

The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

A Casual Anthology

Rose

AFFIRM the power of the Rose
Who has a treaty with the Bee;
Her trade with him is wholly
free—

She does not call it thievery,
Nor tariffs set him, for she knows
Her market value. All can see
Her honeyed power, fragrant might,
And damask wealth; for these she sold
Her perfumed harvest. Who's as bold
And wise as she who gives her gold
For burly buccaneers' delight?
Not those to whom this story's told!

—DOROTHY WATTS

Perpetual Motion

The cycle of family life is this: that
by the time the youngest children have
learned to keep the place tidy, the oldest
grandchildren are on hand to tear it to
pieces again.

J. Mistletoe: Unpublished Apophthegms

Unsaleability

Unsaleability is almost the hall-mark,
in modern times, of quality in writing . . .
the enormous and half-educated publics
of present-day England and America,
though welcoming the novels of our famous
novelists, have as a rule acclaimed
as masterpieces books that were soon
forgotten, while ignoring at first all that
was exquisite and rare.

—Logan Pearsall Smith,
Fine Writing (S.P.E. Tract No. XLVI;
Oxford Press).

Richest Since Shakespeare

The most accomplished master in recent
times of English prose composition
was Henry James; and the unsaleability
of his later works was almost beyond belief
. . . his immensely rich vocabulary
—the richest vocabulary, perhaps, of any
writer in English since Shakespeare—
with his palatial metaphors, his great periods
and parentheses, and the beauty
of the phrases which glitter on his page,
would appear to young writers in a hurry
fantastic and absurd.

—Logan Pearsall Smith, *ibid.*

Jargon

Today, instead of "fun," we learn to
speak of "entertainment-value"; instead
of Tories we have "the forces of reaction";
instead of games, "recreational facilities."
Instead of swords and guns there are
"casualty-producing weapons." We no longer
work together: we "co-operate according to a
co-ordinated plan." We do not work whole-time,
but "on a whole-time basis."

We do not hunger or starve; we exhibit
evidences of malnutrition, or our diet is
characterized by protein deficiency. A book
is not instructive; it has a high education
content. A frontier is not "defined" nor
"fixed," nor even "determined," but
"delimited" or "demarkated."

—A. P. Herbert, *What a Word!*
(Doubleday, Doran.)

Live and Dead

It is amusing to note that all the "live"
modern devices get their names from the
"dead" languages. Even in politics the
latest thing is always Latin—a "quota,"
or a "moratorium," a "referendum," or
"propaganda."

—A. P. Herbert, *ibid.*

Professor Kittredge

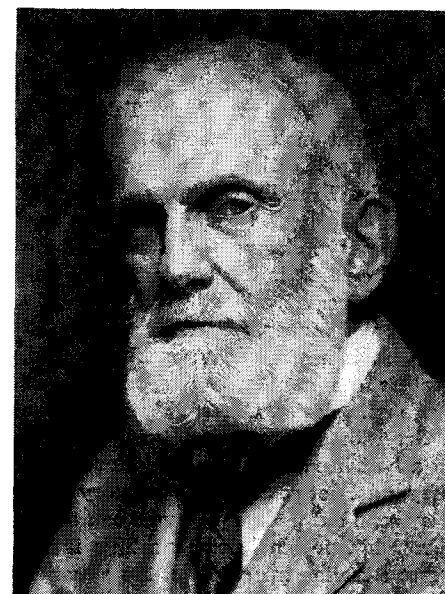
Professor George Lyman Kittredge is
far too busy—working day and night on
his one-volume edition of Shakespeare's
Complete Works, to be published by
Ginn and Company—attending Ph.D. oral
examinations—giving uncounted hours of
his time to interviews with students to
whom he has been known to give advice
on almost every subject, even marriage
—writing terse letters of recommendation
for newly-hatched Doctors—to give to
newspaper anecdotes of himself more
than a patient shrug. After much persuading,
he has given reluctant permission to
have some of the current stories
repudiated and others rectified.

The report that he once switched off
the hat of a man in the Harvard Library
with his walking-stick and discovered
the man to be the Reverend Professor
Lake is not true. It is true that he
switched off the hat of an undergraduate
who was wearing it in Harvard 6 during
a recitation in English 2.

