

# TRADE

# Winds

**ALL THOSE** gags about "The Cohn Mutiny," "The Joe Joe Joe boys," "School Schine," "Mundt's TV," and "The War of Jenkins's Mouth" have not yet dropped dead. Most of the principals of the late hearings have taken the show on the road, via the lecture circuit, and even the resigned Roy Cohn promptly sold his story, entitled "My Own Story," to Hearst. Ironically, the man who said in his farewell speech that he alone "would return to obscurity," Gentleman Joe Welch, was the first to Tell All; via Luce he beat Cohn and Hearst to the newsstands by two days. With Mr. Welch, as Somerset Maugham once said about Jane Austen, one is always waiting for something to happen on the next page. In a book, as the great Miss Austen proved, this can be wonderful; in a magazine article, or for that matter in a hearing, it can be as disappointing as the Boston Red Sox. Personally we were most interested in the fact that Mr Welch works at a stand-up desk; we do too. Apparently, it is the safest way for a Bostonian to write—and a custom which should have been included in "The Proper Bostonians."

**MEANWHILE**, the first book on the hearings, "Trial by Television," by Michael Straight, is being rushed into print by the Beacon Press for publication late next month. Mr. Straight is a specialist in firsts; his "Make This the Last War" was the first book to be published about the United Nations. Some chapter titles of his "T by TV": "The Collapse of Senator Mundt," "The Art of Mr. Welch," "The Integrity of Senator McClellan," "The Conscience of Senator Symington," "The Power of Private Schine," "The Ambivalence of Mr. Cohn," and "The Reluctance of Mr. Carr."

Late this month, on August 30, appears "McCarthy and the Communists." Not to be confused with "McCarthy and His Enemies," the anti-anti-McCarthy book by Messrs. Buckley and Bozell, "McCarthy and the Communists" is sponsored by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom; it is the first book on McCarthy in power and deals primarily with his power after January 1953. The authors, James Rorty (a Taft Republican) and Moshe Decter (a Stevenson Democrat), list ten chief patterns of Communist methods of political controversy: (1) the multiple untruth, (2) the abuse of documents, (3) insinuation and innuendo, (4) the slander amalgam, (5) intimidation,

(6) attributing significance to the irrelevant, (7) the bluff and diversionary gambit, (8) the personal spy network, (9) contempt for the law, and (10) the unfounded charge of treason. "It is rather startling," the authors conclude, "to find that during his relatively brief political career the Junior Senator from Wisconsin has employed not some but all of these methods—and not once or twice but habitually."

**THERE HAVE**, of course, been many books about, around, against, and for McCarthy. In the philosophical vein, Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free" (Bobbs Merrill) and Norman Thomas's "The Test of Freedom" (Norton) seem, in our opinion, the best to stand the test of time. For a step-by-step biography, however, and so far the basic book, don't overlook "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism,'" by Jack Anderson (a Washington correspondent) and Ronald May (a Wisconsin writer). First published by Beacon in October 1952, it has sold through several printings at \$3.75 and was in May reprinted, in a handsome library edition, at \$2.49. "By their research and inquiry into the childhood and youth of McCarthy," says William T. Evjue, editor of the Madison, Wisconsin, *Capital Times*, "the authors provide, for the first time, an understanding of the compulsions that move this strange man to whom the Big Lie seems a natural and legitimate political weapon." In a word, Anderson and May's "Man, Senator and 'Ism'" is still the book on that man.

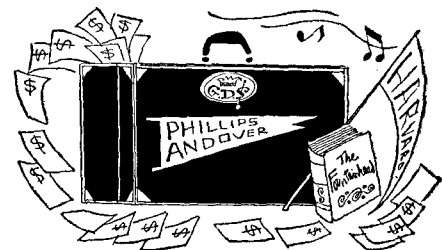
But it doesn't always take two authors to write about McCarthy, either pro or con; we call your attention to "American Demagogues: Twentieth Century," by one Reinhard H. Luthin. Mr. Luthin, a Catholic and a Republican, has written 400 pages, to be published in September, not only about McCarthy, whom he calls "Wisconsin's Briefcase Demagogue," but he has also allotted individual biographies to James M. Curley, Theodore G. Bilbo, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Boss Hague, "Pa and Ma" Ferguson, Gene Talmadge, "Big Bill" Thompson, Vito Marcantonio, and Huey Long. And, Mr. Luthin tells us, the Greeks had two words for them—*demos agogas*—leaders of the people, or of the popular party.

As for the staff of "The American College Dictionary" (Random House), they have decided that the word "Mc-

Carthyism" is destined for permanence in the American idiom along with such others of political origin as "bunkum," "gerrymander," etc. The staff also feels that all pros, antis, and middle-of-the-roaders will be satisfied with their definition: (1) public accusation of disloyalty, especially of pro-Communist activity, in many instances unsupported by proof or based on slight, doubtful, or irrelevant evidence; (2) unfairness in investigative technique; and (3) persistent search for and exposure of disloyalty, especially in government offices.

**IN THE MIDST** of all this we received a tip from an informer whose identity we will refuse to divulge on the grounds of Old School Tie. Private Schine, we were told, roomed with a son of Secretary Stevens at Phillips Andover Academy. The tip turned out to be a bit cropped. Schine attended Andover, all right, class of '45. Three Stevens sons also attended—Robert T. Jr., '42, Whitney, '44, and William G., '49. Schine knew Whitney best but did not room with him. A below-average student, Schine roomed his first year with Seth Baker, who later married Jack Benny's daughter, and his last year with Fritz Green, who was later head of the Williams fraternity which caused such a furore by taking in a Negro and splitting from the national body. In Schine's second and third year he roomed with nobody, and various report-card comments on him were as follows: "idealistic," "lone wolf," "terribly serious," "not much imagination," "slow and faithful," "poor sense of humor," "liked sympathy and attention," "needs a little perspective on himself," and "loyal to Andover."

Once on the trail we bloodhounded our way right on to the pre-private life of Schine at Harvard. In the offices of our old stomping ground, the *Harvard Crimson*, we ran across an article by an excellent young reporter, J. Anthony Lukas. "Wealth, of course," said Mr. Lukas, "is not out of place here, but Schine made it so. He lived in a style which went out here with the era of the Gold Coast." Schine had not only a beautifully appointed room; he also had a valet and a private secretary. The latter often attended his classes and then took his lecture notes (which she later typed out), and also, via a dictaphone, tran-





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scribed his reading notes. Despite this, Schine flunked out in the spring of '46. But Harvard, sticking to its policy of reinstating any student who holds a job for a full year after failing, readmitted him in the fall of '47 (after his year in the Army Transport Service), and in 1949 graduated him. At one time the solicitous Harvard housemaster of Adams House begged Schine's roommates to be nicer to him. "We tried," said one of them, "but he made it impossible."

One of Schine's efforts to prove himself to a fellow student led him to approach the latter and say, "I'm signing a check for \$3,000. Have you ever signed a check for that much?" At another time he carried a suitcase with \$1,000 in it through Harvard Yard "just for fun." His favorite book was Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead," because, declared a roommate, "to him it illustrated the importance of power." Schine's extracurricular distinction was playing the cymbals in the Harvard Band. Defeated for the position of band manager, he quit the band and went to New York and made a concerted attempt to interest orchestra leaders in his songs, "All of My Loves" and "Please Say Yes, or It's Good-bye."

Probably Schine's greatest achievement in proving himself was to call the head of a music company in the middle of the night and order installed before daybreak a huge white electronic piano-radio-phonograph-television (although Boston at that time had no TV station). To accomplish this feat it was necessary to block off Plympton Street and fly a technician from Trenton, New Jersey. Finally, at 6 A.M. the instrument was ready and Schine, to the remains of a fascinated audience, ran his fingers once along the keyboard. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll go to bed now."

The *Crimson* reporter found good words for Schine from the janitor of Adams House, who also served as his valet. The valet liked Schine, and Schine visited his valet's house for dinner several times. For his social life in Boston Proper, however, Schine had another system. He had a large black convertible equipped with a two-way phone-radio, and when invited to someone's house he would make it a practice to telephone direct from it. "This is G. David Schine," he would say, "I am now entering Copley Square. Could you direct me from here?" Then, a few minutes later. "This is G. David Schine. I am now approaching Kenmore Square. Could you direct me further?"

We could, but we won't. We'll just say Please Let Us Say No, and Good-bye.

*—CLEVELAND AMORY.*

# The "Sauk-Centricities" of SINCLAIR LEWIS



By CHARLES BREASTED

*Few writers in the long history of literature have been more colorful in their personal behavior than Sinclair Lewis—which accounts for the spate of reminiscences that have been written about him since his death in January 1951. This memoir by Charles Breasted, son of the late James Henry Breasted, covers the period from 1922 to 1926—from "Babbitt" to "Elmer Gantry"—and reveals that behind the eccentricities, exhibitionism, and bombast there was a fundamentally humane man who lived, as he died, in ultimate loneliness.*

I FIRST met Sinclair Lewis in the United States, when he was capitalizing on the success of "Main Street" by lecturing far and wide; but our real acquaintance and eventual friendship dated from a February afternoon in 1922, when we both happened simultaneously to converge upon the American Consulate General in London to have our passports extended. Lewis was then completing "Babbitt" in a bare-walled, single-windowed room, furnished with a table and two chairs, which he had

rented in the Middle Temple in London. During those days he used to join me periodically for dinners and simple soirées at the homes of old friends in the Holland Park and Camden Hill sections of London, where we met such diverse personalities as George Peabody Gooch, the English historian; Hermann Gollancz, the Semitist; Maxwell Armfield, the sadly crippled yet extraordinarily active artist; Cyril Scott, the composer; Edmund Dulac, the illustrator; and many others. Lewis had already struck up

a warm friendship with H. G. Wells (which was to prove sadly short-lived), and had met Galsworthy, Claude Lovat Fraser, Barrie (his historic visit with Conrad, which Wolfe so witheringly described in "The Web and the Rock," came much later), and other leading figures of the day. He was greatly impressed with what seemed to him their un-British easy informality, and with the fact that their social gatherings included every age level and that the young people in their teens seemed genuinely to enjoy such association with their elders. He would always compliment his hosts especially on this latter aspect of their social life, which was in such contrast to the separation between generations in the United States. This in turn would lead him to expound upon the foibles and fortes of life in America. If the occasion included games, he was likely to be in the middle of them, usually on the floor; and as often as not he would end up by teaching a group of guests, including the prettiest girl present, the subtleties of poker.

One evening when we were on our