

passing about-face we have had to make, for geopolitical expediency, on our stand on Japanese militarism and the monopolistic operations of the Zaibatsu, and the results of the Great Land Reform.

Those who prefer to weave a pin-ball course among the plethora of statistics will elicit from the pages a fantastic picture of an operation which might have been expressly designed to enhance the personality of one man. The author writes with scorn of such activities as the official Occupation history, or as he calls it the Great MacArthur History, a project on which half a hundred high-priced men and women, to a total cost probably exceeding \$3,000,000, worked for six years. "The entire staff knew that the purpose was to glorify MacArthur." And yet no final, comprehensive report was ever published.

His contempt is manifest for the inner circle closest to the Supreme Commander, a tight little band made up mostly of friends from Manila days, such as Major General Courtney Whitney, head of Military Government, and General Charles Willoughby, Chief of Intelligence—each hating the other, permitting inter-office rivalry to affect the operation of their departments, jockeying for position closest to their exalted leader, held together by almost fanatical loyalty to him, and sharing a bitter resentment towards General Eisenhower over in Europe and the ETO boys who began to infiltrate SCAP.

This book sheds a light, far from flattering, on actual Occupation accomplishments. All in command were not totally inept; rather grudgingly the author hands out a few orchids. And he concedes that, when all was said and done, the Occupation did well. "Program after program failed; but its ideals remained." Almost reluctantly he states: "Despite the Occupation and despite the cancellation of its edicts, important changes had occurred . . . Japanese who once had prided themselves on their uniqueness, cast off their insularity. . . . The people were holding up their heads; laborers and farmers, especially, were displaying self-respect."

He then reminds us that these were matters for which no Occupation staff section was responsible, and for which none of the multitude of directives had been issued.

Admitting that GIs were generally "excellent ambassadors," Mr. Wildes credits two groups with whatever success may be claimed for the Occupation: "A devoted middle brass, working without adequate direction," and an "amazingly cooperative Japanese populace."

The Calamitous 7th

"The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor," by Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald, USN (Ret.) (Deriv. Admir. 202 pp., \$3.50), argues the thesis, in lawyer's-brief fashion, that F. D. Roosevelt deliberately goaded Japan into World War II. Below it is reviewed by Rear Admiral A. H. McCullom, USN (Ret.), who at the time of Pearl Harbor was head of the Far Eastern Division of Naval Intelligence.

By A. H. McCullom

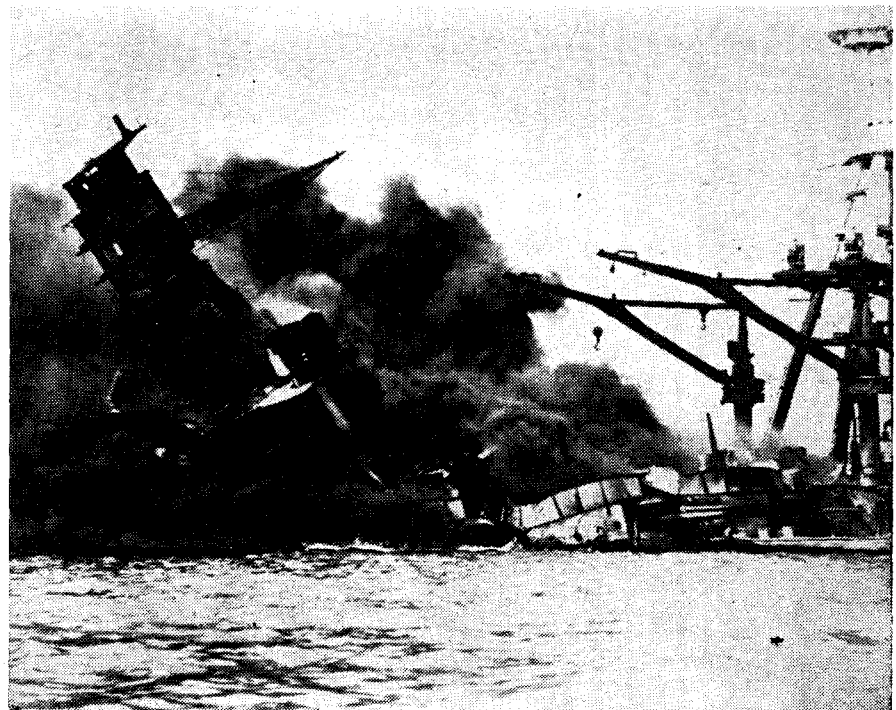
THE "author's introduction" to Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald's "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor" is the key to the tenor of his book. In it, Admiral Theobald states: "The normal sequence of deductive reasoning is discarded in favor of the order used in a legal presentation. The case is stated at the outset, and the evidence is marshalled and discussed." Thus the author, with commendable candor, gives due notice that he is out to prove a case and in consequence will present only those facts and his own deductions therefrom that tend to support that case.

