

# The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most interesting communication I've had lately has been from Earl Daniels, but as it relates almost entirely to the poetry of C. Day Lewis which Random House has recently brought out, I'll save it for next week. Mr. Daniels thinks, incidentally, that I treated Auden and Spender in rather cavalier fashion—but then I beg him to remember that my comments were not a review of their work. That appeared in the body of the magazine by another writer, and was a favorable one. . . . I wish to thank Philip S. Clarke for most genially catching me out on a word I let slip. Recently in speaking of lifting my hat in salutation I used the word "salutary" when I meant "salutatory." My face is carmine. . . . Sherwood Anderson says that he has "found the one place in America where a man can almost make his living catching trout." The general location of this anglers' paradise is in the Old Dominion. Scribners are publishing his forthcoming book, "Puzzled America." . . . Monk Gibbon, an English poet of merit, has written a prose work called "The Seals," published by Jonathan Cape in London, which has attracted favorable notice. It is written around a seal-hunting expedition in a motor-boat off the coast of Donegal. . . . Doubleday, Doran's newly-designed edition of Edna Ferber's five novels, "So Big," "The Girls," "Show Boat," "Cimarron," and "American Beauty," is one I am delighted to possess. Her latest novel, "Come and Get It," is her first in three years. . . . Louis Paul is a lucky writer. His first short story won the O. Henry Memorial Award and his first novel becomes a Literary Guild selection. . . . The title of Horace Gregory's new volume of poetry, just published by Covici-Friede, has been changed from "Phoenix in Broadcloth" to "Chorus for Survival." Perhaps because of my own heading for this department I liked his first title best! The book consists of a prologue, six main episodes, and an epilogue. . . . Honoré Willson Morrow recently sailed back to her Elizabethan farm-house in South Devon, where she now permanently resides. . . . I was saddened to read recently of the death of Arthur Truman Merrill, poet and publisher, and of Douglas Zabriskie Doty, for many years a magazine editor in New York and latterly a scenario writer in Hollywood. I was once sub-editor to Doty on the old Century Magazine, and he was a grand man to work with. . . . Mary Borden, the novelist, in private life Mrs. E. L. Spears, has written the publishers of the birth of her first grandchild, to her daughter, Mrs. Comfort Hart Davis. Mrs. Spears's new book, "King of the Jews," is just out. . . . Eric Hatch, who has been having a fine time attending the filming of his hilarious novel, "Five Days," in Hollywood, will have a new one in April, through Little, Brown, entitled "Fly-by-Night." . . . Coward, McCann report that they are not bringing out MacKinlay Kantor's book of poems, "Turkey in the Straw," as any sop to Cerberus—meaning the author. Of course his novel, "Long Remember," was a sensation last spring—but they had literally to bully him into making a collection of his poems, and to camp upon his trail until he delivered the manuscript. . . . D. Appleton-Century Company chose as the color of the binding of Jay William Hudson's forthcoming novel, "Morning in Gascony," a blue design suggestive of the clear blue skies of a Gascon morning. But Mr. Hudson conducted an investigation on his own account into what the color of dawn actually is, and has found the best authority among great writers for all the following: red, golden, gray, purple, russet, silver, azure, white, pink, saffron, and dappled—the last being from Milton, "The dappled dawn doth rise!" . . . Harold Nicolson expects to deliver in June his manuscript of the biography of Dwight Morrow, which will be published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace. . . . In April a new edition of Masfeld's "Collected Poems" will be published by Macmillan with an entirely new preface in which the Poet Laureate discusses the making of his poems. . . . You ought to get Archibald MacLeish's play in verse, "Panix," which Houghton Mifflin will publish in a few days. I am glad to see verse revived as a dramatic medium. . . . Arthur Koehler, the wood expert whose testimony was so important in the Hauptmann case, is the

author of "The Properties and Uses of Wood" and "The Kiln Drying of Lumber," both published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. . . . Two volumes of the letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins have been published by the Oxford University Press. . . . Graham Greene, the English novelist and brilliant young cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, has just gone to Liberia, the negro republic of West Africa. . . . Doris Peel, whose book of short stories, "Aunt Margot," is her most recent, was born in London, spent her childhood in Canada, and after two years in Raleigh, North Carolina, came to New England and has lived for nearly ten years in Brookline and Cambridge. Her brother, Robert Peel, is an instructor in English at Harvard, and one of the masters at Eliot House. . . . For Robert Graves's "Claudius the God," Smith & Haas have got out a clever sheet called Roman Tribune. Up top it says, "Weather: Favorable for Omens" and "Late City Edition." The price seems to be one sestertium. Naturally there's some gory news on the front page!

