Grant into staying with the army after the bloody shambles of Shiloh. When the howling against Grant's "drunkenness" was at its height, Sherman stuck by his friend; they were "crazy birds of a feather flocking together." And then came the fall of Vicksburg, which opened the Mississippi to the Union and vindicated Grant.

The vindication of Grant meant *carte blanche* for Sherman in the great project that was even then burgeoning in the minds of the two friends. According to the Grant-Sherman plan, the idea was to break the South by swinging a flying column through Georgia and up the Atlantic coast while the Army of the Potomac dealt massive hammer-blows at Lee in Virginia. Sherman began his march to the sea in a mood that grew more and more implacable. He was tired of a conflict which he thought was dragging itself out to unnecessary lengths. In his "iron mood" he insisted that the civil population be removed from Atlanta; then he methodically burned Atlanta's foundries and machine-shops. The iron mood grew as his "bummers" swung southward toward Savannah. When the Confederate forces mined the roads, Sherman replied by marching Southern prisoners out in front of his own armies as a safety measure. When Georgia planters listened to Jefferson Davis on the advisability of scorching the earth in the path of Sherman's advance, Sherman redoubled his own depredations. By the time the Union forces had reached Columbia, S. C., in January of 1865, both Sherman and his army were in a mood for no trifling. The union soldiers burned Columbia out of sheer anger that South Carolina, the originator of the rebellion, could still be persisting in a war that had long since been lost.

Mr. Miers does not draw any moral from his story. But the upshot of it all is plain to see: modern war (and the Civil War was the first modern war) turns upon supply. Sherman and Grant won their war not by superior battle tactics, but by cutting the Confederate armies off from their sources of replenishment. First came the opening of the Mississippi, which separated the two parts of the Confederacy. Then came the destruction of Atlanta, the manufacturing and rail center. Then came the capture of Mobile and Savannah, the ports. After all this the Confederate armies simply "died on the vine."

The modern application of Mr. Miers's words, as fitted to the world scene, is a rebuke to the Truman Administration's view of the Far Eastern situation. For neither in China nor in Korea can the Communists function at the end of an adequate supply line. The Gobi Desert and the insufficiency of the Trans-Siberian railroad stand between Mao Tse-tung and final success, *provided that the United States makes the decision to supply a countering force in East Asia by sea. . . .* In Europe, on the other hand, the Russians can always win by following a policy of retreat into their own heartland, where their enemies can not function at the end of an adequate line of supply.

In our fight with communism we are losing because we haven't the wit to digest the lessons of our own past. We haven't yet found our modern Grant, our modern Sherman. Truman could be a Lincoln if he would, but he is still dallying with his McClellans. When is he going to wake up?

RED ANIMAL FAIR

Communist Zoo: A Collection of 50 Animal Pictures, With Appropriate Captions, by Hans Muller. *New York: Swen Publications. $1.00*

As late as January 1951, Swen Publications issued its clever and effective "Illustrated History of Sino-Russian Relations," a series of cartoons with Chinese and English commentary, in Hongkong. Since then Lyle Munson has moved his well-known Oriental establishment to New York City. The present photo book is Munson's first publication this side of the Pacific. It promises to become a minor classic in its field. Even the tiredest sort of businessman will want to own a few copies—one for the family, the others to give away to his friends and customers.

Here are some of the photos, with their captions. A harmless poodle: "Whatever can the Secret Police want to see me about?" Two shaggy dogs, their drooping hair totally covering their eyes: "The two delegates to the Warsaw Peace Congress expressed satisfaction with what they had seen." A skunk: "Spent several years of study in Moscow before returning to his native land."

A drowsy, fat hog: "Under communism we are all equal, only some of us are more equal than others." A heap of cleaned-out oyster shells: "Industrial development of satellite areas under the Soviets." Snakes passing through a hole in the wall: "Now remember, comrades, we come as peaceful students of American culture." A half dozen parrots: "Communist editors waiting for the party line from Tass." Dumb ox with ring through nose: "Leading statesman of a People's Democratic Republic, recently decorated by Stalin."

Plucked turkey: "Let me tell you how Latvia feels about Russia!" Innocent rabbit: "Newly appointed Moscow University Professor of the Inexact Sciences and Authority on Heredity." Tough, overfed hippo: "Marshal Hippalov admonished the people of Czechoslovakia to tighten their belts . . ."

Meek rabbit with lecherous fox: "The Rumanian Prime Minister poses with Soviet Minister Reynardovich after signing the Mutual Assistance Pact." Tree ruined by caterpillars: "All Party members in Albania turned out to help with the harvest." The last picture portrays a perfectly nice jackass: "Oh, I don't believe the Soviet Union intends to enslave the world."

We take off our hat to Mr. Muller for his captions and state with modest objectivity: "Touché!"

Give it to your secretary, the janitor, and your friends among the "proletariat." If you are a doctor or lawyer, have a copy or two in the waiting room. It isn't weighty fare, but it's wholesome entertainment. And it ought to do some good.

