

formation as to the actual worth of this collection, as viewed by a collector thoroughly acquainted with the whole range of the subject."

Mr. Newton said, "I shall be able to do that." But he went on to give some very remarkable reasons why he was able to do so: "For the record I may state that I am A. Edward Newton. I have three honorary degrees from three different colleges, but I never use them. I think of myself as a successful manufacturer of electrical apparatus. I have always been interested in the collecting of books. . . . I own, myself, only a few examples of incunabula. *My own field is English books. . . . I do not know and I am very glad to hear from Dr. Winship something as to the contents of this collection. . . .* (Italics mine.) I have not a very valuable collection of incunabula, because they are not in my line, but I do not hesitate to pay \$10,000 or \$20,000 for a book. A year or two ago, I bought a copy of Milton's 'Comus' in the auction room for about \$12,000."

THIS was perhaps interesting enough as personal history but it had nothing to do with the question at issue, so the Chairman asked: "What would you expect, Mr. Newton, the Gutenberg Bible—this copy—to bring in the auction room?"

"MR. NEWTON: . . . the time will come when some richly-endowed institution or wise rich man would gladly pay a million dollars for this one book."

"The CHAIRMAN: . . . Some hard-headed fellow, perhaps, without appreciation of these things, is likely to arise and say: 'How much is that book worth now?'"

EAST COKER

a new long poem by

T. S. Eliot

Also: Jacques Maritain and 'Liberal' Catholicism, by *Sidney Hook*; A Goat for Azazel, a story by *Katherine Anne Porter*; Books, Paris Letter, Americana, etc.

In the May-June issue of
PARTISAN REVIEW

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"MR. NEWTON: I should say about \$600,000."

Earlier in the hearings Dr. George P. Winship testified that he did not see "how any one can understand what has gone on in Russia, and what came so near going on in Italy, after the war, without going back and finding out the way of living and thinking of continental Europe and all the peoples of continental Europe, who were the forebears of so large a part of our population, just exactly as our own history included a history of the British Isles down to 1776, I take it, and the Kings of England were our Kings."

Such reasoning is utterly irrefutable because it makes no sense whatever.

The bill passed both houses and President Hoover signed it. And so, at a cost of \$1,500,000 Uncle Sam became the proud possessor of a Gutenberg Bible and some early printing doo-dads.

Rare book dealers winked but remarked that it was a good thing for the rare book market for Uncle Sam to become the greatest bull of all in it, particularly inasmuch as five months previous to Uncle Sam's plunge, the rare book market, along with the stock market, had collapsed and fallen flat on its nose. Besides, they argued, a million and a half is only a drop in the budget, and, with so many others feeding from the public trough, why not a bookseller once in a while?

But that was before it became known how Dr. Vollbehr spent the net proceeds from the \$1,500,000.

That news came out rather quietly on Dec. 16, 1934, when Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts set forth Dr. Vollbehr's testimony before the House Committee on un-American activities.

Although Dr. Vollbehr said he had spent nearly all of the million and a half dollars in spreading pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic propaganda in the United States, he accounted specifically for only a comparatively small expenditure.

Did he use the balance to establish German credits in the United States for spy work and expenses?

Dr. Vollbehr testified that he entered the United States on a passport issued at Havana, Cuba.

Dr. Luther, the German ambassador, disavowed any connection with Dr. Vollbehr's activities, and on Dr. Vollbehr's testimony, condemned them and warned him to cease. It is customary for an official not only to disavow a spy but to offer him no protection whatever.

Soon after giving testimony to Representative McCormack and the House Committee, Dr. Vollbehr returned to Germany.

Uncle Sam has a book.

Key to the Near East

TURKEY AT THE STRAITS. By James T. Shotwell and Francis Deák. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 196 pp., with index. \$2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

EVERY amateur strategist understands the importance of the Dardanelles in the military and political situations in the Balkans and the Near East. If the Dardanelles remain closed to Allied fleets, the Germans and Russians can practically have their own way not only in Roumania, but also in Iran. Conversely, if Turkey will open to the British and French this gateway to the Black Sea, Roumania can perhaps maintain her precarious neutrality. The Reich and the Soviet will have to watch their step if they move into the key kingdom at the mouth of the Danube. Moreover, if the Western powers can send their cruisers into the Black Sea, they can cut the Russian oil shipments from Batum to Roumania and Bulgaria and thence to Germany.

Professors Shotwell and Deák have not attempted to prophesy as to what is going to happen in the Balkans and the Near East. Nor have they tried to forecast what role the Dardanelles may play in the war. What they have done is to give us an excellent historical background against which to project our own theories.

