

ransformation of which the Gold Coast is a case in point.

**ZAMBESI.** By J. F. MacDonald. St. Martin's Press. \$4.50. Ostensibly a travelogue through the remote reaches of Africa's grandest rivers, the Zambezi, Mr. MacDonald's book describes the sights and sounds, the people, and the natural history to be found along that river's banks, from its source (in Angola) to its mouth (in Mozambique) and from its huge power dams and modern industrial settlements to its remote villages and primitive men and animals. But the book also offers Mr. MacDonald's own opinions on the reasons for South African race tensions, on the attitudes of the Nationalist Afrikaner, and on other African matters of current interest.

**A CURE FOR SERPENTS.** By Alberto Denti di Pirajno. Translated by Kathleen Naylor. William Sloane Associates. \$4. The author, an Italian whose title is Duke of Pirajno, spent twenty years in North Africa, where he practised medicine and acted as a colonial administrator. According to his story, he was completely accepted by the natives, and as a result he emerged with a host of tales about these natives. Among his real-life characters are an African who claimed to have swallowed a serpent (and gave the book its title), a young Negress who charmed scorpions, and several characters who imparted to the doctor-duke the backstairs gossip of the Tunisian brothels, much of which he also repeats for the benefit of his readers, thereby flavoring the book's lighthearted approach toward Africa.

**AFRICAN MUSIC FROM THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.** By Joseph Kyagambiddwa. Frederick A. Praeger. \$4.50. In this book a native African scholar has studied and recorded the words and music (together with translations and explanations for each song) of the Baganda people—a people whose music, says the author, is the key to understanding all African and African-inspired music. Of the 162 songs recorded in the book some are religious songs, some are work songs, and some are general folklore songs. Some titles which give an indication of the subject matter: "He Who Has Never Seen a Gun," "Let's Go to the God of War," "The Little Lion," and "Loving a Beautiful One Means Entreaties." At the end of the book Mr. Kyagambiddwa has also provided some analyses of the rhymes, the word rhythms, and the pronunciations of the languages employed in his collection.

## Schweitzer in Alvastone

**T**HIS IS the season of inspiration and of brotherhood, and this is the story of how one man's selfless acts of brotherhood inspired another to artistic heights far beyond his modest aspirations. It goes back to a year ago last August, when Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America and one of the country's leading economists, went to Saigon for the International Rescue Committee, of which he is chairman. His purpose in carrying out the IRC's work was to see what could be done for intellectuals and artists trapped behind the advancing Iron Curtain in Vietnam. Mr. Cherne left Saigon with a program of aid called "Operation Brotherhood." But the enormity of the problem so distressed him, and he suffered such acute physical fatigue, that he collapsed, and for long weeks was hospitalized.

"In the fatigue after Saigon many things came into sharp focus," says Mr. Cherne. "I realized that Indochina is suffering from colonialism just as Dr. Albert Schweitzer's people are in Equatorial French Africa." And when, as occupational therapy, Mr. Cherne—who was but an amateur sculptor—began to model a head of Dr. Schweitzer he poured into the work all the admiration and understanding he had of the great humanitarian doctor. He spent some five months on it, thirty to forty hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

Dr. Schweitzer has said that of all the sculptures done of him Mr. Cherne's is the one that has given him the most pleasure.

A bronze of the original plastilene bust was presented to the Smithsonian Institution, at their request, on October 12. Mr. Cherne gave another to the Overseas Press Club on October 25 in recognition of the fact that it was the foreign correspondents who first brought Dr. Schweitzer to the attention of the American people. It is the Club's wish that the head be on permanent display.

Mr. Cherne has never seen Dr.

Schweitzer in person. "About eight years ago," he recalls, "Norman Cousins arranged an invitation for me to go to Aspen, Colorado, to lecture with Dr. Schweitzer. The doctor had traveled half the world—from Lambarene, Africa—to be there, but I, a brash young man of thirty-four, was too busy to go! I was involved in writings and broadcasts for the Research Institute of America. I have never gotten over my arrogance in not going."

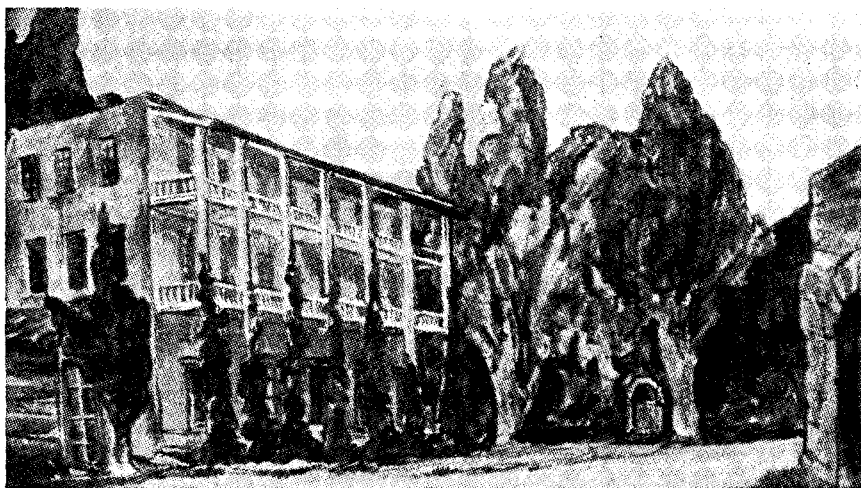


To model his bust Mr. Cherne mounted twenty photographs of Dr. Schweitzer on a large cardboard, roughly as though the head were turning from right to left. The biggest handicap, he says, was that there was no adequate picture of the left side of the doctor's face. Nevertheless, his work is of such artistic merit that Alva Studios, which recently perfected a means for reproducing the world's great sculpture at low cost, have added it to their line, and copies are now

available to the public at \$17.50 each. Mr. Cherne has assigned the bulk of his royalties from the sale of the head to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital Fund, the rest to the International Rescue Committee.

