

# Building of a Modern State

**TURKEY: KEY TO THE EAST.** By Chester M. Tobin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 170 pp. \$2.

Reviewed by FRANK GREELEY

**A**N international YMCA'er of many years' experience in the Near and Middle East, Mr. Tobin has done a stoutly opinionated portrait of "the real Turks and their vibrant progressive nation." The sons of Kemal Ataturk have managed their neutral affairs with such deftness and dignity, despite jogging Axis and Allied elbows, that they hardly seem to need an apologist. But Mr. Tobin apparently feels that the world of 1944 still carries over from the world of 1914 an unjust suspicion of "the Terrible Turk." To set the record straight, he has written this book, with unprofessorial gusto and an eye on what he calls "historical realism."

The result is a breezy mixture—part a defense of modern Turkey's course, part a scolding for European imperialists, part a popular history and primer. Mr. Tobin has open sympathy for the Turks, but by and large it is a balanced sympathy. He lived and worked among the Turks during the years of their national renaissance; his book catches a good deal of the first-hand excitement of that notable period. Mr. Tobin also has a popular historian's perspective; his survey of Turkey's past is colorful and vigorous writing.

The past goes back a long way, of course. In a swiftly paced chapter, Mr. Tobin retells some of the bloody history of the strategic Dardanelles, the moat between Europe and Asia. He sketches the rise and fall of the Ottoman Empire. He minces no words over the decadent sultans. But he thinks most Western students have failed to distinguish between "the Ottoman reigning clique and the hardy, honest, and simple Turkish people." These people, fiercely nationalistic, were the bedrock on which Ataturk and his comrades built.

Mr. Tobin has blistering indignation for Ottoman and European imperialism. He views with distaste the "so-called holy wars" of Cross and Cres-

cent, which were a "perversion to serve human greed" and a desecration of "the spirit of God and man." He sees the 200-year-long rivalry of Russians, Germans, French, and British in the Middle East as a "thieving caravan" and persistent gathering of "vultures."

The vultures gathered for their biggest feast when they fashioned the 1920 Treaty of Sèvres. Mr. Tobin has harsh words, and rightly so, for this peace which the victorious Allies sought to impose on Turkey. The Sèvres Treaty not only carved up the last slice of the Ottoman Empire but, by subdividing the Anatolian heart of Turkey, it would have destroyed a nation. Kemal Ataturk led his countrymen through an unyielding fight against Greek invaders and other Allied pressure. By 1922 the Allies had enough. By 1923 they were ready to sign the Treaty of Lausanne, a great diplomatic victory for the new, tightly bordered Turkey.

Then began "the political miracle of our day": the building of the modern Turkish state. The job was done, says Mr. Tobin enthusiastically, "with a rapidity that staggered even mass-production, speed-minded Americans." The dominating personality, of course, was Kemal Ataturk. Mr. Tobin recalls again the career and credo of this remarkable leader who lived hard and ruled hard, who decreed that "the government must finally rest with the people and be in the interest of the people."

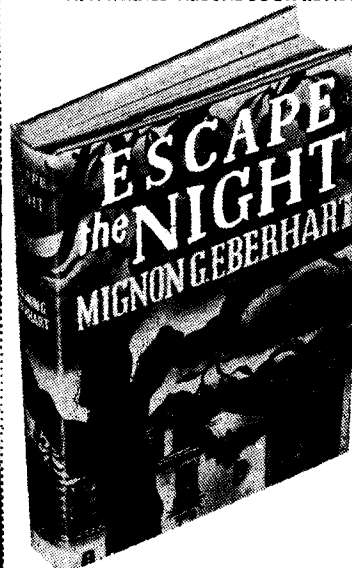
Mr. Tobin knows that Turkey is no democracy as the people of the United States understand the word. It is a one-party state; its elections are not completely free; it controls the organs of opinion. But he believes firmly that Turkey's rulers are guiding their nation toward the democratic goal; after all, they have been on the job for little more than two decades after seven centuries of sultan rule.

In World War II the Turks have not had much thought to spare for democratic development. In their key spot at the crossroads of the Middle East, they have had their hands full. They resisted German pressure when Allied fortunes in the Middle East were desperately low. Now, they seem to be resisting Allied pressure when the Germans prospects are not bright. But Mr. Tobin is convinced that history may well "appraise Turkey's stubborn neutrality as saving the Allied cause and making possible a final, complete victory." He is certain that, first and foremost, the Turks want "self-preservation as an independent, sovereign nation."

WILL CUPPY SAYS:

**"An elegant love-and-mystery tale"**

—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW



## ESCAPE THE NIGHT

By MIGNON

*Eberhart*

→ Triple murder on the beautiful Monterey Peninsula. A sophisticated novel of character and suspense with death stalking California's dimmed out coastline. \$2.00

A RANDOM HOUSE  
MYSTERY



**YOUR New Directions BOOK FOR THIS MONTH**

**Garcia Lorca**  
by Edwin Honig

A biography and critical study of Spain's great modern poet, with many new translations of his best poems and accounts of unpublished manuscripts. \$1.50

NEW DIRECTIONS • 67 W 44 • N Y C

MAY 20, 1944

31

# The Phoenix Nest

## USO—USA

WE took the Wrihtstown road to see the camp,  
Two years ago, the journalist and I.  
Within my mind I heard the shuffling stamp  
Up wooden steps, the voices, and the tramp  
Of feet—the red triangle of the “Y”  
Out of a quarter-century ago!  
But no! They talked about the “USO”—  
Diversion and regale for every race,  
For all our differing faiths a meeting-place  
Serving the old American faith again  
That nerves the sinews of our fighting men. . . .

