

equally of a pleasant derangement of chapters, the tongue-and-groove assembly of non-sequiturs, and the final tightening of a paragraph as with a spanner.

As to the "Album" itself, why spoil it by reporting? Why bleed it by quotation? It shall lie on my shelf (he would say will) like a Thurber dog—whose prototype turns up in a once well-known lithograph. It will haunt me—like the dog's eyes—for a long time to come. I shall remember Mr. Thurber's mother, a most wonderful lady who deserved and got a genius for a son. I shall remember, as everyone will, the Man with the Pipe at Ohio State as some of us remember Copey of Harvard, Billy Phelps of Yale, Winch of Wesleyan, or Woodberry of Columbia. He was Joseph Russell Taylor; but Thurber does almost equally well by Billy Graves and one Dean Denney. I shall not forget the portrait of Grandfather William M. Fisher of Columbus, Ohio, who introduced himself to strangers in that way—"a full, resounding identification of which he was incurably fond." I could not forget Frank James and the tree on the diamond. Or Billy Ireland—the boy from Chillicothe—who "preached and practised a simple theory of his own about newspaper cartooning: 'If you can make a man laugh you can spit in his eye.'" There is much about Ohio journalism and politics, but never enough to be too much. As taut as anything is the final chapter called "Loose Leaves."

Joe Taylor is reported to have said, "A straight line can also be the dull-est distance between two points." A straight line through this "Album" is about the pleasantest journey I have made in a long, long time.

**FRASER YOUNG'S  
LITERARY CRYPT No. 468**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 468 will be found in the next issue.*

CATYBRED PLNEYGACPFM

RNFX RX RL YDYFPN

WL XYNEYFX.

—HRCFRXRE KERNPRL.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 467  
That pestilent cosmetic, rhetoric.  
—T. HUXLEY.*

## Candidate from the Sticks?

MAN FROM ABILENE: Dwight David Eisenhower, *A Story of Leadership*. By Kevin McCann. New York: Doubleday & Co. 252 pp. \$2.50.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

NO one has had a better opportunity to know the postwar General Eisenhower in all his aspects than Kevin McCann. Now president of Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio, McCann for five years was Eisenhower's chief assistant, first in the office of the Chief of Staff following World War II, then in the office of the president of Columbia University, and finally in the office of the supreme commander of NATO's armed forces. John Gunther reports that at Columbia McCann was in charge of Eisenhower's public relations and correspondence, that the General's trust in his assistant's judgment was complete, and that it was McCann who "had most of the responsibility for determining whom Eisenhower should—or should not—see, even among faculty members."

Hence the reader approaches this book with doubled interest. Because the author is so trusted a counselor and could (one would think) hardly fail to reveal some of his own quality in his writing, one hopes to find here a clue to the General's judgment of men in those areas for which he is less fitted by formal training than he is for commanding international armies. One also hopes to find here either a fresh portrait of the General or new angles from which to view the portrait already drawn by others—for McCann has known intimately the Eisenhower who, at Columbia, was so variously reported as to become an enigma in the popular mind, yet whose operation there provides probably the closest analogy thus far to the job he would have if he became President.

Alas, on both counts the present reader has been disappointed.

The chief self-revelations are of the author's modesty (he makes small claims for his work), his generous purposes (the royalties from his book are to go into Defiance's scholarship fund), and of his utter personal loyalty to and uncritical admiration of Eisenhower. Never, according to this book, has Eisenhower made a mistake. Never has he been intelligently criticized (none of the sharp censures of

Eisenhower as college president, quoted by Gunther for instance, is even hinted at by McCann). And virtually every extended quotation from an Eisenhower speech or letter is preceded or followed by a tribute to its wisdom. Otherwise there is no indication here of the author's own personality and capacities—no clear indication, in other words, of the kind of man Ike now chooses as his most intimate working associate. Even the quality of McCann's writing provides doubtful evidence. The prose in this book is competent enough, but it's so utterly different from that of the *Herald Tribune's* newspaper syndication as to make one wonder if both versions were produced by the same writer.

Undoubtedly the book's chief value lies in the quotations from Eisenhower's speeches and letters, several of them hitherto unpublished, which make up fully half of the volume's total wordage. The selections seem to have been made more for the purpose of producing a favorable impression than for sampling with strict accuracy the General's ideas and attitudes. The "beer and hot dog" speech, with its revealing portrayal of "security" as opposed to "freedom," goes unmentioned; so do the statements opposing (if ambiguously) Federal aid to education; so does the Columbia inaugural with its dubious definitions of our "system of private profit" and of the teacher's "obligation" to support it in order to preserve "academic liberty." Nevertheless, one closes this book with a clear sense of Eisenhower's general political views and of the moral commitments by which he would sustain them.

Here, one feels, is a good man (in the moral sense), sweet of temper, eager to serve his fellowman, whose economic views are at least as conservative as Senator Taft's (the great schism in his political philosophy is between his commitment to our present European policy and his opposition to the high taxes and Federal controls which this policy implies), and who has been driven reluctantly into politics by a growing conviction that otherwise he would be shirking his duty. His speeches and correspondence, and the memoranda he occasionally writes to himself, give no evidence of wide reading or, indeed, of serious intellectual interests. They do reveal impressive powers of analysis, of swift decisiveness, and of strength of character within the area of his professional competency, and

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they reveal a considerable widening of his mental horizons within the last few years. He is still obviously unaccustomed to thinking in terms of grand political strategy as distinct from tactical maneuvering toward limited objectives (such objectives have of course been defined for him in his past military assignments), and he often appears nervously tense with a sense of Destiny and of his own possible inadequacy as he struggles to clarify his essential beliefs about our democracy and its proper role in world affairs.

