

Americana

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saw in him a chance to create an opponent to Jackson with the same backwoods appeal as Jackson . . . Crockett did not realize he was being used in this fashion and he went along, believing all that the shrewd Whigs told him." So we turned back to Parrington. "When Davy first went to Congress," Mr. Parrington says, "he was anti-tariff and had won his seat on that issue; but he was invited to Lowell (Mass.), shown an idyllic picture of contented and prosperous millhands, dined, given a prepared table of statistics proving how industrialism is calculated not only to give individual happiness and prosperity, but to add to our national wealth and prosperity, and bidden Godspeed in the work of spreading the true gospel among the honest, simple-minded, and patriotic frontiersmen. After having been presented by Mr. Lawrence with a fine suit of domestic broadcloth Davy would have been an ingrate not to vote for a protective tariff." Then, dispelling all Disney illusions, Mr. Parrington adds, "But alas! the opportunity [to vote for a protective tariff] never came. A backwoods constituency that had never been dined by Lowell capitalists and had little use for fine broadcloth, a constituency that persisted in throwing up coonskin caps for Old Hickory in spite of Lowell statistics, resented his apostasy from the Democratic faith and at the next election invited him to stay in the canebrakes. . . . In a fit of anger he quitted his family and the state of Tennessee, went off on the mad chase to Texas, and in March of the next year fell at the Alamo. Vain, ignorant Davy Crockett!"

We must confess that we had liked Mr. Disney's Davy so much that we felt completely flattened by Mr. Parrington's. But we slept on it and now feel much better. We have even decided that we have grown rather fond

of Mr. Parrington's Davy. Less impressive, perhaps. But more human.

We see no reason why our Davy couldn't shoot bears, kill Indians with the butt of his rifle, and still be a failure as a soldier and a Congressman. In fact, we rather prefer him that way. Since then our morale has been considerably lifted by the good news that next year Mr. Disney plans to produce a TV series called "Ichabod Crane." We think we may even enjoy seeing little headless horsemen dashing around our back fence. Pure legend this time, and no need to worry about the truth.

Crockettiana Extant

FOR years Davy Crockett has been a staple of every children's library, a perennial favorite of every generation of young readers. The current Davy Crockett craze has made him far more than that. To meet the insistent demands of youth of all ages librarians have found it necessary to multiply their stock of the old favorites, while publishers have found it expedient to bring old titles back into print and prepare new works on the old frontiersman. Naomi Noyes and Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Children's Librarians of the New York Public Library, have prepared the following critically annotated list of the books currently available or about to become so.

In Print

DAVY CROCKETT. By Constance Rourke. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75. (1934) An excellent biography, based on primary sources. Here is the pioneer American typified, full of physical vigor and extravagant talk but withal a father, a provider, and essentially a man of principle in public and private life. It is a book for adults but older children will be fired by it, too.

OLD WHIRLWIND: A Story of Davy Crockett. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by Manning De V. Lee. Macmillan. \$2. (1953) Events from Davy's experiences when his father hired him out to a drover are combined to make a simple, well-written story for younger children.

CHANTICLEER OF WILDERNESS ROAD: A Story of Davy Crockett. By Meridel Le Sueur. Illustrations by Aldren A. Watson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50. (1951) The essence of frontier brag and humor is in this tall tale of Davy Crockett's life, poetically told and well illustrated.

YANKEE THUNDER: The Legendary Life of Davy Crockett. By Irwin Shapiro. Pictures by James Daugherty. Julian Messner. \$2.75. (1944) "I'm half horse-half alligator . . . I can wade the Mississippi . . . and whip my weight in wildcats." James Daugherty's pictures interpret the robust qualities of the text.

THE STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Enid La Monte Meadowcroft. Illustrated by Charles B. Falls. Grosset & Dunlop. \$1.50. (1952) A factual, complete biography with only a few legends for color. The appeal is to average ten-year-olds. The writing is ordinary, and although the illustrations are the work of a fine artist they are ordinary, too.

DAVID CROCKETT: The Bravest of Them All Who Died in the Alamo. By V. F. Taylor. Naylor Co. \$2. (1955) A Texas author writes a brief, unexciting narrative of Davy Crockett's life, set in the framework of the battle of the Alamo.

DAVY CROCKETT: Young Rifleman. By Aileen Wells Parks. Illustrated by Charles V. John. Bobbs-Merrill. (1949) A characterless but

easy-to-read book which could be the biography of any pioneer child.

