

I remember the incident well, because I was then Executive Editor of *The World*, and we organized a protest against this puerile and dangerous action. We asked Charles E. Hughes to head the counsel opposing the step, but they overrode him, too.

The book has kind words to say about Charles F. Murphy. I think this is right for, in his later years, Murphy devoted himself to being a Good instead of a Powerful Leader. After all, Murphy was the one who developed and gave us Governor Smith; Senator Wagner (if you like him!); Surrogate Foley; Ed. Flynn; Tom Churchill, and Jimmie Walker who, had he possessed character commensurate with ability, would have gone far. I did not find the book as understanding of Al Smith as it might have been. The truth is they liked each other but never knew each other well. The fissure between Smith and Roosevelt, after '29, did not help their understanding, because Ed. was completely and wholly for Roosevelt. Smith had chosen Roosevelt as the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, but after Roosevelt went to Albany he deliberately avoided Smith; Louie Howe wanted him to rise above the Smith influence. Why? The Smith influence was pretty good, wasn't it?

Apropos of that statement, Flynn seems to think the victories of '32, '36, '40, and '44 were Democratic victories. Possibly '32 was—then Henry Mencken's proverbial Chinaman could have been elected—but on the other three occasions it was Roosevelt alone who was successful—not his party. The writer makes a good case for the machine, which today is less destructive than it was, but he doesn't make plain whether that has come about through the weakening or betterment of the system. Personally, I think the machine is better because it has to be. We have become more politically conscious in America, and we demand more of our representatives.

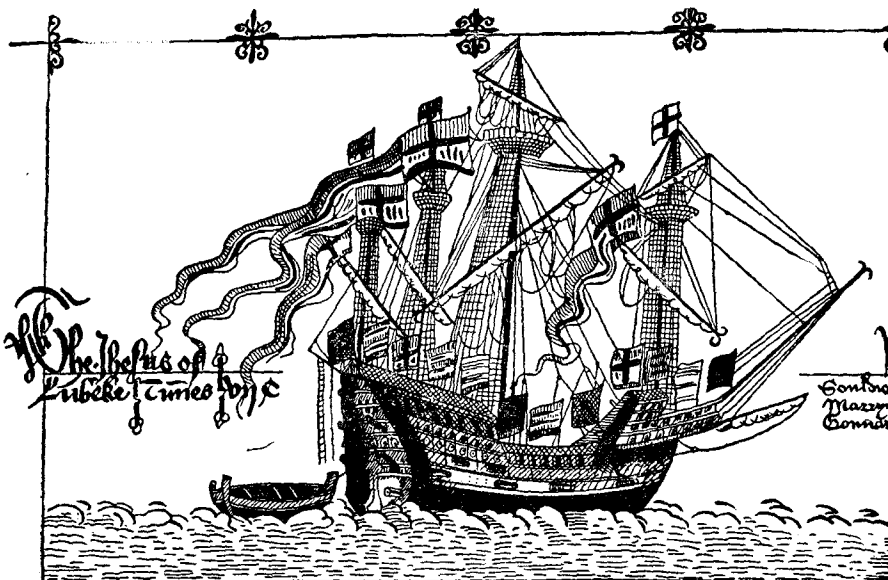
Prophylaxis

By Gustav Davidson

BE THE anarch
of the norm;
break all patterns
as they form;

lance the molds
with deep incision
lest the flesh
incrust the vision;

lest the things
we take on faith
turn living spirit
into wraith.



—From "The Journey of Three Englishmen."

The *Jesus de Lübeck* from a manuscript in Magdalene College, Cambridge University.

The author gives quite a little space to his adventures in Russia, but he reaches no conclusion outside of a general disapproval of the Russians. Like Coolidge describing the parson's sermon on sin, he said he was against it. He takes a certain pleasure in and gives the details of his mission to Rome, where, it appears, he did a good job.

"You're the Boss" is entertaining. I find myself wishing the author were a more punctilious reporter. For example, he doesn't mention who ran against John O'Brien in '32 (Pounds), at the time Jimmie Walker resigned under fire. Nor does he mention the rival to Jimmie Walker, when Al Smith's fight against the demagogic John Hylan threw that candidate on the ash heap. It was in 1925 that this occurred. Don't look now, but see if you can remember the name of Walker's rival. If you can't, look at the footnote.*

And our author fails to give the name of the man who ran against Red Mike Hylan in 1921. Here's another chance for a guess. See below.** Finally who ran against Walker in '29.***

Anyone who wants to widen his knowledge of the Great Game of Politics must read this book.

Herbert Bayard Swope, former intimate of Woodrow Wilson, Al Smith, and President Roosevelt, served with the United States Atomic Energy Delegation to the UN, which put forth the celebrated Baruch plan. A Pulitzer Prize journalist, publicist, and author, he was editor of The World when that newspaper was at its peak.

*Frank D. Waterman, Rep.

**Henry Curran, Rep.

***Fiorello LaGuardia.

Astounding Trek

ACROSS ABORIGINAL AMERICA:
THE JOURNEY OF THREE ENGLISHMEN
ACROSS TEXAS IN
1568. By E. DeGolyer. El Paso:
The Peripatetic Press. 1947. 26 pp.
(no price given).

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN SEPTEMBER 1568 John Hawkins's fleet, on its third expedition to the Indies, sought refuge from a series of damaging storms in the harbor of Vera Cruz. A week later the Spaniards attacked it, and of Hawkins's six ships four were lost. One of the surviving craft made off for England; the other, the *Minion*, overloaded with men rescued from the lost ships, and, badly underprovisioned, steered north and a few days later made land. Many of those aboard expressed a preference for being put ashore rather than risking starvation at sea. Hawkins approved their suggestion, and about a hundred left the ship. Most of these went south toward Tampico; the others struck out northward.

