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## Century Ahoy!

HOW many hundred thousand of us since 1840 have stuck close to our desks and never gone to sea save in the company of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.? Every day now marks the centennial anniversary of some memorable incident in "Two Years Before the Mast." A brief log is appended so that armchair seamen may bear a hand in the observance.

August 14, 1834. Brig *Pilgrim* sails from Boston en route to "the Western coast of North America"; anchors in upper harbor.

August 15. Preparations for sea. Seaman Dana stands his first watch.

August 16. *Pilgrim* draws down to lower harbor. With fair wind at midnight, anchor is hove up and voyage proper is under way.

August 17. Seaman Dana begins to "feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life."

August 20. Ship *Helen Mar*, New York, and brig *Mermaid*, Boston, bound in, sighted.

August 21. Ship *La Carolina*, Havre to New York, spoken; asked to report *Pilgrim*. Thereafter "nothing occurred to break the monotony of our life" until

September 5. Unnamed English brig, Liverpool bound, and forty-nine days out of Buenos Ayres, spoken. Unnamed brig flying Brazilian colors passes out of hail.

September 7. "We caught our first dolphin. . . I was disappointed in the colors of this fish when dying." *Pilgrim* continues running before trade-winds until

September 22. *Pilgrim* chased by small clipper-built brig, armed, full of men, showing no colors. All hands remain on deck throughout day, and weapons are got in order. *Pilgrim* holds lead, and by changing course during night and dousing binnacle light eludes pursuer.

October 1. Equator crossed.

October 3. Mr. Foster, second mate, found asleep on watch by captain.

October 4. Mr. Foster becomes Seaman Foster; captain asks crew to choose a second mate; crew, adhering to tradition, remits this responsibility to captain, who selects James Hall.

October 5. Land ho! Roofs of Pernambuco discernible through glass.

October 25 (?). *Pilgrim*, off mouth of La Plata, encounters "first blow which could really be called a gale."

November 4. Falkland Islands sighted at daybreak, Staten Land (presumably) at sunset.

November 5. "Here comes Cape Horn!" Gale, sleet, hail.

November 6. Deck covered with snow. Sea high. Glass of grog to each member of watch. Skies clear. Bad weather again at night. Dana at helm—"Ease her when she pitches," is the word."

November 7. Wind goes down. Fog. Cold blow after sundown; snow, hail, sleet.

November 8. Calm, and thick fog; then hail, snow, violent wind.

November 9. A foul day. Seaman Dana, helping furl the jib, is all but washed into Straits of Magellan.

November 10. *Pilgrim* hove to part of day, then driving on, with heavy sea, gale, hail, snow.

November 14. *Pilgrim* now well to westward of Cape, and changing course to northward. Whale-ship *New England*, Poughkeepsie, steering same course, spoken, one hundred and twenty days from New York.

November 15. Master of *New England* pays all-day visit to master of *Pilgrim*.

November 19. George Ballmer falls from rigging and is lost.

November 25. Juan Fernandez—Crusoe's island—sighted.

November 26. Detail sent ashore for water at Juan Fernandez includes Dana—first time on land since departure from Boston one hundred and four days earlier.

November 27. At sea again. (It was Thanksgiving Day at home, but a mere Thursday aboard the *Pilgrim*.) Thereafter a monotonous forty-seven days without sight of land or sail.

December 19. Equator crossed.

December 25. The only holiday touch is plum duff for dinner.

