

say as ever I was lost, but once I was bewildered for three days." Altogether, he was a fine person, worthy of his English Quaker ancestry; and he deserved the fame which has made him the typical pioneer hunter of the East.

Mr. Bakeless has told his story with pace, economy, and a clear eye to proportion. It makes an engrossing and illuminating book. It was worthy of a literary polish which he has failed to give it, but that defect does not weigh heavily against its merits.

## Humanizing the World's News

*LET THE RECORD SPEAK.* By Dorothy Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 408 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

THE writings of the new order of political and world "commentators" are difficult to judge, if for no other reason than that the commentators themselves are persons of split interests and aims. From straight reporting to "analyzing and interpreting" the news is one step, from that to becoming a prophet for some particular form of political ideology is a less discernible but apparently inevitable move.

Dorothy Thompson is a case in point, as shown by an analysis of her current book, "Let the Record Speak." It is not easy to judge her work accurately, for it is not always easy to place Miss Thompson's own political position at any given moment. She is at her best when humanizing—or, as some would have it, emotionalizing—the world's news.

From the beginning she called the turn on the danger of Hitler's growing power; she was passionately bitter over the various policies of appeasement that aided the Fascists in their rise. In her collected columns from the *Herald-Tribune* the threats to world peace inherent in that rise are vigorously driven home. As a dramatic, running account of the Nazi advance, the volume is a major *tour de force*. It is when Miss Thompson ceases to be a humanizer of world events, and becomes instead a prophet of a new world order that her work, in this reader's opinion, loses considerable of its value. There is no questioning Miss Thompson's sincere and ardent desire for world peace, nor the accuracy of many of her comments on events leading up to the present European conflict. But there is a serious objection to her thesis that the United States should take an immediate and active hand in the struggle for "democracy" in Europe. It is high



John Mills, Jr.

Dorothy Thompson

idealism to insist on fighting for world peace, but it takes more than a victorious war to assure that peace.

Miss Thompson has let the record speak for itself in the rise of fascism from 1936 to date. Undeniably it was an ugly menace to what we know as civilization. Unfortunately, however, the elimination of fascism will not assure world peace, nor even European peace. One must go further back in history to discover the underlying causes for recurring conflicts in Europe. Chief of those causes is that Europe is not concerned with a democratic peace as we in the United States understand it, but rather with an endless struggle for power. In that struggle for balance of power, democratic ideals take a second place.

Miss Thompson insists that the United States cannot safely remain isolated from any European struggle—that we cannot safely shirk our "responsibility" of doing everything possible to maintain world order. Otherwise, she prophesies, our foreign trade will seriously diminish, and we will further be in danger of becoming a second-rate power. Yet, at the same time, she also insists that a peaceful and prosperous world is only possible with a free exchange of goods and services.

It is when she presents such views that it becomes necessary to draw a sharp line between Dorothy Thompson, the reporter, and Dorothy Thompson, the highly emotional publicist of a present day brand of "make the world safe for democracy" goods. The latter is only too strongly reminiscent of the hysteria that proved so costly to us a quarter of a century ago.

It is unfortunate that Miss Thompson was not content to let the record again speak for itself in the matter of American intervention in European conflicts.

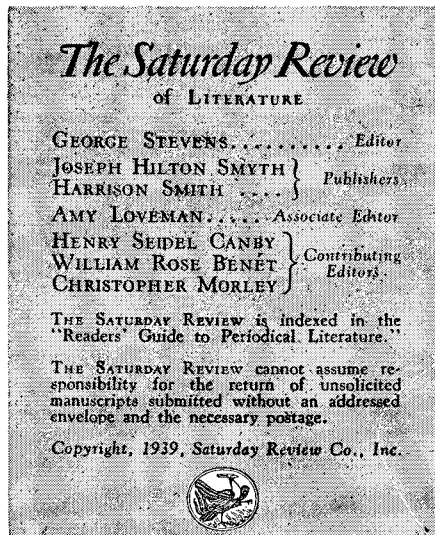
## Time Is a Shadow

*BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER!* By Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 894 pp., with index. \$4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS volume of nearly nine hundred pages includes a first part of over one hundred, called "Dream and Imagination," which is in the distinguished and beautiful prose of Walter de la Mare, the poet of our day whose work is most dreamlike. The remainder of the book may loosely be called an anthology of poetry and prose, with various sections illustrating the title-page's subtitle that reads: "Of Reverie, Night, Sleep, Dream. Love - Dreams, Nightmare, Death, the Unconscious, the Imagination, Divination, the Artist, and Kindred Subjects."

Mr. de la Mare's collections are like those of no other living writer and anthologist. In his initial disquisition, he tells how he has searched many books with the intention of suggesting rather than demonstrating, and of presenting "ideas and sentiments either in accord or conflict." He discusses the part that dream plays in our lives, that "punctual magpie serial," wherein are seen at work "two collaborators so unlike in style, so much at odds regarding form and matter and method, so various in their shocking disregard of our tastes and ideals." He delves, moreover, into the mystery of sleep and of personal experiences and dreams; touches upon the strangeness of the inward eye, and of hallucination and the world of day-dream. Not the least fascinating part of his discourse is the description of his own dreams; and he does not neglect reference to the modern scientific attempts at dream interpretation. As for his anthology, the material is drawn from sources as diverse as Rabelais, Blake, and Shelley, Fabre and Thomas Carlyle, Coventry Patmore and Aldous Huxley. He gives us Robert Burton and Montaigne, Shakespeare and Coleridge and Donne and Vaughan—but also Chekov and Havelock Ellis, and as recent a young English poet as C. Day Lewis. The book is assembled with the fervor of an artist and presents the more intangible side of life in the art of writing as only one of the most subtle and sensitive natures of our time could present it. There is no prettification or empty mysticism about it, though there is rich speculation. At this particular time of overpowering world events such a book preserves for us the rarest imaginations of mankind. It is to be welcomed as a wellspring of true literature.



