

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. at this season finds himself allergic to print. His idea of happiness—very likely shared by readers—would be never to write anything again for timely publication; but to spend the subsequence of his life in mowing grass and compiling a vast journal of candor for posthumous issue. ¶ It is not considered seemly for anyone still living to admit the full surprise and loveliness of existence. ¶ A dogwood tree by moonlight, honorably described, would shock our subscribers. ¶ Old Q. himself is almost as shiny as a dogwood tree from constant ablution in one of Mr. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion bathettes, the most modern, compact and exhilarating form of plumbing, now installed in the Fantods. We had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Fuller to Camden, N. J., where he received the first batch of galleys of his forthcoming *Nine Chains to the Moon*, a book of Adventures in Thinking, or the Growing Pains of human progress. ¶ Thence along the White Horse Pike, wondering what old Walt, who knew that road well, would have thought of the signs along the way, *Three Killed Daily*.

¶ In Atlantic City Old Q. had the exciting adventure of attending a congress of Gastro-Enterologists where he was the only representative of the Customer among 150 specialists of the abdomen. ¶ He was amused to see that the G-E's, when in convention, by no means observe in their diet the advice they give patients. ¶ There were many medical societies meeting at Atlantic City, and we were delighted to see a surgeon at the Hotel Traymore carrying a Modern Library *Francis Thompson's Poems*. ¶ At Frank's Hamburger-and-Bookstall (opposite the Heinz Pier) we found several good 15-centers: for instance *Gascoyne the Sandalwood Trader* (by R. M. Ballantyne) in a nice old Porter and Coates edition; also a volume of H. C. Bunner's tales. ¶ The name of an Atlantic City firm, Jeffries & Keates, seemed to suggest literary association; particularly as it's an undertaking establishment. ¶ In the lobby of Haddon Hall, where still another doctors' congress was going, we met Joe Lippincott, representing the medical branch of his business. ¶ Our general notion that alcohol (in reason) is beneficent was well fortified by observing the routine of important doctors from all over the country. ¶ They particularly seemed to approve Brighton Punch, a specialty of the old Hotel Brighton; and surgeons of connoisseur taste were asking Mr. Moscotti, maître d'hotel of the Traymore, for his notable *shish kebab*.

¶ The new moon looked so beautiful behind sunset-tinted smoke puffs from the summit of the Claridge that we persuaded Miss Ada Taylor, publicity editor of that

hotel, to let us visit the very summit. This we learned, is the tallest building in the world built so close to the ocean. ¶ Mr. Dymaxion Fuller is the ideal companion for touring, he is temperamentally a Son of Martha and takes all the responsibility for mechanical details. Crossing the 59th Street Bridge we were towing a truckload of Dymaxion bathrooms and consequently rode on the heavy-duty side of the road, for which Mr. Fuller coined the admirable phrase "the Sons of Martha lane." ¶ Along Horace Harding Boulevard, near the World's Fair, we admired a great meadow of bulrushes. Here, we assumed, was where Bob Moses was found by World's Pharaoh Grover Whalen. ¶ While Old Q. was in Atlantic City the news of the Pulitzer Prizes was announced. Though not much on prognosis, he had rather expected Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage* to be chosen in the novel class. Mr. Roberts' tartly amusing piece (in *For Authors Only* three years ago) about the administration

of the Pulitzer bequest, may be recalled by some. ¶ Incidentally, our report last week that *The Late George Apley* had been serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post* was an overstatement. The *S. E. P.* used only some 45,000 words, mostly from the latter half of the book. ¶ In serializing part of *Northwest Passage*, the *Post* editors preferred the first half.

