

NEW BOOKS

MARLBOROUGH, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill. Vol. IV. George G. Harrap & Company. London 1938, pp. 671.

In this volume Mr. Churchill completes his monumental life of the Duke of Marlborough that he began nearly ten years ago. In so doing he has not only added a notable biography to English literature, but has added much to our knowledge of one of the great periods of English history. At last we have an authoritative life of perhaps the greatest of all English soldiers, and at the same time many a sidelight on the age of Queen Anne.

If the author has not shown the same zest in his task as in the earlier volumes, the reason is not far to seek. Here we have the story of "the fall of Marlborough". While the story is of absorbing interest, the reader may well lay down the book with a bad taste in his mouth. There is little in it to raise our opinion of the worth or dignity of human kind. It is a sorry story of intrigue, backbiting, hypocrisy and bad faith.

The present volume begins with the abortive peace negotiations which men carried on in the winter and spring of 1709. The war ought to have ended there. Never again was such an opportunity to return.

"From this time the character of the war was profoundly affected. Justice quite suddenly gathered up her trappings and quitted one camp for the other. What had begun as disjointed, tardy resistance of peoples, Parliaments and Protestantism to intolerant and aggressive military power had transformed itself for some time gradually, and now flagrantly, into invasion and subjection to a victorious coalition."

But if France was to lose one more great battle, it was a victory that brought no results to the allies. From such another butchery as the field of Malplaquet even Marlborough recoiled.

The war had already become of secondary importance. Women's quarrels and politicians' intrigues had become of more moment than the actions of the greatest armies in Europe. The struggles between Sarah Churchill and Abigail Mason for the favour of Queen Anne were of much more significance than the fate of Mons or of Bouchain. Under a veil of "ceremony and soothing protestations" the politicians played, each for his own hand, with an unscrupulousness and a selfishness that would be hard to surpass. These same men who could manoeuvre so sedately around the clauses of a peace treaty showed certainly the same skill in manoeuvring, but not the same sedateness, when their own places and power were in question.

Sir Robert Walpole once said that it was a good thing that not many people could be Prime Ministers of England. It was well that only a few men could know the extent of human greed and weakness. One wonders what Sir Robert could have added to the story that Mr. Churchill unfolds.

As a result of backstairs influence, the Whig ministry gave way to a Tory government under Harley and St. John. Godolphin was dis-

missed, and finally the Duke of Marlborough was displaced for the Duke of Ormonde.

The worst was still to come. The new ministers were determined to make peace with France, not on the basis of peace at any price, but on the basis of peace bought by a betrayal of the allies. There is "nothing in the history of civilized peoples" to surpass the "black treachery" with which the transaction was carried through.

While the English ministers were making peace behind the backs of the allies, everything possible was done to blacken the name and fame of the man who had led their armies to nothing but victory for so many years. The Duke of Marlborough finally left England, and only returned to enjoy all his wealth and much of his former glory under the first of the Hanoverian Georges. He was once again made Captain General, and could watch with satisfaction as the massive walls of Blenheim slowly rose as a monument of his greatness for future generations.

Mr. Churchill has done his task well, but in spite of his skill and his industry the great Duke still escapes him. He moves, but only partly lives. Mr. Churchill has removed many stains from the figure, but it remains a wooden figure still. At the end one almost suspects that the fault is not in the biographer but in the subject.

The suspicion is the stronger when we notice the vividness with which the Duchess Sarah shines by his side. Here is no glitter from a frosty window. Here is a violent, shrewd, domineering, quarrelsome, proud and generous woman. For twenty-two years she survived her husband. They were devoted to his memory. She was intelligent, handsome, and the richest woman in England. Suitors came, but all were rejected. To the Duke of Somerset she wrote:

"If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough."

John, Duke of Marlborough, would never have asked for a higher tribute.

G. E. WILSON

SAVAGE SYMPHONY. A Personal Record of the Third Reich.

By Eva Lips. Random House, New York, 1938.

TWILIGHT IN VIENNA. By W. Frischauer. Collins, London, 1938.

THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA. By Eugene Lennhoff.

London: Rich and Cowan, 1938.

These three books constitute an enlightening group on those Nazi issues that were never far from one's mind in the year just closed.