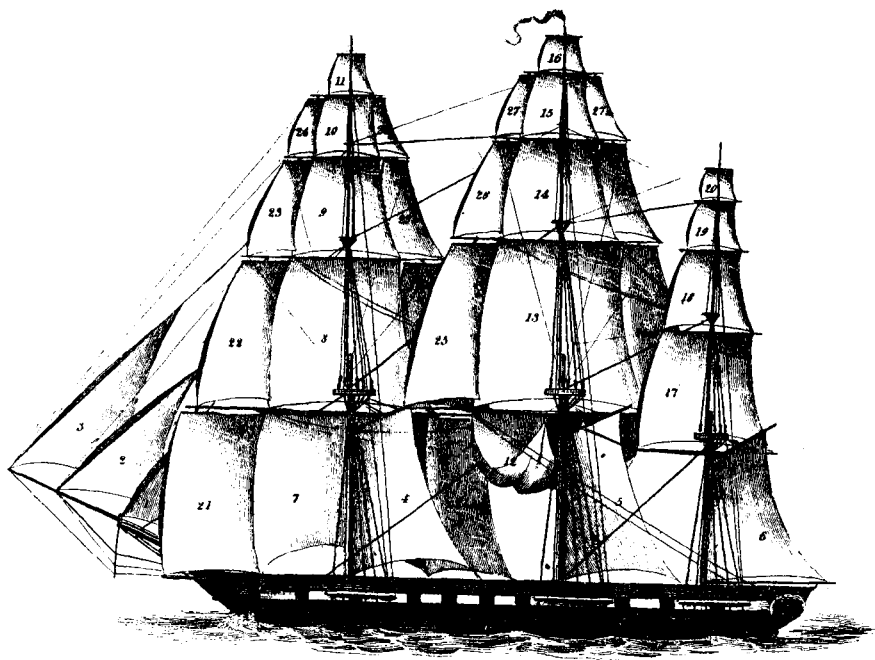
January 13, 1835. *Pilgrim* makes land at Point Concepcion.

January 14. *Pilgrim* comes to anchor in bay of Santa Barbara, one hundred and fifty days from Boston.

Dana's California stay, including coast-wise voyages, was to last just short of sixteen months. His homeward journey, on the ship *Alert*, did not begin until May 8, 1836. In due course, which is to say twenty months hence, the *Alert's* log, D. V., will be summarized in these columns.

The first edition (New York, 1840) of "Two Years Before the Mast" is not uncommon in tatters but excessively rare in fine condition—what greater tribute could one pay a collected book? But the Boston edition of 1869 is not to be scorned. It is not easy to come by, or expensive when found, which are two points in its favor, and it owns three others. First, it provides the best reading text; it is not extensively edited or "improved," but names replace the initialed blanks of the 1840 edition (as in the flogging episode in Chapter XV—pages 123-130 in the original, pages 111-118 in the 1869 edition). Second, it contains an additional chapter, "Twenty-Four Years After," recounting Dana's 1859 journey to San Francisco not as a foremast hand but as a successful lawyer taking his ease. Third, it is the first edition to be issued following the reversion of the copyright to the author—an affair of more than technical interest when the familiar story of the disposal of the original manuscript is recalled.

JOHN T. WINTERICH.



A FULL-RIGGED SHIP

From a copperplate engraving in "The Seaman's Friend," by R. H. Dana, Jr., Boston (1841)

[We are required to label this "advertising." We believe it is NEWS—certainly so far as book lovers are concerned.]

## Chas. Morgan's Unique Letter Is Made Public

Author of "The Fountain"  
Describes Effect Upon  
Him of New Novel

"It Set a Candle In My  
Memory," He Says

A remarkable and charming letter from Charles Morgan, who wrote "The Fountain," national best seller of 1932, to Ellened Lewis is printed as a preface to the latter's new novel, "Dew on The Grass." The letter follows:

"This morning there was fog over London, and my room, though it is all window, was dark when I sat down to read your harvesting chapter again. A light was necessary, and I switched on the electric candle-lamp at my elbow. When I had read of the corn-cutting at Nantgwyn and had heard how Lucy invented her own variant of Atalanta's race, I let the manuscript sink on to my knees, prompted by your imagining to voyages in my own childhood, that secret world whose joy was as no joy can be again and whose very sadness is refuge now.

"Who has not said: 'My childhood is gone!' and mourned for his giants? I think I am without sentimental delusion concerning those remote years. None of the pretty adjectives describes them; and those who seek to interpret them in jingles, coy or pert, write of something that I neither remember nor understand. Yet further removed from my own sympathy are those opposite legends, now intellectually in vogue, which represent children as Freudian Yahoos incontinently abandoned on the doorstep of the London School of Economics. A child is a man with his eyes open; the eyes of a child whose eyes never shut, the eyes of Innocence' and the 'innocence' in the light of a s truth.