¶ Q. has received an announcement from Random House that they will publish Dorothy Thompson's first book in several years, on the problem of the world's refugees. The MS will be ready in four weeks, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong will write the introduction. ¶ And we see by the papers that Stackpole announces *Dorothy Thompson's Political Guide* for publication in August—"her first book in six years." ¶ Miss Thompson has also written the introduction for Kurt Schuschnigg's *My Austria* (Knopf), coming next week. Knopf reports that up to March 15, when withdrawn, Schuschnigg's book sold 40,000 copies in Austria—and 5,000 in Germany, where it was allowed to be sold since *Mein Kampf* was on sale in Austria, and where it received no press mention except a short item in a Leipzig paper.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has received advance information that Anne Morrow Lindbergh's new book, "Listen! the Wind," will be published this fall, some time before Christmas. Similar in style to "North to the Orient," the new book tells the story of the southern section of the Lindberghs' flight around the Atlantic in the summer of 1933.

When "North to the Orient" was announced three years ago, it was front-page news before publication; but the quality of its writing and the enthusiastic critical attention which it received quickly made it even more important as a literary event. Interest in "Listen! the Wind" will be heightened because it comes as the second book of an established author.

Two years after their flight to China, which Mrs. Lindbergh described in "North to the Orient," she and Colonel Lindbergh flew around the Atlantic, by way of Greenland, Iceland, Europe, Africa, South America, and the West Indies. The title, "Listen! the Wind," is taken from the second stanza of Humbert Wolfe's poem, "Autumn Resignation":

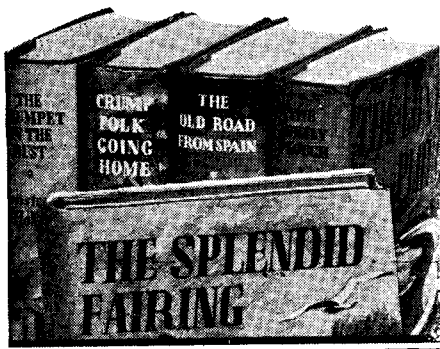
Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves,
we have had our summer evenings:
now for October eves!

This poem, which appeared in Mr. Wolfe's book, "Humoresque" (Henry Holt & Co.) is quoted in part by Mrs. Lindbergh in the chapter where she describes how she and her husband waited at Dakar for a breeze that would enable the heavily loaded

plane to take off from the water, on the long flight across the Atlantic to Natal, Brazil.

The first draft of the manuscript has been finished, and Mrs. Lindbergh, who returned to Europe in March after her recent visit to this country, is now at her home in England working on the final draft, which her publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Co., expect to receive before the first of August. The jacket and endpapers of the book will contain reproductions of maps drawn by Colonel Lindbergh, and there will possibly be three other maps by him in the text. There will be no other illustrations. "Listen! the Wind," slightly longer than "North to the Orient," will be a companion volume in manner and style, and will also be similar in format. Mrs. Lindbergh wrote a short account of the 1933 flight in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1934. "Listen! the Wind" utilizes a few paragraphs of essential information from this article; otherwise it will contain no material previously published. As in the case of "North to the Orient," the new book will not be serialized in any magazine or newspaper, nor will it be submitted to any book club for possible selection. The price will be \$2.50.

The American sale of "North to the Orient," from its publication in August, 1935, to May 1, 1938, totals 277,094 copies. It has appeared in England, and in translation in Denmark, Norway, Holland, France, Germany, Japan, Sweden, and Finland; an Italian edition is shortly to be issued.



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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

New England via W. P. A.

(Continued from page 4)

firs: have you tasted Amerind Liqueur or Green Mountain Liquor? Or have you ever tried, without a *coureur du bois* to help you, to find potable liquor in Maine?)

But even the admirable local tours are less important than the page-by-page cross-country itineraries. The guides will be used mainly by people who are on their way from Brattleboro to Burlington or from Hartford to Litchfield, and by people who are spending a short vacation in New England and want to see as much of interest as they can. Such a person will use the second half of the book, the through tours, much more than any other part. He will find what he wants. They were the hardest job and they are the best done. And they make the books absorbing reading quite apart from their proper use.

