

## NEW BOOKS

NOW *THE GREEN WORD*. By Gilean Douglas. The Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, 1952. Pp. 56. \$2.00.

Miss Gilean Douglas, some of whose more recent poems have appeared in *The Dalhousie Review*, is a resident of British Columbia. She has a great love of Nature and responds to it in all its varying moods. The present small collection is fairly typical of her work. The poems are brief and not primarily descriptive; rather the poet is concerned with the effect of a scene on her spirit, emotions, and intelligence. Miss Douglas feels that she has gained much wisdom from her intimacy with Nature. The poems are always readable, but there is nothing startlingly fresh in content. There is apt to be too much talk of beauty, whereas the business of the poet is to create beauty, not to talk about it. "Tree Lace" shows the danger of mere prettiness. On the other hand, "Reckoning" is a much richer poem. Between these two extremes most of the poems lie. The present reviewer feels that those poems of Miss Douglas that have appeared in this journal have much more originality, condensation, and power to startle the reader into thought and feeling than any in the present volume.

BURNS MARTIN.

*THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND*. By Fred W. Rowe. Toronto: Ryerson: \$3.75.

This is a well-written straightforward account of the history of education in Newfoundland based on original documents and containing, for the earlier period, brief descriptions of cultural and economic conditions which form the necessary background to educational history. Dr. Rowe, its author, is well qualified for his task. Born in Newfoundland, educated there and on the Canadian mainland, he has been teacher, inspector and school principal in Newfoundland and is now Minister of Mines and Resources in the Newfoundland provincial government. It is evident that he knows and loves his province, its varied traditions and its history, but his treatment is admirably objective throughout.

As Dr. Rowe's account makes clear, there were very few schools in Newfoundland before 1800. Thereafter there is a very close and interesting parallel with educational developments in England, the mother country. In the early eighteen-hundreds, education was supplied by private schools and by voluntary subscription societies, some with their headquarters in London, others modelled on similar English Societies. The first parliamentary grant for public education in England came in 1833; the Newfoundland assembly made its first similar grant in 1836. Since then the history in both places has been of increasing assumption of educational expense by the central government. There are, of course, important differences due in part to differing climatic, geographic and economic factors, but mainly to a very different proportion of religious groups of which the largest in Newfoundland is the Roman Catholic.

Not everyone is aware that Newfoundland has a unique educational system differing in important respects from the usual pattern of

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educational administration in other provinces of Canada. It is therefore a pity that Dr. Rowe's book does not contain a description of the system as it now is (apart from a few sentences in the introductory chapter). There are also some minor points on which one would like elucidation. For example, how were the school boards set up by the Act of 1833 constituted, how appointed, and with what powers? Or for that matter how are the present district boards constituted? Dr. Rowe does not tell us. But his narrative makes clear the main point, that Newfoundland has found a unique solution to the denominational problem. It is remarkable that a denominational system for elementary and secondary education is crowned by a single university which serves all denominations.

One minor but annoying feature of the book must be mentioned. For no discoverable reason two paragraphs of the Foreword are printed with the lines of type closer together than the others. This is doubly annoying when one discovers later that this very device of close printing is used as a device to indicate quotations. The offending paragraphs in the Foreword are *not* quotations.

A. S. M.

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THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY. By Ernest Buckler. Henry Holt & Co. New York. \$3.95.

The publication of a first novel by this remarkable Nova Scotian writer will be greeted as an event by those who have already encountered his all too infrequent short stories and articles.

It may well be that the purists will not accept *The Mountain and the Valley* as being a novel in the accepted classical sense, since there is little or no "action" or "plot" and little character development, the characters seeming to have significance primarily in their impact on the central character, David. *The Mountain and the Valley* is an account, then, of the reactions of an exceptional child and man to the life he finds around him on an Annapolis Valley farm.

We follow the sensitive David through the ecstasies and agonies of boyhood, sharing his revulsion at the crudities of farm life and understanding his delight in the deeply satisfying things that go with country living. As David grows from childhood to adolescence, there is an increasing awareness that he is somehow different from the others. And though he loves his farm home and his family passionately, the love is mixed with a longing for things beyond. Torn between these two loyalties, there comes a day when he faces the knowledge that he can neither go nor stay.

The foregoing might be an outline of any one of a dozen present-day novels dealing with the lives of farm people, their joys and sorrows. But this book goes much deeper—it is a powerful study of the human spirit.

The middle part of the novel does not quite fulfill the promise of the earlier part: there is little indication of what David's life has been between the period of late adolescence and early middle age. Perhaps this is intentional on the author's part. At any rate it does not seem

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to detract from the effectiveness of the latter part, which moves swiftly to an almost unbearable climax:

Here the author describes David's contemplation of what his life has become—his inevitable isolation which is his only refuge and at the same time his supreme torture. Here we are shown the bare bones of thought process, not in the abstract way of the stream-of-consciousness writer, but with the clinical skill of a biologist dissecting a frog. For example:

"But just as I move on to something else, the thought breaks down like a stream forking in the sand. Then the forks fork. Then the forks' forks fork, like the chicken-wire pattern of atoms . . ."

And again:

"He could think of anything now. Everything seemed to be an aspect of something else. There seemed to be a thread of similarity running through the whole world. A shape could be like a sound; a feeling like a shape; a smell the shadow of a touch . . . His senses seemed to run together".

Ernest Buckler's supreme gift seems to be his unerring use of words to evoke half-forgotten but instantly recognized pictures, odors, feelings, thoughts and impressions. He bends and shapes his words with such startling originality and power that the reader may find himself half wishing that the writer would restrain himself. This reader was constantly reminded, while reading *The Mountain and the Valley*, of the mingled simplicity and intensity found in the paintings of Van Gogh. And indeed, Ernest Buckler is a painter, using words instead of colors.

