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THE BOOKSHELF

RECORD FLIGHTS

By *Clarence D. Chamberlin*

Many might consider this book a "steal" on Lindbergh's *We*. In character as well as content the two books are as far apart as black and white. *We*, of course, has precedence—Lindbergh got across the Atlantic first. If the positions of the two fliers had been reversed, there is no hesitancy in believing that this book would have proved as popular as Lindbergh's.

Colonel Chamberlin gives in his own words the story of his flight to Germany. That is what makes the book so entertaining—you feel as though you were having a private interview with the man himself and he were relating the story by word of mouth rather than by printed page.

The events attending the flight of the "Columbia," Chamberlin's ship, are quite well-known. He was tied down by the vacillations of his employer, Levine. Any person who was connected with metropolitan airports around the city of New York in the spring of 1927 will verify the statement that Chamberlin was prepared months before the actual trans-Atlantic flight.

During this period Byrd and his crew also were preparing the "America" for her near-successful flight. One day Lindbergh arrived at Curtiss Field and in a few hours was away and in Paris.

The intense chagrin of Chamberlin may be appreciated. Lindbergh received the Orteig prize money and the popularity, and yet Chamberlin flew across in spite of all that. He was content with second place, even though he had been preparing for the feat for years. That act definitely places him in the category of sportsmen.

Levine left with Chamberlin to the intense surprise of all those connected with the enterprises. Levine, during the course of the flight itself, revealed himself as a very different sort of character than heretofore.

The latter part of the book is devoted to early reminiscences of Chamberlin both before and during the war.

Chamberlin's story is told in plain language and is utterly devoid of any literary subterfuges. It proves interesting because of its everyday appeal to each one of us. Furthermore, it is the story of a real sportsman.—M. L. A.

A current magazine article causes us to depart from our sphere of book reviewing. The article referred to is "The Penny and the Gingerbread," in October *Harper's Magazine*. Although it sounds a bit juvenile (reminds one of a nursery rhyme) it carries a message of prime importance to all interested in any sort of career.

To dispose of the title—it refers to the old proverb about spending your money and still having it, a close relative of the one about the cake. In a few words, the author attempts to dispose of the perplexing subject of finance—saving and spending.

He advocates, as a result of a lifetime of study and practice, forgetting "money utterly and concentrating all one's thought and energy on the spending of time..." If time is disposed of

wisely, "the money problem, which is inescapably involved with it, will be settled at the same moment." Besides this, he recommends doing only those things that tend to increase one's intellectual resources—carrying on only such activities as lead toward higher culture.

A possible danger in this philosophy may be that the author concentrates on self. Everything tends to make himself better—no constructive work for the other fellow—no activity that will benefit him at the same time. Every ordinary activity that man enters into rests on the fundamental basis of service. We are taught from earliest childhood to help our neighbor. The human race is a coordinated whole, each individual serving the other, perhaps unconsciously, in some capacity. A lifetime spent without service is akin to letting the other man carry your burden.

The anonymity of this article detracts from its value. The editor tells us that the author has led a career of unusual distinction. We should like to hear more from him, under his name, on this point of mutual service.—M. L. A.

BLACK MAJESTY

By *John W. Vandercook*

The closing of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries saw big doings on the island of Santo Domingo. Some half-million slaves rose in revolt against their masters, slew and tortured white and mulatto alike, and pillaged the entire western portion of the island, the section now known as the Republic of Haiti.

Where vast plantations and palatial homes had stood there remained naught but a heap of ashes—and liberty. One may appreciate the attitude of the blacks in their playful pastimes. They, like their white brethren in France, had been ground into the dust by the iron heel of the aristocracy. When the Revolution swept through France, a few embers found their way to the island colony and started a similar conflagration. The observant reader becomes curious when he learns that white and mulatto were slain alike. One would think that the half-castes would have been spared by their full-blooded brethren. These poor creatures of the middle world formed a class by themselves; a class hated by both the white and the negro. An analogy exists among half-castes of all races.

From the ruins arose two great leaders—men whose genius has never been equaled by any of their race—Dessalines and Christophe. Both were slaves, sons of slaves. They had no education, but both possessed that spark of leadership that sets men apart from their fellows.

Dessalines and Christophe got control of the government—what there was—and after a great deal of organizing brought a semblance of order out of the chaos. A republic failed and Dessalines passed out of the picture. Christophe declared Haiti a monarchy and himself emperor.

The development of the Haitian Empire is fascinating. The monarchy, with all of its pomp and ceremony and colorful pageantry, is dear to the

heart of the negro. It is small wonder that the Empire flourished with this racial instinct as a background and a powerful man like Christophe as its king.

Despite what has been said to the contrary, the entire land prospered during this era. The natural indolence of the people was curbed and industry was fostered by a wise government. Christophe caused education to be introduced and sanitary conditions were provided in the towns.

After a series of internal disturbances, Christophe began to fear for his position and retreated to his fortress, Sans Souci, in the north of the island. Here he lived until death.

One may realize what this era meant to the country of Haiti when it is learned that no prosperity existed there from the death of Christophe until the advent of the Marines some years ago.

Because of its bearing on the Caribbean question, as well as its own interest, this is a book not to be missed.—M. L. A.

H. R. H.

By F. E. Verney

These symbols cloak a biography of that well-liked person, Edward, Prince of Wales. We like to harp on the sameness of biographies but we are unable to vent any of our spleen on Verney's work. One is unable to put his finger on the precise feature that makes *H. R. H.* different from the stereotyped biography; nevertheless, it is indeed an interesting and well-constructed life story.

Many wish to be king or, at least, prince (both the male as well as the female) for a day, at some period in their lives. A perusal of this book will satisfy anyone that royalty, of all classes, lead a life wherein all is not rosy; glancing at a few stragglers of Russian royalty scrubbing floors and washing dishes, we hasten to add milk and honey to that metaphor. The position of a Prince, referring, of course, to the heir apparent to the British throne (there are very few heirs apparent left to date) is one that is unparalleled in any of the walks of life. He must preserve the dignities of his position and serve as a model for his subjects. His personal likes and dislikes are not taken into account.

This last point has been stressed by the cinema producers for years, but nothing will bring the point home as strongly as Verney's book. We heartily sympathized with Edward when his curriculum at the early age of ten included subjects that are taught in advanced grades at college. Besides carrying out the task of being a normal boy, Edward had to realize his duties as the heir apparent—a task that made him old beyond his years.

Osborne College is a naval preparatory school quite akin to our Annapolis. Its course is longer but its graduates are commissioned like those at Annapolis. Here Edward was sent early in his teens. To show that he was not coddled by the faculty or his classmates because of his position, the author relates how, because of his small size and his name (he was familiarly known as "Wales"), his mates jestingly nicknamed him "The Sardine."

Edward graduated and served some months on a cruiser of the Royal Navy. His education was then continued at Oxford after a brief sojourn on

the Continent. He disliked severing his naval connections and would have given anything to be allowed to continue his naval service.

The author recounts Wales' activities in the war and his journeys to the Colonies and the United States during the years following.

The book is pleasant and fascinating reading. At all times your sympathy is with the young man who is burdened by his royal connections.—M. L. A.

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Two companion volumes, *The American Scrap Book* and *The European Scrap Book* have just been published by W. H. Wise and Co. They are heralded as being the "golden harvest of this year's best thought and achievement." They contain excerpts from statements and speeches made by some of the foremost men of our times during the past year.

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OLD PYBUS

By Warwick Deeping

The old porter of the "Saracen's Head" is a personage who reminds one of a Roman emperor, perhaps even a Caesar. For in this small man with a large head, crowned with white hair, there was a dignity, a nobility which was not seen in common men. This quality of superiority was recognized at once by all who came in contact with him in his capacity as porter at the inn, and a certain amount of respect was shown him by all but the most self-centered.

This beauty of character was, however, lost on his two sons, Probyn and Conrad. They took after their mother and were out to make money in the easiest way possible. At the time of the war, they both found excuses for not enlisting, and it was at this time that their father definitely broke with them, although they had never been very close to him.

The story develops from the old man's grandson's discovery of him, and their beautiful friendship and love up to the time of his death. Lance, the grandson, is the only child of Probyn, and he is of the same type as the old man; quiet, philosophical, and with a burning ambition to be a writer. He finds in the "Venerable," as he calls his grandfather, all those noble qualities that his father and uncle had failed to see. And although they try to hide the knowledge of their father's presence at the inn, a short distance from their home, from Lance, he discovers it and thereafter spends many hours with the old man. In fact, he visits the Venerable periodically for five years before he finally decides to tell his father.

The book is written in a style which arrests the reader's attention at the very first and holds it throughout the entire book. The style is essentially simple and easy to understand. There is an absence of humor in the book, but it is not missed; in fact it would be out of place. The author shows a keen understanding of human nature, seeming to be able to probe into the innermost reaches of a person's soul and show up every little thought that is hidden there.

Probably the best-known book by Warwick Deeping up to this time was *Sorrel and Son*, a book which is full of the same human interest that characterizes *Old Pybus*, and sets these volumes apart from the general run of novels.—R. M. E.