



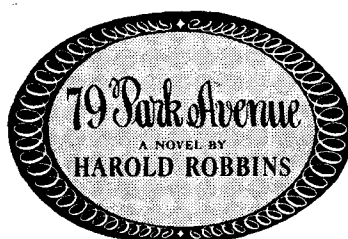
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TRADE Winds

IN THE MIDST OF ALL the mountain-climbing epics—"Annapurna," "The Conquest of Everest," "K2" followed "The White Tower" as truth usually follows fiction—there was published a month or so ago what Bill Cole of Knopf calls a *tour de farce*. It's "Nowhere Near Everest," Maurice Dolbier's (he's *The Providence Journal's* literary critic) completely creditable account of how he never climbed anything. This chronicle—which Bill claims is dedicated to man's domitable and vincible spirit—is a great comfort to all of us who never dared, never ventured, never achieved, and never got out of breath. Some day I intend to write my own personal narrative of rare and heady adventure. It shall be called, "I Flew from Newark to LaGuardia."

Nobody, least of all Mr. Dolbier, knows what his next book will be about, but Mark Carroll of the Yale University Press has suggested that Dolbier now explore the underwater world in a volume with a title which all pun-loving readers will appreciate, "Cods, Crabs, and Scallops."

JUST FOUR-AND-ONE-HALF BLOCKS up Madison Avenue from Knopf is Doubleday, from whose Pyke Johnson, Jr., I learned about Carlson's bookstore in San Mateo, California. Carlson's recently filled a window with 150 bottles of California wines grouped around John Melville's "Guide to California Wines" and Morrison Wood's "A Jug of Wine." A splendid window display. But no bough? No thou? Ken Carnahan, West Coast book reviewer, said this was the most unusual display in Carlson's window since a runaway automobile ended up in it a while back.

ONE FLOOR BELOW DOUBLEDAY'S editorial offices are the offices of Hanover House, which will presently publish Max Shulman's "Guided Tour of Campus Humor," an anthology which will give you an idea of at least one aspect of higher education in 1955. A section of Max's volume is

devoted to original limericks and, just in case you haven't cracked at undergraduate publication recently here's a nifty example from *The California Pelican*, published at the University of California:

There once was a model named
Moyer

Who fled from her artist employer;

She said, "I will pose
in clothes in repose,
But I'm damned if I'll pose like
for Goyer."

HOWEVER, ALL THAT GOES ON IN COLLEGE! these days is not facetious. I have just returned from the Publishing Procedures Course at Radcliffe. This course was, for some years, under the direction of Helen Everitt, who has now deserted Boston and New York to be an editor for Mr. Curtis's *Ladies' Home Journal*. The present director at Radcliffe is Mrs. Diggory (Doyle) Venn, who has assembled this year as eager and intelligent a group of students as I have ever seen up there. The PPC has a remarkable record of finding employment for its graduates, and this year's group seemed so exceptional that I fully expect to find practically every one of them gainfully, and for the betterment of publishing, employed this fall.

Radcliffe, like most Boston and Cambridge institutions, is handsome, gracious, old-fashioned, and non-air-conditioned, so, after one has spoken for a couple of hours with the thermometer at 92°, one is delighted to flee with Doyle and Diggory to the Ritz Bar, which is air-conditioned, and where the bartender knows without being reminded that the olive is the ruination of the martini (probably had this hammered into his skull by Bernard DeVoto). Houghton Mifflin's Anne Ford joined us and we would have talked about publishing except that she is a Red Sox fan and I am a Dodger rooter and Ted Williams was out of the lineup with a lame back while Campanella was at home nursing a bruised knee and neither of us had mind or heart for anything except the ailments of our heroes and their chances of getting back into the lineups soon.