## "A Rare Dignity"

"The effect of mass-teaching is to draw a child's attention to what any fool can see if it is pointed out to him, and to divert him from his own vision. To go to school is often to exchange the truth of angels and devils for the everlasting lies of reason, and it is because the children in your tale have not yet been regimented that they are lovable and alive. They had, too, the good fortune to live at a time when a ringed continuity of life was still possible, and in a place where even today quietness endures. This is much, but not all. It is much because it has given to your prose a dignity and to your thought a tender penetration now very rare. It is not all, because neither a child nor an artist depends as much on his environment as materialists believe. Della, Lucy, Maurice and Miriam would have had a distinction in a slum, but I confess to being glad that it was beside 'the young Severn' that they found dew on the grass.

## "It Enchanted Me"

"Thinking of them as though they were my own companions, I turned back the pages to seek again that lovely phrase, one of many that by their natural grace have enchanted me in your book. How plain her language is, I said to myself, how little decorated, and how evocative, flowing with as serene a calm as the waters of 'the young Severn'! By this time, daylight had returned; the mist of early Spring had rolled away, my candle was wanted no more; and so far from the device of cities had your story carried me that, forgetful of the switch, I leaned up from my place to blow my candle out.

It was this ridiculous and delightful freak of the imagination, this finding of myself with pursed lips before an electric candle, that prompted me to write, who am no writer of prefaces. Thank you for having set a candle in my room and in my memory. I shall read your book often for its evocation of things lost and yet not lost utterly while imagination endures, and shall read it the more eagerly because there is in 'the young Severn' a not unfitting prelude to 'The Torrents of Spring.'"

CHARLES MORGAN

## "Dew on the Grass"

is on sale at all bookstores.

\$2.50

MCCLENNAN

from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
**SIMON and SCHUSTER**  
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York



... fame will seek her out

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON  
author of *Now In November*

Not for years has *The Inner Sanctum* hung prudence to the winds and abandoned itself completely to the luxury of unqualified literary prophecy. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, as the zero hour of a new book approaches, your correspondents are terrified by the whims of public preference, humbled by the inscrutable tyranny of time. On such occasions they meekly restrict their utterances to the known past and the observable present, leaving the unmeasured future to the gods.

But *The Inner Sanctum* can no longer hold its peace. All we have and all we are we pledge on a single prediction, and this is it:

When these lines appear, Miss JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, author of a new novel, NOW IN NOVEMBER, will awake to find herself famous. To her, the world of letters will accord not merely acclaim, not merely renown, but the authentic homage which is the substance of fame itself.

As a matter of fact, our prediction is not nearly so rash as it seems. Your correspondents have advance intimations that cannot be denied. They are relying not only on their own fervent conviction, but on high praise already received from eminent men of letters and a veritable fanfare from other publishers—surely the perfect tribute.

*Now In November* deals with unchanging things—love and bitterness and the abiding consolation of nature. The land is the background, changing and beautiful in a thousand ways each hour, but essentially, JOSEPHINE JOHNSON writes of people, the unalterable loneliness of human beings, the hard, breath-taking interplay of human emotions.

Do not rest on *The Inner Sanctum's* obiter dictum alone. Before many weeks have gone, a cloud of witnesses will give disinterested sanction to all that is set forth in this preliminary and admittedly prejudiced report. Among the many noted editors, novelists, critics and other publishers who have read advance proofs of *Now In November* and hailed her achievement in the most ecstatic terms are HERVEY ALLEN, CAROLINE MILLER, DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, EVELYN SCOTT, LOUIS UNTERMEYER, JOHN FARRAR, STANLEY RINEHART, MAXWELL ALEY, THEODORE MORRISON, WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER, WILLIAM SOSKIN and numerous others who will be quoted here in good season.

Today your correspondents have space to print only one representative tribute—that of DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, writing in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News* . . . "But as you read on (and read on you will, fascinated by the beauty of the style and the narrative power of the author) . . . you will say to yourself, 'Why, this is the American *Wuthering Heights*!' The comparison is not exact, as such comparisons never are, but *Now In November* does have something of the same sort of ominous, before-a-storm tension, something of the same vitality, other-worldly, rather than human. . . ."

