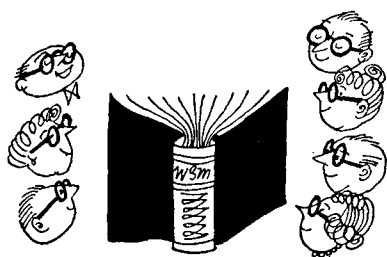


TRADE

Winds

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, generally recognized as one of the most versatile and resourceful writers alive, has had his most telling lines assembled into one volume by the equally resourceful John Beecroft, Pooh Bah of the Literary Guild. The result, "Mr. Maugham Himself," is an anthology that crackles with wit and wisdom.

Mr. Maugham leads off with the patently insincere disclaimer that an author is the last man who should be chosen to give the low-down on his



own writings. To drive home his point, however, he tells an amusing story about Marcel Proust. Proust, it seems, was burned up because one important French journal was tardy in giving "Remembrance of Things Past" its due. Anxious that the review be just right when it finally did appear, Proust left nothing to chance. He wrote it himself. Then he persuaded another well-known writer to sign it and turn it in. The editor, unfortunately, would have none of it. "I must refuse your article," he told the man who submitted it. "Marcel is a valued friend. He would never forgive me if I printed a criticism of his masterwork that was so perfunctory and unsympathetic."

ANOTHER STUNNING NEW ANTHOLOGY that has won the immediate acceptance it deserved is "The Saturday Evening Post Treasury," a bumper crop of the best stories, articles, and cover illustrations that have appeared in the *Post* since it was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728. Authors included run the gamut from Poe and Franklin himself to Faulkner and Marquand, and you may also have the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Tugboat Annie, Arthur Train's Mr. Tutt, Tom Beer's Mrs. Egg, Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville scamps, and the salty Mr. Glen-cannon.

What I lingered over most lovingly, though, were the reproductions of typical old ads and cover paintings I

used to love so by Leyendecker, Falter, Rockwell, Alajalov, and the like.

If I were running the *Post* I'd go back to those distinctive white background covers—with the illustrations poking up into the dateline and masthead—like a bat out of Hades. *Post* covers today look like ones adorning a dozen competing journals. When I was an official sales representative of the Curtis Publishing Company—outside the subway station at 157th Street and Broadway—you could distinguish the *Post* from a distance of a hundred yards!

Do you remember, too, when those Leyendecker posters of football and baseball scenes, along with college pennants and crossed canoe paddles, adorned the bedroom walls of every American boy whose folks could afford the space and outlay? The date would be the golden carefree days before World War I. The "Post Treasury" will recreate the picture for you.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE some boy deliriously happy today, incidentally, you'll present him with an Aquarius Clock—an electric timekeeper created by the Sessions Clock Company, of Forestville, Conn., to retail at \$22.95. You'll swear that the fish—and the water in which they seem to be revolving around the dial—are the gen-



uine article. My own kids are certainly going to enjoy possessing ours—in the unlikely event they can pry it away from me.

NEW PRESIDENT of Harcourt Brace: Denver-born Bill Jovanovich, high-school textbook wizard, and very popular. . . . New senior editor at Random House: Hiram Haydn. The move is characterized by an executive there as "the best thing that's happened in our organization in the past five years". . . . Retired from Harper's: Adam Burger, one of the most colorful figures ever to brighten the shadows on Publishers' Row. One day I mean to devote

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an entire column to some of his inspired exploits. . . . New general manager at La Quinta, California: Warner Gilmore, trained in catering to the unpredictable whims of the literati by a previous stretch at New York's St. Moritz Hotel. . . . New president of the Printing Industry of America: Bill Walling, who is also the husband of Peggy ("I Remember Mama") Wood (the lucky stiff!). . . . Dire tidings for sales managers: Liz McMurray, dynamic doyen of the Dallas bookworld, proposes to sell out—unless some means can be found to deter her. Husband Bill Johnson is being transferred to a top post in *Time's* New England headquarters. I simply can't picture that gal sipping tea in a Beacon Street drawing-room!

HY GARDNER'S "Champagne Before Breakfast" (Holt), crammed with quotable anecdotes, contains one that casts a strange light on the psychology of a typical down-and-out vaudeville ham. He sidled up to a big star whose pal he had been in palmier days and began haltingly, "I guess you don't remember me, Sunny."

"Remember you!" boomed Sunny, spinning him half-way across the dressing room with a whack on the

back. "You used to do just about the most sensational act in vaudeville. I can't understand why you're not a bigger star even than me. Guess you just didn't get the breaks. Say, you married the dame in your act, didn't you?"

"That's right," agreed the down-and-outer hurriedly. "It's Florrie I've come to see you about. She's awful sick and we need \$4,000 dollars for an operation. I thought you might help."

Sunny's expression didn't change. "Good old Petey and Florrie," he mused. "I'll never forget the thrills and laughs you gave people all over the country. What a team! I wish I could help, Petey, but I've got my problems too. But I sure love to think about that act of yours. Give Florrie a kiss for me."

Pete whistled his way across town to the Garden, where the late Al Jolson was doing a benefit. "Sure I remember you," scowled Jolson. "How could I forget a corny act like yours? Every time that overblown broad climbed on your shoulders I was afraid you'd both fall into the orchestra pit. What's on your mind?"

"It's Florrie," the crestfallen Pete whispered. "Only an operation can

save her life and it'll cost four G I thought maybe. . . ."

"No maybes," said Jolson, reaching for a checkbook. "I hope Florrie comes through. And if she does, Pete you two do me a favor. Open a can-



store or something. The stage was never meant for plumbers like you

Pete hurried home, close to tears. "How'd you make out?" called Florrie. "Okay, I guess," said Pete slowly, "but you know, Baby, you've got to have your back to the wall to find out who your real friends are. That Sunny boy, what a sweetheart he is—but Jolson, what a crumb!"

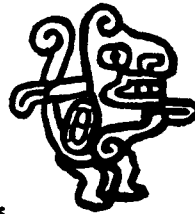
With that he handed Florrie Al Jolson's check for \$4,000.

HY GARDNER IS ONLY ONE of the steady patrons of the famous Lindy's Broadway Restaurant who has given birth to a book in recent weeks. There are also Fred Allen, Bob Sylvester, Ben Gross, Joey Adams, and numerous playwrights. And Mr. Lindy, who came to appreciate the virtues of authors when the late Damon Runyon made his establishment a "must" on the list of every tourist to New York, likes to put copies of his friends' new books in his windows.

It was his current display that caused Fred Allen to pause only long enough to make sure his own "Treadmill to Oblivion" was exhibited to advantage (festooned with liverwursts) and then observe tartly, "this trend continues Brentano's will be forced to fill their windows with corned beef in self-defense!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1083)

KATHERINE VAN DER VEER:
SANCTUARY

The stable is a zone of truce
Where swallows nest among the eaves,
The spider hangs her veil of lace,
On clapboard roof the wood dove grieves. . . .

A sanctuary for the lost
Of feathered crest or antlered horn;
And He who knows what things are best
A stable chose for being born.

SR's Library Poll

ALL THE many readers of "R.S.V.P." (#8 on SR's list this week) will feel themselves beset by one burning question: now that Elsa Maxwell and the Duchess of Windsor no longer speak to one another whom do they speak to? Miss Maxwell, of course, and her column, and the multitudes in debt to her for champagne and masquerade; but for the Duchess the conversion of a cheerful chum into aptious critic must be little less than conversationally catastrophic.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly,
and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **The View from Pompey's Head**
by Hamilton Basso (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **No Time for Sergeants**
by Mac Hyman (F)
5. **Love Is Eternal**
by Irving Stone (F)
6. **Katherine**
by Anya Seton (F)
7. **Not As a Stranger**
by Morton Thompson (F)
8. **R.S.V.P.**
by Elsa Maxwell (G)
9. **My Brother's Keeper**
by Marcia Davenport (F)
0. **My Several Worlds**
by Pearl Buck (G)
1. **A Child of the Century**
by Ben Hecht (G)
2. **The Woman Within**
by Ellen Glasgow (G)
3. **TNT—The Power Within You**
by Claude Bristol and Harold
Sherman (G)
4. **Desirée**
by Annemarie Selinko (F)
5. **Mary Anne**
by Daphne du Maurier (F)
6. **Old Men Forget**
by Duff Cooper (G)
7. **Good Morning, Miss Dove**
by Frances Gray Patton (F)
8. **The Tumult and the Shouting**
by Grantland Rice (G)
9. **Shocking Life**
by Elsa Schiaparelli (G)
0. **The Dollmaker**
by Harriette Arnow (F)

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(G)—General
(F)—Fiction

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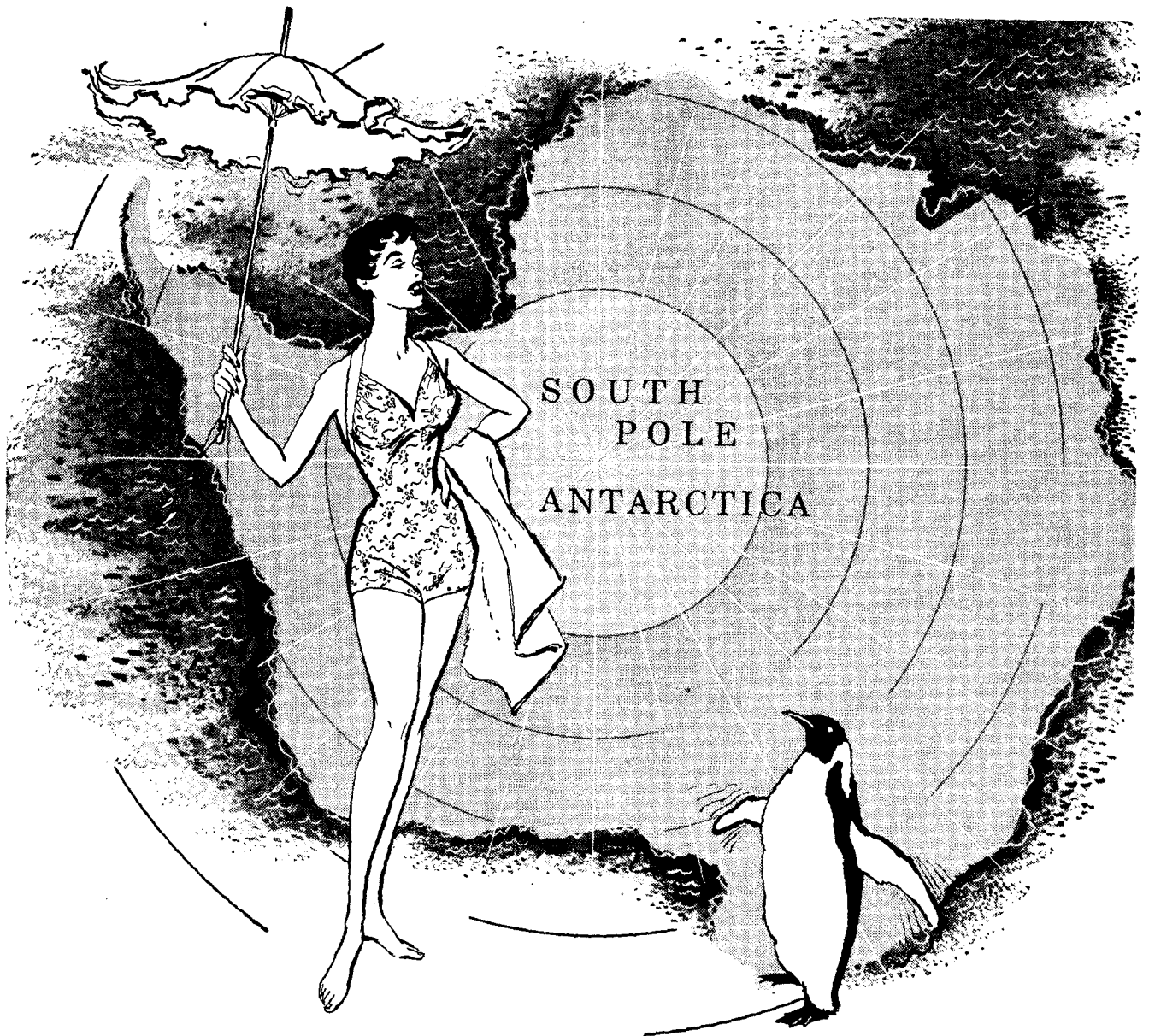
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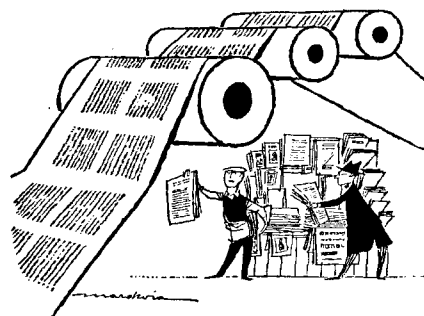
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NEWSPAPERS SHOULDN'T PLAY GOD



By HERBERT BRUCKER

For a time a professor of journalism at Columbia, Herbert Brucker also served with the OWI before going to the Hartford Courant in 1944; he has been editor since 1947. News, he explains here, is not just those things that happen, but those things that happen about which people are curious. And, however hard the brickbats, an editor has no right to tamper with this curiosity by permitting any sort of censorship—including his own.

DURING a recent campaign for Governor in Connecticut two letters came to *The Courant*. The first letter said:

"It is certainly fortunate there are out-of-town newspapers for sale mornings in Hartford. *The Courant*—unlike its more cosmopolitan neighbors in New York City—conveniently withholds any news in any way detrimental to the Republican cause.

"The situation is deplorable and dangerous, when a newspaper, steeped in biased provincialism, deliberately withholds news of importance from the public."

I filed this letter in the same

folder with an unsigned postcard (the reference is to Chester Bowles, then the incumbent Democratic Governor):

"Somebody in your paper is getting paid to do Bowles publicity on your front page. Every time I get the paper our Chester is there grabbing headlines with speeches and statements and trips to Washington and other phony emergencies. And you're supposed to be a Republican paper. You had better wise up to what's going on in your office."

Here then were two people, looking at the same newspaper at the same time, but seeing precisely the

opposite things. It is a basic fact of life that individuals, looking upon the buzzing confusion of the world, see only what they want to see, or can see, or have been taught to see. To them that alone is the truth. And they are passionately determined that everyone else shall see that truth too, and none other.

It seems to me that all censorship, all the present and growing denial of the right to know, arises out of this subjective view of the world. Man just does not like news of that world presented objectively, with the antiseptic and relentless cleanliness of science. He wants all mankind to see the world, and hence the news of it, as he himself sees it.

Not long ago Jack Fitzgerald, a reporter for *The Courant*, went to New York to cover a round in a proxy battle for control of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. In the process he had occasion to telephone Patrick B. McGinnis, the challenger who subsequently won. As soon as Mr. McGinnis heard that a representative of *The Courant* was on the phone he said, "I don't know