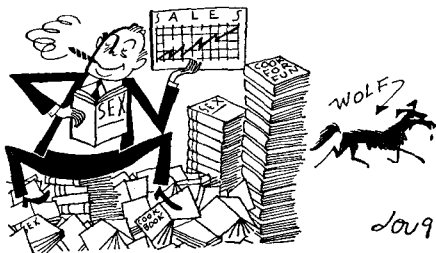


IF YOU WOULD like to add a few delectable novelties to your home menus, and are not too concerned about the expense thereof, I heartily recommend Mildred Knopf's new "Perfect Hostess Cook Book," sensibly packaged, and with the most attractive jacket I ever have seen on a book in this category. The first recipe we tried at our house, the Beignets Soufflés (page 325) was a triumphant success, with only one serious consequence. Quent Reynolds gained four pounds. . . . Other new cook books making the cash registers tinkle are the Betty Crocker loose-leaf compilation and Ruth Teague's "Cooking for Company." And two nobby New York restaurants are about to get into the act. Nicky de Quattrociocchi, the walls of whose El Borracho on E. 55th St. are covered with the imprints of beautiful ladies' lips, has prepared "Love and Dishes" for Bobbs-Merrill. And Viking has signed for a "21" cook book, cataloguing the delicacies that attract to this exclusive spot the glamour pussies of Park Avenue, Piccadilly, and Sunset Boulevard, who in turn attract thousands of lesser fry, (who can't get in). . . . When a publisher's lot becomes really desperate, he can always



turn the wolf from the door with a well-illustrated sex manual or a well-edited cook book! . . .

Mildred Knopf's book, of course, will be published by her distinguished brother-in-law, Alfred, just home from a tour of the vineyards of France and hiding behind a mustache that makes Jerry Colonna's pale into insignificance. Companions on his tour included Philippe (major domo of the Waldorf), Stanley Marcus, Alexis Lichine (who will record his findings in a Borzoi book), and J. P. McEvoy. Mac was instructed in the fine art of wine tasting by Philippe. "You take a little in the front of your mouth," said Philippe, "swish it around, draw in some air with a kind of slurp, and then spit it out." "You mean," said the outraged McEvoy, "that after coming 3,000 miles for this I can't even

drink it?" "Certainly not," Philippe assured him. "Just slurp! Before you finish, you'll have tasted thirty or forty wines a day. If you swallow the stuff you'll go home on your elbows." Mac decided to swallow any-

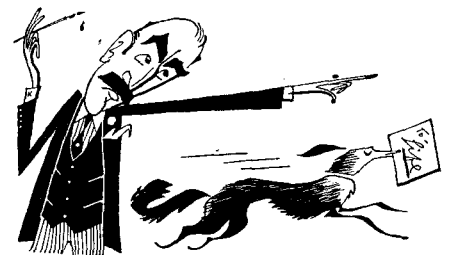


how, and isn't off his elbows yet. . . . Mr. Knopf, meanwhile, was busy catching *Life* magazine up in a horrendous blunder. "I must protest misstatement of fact in your article about the Duc de Montesquiou's chateau," he thundered in a letter duly printed by the shamefaced editors. "You say Armagnac is 'a potent, plum-flavored, twenty-year-old liquor made by his family.' No plums whatever go into the making of Armagnac, a distillate of wines grown in the Armagnac district in Southwestern France. These wines are made from grapes—chiefly the Pique-Poul, Jurancon Blanc, and Blanquette de Limoux varieties. Its characteristic taste is largely imparted to it by the Armagnac oak barrels in which it is aged." . . . Now that all that is straightened out, Mr. K. will devote himself to promoting one of the really distinguished novels of the year, "The Twenty-fifth Hour," by C. Virgil Gheorghiu (a sensation in Europe), and discharging the duties of his new post on the Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings, and Monuments. I hope, too, he'll find time to chide his impetuous offspring, Patrick, for borrowing the name of a neighboring competitor in titling a new juvenile by Colonel S. P. Meek. "Surfman" is what it says on the cover—and it didn't help matters either when the neighboring competitor discovered that Surfman "is a golden Chesapeake retriever." . . .

DONALD CLARK quotes a Columbia professor's appraisal of a high-flying colleague: "Such time as he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his profession." . . . Bob Haas has invented a new game which gives publishers another excuse for neglecting manuscripts on their desks. Every player is provided with an unindexed dic-

tionary. Somebody calls out a word at random. The players attempt to open their dictionary at the precise page on which the word is listed. The one who comes closest wins all the marbles. It isn't as easy as you think! . . . Quincy Howe has been appointed visiting associate professor of journalism at the University of Illinois. . . . When it comes to book selling, Bill Hobson is known as the Phoenix Best. Now, with a supporting cast of five, he's thrown his ten-gallon sombrero into the publishing arena. The firm name is Hobson & Herr, specializing in "authentic Southwestern Americana." Its first book, naturally, will be a history of Arizona, by Rufus K. Wyllys. . . .

THOSE fast-spreading science-fiction stories now are referred to by the trade as "space operas." It strikes me that a couple of the wildest—and most successful—of them have been appearing under the wrong category on the best-seller lists. . . . Which reminds me that somebody (a Scully maid perchance) has opened a new diner outside Los Angeles and christened it "The Flying Saucer." Nor could a Mr. Geiger, proprietor of



an upstate soft-drink emporium, resist changing its name from "Dew Drop Inn" to "The Geiger Counter." . . . Cowl Rider tells about two microbes who struck up a friendship at an authors' conclave. One finally proposed, "Let's make love in Ernest." . . . John Valentine, dealer in rare books and autographs, was in the office of his Chicago confrere, Walter Hill, when a rich and querulous gentleman was trying to chisel on the price of a rare volume. His final argument was, "Remember, Walter, I've spent a lot of money with you." "You have," admitted Hill, "and all I have is your money. But dammit, you have my BOOKS." . . .

**POETRY DEPARTMENT:** Dove Dulcet, a toothsome morsel who bears an uncanny resemblance to our own Chris Morley, discovered a first edition of Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" on the ten-cent counter of a 47th St. book store the other day, and joyously tossed off this little poem of thanksgiving:

Most other passions far beyond  
Is grandmother-love, insanely fond;

A magnificent new novel by the author of **THE PRODIGAL WOMEN**

**NANCY  
HALE**

## **THE SIGN OF JONAH**

Nancy Hale is recognized both by readers and critics as one of the important literary talents of today.

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William A. Wood

As told to Myriam Sieve

"If anything can help us better to understand the Russian people and other human beings of different nationalities, it is a book such as this one. Both Mr. Wood, and his able collaborator, Miss Sieve, are to be warmly thanked..."

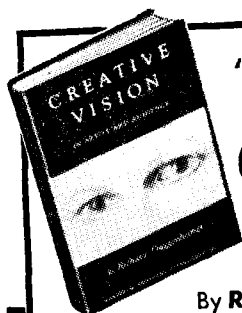
—*Christian Science Monitor*

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CHARLES **SCRIBNER'S** SONS

OCTOBER 21, 1950

5



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—Professor Robert Ulich, Harvard University

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—Max Schoen, Professor Emeritus of Psychology, Carnegie Institute of Technology. A brilliant analysis of the role of vision in the creative aesthetic process.

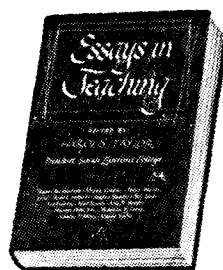
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Edited by **Harold Taylor**, President, Sarah Lawrence College

Sarah Lawrence College has gained wide recognition for its fresh and experimental methods in education. In this book prominent representative teachers—Stephen Spender, Horace Gregory, Helen Lynd, Harold Taylor and others—describe how these methods are applied, in such subjects as philosophy, music, literature and sciences. The result is a valuable guide to the implementation of a challenging educational philosophy.

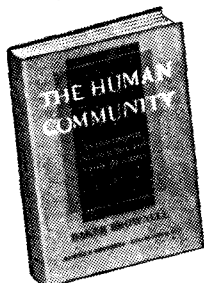
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Its Philosophy and Practice for a Time of Crisis

By **Baker Brownell**, Professor of Philosophy, Northwestern University



"... a very moving and disturbing book. This account of the contemporary dilemma is as eloquent as it is accurate."—*Granville Hicks*. Baker Brownell has been a guiding spirit of our generation in rediscovering the human values of small community life and their bearing on a democratic society. This book, a summing up of his life work, is a thoughtful articulation of the philosophy of reconstructed community living.

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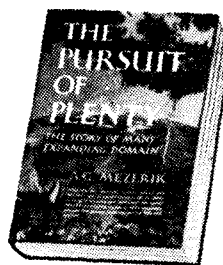
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But even that may not be reckoned  
Among devotion, more than second.  
The first is far from what you think,  
By no means what you were expecting—  
It feeds on paper and on ink;  
The love supreme is Book Collecting. . . .

Notes J. S. Newman:

My conservative friends are alive  
with alarm,  
For it gives them a horrible fright  
To observe that what's right in my  
thinking is "LEFT"  
And what's left of their thinking is  
"RIGHT."

Reflects Richard Armour:

We wait—and though the wait be long,  
It will be worth the cost—  
Till someone asks the Book Find Club  
To find a book that's lost.

Sighs Alice Bullock:

If the ad copy writers  
Would only write the book  
We'd get more pungent plotting  
Instead of being took!

And appeals Mr. F. Brown-Browne,  
P. O. Box 333, Santa Barbara, Calif.:

Robert Louis Stevenson's step-daughter, Tenila Field, at the age of fifteen, found the following bit of verse. Through the years (and she is now past ninety) she has tried in vain to find the author's name and the rest of the poem. I turn to TRADE WINDS readers for help:

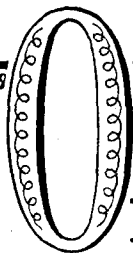
Not by appointment  
Do we meet Delight and Joy.  
They heed not our expectancy,  
But round some corner of the street  
of Life  
They on a sudden  
Greet us with a smile.

Well? . . .

**A WISE** and highly placed official of the FBI recently observed, "We must teach Americans today to differentiate between liberals left of center and Communists." A lot of books are attempting just that this fall — also emphasizing the even greater difference between the ideological concept of Communism and the governmental system in vogue in the Soviet Union today. Excellent example: "Soviet Politics: The Dilemma of Power," by Barrington Moore, Jr. (Harvard University Press). . . . Elmer Davis says that a successful businessman goes to Washington, takes a fraction of the salary he is accustomed to, works ten times as hard, and at the end of two weeks, to all his former friends, is just another damned bureaucrat. . . . William Faulkner, meanwhile, reports that an unreconstructed rebel in Oxford, Mississippi, just wrote off the entire Northern effort in the Civil War with an airy, "Shucks, if the South had had the atom bomb, we'd have licked those damnyanks in a matter of weeks."

—BENNETT CERF.





# ne day in 1890,

an English boy, shy and appealing, stepped off a boat at Halifax. Sewed to the back of his coat was an oilcloth sign: "This is Ludar Prentice. He has no money. He is going to his father at Balfour, Ontario. BE KIND TO HIM."

SON OF A HUNDRED KINGS is about "the boy with a sign" and the men and women for and against him as, boy and man, he makes his handicapped way in the New World. A warm and moving love story, many fascinating characters, a family feud, and a delightful re-creation of the life of those turn-of-the-century years distinguish this rich, romantic and satisfying novel—a David Copperfield of the 'Nineties!

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**Thomas B. Costain**

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**DOUBLEDAY**

OCTOBER 21, 1950

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# *The Saturday Review of Literature*

## *Why Advertise God's Country?*

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

AT ITS simplest, the present world division is a conflict of ideas. Politics, military preponderance, economic pressures are all heavily involved. But at the bottom is the opposition of two philosophies. In the last analysis the cold war is a struggle for the minds of men.

Therefore, to win this struggle and preserve the way of freedom, the United States must not only organize military and economic preponderance but create the biggest and best information service in the world. By information I mean a mixture of propaganda and psychological warfare.

The line between these two is difficult to draw. Propaganda in the widest sense includes all purposeful communication. Psychological warfare generally suggests the support of military objectives by other, largely verbal instruments. But which is which in a cold war? We may readily recognize the Trojan horse as the most successful example of psychological warfare in all history. Left alone outside the gates of Troy, Sinon the Greek talked the Trojans into carrying the wooden statue filled with Greek warriors inside the hitherto impregnable walls and released them during the night to take the city. This ended the hot war against Troy.

But what was Moses's successful use of miracles and persuasion to induce Pharaoh to release the people of Egypt—propaganda or psychological warfare?

I shall call *propaganda* verbal efforts to reassure already friendly peoples and to win over undecided ones and shall label *psychological warfare* verbal efforts to confound Communists and prepare their victims for ultimate release.

The United States of America falls

conspicuously short of being a Garden of Eden. In respect to art and learning, to the level of taste and of manners, perhaps to human virtue, our country lags behind one or another foreign nation. Yet though it has produced few saints, philosophers, or universal geniuses, America has made to human well-being three invaluable contributions: a society without fixed status (for 85 per cent of the inhabitants); a successful demonstration of political federation, and specific techniques of mass production that have revolutionized material living. On balance, the USA can favorably stand comparison with all other nations. It has much to be proud of, nothing to hide, and not too much to regret. The proof is that it has remained the Mecca of average human beings everywhere. Only stringent laws against immigration here and restrictions against emigration abroad are preventing our society from being flooded by more millions in quest of the abundant life.

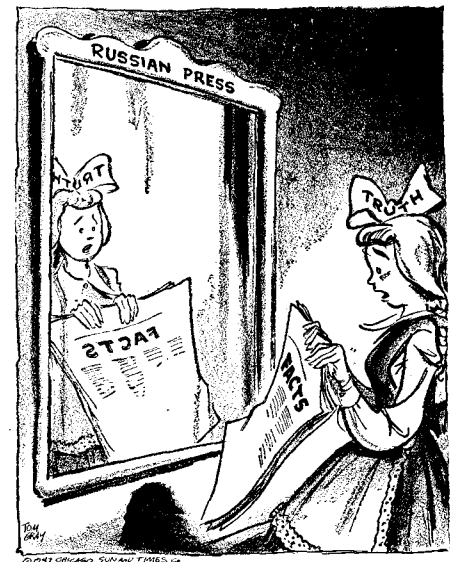
One might expect to find the USA the most internationally esteemed of countries. Certainly, in a contest of prestige and popularity, we ought to be far ahead of a spiritually benighted, politically tyrannical, and physically backward country like the USSR.

Perhaps we are. Yet it is likely that as many of the leaders of the world's backward two-thirds now look to Moscow for guidance as to Washington. What is more disturbing, many highly educated individuals in all countries equate the USA and the USSR in a common dislike. Past efforts to bring the non-Communist countries into the American camp have stumbled over these attitudes. They have to be changed if the Peace Coalition is to be constructed. The



—Justus in *The Minneapolis Star*.

"We Need a Larger Megaphone."



—Tom Gray in the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

"My," said Alice, "everything is backward."



—Burek in the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

"The Race Is to the Swift."

*The Saturday Review*