



FELIX RIESENBERG

... of him
Chris Morley
said:

"WHAT an extraordinary fortune for the world of print, when such a man took to putting his thoughts on paper. For something like twenty years I have been proud to suggest from time to time that in gravity and in humor and in quite unconscious skill no writer in our time has surpassed the virile coefficient of Riesenber's sketches.

"He was of the Defoes and Jules Vernes and Sam Clemenses, a testifier by brute accident and pressure. His sheer lack of conscious technique makes him irresistible. Put him under a sudden gust of emotion and watch his penmanship."

—Saturday Review of Literature.

His last and
greatest sea book
is now ready!

THE PACIFIC OCEAN

by Felix Riesenber

"Through Felix Riesenber's magnificent narrative of many men and multifarious adventures the Pacific itself is felt as a living force . . . a superb achievement . . . of rich satisfactions and outstanding distinction . . . a book to be enjoyed and cherished."

—N. Y. Times Book Review.

ILLUSTRATED BY
STEPHEN J. VOORHIES
\$3.00



TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Blitzkrieg

Polish your jewels of death,
The brass and burnished steel;
Adjust the fragile cams,
With dire precision wheel.

The fuse of tiny gears—
(A cocksure aim is all!)
The target of a baby's heart
Is delicately small.

GORDON LECLAIRE.

OLD Q.'s tastes in reading have a broad spread. Two of the best pieces of prose he has seen lately, in respect to their adaptation to purpose, are the circular of instructions sent out by the Truscon Steel Company (Youngstown, O.), describing the installation of casement windows; and a story by Julia McCarthy in the N. Y. *Daily News* re Wally Windsor's rum shampoo. If teachers could give their pupils as exact instructions for reading the classics as the Truscon people send carpenters for setting up steel windows; or if novelists always started their stories with as provocative a lead as Miss McCarthy does. . . . But this sentence has no apodosis because we're not sure what result would ensue. Since it amuses, we reprint the lead of Juia's story, for students of journalism:—"A tall dark man, five eggs and two jiggers of rum are coming into the Duchess of Windsor's life today. And the man, Wayne Forrest, 23, will call at Government House, Nassau, Bahamas, thrice daily hereafter. But indefinitely!" Anyone reading that far will wish to continue; which is one of the tests of literature. But only one of the tests. Another is that the reader sometimes feels it worth while to force himself to continue.

★ ★

Our old correspondent C. F. B. writes: "Have you read a book called *No Life So Happy?* Haven't seen any reviews of it, but read it in the air yesterday coming from Pittsburgh; it matched the quality of detached isolated freedom of flying above the clouds. Very lovely." We don't know the book, no publisher seems to have told us about it. As evidence of Old Q.'s conscientious fidelity, it has taken us ten minutes to decipher that word *isolated* from C. F. B.'s handwriting. Presumably, as a tycoon of large affairs, it is a word he doesn't often have opportunity to use? He should write it fifty times, legibly, on a sheet of paper, for practise.

★ ★

A very nourishing book for the saddening sweetness of September is *Jacoby's Corners* by the late Jake Falstaff. We wondered what provincial city Isabel Rorick was talking about in her delightful series of baby-tycoon

yarns *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* (coming next month); it appears to be Toledo, for which we have special affections. We often hope that nothing has happened to Toledo's wonderful old railroad station, one of America's vintage depots; it should be preserved *sous cloche*. Favorite association items in our enigmatic collection are the first or last books sold by any bookstore. Old Q. happened to pass through Farmington, Conn., just as the Farmington Bookshop's stock was being packed in cases for storage. He was able to grab out a detective story (*Murder in Blue*, by Clifford Witting) and believes it was the last book sold by Miss Scarth before she closed her charming shop and went to do war work.

★ ★

In the busy News Shop of Brattleboro, Vt., we noticed a handsome display of Fred Van de Water's new book; and the weekly paper *The Vermont Phoenix*, published in Brattleboro, reminded us of good old days when W. R. B. wrote his *Phoenix Nest* column for this review. Pursued the St. Gaudens memorial studio through back roads of New Hampshire without reaching it; when we asked the lady tollkeeper of a covered bridge if St. G. was buried there, she said, "No, he was cremated." As an admiring tribute to Mr. Thornton Wilder, let it be noted that we ferreted out the remote village of Contoocook, N. H., of which we had heard in *Our Town* (it's the place the train blows a whistle for on that moonlight night) and brought away as association item an empty milk bottle with the name Contoocook lettered in the glass. In another New Hampshire village of the Grover's Corners type we heard the storekeeper ask an elderly customer how he was. "Oh," was the reply, "So's to be out."

★ ★

A jacket by Grant Wood is the secret dream of many an American author. This is attained by Kenneth Roberts for his new historical novel *Oliver Wiswell*, whose 380,000 words will be on sale in November. When we saw Mr. Edmé Ziegler of Doubleday's at a Cedar Street ordinary lately he was much excited about it, and left his four-inch chop unfinished to go and hustle more orders. Little, Brown and Co. are anxious to remind everyone that U. S. citizens can still go into Canada without passports or official documents; they have just published Larry Nixon's *See Canada Next*. Such were some of Old Q.'s innocent meditations on a week of sunshine while the world was methodically tearing itself to pieces. But a good deal of his thinking seems to be bottlenecked (the present economic catchword) and doesn't emerge fluently.