Admiral Theobald's thesis is the somewhat overworked and stale one that the consummately clever and adroit Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then President of the United States, deliberately goaded Japan into war as a

means of insuring United States entry into the European war on the side of the British. In order to achieve his purpose—so the argument runs—the President connived with the highest civil and military officials in the government in Washington and, presumably, with high military and naval commanders in the remoter reaches of the Pacific to induce Japan to start the war by a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The plot went even farther: Admiral Kimmel and General Short, the American commanders in the Hawaiian area, and their forces were carefully prepared and deliberately tricked into slaughter as a human sacrifice that was thought necessary to arouse the American people.

In the development of his thesis, Admiral Theobald seems to disregard or dismiss as worthless much of the testimony of practically every high official, civil or military, then in the government, and, perhaps as important, that of high naval commands in the Far East. Moreover, he appears to have drawn some rather unusual conclusions from his data. He makes much of the efforts of the United States to deter Japan from further armed aggressions in Asia in 1940 and 1941 and interprets these diplomatic moves as conclusive evidence of a goading of Japan into war. Other students and observers of events, then and now, are generally of the view that these same moves were but a logical expression of American foreign policy at least as old as John Hay and

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—Acme.

The Arizona dying —"deliberately tricked into slaughter [?]"

The Palmy Days of Papa

"The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway," by Charles A. Fenton (Farrar, Straus & Young, 302 pp. \$5) and **"The Art of Ernest Hemingway,"** by John Atkins (Roy Publishers, 245 pp. \$4.50) are two attempts to interpret critically the work of the greatest living American novelist: the first, by an American, follows his career from high school through journalism; the latter, by a Briton, examines the full corpus of his work. Our reviewer, Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton University, is the author of *"Hemingway: The Writer As Artist."*

By Carlos Baker

YOU get two kinds of critical studies," the man said. "I call them the hands-up and the hand-me-down. In the first the author says hands-up to the truth, which surrenders, more or less. It's the kind of study that requires legwork, brainwork, and library work. The author checks with care his facts and his interpretations; then he presents them with an equal sense of responsibility both to the realities of the matter and the integrity of his own book. The second is the kind of book you dream up while sitting on your preconceptions like a rooster on a nest of porcelain eggs. The trouble with the hand-me-down eggs is that someone else put them there. They can be sat on for a long time and very little of value will be forthcoming."

In a rough way the man's generalization fits two books I have before me. Charles A. Fenton's *"The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway"* is a hands-up book, a thorough and revealing study of Hemingway's seven years' apprenticeship to the art of writing. This began with the Oak Park High School's *Trapeze* magazine in 1916, and closed with Hemingway's farewell to the *Toronto Star* on December 31, 1923. John Atkins's *"The Art of Ernest Hemingway"* is bright, witty, well-intentioned, frequently perceptive. Yet it is likely to strike most American readers as essentially a hand-me-down, porcelain-egg kind of study. There is much brooding over the thought of others, some light skipping from roost to roost. But Mr. Atkins never seems

to discover the vertebral structure which would give his work life, purpose, and critical dignity.

