

IN THE FEBRUARY

Horn Book MAGAZINE

To be Kept—Not Filed.

By Rose Dobbs.
Ever thought what fun it would be to see the off-the-record illustrated letters artists send to their publishers when books are in process? Don't miss the chance to look through one editor's file in this issue of *The Horn Book Magazine*.

The Soul of France Shall Live.

By Paul Hazard
The last article written by this distinguished humanist has been translated for *The Horn Book* by Horatio Smith of Columbia University.

The Princess Goes to Press.

By Helen Stone.
A delightful paper which we are privileged to share with all those who could not hear it as read by Miss Stone at the annual exhibition of Children's books in the New York Public Library.

Florence Crannell Means and Her Books.

By Siri Andrews.
Florence Crannell Means has concentrated her efforts toward a better world in writing for children. Her work from *Rafael and Consuelo*, published in 1929, through the much discussed *Moved Outiers* of 1945 is ably covered by Miss Andrews who likewise presents an excellent portrait of Florence Crannell Means, the woman. With many photographic illustrations.

Holland During Invasion, in letters to Hilda van Stockum.

Lest we forget . . . "Write about your dear selves. Having been isolated so long, we are longing for new books, for newspapers, for new visions. The last years I have lived and worked only for warmth, food, and some happiness for the family. So I am starved . . ."

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	Realism	Surface	
HAYDN, Symphony #98 in B flat. (1) Toscanini, NBC Symph. (also Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Octet op. 20) VM 1025 (4) \$4.50		A	C aggravated by silent spots in the music.	Old Barlow set has better ensemble, more accurate playing; clearly superior interpretation. Surface quieter. Available in some shops.
(2) Barlow, Col. B'casting Symph. CM 370 (3) \$3.50 (Out of print; should be restored)		B+	A	

CONTEMPORARY music is in for a greater share of the new record output this year than ever before, and it is interesting to speculate on what has happened to bring this about.

It is axiomatic that monthly record releases reflect the current taste of the average record buyer—plus perhaps a five or ten per cent bias in the direction of "education." That percentage may be considered a safe one for any company which, in spite of idealism and musical fervor, must pay its bills and make money.

Thus it appears that public taste, or that of the public which buys the more expensive records, is on the move. Back in the early 1930s, when the surge of postwar music had reached heights of fame and notoriety, a good many historic recordings of controversial music were made, some of which still remain in the catalogues . . . works such as Milhaud's "Création du Monde," Edgar Varèse's "Ionisation," and notably the great Stravinsky series (Stravinsky directing), including "L'Histoire du Soldat," the Octet, "Symphony of Psalms," "Duo Concertante." But these recordings represented an abnormal extension of the "educational" category (and just possibly a desire to cash in on the then notoriety of the music). Certainly these were not popular recordings in any sense of the word.

Yet today the same composers and others younger are beginning to sell. Some are unmistakably clear of the "education" class. The reason is at least twofold. Time has passed; the dissonant music of the 20s and 30s is far more palatable now than when it came fresh after the First World War. Even an average listener takes it with scarcely a wince. And this is due not only to increasing familiarity (which does not breed con-

tempt), but to the great influence of popular music which, technically speaking, has been in the lead in exploring new harmonic and instrumental possibilities and perfecting their use. After twenty years of jazz and swing we are almost ready to accept in "classical" music, most of us, the same dissonance, the same harsh, unromantic, brassy sounds, the same machine rhythms that popular art has made entirely familiar. It's not surprising that music like Milhaud's "Protée" suite (V M 1027) of 1920, once a newsworthy shocker, is genuinely likable music as we hear it now. It has less dissonance than most popular music, less than much of the popular new ballet music of Bernstein, Schuman, and Dello Joio, less than Bernstein's "On the Town" music.