DAVY CROCKETT, HERO OF THE ALAMO. Story and pictures by Sanford Tousey. Albert Whitman. \$1.50. (1948) The events of Crockett's life are merely sketched in a wooden, uninteresting manner. For younger children

DAVY CROCKETT, pp. 100-107 in "American Songs: Stories and Songs of Our Country's Growing." Collected and told by Carl Carmer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5. (1942) Contains short anecdotes and an authentic folk ballad.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT: Told Mostly by Himself. With Illustrations by John W. Thomson, Jr. Scribner's. \$3.50. (1934) Contains "The Autobiography of David Crockett" together with "Colonel Crockett's Texas Exploits," which ends with the defense of the Alamo. A racy colloquial narrative which perfectly pictures Crockett's own character and American frontier days.

DAVY CROCKETT'S OWN STORY. Citadel Press. \$3.50. Consists of three volumes of autobiographical writings: "A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett," "An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East," and "Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas."

Forthcoming

DAVY CROCKETT. Frontier American. By Walter Blair. Coward-McCann. To be published in August. Probable price, \$2.50.

DAVY CROCKETT, NEW AMERICAN. Signet. 35¢. A paperback reprint of his own autobiographies. To be published July 22.

Movie Style

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT, King of the Wild Frontier. Told by Elizabeth Beecher. Pictures by the Walt Disney Studio. Adapted by Al Schmidt. Simon & Schuster. \$1. (1955).

THE PICTURE STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Felix Sutton. Illustrated by H. B. Vestal. Wonder Books. 25¢. (1955).

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT: King of the Wild Frontier. Told by Irwin Shapiro. Pictures by the Walt Disney Studio. Adapted by Mel Crawford. Simon & Schuster. (1955) A Little Golden Book. 25¢.

WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER STAMP BOOK. With 60 Color Stamps of Scenes from the Famous Motion Pictures and Drawings to Color. Simon & Schuster. (1955) 50¢.

DAVY CROCKETT COLORING BOOK. Treasure Books. 25¢. (1955).

The five titles listed above are written to order for quick consumption. They employ stereotyped frontier vernacular, Hollywood style.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 628

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 628 will be found in the next issue.

WNBUC ZPXUCUNHUX

OC CBMONU OP

XOCTZOCU.

WGWW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 627

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot it do singe thyself.

—Shakespeare.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1110)

OLIVER HALE:
CHARLES CARROLL

. . . And so beneath
The name of Thomas Stone he
signed forthwith
His own, pledging his heart and fortune when
He set down, pointing there, "of Carrollton."
Charles Carroll died at ninety-five, content
And free, and lives on in the Document.

He Reduced War to Four Words

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to a pitiful little stockade, virtually alone and friendless in its struggle. From the English workingmen in Manchester, hard hit by the shutting off of Southern cotton, came stanch approval of this act that repudiated "the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained Negro slavery, but desired to extend and root it more deeply." The workingmen of Manchester were willing to pull in their belts and stand by Lincoln for this purpose—"an instance of sublime Christian heroism," wrote Lincoln in warmhearted reply.

The fourth and final factor insuring the doom of the Confederacy was the emergence of Grant, the quiet, thoughtful, undramatic little general who reduced war to four words: "When in doubt, fight." In life, as in history, Grant simply kept coming on, confounding his critics and his enemies, always better than they suspected (and most always a lot soberer). On occasion he could drink like an Irishman in a Frank O'Connor story—he could *really* drink; and history isn't too much concerned over whether it was luck or prudence that he always managed to have a clear head when he needed one.

Stuck during the early months of the war in the mudhole of Cairo, Illinois, Grant, who had loved horses all his life, dreamed of how fine it would be to command a brigade in the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. For a time no one appeared willing to let Grant fight, so he began to force his own opportunities at Belmont and Paducah, and then at Henry and Donelson; he was a nation's hero long before his commanders sensed how good he was. His ascending star dipped sharply at Shiloh, where he was caught flat-footed and badly pasted; but the Vicksburg campaign followed, and suddenly he stood apart, a general who made up rules of war to fit the exigencies. He was bold, original, and smart, a man of success—and precisely what Lincoln most needed.

Grant's powers of concentration were enormous. Details of running his army he left to the members of the staff; his forte was chewing on half a cigar, tipped back on a campstool, thinking—thinking. Invariably his field orders had to be read only once, they were so clear, so concise, so well thought through. He could move troops to the critical point in a battle with unequalled speed—"feeding a fight," he called it. The pertinacity of the man was in the mes-

sage he sent after Spottsylvania: "I shall take no backward steps." Soldiers said of him: "Ulysses don't scare worth a damn."

