

**LEWIS MILLER** is the sales manager today of a sizable enterprise. In his salad days he covered New York State in a Model-T Ford and made his daily collections from customers en route. He was heading for home one evening with seven hundred dollars in his jeans when, just outside of Ossining, a man in shabby, ill-fitting clothes beckoned for a hitch. Miller stopped for him, and soon learned that his companion had just completed a ten-year stretch at Sing Sing for robbery. Suddenly he remembered the seven hundred dollars in cash in his pocket.

With what he considered a master-stroke of ingenuity, he pushed the accelerator all the way to the floor. The old Ford could still do sixty. A motorcycle cop could not be far behind; Miller would have police escort to the nearest station house.

The motorcycle cop arrived on schedule, bawled the daylights out of him, and wrote out a ticket calling for his appearance in court the following Monday. In vain, Miller pleaded to be arrested on the spot. His passenger pulled his cap over his eyes and said nothing. Reluctantly, Miller started his car again. As they approached the darkest Bronx, he had already written off the seven hundred dollars in his mind.

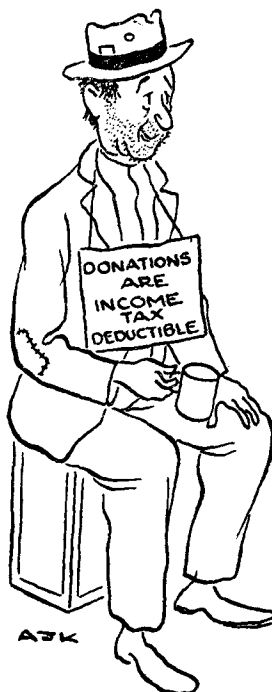
Suddenly, the passenger announced, "This is it, brother." Miller stopped the car. His moment had come. The man in shabby clothes stuck out his hand. There was no gun in it. "Thanks for the lift," he said. "You've been very good to me. This is the least I could do for you." He handed Miller the motorcycle cop's black leather summons book. . . .

**LONG BEFORE** the completion of the "Dictionary of American English," Assistant Editor M. M. Matthews proposed a briefer work to the University of Chicago Press, to include *only* Americanisms—that is, original words made-in-America, or meanings that originated in this country. This work is now in progress. Mr. Matthews claims that there are twenty-two indisputable Americanisms in the paragraph that follows. If you can spot more than fifteen of them, you probably can get a job on his editorial board. The twenty-two words are listed farther down in this column.

Inordinate fondness for the almighty dollar had demoralized Frederick when he was hardly more than a tow-head. The black-eyed susans that in spring adorned the campus

did not arouse in him any desire to pluck a bouquet for his best girl. The automobiles coasting slowly in the moonlight down the long hill leading to the ball park suggested nothing to him. He sat through lengthy lectures, along with other members of his class, without even aspiring for more than a C in the approaching examination. As for striving to become valedictorian of his class and thus bring credit upon himself and his fraternity, the thought never entered his head. Dreams of worldly success, of big money in his pockets, of coupons to clip, of political pull, of movie stars and starlets who would phone urgent invitations to a First Night—these are the things that Frederick thought about while his professor of sociology discussed the serious racial implications in a brawl at a black-and-tan the night before. Frederick was unconscious of the drama that had made page 1 of the morning paper. His wishful thinking acted as an anesthetic. . . .

**I MET DOUGLAS MILLER** for the first time the afternoon he joined me on the "Books Are Bullets" radio program. He looks so much like Sydney Greenstreet that I half expected Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre to follow him into the studio. Mr. Miller was our commercial attache in Berlin from 1925 until he quit in disgust in 1939. His "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" and the newly published "Via Diplomatic Pouch" (Didier) should be on the desk of every American delegate to the peace-making conference. On a sunny June afternoon in 1934,



Miller sat helpless in his home while the victims of Hitler's "blood purge" were being shot a half block away. Every volley shook the house in which he was quartered. They did not shake his determination to tell Washington what he thought of the Nazi regime. The world listened—too late. . . . Here's a bit of hopeful news from Vienna. Authorities had to withdraw a new issue of postage stamps featuring a portrait of Hitler. People persisted in spitting on the wrong side. . . . When he was decorated for flushing fifty-one Nazis from a cave and taking them prisoner single-handed in Italy, Private Frankie Buonicore declared, "If I'd known how many Krauts was in there, I'd be running yet." Private Buonicore rates another decoration for the most refreshing honesty of the month, although I think he has disqualified himself for a job in a publisher's publicity department. . . . Richard Tregaskis, whose forthcoming "Invasion Diary" is touted as even more exciting than his "Guadalcanal Diary," has been a patient at Walter Reed Hospital, where a hole torn in his skull by flying shrapnel was patched by an effective new method. An oval piece of tantalum, the size of a table-spoon, one-fifteenth of an inch thick, was inserted in the bone, and secured as a glazier fits a piece of glass into place. Tantalum is pliable, relatively inert, and does not irritate human tissue, as silver and other metals do. At Walter Reed Hospital alone, more than forty serious head injuries have been patched by this new method. . . . Tregaskis's first question when he came out from under was "Is this metal bullet proof?" "It is not," said the surgeon. Tregaskis, nicknamed the "Eager Beaver" by General Clark, is going back to the front anyhow. . . .

