

FOR A GRAPHIC illustration of the devastation that was accomplished by "rugged individualists" in the days when they had neither governmental regulations nor mobilized public opinion to stay their hands, I recommend a tour through the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. In their efforts to mine coal at the lowest possible cost and get it off to market ahead of the competition, operators not only turned beautiful hillsides and valleys into perfect settings for Dante's Inferno, but by dumping coal dust and filthy water from the breakers indiscriminately in brooklets and streams, polluted them so completely that there are practically no fish alive today in the entire state. The waters of the lovely Schuylkill, for instance, are contaminated all the way down to Chesapeake Bay and will continue to be for the next decade at least, despite belated legislation by aroused civic authorities.

Anthracite is "hard" coal, containing the highest percentage of fixed carbon and, because it is smokeless, was considered the most desirable fuel until oil and natural gas challenged

its supremacy. Oldsters will remember, for instance, the Lackawanna Railroad's boast that because its engines burned this superior coal, "Now Phoebe Snow direct can go from Thirty-third to Buffalo; her gown stays white from morn to night upon the Road of Anthracite."

Practically all the anthracite sold for commercial use in the United States is mined in a parallelogram of 500 square miles, bound roughly by Scranton on the North, Pottsville on the south, Mauch Chunk on the east, and Sunbury on the west. The field was discovered before the Revolution and when demand was at its peak produced almost a hundred million net tons annually. Only the pioneering lumbermen who destroyed forests with no thought of conservation or reseeding did more to ravage the countryside and squander our natural resources than the owners of the anthracite mines. The soil was ripped open, rocks dumped into shapeless piles, and the coal dust allowed to form huge and hideous culm banks. Nothing ever will grow there again. The miners were so overworked and

underpaid that it is scarce wonder their progeny look upon John L. Lewis today as a hero and deliverer. Anybody who thinks Lewis has lost his hold on the mine workers will suffer a rude awakening by talking to a few of them in person.

Neither Lewis nor the mine operators can dodge the fact that theirs appears to be a doomed industry, condemned by rising costs, recurrent strikes, and constantly multiplying sources of competing fuels. Citizens of the area, with the specter of the ghost towns of the West to goad them on, are striving desperately to avoid a similar fate by luring new industries to take up the slack. Already there are scores of shirt and silk factories, attracted by the modest labor demands of the miners' women folk. Hazleton has persuaded an automobile accessory maker to erect a local plant employing fifteen hundred workers. Its opening set off the most spontaneous celebration in those parts since John O'Hara, born in Pottsville, received his first advance on "Appointment in Samarra." Pottsville itself pins its hopes on a branch factory of the Aluminum Corporation of America, located on the site of the old fair grounds.

On the whole, however, the people of the anthracite zone are apprehensive and gloomy. The young folks are moving away. Salesmen rush through their rounds and hurry on to Harrisburg or Philadelphia. Readers of this column know how much I usually enjoy exploring towns and districts hitherto unfamiliar to me. This was one region I couldn't get away from fast enough, despite the courtesy and kindness of my hosts and audience in Hazleton. Karl Goedecke drove me fifty miles through a dense fog to my train connection in Scranton, and even Hoboken at 5:30 looked mighty good to me when I stumbled onto the platform the next morning. . . .

AKRON WAS SOMETHING else again! The mushrooming rubber industry has turned it from a sleepy Ohio town into a bustling metropolis. Its sons and daughters face the future with justifiable bounce and confidence. A typical specimen is pulchritudinous Naomi Bender, who in one brief spell as literary editor of the *Beacon Journal* caused six New York publishers to throw themselves at her feet, and *B-J* owner John Knight to buy the *Chicago News* so he could get out of town. When Naomi demanded a review copy of a new book terrified publicity slaves sent six. A rash policeman who tried to pinch her for a traffic violation in 1940 is still nursing his wounds. . . . Other glowing advertisements for the Akron climate



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are Novelist Ione Shriber and the Junior League's Katie Barbee, cocky as they come under ordinary circumstances, but so bemused by the charms of the speaker who preceded me that she introduced me as Bennett Mason Brown. . . . A wonderful thing about Akron is that it is only thirty-five miles south of Cleveland, enabling a visitor to travel via New York Central and taxi over to the swanky Mayflower Hotel. Unfortunately, I did not learn this in time. In a moment of unpardonable carelessness, I let my agent book me on the Pennsylvania, so, of course, arrived two hours late. . . .