It is a rich, various, and rewarding spectacle that the tours compose, a heartening reminder of how complex the current scene is and on what a variegated and fascinating base it rests. I thrust a finger into "Massachusetts" and turn up page 433, part way along Tour 1C, "From Beverly to Uxbridge." In the second paragraph I encounter one of the ten thousand Devil's Dens in America—but this one is different from the others, in that it contains Captain Kidd's treasure (but see its five appearances in "Maine," though the most romantic one is not mentioned there—or is that one now protected by the libel laws?) and is guarded by the ghost of a murdered Negro. On the next page is one of the innumerable extinct watering places that soothed our mid-nineteenth century dyspepsia, and the following page brings us a Praying Indian town and Crispus Attucks. The next page introduces a beautiful sinner, Agnes Surriage, who rose from scrubbing tavern floors to be a rich Tory's mistress, then his wife, later his widow, and at last a titled noblewoman. The next page records the birth of Daniel Shays, the route of Boston's Marathon race, and a mysterious epidemic long ago. The next page brings us to Hopedale, Aden Ballou's wistful and fantastic Fraternal Community, and on the following page the tour ends with a house where, to the eternal mortification of the heirs, General Washington did not sleep, with an allusion to the Treaty of Ghent, and with an Indian massacre.

That is a fair sample, an ordinary, unimportant tour. (It leaps over the town of Concord, which is treated separately.) Ordinary and unimportant—but how delightful for the historically-minded or reflective tourist, or for the tourist who is a connoisseur of contemporary archeology and likes to encounter vestiges of yesterday's pattern underlying today's.

A fascinating country, a fascinating people. Here, at North Edgecomb, Maine,

is Captain Joseph Decker, who sailed to France to deliver Marie Antoinette from her persecutors, and who did bring back some of her clothes. In legend he brought her back, and the Dauphin and Talleyrand, too, and also he imported the original begetter of all the coon cats in Maine. (But why does the guide not mention the bend sinister proudly borne by a good many Maine families who think their name ought to be Talleyrand?) Here, at Kingston, Rhode Island, is Weaver Rose, the barefooted, snuff-taking eccentric who, dying as recently as 1913, brought back hand-weaving to New England. Here, at Haddam Neck, Connecticut, is Venture Smith, a son of the King of Guinea, who cut 400 cords of wood in one week and had to go side-ward through any door—and four miles farther on the Haddam witches battle one another by the light of a giant carbuncle while Machimoodus watches them from his sapphire throne. Here, in Glover, Vermont, is Runaway Pond, which in six hours disappeared from this earth and left a brook flowing northward which had previously flowed south. Here are visionaries, seers, prophets; buttonmakers, argonauts, inventors of electric motors and telescopes and religions; photographers of snow crystals, murderers, Presidents, filibusterers, counterfeiterers, scientists, heroes, poets, giants, dwarfs, and changelings. Here are hundreds of curious customs and traditions, hundreds of people worth remembering, thousands of places worth seeing.

The legends, the local industries, the remembered men and women, the individual pattern of country life—the guides are at their best when they give us those. They could have been made even better by making room for more, by omitting the immaterial opinion of the opening sections. How did a Crusader's token-coin get buried six feet deep in the sands of the St. Johnsbury River? How much homeopathic magic can be detected in the customary processes of making maple sugar? Can New England be divided, within the states, into *pays* which have an identity of their own? What subtler boundaries do you cross when you cross the Connecticut River, the Green Mountains, the Sandwich Hills? I would willingly trade nine-tenths of the prefatory matter for a discussion of such questions, supported by evidence gathered by the roadside.

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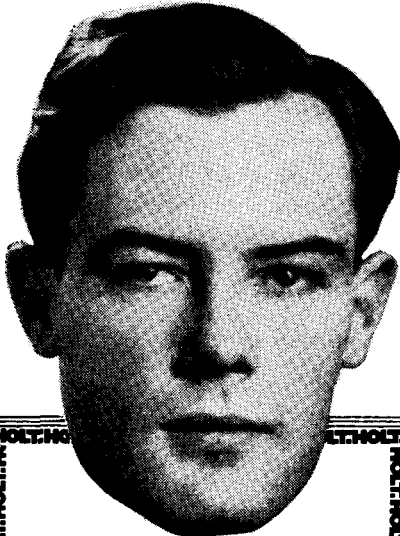
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THE READER PRESS, 49 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Scenes of Old Russia

BEFORE THE STORM. By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. \$4.50.