### Ask Me Another

A FACULTY friend has passed along to us several examination papers given in the summer school of a large university, suggesting that they might appeal to any one who likes parlor games and "Information, Please!" The suggestion is startlingly apt. Students in a drama course (which, we are embarrassed to say, we should probably have flunked) are required to identify twenty-four out of twenty-nine names and phrases, including "Ecrasez l'Infâme," Jeremy Collier, Neander, "The Whirlwind in Petticoats," "The Cingalese Prince," Jules Janin, and The Stagirite. (We got the Stagirite.) There follow three more conventionally academic questions, such as describing the attitude to Shakespeare of critics like Ben Jonson, Voltaire, Lessing, and Coleridge; then the fun begins again with a who-said-it question, in which the authors of six short passages are to be identified. Guess who said, "Genius laughs away all the boundary lines of criticism." Or who said, "I am not one of those who, when they see the sun breaking from behind a cloud, stop to ask others whether it is the moon. . . . My opinions have sometimes been called singular: they are merely sincere." We could have done better with the exam on the modern novel, though even here one of the questions would have floored us: "Describe the person sitting next to you in this examination room according to what you believe to be the methods of the novelist whom you chose for special study. Before doing so, name the novelist." Perhaps the best comment on these examinations is in one of the unidentified speeches in the drama quiz, question 5, item 4: "I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound."

### Subject to Change

BY an unfortunate coincidence, the League of American Writers published in August the proceedings of its third congress, issued with a news release calling particular attention to one sentence in the League's "Statement of Policy": "Common sense compels us to acknowledge the value of the Soviet Union as a factor for peace, and as writers we cannot ignore the power and contribution of its living literature." (No argument on the second half of the sentence; it was the first half which the news release pointed out.) Now at the time of the League Congress in June, even those who disagreed with the League's statement were unlikely to question its sincerity. It might be naive, but it was not disingenuous; and if it had been

published at the time of the congress in June, everybody would have forgotten all about it. As it is, the League is left conspicuously holding a corner of the bag.

There is nothing to prevent them from dropping it, however. A further statement in contradiction of the League's previously expressed opinion of the Soviet Union as "a factor for peace" could be made as the correction of an honest mistake in judgment. To let it stand is to impress upon those of us who have never shared the League's touching faith the conviction that its eminent members take pleasure in being played for suckers. It could not have turned out to be more absurd if the League *Bulletin* had said, "After all, Hitler *has* done a lot for Germany," or "After all, Mussolini *did* make the trains run on time."

## Harvest 1939

BY GEORGE FOX HORNE

WE'LL harvest early this year  
In the deep green Summer,  
Before the moon is golden  
Over the sandy Cimarron.  
Dust rises in a misty gloom  
Over the Han's dry banks  
And soon we'll clog the ditches  
With the sapless hewn limbs;  
Endless feet are marching  
On Merseyside and Po  
And down the Yellow River  
And Tientsin's hedges  
We'll trim down the almonds.  
Garner the browning fruit.

It's early for the harvest  
But the harvest is here,  
The bitter men are coming  
And the reaping blades are clear;  
Fruit will fall at Cheling Pass  
And grain at Marco Polo Bridge,  
And fine young men at Charing Cross,  
And tired old men at Rolling Ridge.

In August time, long before  
The blown wheat leans against the  
blade,  
Where the light rises over Kobe's  
yards  
And the little fires of Bayonne glimmer still;  
On Red Dog Lake and Misquah Hill  
In the dog days of August, sultry time,  
Before the dry stalks wither,  
Rustling in their little mounds;  
Before the October moon  
Swings its saffron arc,  
And the silky shocks of a cool evening

Lay shadows among the brown melons;  
Long, O long before,  
The harvest will begin.

We'll reap the long-limbed lads  
And the girls of yellow hair,  
The farmers at the market with their  
corn  
And the children at the fair.

Cut them down, they grow to weed;  
They are like Johnson grass  
In North Texas,  
Jimsonweed, purple thistle,  
And the wild sumac of the eastern  
shore.

Off Jackson Hole, Wyoming,  
The brown barren Tetons  
Never bear anything;  
But the rich valleys and long mesa  
lands

Are ready for the harvest.  
On the Isar and the Main  
And the once-gentle Rhine  
The lieder all are stilled,  
The sowers pale and weary.  
They who know harvest are ready for  
the sickle.

How rich the earth will be!  
The long furrow deep  
And the meadow grass green again.  
Where the fruit falls  
There will be loam and mellow clay.

The corn-tassel girls will lie  
With their passionless lads in the sun,  
And the gaunt old men return to the  
earth,  
Their labor forever done.