

How is poetry
written?

Poems in Process

By PHYLLIS
BARTLETT.

This lively and informative discussion of the poet's creative process is dedicated to everyone who enjoys poetry, as well as to the aspiring poet or the scholar.

Miss Bartlett covers a wide range of British and American poets from Milton to the present day. With acute perception, she examines the problems of inspiration, composition and revision, and answers many questions that occur to every serious reader: Do poets need company or solitude to produce their best work? Is poetic felicity the result of direct inspiration or of drudgery for perfection? Do stimulants help or hinder the creative artist? What motivates the final changes before publication?

"She examines the manuscripts, notebooks and other papers of poets, and deduces from their revisions and comments just what passed through their minds in the throes of composition. Under the author's guiding hand, the experience becomes an intriguing one even for the skeptic."—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

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TRADE Winds

TRIBUTE TO A COLONEL

PUBLISHERS who are seeking new world outlets for their books and citizens in general who would like to have intelligent summaries of the American way of life circulated in backward countries where they will do the most good would do well to cultivate Colonel Joseph Greene, editor of *Army Combat Forces Journal*,



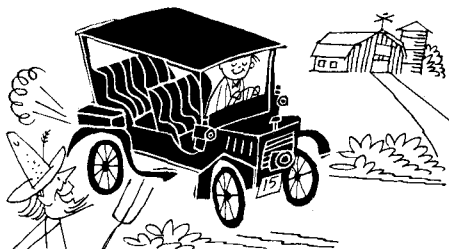
and Secretary and General Manager of the Association of the United States Army, at 1115—17th Street, NW, Washington, D. C. The Association is a private but non-profit making organization, like the *National Geographic*, whose ten-million-dollar plant stands just across the block, a constant goad and inspiration to the Colonel who, though retired from active service in 1945 because of arthritis, is still brimming with pep and enthusiasm today.

The book world first became aware of Joe Greene's prowess in World War Two, when he appeared on a panel set up by *The New York Times* and held his own against Kip Fadiman on the value of books in war time. Later he helped choose "Imperatives" (remember them?) and teamed up with Ian Ballantine, then manager of Penguin, to produce *Fighting Forces Books* at a quarter a copy—the source of millions of worthy volumes for use in the Army and Navy until the publishers bestirred themselves and produced their own *Armed Services Editions*. After the war Colonel Greene supervised the production of sixty-two unofficial histories of military divisions and other units with several more still to come.

The story of the Association of the U. S. Army parallels the expansion of the military machine necessitated by recurrent world crisis. In 1904 when the oldest of its parent institutions, the U. S. Infantry Association, was organized "to lift the infantry out of the peasant class," it attracted 2,000 officers, whose yearly dues of \$3 secured for them not only a subscription

to the *Journal*, but advice on their careers and advance information on any new post to which they might be assigned. In those days our one-horse Army was run really by the Adjutant General, who designated duties for all officers. The rate of promotion was so slow that some graduates of West Point remained lieutenants for as long as twenty-two years! One of the charter members of the Association was Second Lieutenant George C. Marshall, who became one of its editors not long before the U. S. entered the First World War.

That war, of course, sent the circulation of the *Infantry Journal* soaring, but it languished again in peace time. When Major John H. Burns and Captain Joe Greene took over in 1938 it was under 10,000. Burns died in 1940. Greene has been in charge ever since. Not only did he guide it through the tumultuous days of 1942-45, but because he never missed an opportunity to urge the military and civilians to read books for both relaxation and a proper understanding of what the war was all about, he increased the annual turnover of books at the Association from \$50,000 to a million and a half. Members in the armed services get a coupon with each book purchase that entitles them to a 10 per cent discount on their next order. That's in line with the discount offered by lots of college co-operatives and, considering the salaries of military officers today, seems not only justified but inadequate. I'd like to see enlisted personnel get at least 25 per cent off on book



purchases, and think publishers should act in unison to make that possible.

In addition to supplying books to military personnel, Joe Greene's organization was engaged to handle translation rights for Germany, Austria, and Japan in 1947. In the past year it has also bought \$350,000 worth of books for direct governmental use

in overseas outposts. Its reviews of both old and new books are used by State Department officials in deciding what volumes should receive Government assistance toward translation and publication by publishers of other countries. Obviously, Colonel Greene's office should get advance review copies of any book promoting the American way or fighting Communistic doctrines.