Mrs. Lips, wife of a refugee professor of anthropology, tells how there was no longer any place for her husband at the University of Cologne: not because he had any Hebraic or Marxist taint (for he was "100 per cent Aryan"), but because he would not invent to order such anthropological evidence for each new doctrine about race as suited propagandist requirements. A vivid, convincing narrative about a situation of which we cannot hear too much!

Another "rewarding" book (as Scotsmen would say) in the recent list is W. Frischauer's *Twilight in Vienna* (Collins, London), fit companion to von Schuschnigg's *Farewell, Austria*. It is a moving story by an Austrian who fears (I think groundlessly) that foreigners may be misled into thinking his country a willing partner in the Third Reich. The truth about the March annexation is surely clear by this time to everyone; and yet there is room and a welcome for just such a book as Mr. Frischauer has written, showing again that Austrian charm which made old Vienna so different from old Berlin, and which one hopes will reappear with a dawn, even though the present "twilight" should deepen into a long darkness.

H. L. S.

ANIMALS FOR SHOW AND PLEASURE IN ANCIENT ROME. By George Jennison, M.A., F.Z.S. Manchester University Press. 1937. Pp. xiv, 209, with 8 plates and 11 illustrations in the text. 12s.6d.

The fact is notorious that many of the monographs that have been composed dealing with various aspects of classical antiquity, as well as other forms of human experience, are ones for whose exploitation their authors possess either slight qualification or no qualifications whatsoever apart from mere industry. From an intellectual meal of this sort, the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

No such stigma can be placed over against the work cited above. Mr. Jennison combines an adequate knowledge of the "animal literature" of the classical authors with the fruit of the experience of many years he spent as an official of the Zoological Gardens, Manchester. We may confidently look for a work of pre-eminent value and merit from the pen of so highly favoured a writer, and we are prepared at the outset for the statement of his Preface: "To one who has spent a lifetime in practical contact with wild animals, many things are clear and simple which are obscure to scholars, and many difficulties are apparent which scholars have not appreciated." The heavy task of running down the vast number of ancient references to wild animals was accomplished a quarter of a century ago by the French scholar Loisel, on whose *Histoire des Ménageries de l'antiquité* Mr. Jennison somewhat heavily leans, but without surrendering in any perceptible degree his own convictions in the matter of interpretation.

Fortunately many of the wild animals acquired by the Romans were lucky enough to escape the fate of their fellows that perished in the abominable hunts of the arena. It is pleasant to read of the genuine enjoyment of a portion of least of the Roman populace in the native grace, beauty and charm of wild creatures, and our hearts are stirred in concord with the curses which they heaped, on a memorable occasion, on the head of Pompey for his senseless and brutal slaughter of captive elephants. None the less, there is a long and unhappy series of killings in the amphitheatre to be recorded, a series that the author handles with evident reluctance, though at the same time he shuns no essential detail, and even makes some small but valuable contributions to our knowledge of the architectural features of

the arena in respect to their practical application. He is at his best, naturally, when he treats of the more humane aspects of ancient animal-culture, such as we see in the case of the amateur menagerie of the Romans. More than once he expresses surprise that the timid wild animals—and those that bear the greatest reputation for ferocity are subject, along with the gentlest beasts, to the emotion of fear—could be induced to disport themselves before the assembled multitude of the amphitheatre, to say nothing of manifesting their alleged savagery against the victims provided for them.

Mr. Jennison has a brilliant chapter on a hitherto little exploited subject—the capture and transportation of wild animals. There are problems here that even his extraordinary knowledge of the subject and practical experience therein fail to solve.

We are glad to find repeated within the book nearly all the good beast stories of antiquity: the lion and Androcles, the sparrow (which Mr. Jennison considers to be a bullfinch) of Lesbia, the harnessed stags of Elagabalus, and the toothless and clawless lions and bears that the same practical joker used to introduce surreptitiously into sleeping-quarters of his unsuspecting guests. The only important omission from this category that I have observed is the horse "with human forefeet" owned and commemorated in statuary by Julius Caesar. We should value a pronouncement from an expert, like the author, on this curious and unexplained phenomenon.

A. D. FRASER

THE LOG OF A LAME DUCK. By Audrey Alexandra Brown.
Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 292. \$2.50.