**CHARADE OF THE MONTH** (originated by Bob Haas): Man enters room, rejects, one after another, a Lucky, an Old Gold, a Chesterfield, a Philip Morris. Question: what statesman does he represent? Answer: Mustafa Kemal. . . . Newsweek reports that one of the GIs who carried Sewell Avery out of his Montgomery Ward sanctum is writing a book. The title is "See Here, Private Enterprise!" . . . The first radio "commercial" song plug to become a hit tune is "The Prince George Hotel." ("Convenient, it's great; 14 East 28.") Believe it or not, people are staying up until 1:55 A.M. just to hear it over Station WJZ. . . . The T. Y. Crowell shipping department expects a visit from a tough top sarge now stationed in the South Pacific area as soon as the war is over. He sent a dollar for a copy of "Tall Tales They Tell in the Services." The volume he got was "Telltime the Rabbit."



"I'll take your orders, gentlemen—but don't fret if we edit them a bit!"

... "Hidden Faces" has the Dial Press cutting out paper Dalis. ...

**COMMANDER WILLIAM C. CHAMBLISS** has written a bang-up story of two Naval officers and a crew "brand-fresh out of those Navy schools that manufacture officers and sailors in three short lessons" who capture the Jap destroyer *Hokaidokaze*, transform it into the U.S.S. *Hokeydokey*, and put it to a spectacular use. Harcourt, Brace will publish the book on July 20; Fox has gobbled up the picture rights. ... Alden Hatch's biography of General Eisenhower is Holt's headliner for September. ... Charles Lederer, Hollywood writer and wag, is now a captain in India or thereabouts. A fellow officer was holding forth on how one of his men felt about him. "He worships the very ground I walk on," said the officer. "Yes," said Lederer, "but how does he feel about you?" ... Lederer's wife, Virginia, incidentally, has a gay and frolicsome novel on the forthcoming Doubleday list. ... The Book Shop, in Providence, has a sign tacked outside its shipping room that reads "Department of Utter Confusion." ... Major John Bogle was quartered for a time in a small English village with a family who declared that they were intent upon learning the ways of Americans at home. The book they were using as a guide was "David Harum." ... Harper's will publish Noel Busch's book on Roosevelt on August 2, under the title

"What Manner of Man?" ... Harper's also announce August 23 as publication date for the new Huxley novel, "Time Must Have a Stop." ... The twenty-two Americanisms in Mr. Matthews's paragraph are: almighty dollar, demoralized, tow-head, black-eyed susans, campus, best girl, automobiles, coasting, ball park, lengthy, class, "C," valedictorian, fraternity, money, pull, movie stars, starlets, phone, black-and-tan, made, anesthetic. ...

**IF YOU WANT** to make an unexpected guest comfortable at the dinner table, this is a good story *not* to tell him.

A man who lived three miles from the main road outside of Nyack left his house one afternoon at two, walked until he caught a bus, and rode on it to the Nyack ferry station. He took a ferry to Ossining, another bus to the railroad station, and a local train to Grand Central. There he transferred to a subway train for the end of the line at New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn, where another bus carried him nine or ten miles further. A brisk twenty-minute walk brought him to a solitary apartment house, where he climbed six flights of stairs and rang the bell of his friends, the Heimerdingers, just as they were sitting down to dinner.

"For goodness' sake," said Mrs. Heimerdinger, "what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Oh," he replied vaguely, "I just happened to be in the neighborhood."

BENNETT CERF.



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*San Francisco Chronicle*

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# MIDWEST BOOK NEWS



AS THIS ISSUE of Midwest B. N. goes to press, plans have been completed for the Bookmen's 37th Annual Field Day at

Elmhurst C. C. near Chicago, on July 7. Congratulations to chairman Ralph Henry of Carson Pirie Scott & Co. for a swell job!

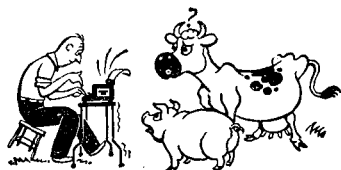
THE MIDWEST is going for Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd books . . . and with the latest, "Presidential Agent," many people are making all of them "keeping books."



Sterling North was master of ceremonies at the Book and Author War Bond Rally held in Chicago June 27. Martha Ostenso, Louis Bromfield, Col. Carlos Romulo, Carl Sandburg (and his famous guitar) and other writers came out of hiding to take part.

FROM CHICAGO AUTHORS: "Call It North Country" by John Martin, and "The Admiral" coauthored by Lt. Lauren Paul Healy and Luis Kutner.

Story behind "The Admiral": Kutner is friend and legal adviser to George Goodwin Dewey, son of Admiral Dewey. Kutner collected the admiral's private papers and letters from his client, obtained the cooperation of the Chicago Historical Society, asked the Navy Public Relations office to recommend a writer. Lt. Healy was assigned to the job.



John T. Frederick, BOOK WEEK columnist, professor of Modern Letters at Northwestern University, and radio conductor of "Of Men and Books," has retired for six months to his farm at Glennie, Michigan, for some writing of his own . . . with a "now if ever" feeling. However, he will continue to write his regular column for BOOK WEEK.

## BOOK WEEK

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## CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN

and the Midwest

400 W. Madison St., Chicago  
250 Park Ave., New York

NEWSPAPERS GET IMMEDIATE ACTION

## Two Critics of Society

IT ALL GOES TOGETHER, *Selected Essays by Eric Gill. New York: Devin-Adair. 1944. 239 pp. \$3.50.*

SIR MAX BEERBOHM; *Bibliographical Notes. By A. E. Gallatin. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1944. 112 pp. \$7.50.*

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

THE two books which I have brought together here, not without a little dubiety, represent two widely separated points of view. Sir Max Beerbohm is a witty, subtle, urbane observer of the human comedy, detached, missing no least foible in the literary and political pageant of his time. Eric Gill has the zeal of the missionary and the passion of the reformer. Both men write well and interestingly; both draw pictures. Here the likenesses end, and the differences, which are fundamental, begin. Because of both the likenesses and the differences these two books issued at this time may well be taken together.

Those who live in chronic rebellion against our mechanical age with its wage slavery, "industrial art," personal irresponsibility, capitalistic exploitation, and the worship of power have a sad time of it. Ethics has come to terms with the masters of the world. The times may be no darker than they have been, but in the blinding glare of the steel mills and the roar of an exploding bomb, matter seems to be the only reality. Even the prophets of the "good life" dream of an Age of Plastics, while our chaplains wear khaki and count fours.

But there are rebels who keep faith in a more orderly world alive, and one of the most uncompromisingly forthright was Eric Gill. When his life closed a few years ago, he left behind an amount of work in the arts—sculpture and lettering—which gave him high rank in English graphic arts. His type designs are original and forceful renderings of modern trends.

Gill was not a prolific writer, but what he wrote had point and punch. As a Dominican of the Third Order his ideas are heavily weighted with religion, and especially with the theological concepts of the Roman Church. He was a mystic with a hard core of common sense which would not allow him to traffic with commercial exploitation and blind worship of the machine. He felt that man's heritage and duty of personal responsibility were being lost and denied and he criticized society with vigor and honesty; and he felt, just as did the rebels of the nineties,

that mankind had lost the Way.

This little volume of selections is a bracing antidote for the false gospel of "free enterprise," an elixir for those who watch with dismay the growth of "Fordism" and force. The essay on "Five Hundred Years of Printing" is the best thing written in the anniversary year: his essays on clothing are sound even if heretodox; his repeated emphasis on personal responsibility is salutary. No doubt the book will have a limited audience, but I believe it is the most stimulating book of the year.

Sir Max Beerbohm is no social reformer, and he is not a really good draughtsman. As a critic of society his talents lie in another field. He does not point the way to heaven—almost it may be said that he lifts the lid of the abyss. The humor of his drawings is ironic and subtle; they are done in an acidulous ink which etches below the surface. The extensive exhibition of his work recently shown at the Grolier Club demonstrated his talents as the greatest of the modern caricaturists.

I have wandered away from the subject of his new book, although its inclusion of ten of his drawings (and those, unfortunately, not the best) gives me some warrant. Those fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the Grolier Club exhibition heard from Sir Granville Barker a most exquisite appreciation of his friend. And I suspect that there are those who find in Max's writing more enjoyment than they do from his drawing. And for those who are not familiar with his literary output the present bibliography will serve as an excellent short title catalogue.

One must say that the printing of the bibliography is much too expansive. The titles are listed in large capitals with line-ending indicated, but this cannot give a just idea of the look of a title-page. Short of photographic reproduction, there is no better way to print titles than straightforwardly in capitals. Furthermore the type is too large and the leading too extensive: the result is a certain bloated appearance which does not become a bibliography. Such a book should be readable but compact, since it is first and last a work of reference. And as such the book is of importance, for Max is, as Barker observed, one of those men of our time so intimate a part of the social scene that as with "Winnie" and "F. D. R." the world tends to familiarity without impudence. His work endures not because of intrinsic importance but because it is a record of our times.

*The Saturday Review*