

# TRADE Winds



**THE ANNOUNCEMENT** that Grace Moore is at work on an autobiography, which she has titled "You're Only Human Once" and which will be published by Doubleday in the Spring, sent me scurrying to the files for a copy of Michael Mok's priceless interview with the comely diva. It appeared in *The New York Post* of February 2, 1938, and has been preserved in many a collector's scrapbook.

"Let's talk about Grace Moore of the Metropolitan," says Miss Grace Moore. "I'm so tired of talking about my motion picture career. . . . I began at the Metropolitan as Mimi in 'La Boheme' on February 7, 1928."

"Before that, you were with Fred Stone, weren't you, Miss Moore?"

"No, you're wrong. I was with Raymond Hitchcock."

"That was in 'Hitchy-Koo,' wasn't it?"

"Goodness, you have an embarrassing memory. Yes, it was 'Hitchy-Koo.' But let's get back to the Metropolitan. Just now, I'm studying 'L'Amore dei Tre Re.' That means 'The Love of Three Kings.'"

"Does it, Miss Moore?"

"Certainly. I'm also restudying 'Louise,' by Gustave Charpentier. He has promised to come over and hear me in it. I have a charming note from him 'Dépêche toi, chérie,' he says. That means 'Hurry, my dear.'"

"Thank you, Miss Moore."

At this point *The Post* photographer, who has been snoozing comfortably on one of the fauteuils (that means armchairs) in the living room of Miss Moore's suite at the Waldorf, wakes up.

"How about a picture?" he asks.

"Oh, goodness, nobody told me there were to be pictures," says Miss Moore. "I have no lipstick, no makeup, nothing. Oh well."

"Chéri!" she calls. "Chéri! Viens ici!"

From the adjoining room comes Valentin Parera, Miss Moore's husband.

"What is it?" Mr. Parera, who is a Spaniard, asks in plain English.

"Il te faut poser avec moi."

"O. K." says Mr. Parera, without a trace of accent. . . .

"I'm so tired of being photographed," says Miss Moore. "It reminds me too much of Hollywood. I'm so tired of my motion-picture career. I have done 'One Night of Love' three times under different names. The second time it was called 'I'll Take Romance,' and the

third time 'When You're in Love'. . . . Unless they find something new and beautiful and exciting they ought to let me go. They should have enough respect for my contribution to the cinema to release me from my contract."

"What contribution do you mean, Miss Moore?"

"Surely you must know that I made the motion picture public opera-conscious! I'm the girl who took the high hat off grand opera."

"Where did you put it, Miss Moore?"

"Put it? What do you mean? Threw it away, of course. As a result of what I did in those three pictures, the whole country went opera crazy. . . . Oh, it's such fun to come back to real opera. It's the psychology in opera that is so grand."

"The psychology, Miss Moore?"

"Yes, the psychology of the women, the characters of the heroines. Louise is my pet. I love her because she doesn't die. She is the spirit of Paris, the spirit of life, the personification of *joie de vivre*."

"Joy of living, Miss Moore?"

"That's right. That's what it means, joy of living. Did I tell you that I made my debut in 'Louise' at the Opéra Comique in Paris? Nellie Melba, Emma Calvé, Geraldine Farrar, and Mary Garden were in the audience."

"Were you scared, Miss Moore?"

"Not at all. I had no experience, but Garden had also done it without experience. 'Louise' is not a question of experience. It is a question of *esprit*. . . ."

"Was that long ago, Miss Moore?"

"Eleven years. I care nothing about this matter of age. In Hollywood, they say a woman mustn't go beyond thirty. Nonsense! The years bring maturity, I always say. . . . I don't want to stay sixteen. I've spent so much of my time in Europe that I have the European attitude toward such things. In Europe they think that the older a woman gets, the more interesting she becomes. I get more venturesome with the years. I'm an adventuress."

"Are you, Miss Moore?"

"Definitely. I always have the urge to do new things. I have had four careers—musical comedy, grand opera, motion pictures, and radio. All those scattered years must be put together in one great melody of artistic achievement."

"How will you do that, Miss Moore?"

"I don't know. Just now I am burning again with ambition for my operatic career. It's like a fire, here, inside me. In the fall I—Oh, must you be going?"

Well, here it is five years later, Miss Moore is embarked on a fifth career as an author, Mike Mok, after a spell of press-agenting for Billy Rose, is writing a book of his own called

"Show Town," and in Europe they've stopped worrying about how interesting a woman can become. They want to know if she can work a machine or help kick the parasites out. *N'est-ce pas?* . . . .