I DID EVENTUALLY LEARN about an unusual event which had taken place in Boston early in June. The Boston



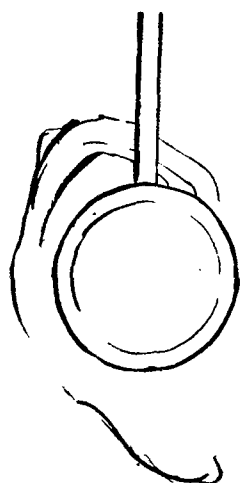
arts Festival, of which Diggory was director, was held out on Boston Common for two weeks and—in spite of really frightful weather—it drew total attendance of 750,000 to its exhibits of modern sculpture and painting, to performances of "The Skin of Our Teeth" and to Martha Graham's dancing. The exhibits were protected only by a semicovering of light canvas and they were out there day and night while those thousands enjoyed them and there was not one case of that vandalism which goes under the euphemism of souvenir hunting. Several prizes were awarded, including a \$500 prize for poetry. The award was presented by Archibald MacLeish in words that proved that MacLeish has not lost that magic pen of his:

To Carl Sandburg, poet of the American affirmation, whose reply to doubt, to depression, to the failure of heart of those who dared no longer trust the people, was "The People, Yes." Biographer of one war President, friend of another, Mr. Sandburg has been a participant in the history of his own troubled generation as well as the recorder of the history of the generation of the great American trial. He has been the singer of the city where no one before him thought song could be found, and the voice of a prairie country which had been silent until he came, and all this continent is in his debt—a debt which Boston and New England, by this award, acknowledge.

ARL SANDBURG, in accepting the award, evidenced considerable pride and said he was ready to run for Governor of Massachusetts. Up on Beacon Hill, Christian Herter preserved a nervous silence.

Diggory told us of the after-hours argument between Thornton Wilder and Carl Sandburg, an argument in which Wilder defended and Sandburg attacked Gertrude Stein. Sandburg summed up his argument for the offense by asking Wilder—"Did Gertrude ever have to write for a living?" Wilder was reported as not replying to this seeming crusher. Does a certain vacationing publisher and columnist wish to point out that royalties paid by him contributed not unimportantly to Gertrude's living?

THE NEXT DAY I WENT OVER to 34 Beacon Street—home of Little, Brown—and found that the creaking, open-age elevator in that fine old building is still running despite my 1946 prediction that the damn thing was momentarily going to crash with senility into the basement. I saw several people there and heard about literary



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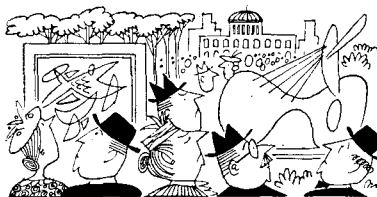
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items on which I hope to report presently. Just before I left, I ran into Joe Allen, who once was Little, Brown's advertising manager and who now runs their law and medicine books department. At the moment I



saw him Joe was holding the galleys of a volume with the piquant title, "Sterility and Fertility in Cattle." If you think this is an unusual book for a law and medicine department to be publishing, please remember that Boston Common, just outside Little, Brown's door, was originally set aside by Boston's Founding Fathers for grazing purposes. The book's title reminded me of a sad story Oscar Hammerstein II once told. When Hammerstein and Rodgers aren't contributing a new musical to the uplift of man's spirit, and to the cultural reputation of our time, Oscar lives down in Pennsylvania where he raises prizewinning Black Angus cattle. The story he told was told him by his fellow writer and fellow gentleman farmer, Louis Bromfield. Some years ago there was imported into Bromfield's neighborhood a young bull, as promising as Bromfield's Ohio had ever seen. Indeed, he cost \$15,000. Came the time when the young bull should first perform for the continuance of his breed, and he was set out to pasture with an equally prize cow. The two of them were frolicking about in premarital glee when the bull had the misfortune to back into a fence carrying a light electrical charge. The bull was not only shocked—he was displeased. Moreover, he seemed immediately and permanently to connect this unpleasantness with his male duties and from then on, although Bromfield's neighbors called in the best bovine psychiatrists available, the bull was a confirmed bachelor. Come to think of the few bachelors I know, that isn't the word I mean. I am sure you know what I do mean: he just grazed and grazed and was a \$15,000 misogynist.

YOU CAN'T HELP LIKING the way they do business in Boston. You call up a top executive of a firm, publisher or not, and you find him, to the puzzlement of the New York conditioned telephoner, totally unscreened. No defensive platoon of young ladies repeatedly ask who's calling. Nobody wants to know what you're calling about. Nobody switches you over to

a secretary who says, "Hold the wire a moment" and who then spends forty-five seconds deciding whether this is the one call in three she allows to go through. You just ask for Mr. So-and-So, give your name, and instantly Mr. So-and-So is relaxedly on the phone. Maybe there just aren't so many people in Boston using the telephone to sell insurance plans and dance lessons but, whatever the reason, it's a pleasure and it's also exactly the way they do things on Ludgate Hill, Shoe Lane, Little Paul's House, and English publishing's other warrens in the shadow of St. Paul's. In the course of my day and a half in Boston I saw Charles Blanchard and Philip Slocum at Little, Brown, and Lovell Thompson, Anne Ford, and Jack Leggett at Houghton Mifflin. I deliberately didn't take notes because several of them said things that they felt should not be attributed to any one of them. For instance: out-of-town book reviewers, foreign publishers and motion-picture story editors who spend most of their touring time in New York should spend at least 20 per cent of it in Boston. Reason: The size of the lists and the volume done by Boston's aforementioned publishers, plus Atlantic Press and Beacon, warrant that much attention. And, for further instance, the bookstore of the future is more likely to be what is now considered the bookstore of the past than what is increasingly the bookstore of the present. In other words, the bookstore of the present with its heavy weight on selling bestsellers is already losing customers who are becoming purchasers of paper reprints. Meanwhile, the bookstore of the past, the fine, murky, relaxed establishment—where you are almost as likely to find the little-called-for backlist item as this morning's literary sensation—continues to find customers among those people whose book needs are not entirely guided by the latest review or last Sunday's best-seller list. Moreover, such a bookstore is more likely to sell publishing's latest development—the quality paperbound volume—than is the modern, hit-and-run establishment.

Neither of these instances is necessarily my own. Both statements were forcefully made by one or another of the people I visited in Boston.

I AM, AT THE MOMENT, waiting for Anne Ford to recover from her concern over Ted Williams. I want to learn about Houghton's new edition of a biography of that pioneer sheriff and unexcelled pistol shooter, Wyatt Earp. Wyatt may be the answer to the pulsating question—"After Davy Crockett, What?" —ALAN GREEN.

MORE MONEY FOR OUR COLLEGES

... and Where It's Coming From



The Great American Inflation—now about fifteen years old—has been as hard on the finances of American colleges as it has been on all endowments and fixed funds or incomes. Yet, next to the public schools, what is more important to a country's future than her colleges? The politicians, engineers, business executives, scientific and social theorists, artists who will shape Tomorrow must get their own shape in the college of Today. This week SR is pleased to have John W. Hill and Albert L. Ayars, chairman and educational director respectively of the public-relations firm of Hill and Knowlton, Inc., discuss the interest that one of the effective groups in our society—American business—is now taking in the problems of higher education. This increasing support of education by the business community is a first aspect of the increasing sense of corporate responsibility which has created a sort of Public Service Revolution in American business ideas and practices. Next week SR will pay attention to the second aspect of this changed business personality: public-interest advertising.

By JOHN W. HILL
and ALBERT L. AYARS

IF THE past is any index, something like one out of every three freshmen who matriculates at an independent college this fall may need financial help from that college. But the shoe, regrettably, is on the other foot, too. That same independent college in all probability is desperately in need of financial help itself.

Our private American colleges and universities are up against a serious and continuing crisis. They are short

of money and—what with more or less fixed endowments, inflation, and the scarcity of wealthy donors—they are hard pressed to find new funds.

Where are these colleges and universities to turn? The answer seems to be this, as U.S. Steel's Benjamin Fairless summed it up in a recent speech: "Their only remaining recourse is to business institutions. In short, it appears their survival will depend in large measure upon whether American corporate enterprise is ready, willing, and able to come to the financial rescue of our American system of private education."

This challenge to businessmen represents as noble an opportunity for public service as is apt to fall to their lot in this century or the next. And one has only to review the newspapers of recent months to realize that businessmen are responding. Announcements of corporate gifts and endowments, scholarships, fellowships and other grants have been coming thick and fast. Standard Oil of New Jersey and General Electric, for example, are both raising their annual aid-to-education programs past the million-dollar mark, beginning this fall; General Motors announced 350 new scholarships last January, plus unrestricted financial support to a number of institutions in addition; Du Pont, too, is stepping up its already substantial program. All told, about half the nation's largest manufacturers are providing aid to institutions. Their total contribution, last estimated at \$70 million in 1953, is expected to reach a new high this year.

While this transfusion is thrice welcome, particularly in the interests of keeping a balance between government-aided and private education, it does raise a few specters. As the 1954 report of the Carnegie Corporation put it, "there are problems in too heavy dependence on corporate sup-