

tents himself with generalities. He discusses the relation of the advertiser to television and prefers advertising support to government subsidies to make television pay, largely because he thinks that the advertiser will insist on better programs than the government is likely to give us. He does not believe that television "will ever compete with Hollywood," largely because of costs. Yet the fact remains that some motion-picture companies have entered the field of television. The prediction of television's future is particularly risky, and Captain Eddy, probably wisely, prefers to paint that future in colors that are not very rosy. The plain truth is that the broadcasting companies are still groping. They do not know whether or not the public prefers large television pictures in a theater or small ones at home. They are perplexed by the limited range of a television transmitting station and the immense cost of a national hook up. Will department stores exhibit bargains on the home screen? No one knows. Will a public which has been spoiled by Hollywood's lavish productions demand a new play every day at a cost which will run into tens of thousands apart from broadcasting time? The answer is not yet forthcoming. If that answer is affirmative an army of script writers, actors and scene makers will have to be recruited—again at a cost which makes the broadcasting companies shudder. Though Captain Eddy does not ignore these matters it seems to this reviewer that he might have gone into them more thoroughly in the light of British experience. Yet it must be said for him that he has touched every phase of television both technically and economically. On the whole his is the most exhaustive consideration of television which has thus far been presented for the general public. It is well worth the attention of anyone who is curious about the subject.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 620)

**FRANKLIN:
TO WILLIAM FRANKLIN
[His son]**

[West Wycombe, England,
Aug. 1, 1774*]

Methinks 'tis time to think of a profession for Temple (who is now upwards of fourteen), that the remainder of his education may have some relation to it . . . Posts and places are precarious dependencies. I would have him a free man.

* From Carl Van Doren: "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings." Temple was an illegitimate son of William.

Snakes That Stand Up, and Others

REPTILES OF THE PACIFIC WORLD. By Arthur Loveridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 259 pp. \$3.00.

Reviewed by IVAN T. SANDERSON

THE title of this informative book—another of the series designed to bring together the whole natural history of the Pacific area in a manageable form—may be somewhat misleading. Were it not for considerations of brevity, it might better be described as a systematic review of the reptiles and an all too brief survey of the amphibians of the lands



bordering the Pacific. A not inconsiderable proportion of the animals mentioned, moreover, are denizens of those parts of Malaya which fringe the Indian Ocean and which we have not previously regarded as being within a thousand miles of the Pacific. This fact, however, in no wise detracts from the almost unblemished merits of this fascinating book.

"Reptiles of the Pacific World" is not designed for purely lay reading, but any professional herpetologist might well be found, in an unguarded moment and a comfortable chair, curled around its 259 small pages of clear text. Rather, it is primarily presented for the amateur naturalist who is either willingly or unwillingly residing in the area. There are at present many of both categories. The book, however, will be more than welcomed in coming decades when the war will be but a memory, for it is a very real contribution to a most welcome new development. Reliable and practical handbooks of local fauna have too long been a crying need throughout the world. A zoölogist visiting almost any country outside North America or Western Europe will be assailed from all sides by natives and resident expatriates alike,

clamoring for correct names of and information upon the local animals. Mr. Loveridge has met this demand for one group of animals in a truly satisfying manner.

To the average person, weighed down beneath the modern load of cares from the price of bread to the atomic bomb, the subject of reptiles probably sounds dull as well as vaguely loathesome. It may come as a surprise, therefore, to learn the infinite variety and extraordinary diversity of remarkable reptilian and amphibian forms that inhabit even the smaller bits of our earth and the great expanses of the ocean. Here are snakes that can stand up and match man eye to eye, lizards that fly, frogs that make meringues, parachuting snakes, and giant lizards that eat pigs. Moreover, as you read on, it may be equally astonishing to discover how many of these creatures are already known to you in some vague and uncertain manner. Although there are sixty species of one group of tree-frogs and fifty of another, only distinguishable to an expert, the majority of the animals in this book are quite distinct and probably known (at least by their popular or generic names) to the average person with a high-school education. Happily, Mr. Loveridge has the knack of picking out the salient types and giving us all the information possible about their appearance and habits, which are sometimes almost most unbelievable.