Readers of the DALHOUSIE REVIEW will need no introduction to Miss Brown, for she has had poems published in this journal, and her two latest volumes of poetry were reviewed here. With the present work Miss Brown presents herself as a prose writer. She was, as many readers know, confined to a wheel chair for several years; this book tells of the year in hospital that restored to her the power of walking. It would have been easy for a book on such a subject to have become maudlin or morbid, but Miss Brown has avoided both pitfalls admirably. Fortitude is the chief characteristic of the inmates, most of them small, of the Queen Alexandra Solarium, Malahat Beach, Vancouver Island; next to fortitude comes humour. Miss Brown brings each child before us as an individual, aware of, but not ruined spiritually by her sufferings. The book is a triumph of the spirit over the body; every lover of children and of humanity in general should own and read a copy.

B. M.

THE HEALING KNIFE. By George Sava. The Macmillan Company, Toronto. Price \$3.00.

The Healing Knife, by George Sava, is one of a goodly number of books recently turned out by doctors who like to tell of their experiences in the healing art, and who are not at all unmindful of the business

advantages of the venture. This one smacks of both these human and, perhaps, even warrantable impulses. It is not the doctor's traditional rôle; but why should the medical profession continue as the only custodian of the mellowed glories of an erstwhile honoured tradition?

There is often much in a doctor's life which is of great interest to the reading public; and, if he has acquired the art of writing, there is no good reason why he should not indulge it. But he should cull his matter well before he tells the world about it. There is nothing in the medical narrative of this book that could not be written by any medical student or senior interne in our own medical school or hospitals, and we shudder to think of the consequences, should these young disciples of the medical art forget their professional modesty and give the public a highly coloured account of the diseases and sins of their patients. Besides, if they should covertly advise the patients of their surgeon-in-chief to insist on other lines of treatment than those his experienced judgment dictated, the hit-and-run method would soon replace that of sound reasoning. The medical student, George Sava, did these things; and George Sava, M.D., continued the irregularity. That he got away with it all successfully was due to his own inherent habit of being always right. A very handy asset in a doctor.

There are things in the book that tax one's credulity. How he ran down the old scamp that violated and infected the innocent Italian chorus girl, is one. With Sherlock Holmes technique, he discovers in the suspect's bag a bottle of laudanum and some cantharides, and concludes the unsophisticated chorus girl was put to sleep with the laudanum and was, therefore, quite oblivious of the happenings. The best comment on such evidence as this was made many years ago by an English judge; *non omnes dormiunt quae oculos claudunt*.

His dip into the occult, when he reads the Baroness's hand and solves a mystery, is quite beyond the appraisal of any normal reviewer. Other remarkable exploits, particularly in surgery, must be taken with a generous helping of salt.

I am far from saying, however, that the book is not interesting. Written in a racy, narrative style, it tells of the author's trials and hardships in his flight from Russia after making one last stand against the revolutionists. Eighteen years of age, of the Russian aristocracy, a penniless exile, he had one dominating desire to become a surgeon; and, in time and over many obstacles, he does. When he writes his next book, I am sure the steadying influence of time and experience will be more in evidence.

G. H. MURPHY

NEW MOON. By Kathryn Munro. Nelson and Sons, Pp. 125.
\$1.50.

Miss Munro (Mrs. Tupper) is not unknown to lovers of poetry, for she has already published in newspapers and periodicals in Canada and Great Britain, and has had two chapbooks in the Ryerson series. This, her first collected volume, should find a warm welcome among Canadians—and especially "Maritimers", for, as Dr. Burns Martin writes

in the preface, her best work springs from the rocks and seas of Nova Scotia.

Miss Munro has a fine lyrical quality. Her poems sing themselves into the reader's memory:

Summer is a fallow sheaf
Reapers left behind;
Autumn is a withered leaf
Blowing down the wind.

Winter is a mountebank
Huddled in a shroud;
Spring, his orphan, bare of shank,
Tatter-shawled and proud.

Miss Munro has a wide range of metres, and is particularly happy in the sonnet form.

Her subjects are Nature, Love, and the meaning and the Power behind it all. Thought and emotion are well blended in most poems:

Only the Craftsman who made the tree,
The whin, the crock, and you and me,
Could tell, if he would, could say at all,
Which leaf would hold and which would fall.

There are a number of well-turned occasional poems, such as "Remembrance Day, 1934", and "In Memoriam", the latter of which is a moving tribute to the late George V. All in all, this volume is a fine addition to our native poetry.