This is David as a little boy on Christmas Eve:

"He opened the bag of nuts and rolled one in his palm, then put it back. He put his hand deep down into the bag and rolled all the nuts through his fingers . . . the crinkled walnuts with the lung-shaped kernels . . . . then he leaned over and smelled the bag of oranges . . . . the sharp sweet, reminding, fulfilling smell of the oranges that was so incarnate of to-morrow".

In this year of alleged grace, 1952, when the taste of the general reading public appears to have reached a peak in appetite for inanity and mediocrity, not to mention depravity, it will be interesting to note the reaction to this newest Canadian novel. For those who will read it and can understand it, *The Mountain and the Valley* offers a moving and rewarding experience, and there can be no doubt that its author has made a valuable contribution to North American literature.

KATHERINE DOUGLAS.

WHITE BOOK concerning the Status of Hungarian Prisoners of War illegally detained by the Soviet Union and of Hungarian Civilians forcefully deported by Soviet Authorities. Printed by Hans Holzmann, Bad Wörishofen, Germany, 2nd. edn., 1951, Pp. 116.

Copies of this valuable book, published by the Prisoner of War Service of Hungarian Veterans, have been presented to the chief of-

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officials of Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the United States, the Papacy and the United Nations, as well as to the general staffs of Britain and America, the I. R. O. and the International Red Cross, but its documentation is almost unknown in Canada, even in university circles.

The Introduction comes at once to the heart of the matter: "Five years ago the fighting in Europe ended but there is today neither peace, nor life without fear. For five years now, weapons have not been destroying human lives in open battle in Europe; still human beings continue to be annihilated, invisibly, without any appeal in a far away big, dark empire, in labour-camps and annihilation settlements euphemistically called 'hospitals.' There is no protection, no help, no one to raise his voice . . . This book pleads for justice when it calls for the freedom of the Hungarian prisoners of war and of the deported innocent civilian persons tossed into modern slavery, into permanent and hopeless captivity".

Approximately 280,000, or one-third of the Hungarians captured at the close of World War II, were taken prisoner by the Western Powers. By the end of 1946, every last man of them had been released. Of those deported to Soviet territory, however, 219,000 are still not accounted for. It is estimated that 100,000 of them are still in terrible captivity and that 119,000 have been murdered by the Russians. With this may be compared the fact, attested by the American Red Cross, that ninety-nine per cent of the Americans in German prisoner of war camps had survived captivity and returned home safely. Of the Hungarians captured by Stalin fifty-one per cent are dead or missing. Those who have returned home, however, have been so emaciated and broken down physically that they have been incapable of work. They are worn-out husks of men and women worked to the edge of death by the M.V.D. slave-labour system. The appalling testimony of their broken bodies has been in such contrast to the flamboyant promises of Hungary's Communist rulers, that the cessation of further repatriation has apparently been decided on as the lesser propaganda evil.

The report is closely documented. Some thirty-three pages are taken up with lists of identified Soviet concentration and forced labour camps, with their official numbers. One of the chief sources of information has been the former German prisoners of war who have worked side by side with Hungarian prisoners in the Soviet slave-camps and now give their affidavits as to the numerous Hungarian victims they had known. For instance, one such recently repatriated German reports that "At the end of December 1949 there were still 2,500 Hungarians detained in this PW-camp, No. 7062/2, where they are quartered under extremely poor conditions, in bunkers dug into the earth".

Following the publication of the first edition of this devastating indictment, some 10,000 more prisoners were repatriated, in spite of repeated declarations for two years by Moscow and Budapest that not a single Hungarian remained in Soviet territory. Most of the remnant who now returned were immediately interned in the Hungarian Communist regime's own concentration camps.

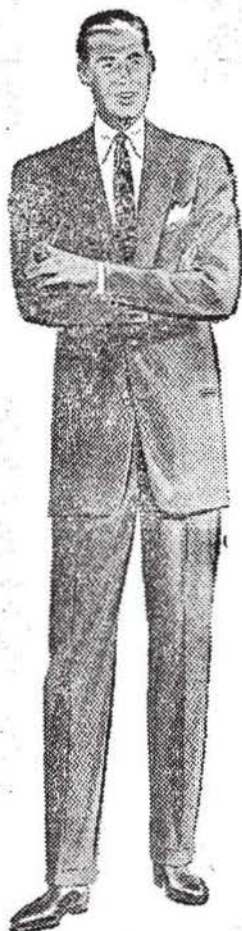
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The most terrible chapter in the book is entitled "The silent Mass-Graves", and describes particularly the death toll in such camps as Morshansk, Davidovka, Sambor, Byeici and Foscani. At Morshansk, for example, only 1,700 Hungarian prisoners out of 37,000 survived the typhus, cold and starvation of a single winter.

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

RETROSPECT.—A LAWYER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Viscount John Simon. Ryerson Press. \$4.50.

A new and intensely interesting book is the autobiography of Viscount Simon, the Sir John Simon of years gone by.

The autobiography is entitled *Retrospect*, the same name which Lord Balfour used for a similar but slighter publication of his own. Much ought to be learned from what old leaders, of unquestionably high talent, who have had profound and long-continued influence on their country's affairs, think about what they did, now that they have no further personal ambitions and can look back on their policy when there has been time to have its consequences revealed. I think it was Frederic Harrison who said that every man should not only make his will bequeathing his material possessions, but should also leave to those who come after him an autobiography recording his experience of life. That would be a rather fearsome assignment, both for the writers and for the readers of memoirs. One is glad that either diffidence or lack of literary skill prevents so many, even of those who were conspicuous in action, from thus congesting our library shelves. But most of us do want to discover how Viscount Simon in his old age (he is now almost eighty) thinks of the part he took in great national decisions.

There is a warning about such autobiographic memoirs which we should always have in mind when they come from men who have shouldered vast responsibilities. It was pointed out by that keenest of critics in her time, George Eliot, as a human foible. She reminded us of the intense affection one feels for one's own past self, and how eager most autobiographers are to recount events of the past in such manner as will not make the opinions and policies of that much loved personage seem to have been either stupid or ungenerous. I feel that we have need to remember this safeguard as we entrust ourselves to Viscount Simon's guidance on the events of the last forty years.