Reviewed by IRINA SKARIATINA

THIS true, personal story of pre-Revolutionary life in Old Russia is simply and charmingly told. In a vivid and colorful manner Baroness Buxhoeveden describes her earliest recollections, her childhood and girlhood, and finally her experiences as maid of honor and lady-in-waiting at the Court of the Empress Alexandra.

The brief preface contains a curious little episode which took place in 1861 and in its very small way uncannily foretold the events that were to happen on such a vast and tragic scale fifty-six years later. The author's mother, then a mere baby of three, had managed to annoy a footman. "The accumulation of years of suppressed irritation . . . suddenly flared up," and he shouted angrily: "Small as you are—you already order me about! We are free men now and there is an end to this. Our day will come and then it will not be long before we sweep you all out of our country bag and baggage."

This strangely prophetic anecdote is followed by delightful chapters entitled "A Petersburg Nursery," "A Provincial Household," and many others—all full of vigorous life and action. In little Sophie's nursery days we find the inevitable English Nannie in full charge, the usual handsome Russian wet nurse wearing her national costume, the typical toys like Kolka, the stuffed doll, the customary walks up and down the famous Quays and Summer Gardens, and the drives through the fashionable thoroughfares. All the children of St. Petersburg society had more or less the same background and upbringing both in town and country and all were cast in the same mold. But few have been able to describe those inimitable scenes of Old Russia as well as Baroness Buxhoeveden has done.

There is plenty of humor in the amusing chapter entitled "Grandfather's Name-day" when the cook got dead drunk just before dishing up a banquet. And there is plenty of tragedy too in the lines that speak of the great famine of 1892.

I dimly remember hearing dreadful tales of people swelling from hunger, of small children eating acorns, of families wandering into the towns to beg for bread in the streets. . . . Grandfather opened his granaries to the peasants and distributed all his reserves.

The second part of the book depicts numerous scenes of life in St. Petersburg: the author's high school days, her debut, balls, presentations at court, and, last but not least, many intimate sketches of the imperial family. As lady-in-waiting she knew them well and loved them devotedly. "My Empress, My Princesses," she calls them. And it was her unfailing selfless devotion that later on made her a witness of the agony of Czardom. Her narrative suddenly stops at the outbreak of the World War and one sincerely hopes that some day Baroness Buxhoeveden will take up the thread of her story and carry it through the years of war and Revolution.

Irina Skariatina is the author of "First to Go Back" and "A World Can End."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BLACK CHRONICLE William Edward Hayes (Crime Club: \$2.)	Backslidden small-town preacher and illicit sweetie slain. Sad-faced Arthur Halstead and perky assistant handle tricky case.	Revealing record of machinations of devil in small town, with wry humor, bitter-sweet romance, and satisfactory sleuthing.	Good
THE CORPSE WITH THE BLUE CRAVAT R. A. J. Walling (Morrow: \$2.)	Shooting of archeologist on Dartmoor brings Mr. Tolefree, several days later, to scene of crime and start of intricate case.	Thin fare for thrill seekers but excellent for background, unusually good characters, and meticulous clue-chasing of bland Mr. T.	Impeccable
THE CASE OF MR. BUDD Gerald Verner (Macaulay: \$2.)	Two long and several short stories of stout Scotland Yarder who is always Johnny-on-spot.	Observant and omniscient Mr. Budd solves numerous murders and clears up various robberies in ponderously melodramatic style.	Innocuous
THE TRIAL OF RUTH SNYDER AND JUDD GRAY John Kobler (Doubleday, Doran: \$3.50.) (Non-fiction)	Complete account of notorious 1927 crime passionel with history, testimony, indictment, and all necessary details.	Mr. Kobler's study of unsavory case is excellent — also restrained; volume contains much new data.	For students