The copies of the Schweitzer bust are in Alvastone, a stonelike formula developed by Alva Studios that can be made to simulate almost any material. So perfect a copy can be made with it that museums are concerned lest someone exchange a reproduction for an original, leaving them, if suspicious, with the difficult decision whether to risk ruining an original with the chemicals necessary to detect Alvastone.

Readers wishing to help the work of the Albert Schweitzer Hospital Fund and the International Rescue Committee may secure the Cherne sculpture from these bookstores: Vroman's, Pasadena, Calif.; City of Paris, San Francisco, Calif.; Remington's Bookstore, Baltimore, Md.; Brentano's, New York City; Rosengren's, San Antonio, Tex.; and The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.



—By Muriel Sibell Wolle for "The Bonanza Trail."

A mid-nineteenth-century Western hotel—"rich fabric of a fabulous period."

## Variety of the Frontier

**"Miss Morissa, Doctor of the Gold Trails,"** by Mari Sandoz (McGraw-Hill. 249 pp. \$3.75), is a novel about a woman physician by a leading historian of the American West.

By Oliver La Farge

OF LIVING writers few are as qualified as Mari Sandoz to write of the old West of the bad men, the early cattle men, and the still smoldering—and sometimes blazing—Indian tribes. She has the knowledge and at her best she writes it down superbly. In her new novel, "Miss Morissa, Doctor of the Gold Trails," Miss Sandoz has fictionalized an inclusive survey and a social history of the almost unbelievably dramatic and crowded couple of years following the discovery of gold in the Black Hills and the breaking of the Sioux tribes. Her central figure and channel for her history is the unusual one of a woman frontier doctor.

Miss Sandoz has not quite solved the problem of the historical novel. In such a novel the writer must create a personal story strong enough to hold the reader regardless of setting, and this story must blend smoothly with the history in hand. Dr. Morissa Kirk's story neatly fulfils the latter requirement, but it fails in the former. We have something of a double triangle—Miss Morissa the woman vis-à-vis Mr. Right and Mr. Wrong, and this triangle in turn in opposition to Dr. Morissa the dedicated physician vis-à-vis the demands

of her calling and the obstacles inherent in the time and place.

Both conflicts are a trifle obvious, as though the author, intent really on the special history, had set them up impatiently. The heroine's rejections of Mr. Right and her tendency to adhere to Mr. Wrong end by seeming artificial, and as the book goes on the reader rather loses interest in whatever the eventual decisions may be. Everything is set straight, all the conflicts are resolved, Miss Morissa gets the fine man she truly loves and the villain is eliminated, and Dr. Morissa gets her special hospital and is securely enshrined in the hearts of the people, all in the last few pages. It is all much too neat, although the catalytic event that brings it about is a bit of logical and ingenious invention.

Setting aside the fictional element, the book is a remarkably rich fabric of the mores and events of a fabulous period. We have had parts of it from Owen Wister, and are getting a little more now from his diaries; Miss Sandoz gives us a generous helping. Here are the wealth and luxury side by side with poverty and barren primitiveness, the sporting Englishmen, the Texans, the assorted bad men and would-be bad men, the people of the gold rush, the cowpunchers, the nesters, and the Indians. Here are vice and virtue. We get even some excellently handled, acidly accurate glimpses of Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane. I know of no other popular work that so well covers the variety of the frontier that vanished so fast.

## Lifetime Love

**"These Lovers Fled Away,"** by Howard Spring (Harper. 483 pp. \$4.50), tells the story of an English orphan named Chad Boothroyd and his love for Rose Garland, who was loved also by three other men.

By Walter Havighurst

IN "These Lovers Fled Away," a novel that ranges over much of England and most of the past half century, Howard Spring traces the interwoven lives of four men who grew up from a country boyhood to take prominent places in the science, politics, poetry, and drama of their time. It is a long, full, steadily unfolding panorama, a story of school and college, of war and the uneasy life of England afterward and then of war again. Events and coincidence bring these boyhood friends together after their separate careers have sent them apart. But their strongest tie is the magnetic Rose Garland, whom they have known from their early years.

As Mr. Spring tells it, this is Chad Boothroyd's story, the story of his fatherless boyhood, his half-idle years at Oxford and his half-hearted years as a journalist in Manchester, his fame as a playwright, and his lifelong love for Rose Garland.

From Penderverel on the Cornwall Coast Chad was taken to the windy fells of Yorkshire, and there on a winter night when the little town was blanketed white and quiet as a grave, he discovered John Keats. He turned to his friend Eustace Hawke to share the excitement of that discovery, and that evening he left his friend, repeating "And they are gone: aye, ages long ago/These lovers fled away into the storm." A few years later Eustace Hawke, the pale young poet, ran off to Germany with Rose Garland.

The storm of the twentieth century was rising, and soon it swept them all—the poet who abandoned his mistress and lost his legs in the war, the scientist who began his long search for the secret of atomic structure, the economist who became a power in the Labour Party, and Chad Boothroyd, who during a convalescence in Cornwall wrote a play like "Journey's End."

Years later when Chad was married to Rose Garland he saw a legless pavement artist humped over the sidewalk by the Thames. His decision to take the maimed Eustace into his

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