

## The Only Hope

*"Have Tux Will Travel," by Bob Hope, as told to Pete Martin (Simon & Schuster, 308 pp. Clothbound, \$3.50. Paperbound, \$1), is the anecdotal autobiography of a popular radio and film comedian.*

By Lee Rogow

SHOW-BUSINESS memoirs fall into several different categories. There's the searing kind that begins, "Father drank, and mother took in floors to wash." And there's the official kind that features a sentence like, "It was extremely gratifying to have been chosen to play the Command Performance for Their Majesties, and as I stepped on the stage I felt it to be the climax of a glorious career."

Pete Martin, over at *The Saturday Evening Post* better biography foundry, steers a middle course. He gives you a little of his early family life to let you know he's honest, but when he gets his hero into the show-business career it's a sort of jovial press release for the rest of the way home.

The Bob Hope Story, "Have Tux Will Travel," is a curiously empty book. It has the story and personality of Bob Hope the performer and Bob Hope the golfer, but these were already public property. If there is any other Bob Hope he has successfully escaped being included in these pages. So much so that an extraordinary introduction to this volume reads: "I know it's hard for people to believe a man in my business is normal emotionally and mentally. If they don't there's nothing I can do about it. . . . I'm just putting down the Bob Hope

I know. . . . That breezy Hope—that Hope with a bounce you see on the screen and on your TV set—is me."

It's entirely possible that there is no other Bob Hope but the actor. Certainly few other performers have devoted themselves so energetically to the business of acting. This book tells all about it—the vaudeville, the break in "Roberta," the movies, the "Road" pictures, the radio programs, the trouping for the G.I.s, the few attempts at television.

Two impressions emerge from this account:

The story of the early days of vaudeville, with the trouping on the Sun time and the tryout at Keith's, with the blackface routine and the hoofing and the fireman bit, has a nostalgic flavor that is captivating no matter how often the story has been told.

The second thought is that there was a reason why those grisly "one-liners" turn up in a Bob Hope script. This fellow thinks they are funny. And he (or someone) has gotten dozens of them into this book. They might have been earthquakes with studio audiences and homesick G.I.s from Casablanca to Korea, but in the pages of a book they are downright embarrassing.

## Notes

**SHOW-BIZ TRIVIA:** Columnist Hy Gardner is something of a phenomenon. His main outlet is the *New York Herald Tribune*, a newspaper of high standards. Yet to it he daily contributes a gossip column in the gushy, trivial tradition of Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper, both pillars of a journalism far less dignified than the *Tribune's*. The ebullient Mr. Gardner seems blissfully unaware of the con-

trast between him and his New York paper. A fellow who broke into columning as a legman for Hedda Hopper, he often recalls those days fondly in print.

Now, in *"Champagne Before Breakfast"* (Henry Holt, \$3.95), he has performed a feat as remarkable as achieving the *Herald Tribune*. A major publisher has brought out a book of his warmed-over columns, arranged into chapters called No Business Like Show Business, So This Is Hollywood, etc. It makes a collection of slightly related anecdotes, among them a revealing one about the time Hy was asked to name his top journalistic scoop: it was breaking the news of the Marilyn Monroe nude calendar. For the rest, Mr. Gardner drops names at a greater rate than any other columnist, including his mentor, Hedda. But rest assured—for every name dropped there are at least two I's for Hy himself. "Champagne Before Breakfast" is dedicated "To Myself, Without Whom This Book Would Never Have Been Written." It's on that level. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

**SPACE GRABBER:** Guido Orlando is the press agent who, among numerous other stunts, placed the midget on J. P. Morgan's knee. In *"Confessions of a Scoundrel"* (John C. Winston, \$3.50) he tells the inside story of that memorable event. Seems the midget was keeping company with a lady of normal size. Her family criticized her, so she hired Orlando to build the little man up. Orlando did, characteristically using no less than a Morgan.

An Italian-American who came here as a boy, Orlando considers himself the King of Contacts. He may well be, for he has brashly pushed himself at anyone who might assist in his schemes. He has peddled Mussolini's love letters and used King Farouk to get front-page publicity for a sixteen-year-old American girl. In this country the King of Contacts has not only brightened the Broadway-Hollywood axis, but functioned in politics as well. Once he introduced Huey Long (a client) to Aimee Semple McPherson (another). The two hit it off so well that Huey decided to run for President with Aimee as Vice President. The idea of this peerless ticket seems to have stunned even Orlando, but nothing else ever has. "Confessions of a Scoundrel" is a relentless account of how he has jumped from one publicity triumph to another. It would be a better book if Mr. Orlando—or collaborator Sam Merwin—had occasionally inserted the reflective pause that refreshes. But he hasn't. In real life Orlando may be able to stand the pace, but for a reader there's just too much, too damn fast. —A.C.

## All Souls, All Saints

By Florence Ripley Mastin

ALL souls, all saints in white December  
Will come to you, blest by the voice  
Of summer: roses and orioles;  
Fireflies and thrushes; crickets from their house

Of moonlight; haloed goldenrod,  
Rapt in the Gethsemane of frost;  
Blue moths in flight like blowing petals;  
The mantis praying on green moss . . . .

All these will come when the stripped branches  
Knock on your icy window pane,  
For you have been their faithful lover;  
The least of these you will enfold again.

# The Saturday Review



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## Editorial Bulletin Board

### WASHINGTON

**H**ENRY LUCE, editor of *Time* and *Life*, has thrown out a challenge to "intellectuals." Speaking in Washington recently at the fortieth anniversary dinner of the *New Republic*, Mr. Luce wanted to know why so few intellectuals were fighting for the kind of peace that only world law could create.

"Personally," he said, "I wish that right now the United States would be putting herself in the forefront of the great worldwide concern for Law and the rule of Law. But she cannot be expected to do this unless from the *Advance Guard* we get vivid suggestions as to how this ideal can be progressively incarnated. Meanwhile mankind lives on the brink of anarchy. The United States cannot move forward in this, its historic mission to promote the rule of Law, unless the intellectuals have schooled themselves—and us—to know and to speak of the great concepts of Law as the necessary counterpart of Liberty and the actual basis of peace between men and nations."

Mr. Luce's question is a good one. But the fight for world law has not been without its legions. Writers, thinkers, and playwrights, like Lewis Mumford, Grenville Clark, Robert Hutchins, William O. Douglas, the late G. A. Borgeese, Arnold Toynbee, F. S. C. Northrup, Robert MacIver, Mortimer Adler, Reginald Lang, Bertrand Russell, Alfred Zimmern, Robert T. Sherwood, Oscar Hammerstein, John Hersey, Rex Stout, Pierce Butler, Thomas K. Finletter, Leo Cherne, Stuart Chase, Paul Shipman Andrews, Donald Harrington, James M. Warburg, and Vernon Nash have

been articulate and urgent in their call for a world organization with the effective powers of law.

Obviously, this list is not long enough. We suspect, however, that it would be a lot longer if the nation's leading periodicals would give the issue of world law *vs.* world war the space and attention Mr. Luce says it requires and deserves.

### TOLEDO

**T**HE OTHER day in Toledo I received what in effect amounted to a public rebuke. It was administered by the publisher of the city's two newspapers, the morning *Times* and the afternoon *Blade*. It came during a luncheon meeting sponsored by the Toledo Bar Association.

The meeting had been arranged for the purpose of acquainting the Toledo community with the work of a newly organized local committee on Constitutional freedoms, set up by the Toledo Bar Association for the purpose of providing free legal services in cases involving jeopardy to the Bill of Rights.

During my talk I discussed a recent case involving the suspension of a physicist from Government work. His lawyer was able to develop proof that the physicist had been erroneously accused. The Government eventually acknowledged its error and ordered complete reinstatement. Meanwhile the physicist and his family had undergone almost a year of anguish. The point I tried to make was that the physicist was fortunate in being able to obtain a lawyer who was not afraid to handle an "unpopular" case.

One aspect of the case I related concerned the part of a newspaperman

in helping to ascertain the innocence of the scientist. Since this involved the newsman's sources of information I requested that this portion of my talk be regarded by the reporters present as "off the record."

As soon as I mentioned the fact that I was going "off the record" Paul Block, Jr., publisher of the *Times* and *Blade*, rose from his table in the center of the room and walked out. He subsequently made it clear to the readers of his papers that he had walked out in protest against my off-the-record request. In fact, after I left the hall I found Mr. Block explaining his position to officers of the TBA. George Gould, who had invited me to the meeting, suggested that I talk it out with Mr. Block.

Mr. Block said he felt the off-the-record device was inconsistent with good news reporting.

"Some time ago," he told me, "I ordered my reporters to walk out of any meeting or conference of three persons or more the moment the speaker says he is talking off the record. I don't want my men to hear anything the public can't hear. Certainly, if a roomful of people can be given confidential information the public ought not to be excluded. Sometimes we used to be placed in the astonishing position of having a piece of news circulate everywhere in the city except in our newspapers because we respected the off-the-record request. Consequently I have instructed my reporters to walk out, wait around until after the meeting, find out from people exactly what was said, and then report the whole thing, off the record or not. In doing so we were not bound by any agreement; all we were doing was getting the same information which was certain to circulate anyway."

My conversation with Mr. Block was cut short because of close train connections I had to make. On the way to Chicago I thought carefully about Mr. Block's action and the reason behind it. When I got off the train I sent him a wire saying I believed his position was wise and incontestable. Even though my purpose in going off the record was to protect a newsman's sources, I said it was a gross error for me to do this at an open meeting. There was no question in my mind that Mr. Block had acted in the best interests of responsible newspaper publishing. I commended him on the action and said I hoped his method of coping with the off-the-record practice would be adopted by the nation's press as a whole.

I can't say that the experience of being spanked in public is a pleasant one; but at least a substantial contribution has been made to my personal education.

—N. C.