

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Philadelphia, the John C. Winston Company, engaged in a revision of "Walsh's Quotations," asked Bernard Shaw to select his most noteworthy contribution to philosophy. Shaw chose "If you begin by sacrificing yourself to those you love, you will end by hating those to whom you have sacrificed yourself. Self-sacrifice is suicide."

• • In New York, a Peabody Radio Award went to Martin Stone's excellent "Author Meets the Critic" program, fitting recognition for years of honest effort. This program sells books—especially when the participants really let their hair down and don't pull punches.

• • In the Belgian Congo, a brave American woman set up a dispensary to treat stricken Bantus, Housas, pygmies, and other natives of the region, became their almost legendary heroine. Now a novel she has based on her experiences, "White Witch Doctor," will be published by the Westminster Press and distributed by the Literary Guild as its August selection.

• • In Chicago, writes Hazel Duncan, Harry Shaw of Harper's addressed the National Association of Book Women and started off by telling them about the time he gave his all in a talk to a New England literary circle. He felt rather pleased with himself as the lecture progressed and felt that he had the audience in the palm of his hand. When he concluded an old woman rushed up to him. Shaw beamed in anticipation of the usual complimentary palaver but what she said was, "I didn't like what you said and I certainly didn't like the way you said it." The mortified chairwoman, seeking to reassure him, whispered, "Don't pay any attention to that old crackpot, Mr. Shaw. She just runs around repeating what she hears everyone around her saying." . . . At another meeting of the NABW, Randy Williams, general manager of Macmillan, declared that selling books "required the power of suggestion rather than a ton of equipment." As an example, he told how Macmillan had sold 200,000 copies of "The Secretary's Handbook." "There was no such thing as a list of private secretaries," said Williams, "so we acquired the next best thing: a list of important men

who certainly had one secretary and probably more. To each of these gentlemen we addressed a letter with the slogan 'Don't Fire Your Secretary!' emblazoned on the envelope. Of course, nine out of ten secretaries tore open the letters themselves to see what was inside. What they found was so glowing a tribute to 'The Secretary's Handbook' they insured themselves against being fired by ordering a copy immediately." An eager student drank in Mr. Williams's words and wrote in her notebook, "Always open the boss's mail."

• • In Boston, a dubious critic put down a beautiful authoress's new novel and wondered audibly, "Is our heroine's Craft Ebbing?"

• • In his publicity department's office, Stanley Rinehart picked up an advance copy of Jan Valtin's "Wintertime," observed, "Many scientists have produced rain in April, but only Rinehart can produce Wintertime in May." (They say it's a good book anyhow.)

• • In Paris, Meyer Levin, author of "The Old Bunch" and "Citizens," unable to come to terms with an American publisher for an unabridged edition of his new book, "In Search,"

obeyed an impulse shared by countless other authors under similar circumstances: he published the book himself under the colophon of "Authors' Press" (46 Quai Henri IV, \$3.50 a copy). Result: a passionate, compelling story of personal experiences, concentration camps, and the war in Palestine—that could have been improved by judicious editorial blue-penciling.

• • In St. Louis, a rather flushed maiden lady invaded the Doubleday Shop, cornered a clerk, and whispered, "I'd like a copy of Schlesinger's 'The Vital Centaur.'" Another customer asked for Giradoux's "The Madwoman of Chillicothe."

• • In New York, Corey Ford, whose article about the penalties of growing old was lifted from *Collier's* by everybody from an insurance broker in Hartford to an undertaker in Coto-paxi, was hoping to make a couple of bucks out of it himself via an attractive Doubleday dollar book called "How to Guess Your Age," with illustrations by Gluyas Williams.

• • In Hoboken, a Rutgers professor won this year's Irwin (the award for absent-mindedness) by forgetting his car was aboard a Forty-second Street ferry and trundling off aboard a suburban bus. Ten minutes later he frantically dashed back to find the crew towing his car off the ferry and owners of the vehicles stalled behind it airing their vocabularies. "Hey, that's my car," cried the professor. A policeman stared at him open-mouthed, tore up a report he was compiling, and called up to the



"There must be some mistake—the catalogue says this room is now occupied by Dr. Karl Shuppmann's class in the fundamentals of business law."