**PAUL GALICO**, toughest oarsman who ever stroked a Columbia crew, has embarked on a lecture tour. His subject: "Women—and How to Improve Them!" Gallico's next book will be a story of the Matériel Command based at Wright Field, in Dayton, Ohio. . . . Sterling North authored a play a few years ago, was dissatisfied with his script, destroyed it. He saved the title, however: "So to Bedlam," and presented it to Margaret Lyon when she showed him the manuscript of her expert and crackling story of the advertising business. It's a Bobbs-Merrill publication. . . . Paul Pearlman, astute Washington bookseller, had a set of art books on his hands that he couldn't sell. One morning he put it in his show case with a sign, "Was \$12.95; now \$30!" A customer came in and said "I see you've reduced those art books up to \$30!" Then he bought them. . . . Channing Pollock recalls an interview he had with Mark Twain, way back in 1902. Twain had wanted to take his wife to see Sarah Bernhardt, but when the good lady heard that balcony tickets were three dollars apiece, she raised the roof. "And you're the man," she reproached him, "who told me that you couldn't afford to raise our poor maids three dollars a month! You take that six dollars right out to the kitchen and give it to them!" Twain sheepishly did her bidding. The maids added four dollars of their own to the six he had given them, and went to see Sarah Bernhardt—in the orchestra. . . .

**APPLETON-CENTURY** have just published the first new Joseph C. Lincoln novel in three years. It's called "The Bradshaws of Harniss," and—surprise! surprise!—it's laid in Cape Cod. . . . The Columbia University Press is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. . . . Joseph A. Brandt, who has been head of both the Princeton and University of Oklahoma Presses, is now leaving the presidency of Oklahoma University to become director of the University of Chicago Press. . . . An author submitted a novel to the Vanguard Press with a list of demands that included "collection of her royalties in the event that the book was pirated in Germany." I hope Vanguard found the proper place for





"Would you mind holding my *Saturday Review* while I go in? I've been in there three times today and they've made me pay for it each time."

the manuscript. . . . Just before his death, Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law" and "The Thirteenth Chair," penned a melodrama based on the life of James Gordon Bennett. A. H. Woods says he will produce it. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has acquired the film rights to the life story of O. Henry. . . . Sign in a cafeteria window across the street from the Dodd, Mead offices: "We cook as good as your wife and our waitresses are prettier!" . . . Stanley Rinehart discovered the following "ad" in a Farm Journal:

#### SHORT OF HELP—WITH HOGS TO RASSLE?

It's easy to vaccinate, medicate, ring or castrate, if you use "Dr. Rinehart's Handy Hog Holder." Enables one man to do nearly all hog chores. Thousands save time and trouble on large herds and small. Only \$1.50 postpaid; money refunded if not satisfied.

Stanley assures "Trade Winds" that the ingenious doctor is no relative, but offers to throw the doors of the ancestral mansion open to him if he can find a way to adapt his device to skittish authors. . . .

**BILL WALLING**, vice president of the prominent printing house of Rogers-Kellogg-Stillson, Inc., has been commissioned a major in the Army Air Force, and is headed for active duty overseas. His partner, Ted Mortimer, will carry on in his absence, but will miss him sorely on the golf links. Bill is the only man who ever took nine putts on a single green in a memor-

able publishers' tournament. . . . A friend of Walling, commissioned at the same time that he was, received a wire from the medical board several days later. "Regret to inform you," it read, "that tests show you have tuberculosis and heart trouble." An hour later another wire came, saying "Please disregard last wire. Your record confused with that of another candidate." The relieved officer wired back "Sorry, but your correction came too late. I committed suicide forty minutes ago!" . . . Good news from Harcourt, Brace: James Thurber's first collection of drawings in ten years, "Men, Women, and Dogs," is ready for distribution. And Farrar and Rinehart are coming up with a new George Price album. A statistician might figure out some day just how many soul-satisfying books have been pasted up from the files of *The New Yorker* magazine! . . . Thurber has been threatening for some time to write a play about the zanies who compose *The New Yorker* staff. It is a project pregnant with possibilities. Suggested for the role of Harold Ross: Mickey Rooney. . . . Duke University Press inserted an ad in *The Times* for its "Judicial Folklore in England Illustrated by the Cucking-Stool." An alert soul in the composing room corrected the copy to read "Ducking," fortunately decided to have a last-minute look at the dictionary. "Cuck: a verb: to punish, as by the cucking-stool." . . . The things a columnist picks up!

BENNETT CERF.

## Junior Books 1943



### THE NEW PET

Written and illustrated by *Marjorie Flack*. Baby Timothy was so new he couldn't even hold up his head, and Dick and Judy wanted Mother to take him back and get a puppy instead. But they soon changed their minds! By the author of the *ANGUS* books. Ages 4 to 8. \$1.50

### DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS

In four-color lithographs by *Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire*. There was an old woman who counted her chickens before they were hatched — and all the fun of living in the country with cats and dogs, cows and pigs and chickens, is in these famous artists' new picture book about that old woman, told with a laughing warmth and with a background that make it a modern American folk tale. Up to 9.