But one more factor is hastening our acceptance of the older generation of contemporaries—the same who shocked so effectively back in the 20s. Starting about 1934 a trend has been growing towards a neo-romanticism. Shostakovitch went overboard with his Fifth Symphony; more recently the old radicals, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Hindemith, Copland, Milhaud, have shown a decided interest (much to the disappointment of some) in the forbidden tenets of the nineteenth century—long works, full of lyric melodies; big orchestras, simple chords of C major and the like. It was no coincidence that at about the same time Hindemith produced his symphony in E flat and Stravinsky his symphony in C—unthinkable titles for a radical.

Style and content are not to be confused; whether Stravinsky neo-romantic is better than the same neo-classic, is beside the point. It is certain to be more popular.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

(Continued from page 27)

There was an expression that went among us after Mr. Kroll had gone: "You can see what too much creative writing can do for you! It can cause you to lose your job! Look what happened to Mr. Kroll! It's hard to believe that creative writing is as explosive as a stick of dynamite, but it is. It's dangerous!" L.M.U. was not the same without Harry Harrison Kroll, for where on this earth would we have another former baseball pitcher for our teacher who would get up and leave his class and tell us we could stay in the classroom if we wanted to but he was going to watch the college baseball game? And where could we get another teacher who would inspire us to fill the college paper and magazine with our efforts?

But another teacher came to take Mr. Kroll's place. He was a short man with pink rosy cheeks who wore a black bow tie that worked up and down with his Adam's apple. He had a soft voice and he rolled his r's when he spoke, which was quite different from the speech of the mountaineers. When DeWitt Davis made his first chapel talk, Harry Kroll's Creative English Class was there. Not a student cut chapel. Not one of us had lost his creative writing fervor. Each nurtured his one ambition and that was to be a writer. But when DeWitt stammered on the stage over the word "ousted," rolling and rolling it and finally pronouncing this word "oosted," then we were a little shocked. Though we were not always accurate on pronunciation we could certainly handle such a simple word as this one. Everybody in chapel laughed, too. We were off to a bad start with our new teacher.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he said the morning he met our creative writing class. "I'm going to do something that has never been done before in this school. I'm going to sponsor a writing contest. I'm going down in my pocket to give a prize of twenty-five dollar each for the best poem, best short story, and best essay. And, of course," he went on, "there'll be a second prize of ten dollars and a third prize of five dollars. Each contestant will be allowed to have one entry in each event. That'll make enough papers, since there are about forty of you. How many of you plan to compete in this contest?" he asked thoughtfully as his blue eyes scanned us from behind celluloid-rimmed glasses. "Will you hold up your hands, please?"

Every right hand and a few lefts went up.

"Wonderful," Professor Davis said. "You certainly have the right spirit!"

"Professor Davis, who will be the judges in this contest?" I asked.

"Not one from this school," he said. "I think it best to go outside and get judges from the English departments of our larger southern institutions."

"Amen," someone approved in the corner of the room.

Then Professor Davis went over a list of probable judges, saying this one had written such-and-such and that one had done so-and-so in the fields of letters. I hadn't heard of many of them but I thought maybe my education was still sadly neglected. But I was glad he was going out and getting judges away from school, for I was afraid if it were left up to our own judges some of the contestants would whisper to one of the local teachers the title of his story, essay, or poem. I was glad that our battle would be decided among strangers who didn't know one of us. And I heartily approved of this contest as much as I disliked this man because he had taken Harry Kroll's place. Thoughts were going through my head. What if I can win first place in poetry? Besides the honor, I shall have enough money to buy a suit of clothes!

One day in class when Professor Davis returned the papers we'd read the week before, several of my poems and a couple of articles were tattooed with red pencil marks. My face must have flushed until it was the color of these marks. Harry Kroll had taught us to get the thought first and that "any damned pedagogue can punctuate it afterwards." However, Mr. Kroll did teach us "the ever-changing fundamentals of the Mother Tongue."

"Stuart," Professor Davis said, as he saw my temper rising, "I know your former teacher was a popular one and I doubt that I can fill his shoes, but I do know when a thing is well written. And," he talked on slowly, softly, cautiously, "I never heard of your teacher until I came here."

