

FRANCIS OUIMET, the Brookline caddy of 1913 who beat England's great Vardon and Ray for the U. S. open championship, and made golf a major sport in America virtually overnight, is now an imposing figure in his community, and an author to boot. Blue Ribbon has published his "New Illustrated Rules of Golf." Duffers who are not above kicking their ball out of a hole in the rough (when their opponent is on the other side of the fairway) or forgetting to count that third shot in the trap off the green, need not worry too much over Mr. Ouimet's reminders. Take the rule, for instance covering a shot that smacks a tree, and then hits the player on the rebound. In match play, he loses the hole. In medal play, he is charged with two additional strokes. What fiend got a rule like that onto the books?

A couple of years ago Harold Williams, the modish vice president, divot digger, and crab grass grower of the American News Company, was locked in combat with a book publisher on the links. All even on the seventeenth fairway, the publisher uncorked a thirty-two-yard brassie shot that carressed an oak tree gently on the fly, and bounced right back into his hands. He dropped the ball carefully into a good lie, and said to Williams, "Of course, you won't make me take a penalty for this?" "Okay," agreed Williams reluctantly, "but after your next shot, see that you put your hands in your pockets." . . .

I NEVER WILL FORGET the day I sold Harold Williams James Joyce's "Ulysses." The famous decision of Judge Woolsey finally had made its publication legal in the United States, and Random House, embarked on a general trade book program for less than a year, saw visions of its initial resounding best seller. I entered the sumptuous office of Childe Harold with a dummy under my arm, and hope high in my heart. "At last," I exclaimed, "we have a book on which the American News can go to town! The sale of 'Ulysses' will even bring a smile to the lips of Mr. Combie in your Boston branch."

Harold chewed thoughtfully on a plug of Piper Heidsieck, and said, "I'm not so sure. I don't think it's our kind of book. Let's say two hundred and fifty for a starter."

My reaction was violent. "You must be crazy, Harold," I blurted, and, whipping off my coat, settled down to

do some tall persuading. Williams grinned, and admonished, "No need getting yourself worked up on a hot day like this. Say we raise the order to five hundred."

Again I protested, and again Williams let himself be persuaded. This time he went to a thousand. Ten minutes later he had reached twenty-five hundred. Finally, when I practically had lost my voice, he relented completely, "Benvenuto," he announced (that has been his name for me since the day I first met him in his Barclay Street stockroom, up to his neck in copies of Gene Stratton Porter's "The White Flag")—"Benvenuto, for your sake, we will take a huge gamble. Make it five thousand copies." (Bear in mind that this order was for the main office and all the branches of the American News Company.)

I mopped my brow, and relaxed with satisfaction. "What a salesman you are," I told myself. "You certainly swept this human iceberg off his pins." Williams thereupon opened his desk drawer, and handed me an order for "Ulysses" that had been made out an hour before I entered his office. It was for five thousand copies.

"That's a mighty big order," Harold reminded me. "I thought I'd let you work for it." . . .

THE INIMITABLE ADAM BURGER of Harper once called on a crotchety

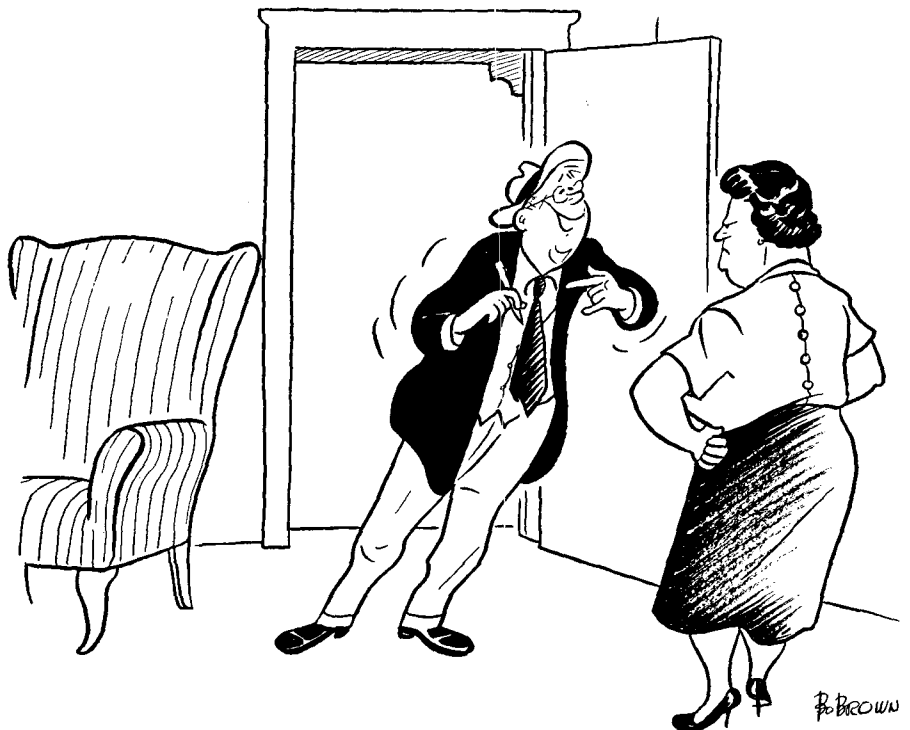
buyer in the Middlewest who never ordered more than two copies of a new book, but felt duty bound to criticize every volume offered for his inspection for at least ten minutes before going on with the list. His office was in the rear of the store, and Adam noticed that the window next to his desk was open. He stationed a confederate outside, and then went in to show the buyer his fall line.