THEM WAS THE DAYS

By MARTHA FERGUSON McKEOWN

Who can forget Mont Hawthorne's heroic, hilarious gold-rush days as described in *The Trail Led North*, a book that reviewers called "rich," "salty," "fascinating," and "whacking good"? Now comes the saga of Mont's pioneering boyhood—sweeping from a Virginia plantation, to the Nebraska prairies, to the gold fields of the Black Hills, and on to the dazzling beauty of San Francisco. An even more wonderful combination of adventure, humor, American history and human interest than the first book! \$3.50



*More of the exciting saga
of Mont Hawthorne!*



EARLY MAN in the NEW WORLD

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

How old is Man in America? This unique book brings together, in delightful easy-to-read fashion, all the important information gathered by scientists through the years on man's dim past on this continent—how he lived, where he may have come from, what he ate, how he hunted. Lavishly illustrated. \$5.00



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By SEUMAS MacMANUS

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Robert Morris

By ELEANOR YOUNG

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By ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY

One of the most extraordinary stories of modern literature is to be found in the troubled later life of the author of *Unforgotten Years* and *Trivia*. Here a young disciple and protégé tells this little-known story, and draws a moving portrait of the great prose stylist, including many of his remarkable letters. \$3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



Bust by Suzanne Nicholas

"ONE of the great minds to come to maturity in our present century" (*Washington Star*), ALDOUS HUXLEY has been variously termed satirist, caricaturist, philosopher, moralist, iconoclast, rebel, prophet, critic, and latter-day mystic. His books—*Brave New World*, *The Perennial Philosopher*, *Grey Eminence*, *Point Counter Point*, among many others—testify to a brilliant achievement that no other living writer has surpassed.

MR. HUXLEY's latest work, *THEMES AND VARIATIONS*, is a volume of essays, all of which illumine the relationship between individual life and history. Here you will find a mixture of the practical with the purely aesthetic, the imaginative with the factual, and of art with life.

"AN exquisitely skillful, intelligent and delightful performance."

—STEPHEN SPENDER,

N.Y. Times Book Review

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HARPER & BROTHERS

TO THE WORLD!!

J. Quinn Thornton,

Having resorted to low, cowardly and dishonorable means, for the purpose of injuring my character and standing, and having refused honorable satisfaction, which I have demanded; I avail myself of this opportunity of publishing him to the world as a reclaimerless liar, an infamous scoundrel, a black hearted villain, an arrant coward, a worthless vagabond and an imported miscreant, a disgrace to the profession and a dishonor to his country

JAMES W. NESMITH.

OREGON CITY, JUNE, 7, 1947

In Eugene, Oregon, "a flock of orders."

pilot house, "Stop worrying, Captain. Here's the body."

• • In Eugene, Oregon, U. of O. Editor George Belknap garnered a flock of orders for McMurtrie's "Oregon Imprints 1847-1870" by circulating the above provocative display-card.

• • In Virginia City, Lucius Beebe, ex-cicerone of the *New York Herald Tribune*, has moved into the old home of John Piper, of Piper's Opera fame, and with co-owner and collaborator Chuck Clegg will begin work on a pictorial history of American railroading from 1830 to the present day. "Bathroom snobbery is rampant in Virginia City," reports Lucius. "Walter Van Tilburg Clark's has a fine view of Six Mile Canyon which ours has not. But we have the only *bidet* in Nevada."

• • In Hamilton, reports the *Bermudian*, a formidable lady spent an hour poring over the stock of the Bermuda Book Store. After rejecting countless suggestions, she finally decided, "Oh, well, I'll take this one." The clerk gave her a startled look and then said gently, "But, madam, this is the book you brought in with you."

• • In Baton Rouge, the Louisiana State Library—one of the country's best—celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday with a luncheon that paid special tribute to its own Essae M. Culver, first woman from a Southern library to be elected president of the A.L.A.

• • In Pleasantville, the *Reader's Digest*, cleaning out its files, discovered stencils for "Rand McHouse" and "Mr. N. O. Thanks."

• • In Greencastle, Indiana, a De Pauw co-ed asked Richard Llewellyn, "What is woman's place in journalism?" The author of "How Green Was My Valley" replied heartily, "On the editorial couch, my girl, on the editorial couch."