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### VALIANT COMRADES

*Ruth Adams Knight*. A timely story of the war dogs of World War II, of Larry who helped train them, and of his beloved collie Count. From Texas to a camouflaged island in the Pacific, Larry's work in Dogs for Defense mounts to an exciting climax. *High School Age*. \$2.00



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# The American Navy in War and Peace

**AMERICA'S NAVY IN WORLD WAR II.** By Gilbert Cant. New York: John Day. 1943. 432 pp. \$3.75.

**THE UNITED STATES NAVY, A HISTORY.** By Carroll Storrs Alden and Allan Westcott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 452 pp. \$5.50.

**THE NAVY READER.** Edited by Lieutenant William H. Fetridge, USNR. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 443 pp. \$3.75.

Reviewed by  
ROBERT GREENHALGH ALBION

**T**HREE general books dealing with the United States Navy have appeared during the past few months, in addition to the ever-increasing crop of accounts of individual men and ships. One of the three tells the story of this war; another gives the whole history of the Navy from the beginning; and the third is an anthology of contemporary miscellaneous history and description.

The most distinctive contribution of the three is Gilbert Cant's account of the performance of the Navy in the war, up to the end of 1942. Mr. Cant, war editor of the *New York Post*, had already produced a masterpiece in his "War at Sea," dealing with the achievements of the belligerent navies in the earlier years of the war. His second volume is likewise an excellent combination of narrative, description, and analysis. It is by far the most serviceable and valuable account of our

Navy's activities during the first year after Pearl Harbor. The time will come, after the fighting has stopped, when fuller accounts will be available, such as the projected volume of Lieutenant Commander Samuel E. Morison, Historian of Naval Operations. For the time being, however, anyone who wants the story will find it best told by Mr. Cant.

In view of the Navy's guarding of many operational details, it is remarkable how comprehensive a story Mr. Cant has been able to tell. He roundly damns the policy of withholding so much information, but any such diatribes might be offset by reading Captain Semmes's account of the valuable information concerning ship movements which he learned from the *New York* newspapers found aboard the vessels which his *Alabama* was about to destroy in the Civil War.

The Cant account not only gives clear and graphic accounts of the fighting, all the way from the attack on the *Greer* near Iceland, to the Battle of Guadalcanal, but it also explains ably just "how things worked" in the case of submarine warfare and much else. The opening chapters touch briefly but vigorously on the idea that "battles can be lost on Constitution Avenue just as easily as they can be lost in the Pacific," though they do not give adequate recognition to the constant effort to improve that situation.

The Alden and Westcott volume is

written by the former head of the Department of English, History, and Government at the Naval Academy, and the present senior professor of that department. Less detailed than Captain Dudley W. Knox's volume and less lively than Fletcher Pratt's, it gives the general reader a clear, concise general picture of our naval story since 1775; it should also prove useful as a textbook on the subject. Like the Cant volume, it carries the story through 1942, but in only about one-seventh the number of pages.

The Fetridge volume is the least substantial of the three. Its chief merit lies in making available some scattered periodical articles which might otherwise have escaped attention. Altogether, they cover the subject comprehensively, but there is much overlapping and repetition. The selection, moreover, was not as discriminating as it might have been. There are a few excellent articles, particularly Lieutenant Lawrence Thompson's splendid account of the anti-submarine methods of the Eastern Sea Frontier, but one also runs into considerable trash. Seldom have so many errors been concentrated into so few words, as in the mishandling of Winston Churchill's famous statement at the start of one article, "It was said of Admiral Beatty, commander-in-chief of the British fleet at Jutland in 1917, that he was 'the only man in the world who could win or lose the war in an afternoon.'"! Altogether one's time would be much better spent with either of the other two books.

## The "Little People" of the War

**EUROPE'S CHILDREN.** By Therese Bonney. New York: [Random House, distributors.] 1943. \$3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

**M**ISS BONNEY'S photographs of "the little people" of the war have an almost unbearable poignancy, but none are so tragically sad as these now presented in book form of the child victims of the wars in Finland, Spain, and France. No plea for help could be more eloquent, no argument more convincing than if this horror is permitted to happen again the world will have proved itself not worth the saving.

Miss Bonney's life has been a thrilling one. She has received degrees and honors from several European institutions and has contributed articles and photographs that have spread her fame through newspapers and magazines in dozens of cities here and abroad. But her outstanding accomplishment has been in the magnificent photographic records she has made of the wars in

Finland, Spain, and Occupied France. All prove her to be unique as a reporter, artist, and profound humanitarian. In this present volume there are sixty-odd full-page photographs, each with a brief comment. Of it Miss Bonney says: "This is the tale, not of one, but of too many European countries, the story of an eye-witness . . . visual testimony . . . not words . . . not propaganda . . . reality. There are no staged pictures . . . no misleading captions. This is the truth for which I vouch."

Photographers, amateur and professional alike, will be thrilled by Miss Bonney's art. But every American should see this book even though it break his heart. It will not only bring home to him the diabolical nature of war in terms of little children, but it will surely convince him that he must bend every effort every day to see that a peace is assured that will stamp out forever the hideous child-devouring perversion that is only one part of modern war.

"Passionately absorbing"  
— N. Y. Herald-Tribune

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