The vertebrae of Hemingway's early years are the places he knew and worked in, as high-school journalist, cub reporter, American Field Service ambulance driver, feature-writer, and foreign correspondent. With much leg and library work, Mr. Fenton patiently tracks him from Oak Park to Kansas City, the Italian front, Toronto, Chicago, Paris, Genoa, Strasbourg, the Schwarzwald, Asia Minor, Lausanne, Cortina d'Ampezzo, the Ruhr, Paris again, Toronto again. Hardly a page in the book which does not contain some new information, straighten out a tangled chronology, explode an old rumor, or settle a moot point. The places, yes, and the people. Especially the people the young man worked with and for: his high-school teachers (first-rate and interested); Wellington and Moise of the *Kansas City Star*; Cranston, Bone, and Hindmarsh of the *Toronto Star* and *Star Weekly*; Harrison Parker of the *Co-operative Commonwealth*, an ill-starred trade journal in Chicago; William Bolitho Ryall, star European correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, later known as William Bolitho. Among such stars as these Hemingway earned his stripes, emerging at age twenty-four as a veteran journalist or, as he still likes to call himself, "an old newsman."

We have in America an honorable record of literary apprenticeships served in journalism. George Washington Cable, Stephen Crane, Ring Lardner, and Mark Twain are among Hemingway's predecessors in the hard and practical school of observation, truth-telling, compression, and deadline-hitting.

"Other factors," writes Fenton, "contributed to the . . . apprenticeship, including war, travel, sport, and a variety of vocational and literary associations." But the experience as journalist was "extensive, sustained, and purposeful, involving influences which have been overlooked or misunderstood. It was a powerful force in the formation of the style and attitudes which have been generally regarded as characteristic of his mature work."

Hemingway's high-school journalism was neither better nor worse than that of many talented youngsters, but he was fortunate in the

Misses Margaret Dixon and Fannie Biggs, two of his English teachers, who combined honesty with sympathy, and good sense with good taste, to give the boy a solid start. He was equally lucky in his choice of Kansas City as the place to start his cub reporting. The *Star* was then one of the six leading newspapers in the United States; its boast was that it trained its men well, and Hemingway's rigorous course of sprouts was served under C. G. Wellington.

IN the next five years he completed his apprenticeship, and gradually achieved the transition from reporter to artist. Mr. Fenton's account of this period is far fuller and more accurate than the vague and often contradictory rumors that have been beaten back and forth over the past thirty years. It is also continuously informative and interesting, avoiding the sensational, carefully charting out the moves by which the artist was made: the war in Italy, the return to newspaper work in Toronto and Chicago, the new departure for Europe, the interviews with Clemenceau (Hemingway admired him) and Mussolini (Hemingway hated him), the war between the Turks and the Greeks, the Peace Conference at Lausanne, the Ruhr Occupation, and the voyage home to Toronto in 1923. And the writing, always the writing, some of it wretched, some careless and cynical, but all of it contributing to the hammering out of a memorable style on the anvil of the young man's heavy-duty Corona. Mr. Fenton, in short, has given us a valuable and useful book.

It is not entirely otherwise with Mr. Atkins. He disarmingly and honestly says that his book is "full of hollow places . . . which will have the appearance of caverns to those who honour it with their full attention." Having so honored it, one finds that, though often concave, it is also sometimes convex. There are the acute perceptions: "When hatred or dislike get the better of him, Hemingway's accuracy suffers." Or the observation on "how important death is in Hemingway's feelings about life, how automatically life presents itself to him as a brief interlude in aeons of death." Or Hemingway's discovery, not so recent as Mr. Atkins seems to think, that "the secret of life lies in communion."

One finds other convexities, like this one on Hemingway as symbolist. "There is never any feeling of strain, any suspicion that a description is a nicely planned piece of symbolism. Often, of course, it is symbolic—but always out of its own truthfulness. It is symbolic in the way