ELIZABETH HOOD

WESTERN WORLD LITERATURE. By H. W. Robbins and W. H. Coleman. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 1422. \$3.50.

Though this book is designed primarily for college survey courses, many other readers will find it of interest and profit. Selections range from Homer to Chekhov, Masefield, and Eugene O'Neill. Texts are, on the whole, complete, though occasionally, as with Vergil and Spenser, the editors have had to content themselves with generous extracts. The notes and introductions are brief, but very useful. The type is clear and readable; the paper is strong, yet thin; the price is amazingly low. Most of us cannot have the cream of literature at our elbows in many volumes; this volume should then serve a very useful purpose.

B. M.

THE STORY OF ACHILLES. A Translation of Homer's Iliad into plain English. By W. H. D. Rouse. Thomas Nelson and Sons. Pp. xii: 504.

Any work by Dr. Rouse is entitled to respect, and any translation of the Iliad by a competent scholar will excite the attention of intelligent readers. It is unfortunate that in this book they must be disappointed.

The brief preface is excellent in its comprehension of Homer. It shows insight and sympathy. But we are told that the book is "a translation into plain English of the plain story of Homer"; "where the phrases are different, that is because the idioms of Greek and English are different, but the tone is the same." I think Dr. Rouse has mistaken the tone in English.

I suppose no better test of a translator of Homer has yet been discovered than Matthew Arnold's: "to reproduce on the intelligent scholar, as nearly as possible, the general effect of Homer." Now the general effect of this translation is further from Homer than the general effect of Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and indeed than the general effect of Pope's verse. It lacks the fourth of Arnold's desiderata; it is, perhaps, rapid enough; it is plain and direct enough in words, though there is something almost fantastic about some of the conventional epithets; it is of course plain and direct in thought; but it is not noble.

As to the epithets; Crookmind Cronos, Athena Brighteyes, Zeus Flashlightning, Rattlechatterbox (Hera), are fair samples. Then where Pandaros shot Menelaos "clang went the bow, jing went the string, out leapt the arrow, and flew sharp and fast, fierce to strike." Again Odysseus to Agamemnon: "What a thing to say, Prince. Bite it back, and let it stay behind your teeth" Agamemnon to Diomedes: "What a pity to find you skulking here, goggling your eyes at the battlefield." Hera says to Zeus: "What a mort of men he's been killing, wiping out the whole Achaian nation, slap dash, most improper, I declare, Cypris and Apollo Silverbow just enjoying themselves, quite at their ease, after setting on this idiot who won't keep the rules." Diomedes says to Paris: "Hide yourself and pull your bow! Come and steal a wife and go! Frizzle-head with pretty curls, you can make eyes at pretty girls!" And Zeus says to Hera: "My dear Hera, don't go and get spiky with the gods."

The passage perhaps best known in the profane literature of the western world is rendered thus: "The generations of men are like the leaves of the forest. Leaves fall when the breezes blow, in the springtime others grow; as they come and go again, so upon the earth do men." The version of Leaf is: "Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men, one springeth and another passeth away."

The translation is upon the whole an interesting failure, but it will not do. Homer is of perennial interest, and the Iliad is the greatest thing that European men have ever made. No one can translate it; as Moritz Haupt says, "The first stage is to learn to translate; the second to see that translation is impossible." Some translations, however, are less inadequate than others. It is to be regretted that Dr. Rouse's effort, due, it seems to me, to a misconception of the proper tone required to render Homer into English, should so fail to do justice to his own undoubted knowledge of and insight into the Iliad itself.

E. W. N.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA. By C. Beals.
Lippincott, Toronto. 1938.

This is a badly written book. Its vocabulary, phraseology and style, perhaps, in the minds of many, should exclude it from any notice in an academic review. Again, one might think that such cheapness of style argues that it must be valueless in matter. Is a writer so careless of language likely to be careful in collecting and using statistics?