The book, unfortunately, is constructed like a spindle: it begins on a wide front and is at first very full in detail, but it seems to taper off to an almost breathless finish like the tail of a chimera. One gains the impression that either time, paper, or editorial patience began to run out about a third of the way through and that the process gathered momentum from then on. This is the greater pity, as the author is obviously the man to tell us about the amphibians and, more especially, about collecting methods which form the constricted tail of the work, being an expert in both and having whetted our appetite with the wealth of interesting material in the first part. The instructions for collecting and preserving will be useful, but there is more to these subjects than herein given, as the poor harassed traveler will soon discover to his lament.

Probably the most interesting chapters of the book, from the point of view of the greatest number of readers—or should they be called "users"?—will be those dealing with the poisonous snakes. These are treated in some detail, and the overall conclu-

sions reached upon them as a menace to man are encouraging. For instance, we learn that only a fifth of the 2500 known snakes in the world are poisonous and that there are only a few forms in each area. Further, deaths from such bites in the United States are rarer than from lightning, while out of Australia's population of 6,500,000 only twelve succumb annually to snake bite. Still more encouraging is the avowed fact that only forty percent of cobra bites are fatal. Yet the least of things to do if bitten, though doubtless useful, is certainly formidable and, as this reviewer can affirm, quite beyond the scope of an ordinary, mortal, unprofessional bitee. Your "B-D Snake Bite Outfit No. 2006" is usually cached in the tent or the bungalow far away when you are bitten, and doctors, morphine, and even water are seldom available. Besides, you are so scared you probably try to use the hypodermic for a ligature.

Mr. Loveridge's "keys" for identifying the animals in the field are not only first class but *work*. This is quite novel. The book is splendidly put together and singularly devoid of editorial lapses, even though the Ural Mountains do appear in Western Europe on page 178. A full index would have added materially to its use.

Long Passage

By John Williams Andrews

THE plane leaps
To the sudden gusts of the sky,
And earth, far under,
Rocks on a swivelled hub.
The storm gathers.
But the feet of the child are warm
In the cup of her hand.
Her breast is a fountain
He shall not find empty
Now or hereafter.

Below, on the cloudy lands,
In the towns and cities,
Like ants unseen in the grasses,
The many, the women,
Move alone with their hearts.
She is one with these women.
They follow down to the piers
And stand in the sun
And wait for a look or a touch
Or a word for reward.
But nothing rewards them:
Only the furrows of brows in bleak
sea-waters,
Only the sun at setting: no dream
begotten.

The feet of the child are hot
In the clench of her hand.
She leans from the sky.
Her eyes are haunted,
Her tears are rain.
She watches:
The new geography
Of her living soul
Is a gaunt moon-crater
In the long passage.

He must not know it.

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Stopping "The Tokyo Express"

NIGHT WORK, The Story of Task Force 39. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 260 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

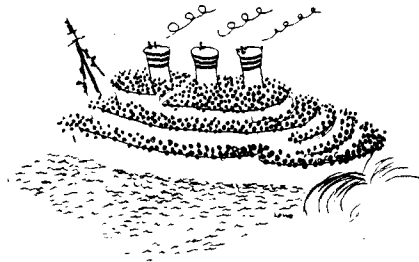
MR. PRATT is one of those writers on naval warfare whose work is likely to grow in value as time goes on. His earlier books have amply proved that although he has had the advantages of an on-the-spot reporter he is not merely a reporter but, with the advantage of his advantages, a critic and historian. The Navy knows and respects him and he knows and respects the Navy.

