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Appears in Collections: Ohio State Engineer: Volume 17, no. 2 (November, 1933)
ONE MORE RIVER—John Galsworthy — Scribner ($2.50).
AFTER SUCH PLEASURES—Dorothy Parker — Viking ($2.25).
WINNER TAKE NOTHING—Ernest Hemingway — Scribner ($2.00).
CROWDED HOURS—Alice R. Longworth — Scribner ($3.00).
IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt — Stokes ($1.25).
BEAUTY LOOKS AFTER HERSELF—Eric Gill — Sheed and Ward ($3.50).
ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS—Stephens, Beck and Snow — American Book Co. ($2.60).

HEMINGWAY AND PARKER

Two sets of short stories have been published during the last couple weeks. One of them, "After Such Pleasures," is written by Dorothy Parker, while the other volume is by Ernest Hemingway.

The Hemingway volume is titled "Winner Take Nothing," and is made up of fourteen short stories, some of them very short indeed. Those readers of Mr. Hemingway who like the short stories in his "Men Without Women," will enjoy this new edition. For the most part they deal with brutal, blustering folk, with gangsters and gamblers, with travel-tired Americans in Switzerland, and the like. Although the themes of these new stories tread heavily and damagingly around the rim of decorum, one cannot question the superb technique of the author. He knows when and how to strike in order to gain his effect which is not always of a pleasant nature. Surely this new book presents Mr. Hemingway at his best.

The title of Dorothy Parker's volume is chosen from Donne's "Farewell to Love":

"Ah cannot wee
As well as cocks and lyons joyful be,
After such pleasures?"

Miss Parker has long been a favorite for her ironic wit. A number of years back she won a prize with her story, "Big Blonde," which later appeared in a collection she called "Laments of the Living." She has the joyous knack in her new volume, as she has in her earlier one, of poking fun at her readers. Her best story in the present collection is "Here We Are," a delightful dialogue between a bride and groom just after the wedding.

H. L. MENCKEN

Under the title of "Books I Have Never Read," The Nation for November 8 has conducted a symposium. Among others, Carl Van Doren, Branch Cabell, Ernest Boyd and George Jean Nathan tell of the classics which they have never read.

From that symposium it is interesting to quote what is written by H. L. Mencken, editor of The American Mercury until a month ago.

Mr. Mencken says:

My chief apology must be, not for having left too many gaps in my reading, but for having read too much. I have been hard at it since I was ten years old, and for every good book that I have got through I have probably read a hundred bad ones. A few weeks ago I actually read "Pilgrim's Progress" for the second time—an unhappy experience, for it is dreadful nonsense, and, despite the ardors of the pedagogues, mainly bad written. Shortly afterward I had a second bout with Plato's "Apology of Socrates," and came away more convinced than ever that Socrates deserved to die, if not as a corrupter of youth then as a bad lawyer, and that Plato knew it. I have actually read "Paradise Lost," and, what is more, "Paradise Regained." If Milton had written a "Paradise Lost Again," I'd probably have read it too.

Fortunately, I tackled Dante when I was too young to fathom anything save Gustave Doré's illustrations, and God has preserved me from going back to him since. The same circumstance rescued me from George Eliot, who existed in a horrible set of tall, black volumes at home. Later on, for some reason that I can't give, I found "The Brothers Karamazov" impossible, and so I have read no Dostoevski since, though men I venerate say he had the gift. Jane Austen and the Brontës also await the leisure of senility, and so does "The Cloister and the Hearth" and all of Trollope save "Phineas Finn" and another that I forget. I refuse flatly to read "The Faerie Queen," despite the seductions of William Lyon Phelps. Scott sickened me after "Ivanhoe" and I have not been back.
Of Cooper I have read nothing save "The American Democrat." I have never read "Mme Bovary," or "Mlle de Maupin," or "Paul and Virginin," or Goethe's "Faust" (I tried twice, once in English and once in German, and had to give up both times).

ROOSEVELT AND ROOSEVELT

Two Roosevelt women have published books recently: "Crowded Hours," by Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and "It's Up to the Women," by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The one from the pen of the first lady of the land will prove of provocative interest to the millions of women in this country, for she answers a great many questions which those millions are asking. Mrs. Roosevelt, for example, believes it will be many years before a woman will become President of the United States.

"Crowded Hours," by Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, however, will appeal to an old and probably wider reading public, as it deals with her reminiscences of political Washington for the last forty years. Herself the daughter of a President and a wife of a Speaker of the House of Representatives, she is indeed familiar with people in public life. The colorful figures of the Tafts, the Hardings and the Wilsons, Uncle Joe Cannon, Charles Evans Hughes and William Jennings Bryan walk through her pages. Events and personages pass in swift procession; it is an extremely interesting volume.

SHAW

The New York Times Book Review for Sunday, November 5, carries the following short item about the Irish dramatist, Mr. George Bernard Shaw:
"Shavian take notice! From now on the Irish dramatist desires to be known as Bernard Shaw, without any first name or initial. He has requested his American publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., to see that his name shall so appear on all title pages and notices. O. K., G. B. S. The next Bernard Shaw book to appear on the Dodd, Mead list will be a volume of three plays, to be published late this Fall. No title has yet been decided upon for the book, but the plays are "Too True to Be Good," "The Village Wooing" and "On the Rocks."

**Stephens, Beck and Snow**

Of special interest to Ohio State students is an anthology of poetry, letters and notes recently published by James Stephens, the Irish poet, Professor Edwin L. Beck and Professor Royall H. Snow, both of the English Department. Professor Beck is acting chairman of that department.

Their book bears the title, "English Romantic Poets," and contains selections and letters from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats and others of the period. An unusually interesting feature of the volume is the introduction written by Poet Stephens, who is very well known on the campus.

**Galsworthy**

For years John Galsworthy has had a large audience on this side of the Atlantic, and it was with sorrow that they learned of his death on January 31. Yet they eagerly awaited the publication of his last novel, which, according to his American publishers, was finished in June, 1932, six months before his death. It was published in London last month under the title "Over the River," but when the Scribner publishers brought it out in this country several weeks ago, it bore the title "One More River." Nevertheless, it is Mr. Galsworthy's farewell, and a good one, too.

"One More River" continues the adventures of Dinny Charwell which were started in "Maid In Waiting" and continued in "Flowering Wilderness." When Dinny learns that her poet-lover is dead in Siam, she receives the favors of one Worthy Eustace, and, making the best of the bargain, marries him. There are other threads in the novel, but the reader, no doubt, is more interested in the fate of Dinny; surely the story of the other two Charwell novels was Dinny's story.

**Eric Gill**

In a rather large but interesting volume, Eric Gill tells his readers to "look after goodness and truth, and beauty will take care of herself." In his book, "Beauty Looks After Herself," he further declares that "architecture is not to be thought of in isolation. You cannot hang up a building on the wall of your bedroom or listen to it in the privacy of your boudoir."

Mr. Gill's essays are very readable, especially to the student in architecture.