In blunt small armored cars called “jeeps” and “peeps”  
The soldiers passed through Saturday afternoon.  
Within the club the United Service keeps  
We saw men reading, heard the radio croon,  
Scanned the tanned face, the city face, the sad  
And sallow face, the face of the farmer-lad. . . .  
Again around me seemed the old khaki brown  
As the years rolled back; this was another town,  
Another camp; and other trucks rolled by  
Past long low buildings under a Texas sky  
For another war. . . . I gazed around me then,  
This wasn’t the old “Y” or the canteen  
That I recalled. And weren’t we older men  
When I was younger? Never had I seen  
A club with rooms like this, the neat array  
Of pictures, books, the solid restful chairs.  
It all seemed bright that day. It all looked gay.  
They sang around the piano. From upstairs  
Rimsky-Korsakoff’s magic music flowed  
From the victrola. A wide and polished floor  
Gleamed for the evening’s dance. Outside, the road  
Rumbled and jarred with trucks and guns of war. . . .

Later I saw the dusty marching ranks,  
The barracks and the tents. I saw, surprised,  
Though I expected them, the snouted tanks—  
My war, you see, had been unmotorized!  
In the camp of Negro troops we found again  
The same neat clubhouse and the same good cheer  
To be remembered by enheartened men  
Fronting the face of danger far from here,  
When flickers through the smoke from man to man  
The spirit of combat that will win this war,  
That held the desperate fox-holes on Bataan  
And manned the batteries of Corregidor. . . .

It was in their poise, their quick American grins,  
Frankness and friendliness, all set to go,  
Weathered and husky; as to eyes and chins,  
Straightgazing, square—they don’t say much, you know.  
They know their friends will help them all they can,  
From Coast to Coast, rising to setting sun—  
The sixteen workers to every fighting-man;  
The folk of the USO, the Six in One. . . .

Hostess, director, workers on every hand  
In groups and classes, actors who volunteer,  
Gag-men and clowns of shows, the lively band,  
The dancing partners come from far and near,  
I heard of, then—and heard the word of light  
That fires the heart and kindles all the brain  
To keep one single purpose burning bright:  
The human bond we must not lose again.  
Now is the time to keep it burning—now!  
Where, as one army, every race and creed  
Advance for the invasion, with their vow  
To see the peoples of all Europe freed. . . .

Not where the politicians rail and scheme,  
But here, through battle, goes our undying dream!

Ours is an ambiguous language. “Outrageous!” exclaimed a woman bustling along the street, shaking her newspaper at her astonished companion. “On the eve of invasion, and a British monopoly in the necktie business! I’m glad Stettinius called them. I’m glad he did!” She chucked her paper indignantly into the nearest trash receiver. A puzzled witness of the incident retrieved it, and scanned the page for evidence of the lady’s extraordinary assertion. Then he found the headline. It read, “Stettinius Calls British Tie Firm.” We might say that *Headline English* is an ambiguous language!

This item flitted into my mind the other day, and I couldn’t get rid of it. It sing-songed over and over:

Well I may be perfectly screwy  
But all the dull people like Dewey—  
You meet ‘em and see.

That, again, may have been something I overheard in the street that my mind had registered subconsciously!

Dorothy B. Acheson of Brookline, Massachusetts, is hereby thanked for her cordial letter anent my correspondence with Senator Taft. She ap-

## The Criminal Record

### The Saturday Review’s Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
ESCAPE THE NIGHT <i>Mignon Eberhart</i> (Random: \$2.)	Expertly wrought combination of murder, thrills by night, and fervid romance with well-hidden killer and exciting finish.	Girl returns to California rancho from N. Y., gets tangled in triple murder—and nearly makes fourth corpse. Capt. Quayle officiates.	Good
THE SECRET OF THE SPA <i>Charles L. Leonard</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Private detective Killgerrin convalesces from Moroccan wounds at posh Jersey sanitarium and cracks a dope distributing plot.	Half a dozen killings, a lurid lot of characters, an indestructible and likable sleuth, and mile-a-minute action.	Grim and gory
A.T.S. MYSTERY <i>Gilbert Coverack</i> (Macmillan: \$2.)	Grenade kills one English girl-soldier, another is strangled. Insp. McBride handles case.	Method of telling tale is slightly confusing. Beyond that it’s good British war-time brand detecting, with an affable hero.	Average
BURY THE HATCHET <i>Manning Long</i> (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: \$2.50)	Liz and Gordon Parrott, also I-Am the cat, desert Manhattan for island in upper Hudson where they solve several slayings.	Sprightly sleuthing duo tangle with eccentric lot of summer colonists, dig up some sinister old scandals, and satisfactorily attend to new developments.	Good baffler
THE CASE BOOK OF JIMMY LAVENDER <i>Vincent Starrett</i> (Gold Label: \$2.50)	Collected exploits of suave and perspicacious Chicago private operative.	Good omnibus of short stories—all of them well plotted and excellently worked out—with a few humdingers.	For the short-story shelf