Personally Joe Greene is a jolly, soft-spoken gentleman of fifty-three, and an endless source of rich material to any columnist (me, for instance) in search of out-of-the-way material. He was born in Watertown, New York (home today of Beulah Rector, one of the best literary editors in the country), and chugged about in his father's horseless wagon (license number 15) when automobiles brought farmers running from their barns to hoot with derision. He was educated in Florida and bagged a job on the *Daytona Daily News*. His enlistment in the Army and his later appointment to West Point ended a sure career in journalism. After a hitch in Panama Lt. Greene was assigned to Fort Benning in 1927, where he began writing book reviews for the *Columbus Enquirer-Sun*, owned by the son of Joel Chandler Harris. The paper won a Pulitzer Prize for its work on behalf of the Negroes, but unappreciative merchants wouldn't support its advertising columns, and it folded. Greene continued his dual role of officer and editorial writer in the Philippines and China, and his choice as co-editor of the *Infantry Journal* in 1938 was inevitable. *TRADE WINDS* hopes he will continue to be a source of inspiration



Joseph Greene—"source of rich material."



In the Public Eye!



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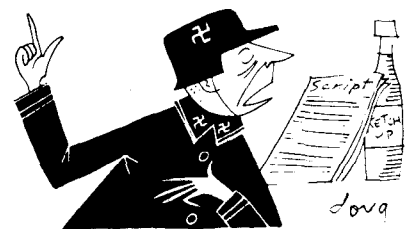
and encouragement to the publishing industry for many years to come!

ALL THIS TALK about military affairs reminds me of a good story about U. S. Intelligence Officers in World War Two.

The Geneva Convention provided that no prisoner of war could be forced to disclose to his captors any information other than his name and rank. He did not even have to tell his military unit nor what he was up to at the time of his capture.

Needless to say, these regulations frequently balked the efforts of our Intelligence Corps to pry vital information from prisoners on the Western front in 1944, particularly when they were officers from Hitler's elite and dreaded S.S. corps, who added insufferable arrogance to their refusal to talk. One S.S. colonel was particularly offensive. While fellow prisoners jeered with ill-concealed delight, he delivered a violent philippic against democracy to a major who was attempting to question him and finally jumped up and spat in the major's face. The enraged major whipped out a pistol and shot the prisoner point blank. The S.S. colonel crumpled to the floor, bespattered with blood, and was carried away on a stretcher. The other prisoners suddenly lost their arrogance and hastened to tell the interrogators everything they knew.

They would have been surprised, could they have witnessed a scene at the Officers' Club some minutes later. The American major and the S. S. colonel, miraculously restored, stood arm in arm at the bar, hoisting a couple to the good health of the Amer-



ican Army in general and Bill Donovan's O.S.S in particular. The "S.S. colonel," in fact, was an American officer himself, and the "blood" that had covered him was ketchup commandeered from the commissary department. The scene he had enacted had been perfected through frequent repetition—and never once had it failed to loosen the tongues of the most arrogant and uncooperative Nazi prisoners. "It's all perfectly legal," explained the officer. "There's nothing in the Geneva agreement to prevent it—and furthermore, I'm a member in good standing of Actors' Equity."

—BENNETT CERF.

Bookmarks

IN 1829, when he was twenty-five years old, Benjamin Disraeli, already author of two novels but still a long way from the British premiership, wrote to a friend: "I advise you to take care of my letters, for if I become half as famous as I intend to be you may sell them for ten guineas apiece." Hesketh Pearson quotes the passage in his entertaining "Dizzy." Alas, the young man's prophecy was over-bullish. A search in the indispensable "American Book-Prices Current," edited by Edward Lazare, discloses the melancholy intelligence that in 1944 two Disraeli letters in one lot brought \$18, and in 1947 a single long letter sold for \$12—there are no other entries during the past ten years. It might console Dizzy somewhat to learn that during this same period his great adversary Gladstone had no entries at all.

Reading maketh a full man, but the wrong kind of reading makes the wrong kind of fullness.

The hero of William L. Shirer's "The Traitor" is an American correspondent in Berlin who returns home and goes on a lecture tour. Mr. Shirer was himself an American correspondent in Berlin who returned home and went on lecture tours. So when Mr. Shirer says of his hero, "In all his travels from coast to coast, Jack never saw an American male reading a book," it seems reasonable to assume that this was Mr. Shirer's own experience. Jack, subbing for Mr. Shirer, also broods over the fact that "few Americans were aware that America was the last among the ten leading nations in the per capita purchase of books." What a market!

Household hint: Steel wool, judiciously applied, will remove any unwanted flyleaf inscription except the heavy-handed sort that bites through to the other side of the sheet.

The era when many books had gilt edges was also the era when most clouds had silver linings.

Western Union sent 5,969,092,935 words in 1950, roughly the equivalent of 59,690 first novels.

Can a cat dog a man's footsteps?

—J. T. W.