But he has given us a fascinating book, rich in mellow wisdom about at least the first half of his long life. Delightful and suggestive are its pictures of the writer's childhood and youth, in the household of his father, an English Congregationalist minister with slender stipend but a high pulpit reputation. John Simon was the architect of his own fortunes, making his way by sheer talent at school and later at College in Oxford which the winning of large money prizes in competition made it possible for him to enter. I well remember being told by one of his examiners in Oxford that his undergraduate papers showed everywhere the unmistakable work of a first-class mind. Of his career at the English bar, where he is reputed to have made the highest income on record (the highest, that is, which any counsel ever acknowledged

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having been paid) every young Canadian lawyer will want to read. The autobiography dwells much on the conditions of advancement in that arduous profession. As was said of Lord Beaverbrook's book entitled *Success*, its topic in that section is one on which the author knows what he is writing about—a tribute which not every much advertised and widely circulated treatise deserves.

For many, especially for me as I read, the interest of this volume *Retrospect* has been above all, far more than in its literary charm which is unquestionable, in what it shows Viscount Simon to believe now, when he has nothing more either to gain or to lose by being outspoken (apart from tender care of his "repute") about the great critical choices he took in public life. I wanted to know whether he now thinks he was right when he opposed conscription in the First World War. "This bill", he exclaimed in that memorable debate, "should be resisted". Does he approve of that resistance now? Does he feel that his advocacy of ruthless measures against the General Strike (led by Ernest Bevin) in 1926 was right, or does he reflect that more sympathetic handling of it by the Liberals, for whom he then spoke, might well have prevented the Labor victory in which British Liberals would be progressively doomed not merely to defeat but to annihilation? Does he now justify the part he took in helping to stop any real League of Nations action against Japan in the Manchurian affair of 1931, and against Mussolini in the Abyssinian affair of four years later? Does he look back with satisfaction on his share in rhapsodical applause of Neville Chamberlain for the "appeasement" policy at Munich? On such questions I wanted to be informed.

It was often predicted of him in his early years of unbroken parliamentary success that he would yet be Prime Minister. Neither Lloyd George nor Winston Churchill was then judged to have a prospect comparable to his. But I think an overwhelming majority of his countrymen now feel thankful for the Lloyd George hand in the First World War and the Churchill hand in the Second, rather than the John Simon legal subtlety of planning in either of those conflicts. Its field was the Courts, not the organizing of a nation for war.

I see no change of attitude on such issues which the passage of years was brought. The title of Mr. Meighen's volume of speeches, *Unrevised and Unrepented*, would be fitting for these sections of Viscount Simon's *Retrospect*. It is still the lawyer who is there at work, making one think of Carlyle's satiric phrase "Apotheosis of Attorneyism". I could wish it had been otherwise.

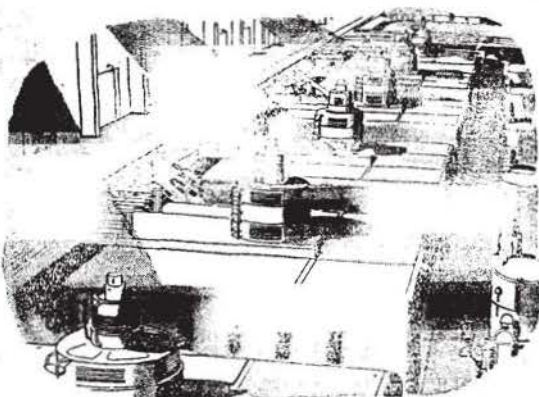
But the narrative and the reflection on the issues I have named, and others like them, have high historic value. I hope that this autobiography will be very widely read by the general public, not merely by the so-called technical experts, legal, political, historical, and that it will be read with patient care by those who feel sure, as I do, that Viscount Simon was tragically wrong in opinions which he still defends. For it is good to be shown how the very best can be said, how the most plausible plea can be set forth for policies of the past which a later generation, wise after the event, is tempted to think had no reason to support them at all. Viscount Simon is here, as he was so long in Court, a supremely skilful advocate. The tribunal this time is public





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opinion, enlightened by the passage of events. To watch how he puts together in *Retrospect* the case for himself and his wisdom (this time he is his own client), with the needful strategy of emphasis and omission in each of the disputes he recalls, was for me a delightful and I think an instructive exercise. He can make so persuasive a case for the view that even where developments have shown him to have been wrong, the evidence available at the time he made his decision left him no logical inference other than the one he drew and on which he acted.

My gravity, I must say, broke down when I came to the chapter about the *Lytton Report* on Japan's march into Manchuria. I can well believe that at the League of Nations meeting in Geneva the Japanese envoy expressed gratitude for Sir John Simon's convincing defence of his country's action in that matter. Mr. H. L. Stimson, who was American Secretary of State at the time, told us in his book published six years later how he had tried in vain to get the British Foreign Secretary's concurrence in a warning Note to Japan about it. Viscount Simon writes in *Retrospect* that he has reason to know this passage was afterwards explained by Mr. Stimson as having implied no censure of the British Foreign Office. No doubt someone told him so, some American in a mood to conciliate, and anxious to keep cordial Anglo-American relations. But I leave it to any reader of the relevant pages in the book to show how they could be "reinterpreted" in any sense other than blame upon the British Minister. Besides, I knew Mr. Stimson personally, and well remember a conversation I had with him on that very matter in his New York office. He spoke then, in no excusing tone, about the stubbornness of his British colleague.

However, this book *Retrospect* is a book to read, always vivid, instructive in its very faults no less than in its merits.

H. L. STEWART

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LEONARDO DA VINCI. By Sir Kenneth Clark. Cambridge University Press.

