

essays comprising the volume on hospitals. The relation of the patient to the physician, the physician to the hospital, and the hospital to society provide focal points for fruitful discussion. Dr. Faxon, in his concluding chapter on "The Place of the Hospital in the Social Order," recognizes that the increasing role of Government is inevitable but expresses anxious hope that the voluntary hospital system will not succumb completely to Government control. Dr. Edward D. Churchill, of Harvard, in the opening chapter depicting the historical development of the hospital, notes that the voluntary hospital, in general, has lagged behind progress in allied fields and fears that its traditional inflexibility may prove its ruin.

The care and treatment of the patient is now but one of the three major functions the modern hospital fulfills. It is also a key center of medical research and professional training. All three roles are competently discussed in the Faxon-edited volume.

The present-day switch in stress from the cure of disease to its prevention provides the basic text of the book on public health edited by Dean Simmons of the Harvard School of Public Health. Twenty-three outstanding experts in the field run the gamut from smallpox vaccination to atomic energy safeguards. In a felicitous foreword, President James B. Conant, of Harvard, observes how the aims of both idealism and imperialism have quickened Governmental activity in public health matters. Dr. Simmons, in his introductory chapter, entitled "Mr. LeBar and World Health," uses as a symbol of the compact world the tragic case of the Mexican importer who, in 1947, journeyed to New York with a fatal smallpox infection and produced panic in the great metropolis by spreading the disease and almost creating an epidemic that was checked only by vaccinating nearly six million New Yorkers speedily.

Other contributors to this informative volume include such widely-known names as Basil O'Connor, Paul R. Hawley, C.-E. A. Winslow, Martha M. Eliot, Louis I. Dublin, George F. Lull, and Alice Hamilton. The surgeons general of the Army and Navy are also contributors.

Both volumes are valuable additions to the literature of modern health and medical practices. The Simmons book on public health would be more useful for reference purposes if it contained an index.

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## Anthropoid's Progress

A NEW THEORY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. By Sir Arthur Keith. New York: Philosophical Library. 451 pp. \$4.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

SIR ARTHUR KEITH, an outstanding comparative anatomist and anthropologist, summarizes in this latest volume the views of man's origin and evolution which he has developed over at least three decades. Unlike Darwin and his immediate successors, he holds that man evolved not in Asia but in Africa. Recent excavations of human fossils in South Africa have made it necessary in his opinion to abandon the old conception of man's Asiatic emergence. Unlike the chimpanzee and gorilla that live in desert jungle country the fossil anthropoids of South Africa walked and ran in the open country because their legs were not designed for tree climbing. Moreover the South African anthropoids were not vegetarians, but omnivores and hunters who bashed out the brains of contemporary baboons. If we want to know how man became a murderer, even a cannibal, the human fossils of South Africa answer.

But how did the modern highly developed "races" originate? Here hormones played an important role, Sir Arthur maintains. No one will deny that they can alter both physical structures and functions. There is no reason why endocrine glands should not mutate in what we would call the right direction and so produce inheritable physical changes that give us not only men with fine brains but the "races" of which we have been hearing too much since the days of Count Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Sir Arthur's hormones are certainly more plausible than are Darwinian-Lamarckian hereditary structural changes brought about by use and wont.

To Sir Arthur "nation" is synonymous with "race." This viewpoint has been condemned over and over again by anthropologists and historians. But Sir Arthur sticks to it. His intransigency is the necessary consequence of his doctrine of the group

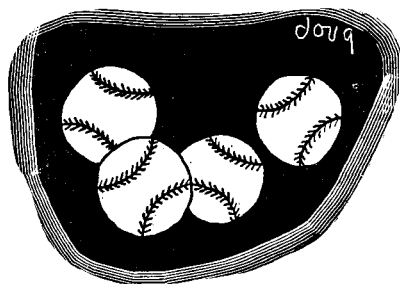
spirit—the clannishness that isolates one primitive tribe (always a largely inbred ethnic unit) from another. Migration is a more modern phenomenon, a matter of a few thousand years. Hence Sir Arthur thinks it of no great importance in the early evolution of man. It is certainly significant that the black, yellow, red, brown, and white races are still geographically segregated, for all our means of cheap, rapid transportation.

Quarrel as we may with Sir Arthur's persistence in treating nations in this way, it must be said for him that the traditional anthropological conception of "race" has never been convincing. The old, rough division of humanity into whites and blacks, yellows and browns breaks down when viewed in the light of genetics. There are in Hawaii scores of human mixtures that cannot be forced into any artificial classification.

Sir Arthur's way of dealing with nations as "races" may have a cultural importance but it is of no help to the geneticist who would like to classify human beings in terms of the original more or less pure strains from which they are descended. The anthropologists started with a preconceived notion of "race" that goes back to the eighteenth century and tried to fit their human material into that conception. If Sir Arthur's "national" conception is faulty it is because he stresses social behavior (an acquisition and not an inborn trait) and pays too little attention to genetic factors. There may be no physical differences between the people of one nation and those of a neighboring nation, as he points out; yet the two think as differently as did the primitive tribes that clung together and regarded all neighboring tribes with suspicion and hostility. Nationalism is akin to "racism," Sir Arthur holds, and both are important to him in accounting for human evolution.