EVEN KATIE BARBEE would have felt that full justice had been done to her hero, John Mason Brown, when New York's Town Hall tendered him a gala luncheon on the occasion of his fiftieth—yes, fiftieth—lecture at that institution. Not only the usual throng of adoring females, but a liberal sprinkling of fellow critics, authors, and producers elbowed their way into the jammed hall, and when they were called upon to say a few words their good-natured jibes reflected obvious affection—and sheer envy. Alfred de Liagre wondered how the lad referred to lovingly in his youth as "Kentucky Mushroom" had been transformed suddenly into the most successful lecturer of the day. "The probable explanation," he concluded, "is that John makes the women of America think of all the things they haven't done with all the gentlemen they haven't met." Dick Watts suggested that one way to cure mass hysteria would be for John's lovely wife, Cassie, to accompany him on all lecture tours, reminding other ladies by her mere presence that for anybody else, as far as John was concerned, there definitely would be no tomorrow, and not even much tonight. Bob Sherwood told how his attempted lecture tour began and ended in St. Louis. A local critic observed, "Mr. Sherwood looks like an undertaker—and is just about as funny." Sherwood agreed heartily and sent his manager a two-word telegram: "Tour canceled." Louis Kronenberger, booked to replace Brown one season when the latter decided to visit England and France, never got started at all. He listened despairingly to one of John's more inspired performances, decided that angry ladies probably would lynch him if he tried to understudy, and sailed on John's boat.

When my turn came I told of the evening my wife and I took Danny Kaye to a party at the Browns' house. Everybody had a wonderful time until John remarked, "I've always thought you were one of the great comedians of our time." Danny, who

like most authors and actors, can remember verbatim important notices—particularly unfavorable ones—for twenty years, sobered instantly and replied, "Then why did you brush me off when you reviewed 'Lady in the Dark' on January 24, 1941?" John said, "You're wrong. I raved over your performance." "No, sir," insisted Kaye. "You raved about Gertrude Lawrence and Moss Hart's book, but not about me." "It just so happens I've got my scrap book handy," said John with some asperity. "We'll look up exactly what I did say."

Feverishly the two gentlemen fingered through the Brown archive and found the review of "Lady in the Dark." John's piece was an unqualified endorsement, but not until the very last line was Kaye's name mentioned. The last line read, "Others in the cast were Victor Mature and Danny Kaye." "Well?" said Kaye. For probably the first time in his life John Mason Brown was speechless.

Incidentally, Norman Cousins emceed the Town Hall luncheon expertly and there was a definite SRL tinge to the proceedings. But this was one time when everybody in the room but John Brown was just "others in the cast." The warmth, gaiety, and radiant good will of the occasion were a reflection of qualities possessed by the guest of honor. —BENNETT CERF.

Shadows of Words

By Katharine Day Little

IT IS not for your small distinguished head
or for the swift awareness of your speech
that turns to caviare lowly daily bread
of idiom; no, not for these, though each
is rich with meaning for me, that I care
for you my friend—if so we choose to call
the untied tie that links us—nor that air
of yours that wears the grace of spring in fall.

It's not by these that you have thrust those deep
earth-roots down through the fibers of my heart
and colored casual moments so they keep
eternal charm; for others have their part
in painted hours. It's that your eyes are gray
with shadows of the words you'll never say.

New book hailed as ammunition for defense of the American Way in education

—REFUTES NEW "INTERPRETATION" BY INTERESTS SEEKING PUBLIC FUNDS FOR PAROCHIAL EDUCATION

THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN RELIGION AND EDUCATION. By R. Freeman Butts. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers. \$3.

Sharpening the issues involved in today's controversy over the proper interpretation of the religious clause of the First Amendment, Professor R. Freeman Butts of Columbia writes that



the American people may make any policy they wish about public tax funds being used for private and parochial schools. However, he warns, "We should know what we are doing. . . . We court disaster if we ignore the living traditions of our people." His book, *The American Tradition in Religion and Education* was published this week by The Beacon Press of Boston.

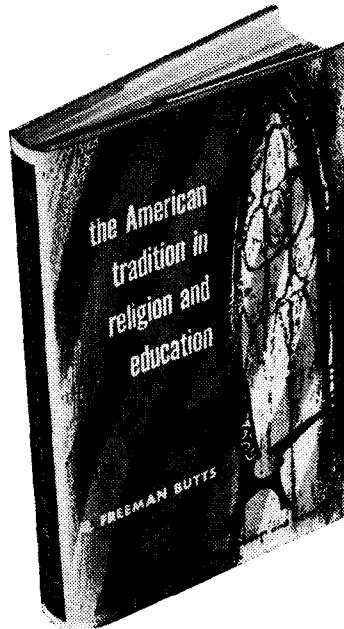
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Seen in its new light, the issue is as simple as this: What is the practical meaning of the religious clause of the First Amendment? The Roman Catholic bishops and some writers hold that the practical meaning is that all religions should share equal and just financial support from public funds. This, they state, is the proper interpretation of the intentions of Madison, Jefferson, and the founders—an interpretation, they say, which the American people underwrote when they ratified the Constitution.

* * *

In clear-cut opposition are the Justices of the Supreme Court in the *McCollum* case and Justice Rutledge in

the *Everson* case; together with many American scholars who have made this subject a special study. For example,



Conrad Moehlman, author of *The Catholic-Protestant Mind, School-Church: The American Way*, and other works, says: "Professor Butts has convincingly demonstrated that recently advanced arguments for a new interpretation of the religious clause of the First Amendment have no foundation in either history, law or logic." Commenting on the same subject, William H. Kilpatrick, author of *Group Educa-*

tion for a Democracy and many other nationally famous volumes, says: "Some other writers have refused to see or admit the full argument and its consistent logic. Dr. Butts, by contrast, looks all the pertinent facts squarely in the face and brings out in a most satisfying manner what Jefferson and Madison meant and how our courts have with fair consistency followed their logic. In my judgment this is the best book we have on the subject."

Today America is torn by this historic controversy over the proper use of public tax money for public, private and parochial schools. Paul Blanshard, author of *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, has predicted that this "will be the battleground of democracy in the next ten years." Recently *The New York Times* commented editorially: "The issue of federal aid to education is bogged down in Washington. . . . The Senate-approved Thomas bill . . . has become enmeshed in a religious controversy. . . . To this newspaper it has always seemed that the sound and historic doctrine of separation of church and state—one of the basic principles on which this Republic is founded—must forbid the use of public funds for the support of non-public schools. . . ."

What America needs, says Professor Butts, is a careful examination of our traditions. He proceeds to present this examination in a way which has aroused the enthusiasm of historians and educators who have seen the manuscript. Says David Saville Muzzey (*History of the American People*, etc.): "It is a clear and convincing presentation of the vexed questions with which we have to deal and it ought to have the widest possible circulation."

Readers sharpening wits with 'modern Socrates'

REFLECTIONS OF A WONDERING JEW. By Morris Raphael Cohen. Trade edition: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers, \$2.50.

First readers of the new book of essays by the late Morris Raphael Cohen are finding themselves sharpening their wits with a thinker who was described by *Time* as "a modern Socrates."

Just a year after publication of Morris Cohen's autobiography, *A Dreamer's Journey*, the Beacon Press and the Free Press are issuing *Reflections of a Wondering Jew*. In this new book, Cohen deals with important problems facing his people in today's world. Part 1 deals with "Jews in



America"; Part 2, "Jews and the Past"; and Part 3 presents the eminent scholar's penetrating comments on a dozen books by and about Jews, from Freud to Spinoza.

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- ☐ **ALBERT SCHWEITZER: LIFE AND MESSAGE.** By Magnus Ratter. Honoring the 75th year of the philosopher-theologian-humanitarian-physician. \$2.75.

Sorokin's 'Russian Diary' bares Bolshevik secrets

LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY—and Thirty Years After. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers, \$3.50.

As authoritarian systems of various kinds press in upon the American citizen, this study of naked Bolshevik power is winning wide attention. Its author is the most widely-translated sociologist in the world, and the founder of the Sociology Department at Harvard.

Says *The Washington Post*: "Sorokin's barely outlined concept of the 'breakdown of the 'sensate' west . . . is reminiscent of Toynbee but deeper and more radical in implication than that historian's theories."





BY ANNA PERROTT ROSE

The Rose family grew because its summer guests refused to leave. Each time a new child bellowed that he wanted to stay forever, Mrs. Rose asked all the others — her own and her foster children — for the verdict. And they always said, "Let him stay — we can handle him!"

For Mr. Rose it meant patient hours of teaching and discipline; for their own children, sharing of parents, fun and love; and for Mrs. Rose, lectures and stories, to buy the extra groceries.

But a home is as elastic as the hearts it holds. The Roses found theirs would always stretch to make room for one more. And so Jane, and Joey, and Jimmy John, sulky, unloved foster children of the state, joined the family.

One child of divorced parents had tried to commit suicide; one boy was crippled by polio; another stunted by starvation, but a sailboat and a bicycle and a roof-dwelling rabbit were part of alchemy that brought the real life happy ending to this story of an expanding family.

One part robust common sense, one part unshakeable sense of humor, and the greatest part an abiding love and trust in children, this is a book after America's own heart.

