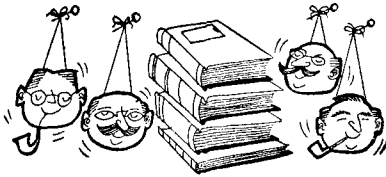


TRADE

Winds

COLLECTORS OF SESQUIPEDALIAN law-firm names will have a field day with "Walter S. Carter," the biography of a famous, pioneering lawyer by Otto Koegel, himself the puissant legal eagle of Twentieth Century-Fox (Round Table Press, \$6). Featured in its 491 pages are such euphonious combinations as Mack, Macauley, Spiegelberg, and Gallagher; Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood; Hornblower, Byrne, Miller, and Potter; and the author's own firm of Dwight, Royall, Harris, Koegel, and Caskey. Collecting these names is a particular hobby around the offices of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Beane, the Wall Street combine also known around the Exchange as "We the People."

Walter Carter was a dynamic gen-



tleman who ran a veritable nursery for young lawyers of talent. "Carter's Kids," who had later counterparts (not necessarily with the same political leanings) in "Holmes's Secretaries" and "Frankfurter's Hot Doggies," included some of the ablest barristers who ever baked a tort. Of Carter's proteges the most famous undoubtedly is Charles Evans Hughes, who clerked in Carter's firm, married the boss's daughter, became a partner, and went on to become Governor of New York, Chief Justice, and even President of the United States until the returns came in from California. Other famous graduates of the Carter indoctrination course include John Garver, James Byrne, Henry W. Taft, Paul Cravath, George Wickersham, and Frederic R. Kellogg.

The essence of Carter's drilling was never to become boring—a precept that Koegel took pains to remember when he wrote his biography. Carter liked to quote the famous comment on Evarts's speech in the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial: "He sought to make his fame immortal by making his speech eternal." Mr. Carter's little legal pills are recommended particularly to present-day attorneys who suffer spells of being long-winded and obtuse themselves.

PIERRE LAMURE, WHOSE "MOULIN ROUGE" turned out to be a gold mine, evidently

is coming up with more of the same his second time out. His new novel, "Beyond Desire," is based on the life of composer Mendelssohn, and although it is not scheduled for publication before August 1955, movie producers are already standing in line waving checks. A very exhilarating breeze this creates, too, admits Pierre. Incidentally, this versatile author also banks royalties from ASCAP for songs he has composed, has drawn covers for *Time* magazine, and dazzles his publishers by passing through their portals with some of the most beautiful girls in the world. . . . Elek Books, publishers in London, have come up with a brand-new problem. Their ad in the *British Bookseller* urgently requested "the immediate return of all shrunken heads which were on loan from them for display purposes." Editors, perchance? . . . Sam Kaufman is trying to persuade Sylvia Fine (Mrs. Danny Kaye) to do some new lyrics to the music of the French composer Vincent d'Indy. He's already smacking his lips over the billing: Fine and d'Indy.

THERE'S A BOOK COMING OUT in a few days by the most unorthodox Broadway columnist I know: he actually checks the items that are fed to him by the usual run of press agents and other informants with an axe to grind before he prints them! This strange procedure may not have endeared him to his rivals, but it did win him a by-line in the sacrosanct *New York Herald Tribune*. On the side he does regular Sunday pieces for *Parade*, presides over a daily ABC radio show, and plays the drums occasionally in Sammy Kaye's band. His name is Hy Gardner, and Henry Holt expects big things from his book, "Champagne for Breakfast." The preface is by Fred Allen.

The way Hy Gardner cracked the *Trib* should interest youngsters on the



threshold of a journalistic career. Hy laboriously turned out, set in type, and pulled galley proofs of full columns for thirty consecutive days, then sent them, special delivery, to thirty-seven top execs of the paper at their

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homes. A small box at the bottom of each proof reminded them, "This is a column which **SHOULD** be running daily in the *New York Herald Tribune*." "I think," says Hy, "it was the wives of the executives who got used to reading my piece every morning. I'm not one of the dolts who underestimates the buying power of a woman!"