This book is the second edition, with some minor alterations and additions, of a book first published in 1939. It is beautifully produced and printed, a joy to read and handle, and has 68 excellent reproductions in black and white. Sir Kenneth Clark deals mainly with Leonardo's development as an artist, but the known facts of his life are faithfully chronicled and there are brief but penetrative analyses of his motives, ambitions and character. This is a work of real scholarship. It is evident that Sir Kenneth knows what he is talking about. He has examined carefully the surviving pictures of Leonardo, the many drawings and notebooks. He knows his Renaissance Italy. He has gone back to the original documents and other sources of information; and he has studied the commentators on Leonardo from Vasari down to the present day. There is no padding in the book; no speculative filling in of gaps in Leonardo's life for which no evidence is extant; and when Sir Kenneth does allow himself to suggest a new attribution the evidence is presented impartially and at length. It is a pleasure to find a book of which the illustrations are an integral part. Everyone is chosen to illustrate some comment on the development of Leonardo's art and some are referred to repeatedly and in detail.

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This reviewer has been aware for many years that Leonardo's reputation as a painter rested upon a mere handful of pictures, yet not having had opportunities for discovering more about Leonardo and indeed not having troubled to look for further information, he continued (he supposes like many others) to regard Leonardo in a vague way as one of the great artists of the world and as one of the few men of universal genius who have ever lived. The interest aroused by the quincentenary of Leonardo's birth in 1952 has changed all that, as Leonardo emerges from his quincentennial year as something different and something rather less than we supposed. Sir Kenneth establishes beyond all doubt that Leonardo's reputation as a painter rests on not more than twenty pictures every single one of which is either (a) unfinished, (b) damaged, (c) extensively repainted, or (d) of doubtful authenticity. Not one of the paintings, not even the famous *Mona Lisa* has remained as it left Leonardo's hand. It is clear that Leonardo's standing as a painter must be estimated from three paintings only, the *Mona Lisa*, *The Virgin of the Rocks* (both in Le Louvre), and *The Last Supper*, at Milan. It is not too much to say that the worth of these cannot be estimated justly by anyone who has not read Sir Kenneth's masterly comments on them in this book.

While only a few pictures by Leonardo exist, it is otherwise with his drawings, of which hundreds survive fully authenticated. Some forty-five are illustrated in this book, many in A. E. Popham's book on Leonardo's drawings (1946) and about 100 were reproduced in facsimile in the UNESCO travelling exhibition of 1952. In these drawings Leonardo reveals himself. Many of them show consummate skill and complete mastery of the various media he employed. Here is nothing of the astonishing fidelity of Holbein's portrait drawings; nothing of the decorative airiness of Claude; nothing of the psychological insight of Rembrandt; nothing of the sensitive charm of Ingres. Leonardo's drawings are more than anything else a record of his thoughts, observations and intentions; the appearance of a limb, a body, of drapery, of plants, of animals, of rocks, of a swirling water; fantasies of his imagination; the anatomy of human bones and muscles; the many mechanical devices and inventions with which his mind teemed. These drawings show us that Leonardo's mind was as much scientific as artistic. They reveal a remarkable breadth and depth of interest and a surprising fertility of imagination and acuteness of observation. No artist has left us anything at all comparable to those drawings and on them his reputation as a genius must stand or fall.

Yet a few of his preliminary sketches resulted in pictures, few if any of his mechanical devices were adopted or utilised in practice, few of any of his anatomical discoveries were taken up by his contemporaries or successors. It is impossible not to feel that Leonardo was a man born out of his due time. As Sir Kenneth Clark suggests, his self-portrait is "like the faces of all the great men of the nineteenth century as the camera has preserved them for us". It seems likely that had Leonardo lived as a contemporary of Darwin, Tolstoy and the rest, his life would have been happier and his projects more often completed. Yet probably there was something lacking in himself. Sir Kenneth points out the "total lack of synthetic power" evidenced

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in his notebooks. Something similar is suggested by his known procrastinations and failures to complete painting commissions and by the small number of his completed paintings extant. (When he did surmount his dilatoriness, as in *The Last Supper*, he produced a masterpiece.) His universality is attested by his drawings and his notebooks. But the lack of concrete achievement on a higher plane makes the use of the term "genius" applied to him suspect. What was the nature of this strange "disease of the will" that prevented the full realization of Leonardo's powers and led him to adopt as a sort of motto the sentence "tell me if anything was ever finished"? Sir Kenneth suggests "constitutional dilatoriness", but this does not take us very far. We do not know, and probably we never shall.

A. S. M.

THE NAVAL SERVICE OF CANADA ITS OFFICIAL HISTORY VOLUME I  
(ORIGINS AND EARLY YEARS).

THE NAVAL SERVICE OF CANADA ITS OFFICIAL HISTORY VOLUME 2  
(ACTIVITIES ON SHORE DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR).  
By Gilbert Norman Tucker. Ottawa: The Queen's Printer.  
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"The growth of the Dominion as a producer through the Twentieth Century to 1939 was impressive enough in itself; but it remained for the statistics of the Second World War to reveal the abundant power of response to emergency that the country's economy possessed." This statement by Dr. Gilbert N. Tucker appears in Volume Two of Canada's Official Naval History.

To the impressive facts which relate the great achievements accomplished ashore and afloat by the R C N in those war years, can be added the striking narrative of Dr. G. N. Tucker, Naval Historian from 1942 to 1950 and Director of the Naval Historical Section. Volume Two of *The Naval Service of Canada—Its Official History* tells the story of activities on shore during the years 1939 to 1945. And though Canadians take as much pride as the readers of any nation in reading again and again the deathless accounts of their heroes in the war at sea, our vast preparation made from scratch, is brilliantly laid before us in the second volume.

