

Some Southern Given-Names

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IN York Minister, a year or so ago, the Archbishop of York, Primate of England, foregathered with 22 bishops and 300 surpliced clergy to consecrate four new bishops. Such ceremonies seldom get much space in the English papers, but this one rated what we would call a first-page spot for two reasons: first, it was the first occasion in history, at least at York, when four bishops had been run through at a single session; second, one of the candidates had the given name of *Tom*—not *Thomas*, but plain *Tom*. In full, he was the Rev. *Tom Longworth*, vicar of Benwell. When he emerged he had become the Right Rev. Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract (pronounced Pumfret).

For a bishop to have the offhand name of *Tom*, like a cat, a labor leader, or a bartender, seemed strange and almost unearthly to the English—nearly as much so as if he had been called *Shorty*, *Lucy*, or *Satan*. It would cause remark, in fact, even in America, where the only bishop labeled with a diminutive is the Right Rev. *Fred Ingley*, S.T.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor of Colorado—who, by a curious irony, is English-born. But if our ecclesiastics, in general, eschew such truncated and undignified names, the same certainly cannot be said of our statesmen, for among the 435 members of the present House of Representatives I find no less than six *Freds*, and among the ninety-six Senators there are two *Toms*.

Taking the two Houses together, I also find four *Joes*, three *Sams*, three *Pats*, two *Eds*, two *Jacks*, and 17 members bearing various other diminutives, ranging from *Abe* to *Will* and including *Nat*, *Fritz*, *Phil*, *Sol*, *Harve*, *Mike*, *Jed*, *Pete*, *Dan*, *Ben*, *Newt*, *Dave*, *Chan*, and *Hattie*—the last being the name of a lady Senator from Arkansas. This makes 39 in all, or 7.344+ percent of the total membership.

No less than 25 of the 39 come from the region south of the Potomac and the Ohio and east of the Rockies. New England hasn't a single representative, and New York has but two—a *Fred* and a *Sol*. But Texas offers five and Oklahoma seven, and every other Southern State, including even Virginia, has at least one. It is down there under the magnolias that the reform of American personal nomenclature really has its headquarters. In a previous article, I showed how the mothers of the region have in-

dulged a lush and almost pathological fancy in the invention of new names for their girls. An examination of any Southern name-list will reveal that they have also given some attention to their boys.

I turn, for example, to the latest annual catalogue of the East Texas State Teachers College at Commerce, Tex., and find, among the young ladies, such names as *Tobbie*, *Erlena*, *Idyl*, *Beola*, *Clatie*, and *Chalistia*; among the male B.A.'s and B.S.'s, there are *Ben*, *Sam*, *Joe*, *Jack*, *Jeff*, *Davy*, and *Bill*. More, I find such male diminutives moving over to engulf the graduates apparently female—for example, *Tom Ellen*, *Willie Mae*, *Jackie Mae*, and *Sammye*. These last, as yet, are by no means as numerous as the purely fanciful female names, but nevertheless there is already a formidable number, and I encounter them in normal-school lists of all the Southern States.

Several other nomenclatural fashions in the late Confederacy deserve to be noticed. The first is the substitution of single initials for the usual boys' names. My Fifth Column men tell me that it is relatively recent, but add that it is fast growing. It does not represent a mere abbreviation of baptismal names; the initials are the baptismal names. A second fashion is for manufacturing girls' names of boys' names, usually with the aid of somewhat strained affixes. In the catalogue of State Teachers College at Florence, Ala., I find *Arthurene*, *Walterene*, *Willene*, and *Maxxine*, and in those of other Southern normal-schools *Vincentine*, *Henrine*, *Hermie*, *Charlene*, *Jimmybelle*, *Benniema*, and *Maxnellie*.

