

like walks among imposing streets and squares and buildings, the atmosphere of a slowly disintegrating home, the worship of a father whom she hardly knew but whose name was magic. Then the exultant mood of frequent journeys to a grandmother in Finland; the gloom and brooding, the inner revolt, and the final relaxation of a time spent in a fashionable boarding school, haunted with the memories of the admired father who had been teaching there. And after that came war, and with it more insecurity, more poverty and hunger, outwardly resulting in a feverish activity that gave no satisfaction. The indifference it produced lasted well into the years of the revolution. Those years left upon the author only the vague impression of a nightmare. It was not the horror of the shootings and the executions, nor the elimination of a class she did not belong to, and all its established institutions—it was the filth, the corruption, the hatred, the insanity, and even the bureaucratism of those early years that made her leave the country which had so amply provided the dreams—both good and bad—of her youth.

This book is rich, abundant, and poetic—and it fully merits the \$5,000 prize it has been awarded by the judges of the Atlantic Monthly Non-Fiction Contest.

True psychological insight

Now, Voyager

BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

"Olive Higgins Prouty showed that she knew what went on in the minds of women when she wrote 'Stella Dallas' and 'Lisa Vale.' Her writing, in 'Now, Voyager,' reads like a continuation of the best of Edith Wharton's novels of society, and to this reviewer it is startling that such reticence can be so successful."—Harry Hansen

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A national best seller

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN COMPANY

Cloete . . .

THE HILL OF DOVES. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 633 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

STUART CLOETE'S saga of South African history plods on across the years, sometimes at a pace reminiscent of the ox-drawn wagons of the Boers, but always with their honest, workmanlike solidity and sometimes with an exhilarating sense of the waiting earth beneath them and the broad horizons between which they move.

This third volume of the series takes its name from the battle of Majuba Hill in 1881, the brisk action in which the redcoat column, advancing as they had failed to learn not to do at New Orleans, withered under the fire of invisible riflemen; when the sturdy farmers of the veldt, innocent of the intricacies of Mr. Gladstone's conscience, went home thinking that they had whipped the British Empire and conquered forever the independence of the Transvaal. Few of them were farsighted enough to guess that the skirmish at Majuba marked only an eddy in the advance of a relentless tide (the inflowing tide of industrial civilization), more certainly fatal to their patriarchal way of life than the force of any empire. Because they lay in an eddy, the years around Majuba saw the typical development of the self-isolating Boers, and this novel is appropriately more a pastoral idyl than an epic, bracketed between the heroic triumph of the Great Trek, which only old Philippus now remembers, and the still distant menace of the final tragedy.

The bucolic loves of Dirk and Lena, the daily round of a Boer farmhouse, and the robust humors of the soil are the central theme, into which politics and war seem to intrude only in passing. In its externals, the sights and sounds and salty talk of the barnyard and the crossroads, the central theme is well handled, unexciting perhaps, but as satisfyingly real and solid as a painting by one of the Little Dutch masters. When it comes to the interior soliloquies of the characters one is not so sure. Do inarticulate Boer farmers and their women really think in such abstract terms, and organize their thoughts in such energetic and poetic paragraphs? Then one remembers that Mr. Cloete is also a poet, and that it is only in these soliloquies that he allows himself to play the chorus to his puppets.

Garrett Mattingly is the author of the recently published "Catherine of Aragon."

Anderson . . .

THE DAYS GROW COLD. By Barbara Tunnell Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 277 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HARRIET COLBY

NOVELS of the South, dreaming its way gracefully deeper and deeper into picturesque decay, are nothing new, but in this novel Barbara Tunnell Anderson has given a fresh and vigorous turn to a familiar theme. Through the eyes of a little girl of eleven she tells the story of a South that is gradually, painfully, turning its face away from its rich past and beginning to look ahead to something new.