Volume One compiled from a vast series of early sources including the earliest Annual Reports of the Department of the Naval Service and Sir Robert Borden's private papers, tells us the colourful and somewhat amusing tale of the origins of our naval service forty-odd years ago. For example, there is the never-to-be-forgotten tale of Sir Richard McBride, the Premier of British Columbia in 1914 who took the initiative in the cause of West Coast defence and ordered two submarines from the Seattle Construction and Drydock Company. The submarines proceeded silently out of Seattle harbour with no hollabaloo so that those German-Americans (who were interested in British warship movements) and Chileans (up from their republic to buy the same submarines) would not know of their departure. The govern-



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ment of British Columbia offered to pay over a million dollars for the two boats in an age when the submarine, at best, was still learning the art of submerging and surfacing.

The latter chapters of Volume One (Chapters 14-16), tell of the years between the wars when the country's armed forces were neglected. However, Dr. Tucker has wisely placed emphasis on the creation of the reserve forces and fishermen's reserves which proved to be the nucleus of our wartime naval organization. The R.C.N.V.R. (Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve) was created in 1922. Indeed from the minuscule pre-war R.C.N.V.R. which went by the popularized name of "wavy-navy" during the last war, (because of the wavy lace worn on the officers' tunics), the vast wartime naval strength was created. At statistics in Volume Two (page 274) indicate, over 78,000 men had been attested in the R.C.N.V.R. by January 1945.

The far-sightedness of the Department of National Defence in regard to ship replacements in those pre-war years, a decade and a half ago, is borne out by the mention of two other events, widely separated in the organization of Dr. Tucker's work. One of these elaborated upon in Volume One was the purchase of up-to-date destroyers from the Royal Navy, a process which was maintained during the 1920s as well as the 1930s. Another such move, to be found in Volume Two, was the establishment, in December 1939, when the Second World War was scarcely ninety days old, of a Committee on Re-establishment and Demobilization with the Minister of Pensions and National Health as chairman. It is safe to say that only a handful of Canadians have been aware of this little-known fact—that the government whose immense and commendable wartime constructions and war plans were still a thing of the future in December 1939, and thought beyond a second world conflagration to the needs of a far-off, postwar world.

Reading through Volume One, as a citizen of the 1950s who takes for granted the huge fleets and armies that all nations including our own must now possess, it is difficult for one to recall that our defences were once what we today would call "token forces". And that a naval career in the late 1920s and the early 1930s even after the jolts of Manchuria, the Ethiopian crisis and the Anschluss in Austria *et al* was still very much a series of summer cruises and elementary training courses taken from year to year. One feels less at home and more in a story-book world thumbing through Volume One finding an entire chapter devoted to the ancient cruiser H.M.C.S. Rainbow than in reading through Volume Two with the business-like titles, "Procurement of Ships—Last Phase 1943-45" or "Personnel and Training-Ratings". These smack of our contemporary planning writ large, with which we are surrounded in the present Canadian scene.

Dr. Gilbert Norman Tucker, a Sometime Fellow of Branford College, Yale University and a Doctor of Philosophy from Cambridge University, England, is at present Associate Professor of History in the University of British Columbia. During 1941 and 1942, while doing research at Naval Headquarters in Ottawa and making use of files on a topic dealing with Canada's relations to the sea, the then Minister of National Defence for Navy asked him if he would assume the post of



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Naval Historian. Dr. Tucker consented and for a year worked on the job of compilation on his own. By 1942 he had a small staff of researchers and typists. They were divided between Ottawa (doing plans, shore activities and naval building) and London (doing operations only). There were thirteen research workers at the height of the war. Their names can be found in the preface to Volume Two. They were entered in the naval service as Lieutenants (Special Branch), R.C.N.V.R. There was a staff cartographer, Marguerite Willis. Mr. David Spring, who did research for chapters 12 and 13 on merchant shipping and trade during the war, is presently teaching British Commonwealth history at Princeton.

Source material for Volume One as Dr. Tucker states, "was much less dependent on Naval Service files, and much more dependent on more normal types of primary sources such as debates, newspapers, sessional papers and private ones such as those of Sir Robert Borden. Admiralty material was also used".

It is obvious from the footnotes that Dr. Tucker had free access to all types of information, even during the war. Of the group from the Historical Section in London, he says "the branch of the section in London . . . had access at all times to the Operations Room of the Admiralty and one member of it spent a large part of his time there". The staff in Ottawa under Dr. Tucker's immediate direction had access to all documents, operational signals (even top secret ones). Personal files could only be drawn through the Naval Secretary and then only with the permission of the Naval Historian.

Perhaps of more interest to the readers than the above labours, (which one would expect on behalf of an official history), were the personal interviews with naval officers, service and civilian experts, high government officials and men busy with the running of the war at the time. Sprinkled throughout the footnotes are some such as the following:—"Interview with Instr. Lieut. J. S. M. Langlois, R.C.N.V.R., History and Language instructor "Royal Roads", Jan. 1945" (Vol. Two, P. 260) or "Interview with Mr. Alex Rodger, Senior Psychologist, Admiralty, June 1945." (Vol. Two P. 244).

Not all the interviews were carried out by the Naval Historian but from time to time researchers detailed for the job. How were the officers or civilians to be interviewed chosen? "The procedure was to estimate by various means, both in advance and on the spot, with individual or individuals, usually officers, who were most likely to know about the matter in hand . . ." says Dr. Tucker.

Quite often technical matters being recorded, and later to become part of the narrative, needed clarification. And with all the experts at hand in Ottawa, researchers often went to them for answers.

Keenly aware of the value of the descriptive, Dr. Tucker has not hesitated to include vignettes of Canadian literature which sentimentally recall some great event of those years of travail and triumph. For example, there is the reference to the docking of the "Queen Elizabeth" in the government drydock at Esquimalt on February 24th, 1942. Borrowing from Gwen Cash's book *A Million Miles from Ottawa*, he seems to have stopped the war narrative for a few lines and with Gwen Cash observed this vast ship over 5,000 miles from home:

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"At dawn this morning came the deep-throated demand of the *Queen Elizabeth* that Esquimalt harbour open her boom. It was thrilling. It was England's age-old sea-power speaking; it was promise; it was hope. . . ."