Thirdly, there is a vigorous revival of the old Southern custom of giving girls two given names, and calling them by both. Obviously, such doubled names must be brief in order to be workable, so the second one is very often *Mae*, *Lou*, or *Lee*. The thing has gone so far that it would probably be hard today to find a single page in any Southern school catalogue without at least one *Annie Mae*, *Lena Lou*, or *Betty Lee*. Finally, there is the rage for fantastic spellings, believed fondly to be elegant—not a Southern specialty by any means, but still flourishing there after a happy decline elsewhere. I offer a few specimens and pass on: *Jayn*, *Betsye*, *Oeve*, *Gerdye*, *Ethal*, *Yrene*, *Freida*, *Jymmye*, *Ema*, *Lealyah*, and *B'Eth*.



Once they called her "Bloody Mary."

When London Burned

A SPANISH TUDOR: *The Life of "Bloody Mary."* By H. F. M. Prescott. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 562 pp., with index. \$5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HENRY VIII's unhappy daughter, Mary I, Queen of England, has ceased to be "Bloody Mary" even in partisan histories, and the epithet begins to die from the popular tongue, so that it may be a little unfortunate that the sub-title of this excellent biography revives an appellation quite unwarranted, as the text shows, by the facts. Nevertheless, Mary I is best known for the burnings of Protestants incident to her attempt to restore England to the Roman obedience, and it is one of the merits of this book that, by providing a full length study of Mary, a study free any sort of partisan bias, and firmly based on a wide range of sound material, the persecution of the Protestants falls into its proper place among the events of Mary's life. To understand the character of Mary I as Queen, one must know the story of her pathetic youth, here fully told for the first time, and something of the political and diplomatic influences which surrounded her. In the exposition of these Miss Prescott has gone straight to the original documents and cut a passable highway through what was in many places a jungle of tangled and contradictory accounts.

The first nearly satisfactory biography of Mary I, J. M. Stone's, is now forty years old, and there was a sympathetic and not unscholarly life by Beatrice White in 1935. To say that Miss Prescott's book supersedes these,

and will probably be the standard biography of Mary for a long time, is not to say that her Mary differs strikingly from the picture of the simple-minded, high hearted, heroic, rather stupid, and thoroughly feminine queen which emerged from the earlier studies. The many differences are largely matters of small detail, but they add up to two broad advantages; Miss Prescott's scholarship is more accurate and comprehensive, and her interpretation, because less anxiously and militantly apologetic, seems far more human and convincing. One may quarrel with minor points; there is no evidence beyond a statement of Mary's own, which should not be taken at its face value, that Mary's mother, Catherine of Aragon, ever wanted an intervention by foreign troops to overthrow Henry VIII; the evidence is, and overwhelmingly, that she did not. Mary wanted it, so did Chapuys, the emperor's ambassador, but not Catherine.

Nightmares Are Fun

BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER?
By Peter de Vries. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 297 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by FRED SCHWED, JR.

IT may well be that this book will become known in the history of humor as the first wild bleat of a young voice which was soon to blossom into authoritative hysterics. America has never produced a Shakespeare or Milton, but here is our chance for a genuine Evelyn Waugh. All that should be necessary for maturing this talent is for young Mr. De Vries to avoid outdoor exercise, regular hours, and the temptation to talk things over with a psychiatrist.

Mr. De Vries' extraordinary comic gift is based on the artful use of the nightmare as an instrument of fun. It may seem improbable that he should successfully bring this off, but he does. He has more interesting and amusing nightmares than you and I have. Let me do him the injustice of trying to give you a sample:

The hero is a little man of many sides, most of them regrettable. (His name is "Mr. Thwing," which is the only bit of corny humor in the volume; most of the other character names are just merely wonderful.) He loves Hermina, an attractive fat girl, and he wants very much to marry her, except that, on the other hand, the very idea fills him with horror. (Since this state of mind is the normal one for most enamoured bachelors, it is odd that De Vries is the first investigator to present it without compromise.)