The book is full of statistics, and for none of them can the reviewer give any guarantee. But knowing something of one little corner of the great Latin continent here described, and something of the North American attitude towards it, he was encouraged to plough through the book from end to end, reading it slowly at that. The book was exceedingly informative to the reviewer; he inclines to think, moreover, that to most Canadian readers it would be a revelation, on the far flung designs of Japan, Italy, and not least Germany. Not that these are the only powers that are dealt with. British Imperialism in South America is dealt with very frankly. But much the severest things Mr. Beals has to say of foreign adventurers and peddlers in South America is for the plunderers who have sallied forth from the United States. The United States armament makers are as much to blame as the German, British, Italian armament makers, for the armed camps existing to-day among their Southern neighbors. But the German and Italian armament makers, he thinks, have won out; and one unfortunate result is that great fleets of their planes are now within a few hours' arriving of the Panama Canal. The book is very interesting on Mexico.

The author seems to be extremely well read in the newspapers of Mexico, Central and South America, and cites them with chapter and verse. Also he has followed published announcements of their politicians with attention.

C. S.

MILE END. By Kathleen Nott. The Hogarth Press. Pp. 510.

The wrapper tells us that this is a first novel of unusual quality. It has to do with the East End of London and mainly with Jews, especially with two Jews, Moses Mendelssohn, and Hirsch Abrahams. Moses came under the influence of the Rabbi, a stalwart and interesting character, and developed into what a mere goy would call a combination of mystic and lunatic; Hirsch became a well to do employer of labour, and the book leaves them and us without anything very definite happening. Fifty years or so of history pass, but the dockers' strike, the passing of the century, the accession of sovereigns, and the great war itself, are merely rather misty accompaniments to the lives and thoughts of a small group of characters. At the same time the book has an interest that it will probably retain as a picture of the Jews of the East End of London, in a setting happier than Europe has usually granted to that tragic people. Perhaps the colour of the subject is given as well as anywhere in the following passage:

"It was dusk. Summer was just off its balance, and daylight was retiring toward its autumnal minority. The hot smells of the streets

and the fried-fish shops were no longer oppressive. Comfortableness was encroaching on the blue-tinged out-of-doors. Abrahams liked it. He liked to see the naphtha flares come out one by one in Middlesex Street. He liked to see the old women at their booths, looking out of their shawls, very dark and ancient, their gnarled hands darting, their eyes, blind otherwise, but swift upon an advantage as it hopped. It amused him to think that they would stand there till they dropped or while there was a customer in sight, prolonging one day towards the next; and nothing, midday darkness, fog, where they could melt a small circle of existence, hardly even the large, distorted looming of a policeman, not even all the rubbishy vomit of the dockside Thames if it could rise to a flood over them could frighten them off. He smiled. He saw them as they would hang on the edge of flight, fishing for the last old boot, the last useless wheel spoke—sharp with a kind of wisdom of greed and necessity, straining at the hand of fear."

E. W. N.

THE REFUGEES. By Libby Benedict. The Hogarth Press.
Pp. 344.

This book has the advantage of timeliness. It contains four chapters entitled Encirclement, Dispersion, Search, Hope and Reality. On the first page one meets Richard Schroeder, Leo Reinemann, and Gustav Ruhmann; respectively a Communist member of the Reichstag, the director of the Communist party headquarters, and the editor of one of the Ullstein papers. These men and their friends with their experiences and adventures occupy most of the space. When the Dispersion comes, Schroeder is immediately killed "by independent patriots of the new order;" Reinemann goes to England and engages in work for the refugees, but takes the opportunity to indulge in Communist propaganda, which ultimately leads to his resignation at the advice of Sir Cecil Grebham, a sympathetic but intelligent British official. Ruhmann is allowed to stay in Berlin owing to the stupidity of their maid, a Nazi sympathizer, who hears him say when the news of the Reichstag fire comes over the radio "And you were going to defeat him!" and thinks that Ruhmann is a Nazi, though he is really a civilized and ironical European.

Other characters are Ruhmann's wife, Amy; Ruhmann's friends Meinfcke and Dobell, who cautiously resume friendship with him when they see that he is allowed to stay, and reveal something of their own opinions; Ruhmann's brother Karl, a psychiatrist, who went to Paris after a revealing experience with the S. A. men, and helped to distribute Communist propaganda for a time; Reinemann's companion, Laura; and Dr. Sophie Leitner, a full blooded Jewess, who loves Germany. There are others, Karl, and Hermann, and even Peter, the cat, and no one is quite negligible.