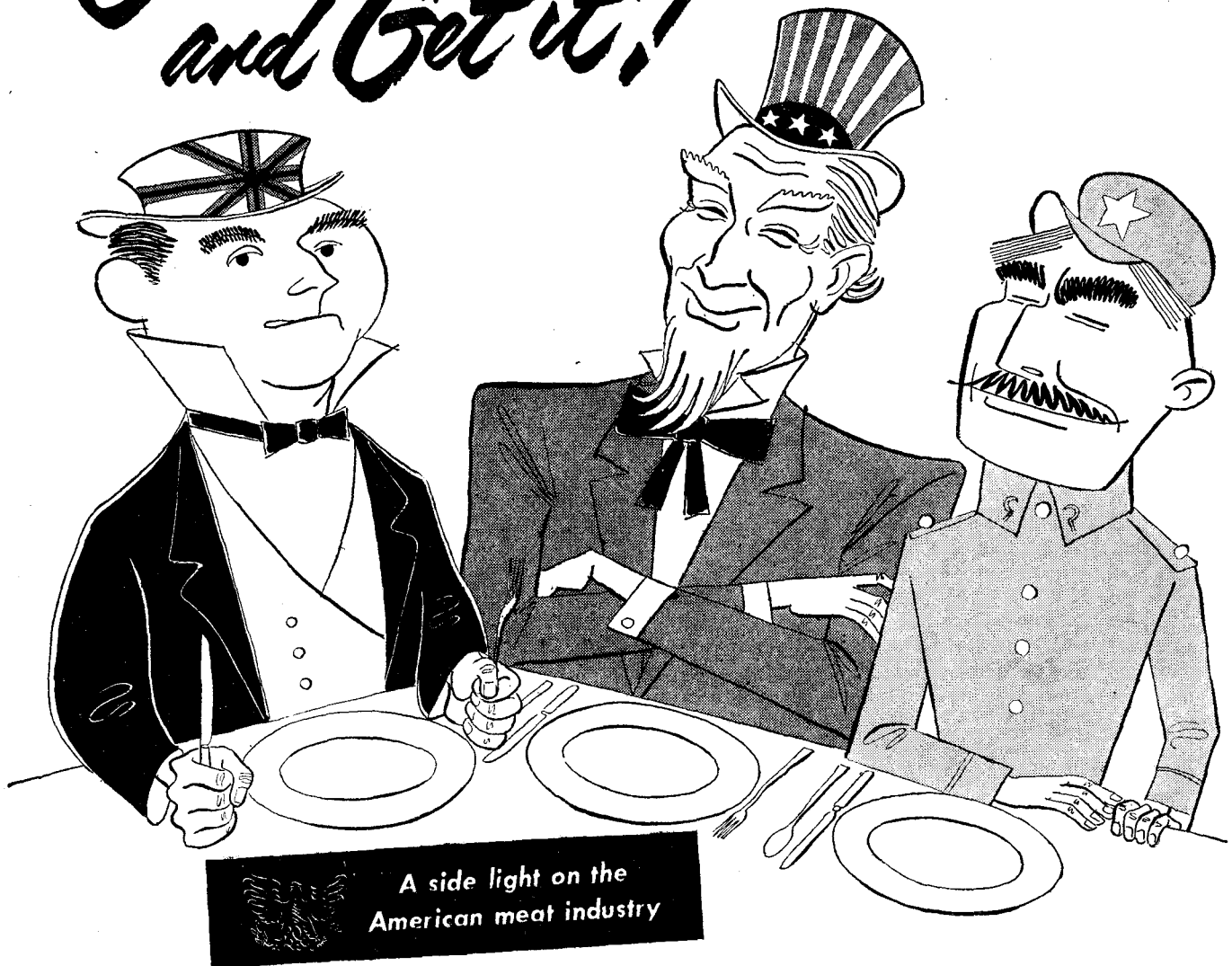
• • In Boston, the *Globe's* society page frequently chronicles the activities of the beautiful and brilliant Marchesa de Santillana but neglects to add that the Marchesa once edited the book section of the same newspaper. In those days, of course, the Marchesa was known as Dorothy Hillyer, and a good egg on every count.

• • In the Pump Room, the wife of a local VIP and Merle Miller engaged in the following illuminating conversation. "What do you do?" "I'm a writer." "How nice! What's your name?" "Merle Miller." "And what name do you write under?" "Fulton J. Sheen." "Really! I must ask my husband to bring home one of your little books." . . .

• • In San Francisco, Lieberman's tried something brand new to boom book trade. With every purchase totaling \$3.50 or more they gave one can of Norwegian sardines. Worked fine, too. And in Manchester, England, a publisher ran this classified ad: "Millionaire, young, handsome, wishes to meet, with an eye to marriage, a girl like the heroine in X's novel." In less than twelve hours every copy of the novel in the city's bookshops was sold. As the famous Hollywood mogul said when he saw his first sun-dial, "What won't they think of next?"

—BENNETT CERF.

Come and Get it!



When Mama says "Come and get it," it doesn't mean the same thing at every table in every land.