Although the volume covers the history of the Straits from the dawn of history to the present time, the authors have carefully avoided material which does not bear directly on the theme of the book: the control of the Straits. The result is a lucid discussion which conscientiously follows the theme. It is a timely addition to those books which help the reader understand the day-to-day conflict being waged over increasingly large areas of the Old World. The index is extraordinarily well done and the appendixes supply material about treaties that are essential to an understanding of the present struggle for control of the Dardanelles. This book should be a valuable addition to the reference shelf.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 320)

EDWIN ARNOLD
THE LIGHT OF ASIA

"I will depart," he spake; "The hour is come!

. I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my
naked sword:

My chariot shall not roll with
bloody wheels

From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name."

NEW ENGLAND ODYSSEY

(Continued from page 7)

New England pattern correctly in his mind, and pages of his meditations are involved with social gradations, puzzlingly like and yet unlike his South. The Yankee aristocracy particularly impressed him, not always favorably. Yet he concludes that "they made—and make—I think the truest aristocracy America ever possessed"—a good deal, coming from a Southerner. His paragraphs are sprinkled with remarks about "gentlemen" and "rich gentlemen" and "little people" and "the poor." Governor Saltonstall, he concluded, is a gentleman, but he adds, "I had the sense that I must remember that not only was the first Puritan Saltonstall a gentleman, but also the first American gentleman Saltonstall was a Puritan." (Sentences like these which crop up suddenly in the pages are apt to bring the reader to a sudden stop.) At the top of all the New England pattern he sees the Yankee tradition headed by gentlemen and trustees, a tradition of saving and culture. He sees all the newer New Englanders conforming to it—the Irish, the French Canadians, the Poles, the Italians, and even the Bravas on the Cape.

This tradition seems to him firmly set, with the Yankees still at the top, controlling industry, finance, and education, although in many areas he saw the Yankee vanishing. There were the farms, for instance, in the open, non-industrial country, run by old people, whose children will not return to the homesteads. The forest was already creeping over countless abandoned acres and blocking up the cellar holes of farms. The libraries in small towns often impressed him almost as monuments left by a vanished race.

Even in other communities where the old stock was flourishing Mr. Daniels suspected that it had lost its force and its old power for leadership. We find him inquiring at Exeter Academy whether the school still turned out the same type of young men who had sailed the clipper ships. He was unable to get a satisfactory answer. When he observed the boys of Quoddy Village, built originally to house the workers who were to harness the tides of Fundy and now used by the National Youth Administration for the vocational training of New England boys, he was impressed by the high educational attainments of the youths and wondered, rather sadly, whether this could succeed in solving the economic problem. Nearly everywhere he saw abandoned factories, industry moving from the rich states to the

poorer, because of labor costs and because of ineffective management.

When he finally returned to Boston, that city symbolized the whole problem of New England. The vast accumulation of capital, gained by generations through work and thrift, was leaving Boston and New England for more fertile fields, and the Bostonians themselves were leaving Boston and its high taxes for the comfortable "bedroom" towns in the suburbs and the great houses of Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street were being abandoned. Yet these same Yankees who were withdrawing their money were still striving to feed the people whom their industries had brought to the land, a difficult but inevitable contradiction.

"But the thing that puzzles me," Daniels said as he was leaving the State House, "is that, with need growing and industrial income falling, I don't see anywhere any such poverty as we have everywhere in the South."

If his book is sometimes confusing this may be because it reflects the confusion of a highly industrialized area which is losing its grip on its industries. He has explained that his book was written not by himself as much as by those with whom he talked and therefore it contains the conflicting viewpoints of all New England groping for some answer.

In the end Mr. Daniels looks upon the New England problem as a part of the problem of the whole nation—a more equitable division of national wealth.

His whole book is a provocative and thoughtful summary, but it might put greater emphasis upon New England adaptability. Somewhere behind the confusion which Mr. Daniels witnessed a new pattern may already be taking shape.

"Don't ever think New England is licked," Mayor Tobin of Boston told him. "It's not. Boston is not licked. It never will be."

And a good many New Englanders, with no other reason than a vague faith in institutions, which they can not even accurately define, will agree with him.



THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18
THE CASES OF SUSAN DARE
THE GLASS SLIPPER
DANGER IN THE DARK
WHILE THE PATIENT
SLEPT—FAIR WARNING
THE CHIFFON SCARF

and now

MIGNON G.

Eberhart

has written her greatest mystery

...the story of three women in love with one man. Naturally, something *bad* to happen. Search, Diana and Eve were all at Lake Kentigern when the attempted arsenic poisoning came to light. After that, events move quickly to the hanging—and a new high in suspense.

THE HANGMAN'S WHIP

\$2.00. Just published. Doubleday, Doran

More Thoroughly Lost

THE SHADOW OF ATLANTIS. By Col. A. Braghine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 288 pp., with index. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ADAMS

THE very first fact that one encounters in Colonel Braghine's book, in the preface, is the statement that "atlantological literature . . . consists now of more than 25,000 volumes." This is, of course, an exaggeration. His own bibliography, although it embraces some ten languages, numbers hardly more than two dozen volumes that might be classified under atlantology, while a careful bibliography of the subject, compiled in 1926, listed 1,700 items.