More serious is the tendency, shown in the title, to describe sixteenth century dynasts in terms of "national" characteristics. Mary was as much English as her husband, Philip II, was Spanish, and to say that Charles V was a Netherlander and understood the English as "a son of a race bound to England by trade, closely related by blood, and much like the English in its practical, shopkeeping bent" verges on the absurd. Charles V happened to be born at Ghent in Flanders, but he was descended from princely houses of France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal, he had no Dutch or Flemish blood, no understanding of trade, and as little "practical shopkeeping bent" as his grandfathers, Ferdinand of Aragon and Maximilian of Hapsburg, or his uncle, Henry VII of England. Fortunately very little of Miss Prescott's valuable interpretation depends on this curious view; her book is much better than its title suggests.

Hermina has three brothers, all of them anxious to help the hero make up his mind, and they make the Karamazov boys look like a pallid trio. Ludwig claims that people haven't got the time to read those many Digests, and wants to start a little magazine that will be a digest of their contents. Odin is about to get to work on his doctor's thesis which will take up the effect of movie westerns on small children. Brabant (my favorite brother, but not Mr. Thwing's) used to be with the Cincinnati Reds. He would have broken up the last World Series game with the Yankees except that his home run hit struck a pigeon just when it would otherwise have gone over the fence. This experience left Brabant moody.

Mr. De Vries is interested in modern poetry, and I wish he could bring himself to blue pencil his precious poetry right out of his sterling humor. I have always noticed, on the stage, that it is all right for a tragedian to mouth his lines darkly, as through a thin veil of farina. But all successful comedians, from Beatrice Lillie down, enunciate with the clarity of a bell.

Otherwise, "But Who Wakes the Bugler?" (an interesting title which has no visible connection with the story) is a remarkable document, damned by an unfettered fancy and sired by a half pint of gin on an empty stomach. The numerous sketches by Charles Addams are only a little saner than the text, which must be rated as an artistic achievement of no small magnitude.

Sculptor Plus

THE SCULPTURE OF MICHELANGELO. By Ludwig Goldscheider. New York: Oxford University Press (Phaidon Edition). 1940. 33 pp. of text, 200 reproductions. \$3.

Reviewed by FRANK CASPERS

LIKE most men of true Titan stature, Michelangelo bulks above time's horizon like a lonely, wind-swept mountain. A complex being of tremendous talent and esthetic fire, he has, since man first perceived his towering presence, exerted a constant pull on scholars, historians, students and, more recently, film reporters.

The latest photographer to record the works that have thrust Michelangelo up into the heights and installed him permanently in a lofty niche is J. Schneider-Lengyel, who, on a commission from the Oxford University Press, visited every known repository of this master's sculpture. Of the hundreds of plates he brought back, one hundred and forty-five were selected for inclusion in this publisher's newest handsomely designed Phaidon volume. They constitute, together with the lucid and scholarly catalogue raisonné, a singularly complete picture of Michelangelo's sculptural production and provide an ideal companion work for the earlier Phaidon Edition on his painting.

The expanded catalogue sketches in historical backgrounds, supplies pertinent information, and quotes the scholars — including contradictions — thereby serving as an illuminating guide for a richer understanding of the photographs that follow.

It is a full, thorough book, replete not only with striking full-figure shots, but also with incisive close-ups which, in the unfinished sculptures, reveal every tool mark. All are from significant angles, and though there are inferior plates among them, they are, in the main, of a very high standard.

By attentive browsing the reader can find, in most of the works, areas that are in every stage of development, from roughly blocked in forms — adumbrant, chisel-bitten bulges — to finished, flowing surfaces eloquently expressive of the powerful forms beneath.

Arranged chronologically, the plates bring between two covers a telescoped panorama — a compact record — of Michelangelo's career as a sculptor. Far more than a picture book, it is a work in which text and photographs combine to produce a penetrating analysis of a great man's great work. Through it readers will surely acquire a deepened understanding and a heightened appreciation of both.

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