

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A LETTER published in the Bowling Green column of this paper (last week) was the first intimation that a posthumous book of poems by A. E. Housman might appear. This week comes the welcome announcement from Alfred A. Knopf that Laurence Housman, the author's brother and executor, has released for publication in October a collection of verses, entitled *More Poems*. Mrs. Blanche Knopf brought the MS. back from England with her last week.

Everyone in the Trade is pleased by the announcement of the National Book Fair to be held in Rockefeller Center November 5-19 under the auspices of the *New York Times*. The *Times* has enlisted full coöperation from the National Association of Book Publishers. The fine success of the Book Fairs held in London in recent years is an excellent omen for this exhibit to be held in New York. One of the features of the show, according to the *Publishers' Weekly*, will be a model bookshop exemplifying all the latest ideas in attractive array of titles both new and standard (and including, Old Q. hopes, the *Saturday Review* Display Stand or Silver Salver). It is hoped that this excellent project may be the first of an annual series, valuable to the whole trade in exchange of ideas and general publicity. N. A. B. P. members in charge of arrangements for the Fair are: Eugene Reynal (Reynal & Hitchcock); Harold Guinzburg (Viking Press); Frederic Melcher (Publishers' Weekly); Cass Canfield (Harper & Brothers); Stanley M. Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart); M. Lincoln Schuster (Simon & Schuster); and Marjorie Griesser (secretary of the N. A. B. P.). The *New York Times* is represented by Waldo Walker, Charles McD. Puckette and Harold Hall. To any of these constructive suggestions may be offered for the good of the exposition.

The interesting quarterly *Books Abroad*, published by the University of Oklahoma (Norman, Okla.), contains in its summer issue a response by several European and English authors to the question "What books have had the most influence on you?" Among the answers Victor Marguerite speaks particularly of "the pure poet Stéphane Mallarmé." As instance of Mallarmé's horror of banality V. M. quotes the envelope of a letter which Mallarmé addressed as follows:—

*Poètes, troupe disparue!
Victor Marguerite est l'un d'eux:
Il habite à ses heures rue
Bellechasse, Quarante-deux.*

A modest yellow slip (of paper) arriving in the mail announces that Miss Glen Gold, 5410 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, "selects, instals and replenishes" libraries, and offers rare books, first editions, importations, and "photographs of celebrities." To any thoughtful citizen one of the most remarkable readings of

our time is the annual report of the Rockefeller Foundation. It is extraordinary to note the ramifications of this wise and powerful benevolence. One thinks highly of the ambition and ingenuity of man in reading of the various scientific and cultural projects assisted by the Foundation. They range from the University Broadcasting Council of Chicago to the Australian Research Council in Sydney; from the Biological Laboratory in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, to the Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. And these are just instances plucked at random. The full list is an amazement; including universities all over the world, research programs, public health studies, special grants and commissions, the total expenditure in 1935 was not far from 13 million dollars.

Philadelphia publishers are busy these warm days. Mr. Frank Frazier, publicity technician for Lippincott, sends out his bulletins on sheets of soothing blue. He tells us of a group of 100,000 citizens in England, among whom Aldous Huxley is a leading spirit, who have pledged themselves not to engage in any kind of warfare. This is along the line of Richard Gregg's book *The Power of*

Non-Violence. John C. Winston is publishing a big popular volume on aviation, generously illustrated: *The Wonder Book of the Air*, by Lauren Lyman (of the *N. Y. Times*) and C. B. Allen (of the *Herald Tribune*). For young enthusiasts and all air-passengers this book should be a delight. One of Old Q.'s pleasures is wondering what the managers of this building (25 West 45) are going to do about the impromptu cartoons left on walls by the talented James Thurber when the *New Yorker* moved out some months ago. We hope the vacant space will be rented by some humorous outfit with sense enough to preserve them. Another pleasure has been the handsome little green steam-rollers trundling over the new asphalt on our block. On warm days they sent up a soft, heavy, mellow and peaceful sort of mumble-jumbling sound. They are made by the Buffalo-Springfield Roller Company (Springfield, O.) When we expressed envy to one of their engineers, while he was wiping his brow with a hunk of waste, he seemed surprised. Probably it's because Old Q. needs a holiday. His opaque mind scarcely rises above detective stories. He's been enjoying *The Cask*, a new edition of a pleasant yarn by Freeman Wills Crofts (first published in 1924) and has just started Jonathan Latimer's *The Lady in the Morgue*. This begins with suggestions of necrophily, which are sufficiently gruesome for a hot afternoon.

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