappointing, suspense holds up satisfactorily.	60-40
<b>KHARDUNI</b> Andrew Soutar (Macaulay: \$2.)	Omniscient Mr. Kharduni confounds Cruxton of Secret Service with queer gadgets and saves nice young man from dungeon cell.	Television, telepathy, and other scientific wonders fail to bolster up talkative and unduly melodramatic yarn.	No go
<b>THE CLUTCHING HAND</b> Arthur B. Reeve (Reilly & Lee: \$2.)	Craig Kennedy and his cock-eyed science foil criminal who kills and drugs and robs ad lib.	Mystery stories have gone a long way since Craig Kennedy appeared, but that gent changeth not.	Silly
<b>THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN</b> Stuart Palmer (Crime Club: \$2)	Assorted murders on shipboard and in England with Hildegard Withers very much on the job.	Well-plotted story leads wry detective, shipmates, readers fear-haunted chase through London and ancestral castle.	Very good

"I recommend this novel as a tonic, and prescribe it for those whose minds are full of alarms—especially married people." —*Harry Hansen.*

23rd Thousand

## PRIVATE WORLDS

by Phyllis Bottome

75th Thousand

WITHIN THIS PRESENT

by Margaret Ayer Barnes

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

\$2.50