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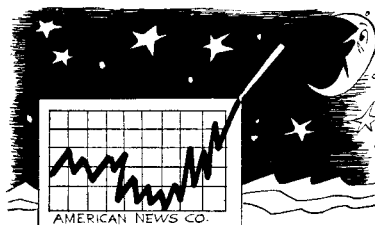
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TRADE Winds

THE COMMON STOCK of the American News Company, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, is generally one of the more neglected issues, but in recent weeks a sudden flurry of activity whirled the price up some fifteen points to a high of over \$38 a share. Since declining newsstand sales of magazines and constantly



increasing overhead have played havoc with News Company profits in the past two years, insiders wondered what could be causing the sudden spurt in the value of its stock.

One explanation was that an outside group might be seeking control. Whenever new figures try to insinuate themselves into the management of a company they must acquire stock in the open market. Concentrated buying orders can send a stock skyrocketing, especially when the floating supply is limited.

Why, you may ask, should a new group want to buy into a company whose immediate prospects do not seem overbright? In the case of American News, it might well be hidden real-estate equities that are the lure—not to mention millions of dollars in cash in the company treasury. Its 400 branches (and it is difficult to imagine how the book and magazine business could function without them) add up to a mighty big slice of property, which statisticians aver is carried on the company's books at only a small fraction of its actual value. The liquidation of any considerable part of these holdings might result in a spectacular, if non-recurrent profit, and enable new investors to make a quick clean-up, and run for the hills.

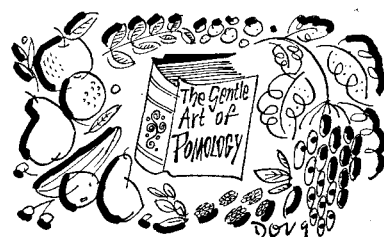
Whether or not this be the objective of the group whose purchases have put up the price of American News common, Percy O'Connell, president of the company, is serenely confident that the incumbent management will retain control. Furthermore, the downward spiral of sales and profits seems to have halted. "Business improved during the last months of 1954," reported O'Connell,

"and the trend has continued through the first quarter of 1955."

RECOMMENDED: The most beguiling musical film of the year: "Daddy Long Legs," featuring the incomparable Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, and a lilting Johnny Mercer melody called "Something's Gotta Give." And on Broadway they've turned Douglass Wallop's BOMC selection "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant" into a rousing song-and-dance jamboree called "Damn Yankees." When the redoubtable Casey Stengel turned up at the show he was asked how he liked it. Casey drew himself up in the best and haughtiest George Jean Nathan manner and declared, "I ain't gonna comment about a guy which made \$100,000 writin' how my club lost." . . . We may live yet to see the Dialogues of Plato (or should it be Home Plato?) edited and with an introduction by Professor Yogi Berra.

A COUPLE OF COLUMNS BACK I referred to a nefarious character named Russell as a "pomologist." "Exactly what," wrote two TRADE WINDS readers, presumably so busy making millions they had no time to consult a desk dictionary, "is a pomologist?" He is a gent, of course, who pursues the science of fruit and fruit growing, and two superb specimens of the species are Reid M. Brooks and Claron O. Hesse, both on the faculty of the Davis branch of the University of California. Together they have written a book, in fact, called "Western Fruit Gardening," aimed to lighten the lot of every home gardener and nurseryman west of the Rockies who is raising edible fruits. . . . The same issue of SR in which I referred to pomology featured on the cover the statement "The U.S. Press Is in Trouble." But Frank Tripp, publisher of the *Elmira Star-Gazette*, rushes to the defense of the nation's journals in his new book, "On the Newspaper Front." Predicts Mr. Tripp:

When any medium, other than the newspaper, delivers all of the world and neighborhood news in



detail; ballyhoos local charities and civic endeavors to successful conclusions; borrows the babes, graduates them, marries them, and buries them; stands as watch-dog of home, safety and liberty; fights for the rights of the people . . .

When it becomes the permanent record of current events, the date book of the community, the housewife's shopping guide, when it recovers neighbors' dogs, sells their attics empty, finds them a used refrigerator, tells them who's sick, dead, engaged, or married, who's painted his barn or mended his fences . . .

When another than the newspaper does these few little chores daily, in a preservable package, at a pittance a copy—then I'll believe that some folks might not find time to read their hometown paper.

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER admitted recently that in his salad days he frequently walked out to the end of one of the Hudson River piers to collect his thoughts. "Wonderful idea," approved John Straley, "only he didn't prove John Straley." . . . Couple of writing go far enough." . . . Couple of writing fellows with time on their hands compiled a list of literati who boast the fanciest vests. Leading choices

Hate Poem:

On Traveling to and from
New York to Princeton on
the Pennsylvania Railroad

By Ashley Montagu

DEAR God, what have I done
To deserve this place in the sun,
Where no shade is
And the heat of Hades
(Courtesy of the P.R.R.)
In this dirty jouncing car
Deflates
And dehydrates
Me.

Must my journeyings to and fro
Be a constant tale of woe?
Trains too dusty,
Collectors crusty:
Trains delayed,
Trains betrayed.
Trust I a victim be
Must I a victim be
Of this monopoly?