Sir Arthur is so good and clear an expositor of his doctrines that this book will arouse not only the interest of the general reader, who has been brought up with all the prejudices of his grandfather, but the opposition of anthropologists. But what higher praise can be lavished on a book than that it provokes thinking? This reviewer hopes that Sir Arthur will be widely read not only because he is provocative, but because of his literary skill, his power of persuasion, the courtesy with which he treats his adversaries, and the utter lack of anything that remotely resembles bias or truculence in his treatment of controversial anthropological problems.

*Waldemar Kaempffert is science news editor of The New York Times.*



**Americana.** When the late Constance Lindsay Skinner nearly twenty years ago talked Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart into issuing a series that would celebrate the past of America through the folklore of its rivers, she helped start one of the most successful ventures in publishing. Thanks to the curiosity about our national heritage that has flourished during the past two decades, Miss Skinner was also helping inaugurate a trend that has affected the whole book world. After her own *Rivers of America*, other publishers launched series honoring American lakes, mountains, regions, and racial groups. The public's appetite is apparently insatiable. Now localities hitherto overlooked by the series are receiving attention in single volumes, such as Harlan Hatcher's story of northern Ohio, "*The Western Reserve*," and the Murphy-Weld anthology about the habitat of "dem bums," "*A Treasury of Brooklyn*."

## New Connecticut in Ohio

**THE WESTERN RESERVE.** By Harlan Hatcher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 365 pp. \$4.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN AN essay in this journal several years ago, Harlan Hatcher wrote that a traveler from the Ohio River to Lake Erie could feel that he had been transported from Virginia to Connecticut. Now Mr. Hatcher tells with warmth, learning, and imagination "the story of New Connecticut in Ohio." His new book shows how a colony of New England was established on the long Lake Erie shore and how that colony developed into a commonwealth such as no Connecticut Yankee could foresee.

The Western Reserve is an area between Lake Erie and the 41st parallel, extending 120 miles west from the border of Pennsylvania. Originally known as New Connecticut, it was a domain which Connecticut reserved for herself while ceding the rest of her vaguely claimed Western lands. To this region of forest, field, and swamp the first party of Connecticut men came in July 1796. When he laid out the central town of the Reserve, called by his own name, Moses Cleaveland dared to believe "the child is now born that may live to see that place as large as Old Windham." Less than a century later A. B. Hinsdale wrote: "No other 5,000 square miles of territory in the United States, lying in a body outside of New England, ever had, to begin with, so pure a New England population. No similar territory west of the Allegheny Mountains has so impressed the brain and conscience of the country."

For some reason the Western Reserve has retained its colonial designation, and despite its astonishing commercial development it has re-

tained some of its early New England character. Place names have been a reminder: near the shore of Lake Erie lie the towns of New London, New Haven, Norwalk, Ridgefield, Greenwich, and Danbury. Architecture was transplanted from the older province: under Ohio elms are houses, schools, and churches that came direct from New England. The new domain had a lakefront like the Connecticut seaboard on the Sound. It was a transplanted colony in which life could be carried on in the remembered ways, with the village livestock grazing in the public green. Early newspapers in the Reserve printed marriage and death notices from old Connecticut.

But, as the first colonists knew, it was a more fertile land, and, as they did not know, it was a natural meeting place for Pennsylvania coal and Lake Superior iron ore. It was close to the industrial future.

Mr. Hatcher's book is a harmonious mingling of learning, observation, and reflection. From surveyors' field notes to city directories, from bills of lading to newspaper files, he has looked into the complex story of how a colony grew into a commonwealth. The building of canals and railroads brought new trade and teeming new populations. The growth of banks and business corporations overshadowed the early wheat fields and the dairy herds. The twentieth century found a dozen languages in New Connecticut, and nearly as many foreign-language newspapers. Now in the Cleveland Cultural Gardens fifteen foreign nationality groups pay respect to their unique cultures.

I have mentioned the book's quality of reflection. It is the kind of reflection that makes a present-day American wonder that the beginnings of his society were so short a time ago and are yet so distant from him. The more

searching reflection—about how the sons of God-fearing men from Connecticut took charge of the steel business and of national politics—this book does not dwell upon, though no one could do better with that analysis than Mr. Hatcher.

One reason for the high degree of reader interest in this book is the stream of people who move through it. While Mr. Hatcher keeps one aware of the restless life of the Reserve, he often brings his narrative to focus on arresting figures. Moses Cleaveland is pictured as a man to remember. Joseph Smith led his Mormon colony to the quiet town of Kirtland, and its quiet was ended. Alfred Kelley left the comforts of retirement to build the lagging Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati Railroad. Samuel L. Mather organized the Cleveland Mining Company and Captain Alva Bradley built a fleet of ore-carrying ships. The procession goes on—with Garfield and McKinley, Rockefeller, Hanna, and the Van Sweringens, Howells and Edison, Tom Johnson and Newton D. Baker. These are names from the Reserve, names that entered into the trade and politics of the nation and into its brain and conscience.

### Old New England Primer



In Adam's fall  
We sinned all.



Thy life to mend,  
God's Book attend.



The Cat doth play,  
And after slay.



A Dog will bite  
A thief at night.



The Eagle's flight  
Is out of sight.



The idle Fool  
Is whipped at school.



As runs the Glass,  
Man's life doth pass.



My book and Heart  
Shall never part.



Job feels the rod,  
Yet blesses God.



Proud Korah's troop  
Was swallowed up.



The Lion bold  
The Lamb doth hold.



The Moon gives light  
In time of night.

—From "Old New England."