Perhaps the greatest appeal of Dr. Tucker's work is his presentation of the tremendous efforts made on shore by Canadian industry and technical ability, nor did he omit the story of the planners within both the Federal Government and the Naval Service who visualized and built the barracks, training schools, ships, organized Canada's heavy industries (meager as there were in the fall of 1938), requisitioned private edifices for naval training such as King's College, Halifax or Holwood House in Toronto for WRN CS training, to name only two—and produced the ever-increasing number of trained personnel—for both lower deck and bridge to meet the relentless war at sea.

Over and above the lasting impressions which the narrative will leave with the casual reader and with the naval veteran, keen to relive the days of his service, this official history will serve yet another purpose, and a smaller and more critical audience. I am referring to those quarters in Canadian history schools where official military histories are looked upon as "trumpet and drum" stuff, highly subjective and void of the more stimulating material to be found in such Canadian historical themes as, "Clash of cultures in Canada" or "Problems of Canadian nationality"—to name but two.

Any Canadian historian or student of the history of Canadian government administration and industrialization will delve into the details of Volume Two, to obtain a clear firsthand account of our war economy as it affected the naval side. We in Canada have no need for apologetic Canadian "Blue Books" or "Yellow Books" to explain why we went to war; nor do we need professional historians in government employ to prove away any guilt associated with our cause between 1914-1918 and 1939-1945.

Dr. Tucker left the presentation of the events of the Second World War (originally planned as Volume Three) to Joseph Schull, well-known Canadian playwright and author. It was felt that a more popular presentation of this dramatic period was required—free of the imponderabilia, footnotes and mounting detail with which official histories are filled. This decision was made on Dr. Tucker's request and with his consent.

And yet it is to Dr. Tucker's credit as a professional historian that this official history lives and moves across the pages from the days of those frantic messages between the B. C. premier and his agent in Seattle over buying submarines (as recorded in Volume One), to the detailed description of demobilization in 1945 (at the end of Volume Two), as much as does Schull's account of the endless deeds of valour in the war at sea from 1939 to 1945.

Far from adding to the "trumpet and drum" shelf in the historical library, Dr. Tucker's work combines with Schull's to blend and harmonize into one whole the glorious story of our navy and of our men and women who "went down to the sea in ships" in the thirty-five years between 1910 and 1945.



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## HISTORY OF SCIENCE. By George Sarton. Harvard University Press.

George Sarton is the most distinguished of the historians of science in North America and perhaps in all the western world. He was for many years until 1951, Professor of the History of Science at Harvard University and is the author of the monumental *Introduction to the History of Science*. In the preface to the present volume, he tells us that the came to write it to please those who felt that his "Introduction" was proof factual, too colourless and too impersonal. One can't help feeling that he wrote it also to please himself and that he enjoyed writing it. Certainly one of the delights to the reader is the charming picture of Sarton himself, which emerges from its pages, keen of intellect, meticulously correct in scholarship, steeped in his subject, shy, inviting, debonair. He is like the quizzical and sometimes even sly custodian of a museum conducting his group of tourists quickly, but not too quickly, from exhibit to exhibit. "Let's have a look at Egypt and the Ancient East", he seems to say, "and now—here's Homer—no, not a scientist, of course, though there is some geography in the Odyssey. But isn't Homer marvellous stuff? And don't forget that this is the oldest tradition in the western world, and still as potent today as it ever was". So he leads us through the glory that was Greece, introducing us to Thales and Pythagoras, to Socrates and the sophists, to Teno and Parmenides and the historians Herodotus and Thucydides. His exposition of Thucydides' thought and his assessment of its importance for the future of western science is masterly and one of the finest things in the book. So he leads us on through the Greek medical writings to Plato and Aristotle. On the way he seems to say "Let's look in on Xenophon. He isn't important really for the history of science, but he is rather a pet of mine and I'd like you to meet him. He is often unfairly neglected". And after a pleasant sojourn with Xenophon we pass on to Aristotle and Epicurus and Teno and the end of the golden age of Greece.

Although, as I have suggested, there is a light touch in the writing of this book, the intention is serious throughout and the treatment is the very opposite of superficial. Every statement that can be documented is documented. As Sarton says, "I am doing my best all the time, neither more nor less". The book has the further great merit that it treats not only of the Greek antecedents of modern science but also the Greek origins of that habit or attitude of mind which has made modern science possible. Our immense debt to Greece is revealed in a new light and the facts presented with just the right pinch of wit and the proper touch of enthusiasm to savour the whole story.

No doubt critics will find in the book opinions with which they disagree. This reviewer must record that he is in wholehearted agreement with Sarton except in his treatment of Plato, which he thinks will be regarded as unfair by anyone who values philosophy above science. No doubt some "debunking" of Plato is a salutary thing. We treat him too often as a god. But to describe the writer of the Republic as a "disgruntled fanatic" is going too far. This reviewer has read a good deal of Plato (in Greek) and the impression he carried away with him

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was not of fanaticism or ill-temper, but of a reasonable, poised, urbane, somewhat aloof but withal kindly aristocrat. It seems just also to say that Sarton's criticism of Plato's political ideas in the Republic is superficial. One does not have to agree with Plato to admire the skill, thoroughness and consistency with which he works out in detail the implications of his general theory. But to criticize that theory without suggesting some alternative is dangerous practice.

Sarton's real objection to Plato is, naturally enough, that he is a philosopher and not a scientist, and that historically his influence has been negative or hostile to the development of science. One can further agree that Plato's cosmological ideas as expressed in "Timaeus" are mythical nonsense which it is not worth the trouble to try to understand. But to everyone who thinks that to discover and apply the proper use of atomic energy is more important than to discover atomic energy—that is, to everyone for whom philosophy is more important than science, Plato still has a great deal to offer.