He believes himself to be a "middle-of-the-roader." Within what he defines as a "central" position he would preserve (or restore) individual freedoms by directing the maximum possible decentralization and the widest possible diffusion of economic and political powers. He is convinced that the interests of capital and labor are "essentially" the same and that our several freedoms—personal, political, and economic—are so closely interdependent that the denial of any one of them means the denial of all. At the same time he regards as "axiomatic" the fact that "liberty is not possible for one [person] except as it is defined and limited by equal liberties for others." He appears to believe that civil liberties may be seriously threatened by present trends—at least he makes one passing reference in this book to the importance of preserving free speech—but he's obviously more concerned about the threat to "economic" liberty posed by a growing concentration of power in the Federal Government.

Perhaps a clue to how "central" his political position actually is may be found in the fact that he appears to feel much less secure psychologically against attackers from the Left than he does against those from the Right. With equanimity, without raising his voice, he faces the charge of "radical" which (he claims) may be brought against his kind of "progressive" by extreme reactionaries. But he lashes out with a surprising petulance at what he calls the "screaming charge of reaction, of selfishness, of favoring vested interests" which may be hurled against him by liberals.

"He [the political progressive] must be prepared to hear himself labeled an economic Tory who fails utterly to place men above money, decency above profits," says Eisenhower in the longest and one of the most revealing quotations in McCann's book. "Such foul and lying tactics are as old as history—but they can be effective. The demagogue played his part in the destruction of Athens and of Rome."

## The Liberator's Master

THE FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA. By Victor W. Von Hagen. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 320 pp. \$5.

By CARLETON BEALS

**S**IMON BOLIVAR had liberated five countries from Spanish rule and was now in Bogotá as the President of the Great Colombian federation. Though only forty-four, he suddenly felt the "frost" of his years and his first uneasiness at the heartbreaking problems of orderly government, a premonition that he had won wars but not the more difficult battle of peace.

In this mood of mingled triumph and doubt, he wrote Manuela Sáenz, his mistress, whom he had alternately loved and shoved aside, "I cannot live without you . . . Come. Come to me. Come now."

For her, aside from her undying love for him, it was an opportune moment. An insurrectionary government of Peru, defying Bolívar, had ordered her into exile. After more than a thousand miles of excruciating travel over terrain as difficult as any on earth, she was installed publicly in the National Palace of Bogotá, to become his solace and savior, and the shaper of affairs of state even after the Liberator himself had been exiled and had perished.

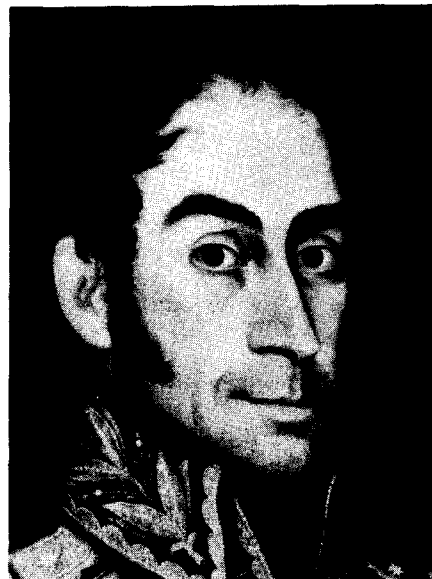
In Von Hagen's epic of her life and a continent in turmoil, though he tells his story in intimate terms, the complicated political outlines are an integrated part of the tale, and stand out effortlessly—almost like the stark outlines of the towering Andes which

provide the background setting. His colorful but restrained style is so woven with the events that the reader will hardly be aware of the endless toil and patience required to reconstruct accurately the life and character of this great and ambitious woman—through her struggles to free Peru, her life with Bolívar, her gay and glorious triumph, to her dark hours in dungeons and in exile.

He would have had a colossal task even had so much evidence not been wiped out. For more than a century Manuelita has been consigned to oblivion by statesmen and pseudo-historians trying to build up a false tinged picture of the Liberator. Such as they have tried to destroy every scrap of evidence concerning his relations with the woman who shaped eight years of his life and many of the notable events of South America. Yet in her day she scandalized a continent, because as Bolívar's most trusted adviser she had more influence on him than any other human being during the years of his greatness, and bent generals and cabinet ministers to her will.

As a result of this unpardonable "burning of the books" Von Hagen has had to paw for many years over dusty scrawled unindexed archives, national and local, Church and private, in four countries. He has missed those of Venezuela, but though important for Bolívar's life, these would have yielded little with regard to Manuela.

His task also involved arduous trips across deserts and through terrible jungles, down stormy rivers and over the icy crags of the Andes—the routes that Manuela and Bolívar followed in the great wars of liberation. As a result Von Hagen is able to picture the important differences between various regions and peoples with zest and rare sensitivity. His tale flows with equal assurance through the various social levels, from mud huts to palaces, from scurvy behind-the-scenes intrigue to lofty statecraft. All this becomes part of the warm human story of Manuela and the Liberator: the battles, bloody revolt, the terror of attempted assassination when she faced murderers and police single-handed with soft words or with guns or naked sword in hand. Even an informal picnic, thanks to Manuela's passion and prankishness, provides



—DeCastro (1824)

Bolívar—"triumph and doubt."

Carleton Beals has written many books about Latin America.