

began to take up manfully "the white man's burden." Here the most heated voice was that of Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge of Indiana who had the doubtful privilege of anticipating Hitler with his racial rhetoric. For instance:

The Republic could not retreat if it would; whatever its destiny, it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of a race—the most masterful race of history and race movements are not to be stayed by the hands of man. They are mighty answers to divine commands.

And again:

God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns.

After the First World War had gone on for nearly four bloody years, American troops plunged into the fighting and *helped greatly* in bringing about the Allied victory. That is unquestionably true. But the unqualified statement, that "We won the war," was not only untrue but an infuriating insult to the Belgians, French, and British who had died by the millions. The statement was made, none the less, frequently and loudly, as we retired to our tentative isolation and proceeded to look down smugly on the absurd troubles of Europe and Asia. It was from that height of normalcy that the inimitable Warren Gamaliel Harding was able to intone the following: "We Americans have contributed more to human advancement in a century and a half than all the people in the world in all the history of the world." How much that sentence must have endeared us to all the others.

Now, in the midst of another great war, we may expect all sorts of generous and extravagant remarks from officers proud of their troops, from soldiers proud of their comrades. We may expect wild and reckless claims from cheap politicians and yellow journalists. But we may hope for much discretion and restraint on the part of our accredited correspondents and our official spokesmen. After all, we are fighting this war with allies, some thirty allies which with us compose the United Nations. Tact, courtesy, team loyalty, forbids loose boasts or invidious comparisons that can only embitter our friends, now or later. Yet here is a comparatively innocent sentence that could do no good. "I talked to . . . some of the American generals under Eisenhower—who are, I think, the best in the world, young, vigorous, tough and aggressive." How would that sentence strike the "young, vigorous, tough and aggressive" generals of the Russian Army who have fought through

two terrible years? How would it strike General Alexander and his rather competent staff? How indeed would it go down with the Greek, Chinese, or Yugoslavian officers who have done such wonders with so little? It would not go down well at all, but simply convince them further that the Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority is incurable.

For a final specimen, take the post-war plan of Clarence Budington Kelland, former executive director of the Republican National Committee. Various alliances and trusteeships would establish four zones of safety for the United States but if these fail there would be a fifth zone—which has drawn most attention and enthusiasm. The United States must be impregnable with a five-ocean navy and an air force to stand alone. Certain bases must be taken by treaty or by occupation. Dakar and Casablanca "must be ours in permanence, ours to fortify and make strong." All this and much more "to the end that America will be wholly American . . . and wholly secure."

Was not the Maginot Line supposed to be impregnable? Did not Goering promise that no bombs would fall on Germany? It has become absurd for any single nation to think of being impregnable or wholly secure—alone. Such grandiose arrogance is dangerous folly when men of good will through-

out the world see that the *only* hope lies in some form of collective security. Of course, the Kelland plan was made for home consumption, to win support for a party out of office, and was not intended to have repercussions abroad. Unfortunately it will not stop at our shores but echo around the globe as an indication of what the United States expects to do and be.

That specimen brings our collection down to date. Countless others might be added, some better, some worse, but the point is always the same—a reckless assertion of superiority that is obviously false or obviously unprovable. No people has a monopoly on intelligence, nobility, courage, and those who claim it simply follow Hitler and his ilk. If these nationalistic boasts had no consequences, they could be dismissed as ludicrous hot air. But they have grim consequences. They arouse anger, bitterness, hostility, in other nations. They rankle and are remembered at peace tables—and long afterward.

In this world that is rapidly becoming an island, the person who makes partisan appeals at home without considering their effects abroad is viciously irresponsible. We hear much about the need of psychological warfare in order to disintegrate our enemies. Why not give a little thought to psychological peacefare—in order to keep our friends!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

<i>Title and Author</i>	<i>Crime, Place, and Sleuth</i>	<i>Summing Up</i>	<i>Verdict</i>
THE WILD MAN MURDERS <i>Theodora DuBois</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	The sleuthing McNeills—husband and wife—solve fatal-push-murder and tangle with a tough outfit.	Ebullient mixture of murder and subversive activities, with the detectives getting some rough handling before it all ends.	Pleasant
THE LADY IN THE LAKE <i>Raymond Chandler</i> (Knopf: \$2.)	Mr. Marlowe, Calif shamus, undertakes to find vanished wife of perfume maker and runs into several murders.	About as tough as they come—plus an air-tight plot, interesting characters, copious action, and ace-high writing.	Extra good
THE MYSTERY OF SWORDFISH REEF <i>Arthur W. Upfield</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Australian sleuth, Napoleon Bonaparte, swaps bush for ocean in hunt for boat and its occupants.	"Bony" does customarily excellent job of deducing and reveals prowess as fisherman as well. An early Upfield of considerable merit.	O. K.
MEAT FOR MURDER <i>Lange Lewis</i> (Bobbs-Merrill: \$2.)	Hollywood scenic artist found dead in courtyard of outlandish palazzo. Detective Tuck and asst. Brigid solve it.	Plenty of fantastic local color, raft of exotic characters, believable sleuth, and speedy doings all the way.	—If you like Hollywood yarns
LOOK YOUR LAST <i>John Stephen Strange</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Murder of man wanted in Congressional inquiry starts Barney Gantt on trail of killings with international ramifications.	First-class mystery, good characters, puzzle that holds to the end, serious touches of value, and oceans of action.	Swell!