FELIX WITTMER

THE ART OF COOKERY

The Presidential Cook Book, by Henrietta Nesbitt. *New York: Doubleday. $2.75*
The Busy Woman's Cook Book, by Ann Williams-Heller. *New York: Stephen Daye Press. $2.95*
The Buffet Cook Book, by Ruth Langland Holberg. *New York: Crowell. $3.00*
The Burger Book, by Louis P. De Gouy. *New York: Greenberg. $2.00*
Sauces, French and Famous, by Louis Diat. *New York: Rinehart. $2.50*

Although only two of these five cook books make any real contribution to the art of cookery, yet the fact that there are five does prove something. It proves, for one thing, that Americans are becoming increasingly food conscious.

"The Presidential Cook Book" by Henrietta Nesbitt (author also of "White House Diary") is simply the low-down on twelve years of feeding the Roosevelts and their guests. The Roosevelts were no problem, for their taste in food was on the primitive side—corned beef hash, chipped beef and poached eggs—but catering to guests was a more complicated affair. Ration points had to be hoarded to give Churchill his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; there had to be fish for Princess Juliana because she didn't care for meat, stuffed egg plant for the vegetable-loving Soong, and boned capon for the King and Queen of England.

Mrs. Nesbitt's recipes are uninspired but she has salted and peppered them with comments which give an amusing and often an unintentionally accurate light on the character of the members of the royal household. For instance, she had little sympathy for the "ulcerites" (diplomatically, she stresses the plural!) who ordered fancy foods which disagreed with them, scorning the plain fare the Roosevelts preferred. Elliott has such a passion for maple syrup that one of his wives (Mrs. Nesbitt forgets which one!) wrote asking her where she could procure his favorite brand. As for Eleanor, one bowl of soup and she was off again, recharged with energy. FDR didn't like sage, so the stuffing which went into the Presidential turkeys was seasoned with marjoram; and one of his favorite dishes was fish chowder, which had to be made according to his mother's recipe. He was also very fond of kippers, and Mrs. Nesbitt wrapped them in paper while cooking them so they wouldn't "smell up" the White House. Here is a tip for apartment dwellers.

In "The Busy Woman's Cook Book" Ann Williams-Heller winds you up, and thirty minutes later the meal is on the table. Guests make no difference. The tempo is the same. A breathless business enlivened by slogans accelerated by exclamation points (No Toil to Broil!) Miss Williams-Heller not only specializes in "jiffies" but takes the curse off by adding touches she coyly calls "oomphy," for she is a headlong garnisher. Open a can of peaches (the can opener is her stanchest ally), then out with the nuts (chop! chop!) or a macaroon (crumble! crumble!), and even jelly can be cubed if you're fast enough. Cranberries are one of her favorite dodges to give "zip and zest" (words like these are used in pairs) to what otherwise would be just food. She combines cranberry juice with tomato juice for a cocktail, cooks liver in it, and teams it with mayonnaise as a dressing for cabbage and chopped raisins. The crowner is a concoction which can be whipped up from Minute Rice, cranberry juice and molasses (time, 18 minutes). Miss Williams-Heller's book bristles with charts. There are seasoning guides, market guides, calorie charts, timetables for cooking vegetables, defrosting fruits, and deep-fat frying. Very exhausting. I'm sure the average busy woman would prefer more time and less "oomph," more relaxation as she putters about broiling her chop and less "zip and zest." Certainly less cranberries.

Ruth L. Holberg, the author of "The Buffet Cook Book," has lived for many years on Cape Ann and is famous for her parties. With no help in the kitchen she entertains large groups of people and enjoys it herself, for she has learned the art of planning. Her book is a source for easy, economical and original entertaining for maidless households. Many of the meals can be eaten without a fork and most of them can be prepared early in the day or even the day before. And she serves real food. A sample menu features Russian meat balls, new potatoes, string beans, salad and banana pecan ice cream. Her desserts are on the rich side. One can put on weight just reading her recipes. Her masterpiece is "Tipsy Cake," made by slicing a sponge cake crosswise, putting it together with four kinds of jam, soaking it with sherry, then dousing it with custard sauce and chilling it. Even she admits that a little of this goes a long way. She, too, is cranberry conscious. Beating chopped cranberries into Hubbard squash is one that even her confrère, Ann Williams-Heller, hasn't thought of.

In "The Burger Book" Louis P. De Gouy glorifies the lowly hamburger in 82 recipes, most of them original, many of them culled from all quarters of the globe, Haiti included. The late Mr. De Gouy was the author of the excellent and comprehensive "Gold Cook Book" and the less successful but no less comprehensive "Bread Tray." He starts off with advice about the use of herbs and spices. A scant fourth teaspoon of dry herbs for every four servings seasons food best, and remember, he cautions, that dried herbs are four times as strong