We know what became of only three of them—David Ingram, Richard Browne, and Richard Twide. They crossed into the Texas that was to be, went east and northeast, and a year later reached Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. There a French ship picked them up and took them home. It was truly, as Mr. DeGolyer calls it, an "astounding journey."

An account of that journey appeared twenty years later in the first edition of Richard Hakluyt's "Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation." The

account was omitted, however, from subsequent editions, for the reason, according to Samuel Purchas, that it contained "some incredibilities." It certainly did. The three seamen reported seeing elephants, and a "strange Beast bigger than a Beare, he had neither head nor necke: his eyes and mouth were in his breast"—a pretty good portrait of a hippopotamus (the trio had previously been in Africa, and the non-English world was probably all one to them). But they also told of a "kind of Graine, the eare whereof is as big as the wrist of a mans arme: the Graine

is like a flat pease"—and if that isn't sweet corn, what is? But despite their tall tales, there can be no question but that Ingram, Browne, and Twide traveled from Mexico to Canada and so to the sea. We know where they went in, we know where they came out. Whatever they saw, or said they saw, they were there.

Mr. DeGolyer has rendered an historical service by facsimileing the six pages in the original Hakluyt which set forth the adventures of the three Englishmen and prefacing the facsimiles with a clarifying introduction.

grocer's lungs," as Doyle called it, and "the throb of the charwoman's heart," were worth only about eighteen pence a visit. His self-imposed family obligations were large; the hard-earned £250 a year was (as his Inland Revenue critic wrote on the form) "most unsatisfactory." I imagine him, say some rainywindow evening about Christmas 1885, after a visit to the Southsea Circulatory Library (of which he was the most faithful customer) sitting down to swoon himself with his idol's new book, "More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter." I won't bruise you with all the obvious parallels, but only seven pages in, what did he read:

"Do you then propose, dear boy, that we should turn detectives?" inquired Challenger.

"Do I propose it? No, sir," cried Somerset. "It is reason, destiny, the plain face of the world, that commands and imposes it. Here all our merits tell; our manners, habit of the world, powers of conversation, vast stores of unconnected knowledge, all that we are and have builds up the character of the complete detective. It is, in short, the only profession for a gentleman."

I COULD quote more, and jealously apropos; but it will do no one harm to reexamine "The Dynamiter" for himself; the Irgun Zvai Leumi of 1885. The point, sharpened by a hundred razor passages in those preposterous stories (completely witty and completely blah) is that A.C.D. went to bed that night in Bush Villa with a new idea in his simple and workable occiput.

It was not only a detective that he had in occiput, but even, God forgive him, a Mormon interlude. He had no idea, nor does it matter, that he was unconsciously mismating Edgar Poe's detective with Fanny Stevenson's appalling Mormon feuilleton. But if you want to suffer, which is part of a literary critic's duty, re-read "A Study in Scarlet" (written 1886) and then that appalling chapter in "The Dynamiter," "The Story of the Destroying Angel." Fanny Stevenson was Conan Doyle's Destroying Angel. He did it again, thirty-five years later, in "The Valley of Fear."

An American Gentleman

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IT WAS really odd that last night for no discoverable reason (except what Keats might have called the ignoble dearth of good narcotics) I picked up Stevenson's "The Dynamiter." That delicious little prologue in the Cigar Divan, never improved in brio by anyone, is what the bishop was called, social soporific. It sends one off with a smile. But it also sent me off with the familiar thought, why is it never sufficiently suggested that Sherlock Holmes was born out of the ribs of Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson? Poe and Gaboriau and Dr. Joseph Bell are all very well, but the spark that lit young tinderhearted (*sic*) Conan Doyle was surely the Prince-tobacconist of Bohemia. Even the divan in Robert Street ("mouse-colored plush") may have fathered the much more famous mouse-colored dressing gown. That was the wicked stinging and punctuating effect of Stevenson's words. They were hypodermic, needled into one's self. It's amusing to note a recent revival of curiosity in R.L.S. among the stricken middle generation. It is naturally disturbing to the deliterated to find words used with such wasteful delicacy. But the best of him will be forever breathing and forever young, to improve poor Keats's tubercular line. It is a pity that poets have to be outlived to be improved.

I must keep to my theme. Some time toward the end of '85 or early '86 young Dr. Conan Doyle read "The Dynamiter." His natural interest in Stevenson (a few years' senior graduate of the same university) was professionally enlarged by the well-known rumor that R.L.S. was a very ill man; an invalid, possibly mori-

bund, at Bournemouth. The famous dedication (in "Underwoods") to no less than eleven doctors had not then been written (1887, I think?) but there is always a crapevine among medical men, and if Dr. Doyle hadn't been so overdrawn in Southsea he might well have wished to move a few miles Westward to Bournemouth to serve as interne to the immortal Dr. Scott—whose sinister initials were T.B. (Thomas Bodley Scott; see that noble dedication). I think it probable that Dr. Doyle would rather have been Stevenson's medical adviser than anything else he could think of. Young H. G. Wells, then a draper's assistant in Southsea (his employer was a patient of Doyle's) was as ruddy and shrill as only H. G. would have been at nineteen.

The MS of "The Firm of Girdlestone" was already shabby with to-and-fro. The "rustle of the green-



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 703)

F. BOAS:

THE MIND OF PRIMITIVE MAN

Freedom of judgment can be attained only when we learn to estimate an individual according to his own ability and character. Then we shall find if we . . . select the best . . . that all races and all nationalities would be represented.