Grant was innately modest, and success never turned his head. Arriving in Washington, to receive the rank of lieutenant-general and command over armies numbering more than a half-million men, he simply wrote in the register at Willard's Hotel: "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill." Then he called during a reception at the White House, quite unprepared to find official Washington so eager to see him that his mere presence nearly turned the occasion into a shambles. Asked later to dinner by the President the general declined politely but firmly: "I have become very tired of this show business."

But Lincoln understood—in fact, looking down from the advantage of an extra eight inches in height the President recognized in the unaffected Grant that he beheld, as Horace Porter said, someone who "had sprung from the common people to become one of the most uncommon of men." When Grant insisted on bringing Sheridan east to command his cavalry Lincoln commented that he was "rather a little fellow." Grant said quietly: "You will find him big enough for the purpose"—and Lincoln did. So Lincoln and Grant struck it off from the start, both good-humored and gentle men; and even Stanton failed to fluster Grant, no mean achievement considering that there were many Union generals who for years after the war shuddered every time they beheld Stanton's grim visage on a one-dollar treasury note.

TO SPECULATE whether Lee or Grant was the better general is sheer nonsense; both were fine generals, and since Lee was forced more than Grant to demonstrate his leadership both offensively and defensively it may be said unequivocally that he rose to both necessities with brilliance. Those who would detract from Grant's ultimate victory by saying that he fought with superior numbers and equipment must ignore Lee's advantage of thorough familiarity with every foot of the ground over which he fought, the ease with which he could guard supply lines in a friendly country, the prestige and morale of a fighting force that never had been defeated on Virginia soil, the rapidity with which the Confederates could move on interior lines, and the skill with which—at this point in the war

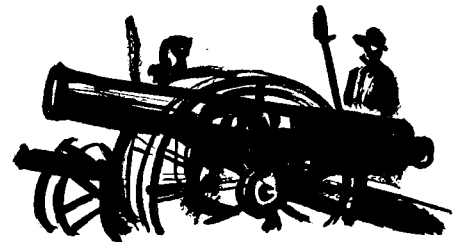
—armies had learned to dig intrenchments overnight.

Again, such speculations are nonsense: it was always fated, in this contest of 9,000,000 people against 23,000,000, that time would give the North the military machine to overwhelm and to crush the South. Again, patience—that the moral and legal cause justified the sacrifice on the part of the North, that eventually the general would emerge who could use the spectacular fighting force Lincoln had created in the Army of the Potomac—was the crux of the war.

Many politicians were against Lincoln, but never the hard core of his people; he won the time, the patience for Grant to consummate the inevitable victory. Lincoln knew that the end came too slowly—and knew why when one of his messages would snap at McClellan: "Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the Battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"; when one of his messages prodded Hooker: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

Year after year Lincoln pleaded with his generals to understand what they had in the Army of the Potomac, an organization of such strength that whenever it moved it was as though a city like Albany or Columbus or Indianapolis arose one morning and walked away with all its clothing, food, horses, wagons, medicine, ammunition, people. On its own soil, most of all, that army should be able to end the conflict, but twice Lee crossed the Mason and Dixon line—into Maryland at Antietam and into Pennsylvania at Gettysburg—and despite reverses succeeded in escaping to Virginia. If these were circumstances to drive a President to distraction, so they did with Lincoln.

And then came Grant . . . that slouchy little man with the wart on his cheek and the squint in his eye. There Grant was all at once . . . pitching along with his odd, unmilitary gait, smooching with his wife in full view of staff officers, and batting the hell out of everybody in a new kind of war that saw his armies imitating the old man's rest-



lessness, his need to keep moving, to keep fighting, to risk anything rather than be forced on the defensive.

Was he, as many charged, needlessly a butcher because he was always "hammering" his opponent? "Who's shedding this blood, anyhow?" soldiers said, reading the papers in the trenches. "They better wait till we fellows down at the front hollo, 'Enough!'" With a shrewd understanding of Grant, Longstreet told Lee: "We must make up our minds to get into line of battle and stay there; for that man will fight us every day and every hour till the end of the war." This quality in Grant was also in Lincoln; after Sumter the President never stopped trying to win. Like Grant, he saw in the Confederacy a military despotism that could be defeated only by destroying its resources for waging war. Day and night Lincoln devoted himself to this purpose, and when in Grant he found a general ruled by the same passionate dedication he gave him his blessing and a free rein.

Lincoln's affection for Grant was shared by veterans of the GAR and the majority of the American people. Few men in their lifetime ever have known more demonstrative love and respect. Abroad wherever Grant traveled after the war he was hailed as a hero without perhaps understanding why, but the survival of the American constitutional republic shook the stolid resistance to liberal reforms that long had dominated the monarchies of Europe. The American democracy, standing the bloody test of civil war, vitalized everywhere the aspiration for government of the people, and by the people, and for the people.