MARIEHELEN MACDUFF, publicity wizard for Neiman Marcus in Dallas, admits that she never really hits her stride until shortly before noon. "What can you expect," she inquires, "of a day that begins in the early morning?" ... Henry Fonda, discussing "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial" with Donald Freeman of the *San Diego Union*, declared, "If there's a real villain in the piece, it has to be Keefer, the shallow, trouble-making intellectual. And I think Herman Wouk saw something of himself in this character—himself fifteen years earlier perhaps, with an intellectual wetness behind the ears he had grown to despise. I'd say there's a lot of Wouk in Greenwald, too. Wouk is incapable of writing anything obvious," concluded Fonda. "He's a tremendously mature artist, only at the threshold. Playing the part of Greenwald I came to appreciate in full the author's deep convictions and powers to express them. 'The Caine Mutiny' is just the beginning for Herman Wouk." ... Charles Laughton, adds Don Freeman, summarized "The Caine Mutiny" as "a patriotic drama with many semi-villains but only the Navy as its hero" ... Wes Lawrence, collecting "Little Willie" rhymes for



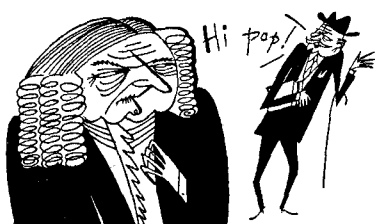
his breezy column in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, came up with a dilly the other morning:

Playing his wooden oboe, Will
Swallowed the horn at the top of a
trill.
Said mother, watching Willie go:
"What mighty aches from oak horns
grow."

BRUCE ROGERS, AT R. D. 3, Danbury, Connecticut, has several copies on hand of one of his most beautiful productions: "A Selection of the Writings of St. Francis of Assisi," which B. R. designed in a limited edition for the Rowfant Club in Cleveland. I believe the issue price of \$15 a copy still obtains. Collectors of typographical gems

should write to Bruce Rogers direct. . . . Walter Karig, no stranger to the best-seller lists himself, is the surprise appointment as book-editor of *The Washington Post*. Mary McGory, previous incumbent, is moving on to other fields. . . . Quail Hawkins, longtime co-manager of the Sather Gate Bookshop in Berkeley, is now an executive at the University of California Press. Quail writes that during a recent severe rainstorm one of the Press's store-rooms leaked. Most of the rain fell, appropriately enough, on neatly-stacked copies of MacKenzie Brown's "The White Umbrella."

DR. NATHANIEL MICKLEM retired as principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, recently on reaching sixty-five. His father, just turned 100—the oldest living member of the British Bar—was not too pleased when world-traveler



Irving Hoffman broke the news to him. "Bah," grumbled Papa, "I thought I had that boy settled." . . . In his invaluable new treatise, "Never Say Diet," Corey Ford claims that the following elbow exercise is bound to produce results: "Stand in vertical position, with elbows braced on edge of mahogany bar and right foot resting firmly on rail eight or ten inches above floor. Grasp glass in right hand and bend slowly until rim of glass touches lips. Lower elbow, refill glass, and repeat routine until chin is level with bar. Once proficiency has been attained this exercise can even be continued in a horizontal position." . . .

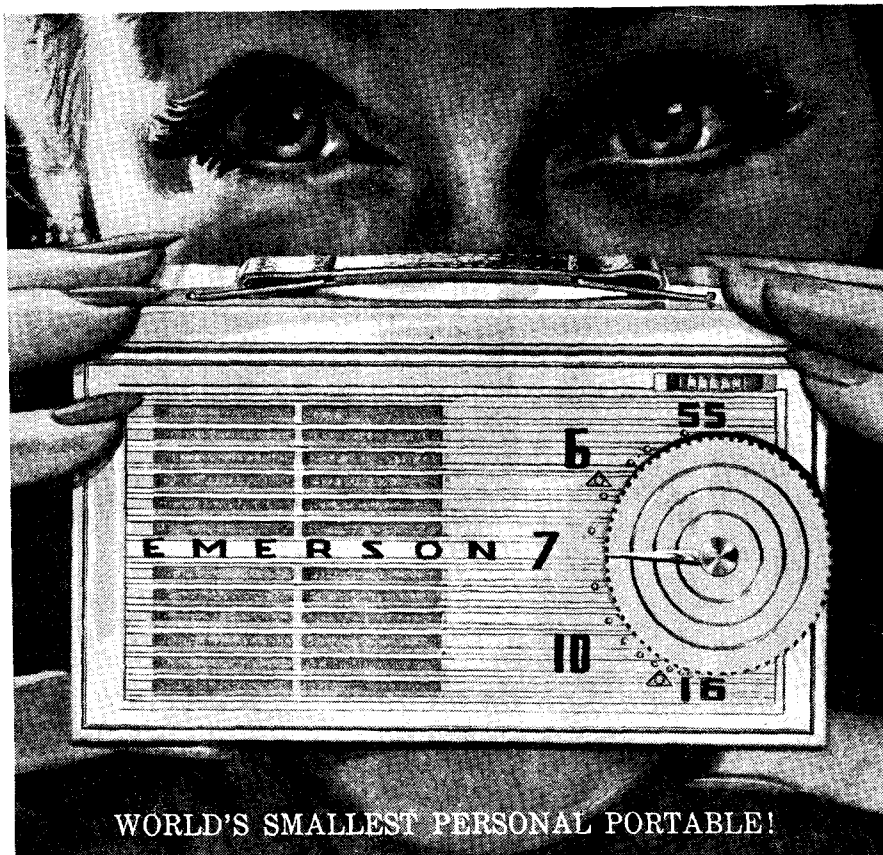
THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL of a title like "The Power of Positive Thinking" certainly has played a part in keeping Norman Vincent Peale's inspirational book on the very top of non-fiction best-seller lists for two solid years. Aspiring authors, therefore, are continually beseeching Dr. Peale to provide sure-fire titles for their immortal prose. Dr. Peale counters with the story of the author who made a similar demand of J. M. Barrie. Barrie made no move to open the 1,500-page manuscript, but drawled, "Tell me, young man: are there any drums or any trumpets in your novel?" "Mr. Barrie!" protested the author. "It's not that kind of a novel at all." "Perfect," beamed Barrie. "Call it 'No Drums, No Trumpets'."

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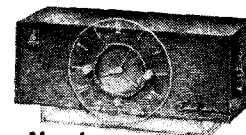
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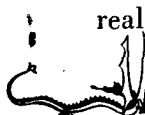
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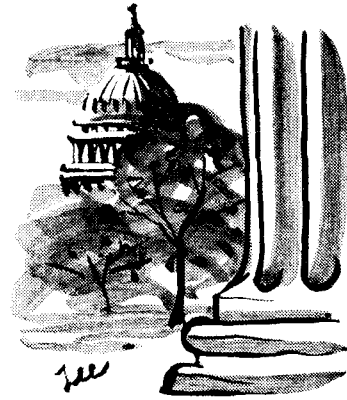


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THE UNIFORM OF JUSTICE

1. Frankfurter—the Big “Little Jedge”



EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent years there has been increased awareness of the part played by the United States Supreme Court in shaping American traditions and institutions. Though it has traditionally been regarded as the central stabilizing mechanism of government, the Court has been associated with many of the most profound changes in the life of a free society. Within the Court itself, changes either in the composition of its members or the ideas of its members have been reflected in history-making decisions. Perhaps no member of the present Court has been more identified in the public mind with the dynamics of change than Felix Frankfurter. Sixteen years ago he was regarded as an architect of the most advanced aspects of the New Deal. Today he is more often associated in the public mind with the strongly conservative viewpoint.*

The following study of Justice Frankfurter is the latest in a series on eminent contemporaries by John Mason Brown. Previous articles have been concerned with President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, Harry S. Truman, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Walter Lippmann. Mr. Brown's study of Felix Frankfurter will be continued in an early issue.

By JOHN MASON BROWN

JUSTICE is a principle, and a great one; a Justice is merely a man who may or may not be great. By convention a member of the Supreme Court, wherever met and even when not wearing his robe, is addressed as “Mr. Justice,” as if the principle in some miraculous though very cozy way had taken human form.

Quite rightly, the building which houses the Court is anything but

cozy. Its every emphasis is on the principle rather than the persons who are its guardians. Seeking to give physical expression to an ideal older than the Greece and Rome with which it is linked by the Corinthian columns on its portico, its façade is deliberately austere. Its lines are serene and strong and highminded in their simplicity, its matching wings have the balance of scales. The acres of white marble, inside and out, continue the symbolism. They speak for the purity of justice as a principle

and are as cool as reason. Architecturally, the room in which the Court sits is less successful. It is hard to see in, hard to hear in, poorly planned, and poorly lighted. With its oppressive display of Ionic columns, bronze, mahogany, and red velvet, it sinks to the gaudy in reaching for the grand. Yet, in spite of itself, it does succeed in suggesting the majesty of its purpose.

This majesty is also expressed in the ceremony enacted each day in this room at the stroke of noon whenever the Court is sitting. A warning gavel raps for silence, everyone present rises as the curtains part, and the Chief Justice and his associates enter, dressed in their black gowns. In tones appropriately awesome the marshal chants, “Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court.”

Upon the reading of these words, with their firm assertion of present power in terms of phrases from the past and their coupling of the nation's safety with the Court's, the gavel raps again, the Justices take their seats as do those facing them, and the day's business begins. During these preliminary moments it is easy to believe that, instead of nine men