The buyer was in mid-season form. As he leafed through each book, he would grumble, "I should say not!" or, "Junk—unadulterated junk," or, "You insult my intelligence even by asking me to look at stuff like this." Every time he turned down a book, Burger picked it up and nonchalantly tossed it out of the window. The buyer finally registered surprise. "Aren't those your samples?" he asked. "Why are you throwing them away?"

"My friend," Burger assured him gravely, "any book you don't want to buy, Harper doesn't want to publish." . . .

BETSEY BARTON, AUTHOR of "The Long Walk" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), and Thomas Sugrue, author of "Stranger in the Earth" (Holt), share an outstanding characteristic with the late F.D.R.: physical disability, far from blighting their careers, served only to strengthen their resolves and sharpen their perceptions. It is a pleasure to report that both of their books are solid successes. . . . Tom Sugrue has sent me the following letter:

A writer lives on the richest food in the world, creative imagination. What would you say is his average income, counting the years of strug-



"What d'ya know . . . it writes under beer, too!"



gle, the periods he lives on his friends, the decade during which his wife goes back to her job "to help out," the long stretches when he exists from one advance on royalties to another, and the declining years when he has lost his stuff but is able to ramble around doing lectures and selling an occasional piece to the magazines?

Well, anyhow, while reading the blurb on the dust jacket of "Stranger in the Earth" I discovered that I am supposed to be "a practical man of letters." That bothered me, since the only security I have ever known is the certainty that I shall burn with a blue flame in hell (those consumed by a blue flame in hell are guilty of unorthodox thinking). So I decided to do something about it. A few days ago a young man brought some copies of "Stranger in the Earth" to me and asked for my autograph. While I was signing them he went to a table and picked up a set of unbound sheets of the book, which I was about to throw away. "Do you know where I might get one of these early copies?" the young man said. "I would pay anything for it. I am a collector of first editions and this is to me very valuable." I decided to give it to him, but said nothing at the moment, being concerned with scribbling my name in the finished copies he had brought.

When I was finished I inquired politely as to the origin of his passion for first editions. He explained that it was a natural thirst, and that it was in no way connected with his business, which was haberdashery. I then told him I needed clothes for the summer, which I shall spend at Clearwater Beach, Florida. He said he had them, and, keeping a firm grip on the fact that I am "a practical man of letters," I made a deal. For the unbound sheets, a set of galleys, and a set of sheets of Rabbi Solomon Goldman's "The Book of Books," plus a first edition of Toynbee's "A Study of History," I received a summer wardrobe.

I now consider myself to be truly a practical man of letters, and I am not going to tell you the young collector's name, because I do not want him to be bothered by every writer

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On the publication day of "Where I Was Born and Raised," Greenville, Mississippi, where Mr. Cohn was born and raised, celebrated with a DAVID L. COHN DAY, formally proclaimed by the mayor. On the evening of that day, Mr. Cohn made a speech which has been printed by the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was introduced by Pulitzer Prize Winner Hodding Carter who said: "David Cohn is the only writer I know who can make sociology read like an adventure novel."

The press has borne out Greenville's pride in her native son.

Harnett T. Kane said in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "... a rich volume, first to last, sometimes stirring, sometimes warming, a combination of yarn-telling, sharp description and philosophy. It has flavor—the hot languid evenings of the teeming alluvial land, the seething emotions of floodtime, the lazy words of white man and Negro discussing everything from corn to sin."

Herschel Brickell said in *The Saturday Review of Literature*: "To achieve his picture and to make it come close to the truth, Mr. Cohn gives us the essence of people, not statistics. He presents race relations in all their infinity of shadings and contradictions, and does not tell the biggest lie of all by trying to pretend that they can be simplified."

AND TIME SAYS, "THIS BOOK IS LIKE AN EVENING OF MELLOW TALK OVER BOURBON AND WATER."



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and editor in town. But the next time you send me a set of sheets, think not only of the pleasure I will derive from reading the book, but the bow-tie or pocket handkerchief it will may bring in what at present is the only active book market in town....

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE goes far to explain why Jack Kapp, of Decca Records, is top man in his industry.

