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Courage, an address delivered to the students of St. Andrews University, Scotland, on May 3, 1922, by Sir J. M. Barrie. Scribner's, 1922. Price, 60 cents.

As an antidote for the disillusionment and grim pessimism which fill the books of today, read "Courage." This essay is comforting and constructive and gay. "Courage, I do not think," says Barrie, "it is to be got by your becoming solemn-sides before your time. You must have been warned about letting the golden hours slip by. Yes, but some of them are golden only because we let them slip. Diligence, ambition; noble words, but only if touched to fine issues. Prizes may be dross, learning lumber, unless they bring you into the arena with increased understanding." The book is full of delicate sallies of humor."

"Begin by doubting all such in high places—except of course your professors. But doubt all other professors, yet not conceitedly, as others do, with their noses in the air; avoid all such physical risks."

What he says about photographs is delicious: "But do not put your photograph at all ages into your autobiography. That may bring you to the ground. 'My life and what I have done with it': That is the sort of title, but it is the photographs that give away what you have done with it. Grim things those portraits; if you could read the language of them, you would often find it unnecessary to read the book. The face itself, of course, is still more tell-tale, for it is the record of all one's past life. We ought to be able to see each chapter of him melting into the next like the figures in the cinematograph. Even the youngest of you has got through some chapters already. When you go home for the next vacation some one is sure to say, 'John has changed a little; I don't quite see in what way, but he has changed.' You remember they said that last vacation."

"**Courage**" is a challenge. Young men are dared to meet the issues of the day in better fashion than they are being met. Young men are exhorted to know causes before fighting; to study the common ground on which stand the young men of all the world. Instead of a League of Nations Barrie speaks of a League of Youth; he recommends the study of modern languages and of modern science, which "is the surest way of teaching you how to know what you mean when you say." Young men are urged to regard the control of things as a partnership, and to contribute their full share to the solving of present day problems.

The challenge is one to action. The war has done at least one big thing: It has taken Spring out of the year. . . . The Spring of the year lies buried in the fields of France and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes it may be you who are responsible for it . . . all, perhaps, because this year you let things slide."

The challenge is one to a clean fight. "Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponents motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency; give it up and be great."

Examples of fine courage on the part of men who have had to fight against big odds make the challenge personal, direct. Barrie shows Henley, suffering intensely, yet arguing hotly on a nonsensical question and throwing his crutch at his

adversary. He quotes from a cheerful letter which was written by Captain Scott the Antarctic observer: "We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. . . . We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from fuel, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation."

These examples should fire the admiration of young men and make them desire to prove their metal. This is the spirit of **Courage**. Who can be a quitter when all around he sees men and women who are pegging away, working hard, bearing discouragements, and being cheerful about it?

Old Morocco and The Forbidden Atlas. By C. E. Andrews, Professor of English, Ohio State University. Reviewed by Gerald R. Black, '23.

A book is worth while if it gives us one beautiful thought, one new outlook upon life, or expresses in a clever, surprising manner, a sentiment which we have long felt, but have not consciously expressed.

If you enjoy well expressed thoughts, strange customs, mysticism, and the vague elusiveness of the Orient, this book will be pleasant reading.

The author tells of an adventurous journey into the Souss, a portion of Morocco that the French have not yet been able to bring under the protectorate. The start of this journey is made from Marrakesh, an oasis city. Marrakesh is a strange city, its main square, "The Meeting Place of the Dead," is the rendezvous of numerous story tellers, magicians, entertainers, and holy beggars. Quoting the author, "Everywhere there is a bobbing of white turbans, red sheishas, and muffled hoods."

From Marrakesh the journey takes us through hot deserts, and then over the Atlas Mountains, into the forbidden Souss. Here the entire party is detained by a powerful caid. Later they are released and return to Marrakesh.

The outstanding feature of the book is the keen appreciation of beauty and the insight into the mystical oriental beliefs and customs. The book is written in a characteristic carefree, vagabond style which makes it extremely easy and interesting reading. The author of this tale of sheiks, caids and the impressiveness of age-old thoughts and customs has given us a story which intrigues the imagination, stimulates, and pleases.