The story that he went to Oxford to
find the answer to a difficult problem and,
not being recognized, was told that the
only man in the world who could answer
the question was George Lyman Kittredge
of Harvard, is a curious sort of transference
to him of a famous story (true or false)
that used to be told of Professor Child,
of whom Kittredge has been devoted
disciple and worthy successor. Many
years ago, when Oxford University made
no special point of the teaching of English,
a student went there to study it under
the best possible teacher. He was told to
go to Harvard and work under Professor
Child.

Kittredge never owned a green felt
bag. He always carries his books under
his arm or in a tan leather brief-case.

He does not recall ever having slipped
off the platform during a lecture and ex-



Bachrach

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

claiming: "At last I find myself on a level
with my class!"

He denies having said: "Who would
examine me?" when asked why he had
never taken the degree of Ph.D.

He has never spoken of himself as the
"last Victorian." The source of this error
is that he once declared that there were
only three men who knew what the term
"Puritan" meant, and that he was one
of them. He did not name the other two.

Much has been said of his severity on
the platform. This not only inspires awe
in his students but makes his words of
wisdom linger long in their memory. Recently
he had just finished elucidating some
difficult passage in the play at the moment
under discussion, when a voice said from
the back of the room: "That is not the
explanation you gave of that passage when
I took this course thirty years ago." Kittredge
instantly retorted with the quotation of a
famous proverb in Greek to the effect that:
"As we grow older we should also grow wiser."

—Editorial bulletin from Ginn and
Company.

Amperands

&&& When Tiffany's humbled themselves
to put their name on that so long
anonymous store, an ancient era vanished.
&&& Miss Ellen Pendleton, retiring
president of Wellesley, remarked to her
last graduating class "I will give diplomas
reluctantly to those showing lipstick or
varnished finger-nails." &&& A jocular
visitor at Wheaton College, Mass., remarked
that the inscription carved on the library
was appropriate for a female seminary:
"That they shall have life—and have *It*
abundantly." &&& There are

too many Shavians and not enough Cra-shavians. &&& Always pleased, in crowded traffic, to see the red busses on 50th Street marked *Comprehensive Bus Corporation*. &&& We have done much ill, but never invented a Mae West story. &&& In the subway was a poster announcing the annual baseball game, Police Dept. vs. Fire Dept. Someone had altered these words to read *Cork vs. Kerry*.

Decline and Fall of Morals

If we can get back to morals, the world will again begin to progress in the spirit of achievement which has marked it for more than two thousand years. It will leave off the nonsensical chatter about a non-existent class struggle and an imaginary class consciousness, and it will learn that in a democracy ruled by the principles of liberty, the reign of morals makes these as unnecessary as they are impossible.

—Nicholas Murray Butler,
The Decline and Fall of Morals (Columbia Commencement address, 1936).

Cradle Song

Sleep, boy children,
Everywhere;
Shut your ears
To martial air.

Of Mother's prayers
Retain the gist,
Grow up to be
A pacifist!

Norman Q. Reader, *A Primer of Poems for the Precocious*.

Ruskin on Walt

Dear Riley: These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt Whitman, and is much of him like this! Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN

—Letter from John Ruskin to James Whitcomb Riley; catalogued by the Bodley Book Shop, N. Y.

Editing the Classics

Another deterrent to reading the classics of foreign languages is the unwillingness to modify a British translation for American use. The British translator commendably puts terms into the idiom of his country; the book, used in America, then carries two conflicting foreign flavors for our would-be readers. In the most generally used English version of Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*, a Russian who weighs seventeen stone carries in his pocket thirty-seven pounds. In other words, he weighs 238 pounds and carries 360 roubles, worth about \$180, in his pocket. But by the time these facts are achieved, the Russian atmosphere is gone and the spell of the story broken. . . . The texts of the classics should be clarified, not with notes for the scholar but with information for the layman. Illustrations, charts, maps must be used despite their costliness. To edit the *Odyssey* without a map of the hero's wander-

ings, to edit the *Divine Comedy* without charts of hell, purgatory, and heaven—these are shoddy jobs.

—W. L. Werner, *Editing the Classics for a Rootless Generation* (The English Journal, April 1936).

Fire and Form

How far from security must we move for freedom? How far from freedom must we move for security? In poetry you have the scale. All the difference between fire and form. I don't know how much fire to give up for form. I thought I did once. I thought once that I had given up all my fire for form, until I was cold. That was one of those youthful mental panics we all have. We get over it. How much does a less formal poet like Whitman gain in fire over a more formal poet like Emerson? I will leave that for your professors to tell you in their classes.