But, whether it includes seventeen hundred items or twenty-five thousand volumes, no one can help marveling at the enormous library that has been piled up, all but a thin layer of it in the past sixty years, on the slight foundation of Plato's fragmentary account in the "Timaeus" and the "Critias" of a long-lost and legendary continent in the ocean, west of the Pillars of Hercules.

Colonel Braghine is, it goes without saying, an Atlantophile. No one who doubts that Atlantis existed has ever felt obliged to write a book to prove that it did not. It is otherwise with

those who believe that it did. They require at least a volume. We have read recently of one by a California author, still unpublished, which numbered, in its first draft, 850,000 words.

Were it not for the existence of the above work, which we have not had the fortune to read, we might assert that no one has ever brought together so many dubious and widely-separated facts from so many branches of science, exact and inexact, from so many and various times and places and peoples, and tortured so many meanings and analogies into them, all to prove a single hypothesis, as Colonel Braghine has done. But, however heavily Colonel Braghine freights his argument, it is never in danger of sinking, simply because it has no sides or bottom and can hold all that he chooses to load into it.

Practically every people ever known under the sun should, according to Colonel Braghine, look back to Atlantis as their cradleland. Not merely the Mediterranean peoples and those whose civilizations were erected on the borderlands of the Atlantic—Egyptians, Mayans, Irish, etc.—but, so widely does he cast his net, even the Japanese, as he proves in a discussion of half a page.

Any normal reader, coming upon Atlantis for the first time in this book, while he may wonder at the industry of its author and his ingenuity in dredging up facts from the darkest and most abysmal regions of so many sciences, will hardly be converted. He is more liable to feel that he has been made to sit down to a feast of shells, served up without sauce and with a distinct Sunday Supplement savor. Mr. James Bramwell in his "Lost Atlantis," an examination of the literature about Atlantis, published only a year ago, made us almost see the lost continent shimmering on the waves. Colonel Braghine only buries it deeper than it has been.

Finally, it would seem that at a time when men are watching with open eyes a cataclysm which is shaking our earth from centre to circumference, we might postpone further inquiry into the possible submergence of a prehistoric continent.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 21

1. "The House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe.
2. "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton.
3. "Udolpho," by Mrs. Anne Radcliffe.
4. "Northanger Abbey," by Jane Austen.
5. "Tara," by Margaret Mitchell.
6. "East Lynne," by Ellen Price Wood.
7. "The House of Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
8. "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens.
9. "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens.
10. "221 B Baker Street," by Conan Doyle.

"Little War"

SOLDIERS IN THE SUN. By William Thaddeus Sexton, Captain, U. S. A. Harrisburg: The Military Service Publishing Co. 297 pp., with index. \$2.50.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

DEWEY'S lightning stroke in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, transformed the United States from the naive isolation of the Gay Nineties to an empire consciousness. The first overseas expeditionary force to another continent in the nation's history was gathered with much travail, transported across the Pacific, and landed haphazardly to take Manila and consolidate Dewey's victory.

Even as the scarlet and gold of old Spain fluttered down from Manila's bastions the situation changed. Led by Aguinaldo the Filipino people, long in revolt against the Don, turned on their new overlord, Uncle Sam. A gay adventure turned into a grim business of insurrection and repression, a "little war" that for four years was to employ more than 100,000 American soldiers who fought in 2,811 separate engagements, lost 4,243 killed and 2,818 wounded, and in turn killed some 16,000 Filipinos. Approximately 100,000 more Filipino civilians died of famine and pestilence, and the bill to Uncle Sam was some eight hundred million dollars.

Astounding things happened in this fantastic campaigning. American troops fought and won over terrific handicaps as they made amazing hikes, barefoot tatterdemalions in the steaming jungles. It was a lieutenants' war of minor tactics. And the lieutenants who fought it didn't know they were winning the World War. "A roster of the high command in the American Army during the World War," states Captain Sexton with truth, "is a roster of the lieutenants who served in the Philippines at the turn of the century."

The book is written in simple, analytic style, so severely repressed that the highlights crash through only by their own weight. But its all there—General Otis's desk-chair troop leading reminiscent of Kipling's "hampering, heavy-sterned old men," the heroic stature of Lawton, the elder MacArthur, Chaffee, and Young; the ebullient Bullard, the daredevil Funston; the massacre of Company C, 9th Infantry, at Balingiga, "Hell Roaring Jake" Smith's stern reprisals, the "water cures," the comfort furnished the insurgents by misguided American civilians at home.

The story ends, unfortunately, with President Theodore Roosevelt's peace proclamation July 4, 1902. Captain Sexton is to be congratulated upon a valuable contribution to American military history, the first compendium of our early campaigns in the Philippines.



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