

TRADE Winds

THE OTHER DAY I RECEIVED a set of gal-
leys of "Not the Glory," the new book
by Pierre Boulle which Vanguard will
publish in September. I'm eager to
read it because Boulle's previous book,
"The Bridge Over the River Kwai,"
was to my mind one of the most acute
and sardonic novels I've encountered
in many a day. Boulle is a French-
man and "The Bridge" was about an
English colonel—a Blimp among
Blimps—who nearly lost his partic-

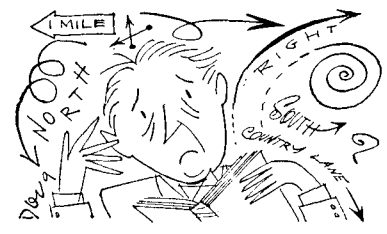


ular corner of the Second World War
because he was possessed of all the
stubbornness, all the rectitude, all the
capacity for holding to the ideal and
missing the point which has given
Britain that remarkable record of
losing so many battles and winning so
many wars. I don't know whether
"The Bridge Over the River Kwai" is
still in your bookstore, but if it is
don't miss it. I understand there is a
plan afoot to make a movie of it. As-
suming this to be true, I have a plan
afoot to be first in line at the box
office.

AS YOU MAY GATHER from the above
remarks, "The Bridge Over the River
Kwai" gives none the best of it to
the British and I find myself surprised
that I liked it so well because I am
more than partial to England. This
story was told a dozen times when
it was new and maybe it is old enough
now to warrant retelling. It's a story
that moved me as did few others in the
early days of the Second World War.
France had fallen, the Netherlands
and the Scandinavian countries, ex-
cept neutral Sweden, were conquered,
and we were still enjoying that false
security which preceded Pearl Har-
bor. Every night the Luftwaffe was
pockmarking Britain. The story was
about a British golf club somewhere
not too far from London. It seems that
a sign had been hung in the locker
room: "A ball played into a bomb
crater may be lifted and placed out-
side the crater but no nearer the
green without penalty." I never saw
the sign. I never met anyone who saw
the sign. But I know it had to be

there. It was part of the spirit that
was keeping the cause of freedom
alive at that time.

SINCE I TEMPORARILY moved into these
premises no item in this column has
caused more people to telephone and
write me than the paragraph about
my current studies at the Reading In-
stitute of New York University. "Does
it really speed up your reading?"
"Are you sure you aren't skipping or
missing the writer's point?" Yes, yes
to the first question. No, no to the
second. I paid good but not much
money for the course, and I am con-
vinced that I have already gotten it
back manyfold in new reading cap-
acity. As with any course of instruc-
tion, much of the value depends on
the quality of the teaching. I assume
that all their teachers are good; I
have no reason to believe that the one
I was assigned to is not typical of
their faculty. His name is Dr. Devine
and I owe him this mention for the
care, patience, and interest which he
has bestowed on me. One of the facili-
ties the course gives you is that of
reading complicated physical direc-
tions—reading them once, closing the
book, and drawing a map graphically
descriptive of the directions. You
know the kind of passage: "We drove
north for a couple of miles, then
turned right to the sea. Within a
mile we came to a country lane and



then turned right again until we were
within sound of the breakers. There
we met the highway, turned left on
it until we came to the road over-
looking the beach, etc., etc."

Try reading a page like that in
about thirty seconds and then draw
an accurate map of the course de-
scribed.

"So what?" one might ask, "isn't it
enough to know that the course took
a general direction which brought it
presently to the shore?" Not always;
sometimes directions of that sort are
indispensable to an understanding
of what you are reading. For example,
the stage-set at the beginning of a
play. How often when you are read-

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ing a play have you had to turn back to the beginning of the act to understand whether the divan was to the left or right of the fireplace, and just where was the staircase down which the girl ran? If you learn the trick of absorbing this kind of physical direction reading—especially play-reading—becomes increasingly pleasant. Remember that scene in "The Male Animal" when Professor Tommy Turner appears at the French windows and lifts the coffee-cup from the saucer Joe Ferguson is holding? On stage it is a great sight gag. Reading it is funny only if you have a clear picture of the Turner living room and the particular point on the downstage right wall where the French doors are set.

ONE PLAY I LOOK FORWARD TO READING the minute it is published is "Pipe Dream," the Hammerstein version of Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday." Hammerstein and Rodgers have just about completed writing their musical version and it goes into rehearsal this September. Sure, I read the novel and expect to see the musical, but I also want to *read* the latter. Anybody interested in dramatic criticism written in advance of opening night may have mine now. "Loved the novel, adored the play."

IT'S A WONDERFUL THING to be living in the era of Rodgers and Hammerstein and to look forward every year or so to the oncoming of a new "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," "Carousel," "Allegro," "The King and I." It's living in an era of wonderful new songs and beautiful new lyrics and it makes it possible for us, today, to appreciate what it must have been like to have lived in the London of Gilbert and Sullivan. Every year or so new music is born, new verses come to life, and everyone of us who can see, who can hum or whistle—or even sing—owes a debt to Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein which no amount of payment at the box office will ever discharge. The only thing I know about "Pipe Dream" is that they have wonderfully cast the madam. In "Sweet Thursday" she's the one, you will remember, who is not particularly interested in her girls' professional activities, but is vitally concerned in teaching them the arts of courtesy, particularly proper table setting. Helen Traubel will act and sing that role, which seems to me as inspired a bit of casting as there's been since Rodgers and Hammerstein went to Pinza and said, "Now we've got this middle-aged French planter on a Polynesian Island and he looks exactly like you."

Pinza, of course, was wonderful

as Emile de Becque; but permit me to sound off a personal enthusiasm which I seem to share with lots of others. Pinza's understudy in the original cast was a then unknown baritone named Richard Eastham. Because Pinza wasn't accustomed to singing eight performances a week his understudy had to fill in nearly sixty times during the first year of the New York performance. Fill in is scarcely the phrase. Dick Eastham was Emile de Becque. So much so that when they readied the national company Eastham was given the male lead and he sang it magnificently for a couple of years, including a record-breaking year-plus in Chicago. Everybody with a drum in his ear has the original-cast records of "South Pacific," but you could do a lot worse than add to your record collection the one of Eastham singing "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine."

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN NO AUTHORITY to tell the following story but it's true, and I'm going to tell it anyhow. When "South Pacific" was in rehearsal Eastham was cast as one of the Seabees—a chorus role. Then it was announced that the following day they were going to have try-outs for Pinza's understudy. Eastham applied. Could he speak with a French accent? "Sure," said Eastham. This wasn't true. Eastham spent all that night learning French accent from a dramatic coach. By the next day he thought he had it temporarily for the audition. That afternoon when audition time rolled around Eastham was all set. But Joshua Logan said it had been a trying day for Rodgers and Hammerstein and he put off the audition for twenty-four hours. Eastham's heart sank. He had spent all his available cash on that all-night study. In twenty-four more hours the best effects of it would have worn off.

Then occurred one of those magic backstage moments. Hammerstein and Rodgers were tired but here they were suddenly saying to Logan, "Let's get going with the audition." In another instant Eastham was up on the stage possessed of his newly acquired accent and a few minutes later he had won the job. With Pinza's subsequent frequent attacks of laryngitis Eastham had ample opportunities not merely to rehearse but actually to perform the role and thus to polish his accent. Oh yes, he had to make his hair artificially gray. You see, he and Ensign Nellie Forbush are—offstage—contemporaries, and after each performance it was Dick who literally had to wash that man right out of his hair.

—ALAN GREEN.

“THE WAY TO BE SAFE IS NEVER TO BE SECURE”



EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the cry of indignation that comes when a lawyer sees the skills of his profession perverted, its principles poisoned—and men and women hurt in the process. Charles P. Curtis is a well-known attorney who has practised in Boston since 1919, a veteran of World War I, a former member of the Harvard Corporation, a special assistant in the State Department in 1941, and an author whose latest book, “The Oppenheimer Case” (Simon and Schuster), will come out this month. The cause of Mr. Curtis’s strong feelings was his reading of “Case Studies in Personnel Security,” published by the Bureau of National Affairs and financed by the Fund for the Republic, for which a group of lawyers headed by Adam Yarmolinsky selected fifty typical cases of the operations of the Government’s vast and chaotic security system. As these cases suggest, commissions and individuals responsible for security have acted many times either in ignorance or defiance of accepted procedures of American law and common sense. Most often these arbitrary proceedings have not succeeded in making America any safer, or in illuminating what the threats to our safety are or were. But it is the helpless individuals who have been maimed by the flailing and witless arms of these Government programs who inspire the most concern.

By CHARLES P. CURTIS

I HAVE just finished reading a series of brief accounts of fifty cases in our Federal personnel security program. These fifty were collected by a group working under Adam Yarmolinsky for the Bureau of National Affairs. They are not, of course, enough to support any final judgment on our security system, but they are enough to give any man pause, and they are enough to give any meditative citizen a strange mixture of feelings—bewilderment, compassion for the victims, laughter at

official folly, and nausea at the cruelty. Some of these cases may be unusual. This must be our hope, but it does not take more than a few cases of folly to make a fool, nor much cruelty to make you feel a little sick.

No one knows how many cases of the kind represented in this collection have been decided since the security system spread through the Federal Government more than seven years ago. No one knows how many people have been dismissed from employment as a result of hearings like these, nor how many have been reinstated. We do know that some

10,000,000 men and women, one out of six in our working population, are subject to some kind of security test. Two-and-a-half million employees of the Federal Government, more than 3,000,000 in the Armed Forces, several hundred thousand Atomic Energy workers, merchant seamen and port workers, and an additional 3,000,000 or so employees in private industry engaged in defense work are subject to investigation. If “derogatory information” relating to the present or past activities of the individual himself, or some friend or relative, turns up in the file he may be suspended from his job and required to prove to a security board that his continued employment is “clearly consistent with the national security.”

Let me say at once, to begin with, that the people who are administering our security system have not had the benefit of being watched. We have not done our part. We have not insisted on watching and listening to what they have been doing. There are some things our public officials do best in secret, some few things. Passing judgment on their fellow citizens is not one of them. A good half of the reasons why our judicial system is admirable is that we are watching it. We can come and go, in and out of its courtrooms, and we watch our judges from the jury box. Our security system suffers under the handicap of secrecy and isolation.

We require our judges to publish their reasons for their decisions. We should not have known, we could