

Onward and Upward in Providence

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR. By John T. Winterich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 204 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WINFIELD T. SCOTT

IT MUST be years since anyone has spoken of the romance of business. The phrase suits gaudier eras. But it fits Mr. Winterich's affectionate memoir of the jobs he held, young man and boy, as he forged onward and upward through a busy youth in Providence, R. I. Some of the chapters recording his rise have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Review of Literature*—and are now collected, as the saying goes, for all to read. I hope all will. For "Another Day, Another Dollar" brightens our somber times.

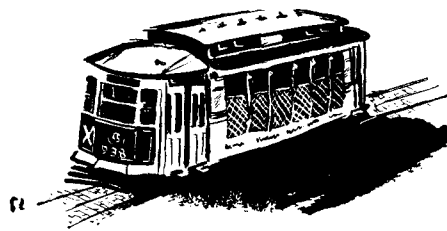
No tycoon, Winterich. And of course, as everyone knows, his adult life took a rapid and doubtless permanent descent into such frivolities as teaching, reporting, editing, and—most flagrant of all—the writing of books about other books. And all this with a deliberation which makes evident the perverseness of the Winterich career. "It might have been," Whittier offers as saddest words. "He had it once," Robinson says of a misguided man who died twice.

Nevertheless, it may be said in Mr. Winterich's defense that the evidence of the record indicates he had talent, not genius, as a businessman. This appears almost at once. As a small boy on his first venture into salesmanship, young Winterich did very well with a house-to-house line of filters for faucets. But his friend Charlie, guilelessly invited in on the project, presently far surpassed him in sales. The secret of Charlie's success with housewives and their faucets exploded when that small-fry plutocrat, doing handstands on the Roger Williams Park grass, let fall a box of little green worms.

"Would I have employed this ruse if it had occurred to me?" Mr. Winterich wonders now. "I don't know."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Kitty Foyle," by Christopher Morley. 2. "The Razor's Edge," by Somerset Maugham. 3. "The Arch of Triumph," by Erich Remarque. 4. "All the King's Men," by Robert Penn Warren. 5. "What Makes Sammy Run," by Budd Schulberg. 6. "This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell. 7. "David the King," by Gladys Schmitt. 8. "Past All Dishonor," by James Cain. 9. "The White Tower," by James Ramsey Ullman. 10. "The Snake Pit," by Mary Jane Ward.



It didn't occur to me, it occurred to Charlie."

And there we have it: "It didn't occur to me, it occurred to Charlie." Of course, we do not know what became of Charlie. But we do know what has become of Winterich. He's a writer, as Clifton Fadiman used to snarl with shuddering distaste. My own opinion is that, aside from young Winterich's apparent lack of Real Business Imagination, he was unable to keep his mind away from secondary matters. He has, uniquely, dedicated his book "To the Providence Gas Company." But why? As a tribute to utilities? To a corporation? Or even just because for three long years the Providence Gas Co. paid John T. Winterich for his adventures reading their gas meters—adventures which he is even yet again capitalizing upon? Not a bit of it. Winterich puts it right out in plain print: "For if it had not been for the Providence Gas Company, I could not have had a college education."

There, again, we have it. Winterich wanted an education. He never, I am afraid, really wanted to Get On.

So his book is a romance, straying idly over reminiscences of jobs and people and times that will serve as no model for any Algerish hero. It ranges from marriage to murder. The marriage is that of August the meat-cutter—to a lady in Lyons, N. Y., rather than to his intended in Ilion, N. Y.; but August, starting out from Providence, never could remember not to pronounce it "eye-lion." The murder is of Fred Bishop, trolley motorman, by Peleg Champlin, trolley inspector; the cause, Mrs. Bishop's affections.

Winterich knew the principals during the summer he worked as a trolley conductor. Of that job, which he held just after graduating from Brown University, he writes with fondest nostalgia. Collecting fares, evicting drunks, striding the running-boards of open cars were, he persuades us, occupations that stamp the year 1912 in red and gold. I will not say he makes the lore of the trolley comparable to Mark Twain's exposition of steamboating, but he is remindful, and that is saying a great deal.

