

About six weeks ago *The Gory Gazette* lightheartedly announced a contest to name the Inner Sanctum Mystery trademark: the little man holding a book. We hadn't hoped for the deluge of names that came in, and for the past six weeks we've been walking around in a daze nicely blended of pride and desperation. Finally the Contest Editor, a coarse-fibered fellow used to this kind of racket, pointed out that we couldn't give 215 first prizes, and we'd damn well better make up our minds.

We have. Ladies and Gentlemen, meet



MCCURDLE

MCCURDLE was submitted by STANLEY ANDERSON of Oelwein, Iowa. To MR. ANDERSON has gone our thanks plus—more important—the first prize of \$25.

The ten runners-up, to each of whom goes a copy of the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery, *The Trial of Vincent Doon*, by WILL OURSLER, sent in the following names:

HARL-SKARI	by N. W. Hopkins
BUTCH	by J. A. Haliburton
SPOOKUS	by John R. Evans
SCAREHEAD	by Marie L. Prevost and Dana Weger
GORYGOYLE	by Siegmund Betz and W. A. Thurow
SNOOP	by Ruth Present
WUGLE	by Maxinne Heffner
HOMICIDE HARRY	by Percy S. Johnson, Jr.
BOOJUM	by Luther H. Lyon
PROBLEM CHILD	by Helen D. Baird

To all contestants, *The Gory Gazette*, The Dagger-thru-the-Heart Department, McCurdle himself, send most sincere thanks for their cooperation and help. Their answers to statistical questions gave us lots of information which we've graphed very professionally and which eventually we'll do something very shrewd with. Meantime it's swell to know that 80% enjoy *The Gory Gazette* while half a per cent don't; that 60% read *The Gory Gazette* regularly; and that 75% are influenced to read Inner Sanctum Mysteries. To the other 25% we say: "You may not be watching McCurdle but McCurdle's watching you."

BRITAIN'S YESTERDAY

(Continued from page 5)

and indeed it is not altogether unfair to the authors to ask what Americans are likely to make of their book, what answer Americans are likely to find in it for the absorbing question as to England's chances of victory in this war. It must be admitted that Anglophobes will be able to quarry abundantly in its pages. Here is an England of balked individuals seeking petty advancement by the magic of Pelmanism, of thousands condemned to the dole and the Means test, of undernourished millions physically not up to par, especially as to their teeth, of strikes and lockouts, of political parties apparently based on class divisions, of falling birth-rate, of universal gambling on horse-racing, of hopeless addiction to leisure and comfort. Here is the England of Horatio Bottomley, D. H. Lawrence, Oswald Moseley, Noel Coward, and a lot of others who seem to lack most of what made England great. It would be no answer to these Anglophobes to point out that one of the most striking things to emerge from this book is the extent to which England has followed the American lead in these decades, so that from Ford V 8's and advertising techniques to musical comedies and breakfast foods, the "Americanization" of Britain appears in almost every chapter. They would probably answer that the English do badly what we do well, and that the mere fact they try to imitate us proves that they have lost creative energy, and are on the way out.

Yet lovers of England may well take hope from this book. For one thing, the England here described—of course, most incompletely—is not

an obsessed nation. It is a nation where a team of strikers can play football with a team of policemen. It is a nation free from blood purges. It is a nation that can laugh at others as well as at itself. It is a nation singularly willing to borrow from others, a process which can, and sometimes does, involve learning from others. It is also a nation—though this fact is apparent only occasionally in "The Long Week End"—with a strong back-log of steady habits, loyalties, traditions, and prejudices of the kind Pareto lumps together under the name of "persistent aggregates."

Above all, perhaps, England, possesses a quality which, by a not unwarranted misuse of psychological terms, may be called a superiority complex. It must be especially saddening to Americans who dislike England to realize that some of the most unpleasant traits of Englishmen are probably the traits that will help most to insure their survival as a great people. Apparently the English have never felt the sense of national inferiority so common in Germany and Russia, not to mention other countries. Even in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when England was fighting a France three times richer and more populous, ordinary Englishmen felt amused by and wisely superior to "frogs" like Racine and Louis XIV. It is probably quite true of nations as well as of individuals that a sense of superiority sometimes outlives the facts on which it is based. It is also true that the Greeks had a name for it, *hybris*, which usually ran before a fall. But Britain has not yet fallen, and until it does we may safely reckon that British snobbery (to give it a bad and somewhat inaccurate name) is at least as great an asset to their cause as British pluck.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
SEE YOU AT THE MORGUE Lawrence G. Blochman (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: \$2)	Murders of Manhattan play-boy and weakling brother of phone-girl heroine present widely ramifying problem to Detective Kilkenny.	Sticks pretty closely to standard formulae, with stolen fur racket and some neat cryptography stepping it up satisfactorily.	Good enough
MURDER SET TO MUSIC Harriette R. Campbell (Harpers: \$2)	Simon Brade, who hates the very word murder, solves two, one old, t'other new, in lonely house on stormy Scottish loch.	Murderer of hapless Graeco-Irish sisters revealed in super-dramatic finish after Chinese ivory cubes clarify strange problem for observant sleuth.	For deduction-lovers
THE BLACK NIGHT MURDERS Carolyn Wells (Lippincott: \$2)	Thaumaturgy, illegitimacy, and two murders in Conn. town give Fleming Stone mental exercise.	Rambling, pleasant, and not too horrifying blend of crime and romance in typical Wellsian vein.	For Stone addicts