A book like this is a rare experience in these shrill and turbulent days. Again it is given to *The Inner Sanctum* to fall back on the ancient serenities and quietly publish a good book. Far more than a brilliant first novel, *Now In November* is a work of art, all the more astonishing in that it flowers out of the imagination of a girl of twenty-four. Out there on the land of which she writes so passionately, hundreds and hundreds of miles from the nearest literary tea or broadcasting station, JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is diffident to the point of inaccessibility. . . . But fame will seek her out.

—ESSANDESS

September 12th, 1934

## Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

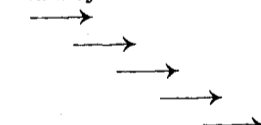
Our valued correspondent Mr. W. S. Hall, writing from the International Date Line in mid-Pacific (aboard S.S. *President Polk* en route from Honolulu to Manila), gave us the most graphic description we have seen of the military review in honor of President Roosevelt in Hawaii.

Mr. Hall writes:—

I went with Stan Taylor of the Honolulu Paper Co. to see the President review the troops at Schofield Barracks. Never saw anything so inspiring and I rather doubt the President ever did either, meaning no comparison or disrespect. I was fortunate in having a front seat in the stand right next where he stood. There were about 16,000 troops on parade together with every conceivable sort of equipment—machine guns, anti-aircraft, sound detectors, searchlights, mule-power covered wagons, tanks and artillery of various calibre up to the ponderous "155's" (millimetre I suppose). The infantry passed the stand in mass formation, each regiment preceded by its band. Each band was preceded by a drum major doing his stuff with his baton. Each band on passing the President swung right and took up its position to right of the stand playing away until the next band approached. I was much carried away by it all and had malignant goose-flesh all afternoon, but what sticks in my mind most is Drum Major Phillips of the 21st Infantry Band. His outfit looked just a bit snappier than the others if that was possible. He was performing unbelievable convolutions, too quick to follow, with his baton. The applause started long before he reached the President. Then, perhaps ten yards before his saluting point, he concluded a quick round-the-body movement by tossing the baton—whoops! still twirling—high in the air. Now I think the whole of Hawaii's future depended on his catching it, but catch it he did, snapping instantly into the salute. Just like that. A plain sigh of relief went up from the crowd and then I thought the yells would shake the backdrop of Waianae hills.

Another warm touch was the names the 155's bore on their muzzles. All the heavy equipment moved across the field in straight lines, possibly a quarter mile long. Each big gun stuck up and out from its tractor-carriage so that there was no difficulty in reading first *Amy*, *Allie*, *Floss*, then a break in that sort of nonsense with *Avenger*, to resume with *Sue*, *Bess*, and the rest I couldn't make out. The din of the massed tractors was so terrific I couldn't make out a note of the band which by its motions was playing furiously.

Following the parade came the planes. There must have been a dozen groups of 5 or 6 each. Their salute was a dip in front of the President, and the first plane with the commander of the squadron, flying at top speed, came down to within 6 feet of the ground. Just to show what each could do, but it was a daredevil stunt. The nose of each following plane seemed almost to touch its leader's tail, and they came on like this



And after that a single plane came over the hills, zoomed down and dropped a package that looked like a *Sunday Times* rolled for mailing. Take my word, it dropped dead squarely in front of the President. It contained developed and printed photographs of the review taken by the same plane an hour earlier! I'm afraid we're a warlike nation. Well, F. D. R. stood straight as an arrow through the two hours of it, departing to the sound of twenty-one guns fired from across the field. That wasn't all. The planes felt their capabilities hadn't been shown at all with straight flying, so way off over the flying field they played at following the leader—that same leader I'll bet. Barrel rolls, falling leaves, winding up with a magnificent big inside loop. They flew toward the stand in formation of letters F and Goudy himself

couldn't have found a flaw in their formation. A Great Show. P.S.—*The Lord's Anointed* was selling fast as ever in Honolulu when I left.