*She lived a great moment in history —
but wanted only a life of love*

The Glorious Three

By JUNE WETHERELL

IT was a wild, adventurous settlement, a nineteenth-century town on Puget Sound — trembling with a lusty tide of prospectors, traders, and prostitutes . . . And to fragile Emily Ashburn it seemed a long, long way from New England.

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The Sound of Spanish Voices

By LONNIE COLEMAN



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Are You, Too, A Reasonable Man?

Nigel Balchin has found a man — you discover that it is you — at the heart of a dilemma that requires for solution all the judgment and kindly tact that you, for instance, possess. You are, you hope, a reasonable man. And after eleven years of marriage you know your wife rather better than she knows herself. If you call this folly of hers by all the standard names everything is lost.

Yet Bill is certainly a fool and why shouldn't your wife see it. Of course, men are quicker than women to see through other men — especially attractive other men — perhaps she will realize it; but how long will it take and what damage will be done in the waiting?

Then there is this wretched business of the hit-run killing, for example. Now there is really vicious behaviour. And an unpleasant thing, as it happens, for old Bill who owns the only heavy green car in the neighborhood. Everyone who knows Bill *knows*, of course, that he's incapable of such cowardice and you least of all, now, are in a position to judge.

Well, there it is. No one could have foreseen the outcome. No one could have done more — many men would have done less — yet, after all, your dilemma is resolved by the blind mischance of fate. Has it been unreasonable to act reasonably? That question, then, is at the heart of Nigel Balchin's new book. It is the problem of every civilized man when he tries to deal with the uncivilized facts in his life.

A Way Through the Wood by NIGEL BALCHIN

\$3.00

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers



The Saturday Review of Literature

Time for a Progress Report

WALTER WHITE



Walter White

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clark recently were prevented by a riotous mob from taking up residence in Cicero, Ill., every newspaper in the world front-paged the story and every broadcasting station, particularly those of Moscow directed toward Asia and Africa, blared the sorry details. Soon after, when the Clarks arrived in New York City on an eastern trip, they were copiously quoted by press and radio about the affair and their plans for the future—which was as it should be, since the story was legitimate news. But the next day, when the Clarks went to Norwalk, Conn., to be guests of honor on United Nations Day, a part of the New England town's three hundredth anniversary celebration, all but one New York newspaper completely ignored it. Except for the local press the arduous preparation which the local committees had devoted many months in preparing came to naught from a journalistic point of view. Cruelty and hatred of human beings for others had manufactured screaming headlines around the globe; decency and brotherhood made none.

The incident would not be so disturbing if it were not so familiar. During the past two years in many

parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Caribbean, I have been asked this question: "How can you, an American Negro, defend so-called democracy when your own people are lynched, segregated, discriminated against . . . denied basic human rights?"

This has been my answer. "We do not claim to have achieved perfect democracy yet. We still have lynching, segregation, and discrimination. But more and more Americans are ashamed of these practices and are doing something about them. In America, organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are permitted to function, often in disagreement with and criticism of our own Government. Contrast this state of affairs with what happens in totalitarian countries where critics of the government are shipped off to exile or stood up against a wall and shot. We prefer to take our chances and fight our way in a democracy, whatever its shortcomings, for we are making progress . . . often painfully slow, but it is still progress."

Commenting upon this progress, a Hindu college professor said to me

recently: "When I returned to the United States after an absence of ten years, I was startled, amazed, almost overwhelmed by the change in the American attitude toward the Negro and other dark-skinned people. It is a change I did not expect. The enemies of America have been busy spreading the story of what is wrong in your country. You, on the other hand, have not done a good job of telling what is right."

"Colored people in Asia, Africa, and South America read with horror and alarm stories of the stoning of your Federal Judge Waties Waring in Charleston, South Carolina . . . of attempts to burn the home of a distinguished Negro scientist like Dr. Percy Julian . . . of the killing by a police lieutenant of a Negro subpoenaed to testify before the Federal Grand Jury . . . of the Democratic State Convention meeting in Georgia where it was voted to use physical force, if necessary, to prevent children from attending the same schools. We know all about the wholesale court-martialing of Negro GI's in Korea. We are well aware that your Congress is threatening once again to filibuster against civil rights. All of this is building up a terrible and terrifying anti-white feeling all over the world."

IT IS heartbreakingly important that the other side of the picture be shown . . . that the story of progress be told. For there has been real progress in at least fifteen different areas.

1. *Supreme Court Decisions.* In the last ten years, the United States Supreme Court has ruled affirmatively nineteen times on civil rights issues directly affecting the Negro. Nine of those decisions, dealing with the unconstitutional exclusion of Negroes



Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is the author of "A Man Called White," and other books.