"But you will hear of him," I said. "And you will hear plenty about him! I've just had a letter from him and he tells me his third novel's been accepted!"

From that time on until the reports on the contest were due, the gulf widened between Professor Davis and me. If I met him on the campus he begrudgingly spoke to me and I barely grunted. But there was one thing I wanted more than anything in life



A Wreath for San Gemignano

by RICHARD
ALDINGTON

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thirteenth century, Richard

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wreath for a lovely hill
town of Tuscany that was
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centuries, survived his
medieval fortress town.

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right now. I wanted to take a first place in the contest and take some of the money he had offered in this contest which came from a meager college teacher's salary. For I, too, was not on a big salary. I was making my entire expenses in L.M.U. on twenty cents an hour, working in the kitchen, the dining room, on the water line, sewage line, and at the rock crusher.

But everybody said that Louella Mason would walk away with the prizes. That's what nearly everybody in the creative writing class thought. And faculty members at the school thought so too. She was the creative genius. And big things were expected of her. Yet that didn't keep the rest of us from trying. Often I gave up hopes for a first place after I figured that 120 papers would be in the contest and only nine could win. After a first place I would be contented with a second place. Dollars looked as big to me as wagon wheels and ten dollars were not to be sneezed at. And if I couldn't get a second place, I'd be glad to get a third. That would put me in the upper nine places.

I never worked harder than I did on this creative writing contest. It was close to my graduation from college and I was out for track that spring too. While I ran cross-country and the two-mile I would think about a new idea to add to the essay or a change for the story. I went over them and over them and lost many

hours of study and work in the kitchen and at the rock crusher. It took a lot of work, going over the story and essay repeatedly and never being contented with them. I took four sonnets I'd written at the steel mills before I entered college and went over them, tying them into a sequence. I was actually afraid to submit just one poem and lose the poetry contest after Mr. Kroll had told me that poetry was my field and for me "to go after it." I was after it.

And I was after the prize. I was after the twenty-five dollars from Professor Davis's pocketbook too. And I worked furiously, neglecting everything else, right up to the deadline when the papers had to be submitted.

After nervously waiting for more than two weeks, we anxiously walked to the classroom one morning to hear the announcement of the winners. Our names had never been used in the contest; we had been asked to devise some numeral or sequence of letters or both for the pieces we submitted. Not even Professor DeWitt Davis knew the authors of any of the essays, poems, or stories submitted. When he walked in and dropped in his chair, he took an envelope from his inside coat pocket. There wasn't a whisper or a sigh as Professor Davis opened the sealed envelope and took out the paper that told the winners. "Well, here they are, students,"

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
A HAIR'S BREADTH <i>Lee Thayer</i> (Dodd Mead: \$2.)	Scientist slain during war-show in California stadium. His guest, Peter Clancy, digs into archaeological past to solve contemporary crime.	Clancy, valet Wiggam and cast of pleasant characters, scholarly, villainous and otherwise, meander through loosely knit yarn.	Average
THE SHOCKING PINK HAT <i>Frances Crane</i> (Random: \$2.)	Pat and Jean Abbott, back in San Francisco again, investigate motor-car murder with narcotic trimmings.	Army intelligence work whets Pat's wits for lively, well plotted and mystifying case with spouse stooging pleasantly.	Good
LOVE HAS NO ALIBI <i>Octavus Roy Cohen</i> (Macmillan: \$2)	Girl found murdered in apartment of man-about-Manhattan who loves beautiful but married dancer, etc.	Typical glittery Cohen concoction full of plant and beautiful gals, handsome, hard-drinking gents, bright lights, thugs and what have you.	Diverting
CALL ME PANDORA <i>Amber Dean</i> (Crime Club: \$2)	Spinster sisters buy city apt. house containing beauty salon. Barber-shears skewer customer and the fun begins.	Another, and not unpleasant, variation on time-honored theme. Posh atmosphere, some gaiety, sufficient action and unobtrusive detective.	Adequate