

## TRADE WINDS

**C**HARLES P. EVERITT is a grizzled old gentleman who has been selling books on Americana for at least fifty years. And during all those years he has been making notes about the trade and about various observations of eccentric booksellers, collectors, and librarians. At intervals, when his interesting catalogues appear, the inside covers contain excerpts of what he calls "Notes from a Rejected Manuscript." There is something of a "Life With Father" touch in the following reminiscence:

The first argument—they never quarreled—between father and mother was about the purchase of a book. Father had received a catalogue from a Rochester dealer (George Humphrey, in 1906) listing a mint copy of "Moby Dick" at \$7.50. Mother was arguing that it was more important for father to have a new hat. As I discovered later father always compromised his way—incidentally this little book later paid nearly two years of my college life.

We hope that one of these days a bookseller's autobiography will appear and become a best-seller. Books on and by doctors, lawyers, ministers, and

war correspondents seem to grip the popular imagination, with Hollywood following along with its own versions. The adventures of an old book-dealer might also prove quite dramatic. Going back to Mr. Everitt, we recall his sensational discovery of an extremely rare Poe item—"The Fall of the House of Usher"—in a crate of dust-covered books purchased for little money. Subsequently, the book was sold for some fabulous fee and became part of book-lore. One of these days some publisher is going to do the trade the honor of issuing the memoirs of an old-timer in the "old and rare" book business. Incidentally, if you happen to come across "Confessions of a Bankrupt Bookseller"—buy it.

★ ★  
One of the girls who graced our offices for many years, Eileen Murphy, is now the wife of Captain Vincent P. Arkins, of the ill-fated freighter *Lehigh*, which was sunk by a submarine in the South Atlantic last month. But there is a happy ending; Mrs. Arkins writes to let us know that the Captain and twenty-two members of the crew have been rescued and from last reports are heading for these shores.

★ ★  
Speaking about the sea, we hear that Alan Villiers is serving in the British Navy and that all goes well with him save that he hasn't time for any writing. Writes Villiers to his publishers: "I was up Murmansk way recently but my work is mostly anti-aircraft and I'm glad of that. The defeat of the aeroplane is the most important thing in this war."

★ ★  
He was a Rabelaisian figure with a soft flopping hat and some sort of dark cloak that he wore during cold days. He walked the sidewalks of Akron and we cherished his friendship, for he was a lovable man and he wrote with fine precision and thought. Death robbed America of a great writer. Now we note with nostalgia that "The Big Snow," by Jake Falstaff, is coming out through the offices of Houghton Mifflin. It is a book we are going to get and read and give for Christmas. Herman Fetzer, for that was his real name, has contributed much to the art of sensitive writing. And as the Winter snows come tumbling and you're near a log fire rich with hickory smoke be sure to have around you his "Reini Kugel" and "A Book of Rabelais."

★ ★  
Jake was one of the few columnists who wrote a daily literary column that attracted nation-wide recognition. It appeared in the Akron *Beacon-Journal*. During his Summer vacation he substituted for F.P.A. in the old morning *World*, and all New York paid him homage. To be sure, we are a little partial to Jake, for he published some of our verse when we lived in the Ohio city. But Jake is with us again and it is going to be a genuine homecoming Thanksgiving Week for us.

★ ★  
Arthur Bell, an old and an honored contributor to these pages, calls our attention to the fact that "The Old Farmer's Almanac" will be 150 years old with the 1942 issue. Mr. Bell, who acted as associate editor of the volume of Nostradamus's prophecies when Little, Brown published it (it is now published by the *Yankee Magazine*), has celebrated its birthday in verse as follows:

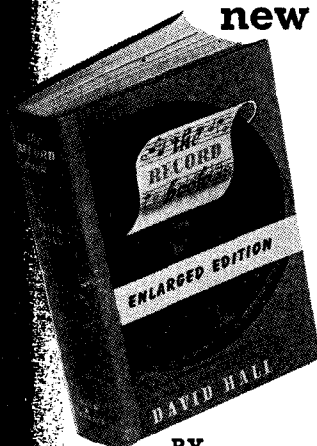
OF THE OLD FARMER'S ANNIVERSARY  
*By the Hired Man*  
The Farmer, by his Almanac, is seven score and ten;  
Throughout his span the Editors, to date, have all been men  
In all things conservative. It seems a certain bet  
That he will never yield his chair to any Farmerette,  
For if some siren, clad in slacks, should ever gain foothold  
Her first official act would be to scrap the title, "Old."

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