The book is beautifully presented and finely printed. It is the first of a projected series of eight, which will cover the history of science down to the present day. This reviewer for one will make it his business to see that he does not miss the other volumes when they come out.

A. S. M.

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A BOY IN THE HOUSE. By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: Macmillans in Canada Ltd. \$1.75.

Mazo de la Roche's short new book, *A Boy in The House*, has been described by one critic as one of "the two significant books of the fiction year". Its appearance comes after a quarter of a century of literary craftsmanship on the part of its author, craftsmanship that reached something of a climax with the winning of a fiction award offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* back in the 1920s; it has continued steadily ever since, chiefly around the fortunes of the Whiteoak family. This latest story is not, however, in the Jalna vein, though it is in a pattern that Miss de la Roche has used at intervals throughout her career.

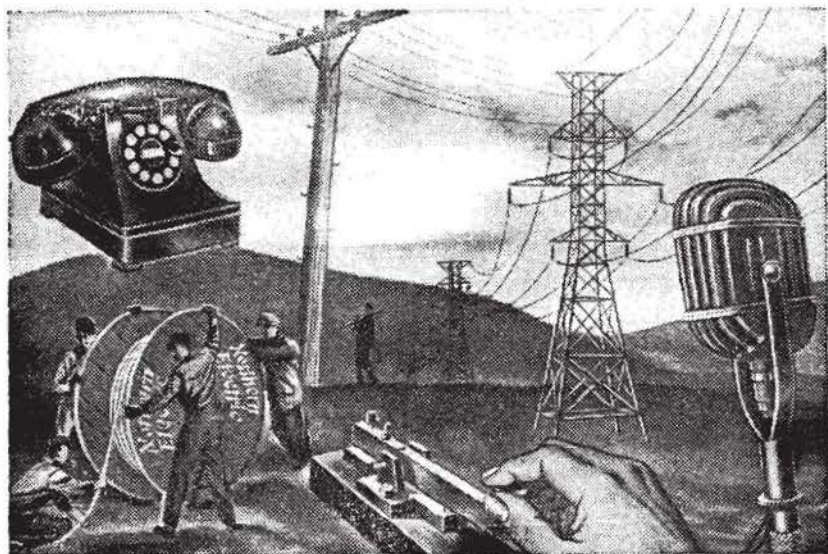
Central figure in this newest narrative is Eddy, a youngster from an orphan home, who comes to work for two elderly sisters who have suffered greatly reduced circumstances in their old age, and who have let half their small house to a writer, Lindley, who has chosen the spot for its promised privacy and quiet for the writing of a novel.

Unconsciously, however, Eddy creates discord in the household, even though he draws to himself the love and sympathy of each of the three persons comprising the ménage. Strange and frightening events climax the boy's advent, events that involve every member of the strange quartette that lives in the sisters' house.

The author has told her story simply and poignantly, but with a literary artistry that makes each character live for her readers. The result is a thoroughly pleasurable short narrative.

C. F. B.

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LANDS BEYOND. By L. Sprague de Camp & Willy Ley. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd. \$5.50.

This volume might well be sub-titled "Geography That Never Was", for the lands described in its pages existed for the most part in the imaginations of the travellers who described them. As the authors remark in their Introduction, "Three colossal figures stride across the landscape of the mind of early man: the warrior, the wizard, and the wanderer . . . The traveller . . . has virtual *carte blanche*. He has been where his hearers have not, and in case of argument he commands that crushing rejoinder: 'I was there'".

Having made this retort to all who presumed to question his reports, the traveller then proceeded to describe the far-away places he claimed to have seen, but did not hesitate to allow his imagination complete freedom when he felt it necessary in order to impress his credulous audience. He did not hesitate, either, when called upon to describe the unusual people and equally unusual animals he claimed to have encountered. These were often fantastic in the extreme, among them being the Arimaspians, beings with a single eye located in the centre of the forehead, described by John de Mandeville in his fictional travel book, but appearing even earlier in the works of many of the classical writers. Homer, Herodotus, and later, Pliny, describe the Arimaspi, and undoubtedly the idea of a one-eyed monster had formed the basis of the Polyphemus legend of antiquity. There were also the Sciapodes, men having but one leg, but who were able to leap about with surprising agility; a race of headless individuals who reportedly had "eyes near the armpits and a large mouth in the middle of the chest; satyrs and nymphs and sirens". As for animals, these range all the way from gold-digging ants to dragons and griffons.

The strange countries themselves were placed by the travellers as far away from any point likely to have been visited by any of their audiences as possible. They were principally in the far East, where was located the fabled land of the equally fabled Prester John, and the Jewish kingdom of the Ten Lost Tribes. Then there were the legends of the Lost Continents. There were two main ones—Atlantis and My—supposedly lying (at the time they were described) far below the surfaces of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, respectively.

What has been said can convey only the barest outline of the partial contents of one of the most fascinating collections of fantastic legend that has come from the publishers in many a year, rendered the more fascinating because, as the authors point out, there is just a germ of fact in these impossible yarns, and that germ is sufficient to warrant a continued interest in them on the part of the people of the present day.

C. F. B.

HARPOON AT A VENTURE. By Gavin Maxwell. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co., Ltd. \$5.00.

There has been a steadily increasing demand during the past decade for fish-liver oil for use in tonics. When the medicinal value of fish-liver oils was first discovered, such oil was obtained solely from



the livers of codfish, but as the demand grew manufacturers began to explore other sources for their supplies. The result has been that a trend to many other types of marine animals was established. Today, any marine creature that can be processed so as to provide liver oil is utilized for the purpose. It remained for Gavin Maxwell to turn his attention to one of the largest of marine forms—the basking shark—a leviathan of some two or three tons weight, to see if capture and processing of these thirty-foot monsters would be possible and profitable. The volume under consideration is his personal account of the adventure and provides its readers with a wealth of information about a little-known giant of the seas.