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 4)

green and fertile valley crossed by the silver thread of the Truckee stretches to the horizon mountains.

In closing, I feel the need of issuing a word of caution to the reader. I would not have him believe that I have called attention to these passages from the catalogues of our American educational institutions in a too great spirit of levity. Far from it. In fact, I should welcome more informality in college bulletins. "College catalogues are," as President Gage of Coe College recognizes in a statement in the Coe bulletin, "rather fearsome, uninteresting and hard to understand" and such passages as these which I have quoted are pleasantly simple. One understands immediately the purpose of the college in printing them. They would make an appeal to the student on other than academic values. Sometimes, perhaps, these items are even a bit pathetic in the story they suggest of unbalanced budgets and officers struggling to keep up an enrollment. But there is every reason why the location of our colleges should be attractive, and I frankly admit a pleasant sensation when I walk under campus elms and through academic arches.

PARAGRAPHS as these taken from the "literature" issued by our colleges express values too artificial to do the colleges credit. Real educational opportunities put before the students are, one must believe, more important than views, campus oaks, and sewerage systems. We might, however, take these paragraphs in our stride if other sections of the bulletins placed more emphasis than they do upon the distinguished men on the faculties, the fine collections of books in the libraries, or the scientific equipment available in the laboratories. These factors, not acres and fine prospects, make colleges and universities. The present tall-talk springs, I suspect, from two considerations; a tradition that college campuses *must* be beautiful and, to be brutal about it now that endowment returns are shrinking, a subconscious—perhaps unconscious—desire to make budgetary ends meet by attracting to Tweedledum College those students who might otherwise attend Tweedledee. But, in the final analysis, the great need of those who prepare college bulletins is a sense of humor.

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Of Ali Pasha

THE LION OF YANINA. By Stoyan Christowe. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 424 pp., with index. \$3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

AMONG the petty tyrants whom the disintegration of Turkish authority raised, towards the end of the eighteenth century, to virtual independence, Ali Tepelini, Pasha of Yanina, became especially notorious, less because of his actual abilities or real power than because the strategic location of his domain, along the Ionian Sea and the Straits of Otranto, thrust him, since England was fighting to keep Napoleon out of the Eastern Mediterranean, upon the attention of the West. Byron celebrated him as "Albania's chief whose dread command is lawless law," other Western visitors described him with more specific detail, and his own poets hailed him in a thousand ballads as Arslan (the Lion) though a cool record of his exploits suggest rather a cross between a jackal and a hyena.

Possibly Ali Pasha was more sadistic, treacherous, and vicious than other local despots, but although he somehow captured the imagination of his time, there is little evidence that he was otherwise distinguished. Even his treasons, massacres, and debaucheries seem more the result of convention than of personal conviction, and his survival as actual ruler of much of Albania and northern Greece for more than thirty years is a proof rather of the weakness of slave empires in their decadence, than of his own military and diplomatic prowess. Without insisting on the point, Stoyan Christowe makes it clear. And by accepting Ali Pasha on these terms, and treating the blood-stained melodrama and oriental opera bouffe of the tyrant's criminal career with enough ironic detachment he has spun from it an Arabian Nights

sort of history, entertaining and mildly instructive.

It would be more entertaining if a few, at least, of the characters were less fantastic, and more instructive if the author had condescended to give an occasional date and a bit more explanation of attending circumstances, but it will do as an example of the kind of Oriental thriller Byron relished, and it has enough action, blood, and harem scenes to satisfy the most voracious taste for that sort of thing. The quotation from "Childe Harold" facing the first page about "crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth" would make more sense if the last word were spelled with a small 'r'.

"Heroines of Modern Greece," by Lois A. C. Raphael is well-designed and has attractive line drawings by George Kanelous. It gives brief biographies of Greek women active in the wars of independence of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It sells for \$1.

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MAY 31, 1941

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