W. S. H.

"If I were the Napoleon of the Book Business," wrote Walter Winchell the other day in his syndicated newspaper column, "Every girl graduating grammar school would be presented by the Government with a copy of *The Collected Poems of Elton Wylie*. . . I'd make Frank Sullivan editor of the Congressional Record. . . . Books that are borrowed and never returned would automatically explode in the borrower's home one month

later, shattering the place to splinters."

Mr. A. G. Macdonell, author of *England, Their England*, arriving in this country for his first visit, gets the pleasant news that his book is included in the 200 recent volumes soon to be given to the White House library by the American Booksellers. Also, to the Quercuses' great pleasure, is Dorothy Sayers's *Nine Tailors* and Pearsall Smith's *All Trivia*. How many adventures those little Trivia have had since they were first privately printed (in Italy, wasn't it?) in 1902. Good Sam Gundy, of the Oxford Press's Canadian house, has just called up to say he's going to watch the cup races off Newport from the deck of a friend's yacht. An autumn evening, a log fire, and the new issue of *Who's Who in America*, always entertaining and instructive. This week Simon & Schuster publish the first book of Elizabeth Kingsley's *Double-Crostics* which have been such a success in this Review. These are of course not the same puzzles that have been printed here but different. Medium Quercus has written an agreeable induction into the book. One of our favorite detectives, Hulbert Footner's *Madame Storey*, is again in print—in *Dangerous Cargo* (Harper's). We are always hoping that Mr. Footner will some day write also of Monsieur Storey, whom his fascinating wife never mentions.

Old Quercus was pleased to see that *The New Yorker* had discovered Alfred Paine's Salt Water Book Shop (336 Lexington Avenue) which has often been mentioned in this column. *New Yorker* is wrong however in saying that no sea-captain has visited the shop: we know positively of at least one, Captain Felix Riesenbergs, who has been there. We like the little personal notes about members of the staff which the Putnam Bookstore has been putting into its monthly news pamphlet, *The Tatler*. The National Arts Club this week (Sept. 19-22) is holding a public exhibition of the typography of F. W. Goudy, who has lately completed his 92nd type design. *The Colophon*, the de luxe book collectors' quarterly, is going to simplify and reduce its format somewhat, and accept advertising; which sounds sensible to Old Q. There is too much de luxe in the world. According to the new catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania Press, the Indians of the Delaware tribe "discovered a spiritual escape from oppression by eating the intoxicating cactus, peyote." *The Diabolic Root* by Vincenzo Petrucci, just published, is a study of Peyotism, which had "a sharpening and glamorous effect on the mind." Publishers' and booksellers' catalogues are the peyote of Poor Old Quercus.

The length of Thomas Wolfe's new novel is described by Scribners as "not less than 450,000 words"—how much longer it may run we don't know—and publication will take place next spring. The title is *Of Time and the River: a Legend of Man's Hunger in His Youth*. This is not the same book as the previously announced *October Fair*, which was written in rough form but not finished, and which will be published later. The elephantine memories of the Q. associates—between us we can remember anything—also recall the announcement of a novel by Thomas Wolfe called *K 19*, which has not materialized; we understand that this is superseded by *Of Time and the River*. Mr. Wolfe also has a book of long stories ready, running to another half million words. This clears up the situation for the time being, and we hope that the next time we hear anyone cry Wolfe, there'll be one at the door.

Quercus takes the occasion to express regrets to Farrar & Rinehart that our review of Eliot Bliss's novel, *Luminous Isle*, was run last week without reference to their correction on the jacket. The advance jackets carried the statement that the story took place in Haiti—a mistake pointed out by our reviewer, but corrected by the publishers for the regular edition. "Haiti" should have read "an island in the West Indies."

Peter Fleming, remembered for his *Brazilian Adventure* of last winter, provides his publishers (Scribners) with his Chinese visiting card in connection with his new book, *One's Company*, the story of his journey through China. Mr. Fleming's name in Chinese, by process of phonetics, turns into Fu Lei Ming—which means Learned Engraver on Stone.

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