O' Law of Anti-Trust,
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This totalitarian,
Absolutarian,
Valetudinarian,
P.R.R.?

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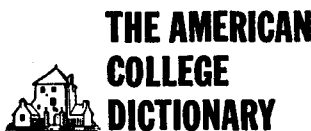


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"Chirps and tinkles along like an exquisite old porcelain music box with gold works, belonging at least to a dowager empress." *Time*, May 2, 1955



included Truman Capote, Swiftly Lazar (the society agent), Charles Addams, Curtis Pub's Ben Allen, dapper Bob Bangs, Lucius Beebe (of course), and Jean Negulesco. Further nominations should be accompanied by corroborative snapshots. . . . Overheard by Liz Carpenter: "I wish Dulles would stop wavering that big stick!" . . . Rumored title for Harry Truman's memoirs: "From Precinct to President." . . . Unusual requests: At the Brooklyn library a Southern lad demanded "Alabama and the Forty Thieves." A customer in Beverly Hills wanted a copy of "that Jewish sea story, 'Oy-vay All Boats'." And a lady with a ten-year-old in tow invaded Books, Inc., to inquire, "Where do you keep that Landslide Series?"

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION

points with pride to the fact that one of the heroes of the Revolution was a bookseller. He was Henry Knox, Washington's chief of artillery and later the first U.S. Secretary of War. He had a decisive hand in the crossing of the Delaware and helped preserve morale during the terrible winter at Valley Forge. Before the British occupied Boston Henry Knox's shop on Washington Street was the Brentano's of its day—well stocked with hammock reading for colonial belles—and military manuals that Knox studied himself in slack periods. The British demolished his shop completely—but in 1793 Knox insisted on paying his prewar debt of nearly £1,000 in full to the London firm of Longman's.

Another rebel bookseller of whom the ABA is not nearly so proud is cutting an ugly swath in France at this very moment. That would be Pierre Poujade, a small-town bookseller who might be described as a road-company Hitler. His rallying cry, "Let's not pay any more taxes," is sure-fire bait for the lunatic fringe, and his organization, "The Union for the Defense of Shopkeepers and Artisans," is adding its full measure to current political chaos in France. A visiting publisher from Paris, however, is optimistic. "By October 1956," he predicts, "there will be a general election in France. Mendes-France will be back at the helm, and there will be sweeping and essential changes effected in the entire machinery of French politics. Poujade? Pah! Let us hope he will return to his provincial bookshop and pay not only his taxes, but his bills!"

"So Mendes-France is on his way back," enthused Ruth Powers. "I can hear those Parisian chantootsies now—singing 'We're on Our Way from Vin to Lait!'" —BENNETT CERF.

REPORT



FROM BANDUNG / By NORMAN COUSINS

THE PLACE

BANDUNG.

"COULD you please tell me what you think of our city?" the man asked.

"It's one of the nicest cities I've ever seen," I replied.

"It is a big relief," he said. "For four months we have worked to get it ready for the Conference. Do you know that every building and every home had to be painted or whitewashed? Maybe 20,000 whitewashing jobs. Every store-front had to be fixed up. They even imported special goods to put in window displays but not for sale."

"Every street had to be paved or repaved or fixed up. I know. I filled in hundreds of holes myself. It is all for you: it is a big relief that you like it."

My companion, whom I happened to meet near the Dutch-style hotel where I stayed, was not a road-repairer by occupation. He was an elementary-school teacher. In common with numberless other Indonesians, he had volunteered for the special task-force set up by the Government to

prepare Bandung for the Asia-Africa Conference.

Preparations involved much more than the appearance of the city. Delegations from twenty-nine nations had endless needs that had to be anticipated and provided. Comfortable quarters, compatible foods, special transportation to and from the Conference sessions—all these had to be arranged. For the hundreds of "pressmen," as they were officially designated, there was the problem of all the foregoing plus the need for peak-load cable facilities and short-wave broadcasts to the rest of the world. Like soldiers in the field, each of the delegates or pressmen on the front line had to have six or seven men in depth behind him to keep him going.

From the standpoint of place and facilities, then, Bandung passed every test. Bandung is near the equator but it is on a high plateau, impressively rimmed by mountains. The temperature during the day never gets much above 80°. At night it drops to a sleep-inducing 60° or 65°.

The principal attraction, apart from the people, is the Indonesian sky. No-

where in the world do clouds and colors combine to put on a more spectacular performance than over these serried lands. Anyone who collects memories of skylines as a hobby and can afford to indulge himself should settle down here for life. As a special fill-up he might take a plane ride towards sundown.

The people seem initially shy and reserved but warm up instantly on a smile from a stranger. Once they learn of your desire to be friendly there isn't enough they can do for you. Once you establish rapport with children they hold you by the arm and won't let you go. People whose earnings were only a few cents a day would offer you a place at their table.

In its external aspect, as might be expected, Bandung combines the Dutch look with the Orient. The architecture of the private homes and business buildings is unmistakably European resort style, but the general layout of the city is somewhat reminiscent of parts of Madras—reflective in part perhaps of the large Indian population in the city.

This, then, is the city that may eventually become the capital of Asia, if