In Joe Stalin's bailiwick it means mostly beet soup and black bread—and *that's all*, Comrade! If Ivan Ivanovitch wants to keep up with the American Joneses and could find 11 pounds of meat a week for his family of four, he'd have to work almost 35 hours to pay for it.

In our country, the average family of four eats more than eleven pounds of meat each week, which takes about five hours of Papa's pay.

In England these days, since meat is mighty scarce and rationed at the rate of a few cents' worth a week, a sliver or two has to flavor a lot of Brussels sprouts.

How come the difference since Americans aren't the only people who have a native-born liking for meat?

One answer is—In America we have competition in business.

In meats, it goes something like this: 4,000 different meat-packing companies compete daily for enough meat animals to keep their production lines busy, then turn around and compete for the privilege of putting meats into retail shops. The retailer then competes with the store across the street for the nods of housewives.

And when there's competition in the market place, there's not likely to be need for competition at the dinner table.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Commissars of Loyalty

DIXON WECTER

NOT MANY years ago college professors were generally regarded as figures of fun, innocents, and milquetoasts. George Santayana benignly called them "tame song-birds in their cages, who have preferred fidelity to adventure," while Upton Sinclair more caustically pictured colleges and their teachers as goose-steppers in the wake of Big Business, hopeful that some crumbs of patronage would drop along the way. Those were also the days when our State Department was widely thought to be the very fortress of conservatism. But time has erased both images, substituting new caricatures—upon the editorial pages of McCormick and Hearst with their exposure of subversive "architects of foreign policy" and "Red-ucators," and thence upon the retinas of many really honest Americans.

Both the State Department and the university campus are discovered to be hot-beds of cunning and malignant radicalism. Why radicals are always found in hot-beds—as distinguished no doubt from the cold frames of conservatism—has never been wholly clear, but let the figure pass. That an occasional Communist has worn the striped trousers of diplomacy or the baggy pants of academicism is highly probable. But can members of other professions swear their ranks have never been infiltrated at any point, say, by the Marxist lawyer or journalist, the fellow-traveling Congressman, or the Robin Redbreast cleric? The inroads of foreign propaganda are, I believe, not demonstrably greater in one than the other.

To attain with public suspicion any professional group in America is, by any standards, a sad business. Like every calculated appeal to prejudice, it buries the merit or demerit of the individual under the vicious sweep of generalities. Distrust by association is its essence. Suspicion releases into the

common air a poison gas that spreads far and wide, tending always to settle into the low ground, among the craters of old feuds and battlegrounds—the taxpayer's distrust of bureaucrats, the tension between business and government, the tabloid-reader's opinion of high-brows, the cleavage betwixt town and gown, and here and there the gaping fissures of religio-racial bigotry. And whether attached to professional groups or individuals the Communist label, though it can't be made to stick, leaves some of its smear behind.

Among institutions that have been built long and patiently upon public confidence—in the assumed integrity of their members—this attack can be devastating. To claim immunity from criticism is fortunately no American's inalienable right. But the assaults of irresponsibility, directed so often by politicians seeking self-advertisement at bargain rates, against our highest type of public servant—an Acheson, a Lillenthal, a Forrestal—are well calculated to dry up the idealism of such

service at its source. In the same way the onslaught upon free universities is sure to close the teaching profession to those most sorely needed, namely young men and women of brains and conscience in search of something besides its modest financial rewards.

THIS spring the national spotlight has been reserved by the junior Senator from Wisconsin, who ingeniously has contrived to pick as his victim a gentleman who is both a college professor and occasional adviser to the State Department and thus labors under a dual burden of guilt by association. Clearly enough in this political year, McCarthy is the puppet of party determinism, and no subtler explanation of his behavior need be required. Operating upon the same plane is South Dakota's Senator Mundt, with his repeated demand for legislation which predicates "a clear and present danger" from the one-twentieth of 1 per cent of our population that belongs to the Communist Party. (If we cannot be the land of the free, as Harvard Professor Chafee says, then at least let us be the home of the brave and stop arguing ourselves into a state of self-intimidation.)

Our greatest internal danger today is that the American citizen, watching his Soviet adversary so intently as to be hypnotized by him, should fall unconsciously into making imitative gestures: the petty police and the neighborhood spy, the abolition of free speech and thought and association, and the tribal worship of the State. Such imitation is a flattery which I for one do not wish to pay the USSR, in tacit confession that the way of Molotov and Beria is superior to that of Mr. Jefferson and Justice Holmes. And let it be recognized that mere anti-Communism, however violent and vocal, gives no man a peculiarly holy sanction. Hitler, too, was an anti-Com-



—Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

"A Tough Shot Even for William Tell."