Task Force 39, of which Mr. Pratt's new book is the story, seldom made the headlines as Task Force 58 did. For reasons which Mr. Pratt makes very clear, much of its activity could not be made public. Actually, a large part of its armor was comprised in the fact that the Japanese, with far greater strength at their command, never were quite sure either what or where Task Force 39 was.

To readers of newspapers who think of the naval war in the Pacific in terms of that United States sea power concentrated about the Japanese home islands in the late summer of 1945—a power so vast that it was said that no human eye could see it all at once—"Night Work" will be a revelation. Early in 1943 when the campaign for the more northerly Solomons was at its height and the Japanese were running what was known as "The Tokyo Express" down the "Slot" from Bougainville between Choiseul and the islands west of New Georgia, the U. S. cruiser force available for work in that region could easily have been anchored in such a position that a man could have swum around it in half an hour. With this force plus a complement of destroyers, Admiral Tip Merrill had to stop the Tokyo Express. The only way he could stop it was by attack on the much stronger and more readily deployed Japanese naval forces. The only way he could attack and continue to attack was to see that he lost no vessels and at the same time to give the Japanese the impression that he had found some. This required gruelling training under frightful conditions in order to produce what sports reporters call split-second timing, something which is an essential ingredient of teamwork.

The Japanese worked only at night. They had plenty of air cover, plenty of ships and men, and a secret weapon in the shape of exceptionally long-

range torpedoes which had already sunk or crippled some of our best cruisers. Admiral Merrill discovered what the Japs didn't have and that was imagination. They couldn't get



over the belief that what had happened once would happen the same way again. Merrill saw to it that they were wrong about that. He stopped the Tokyo Express and the records

show he never lost a ship in the Slot.

Mr. Pratt's book presents a beautifully detailed, quite masterly summary of the many actions which, by making Japanese reinforcement of the Solomons impossible, paved the way for the recapture of the Philippines and the final thrust toward Japan proper. It is a splendid story of men and ships in action and it will be a revelation to those who have never stopped to consider what is involved in the maneuvering of a high-speed task force. What a pity that some of the power which we later were able to concentrate on the seas between Leyte, Okinawa, and Tokyo could not have been available for the relief of Tip Merrill's dauntlessly human warriors! Yet perhaps, if it had been sheer skill and bravery that stopped the Tokyo Express, one of the most remarkable and heroic episodes in American naval history would never have been written.

The Winds of Eden

By Eric Wilson Barker

Through the old trees they whispered long ago,
And lightly as the passing of a bird,
Across Eve's sleeping face the shadows stirred,
And looking up, she saw the dark streams flow
Through all the leaves of Eden.

Lovely was the Garden then,
But in Eve's breast
The hunger would not rest,
For none had come to love the mother of men;
And when the day-flowers withered in the sky,
About the time that owls and nightjars cry,
Through the long orchard grass
Her day-long loneliness
Found voice in winds that crept and rustled by.

Waiting for Adam's love she lay
Still in the grass, while far away,
Through apple boughs that caught the sun's last gold,
She heard the ebbing waves sink down and die,
Where the dark falcons gathering in the sky,
Drew on the dusk-deep fold.

Then hid the evening warmly in her hair,
And when the moon rose stroking her white limbs,
Flooding the Garden to the orchard bars,
Raking the secret bramble shadows bare,
She sometimes lay awake,
Watching Orion climb the eastern stair,
His hound upon his wake,
And mounting the zenith like a star-winged bird,
Pursue the Pleiads through the chastened air.

Alas for Eden gone,
And Eve, and him who came
To burn aloneness out in one white flame,
The sweet fruit plucked for murderer's blood
Until the black malignant flood
Flowed like a poison through the sons of Cain. . . .

Yet still the wind abides,
Stirring the lichen on the ancient stone;
The planet's moving tides,
Cleansing the carrion from her wounded sides,
Heal still with deep and immemorial tone.
The last shall hear them, waiting all alone
The black oblivious night, while through the trees
Climbs still the Winter Giant from the east,
And draws his sword above the portless seas.