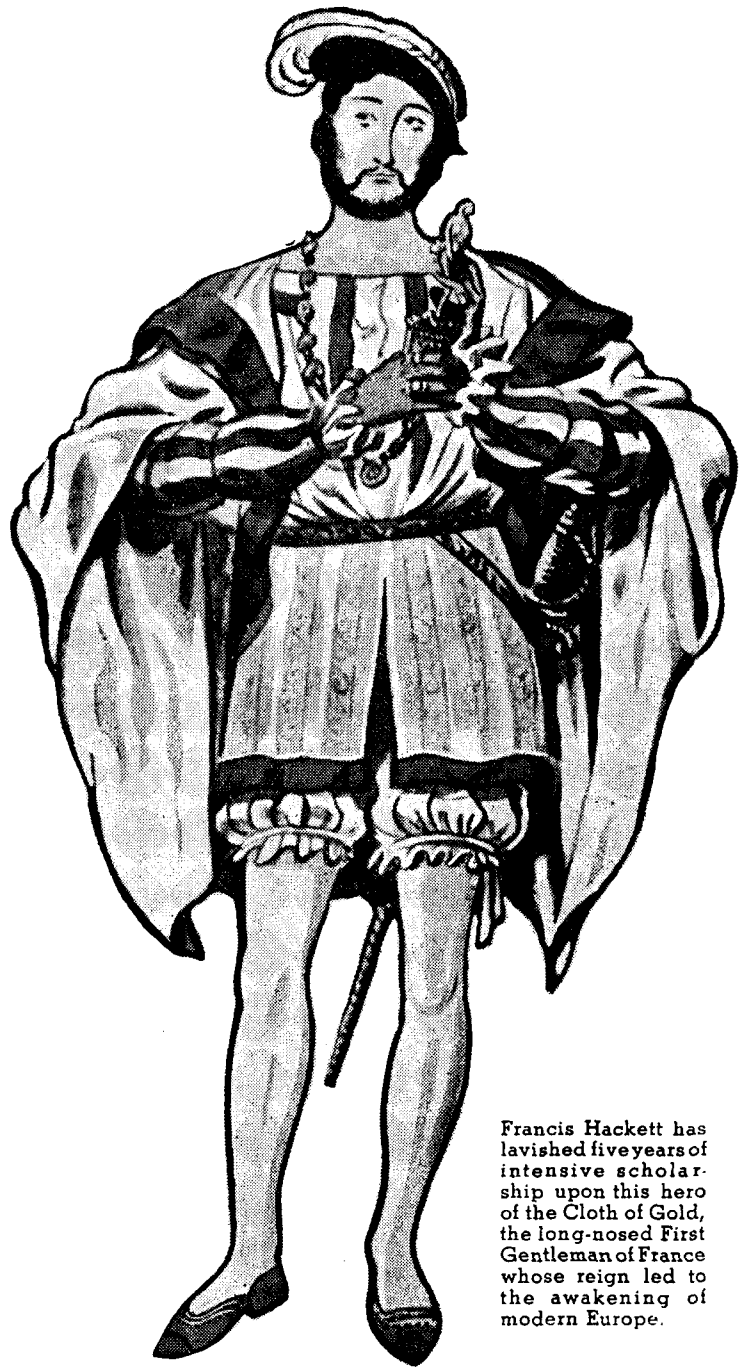
## Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Gertrude Stein had seemed to us to have shown all the evidences of silence and obsolescence, but Harcourt Brace's news notes keep insisting that she is still touring the universities. "It does continue to be interesting," she writes. What does? The staff of Harcourt Brace are also eating dulse (red seaweed) because it is praised in Neil Gunn's *Highland Night*. They say it can be bought only at Grand Central (the dulse, not the novel). Another enigmatic publisher's outcry is Doubleday's announcement of Kenneth Roberts's *For Authors Only and Other Gloomy Essays* (delightful title). The book includes (says Doubleday) "papers on Oxford University, which explain Oxford more successfully than any educator has succeeded in doing." Well, Stephen Leacock didn't do it so badly; also Matthew Arnold and John Corbin and Max Beerbohm. We look forward with special curiosity to *Vidocq*, translated by Edwin G. Rich, announced for this month by Houghton Mifflin. This is the autobiography of the famous French detective whose fame started the whole chain of modern sleuth romances. Stopped for lunch at the good old Planters Restaurant at 124 Greenwich Street which claims that it was there that Edgar Allan Poe had the lavish and excellent meals which he described in the famous letter to Mrs. Clemm. The Planters quotes this letter in a leaflet, but is wrong in dating it 1835. It was written April 7, 1844. The annual subscription dinner of the Friends of the Princeton Library is to be held at the Plaza Hotel, April 25. Mr. Whitney Darrow reports that this year the occasion will be "a southern dinner with southern cooking, and the topic of discussion 'The South in Literature.'"

William Rose Benét's article last week about the Slick Paper Magazines sent old Q. to reading one for the first time in years. He picked up the *Pictorial Review* and the first thing he saw was a serial story by Faith Baldwin, about a pair of young people running a bookshop. "Business picked up at the bookshop," it said, "so they advertised, in one weekly paper devoted to the doings of the literary world." Naturally Q. was pleased. That briskly sybaritic sheet *The Pleasures of Publishing*, issued from the Columbia University Press, calculates as follows:—"So far this year we have published 15 books. The average list price is \$2.15. The average number of pages is 194. The average cost per page is \$0.0111, which is close to the penny-a-page ideal." The richest collection of really squirming reading seen in some time is the *Third Omnibus of Crime* edited by Dorothy Sayers (Coward-McCann). Miss Sayers's preface is elegantly witty and her choice of stories superb. The book is full of new unfamiliar stuff, not the old shopworn favorites. If you encounter this mentholated volume watch for the yarns by Basil Mitchell, Garnett Radcliffe, Margery Sharp, A. E. Coppard, D. K. Broster, Margaret Irwin, John Metcalfe.

# Francis Hackett's great successor to his HENRY THE EIGHTH



Francis Hackett has lavished five years of intensive scholarship upon this hero of the Cloth of Gold, the long-nosed First Gentleman of France whose reign led to the awakening of modern Europe.

HERE'S the whole story of an amazing king and lover—of his wives and his mistresses and of the golden Court of Fontainebleau—the valiant, dazzling, irresistible monarch of the Renaissance, whose figure bestrode Europe as mightily as Henry's did England. A truly great biography, charged with rich scholarship and magnificent wit—selected by the Literary Guild and recommended to you by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

# FRANCIS THE FIRST

414 rich pages—oversize—printed on ivory laid paper—beautifully illustrated—with a four-color-process wrapper by Edward A. Wilson. \$3.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN