

# TRADE Winds

**THE PRESS-AGENT FRIEND** of Anthony Bump, mid-town publisher, hailed him noisily from across the Cub Room in the Stork Club and, waving a manuscript in the air, announced,



"I've persuaded Lulu Doppas to let you publish her novel. Ken McCormick of Doubleday has been after her for it for two years, but I told her she'd be better off on a smaller list."

"Sounds great," said Bump vaguely, "but who in hell is Lulu Doppas?"

The press agent affected astonishment. "You never heard of Doppas? She's been one of the regulars on Broadway for years. Everybody knows her! She's had affairs with big shots at the Pentagon, the Schubert office, and Capone headquarters. What's more, she's done favors in her time for every columnist in New York and Hollywood, and will they go to town for her when the book is published!"

"Have you read it?" queried Bump. "And what's it called?"

"Who reads books?" jeered the press agent. "What's the difference whether it's good or bad? When those columnists begin raving about it, you're in, boy, you're in."

So Bump & Company, despite certain misgivings, published an atrocious novel by Lulu Doppas called "The Naked Schoolteacher." The advertising manager confessed, "My two best copy writers couldn't turn out a one-paragraph description for this one. In fact, they both went home sick," but Tony Bump assured him, "We don't need copy for Doppas: the columnists will supply it for us."

They did, too. The pals of Doppas rallied round the hag.

Harry Harrison, covering the New York scene from his vantage point on the beach at St. Petersburg, warned: "Word that the police may ban 'The Naked Schoolteacher' has crowds stampeding every book store in the country."

Tootsie Termite, who had been

Lulu's roommate at reform school, cooed, "Those two handsome brutes who both think they're the hero of 'The Naked Schoolteacher' almost came to blows at El Morocco last night. Everybody's just ma-a-ad about the book."

In Hollywood, Effie Vesse contributed her bit with, "Eight studios are bidding frantically for film rights to the sensational novel 'The Naked Schoolteacher,' which has sold two million copies in three weeks and is now in its thirty-eighth edition."

Jo-Jo Jenkins also was in there pitching: "Laura Dapper, author of the sensational 'The Half-Dressed Librarian,' just published by Harcourt, Sloan & Straus, was run down by a truck in front of Shor's the other night. 'Gosh,' groaned Dapper, 'I didn't know it was loaded.' Incidentally, Miss Dapper's idea of dividing her



book into chapters was originated by my cousin Moe."

But all this was only a beginning. Sports columnists and political commentators found ways of mentioning "The Naked Schoolteacher" in their day-by-day accounts. The Fulton Fish Market cleared the flounders and had-dock off an enormous counter and devoted it to a display of Miss Doppas's brain-child. The bedazzled authoress was interviewed on six radio programs and quizzed by four television panels within forty-eight hours of her book's appearance. Four comedians, two news broadcasters, the president of a big-league ball club, and a headwaiter at Lindy's endorsed it. Every drug, book, and stationery store on Broadway put stacks of it in their windows. The book was the recipient, in various pillars, of nineteen stars, twenty-two bells, fourteen orchids, seven keys to the city, and two boxes of Goodman's Matzoths.

Tony Bump, who had printed exactly 3,000 copies of "The Naked Schoolteacher," and sent them all out on a fully-protected basis, observed the flurry of publicity with satisfac-

tion and, only mildly perturbed by the fact that all the recognized book critics ignored the novel completely, sat back to await returns. He got them—in about thirty days. The net sale of Miss Doppas's book, it turned out, was 944 copies, of which 300 were given with every two-dollar blue-plate served by Miss Doppas's great and good friend, the proprietor of Romie's Rathskeller.

"I charged the whole thing up to experience," Anthony Bump told me. "I know now that columnists can help a book that's already moving, but as for turning a plug into a best seller, they're worth no more than a \$500 advertising appropriation. The lesson has stood me in good stead. I've only fallen into two similar traps in the past month!" . . .

**BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS . . .** Producer Harry Kurnitz (who signs his mystery novels "Marco Page") reports that one M-G-M executive is so unstrung by international uncertainties every time he dines at the commissary they forcibly remove his necktie and shoelaces. . . . Kurnitz ran into a bit of trouble on his own account on Wilshire Boulevard recently. He tried sneaking past a red traffic light and was immediately apprehended by not one, but two motorcycle cops. As they closed in for the third degree, the dear, dear girl accompanying Kurnitz made everything ducky for him by crying, "I'm sick of this eternal running away! Let's shoot it out with them now!" . . . Dore Schary reveals the actual step-by-step development of a screen play in his new book, "Case History of a Movie." . . . Lillian Ross, who wrote that devastating profile of Hemingway for *The New Yorker*, has moved her typewriter and hatchet to Beverly Hills to dissect the picture colony, first, for Harold Ross, later, for Rinehart. . . . Other books about the film industry on the dossier are Hortense Powdermaker's "Hollywood, the Dream Factory" (Little, Brown) and

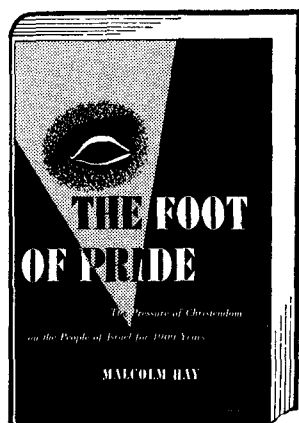


an analysis of technique by Muriel de Lisa. . . . Leo Guild solemnly swears that a new Warner Brothers starlet, determined to make a big splash on her first visit to Hollywood, signed the Bel-Air Hotel register,



from the editorial rooms of the BEACON PRESS, Boston

## For the First Time....1900-Year Record of the Crime for Which Every Christian Must Answer



### THE FOOT OF PRIDE

The Pressure of Christendom on the People of Israel for 1900 Years

By Malcolm Hay. Boston: Beacon Press.

At all bookstores, \$3.75

"This is a needed volume."

—Library Journal

You won't want to believe the documented facts in this book. It will hurt you to note the cold-faced implacable inhumanity recorded here with unhurried, calm, objective scholarship. The whole "Christian" world—nations upon whom we traditionally look as honorable and fine—even your own country—will be revealed in a light you may not be able to face. . . .

For this is the pitiless revelation of the history of Jew-Hating during the last two thousand years—from the idea stage to mass murder—presented in blood-chilling detail.

Can man control this foul virus? First he must understand it. The purpose of this book is to shed that kind of light.

Says the author, in Chapter I: "Even in countries where pogroms are unknown, it

was the coldness, the indifference of the average man which made the Jewish drama in Europe possible. . . . The way was prepared by a hatred which has a long history. The inoculation of the poison began long ago in the nurseries of Christendom."

Says Thomas Sugrue, author of *Stranger in the Earth* and *Watch for the Morning*: "I have just read this book for the third time; and I like it more than ever. It is a splendid book, a great and courageous work. . . . Malcolm Hay has gone, in his research, to the original sources, to the roots of the evil mistake which has poisoned Christian society for eighteen hundred years; he presents his evidence with the skill, the wit, the cunning, and the blazing love of truth which had marked his previous four books. . . . It is not, after all, the degree to which anti-Semitism is expressed which is important; where it exists at all it is engaged in murder—the murder not of Jews, but of Christians. An anti-Semite is a dead Christian; his prejudice has strangled his faith."

Says Pierre Van Paassen: "This book's mild and somewhat mysterious title hides the shocking story of 'the pressure of Christendom on the people of Israel for 1900 years.' It is the abysmal record of Christian anti-Semitism, documented with scholarly precision and frightening objectivity."

"This is not a pleasant book to read. The truth is seldom pleasant. Mr. Hay holds up a mirror to Christianity, that is to say to us modern, twentieth-century Americans, and it shows us an ungodly, ugly picture."

"It is well that *The Foot of Pride* has been written by a non-Jew. Its reading ought to dispose us Christians to humility and repentance."

complex nature of the man himself, as well as the country he knew and loved so well.

Like all great men, Roosevelt left behind him words that for their intelligence, their color and their place in history are permanent additions to the record of our time.

"We must find practical controls over blind economic forces as well as over blindly selfish men."

"Eternal truths will be neither true nor eternal unless they have fresh meaning for every new social situation."

"A national defense program intended to protect our democracy [should] not . . . make the rich richer and the poor poorer."

"Our Bunker Hill of tomorrow may be a thousand miles from Boston."



Beacon Press  
25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

Coming Nov. 1—Schweitzer  
at his most appealing

## THE ANIMAL WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER



Translated and edited by Charles R. Joy. Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, \$3

Here is Schweitzer at his most appealing—certainly at his most popular and easiest reading level. If you have a taste for strange adventure, for exciting action, and for information about the African forest, here is your feast.

Everything from hippopotamuses and giant boa constrictors to scorpions and traveler ants are included in these dramatic and sometimes amusing stories of what life is like in the middle of the African jungle. Many of the essays are translated into English for the first time.

A second section of the book is devoted to "Animals and Ethics." Here Schweitzer traces the development of ethics in India and China and criticizes the lack of sufficient ethic for the West. Ethic he feels should relate to all of nature, not just to man himself. Finally Schweitzer discusses his own ethical position, defines what he means by a "Boundless ethic" and explains the origin of his phrase "reverence for life."

Here is the key to Schweitzer's whole philosophy, without which much that he has written elsewhere will remain unintelligible.

### BEACON BOOKSHOPPER

- ☐ ERASMUS AND OUR STRUGGLE FOR PEACE. By Jose Chapiro . . . Never was there a more eloquent voice raised in the cause of world peace than the voice of Erasmus of Rotterdam. This book presents the first complete English translation from the original\*, since 1559, and in modern idiom which makes the classic statement utterly contemporary. Here also is a lively study of Erasmus himself, based on wide research in several languages, and presenting him as a pacifist 500 years in advance of his age. \*Peace Protests, 1517. 250 pages . . . \$3
- ☐ THE STORY OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM. By Andrew Landale Drummond . . . Says *The Library Journal*: "A scholarly and well-documented attempt to explain American Protestantism in the light of its past . . . This book is good American Protestant church history . . . Excellent bibliography." 418 pages . . . \$6
- ☐ THE SAMOAN DANCE OF LIFE: An Anthropological Narrative. By John Copp. Preface by Margaret Mead . . . In this book the pulsing life of the so-called "primitive" Samoans is given careful study by a specialist who lived among them for eight years. Says Margaret Mead: "Mr. Copp has worked over his material with affection and respect. He has written down a record which can be read in Samoa as well as in the U.S." Invaluable insights into human nature. 200 pages . . . \$2.50

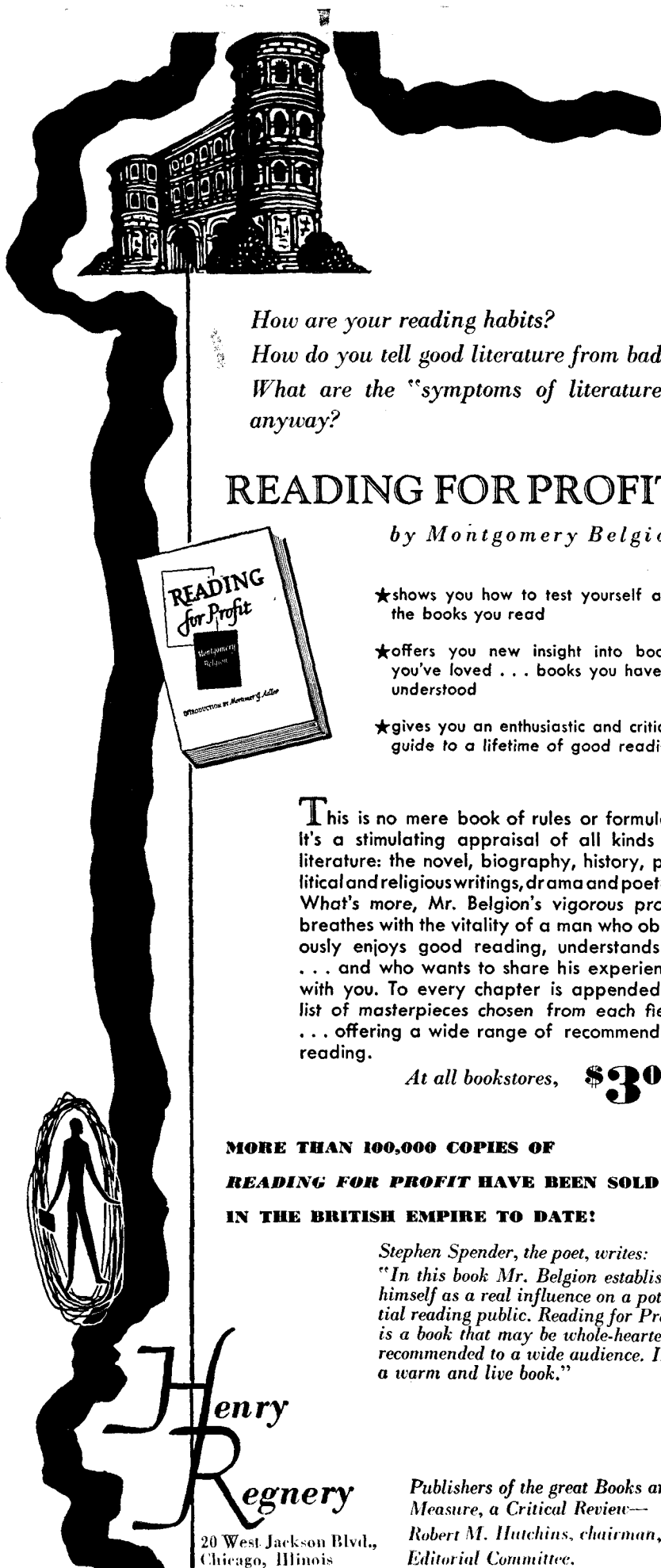


### THE WIT AND WISDOM OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Edited by Maxwell Myersohn. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all bookstores, \$2

This newest volume in the popular "Wit and Wisdom" series of the Beacon Press contains the most expressive words of the man who has left his mark permanently on history. These excerpts from the public papers and addresses of Franklin Delano Roosevelt provide warm insights into the

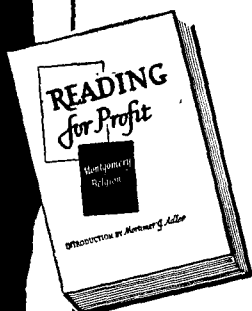
OCTOBER 28, 1950



*How are your reading habits?  
How do you tell good literature from bad?  
What are the "symptoms of literature",  
anyway?*

## READING FOR PROFIT

by Montgomery Belgion



- ★shows you how to test yourself and the books you read
- ★offers you new insight into books you've loved . . . books you haven't understood
- ★gives you an enthusiastic and critical guide to a lifetime of good reading

This is no mere book of rules or formulas. It's a stimulating appraisal of all kinds of literature: the novel, biography, history, political and religious writings, drama and poetry. What's more, Mr. Belgion's vigorous prose breathes with the vitality of a man who obviously enjoys good reading, understands it . . . and who wants to share his experience with you. To every chapter is appended a list of masterpieces chosen from each field . . . offering a wide range of recommended reading.

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**MORE THAN 100,000 COPIES OF  
READING FOR PROFIT HAVE BEEN SOLD  
IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO DATE:**

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"In this book Mr. Belgion establishes himself as a real influence on a potential reading public. Reading for Profit is a book that may be wholeheartedly recommended to a wide audience. It is a warm and live book."*

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Chicago, Illinois

*Publishers of the great Books and Measure, a Critical Review—  
Robert M. Hutchins, chairman,  
Editorial Committee.*

"Mary Blossom and Made." . . . The four pictures I enjoyed most in recent weeks are "All About Eve," starring Anne Baxter, Bette Davis, George Sanders, and Celeste Holm; "State Secret" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (and twice as exciting as "The Third Man"); "September Affair," starring Joan Fontaine and Joe Cotten, and a somewhat battered reissue of "It Happened One Night," starring Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable—and still tops after sixteen years. Gable has aged noticeably since Frank Capra made "It Happened One Night"—but Miss Colbert, bless her soul, etc., is more beautiful than ever. . . .

**FROM WALTER "HANK" RICHARDS** of Burbank, California, comes the political anecdote of the year (and just in time for Election Day): During the 1948 campaign Mr. Truman's train stopped on an Indian reservation and the President emerged to deliver a speech. "I am appalled," he said, "at the treatment of you noble redmen and women by administrations previous to mine, particularly the Republicans." He made a gesture as though he was chopping a Republican in the neck and continued, "As our train pulled in I saw squaws washing clothes by the riverside, pummeling them on rocks, even as your ancestors did. I intend to see a Bendix installed in every teepee!"

The Indians broke into loud cries of "Oompah-oompah!"

The President beamed broadly and continued. "And I understand you are still obliged to dry beef for jerky. Well, I intend to see that every wigwam is equipped with a Deep-freeze."

Again the Indians shouted, "Oompah-oompah!"

The President exhibited his broadest grin and soared to a climax. "If re-elected I intend to see that your noble chief drives a Cadillac as big as mine, and a new Pontiac shall stand before every teepee."

As he bowed, the Indians roared out their mightiest "Oompah!" and their handsome chief came forward and placed a war bonnet on the President's head. Then he led the Great White Father to the corrals for another presentation, delivering the speech in the impeccable English of a Carlisle graduate. "The Indians of this reservation take great pleasure in presenting as a token of our esteem, a silver mounted saddle and our very best Indian pony." As the President prepared to mount the handsome animal the Chief suddenly cried out, "Be careful, Mr. Truman. Don't step in the oompah!"

—BENNETT CERF.

*The Saturday Review*





## **DARWIN TEILHET THE Happy Island**

Park Mattison was a nice guy but too careless with his loyalties. During the war, he learned the techniques of psychological warfare from Colonel Tothic. It was an effortless change for him to use these same sinister techniques in the employ of the E. P. Tothic Empire of plantations. After he devised a smoothly-running, undercover "morale operation" to control the workers of Happy Island, and after he found the girl, Laina, he thought he was all set. A few pleasurable, highly-paid years in the island paradise would leave him fixed for life.

His plans were soon upset. In the first place, he found that Laina had become his future. And then, when violence became necessary to the operation, Park realized that he was treating his fellow citizens as once he had dealt with the enemy.

Here is a novel of character told with suspense that mounts until it is almost unbearable and the reader is driven at an increasing pace to the last page. **\$3.50**



At all bookstores, **WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES**

OCTOBER 28, 1950

## **DOROTHY VAN DOREN**

## **THE Country Wife**

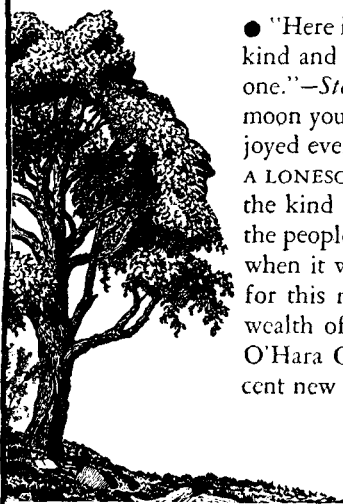


● A lighthearted book which is both a witty account of amateur country living and a tender, married love story.

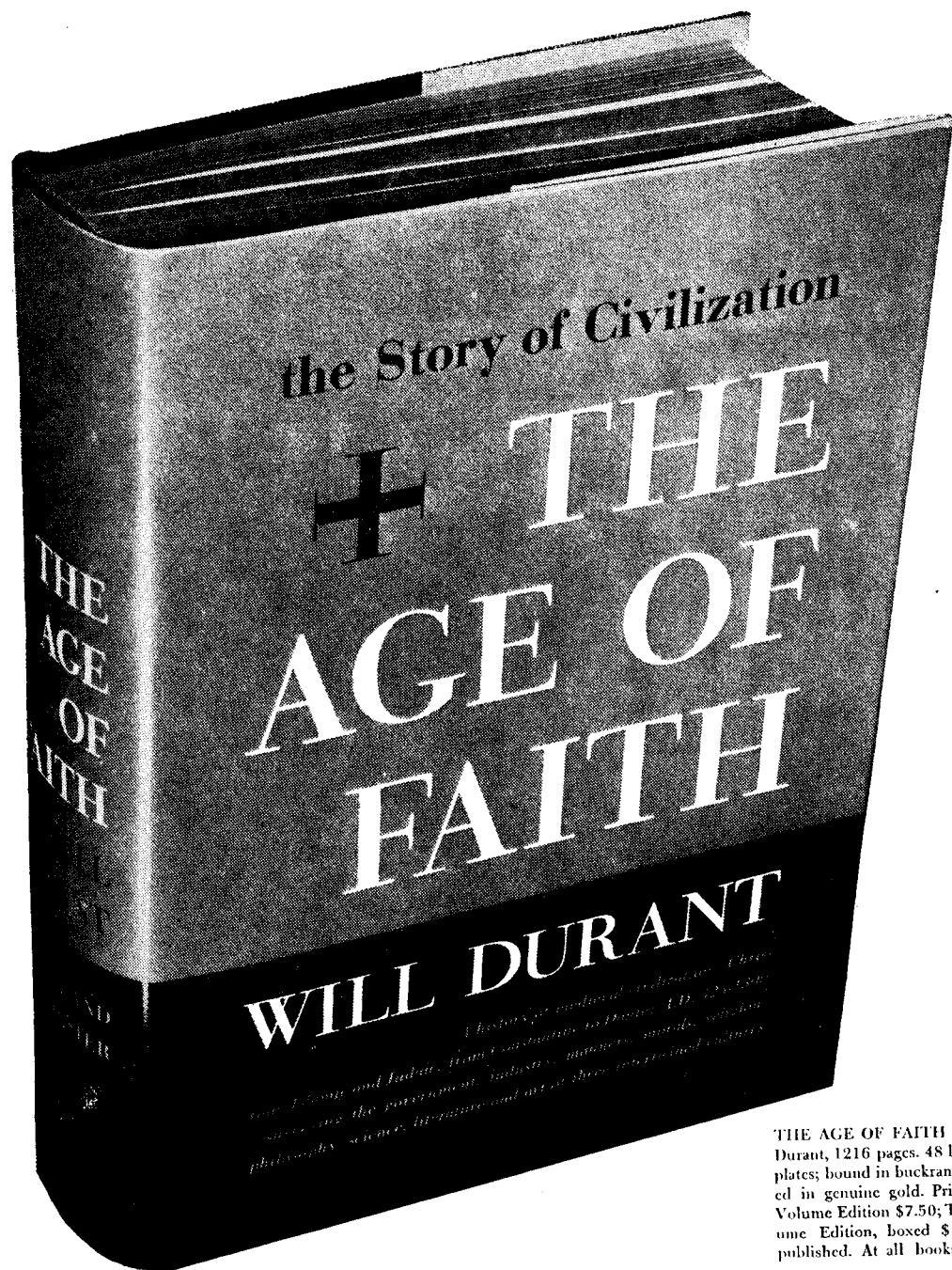
It is about the delights—and concerns—of matrimony and parenthood, the excesses of too enthusiastic gardening, the boredom of canning, the trials of an amateur carpenter's wife. Here, too, is the final truth about weekend guests and a definitive evidence that they never leave when they should.

Mrs. Van Doren views all the satisfactions and follies of amateur country living with amused affection—even the temptation to put the place on a paying rather than repaying basis. **\$3.00**

## **CARL CARMER Listen for a Lonesome Drum**



● "Here is a full measure of life, people of every kind and sort. A packed book and a fascinating one."—*Stephen Vincent Benét*. "Once in a blue moon you can enjoy every word in a book; I enjoyed every word and every page of **LISTEN FOR A LONESOME DRUM**."—*Lewis Gannett*. This was the kind of reviews this smash bestseller about the people and places of Old York State received when it was first published a decade ago. Now, for this new edition, Mr. Carmer has added a wealth of new stories and anecdotes, and John O'Hara Cosgrave II has contributed a magnificent new series of illustrations. **\$4.00**



THE AGE OF FAITH by Will Durant, 1216 pages, 48 half-tone plates; bound in buckram, stamped in genuine gold. Price: One Volume Edition \$7.50; Two Volume Edition, boxed \$10. Just published. At all bookstores.

*The publishers take deep pride in presenting **THE AGE OF FAITH** by Will Durant. This independent and completely self-contained work carries Dr. Durant's monumental history of civilization forward another thousand years, surveying the mediæval splendors, the spiritual heritage and the modern significance of three great cultures—Christian, Judaic and Islamic—from the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance.*

*Like "OUR ORIENTAL HERITAGE," "THE LIFE OF GREECE" and "CAESAR AND CHRIST," this new volume combines philosophy, history and biography in the total perspective of scrupulous, exacting and inspiring scholarship. Once more we can see the drama and adventure of mankind steadily, and see it whole.*

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

*The Saturday Review*

# Life on the Tinsel Standard

GILBERT SELDES



—Hugelmeyer.

Gilbert Seldes

OUR STANDARD of living is still considered the highest on earth, but the standard of life is going down. We begin to accept completely the teenage standard. Nothing in our daily lives must interfere with our having a good time; everything must be attractive to the adolescent. We gain by this a vast improvement in the appearance of our kitchens and living rooms, but the life of charm and leisure (as it appears in advertisements for washing machines) escapes us. Dr. Margaret Mead has suggested that even the young and successful housewife feels this; "she chose wifedom and motherhood, but she did not necessarily choose to 'keep house.'" Perhaps it is because the picture in her mind, as she got it from the media of the popular arts, is not "keeping house" but "playing house." The reluctance to take on the responsibilities of parenthood is in part a refusal to sacrifice the irresponsibility of adolescence and in part a fear that children will interfere with adult pleasures. Marriage itself is not a boundary line between youth and maturity, but having children is; and nothing in the representation of life by the popular arts suggests the intense, complex, and rewarding life of parents; instead we have child worship, which has nothing to do with parenthood, and idolatry for the old mother, which has nothing to do with childhood.

It is the function of the popular arts to divert, but not to deceive about life. When they become the only arts of great numbers of people, they can be held to account for what they do. These arts have always worried the moralist and the esthete. The true

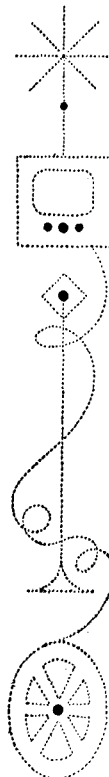
Puritan condemns the pleasures of the people because they are not uplifting, they do not contribute to the glory of God; the esthete condemns the popular arts because they are vulgar parodies of the great. In the United States the intellectual has reflected both of these attitudes, and, perhaps without knowing it, he has reflected also the complex social situation created by the immigrant and the pioneer. During the early days the culture and a great part of the wealth of the country was managed by Anglo-Saxons on the Eastern seaboard.

The writers and the painters longed for European recognition, and many of them went to Europe; the gap between the intellectual and the people widened. The thin and sentimental novels, the stiff, pretty paintings, had nothing to say to men who may have been, as Lewis Mumford has said, brutalized by their "rape of a continent"; the men left the arts to the women, and another American tradition took root—that the intellectual life of a community was *their* affair. It was an unfortunate division of interest, reducing the area of sympathy between men and women, encouraging men to keep their active life away from their women and women to keep the life of the mind and the spirit away from their husbands; encouraging also the artist to address himself chiefly to women, to be precious and flattering and dandified.

"Our country is deficient in materials of society most pertinent to the purposes of the novelist," wrote Cooper, and a minor artist like Freneau asked, "How can a poet hope for success in a city where there are no three persons possessed of elegant ideas?" Before he discovered the dense intellectual life that actually surrounded

our writers, Van Wyck Brooks accepted this tradition and said that "a vast unconscious conspiracy actuated all America against the creative arts"; at the same time he told us that the world of Longfellow was "a German picture book," that Hawthorne "modeled in mist," that Poe was "sterile and inhuman," and that the heroes and heroines of fiction in their time "lived in a world of moan and moonlight . . . irreparable farewells, dungeons, assassinations, premature burials, hidden treasure . . . gothic castles."

The tradition that America had no place for the artists who alone could express its inmost soul continued well into our own time. "Suppose I am the national genius," Ludwig Lewisohn suggested in the 1920's, "Dreiser and Mencken and Francis Hackett and I." And Ernest Hemingway wrote that "a country, finally, erodes and the dust blows away, the people die and none of them were of any importance except those who practised the arts." I cannot accept this elevation of a host of second- and third-rate men for the sake of the merest handful of great artists in any country at any given era; nor do I know any system of values in which the road builder and the research scientist, the saint and the average sinful man who leads a decent life, become of no importance—along with them Lincoln and Marx, Edison and Freud. The idea that only the writer - painter - composer expresses the genius of a nation comes naturally to writers and painters and poets, and a tiny fragment of their work does resist the ravages of time and fashion. But the soul of man manifests itself also in the Declaration of Independence and in a tariff bill, in the song of a



—From "The Great Audience."