Kapp and his wife Frieda were at home one evening watching on their television set the Madison Square Garden rally that celebrated the birth of Israel. Before dispersing, the audience rose and spontaneously sang "Hatikvoh," which has been adopted as the national anthem of Israel. It is a stirring song and the singers poured their hearts into it.

Kapp, deeply moved, rushed to the telephone and contacted Al Jolson. "You must record 'Hatikvoh' immediately," he cried. Jolson protested that he couldn't speak Hebrew, but a little thing like that didn't deter Kapp. Within forty-eight hours, Jolson had been persuaded to learn the words by rote, an arrangement was made, a chorus trained—and a recording made in the Decca studios. Jolson remained lukewarm until he heard the actual record. Then he burst into tears. Furthermore, he produced a copy of a song called "Israel"—an old familiar Jewish folk song with a new set of lyrics. The song was recorded for the reverse side of the "Hatikvoh" platter.

In the following five days, forty thousand copies of this record were sold—and that is only a beginning. Jolson himself is its best salesman. He is making personal appearances on one disc-jockey program after another, without recompense, to spread its fame. An attraction like Jolson—for free—is a disc-jockey's dream of heaven.

To a journalist returned from Palestine, I remarked, "Maybe it's songs like this that have inspired the Jews to put up such a terrific fight in the field. Certainly they haven't got enough ammunition." "What do you mean, they haven't got enough ammunition," he answered. "They're buying all they want from the Arabs. Abdullah's been on the Jewish payroll for years!" I was brought up on "Alice in Wonderland," but this was too much for me. BENNETT CERF.



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MAN FOR HIMSELF, by **DR. ERICH FROMM**, is a brilliant book for everyone who takes himself seriously. If man is to solve his present moral confusion, he must know himself and be for himself.

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LEWIS MUMFORD



—Helen Post.

Lewis Mumford other societies, so that we may dwell more fully on what is peculiar to our own special situation.

In all organisms, upbuilding processes and breaking down processes are constantly taking place; and what is true of life in general, is likewise true of man's moral life. There has never been a period when certain symptoms of moral breakdown could not be detected; for even a stable and apparently integrated system of morality may, by its very stability, fail to meet the problems and pressures of a developing society; and out of its rigidity may contribute to its moral decay. You will easily recognize this as a peril that has overtaken one great religious movement after another.

What matters for the health of society is which set of processes is dominant, whether those making for integration, for development, for emergence onto a higher plane, or those making for disintegration and degeneration. Certain aspects of social behavior which were exhibited mainly by a small aristocratic class in the eighteenth century, such as the atomism of the family and a general looseness and irresponsibility in marital relations have now spread over much wider areas. Yet, though the devaluation of domesticity has had profound effects upon our social order, it seems to me that this fact and many others like it are mere by-products of a far more deep-seated disorder that has manifested itself in many other departments. It is to the

nature of the underlying phenomena of disintegration that I would direct your attention.

The moral breakdown in our civilization has manifested itself in at least three ways. Philosophically, this breakdown discloses itself in a cult of nihilism, a cult which denies the fundamental discriminations between good and bad, between higher and lower, which are the very bases of human development. Politically, the moral breakdown has brought with it the debasement of justice and the disregard of law, since if law is mainly an assertion of the interests of the powerful and the state itself a mere engine of violence to serve the ruling class, if those who govern are not bound by law and under continuous moral judgment of their fellows, then physical force must displace moral authority. The notion that justice is but the mask of power was formulated by Thrasymachus, in Plato's "Republic," just before another period of social disintegration; and that same notion has now spread from dynamic leaders like Lenin and Hitler to many remote corners of our society. As a consequence, terrorism, torture, and

arbitrary compulsion have been elevated, in many states, into normal methods of political government.

The cult of nihilism has thus issued into a cult of violence; and we should deceive ourselves if we clung to the belief that these results have appeared solely in totalitarian countries.

FORCE, which should be the last resort of law, employed only when reason and moral authority have ceased to operate, now shows its hand at a much earlier state: wartime habits have thus been carried over almost automatically into our peacetime activities, so that people who have reached maturity after 1914 have no direct experience of the free practices of men and nations as they existed at that time, when the mere pressure of public opinion, openly expressed in the press of the world, could compel a strong government like that of Germany to make public amend for a single act of arbitrary violence committed against one of its own citizens. I refer to the once famous Zabern incident. This brings us to a third set of symptoms, which indicates the general breakdown: we are faced in many areas with the dissolution of long-established habits of communication, communion, and cooperation, the narrowing of intercourse to people of the same isolated nation, race, or class: not merely the wiping out of previously achieved understandings and collaborations, but the raising of positive barriers of an almost impenetrable character, barriers which operate against the interchange of opinions and the free flow of ideas, to say nothing of more commonplace traffic.

During the century before 1914 our planet had become, to a degree that had never been reached before, a single unit; indeed a world community, beyond the limits of all previous tribalisms, nationalisms, and imperialisms, was shaping itself. Up to this time, men of all sorts and con-