Indeed, as you read "Another Day,

Another Dollar"—how Tim the cop rescued a wig in Providence harbor, how Ben Green the haberdasher peopled his little shop with imaginary employees who were really all a boy named Winterich, how altogether a boy and his employments and his city emerge gracefully and touchingly from thirty and forty years ago—you may wish to reconsider, as I find myself doing, whether Mr. Winterich's defection from business to writing wasn't for the best, after all.

Winfield Scott, author of a number of books of verse, is the literary editor of *The Providence Journal*.

Rare Jewels

COLLECTED LYRICAL POEMS. By Vivian Locke Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 136 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

PEOPLE whose taste in poetry is subject to flights of fashion will not care for the "Collected Lyrical Poems" of Vivian Locke Ellis. They have nothing to offer except the craftsmanship of a master, a true voice, and the singularity of ear that combines the sound and sense in a simple line so that something occurs within the compass of the language not known before. Mr. Walter de la Mare in his introduction has said everything that need be said for this book, and I can do no more than second his approval and claim my own preferences. If I must make a choice then, I shall name "The Ventures" (the title poem of an earlier volume) and "The Traveler of Styx,"

"Farewell." The angel gazing from the Hill
Down the grey waste and interval of worlds,
Saw him descend, the steadfast Wraith of Man.

For simple beauty and the directness that is essential to lyric poetry, I can think of no more splendid examples than "When Sets the Sun,"

Then the little grass lamp glows,
And the blackest snails untwine;
And the cautious hedge hog goes
Under the light-uddered kine.

Or Mr. de la Mare's favorite, "Go, Nor Acquaint the Rose," or the mysterious "In What Strange Land," and "What Thoughts That Memory Yields,"

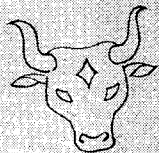
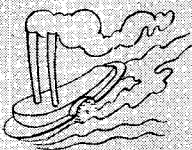
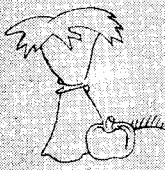
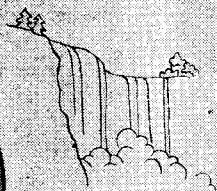
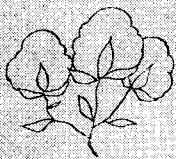
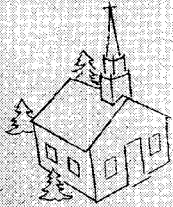
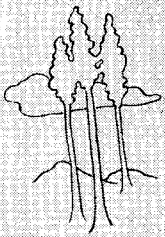
A powerful shepherd-wind striding round the Horn all smocked with cloud.

These poems are lodged in conventional forms but they are rare jewels in old settings, shining forth in all their strangeness and depth.

The Saturday Review

A report on the

Look at America series



The Look-at-America Series by the editors of LOOK has received wide press acclaim as the reviews below indicate. Already published in the Look series are: Look at America, The Southwest, and New England.

To be published this year are: The Central Northwest, The South and The Midwest.

In preparation are: The Far West, The Central Northeast, and New York City.

"... a gorgeous picture-book ... literally hundreds of photographs sensitively selected to give us sense of North, East, South and West, Southwest and Middle West in this 'country you know — and don't know.' I don't think the whole of this continental republic has ever been better expressed pictorially in a single book."
New York Herald Tribune

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Chicago Tribune

"When completed, 'Look at America' will be the next best thing to an exhaustive tour of the whole country. And, after such a tour, it will be a grand memory book."
New York World-Telegram

"Fascinating as the book is for an armchair traveler, for the actual tourist it is invaluable. There are a number of small-scale maps indicating distances, main highways and important places."
Philadelphia Inquirer

"... a treasure-house of pictures (color and black and white photographs) and condensed text and captions ... these volumes in the 'Look at America' series succeed in high lighting the regions they cover and doing this with surprising success."
San Francisco Chronicle

Los Angeles Daily News

"... an invaluable handbook ..."

"... a gift beyond price, for its record of America is of unlimited value."
Boston Herald

BY THE EDITORS OF LOOK

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At all bookstores \$5.00 each, Look at America \$12.50