From Dr. Leitner's last letter before she commits suicide one can learn something of the tragedy of a Jew who loves Germany and thinks only as a German: "If I had loved Germany less, it might have been

easier." And again: "For my own peace, I must rest in Germany, even if it is only as ashes."

There is probably too much disquisition for the narrative, although disquisition is of the essence of the subject. One realizes that there are historical causes for the events in Germany, that mere abuse of the Nazis is foolish; but the final picture is of a group of civilized people, brave and yet terrified, surrounded and menaced by a group of creatures like the audience that Amy saw: Gustav "had prophesied that the Weimar Republic would end in a travesty." "He had a way of saying 'Hier ist was * * * 'Here is something.' He had said it the night they heard Hitler for the first time, while the rest of their friends were laughing loudly at this wild man. It had been at one of Hitler's earliest comparatively large meetings in a hall near Alexanderplatz. To Amy the audience had seemed a collection of lunatics, or at least of gargoyles, so different was it from the people she was accustomed to have around her. A kind of emptiness was in them all, creating yearning vacuums for their avid eyes, their crouching, forward-bent bodies, their frequently open mouths. A row of large-breasted women hung over the balcony railing, like a string of misshapen gourds. It was all low, frantic, unreal, momentarily frightening."

E. W. N.

LES GRANDS CIMETIERES SOUS LA LUNE. By Georges Bernanos. (Plon. Paris.)

A DIARY OF MY TIMES. By Georges Bernanos. (Boriswood, London.)

French or English, take your choice. It happened that the French work came my way before the English translation appeared, and I read and re-read it with attention and interest. Bernanos, despite his remote Spanish ancestry, is French, a most devout Catholic, and a Royalist in politics. He is about fifty years old, has six children (one son a lieutenant in Franco's forces). He fought during the War, and began to write some years after it was over. His novels are well known to readers of French. His *Diary of a Country Priest* won him fame through the world. He happened to be living in Majorca, with his family, when the island was seized by the Italians, who instituted a reign of terror, and massacred thousands of peasants, the great bulk of whom had no political affiliations of any kind. In the process the island "went Right"; that is, the majority of the population, including the priests, approved the massacre. It is the condonation of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini by the Spanish episcopate that wrings the Catholic soul of Bernanos, and the condonation of them by a section of the French press that tortures his sense of honour. The book is carefully documented.

C. W.

THROUGH THE FOG OF WAR. By Liddell Hart. Faber and Faber, Ltd. London.

UNDERTONES OF WAR. By Edmund Blunden. Penguin Books, Limited.

These two books, utterly unlike in spirit and scope, happened to come together in my reading, and, though I had previously known both writers well, came as a revelation to me. Liddell Hart is probably known to all readers of the DALHOUSIE REVIEW as an incomparable military historian. This is the greatest book he has yet produced. In it he assesses afresh, in the light of the now accumulated evidence, the campaigns, the battles, the military reputations of the last war. He assesses also his own previous assessments of these things. The blundering folly of French, British and German commanders and chiefs of staff, and the many deceits which they practised at the time and later, to cover up their failures, are not so much remorsefully exposed as used for texts to point the weakness of human nature, the purpose of history, the difficulty of arriving at truth. There is here none of the brusque dogmatism usual to the expert writer. It has obviously given the writer pain to set down the truth, as it now appears to him, about Haig. He concludes his judgment with the terrible remark—terrible, but more than justified by the documentary evidence adduced: "Haig was an honourable man according to his lights, —but his lights were dim." One of the most impressive things about the book is the author's profound study of the German sources of information. One is impressed, too, by the fact that he does not pretend to know much of what lay behind the scenes in Russia.

The last chapter of the book, "Some Lessons of History", it would be hard to overpraise, whether as a sample of masculine prose, a study of history, or an appeal to the noblest elements in man's mind and soul, as he attempts to find a way out of the present moral bog. In this chapter appears the very quiet statement: "The second great war of the twentieth century began in July, 1936."

Undertones of War is the work of one of the true poets of our time. As a youth of nineteen and twenty, already writing poetry, Blunden served as a lieutenant on some of the most miserable and appalling of the Western fronts. The book describes a small piece of the great field viewed by Liddell Hart, but that bit of ground is lit by the poet's light, and the human actors in it, noble and ignoble, are forever caught for us, with a poet's sympathy and divination.

C. S.