Room for One More

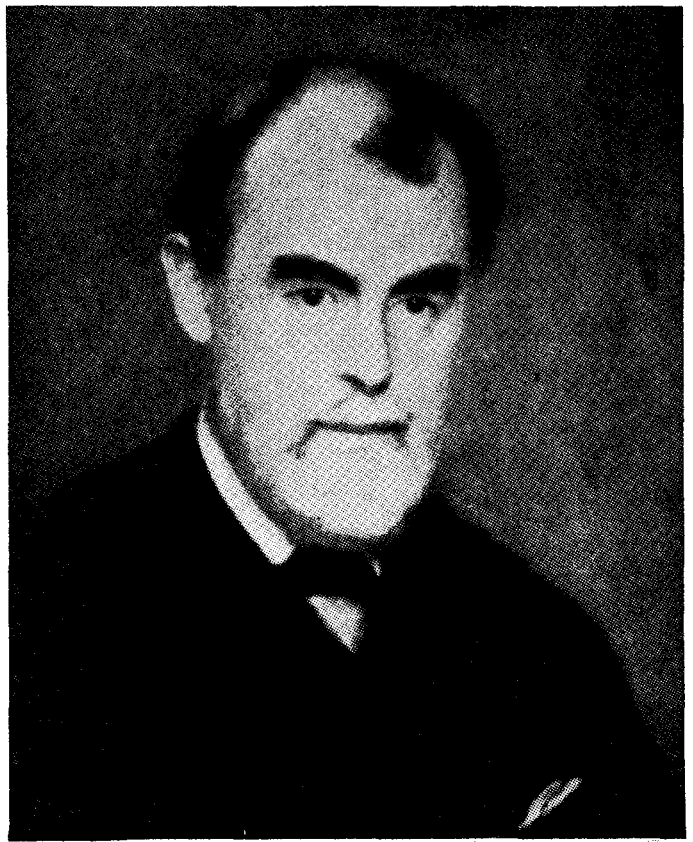
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Butler When I Was a Nobody

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



—From the painting by Gogin in the National Portrait Gallery.

Samuel Butler—"a great man as great men go."

AT THE beginning of my career, when I was a nobody reviewing books for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, now long extinct, I received a book entitled "Luck or Cunning" and on reviewing it at some length was infuriated when some fool of a sub-editor treated the book and its author as of no importance and cut a great chunk out of it. I learned later on that this truncated article of mine seemed almost epoch-making to the author, an old bachelor named Butler living in Clifford's Inn, who, though having won a certain celebrity by a queer Utopia entitled "Erewhon" (Nowhere backwards) was carrying on a metabiological crusade against Darwinism, which was being ignored by the press and the biologists of that day to such an extent that he had to publish his polemics at his own expense, always at a loss, which made marriage an economic impossibility for him.

As I was then under the same disability myself (I was over forty before I could afford to marry) and completely boycotted as a playwright, I was myself a compulsory bachelor and controversialist *contra mundum*. Moreover, as I was one of the select few who had read "Erewhon" and swore by it, I was to that extent in Butler's camp.

Exactly when and how I made his acquaintance I do not remember. He was twenty-one years my senior, and I was married before we met. Among

his many oddities, he was a strict monogamist yet by no means a celibate, for he remained faithful to the French lady whom he visited once a fortnight and was wholly innocent of polygamy.

He had never had any literary ambition, though he was a born writer; and this was my own case, for in my boyhood I aspired to be, not a Shakespeare, but successively a pirate, an operatic baritone, and above all a Michelangelo. Butler, too, tried for years to be a painter, just as his fellow student in Heatherly's Art School, Forbes Robertson, aspired to be a Titian or a Velasquez, never to be an actor. To this day I have to impress on would-be authors that the strongest taste for high art does not imply any talent for its practice and that for a born genius it is as tasteless as water is because it is always in our mouths.

When Butler at last gave up the hope that he could ever be anything more in pictorial art than a mediocre painter aiming at correctness of representation instead of self-expression, he took to composing music in the style of Handel, collaborating with his friend and biographer Festing Jones, a musical barrister of genuine talent, who told me that Butler never could manage any tempo more elaborate than two or three crotchets in a bar and that Beethoven was quite beyond him. So this also was a failure, and Butler, though his simple

imitations of Handel might also pass as uninspired originals, had to become Festing's librettist and supply him with some screamingly funny oratorio texts.

He hated his father, Canon Butler, who had "beaten Latin grammar into him line by line," but dared not quarrel with him lest he should be disinherited. He despised his mother because she wheedled confessions from him and then betrayed him to his father and got him another whipping. He set no store by his sisters because they stood by their father and did not consider that Sam got more than he deserved. Canon Butler was a genial old gaffer out of doors but at home was tyrant, judge, jury, and executioner all in one. A hydrogen bomb could not have blasted his reputation more devastatingly after his death than his dutiful son did with his novel called "The Way of All Flesh." Yet Sam was himself a chip off the old block in controversy. He probably never heard of the priceless precept of Robert Owen, "Never argue: repeat your assertion." Sam certainly repeated his assertions, but he argued endlessly and always treated his opponents as moral delinquents as well as damned fools.

Now all these traits do not suggest a Great Man nor even an agreeable one, much less the likable and considerate friend my wife and I always found him. Yet Sam was a great man as great men go. Mr. G. D. H. Cole