At home, too, the appeal of Grant was irresistible, for all the cold critics of his two terms as President were able to say, then and since. When the third-term prejudice finally swung the nomination to Garfield it was obvious early in the campaign that this lackluster Republican candidate was in trouble. So Grant came out of quasi-retirement to take the stump. With characteristic directness he usually had completed what he had to say in five or six minutes; really wound up he might last for ten. Wavering Ohio and Indiana swung back into the GOP column. In New York, the real battleground of the campaign, Grant spent the last ten days thumping for Garfield, but more often talking about "the nation" than his candidate. When every citizen could vote, he said, and political parties didn't line up on a sectional basis, it wouldn't make much difference to him whether the Republicans won. He swept the North with him in politics just as

he had in battle. Old veterans cheered and hooted and sang "John Brown's Body." The people preferred Grant but elected Garfield to please the uncommon common man.

Lee, whom the South found to be noble in war, the North judged to be noble in peace. He accepted the verdict of war with the same wholeness of character that led him to the necessity of war in devotion to Virginia. There was not in Lee any of the post-bellum posturing of those who wanted to carry on the resistance by guerrilla tactics, none of the blustering threat of emigrating to foreign lands, none of the festering bitterness of a Davis brooding in Biloxi. He tried in his own quiet, manly way to lift from the South the iron curtain which for a generation had warped its judgment and obscured its vision. Often this was the loneliest battle he ever fought; truly, at times, he floundered in a wilderness more forbidding in its deep shadow than the one through which he had fought Grant on the road to Appomattox.

GRANT, sitting in his stocking cap and muffler on the porch at Mount McGregor, fighting the cancer that sapped his vitality for enough time to finish his "Memoirs" and save his family from the privations of poverty, summed up the difference between his army and Lee's: "The Army of Northern Virginia became de-

spondent and saw the end. It did not please them. The National army saw the same thing, and were encouraged by it." This judgment was a fulfilment of a prediction. Lincoln had always believed that secession must dissolve rather than sustain its supporters. Eventually it must break under its own weight, returning to the ashes of disintegration whence it sprang. The rebellion against the United States, said Grant, concluding his memoirs, "will have to be attributed to slavery." He had not seen this fact as early as Lincoln, and confessed it; but when there was nothing left but death he reduced life to the simple truths he wanted to maintain in this world where man proposes and God disposes. Unless the South could control the general government slavery was doomed. So the war that no sane man ever had wanted to fight was fought—by none more grudgingly, more unremittingly than Grant. Now, in the dwindling hours, he thought: "The war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness, and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first; our power secures the latter."

With these words the old general was about ready to close the pages of his life. Soon the thunder would rumble, the lightning flash.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

| Title and Author | Crime, Place, and Sleuth | Summing Up | Verdict |
|--|--|---|--|
| THE DARKEST HOUR <i>William P. McGivern</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.75) | Framed NY cop, deailed, scours waterfront to solve case that threw him. | No laughs here; weather lousy, track fast; much gunplay, fisticuffs. | Adult toughie. |
| THE ECHOING SHORE <i>Robert Martin</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.75) | Mich. insurance eye, on fishing trip, involved in murder rap; struggles to get unhooked. | End not unguessable, but pace is hot and scenery lovely (gals too). | His usual nice job. |
| THE ROBINEAU LOOK <i>Kathleen Moore Knight</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75) | NY sec. takes in Ala. family reunion; two slaughters dither genealogists. | Author's 30th is chatty, overpopulated; state and local cops handle it. | Medium. |
| THE SAINT ON THE SPANISH MAIN <i>Leslie Charteris</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75) | Simon Templar, on Caribbean jaunt, operates in Bimini, Bahamas, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Haiti. | Thirty-first compilation has good place names, little scenery; six yarns in this package. | Hero's admirers will enjoy. |
| THE MAN WHO HAD TOO MUCH TO LOSE <i>Hampton Stone</i> (S&S: \$2.50) | Murders in NY mansion makes Asst. DA Gibson stir stumps in search for poisoner. | Cast largely lengthy caricatures and hugely unpleasant; wordiness impedes pace. | He's beaten this. |
| HEADQUARTERS <i>Quentin Reynolds</i> (Harper: \$3.95) | Factual account of NY cop's career (Insp. Francis Phillips), with much about whole force. | Case histories make brisk reading; fine overall picture of working police on job. | Motion all the way. —SERGEANT CUFF. |