The Phoenix Nest

THE other day in Ward Morehouse's column, "Broadway After Dark," I read of an actor named William Wadsworth, now in "3 Is A Family" who was born at Pigeon Cove, Mass., on the tip of Cape Ann, seven miles from Gloucester. As I am now a confirmed Pigeon Cover myself I was glad to hear that he ate his broiled oysters with bacon Cape Ann style. One denizen of the deep that you can get better on Cape Ann than anywhere else is lobster. Mr. Wadsworth's family moved from Pigeon Cove to Topeka, Kansas; but I intend to stay right there four months of the year, every year, if I can.

Lately I saw the pre-view of a new moving-picture made from Richard Tregaskis's book, "Guadalcanal Diary" and simply called "Guadalcanal." In the projection room at Twentieth Century-Fox I sat enthralled for the full length of the picture. There are very few concessions in it to hamminess. The sentiment in it is handled pretty strictly. The photography is sometimes superb. I shall not forget for a long time the men going ashore on the beach and advancing against a hidden enemy. The men are presented as just the kind of ordinary everyday individuals they are—capable of resolution and endurance and even heroism—but talking and acting as soldiers do talk and act. The Marine Corps should be proud of the picture. But in the scene where one character admits, under intense bombing, that the whole thing is a great deal too big for him, and makes his own queer statement of faith, it is hard luck that the picture couldn't use that best statement of all concerning faith and battle, at least the best I have ever heard. It was, "In the foxholes there are no atheists."

My comments on Kipling seem to have appealed to Lewis S. Frambes, Jr., of Bayonne, N. J., and to Jay Lewis of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*. I thank them for their letters. Mr. Frambes calls Kipling's "Letters of Marque" one of the most honest travel-books ever penned, and says that the following paragraph particularly impressed him. He thinks that the bitter knowledge in the last sentence is being acquired dearly by our armies:

If the changes and chances of military service ever send you against Japanese troops, be tender with their cavalry. They mean no harm. Put some fuses down for the horses to step on, and send a fatigue-party out to pick up the remnants. But if you meet Japanese infantry, led by a Continental officer, commence firing early and often and at the longest ranges compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men who know too much.

Jay Lewis quotes, "They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn." My comment, in vulgar parlance, is "Yea, Bo!" He continues:

You seem interested in odd little magazines: have you seen any reference to *The Mahogany Tree*, which made its appearance in Boston when *Two Tales* was still published and Jack Mason, Edgar Davenport, and a handsome youth who used the name Nat Hartwig were matinée idols and Miriam O'Leary was the beloved of all critics who went to the Boston Museum to see the best of all stock companies?

Joseph J. Firebaugh of the Department of English of the University of Missouri sends me a limerick composed by Benjamin W. Early, of the University of North Carolina:

There is a young author Saroyan
Whose style is too sweet and too
cloyan;

His continued insistence
On the joys of existence
Can sometimes be very annoying.

This summer I was reading a little about Hogarth, and the following sonnet was the outcome. Perhaps its only merit is that it is all true!

A WALLED GARDEN

(To Hogarth's dust, "great painter of mankind")

There Hogarth's bullfinch rests. "Alas,
poor Dick!"
The carved stone read, against the
garden wall,
When the great limner still was with
the quick
And his old mulberry tree branched
wide and tall
Where foundling children feasted on
its fruit
When Chiswick was a place of field
and lane
For "Nature's school," before the ris-
ing bruit
Of the industrial cities of the Plain.
The bright-eyed satirist died in Lei-
cester Square
Whose crayon caught "the business of
the scene."
But only briefly did he linger there,
Returning soon to haunts where he had
been
One, with his bullfinch, of the country
kind,
"Whose pictur'd Morals" (*Garrick*)
"chain the mind."

And so long as I seem to be making this a sort of poetry issue of the *Nest*, the following diversion upon the queues we all get into these days, from my friend in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, seems worthy of a place:

BALLADE OF THE ILL-STARRED CITIZEN

Why, Lady Luck, am I your whipping
post?
Why have you made my life so darn
complex?

Am I the one, my dear, you hate the
most
Of all my great and proud and worthy
sex?
Not that I merit much in most re-
spects,
Not that I wish for more than's right-
ly mine,
But tell me what I've done the fates
to vex—
Why am I always last in the *wrong*
line?

In every theatre from coast to coast,
At railroad windows from New York
to Tex.,
In cafeterias I get my toast,
In banks I patronize to cash my
checks—
I'm followed by this irritating hex,
I'm harried by this thing most un-
divine;
I think I've had enough, and "I ob-
jects"—
Why am I always *last* in the *wrong*
line?

I'm running out of words to rhyme
with "oast,"
And scarcer yet the words that end
in "ex,"
Still, as I contemplate this eerie ghost,
My patience wavers and my wrath col-
lects;
And some day I will break their paltry
necks—
These people crowding in ahead like
swine—
I'll mow 'em down, I will; I'll clear
the decks!
Why am I always last in the *wrong*
line?

L'Envoi

Princess, lay off! Haven't you over-
dosed
Your prey? I'll cry "Enough!" you
porcupine.
You win! You have made good your
inane boast
To land me *always* last in the last line!

—PAUL H. OEHSER

Nothing like having kind friends
who help you out with contributions
when your apartment has just been
painted and you can't find anything
you want anywhere! Yours amid chaos.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Theodore Gumbriel, Jr., in "Antic Hay," by Aldous Huxley.
2. "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans," by Conan Doyle.
3. The White Knight, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
4. Clem Hawley, in "The Old Soak," by Don Marquis.
5. Sam Small, in "The Flying Yorkshireman," by Eric Knight.
6. "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," by John Townsend Trowbridge.
7. Cavor, in "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells.
8. Moxon, in "Moxon's Master," by Ambrose Bierce.
9. Dink Stover, in "The Varmint," by Owen Johnson.
10. Rossum, in "R. U. R.," by Karl Capek.