Form is largely a matter of coming out better than you thought you could. Getting in just to see if you can get out is the greatest thing about writing a poem. Why do you go to the North Pole?—to see if you can get back. You begin by losing a balance and then end by saving it. I suppose that's the way with making a piece of sculpture. It has to be saved. You have a perfectly straight block. And then you have to save it by doing something to it. It has to have a crooked straightness. It is a good class room technique, too. You go into the class room and make some ridiculous statement which makes the class sure that you cannot possibly get out of it—and then you save it. That's what makes a good class. That's what makes good form.

—Robert Frost, in a lecture at Wesleyan University. (Taken down stenographically by H. H.)

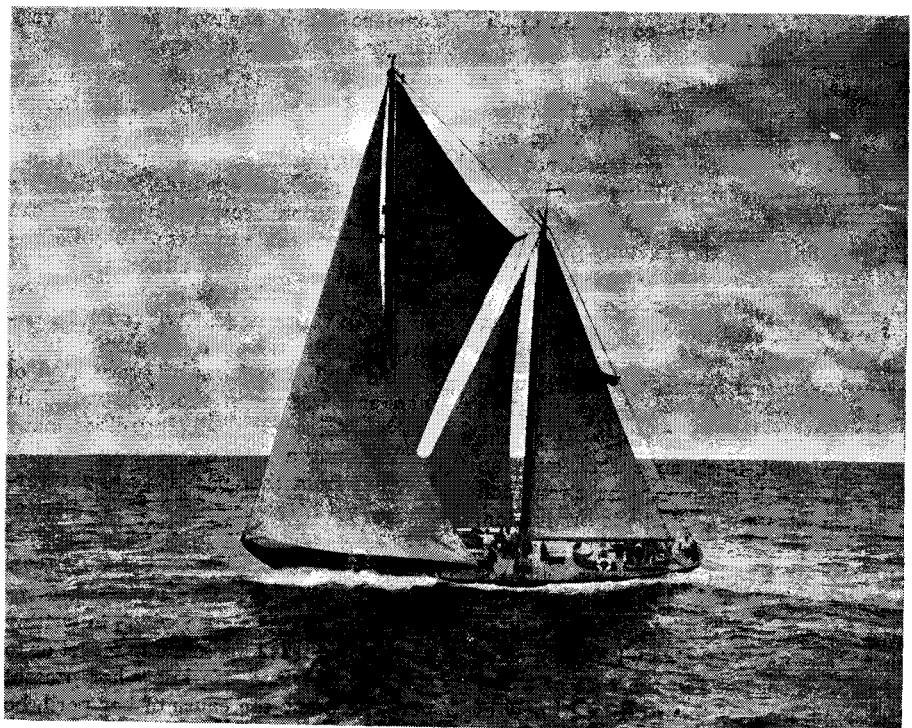
Seventy Years of Deep Water Sport

OCEAN RACING. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. \$4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

YACHTSMEN will like this running history of ocean racing, done by an author well known for his "Yachts Under Sail." Till now there has been no full chronicle of the deep-water sport which differs from 'longshore racing as a voyage round Cape Horn in Maytime differs from a row in the park. Mr. Loomis's blue-jacketed narrative covers the whole field, from the beginning seventy years ago to last summer's crowded run to Norway.

For the start of it all, Mr. Loomis goes back to 1866, when three big schooners, *Fleetway*, *Henrietta*, and *Vesta*, stood eastward from Sandy Hook for the Isle of Wight. Captain Bully Samuels, late of the packetship *Dreadnaught*, "wild boat of the Atlantic," drove *Henrietta* across in thirteen days, twenty-two hours. Mr. Loomis gives a vivid account of the older era, and writes from personal experience of the great amateur sport which is ocean-racing today. There are intimate chapters on the Bermuda series, the Fastnet steeplechases, and the transatlantic and transpacific crossings to Santander, Honolulu, Papeete, the Channel ports, and Bergensfjord. For others than mariners, there is too much technical yachting lore, but anyone interested will recognize this as shop talk of the best. Fitted out with track charts, full crew lists, and a complete register of ocean-racing yachts, this is a good book about a great sport.



VAMARIE, A FAST PRODUCT OF OCEAN RACING DEVELOPMENT.

Morris Rosenfeld