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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q.'s scoop this week is a courteous note from Sir Neville Henderson telling us which were the detective novels he had with him in the diplomatic train during the crisis of September, 1938 (see *Failure of a Mission*, chapter V.). Sir Neville tells in his book, you will remember, that in default of stationery he used blank pages of detective stories for writing messages to the Foreign Office. The books were *Murder on Safari* and an Agatha Christie—the ambassador forgets which, admitting that he had no leisure to read them. *Murder on Safari* seems to us appropriate, for certainly the British and French diplomats were then on Safari in the Nazi jungle; and Czechoslovakia was presently murdered. We were very pleased that our mention of *How to Read* by the late J. B. Kerfoot (published in 1916 by Houghton Mifflin) brought a comment from Professor R. W. Pence of De Pauw University. He says "I still regard it as one of the best manuals on creative writing, and urge every member of my teachers' course to place it high on their list of useful books. It is a grand book and stands rereading remarkably well. Wouldn't it be a blessing if every movie producer were compelled to read it and ponder much in it that could be applied with profit to that industry."

★ ★

The Library of Columbia University and the Grolier Club Library are holding exhibitions in honor of the centennial of Thomas Hardy's birth. A meeting took place April 26 at the Columbia Library in honor of Carl J. Weber's biography, *Hardy of Wessex*, lately published by the Columbia University Press. Professor Weber talked interestingly of his adventures as a "Hardy Perennial," and other testimony was given by Professors E. H. Wright and Henry W. Wells, by Clare Leighton the artist, and by the Night Watchman of the Press. Winifred Dunn, in the *Book of the Month Club News*, tells a characteristic anecdote of Osa Johnson. Helping Mrs. Johnson to prepare an impromptu supper, the guest found in the kitchen cabinet a tin lid neatly punched with holes. Osa Johnson explained it was the lid of a coffee can—she had suddenly needed a cheese grater. "Even in New York it didn't occur to her to send around the corner for something she could make for herself with a tin lid, a nail file, and the heel of her slipper."

★ ★

Bill Henneman, formerly of Argus Bookshop, Chicago, writes that he will broadcast on "Authors as People" every Saturday, 11.45 A. M. (Central

Time). This on the Palmer House program, WAAF, 920 kilocycles. The Kentucky Derby will be run May 4, and Appleton-Century are celebrating with a little vest-pocket race-track memo-book in honor of Clark McMeekin's *Show Me a Land*—the climax of which is the Derby of 1875. On Derby Day in Louisville the hotels will serve special toddies and sandwiches named for the book. Since the regretted suspension of *The Colophon*, some of its former subscribers may be interested to know of the quarterly publications of the Bibliographical Society. Membership costs \$3 per year, and full information may be had from the secretary, Mr. George L. McKay, 47 E. 60, N. Y. City. Old Q.'s favorite quotation in some moods is E. M. Forster's remark about Ronald Firbank: "How rare, how precious is frivolity. How few writers can prostitute all their powers." Our own private definition of Touching Bottom—which we did last week, spiritually, for whatever reasons—is when we can only keep alive by rereading *Bulldog Drummond*. That book, published in 1919, was a landmark of something, a social symptom worth considering.

★ ★

Wordsworth at a Summer Theatre

At a country playhouse, some rude barn

Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance

Caught, on a summer evening through a chink

In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was

Gladdened me more than if I had been led

Into a dazzling cavern of romance.

The Prelude, VII, 449 ff.

★ ★

Old Q., who has much pleasure in all kinds of casual and unrequired reading, would certainly print the above on the program if he were running a summer stock company. Lover of architecture, he was glad to rediscover the "Ode on the Revival of Color in Architecture" by Charles Leonard Moore, one of many remarkable poems written by that now forgotten poet. The little volume of *Odes* (including the superb one on Edgar Allan Poe) was privately printed in Philadelphia in 1896 and exists, we suppose, in a few public libraries. Robert A. Potts, 157 E. 56, N. Y. City, lists among other seafaring books the admired Basil Lubbock volumes not easy to find: *Blackwall Frigates*, *Western Ocean Packets*, *Colonial Clippers*, *China Clippers*, and at prices modest (from \$2.25 to \$4).