

## TRADE WINDS

**THERE ARE** a precious few people in this world who are so consistently dependable and at the same time so modest and self-effacing that the rest of us are all too likely to take them for granted, and save our salvos for less deserving brethren who make a powerful racket blowing their own horns. Last Monday evening, however, a host of important people in this town paused for a while to pay homage to one of the real first ladies of the world of letters, Miss Amy Loveman, and the occasion sent every one who was there away in a glow of good fellowship and a renewed sense of the dignity of man.

For some twenty years, Amy Loveman has served on the *Saturday Review*, first when it was a weekly supplement to the *New York Post*, and, since 1924, when it became a separate entity. Henry Canby, Bernard DeVoto, George Stevens, and Norman Cousins edited the *Review* in turn, but the *sine qua non*, *ne plus ultra*, and power behind the throne was always Amy Loveman. Of recent years, she has added the post of first reader for the Book-of-the-Month Club to her chores. That, after the prodigious and often painfully futile amount of reading these jobs entailed, she still retains

an abiding and contagious enthusiasm for the printed word is a source of wonder to her associates and inspiration to reviewers who sometimes get mighty sick of it all.

The people who crowded into the Ambassador Hotel to honor Amy Loveman were proud to be there. This was no anniversary or formal occasion. Amy's friends had come to tell her of their affection and esteem because they feel so deeply about her that the tribute was bound to come sooner or later. Their speeches came from the heart. Prepared scripts were thrown into the basket.

Elmer Davis, on the eve of his departure for Washington and the job that we have all been praying he would get, found time to leave his own farewell party at CBS to come and speak his piece for Amy. Chris Morley, Henry Canby, and Bill Benét reminisced to their hearts' content. Chris, delightfully discursive as always, established an all-time record by actually sticking to his subject a quarter of the time. Bill recalled the imaginary epitaph that hung over the Loveman desk for years:

Here lies Amy Loveman, the best of her sex,  
Who never objected to cashing small checks.

Oswald Villard, Thomas Lamont, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Simeon Strunsky, Harry Scherman, and a half dozen others simply rose to their feet and spoke words of love for Amy and for the richly satisfying profession that she and her guests had chosen for themselves.

And at the end of an unforgettable evening, our editor, Norman Cousins, fulfilled an ambition all of us have had for twenty years by kissing the beaming Amy squarely on the lips, and presented her with a gold medallion, gift of the assemblage, that bore on one side the *SRL* symbol, Phoenix rising from the ashes—and on the other the inscription:

TO

AMY LOVEMAN

A COURAGEOUS CHAMPION OF LITERATURE  
FROM HER DEVOTED FRIENDS

JUNE 15, 1942.

**CHRIS MORLEY's** beard has grown so long that three dowagers tripped over it on the way to their dinner places. Mr. Lamont eyed its gently undulating strands speculatively, and was reminded of the tale of the Scotsman who came to America to make his fortune. After twenty years he returned to Glasgow, but could find no trace of

the three brothers who were supposed to be at the station to meet him. Suddenly, however, he noticed something familiar in three heavily whiskered gents who were eagerly scanning the disembarking passengers. "It's muh br-r-rothers! he cried excitedly. "But what is it you're doing with those heavy beards, lads?" "Ah, dinna ye ken," intoned the tallest of them, "tha' whin ye went to America, ye tuk the razor wi' ye!"

Mr. Lamont also recalled that the last time he was in London he checked on the story that Lenin, many years ago, spent a long period of study in the British Museum. Mr. Lamont challenged an aged and fragile attendant of the Museum. "Do you remember seeing a little man named Lenin around here several years ago? He had a small, reddish beard, and he probably spent most of his time in the sociology and political philosophy alcoves." "Lenin? Lenin?" mused the old attendant. "Why, yes, now that you mention it, I do remember a gent by that name, sir. Read a powerful lot of deep books, 'e did, sir. You know, I've often wondered what became of that little man!"

**BOOKMEN** were saddened by the death of H. C. Moriarty, for many years head of the book department of the Harvard Co-op. A generation of Harvard graduates have cause to remember him with gratitude and affection. . . . Ian Ballantine, of Penguin Books, received an order for one copy of "Guerilla Warfare" last week that he promptly sent out to be framed. It was signed by General Douglas MacArthur. . . . Book reviewers who have to grind out a daily column are under such pressure that they must be excused if there come occasional stretches when they seem to be coasting along. At the moment of writing, Lewis Gannett and Harry Hansen are at the top of their form, pouring in the old fast one with a world of stuff on it. Mr. Hansen's comments on the Elmer Davis appointment were the best that I read in any newspaper. . . .

**MORRIS ERNST** has resurrected the story of the attorney who journeyed to California to try an important case, promising to wire his partner the moment a decision was announced. At long last the wire came, and it read "Justice has triumphed!" The partner in New York wired back "Appeal at once!" . . . A good column tag for the week is a quatrain submitted by Richard Armour, of Wells College in Aurora:

I'll celebrate with rye and Scotch,  
With brandy and gin,  
The long awaited day **MEIN KAMPF'S**  
Remaindered in Berlin.

BENNETT CERF.



At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath from \$4.50.

**HOTEL ROOSEVELT**

BERNARD G. HINES, Managing Director

4 MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal