

TRADE

Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

THE SHAH OF IRAN and his lovely Queen have been touring the United States in recent weeks, seeing the sights, observing our customs, and causing numerous ladies of my acquaintance to learn how to curtsy for the first time (they used a pamphlet issued by the Curtsy Publishing Co.)

The whoop-to-do reminded George Burke, alert publicist for the Encyclopedia Britannica, of a time way back in 1797 when Futteh Ali, Shah of Persia, was presented with a set of the Britannica by the English ambassador. The Shah read all the (then) eighteen volumes through and was so impressed by both the contents and his own zeal that he bestowed upon himself a new title: "Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopedia Britannica." That made the full title of this illustrious Shah read as follows:

"The Most Exalted and Generous Prince; Brilliant as the Moon; Resplendent as the Sun; The Jewel of the World; The Center of Beauty, of Mussulmen, and of the True Faith; Shadow of God; Mirror of Justice; Asylum of True Believers; The Most Powerful, Most Magnificent, Most Generous King of Kings, Grace of Beauty, of Sovereignty, of Royalty; Phoenix of Good Fortune; Favorite

of Heaven; Shade of the All Highest; Protector and Sanctuary of All Nations; The Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, of Power, of Glory; Equal of the Sun; Chief of the Great Kings; Master of the Constellations, Whose Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven; and Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopedia Britannica."

IRVING HOFFMAN, the peripatetic publicist and pamphleteer, has acquired about 17,000 intimate friends in the past decade, all of whom insist upon carrying on voluminous correspondence with him. To retain any semblance of sanity, Irving has resorted to an answering form, which is reproduced on this page by permission, on a hunch that other beleaguered souls may be able to adapt it to their own needs. As an example of how our Irving gets around, J. Edgar Hoover wrote him a note of thanks for being included on the form, Max Beerbohm in Rapallo requested a copy, and the madam of a questionable resort in Acapulco asked what the going charge would be to have her place mentioned instead of the Sunning House in Hongkong.

I HAVE NEVER CEASED to be amazed at the number of people in this world

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**HANDY-DANDY-LITTLE GIANT
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As it is the mark of great minds to say many things in a few words, so it is that of little minds to use many words to say nothing. (From La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," 1648)

No Yes Maybe

Congratulations

So sorry Get well soon

Very funny Heh Heh

Thanks a million

You're welcome Please return

I'll call you Call me

Let's both forget it

Too hot Too cold

Too much effort

Too silly Too bad Too sad

Having a fine time wish you were here

I'll meet you under the clock
at Grand Central Station

In the Lobby of Sunning House, Hongkong

Mr. Hoffman is out of town

(Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)

Mr. Hoffman is out of the country

(Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)

Mr. Hoffman is out of this world

(Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)

To be frank with you Mr. Hoffman
has no secretary and has decided to
stop subsidizing the U.S. mails

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year

Happy Lincoln's Birthday

Happy Washington's Birthday

Happy Valentine's Day

Mr. Hoffman has been declared a
mental incompetent. Your communication
has been forwarded to his attorney

Mr. Hoffman has now retired from public
life and is tending entirely to his private
pursuits. To handle your problem you
should get in touch with:

President Eisenhower

George Sololaire Dept. of Sanitation

Dorothy Dix Rose Franzblau

Madison Personal Loan J. Edgar Hoover

My Uncle Max takes care of all my insurance

Enclosed please find check

Out to lunch Lunch is out

You have paid me the highest compliment
a woman ever paid a man—but I
am not worthy of your love

Please enclose blood specimens with
subpoenas in all paternity suits



"Speculation . . . is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well-known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand . . ."

Mr. Justice Holmes

United States Supreme Court

May 8, 1905

Justice Holmes was right

Obviously in a society built on risk-taking there's a place for the man who can afford to take the *big* risk—the man who has the money *and* the temperament for successful speculation.

Nobody can begrudge him his success, for where would we be here in America without his breed?

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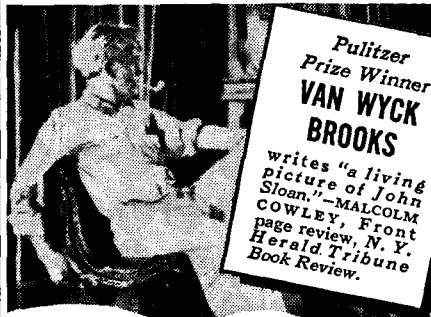


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COWLEY, *Front
page review, N. Y.
Herald Tribune
Book Review.*

DUTTON

who are happy only when they a meddling in other people's business.

There is an amiable and no doubt well-meaning gentleman, for instance just outside the city limits of New York who reacts violently every time he sees a picture of a man puffing happily on a pipe. Encouraged by nobody, he has constituted himself one-man committee to banish the joys of smoking from this earth. At least this objective be too modest for a man of his caliber, he also advocates the abolition of caffeine drinks ("coffee, tea, chocolate, and colas") I advocate the abolition of him.

Every time there appears on the masthead of my column in *This Week* magazine a picture of me with a pipe I get a letter from this gentleman warning that I am contributing to the delinquency of all minors and insinuating that I am "getting a rake-off from the tobacco companies for their insidious advertising."

Generally I read these letters with fleeting annoyance and toss them in the wastebasket, but recently there arrived one that went a step too far. It cited the tragic plight of a wretch "who had refused to see the light and gone on taking dope." He was a salesman, I was informed, "about my age who looked as robust as I did on TV." Then, bingo! he "died of lung cancer."

This letter I answered. "Thank you," I wrote, "for telling me the lovely story of the robust salesman about my age who expired of lung cancer because he wouldn't give up smoking. I have a story to tell you in return.

"It's about a man who was walking on the left side of the street and saw somebody he knew on the right side smoking his pipe contentedly. Although it was none of his concern the man felt impelled to cross the street and warn the smoker of the danger he was courting. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk than he safe fell out of a ninth-story window landed on his head, and squashed him to death. Had he stayed on the sidewalk of the street where he belonged, of course, and minded his own business he would be enjoying life today in the pink of condition."

If you think this stopped meddling correspondent, you underestimate his persistence. Back came a note warning me, "Your phony story is similar to one Irvin Cobb sent me in 1942, two years before he died... Do you think it adds to the prestige of your publishing house for its president to be known as a pipe smoker?"

Well, I don't know about prestige but I do know I enjoy a pipe and expect to continue to enjoy it for the

**FACTS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS—BEST NEW REFERENCE BOOKS
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The Saturday Review—March 19**

rest of my life. It's busybodies who give me a pain—not tobacco!

MANY RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS to this pillar of erudition have had a distinctly punicious flavor—a sop, perchance, to the base laws of Cerfitude. Edna Fisher, of Jenkintown, for instance, misplaced an LP record recently. "Where," she mused, "could it have gone?" "Probably," suggested an offspring, "it's Haydn." . . . When Dr. Tubman, President of Liberia, blew into Akron, Ohio, for a visit, R. Russell Munn, at the public library there, protested, "I thought I was chief Liberian in these parts!" . . . Pat Flannery reports that a copper-colored lady is in permanent residence at the Albuquerque railroad station, selling beads, and surrounded by a huge flock of children. Some tourist usually inquires, "Them Injun?" The unsmiling lady replies, "Part Injun. Part Injuneer." . . . And Vanessa Brown writes, "You'll admit, I believe, that Christopher Columbus is the first man who made 19,000 miles on a galleon."

FROM MABEL WINTER WILLSON, in Van Nuys, California, comes a poem I like very much:

Old Books

There is so little more to say of them
Than has been said:
Yellow and sere as autumn leaves,
Dog-eared and finger marked. . .
Old books that hold the wine of life,
Its sparkle and its zest,
Yet rarely does a hand reach up
To test their worth or peer and taste.

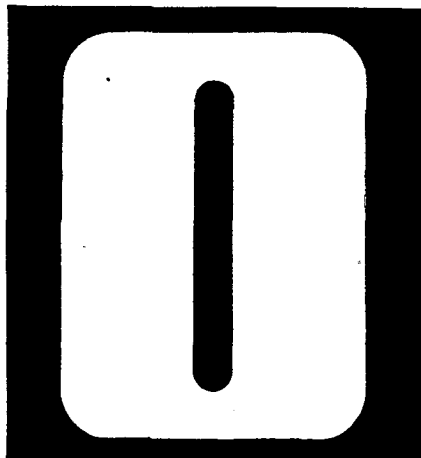
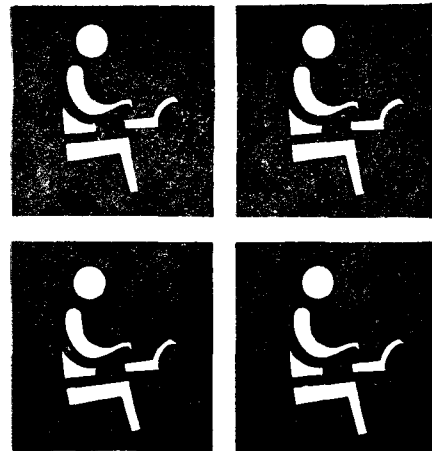
But I have done that very thing today . . .
A thin, small volume, excellently tooled
Lies here upon my desk
Just for an hour to arrest my thought
While life spins on outside

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1093)
GORDON KELSO CREIGHTON:
MARCH

(A prize sonnet, Maine Poetry Day, 1954)

In these Maine woods, the New Year sleeps till March,
Then half-awakens under rumped snows . . .
The past is nothing but a shell to slough.
The future, its rebellious prisoner . . .
Whose unseen, vital pressure is enough
To lift the mould and make the black earth stir.

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YALE
university press new haven

And "the late sun moves round the court."

Where is the gentle hand that traced these lines

In some dark attic near a window dim

Or on a tumbled cot before the fire?

Written in blood, mayhap, that danced

With youthful vigor in his veins . . .

Just set the message down and left it free

Nor drew it back to hold it to his breast,

The breast that nurtured it and gave it life.

I reach again, a volume bound in silk:

"Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the summer stars . . ."

Again: "A squirrel's pranks upon a bough,"

No lofty eminence these to climb, Just simple lowly things made great,

By gracious phrasing made sublime.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content."

Ah, I have traveled far the wide world o'er

To find a haven here in this old room.

My youth is fled but I shall make the most

Of what is left in this dim place. I'll draw the shades, light up the grate,

And bid the masters come to life again.

Perhaps I'll fall asleep and see them there

Half hidden in the dusky chimney nook,

Or leaning on my high-backed chair

To point the line lest I should miss a phrase,

And they will be as glad as I to know

A wanderer has paused to drink again

Beside the fountain of their gracious moods.

REFERRING TO A RECENT paragraph on the rising costs of winter vacations, Herb Stein notes that brazen Miami bellhops have taken to delivering Scotch-and-soda on separate trips. A friend topped him with "That kind of double-tip mooch is nothing compared to the young bandit I encountered there. At my spot, bellhops wouldn't dream of carrying your golf bag to your room in one trek. They brought one club at a time!"

Me, I've been investigating an entirely different sector for my vacation this season. Even as you read this, I should be winding up my gambols on the beach at Waikiki in Hawaii. Try and stop me from telling you about them in future columns!

—BENNETT CERF.

SR's Library Poll

CONNOISSEURS and the morbidly curious will find in Ernst von Salomon's "Fragebogen" (#18 on th list) the very peculiar and very sou flavor of twixt-the-wars Germany when the cleverest men were proud to worship a crazy clown, all value turned themselves inside-out, and th end came in flame and chaos. Th book is in the form of answers to a American Army questionnaire (an *mein Herr* is not at all fond of Americans).

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The View from Pompey's Head** by Hamilton Basso (F)*
2. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A** by Richard Aldrich (G)**
3. **Love Is Eternal** by Irving Stone (F)
4. **My Several Worlds** by Pearl Buck (G)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Treadmill to Oblivion** by Fred Allen (G)
7. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank (G)
8. **No Time for Sergeants** by Mac Hyman (F)
9. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
10. **Hadrian's Memoirs** by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
11. **My Brother's Keeper** by Marcia Davenport (F)
12. **The Cornerstone** by Zoe Oldenbourg (F)
13. **Katherine** by Anya Seton (F)
14. **A World of Love** by Elizabeth Bowen (F)
15. **American in Russia** by Harrison Salisbury (G)
16. **I Looked and I Listened** by Ben Gross (G)
17. **Pray For a Brave Heart** by Helen MacInnes (F)
18. **Fragebogen** by Ernst von Salomon (G)
19. **The Day Lincoln Was Shot** by Jim Bishop (G)
20. **The Woman Within** by Ellen Glasgow (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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	Electrical Engineers			Mechanical Engineers			Physical Science			Chemistry Ceramics Glass Technology Metallurgy		
	1-2	2-3	4+	1-2	2-3	4+	1-2	2-3	4+	1-2	2-3	4+
SYSTEMS <i>(Integration of theory, equipments, and environment to create and optimize major electronic concepts.)</i>												
AIRBORNE FIRE CONTROL			W							W		
DIGITAL DATA HANDLING DEVICES			C			C				C		
MISSILE GUIDANCE			M			M				M		
INERTIAL NAVIGATION			M			M				M		
COMMUNICATIONS			C O F							C O F		
		F							F			
DESIGN • DEVELOPMENT												
COLOR TV TUBES —Electron Optics—Instrumental Analysis—Solid States (Phosphors, High Temperature Phenomena, Photo Sensitive Materials and Glass to Metal Sealing)	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L		L	L	L
RECEIVING TUBES —Circuitry—Life Test and Rating—Tube Testing—Thermionic Emission	H	H	H		H	H		H			H	H
MICROWAVE TUBES —Tube Development and Manufacture (Traveling Wave—Backward Wave)		H	H	H			H	H			H	H
GAS, POWER AND PHOTO TUBES —Photo Sensitive Devices—Glass to Metal Sealing	L	L	L	L	L		L	L		L	L	
AVIATION ELECTRONICS —Radar—Computers—Servo Mechanisms—Shock and Vibration—Circuitry—Remote Control—Heat Transfer—Sub-Miniaturization—Automatic Flight—Design for Automation—Transistorization			F	M C F		F	M C F		F	M C F		
RADAR —Circuitry—Antenna Design—Servo Systems—Gear Trains—Intricate Mechanisms—Fire Control			F	M C F		F	M C F		F	M C F		
COMPUTERS —Systems—Advanced Development—Circuitry—Assembly Design—Mechanisms—Programming	C	C	F	M C F	C	C	F	M C F	C	C	F	M C F
COMMUNICATIONS —Microwave—Aviation—Specialized Military Systems			F	M C F		F	M C F		F	M C F		
RADIO SYSTEMS —HF-VHF—Microwave—Propagation Analysis—Telephone, Telegraph Terminal Equipment			O	O F		O	O F		O	O F		
MISSILE GUIDANCE —Systems Planning and Design—Radar—Fire Control—Shock Problems—Servo Mechanisms			F	M F		F	M F		F	M F		
COMPONENTS —Transformers—Coils—TV Deflection Yokes (Color or Monochrome)—Resistors			C	C		C	C		C	C		
MACHINE DESIGN Mech. and Elec.—Automatic or Semi-Automatic Machines			H	H		H	H		H	H		

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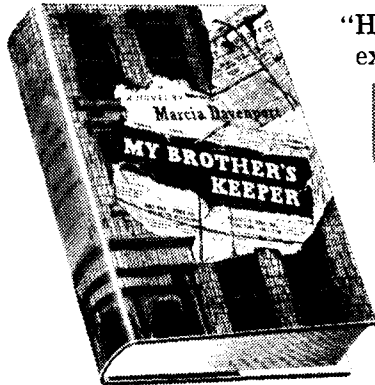
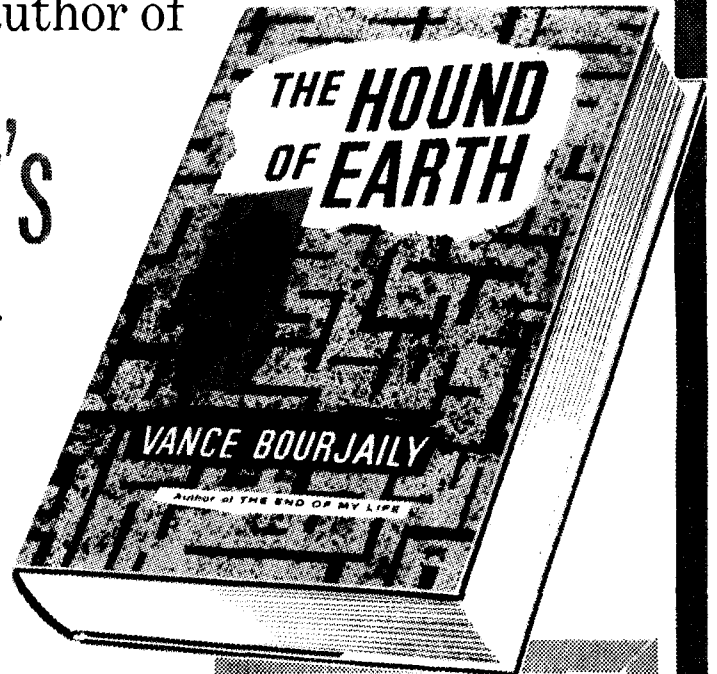
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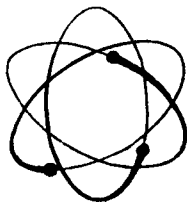
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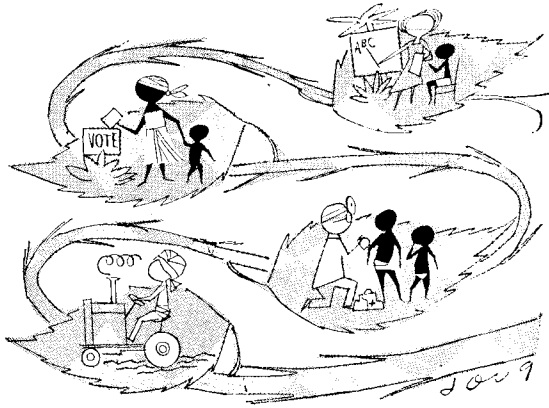
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MARCH 12, 1955



VOTES, WIZARDS, ROADS & BREAD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Philip Mason, CIE (who writes under the name of Philip Woodruff), graduated from Oxford (1927) at the age of twenty-one, with First Class honors in philosophy, politics, and economics. He went immediately into the Indian Civil Service, where he rose through the ranks from Assistant Magistrate (United Provinces) to Tutor and Governor to the Princes, retiring in 1947. In addition to many novels, Mr. Mason has just completed a two-volume history of the Raj, "The Men Who Ruled India." In this article he outlines some of the distinctions in colonial administration. While reaffirming that the most graceful act of the colonial power is a discreet withdrawal, Mr. Mason reminds Americans that the West still plays a complicated role of responsibility in many underdeveloped states, faced by complex political and economic problems that can't be solved simply by using the words "Point Four" instead of "Empire."

By PHILIP WOODRUFF

TODAY we all know that the date we take off our diapers determines twenty years later our affection for wife and mother, how we treat our secretary, and the way we like our steak cooked. Nations are conditioned by their early history, too; plenty of citizens of the United States—always excepting the present reader—have not been quite successful in getting George III out of their systems, nor have we in England altogether forgotten the lessons of Crown Point and Bunker Hill. You will agree that the Revolutionary War has a good deal to do with the first reaction of every good American to the word "colonialism." And I begin

to wonder whether it is not time to get those chafing diapers up out of the subconscious into the light of reason and think just what colonialism has meant. My dictionary gives as one definition of a colony: "a settlement in a new country forming a community fully or partly subject to the mother State." It's the last part to which we all object—"subject to the mother State." But we don't object at first. The definition brings to my mind a strawberry plant, which as soon as it has borne fruit sends out a runner that feels about for a good place to put down roots. Once those roots are well down in the ground a good gardener cuts the connection with the old plant. But not too soon; to begin with, the runner

is an umbilical cord, supplying strength. This metaphor of the strawberry is not a bad picture of Maryland and Carolina in the seventeenth century; if the old plant had not put out its runner there would never have been a new plant at all. And in those very early days what the new plant sometimes asked for—and did not always get—was more government, not less—or in other words help against the French and the Redskins.

But the connection was not cut soon enough and so the word colonialism came to have a bad smell. It is a word hardly anyone likes today and the thing it represents is, I hope, everywhere, at different paces, on the way out. It is, however, my thesis that colonialism was neither always good nor always bad; it has almost always been mixed, with elements of both, but often with more good than bad at first. It is a matter of judging when the bad outweighs the good and when to cut the cord. I will maintain, for instance, that, to begin with, colonialism was not a bad thing, even in America; it brought with it the common law, the English language, and, in an early stage, habits of voting and free speech; it produced George Washington and Benjamin Franklin; it produced the American people; in short, the new plant grew and flowered and bore fruit, with a different flavor from the old—bigger fruit than the old, though as an ob-