Locale of *Harpoon At A Venture* is the far northern coasts of the Hebrides, to be exact the area around the island of Soay, purchased by the author as a site for his "factory" for the processing of the sharks he hoped to catch. While Maxwell and his associates attempted to make use of all parts of the tremendous carcass, canning the meat for food, using the bones for fertilizer and the liver-oil for tonics, he abandoned the first two schemes in order to devote all his attention to the liver-oil extraction. At the outset, however, success eluded the adventurers, chiefly because they were unable to find or devise a harpoon that would hold when driven into the body of the basking shark. Eventually, after many failures and disappointments, a harpoon was made that could be fired from their ship's "cannon", a harpoon that would not bend, break off or pull free when embedded in the sharks' body. Even then their troubles were not entirely at an end. Their quarry was so large and the ships of the hunters so small, that there was considerable danger that a harpooned shark would wreck them. The hunters persisted, however, and the tale of their long series of partial successes and failures, together with frequent hairbreadth escapes from serious injury or even death, makes exciting reading. It provides, as well, a thrilling sea-adventure.

The author is the grandson of the brilliant naturalist, politician and man of letters, the late Sir Herbert Maxwell. An Oxford graduate, Gavin Maxwell went to Finland to study the birds of the extreme limit of the range of fauna that extends across Siberia. In 1939 he joined the Scots Guards and was seconded to Special Forces in 1942. This new wartime assignment brought him into the area where the adventures recorded in *Harpoon At A Venture* occurred, and provided him with the opportunity of putting his theories about the value of the unexploited shark fisheries to a test.

The book is well-illustrated with photographs of the northern waters and islands where the events narrated took place.

C. F. B.

THE "MARY CELESTE" AND OTHER STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA.  
By J. G. Lockhart. \$2.25.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALERT". By E. F. Knight. \$2.25. Toronto:  
Clarke, Irwin & Co., Ltd.

Everybody likes a good mystery yarn, and if it happens to be a true one, the attraction it holds is usually enhanced. When, in addi-

tion, the narrative deals with the sea and ships, the interest, to people in the Maritimes, at least, is greater still. The two volumes listed above fulfill these conditions admirably. The first-mentioned has to do with a vessel that has provided a first-class mystery ever since the day in November, 1872, when she sailed from New York and then was found at sea on the afternoon of December 5, 1872, with sails set, with her cargo still intact and in perfectly sound condition, but with none of her crew aboard. From that day to this there has been no satisfactory explanation of what happened aboard her and of the fate of her crew, though many fantastic theories have been evolved.

The *Mary Celeste* had been built at Parrsborough, Nova Scotia, in 1861. She was a brigantine of 282 tons, ninety-eight feet overall, and on this trip had been bound to Genoa, Italy. By a strange coincidence, the vessel that found her was also a Nova Scotian brig, the *Dei Gratia*, out of New York for Gibraltar.

There are other tales in the collection, dealing with such subjects as the sinking of *H.M.S. Victoria* following a collision with *H.M.S. Camperdown* during manoeuvres; the as yet unexplained loss of the *U. S. S. Maine* in Havana harbour, following an explosion; and the disappearance of the steamer *Waratah* off the coast of South Africa; there are also lurid stories of mutiny, murder and other violence on the high seas.

The second book of the duo under review, *The Cruise of the "Alerte"*, is a saga of the quest for buried treasure on the uninhabited island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, a search that had finally to be abandoned after three months of fruitless digging. (Be it noted in passing that the Trinidad of the record is not the British West India Island, but another of the same name off the coast of Brazil.) The treasure is reputedly looted from the plundering of Peruvian churches by pirates in 1821, consisting principally of "gold and silver plate from the cathedral at Lima". The *Alerte* venture was the last of which there is any record but to date none of the treasure has been found.

Either or both these titles will provide enjoyment for the reader whose interests run to tales of the sea, and for those who like something in the nature of a problem presented to them in their reading, they will afford stimulating and exciting fare.

C. F. B.

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A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S PROSE. Selected and With an Introductory Essay. By W. Somerset Maugham. Toronto: Macmillan in Canada Limited. \$3.50.

To a majority of the older readers among the peoples of English-speaking countries, and particularly the peoples of the British Commonwealth, the name of Rudyard Kipling means much more than it does to the present generation. It is safe to say that there are few literary critics better qualified to assess Kipling's importance in the field of prose than Mr. Somerset Maugham, who is, in a sense, Kipling's successor in the art of the short story. Here, in a new selection of Kipling's prose, readers will find a collection of sixteen short stories.

Perhaps no better idea of what is to be found in the pages of this volume can be given than to quote from what Mr. Maugham has to say of it in his Introduction. He writes, in part: ". . . Kipling's vocabulary was rich. He chose his words, often very unexpected words, for their colour, their precision, their cadence. . . His prose, with which along I am concerned, had pace and vigour. . . Kipling has so made his style his own that I don't suppose anyone today would care to write like him, even if he could, but I don't see how one can deny that the instrument he constructed was admirably suited to the purpose to which he put it. . . ."

"The English . . . have never been much interested in form. Succinctness goes against their grain. But the short story demands form. It demands succinctness. Diffuseness kills it. It depends on construction. It does not admit of loose ends. It must be complete in itself. All these qualities you will find in Kipling's stories when he was at his magnificent best, and this, happily for us, he was in story after story. . . ."

The fourteen titles chosen by Mr. Maugham are "The Finest Story in the World", "The Man Who Was", "The Tomb of His Ancestors", "At the End of the Passage", "Wireless", "On Greenhow Hill", "Love-O'-Women", "The Brushwood Boy", "The Man Who Would Be King", "William the Conqueror", "They", "Tods' Amendment", "Mowgli's Brothers", "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", "Without Benefit of Clergy", and "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat".

C. F. B.