Lucinda's family moves to Macklin, a small town that might be anywhere in the heart of the South—to a house just outside the gates of what was formerly one of the great plantations. Castleton is a legend of the Golden Age; tales of the splendor from which it has fallen and of its present fastidious decay, form the intricate web of the town's gossip; they are woven lovingly into the fabric of Lucinda's dreams. But Castleton remains aloof and inaccessible behind its wall of trees, inhabited only by two lonely women. Last of the Cass line, Mrs. Reeves and her daughter Emily live in proud starvation, cherishing their memories, guarding their one remaining possession, a huge portrait of the Cass family in the days of its grandeur.

The shadow of Castleton falls long upon Macklin. Only Miss Carley, a clear-eyed schoolteacher, and Curtis Hardin, whose paintings of half-starved Negroes have brought him honor everywhere save among his own people, see Castleton in its true perspective. They are the rescuers, Lucinda and her young friends the rescued. A small beginning—a school for painting and music for the town's children—and an ironic climax connected with Castleton itself and its great picture, point the way out, the road away from faded dreams toward a brisk and urgent reality.

The novel has many faults; its theme is too large—and too important—not to lose dignity and emphasis by being presented through the eyes of a little girl, whose fears and fantasies, vivid and intense as they are, too often obscure the main issue. Miss Anderson has, in short, failed rather conspicuously to decide between writing a social study and painting a portrait of a child and a family. But hers is, at any rate, a novel, alive and eager, by someone with something to say.

The Saturday Review

DO WORDS SCARE US?

(Continued from page 11)

proves only that Mr. Johansen is smart. To one who doesn't like Negroes, and wishes to see them kept "in their place," it sounds plausible when a demagogue says, "If a person has even a drop of Negro blood, he is a Negro." But those are only words. To another person it might be equally logical to say, "If this supposed Negro has a drop of white blood, then he is white."

Some of us go daily past gangs of WPA workers sweating over the construction of roads and bridges and still declare quite honestly, "I never saw a WPA worker doing anything useful in all my life." By the definition some of us have, WPA is "made work"; "made work" is not "real work"; therefore, even if WPA workers have built schools, parks and municipal auditoriums, they weren't really working. Furthermore, many of us encounter daily hundreds of cars driven by women who handle them expertly; yet we declare, again quite honestly, "I never saw a woman yet who could really drive a car." By definition, women are "timid," "nervous" and "easily frightened"; therefore they "can't drive."

Hayakawa has pointed out the danger of such expressions as, "We must listen to both sides of the question." The danger of such two-way logic is the assumption, frequently unexamined, that every question has fundamentally only two sides. We tend to think in opposites, to feel that what is not "good" must be "bad." This feeling is heightened when we are excited or angry. During war times, it is often felt that whoever is not a "100 per cent patriot" must be a "foreign agent," or a "fifth columnist." But what about the 99.7 per cent patriots? When children are taught history they want to know if this or that ruler was a "good king" or a "bad king." They do not ask how much good and bad was in each. In popular literature, as Hayakawa observes, and in movie scenarios written for childish mentalities, there are always "heroes" to be cheered and "villains" to be hissed.

The two-valued way of thinking is relied upon by Nazi party propagandists in Germany almost exclusively.

"All things offensive are lined up upon the 'bad' side with 'Jewish dominated plutocracy.' Anyone or anything that stands in the way of Hitler's wishes is 'Jewish,' 'degenerate,' 'corrupt,' 'democratic,' 'internationalist,' and as a crowning insult 'non-Aryan.' If Hitler approves, it is 'Aryan.' The absurdity of classifying the Japanese as 'Aryan' just because Japan and Germany have friendly understand-

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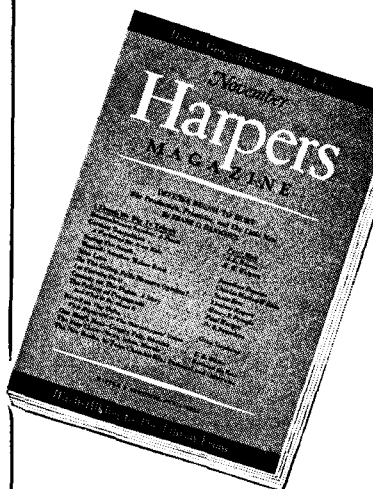
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