

MAN-ABOUT-TOWNS

THERE ARE OVER 500 girls enrolled at Salem College and the Academy nearby, and if there's an ugly one in the lot these tired old eyes, to lapse into Woolcottian, failed to single her out. Students ambulate gracefully along corridors and pathways laid out by foresighted Moravians way back in 1786, fastidiously inhaling the tobacco-scented air from the Camel cigarette factory nearby.

The ambulations of one girl were sufficiently spectacular to make me inquire, "Who's that?" (I am always on the lookout for promising young novelists.) "That," said Jess Byrd, my guide, "is Tony Gill, the champion baton twirler of North Carolina." What strange subjects girls major in nowadays! At any rate, Miss Gill obviously seems headed, baton and all, straight for Hollywood.

REED SARRATT, editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel*, maintains such a distinguished staff that Alicia Patterson swoops down periodically from her Long Island eyrie to entice somebody away for *Newsday*. Most of his better-heeled subscribers seem to be related in one way or another to R. J. Reynolds, but there's one rank outsider who's so rich he can afford to write novels in free verse.

BEFORE I LEFT Winston-Salem I had a real treat. Claude Strickland and "Tag" Montague took me to a tobacco auction. The auctioneer, chanting unintelligibly (just like the TV commercial!) walked rapidly past neatly stacked piles of raw tobacco, followed by some thirty men who didn't seem to pay any attention to him whatever. Yet when we reached the far end of the warehouse I was told he just had sold over \$20,000 worth of high-grade leaf. "Is it true," I asked, "that the best tobacco unfailingly goes to one superior company?" "Son," was the auctioneer's indulgent reply, "that's a lot of balderdash" (or words to that effect).

I TARRIED LONG enough in Charlotte to visit friends at the Observer, inspected the lush new studios of Station WBT, and the Carl Wilson book department at Efird's, then was driven by Shaw Smith to talk to the boys at Davidson, who were not uninterested in the girls at Salem. One agricultural student told me the real reason

why the cow jumped over the moon. The farmer, it seems, had icy fingers. Another undergrad, well versed in bebop, recalled the feudal Lord Ethrid, who complained, "Every lord but me in England has a moat around his castle. I want two built—and I want them fast." Ethrid's serfs (no relations) refused at first, but found a company of toughlooking bow-and-arrow boys mighty persuasive. "Okay," conceded the leader of the serfs, "we dig you the moats."

DUKE UNIVERSITY was the third North Carolina institute of learning I had the pleasure of visiting in three days. Duke, more heavily endowed even than Princeton, has a magnificent campus and a top-ranking football team, but there's not a bookstore in sight! Entertaining students, including Sally Hazen and Ed Norris, are trying to remedy that situation. I suggested they consult Paul and Bunny Smith, whose shop at Chapel Hill some twenty miles away is as good as they come.

My, but those girls in North Carolina are good looking! Betty Crain, who interviewed me for the *Durham Herald*, and Jill Spence, who bossed me about the University, were right in a league with that baton twirler from Salem. (Later I discovered that Miss Spence hailed from Rochester, New York). After my lecture I spent a fine evening with William Blackburn, celebrated English prof (two of his recent students were Bill Styron and Mac Hyman), and Lewis Patton and his wife Frances, author of the memorable "Good Morning, Miss Dove," and a new collection of distinguished short stories called "A Piece of Luck." Mrs. Patton is one of the most gracious—and modest—writers I have ever met.

THE NEXT MORNING, Eastern Airlines got me from Durham to Miami in time to appear with Jack Kofoed on Alec Gibson's TV show on Station WTVJ. And that evening I was one of 300 to attend a dinner honoring Jack on the occasion of publication of his new book, "Moon Over Miami." Kofoed is the friend of everybody in greater Miami, and the guests included senators, mayors, socialites, nightclub stars, ballplayers, and prizefighters.

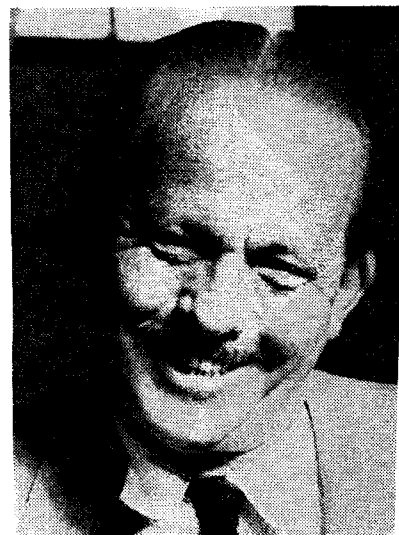
Jimmie Foxx and Max Carey, two all-time greats of the diamond, agreed with Ty Cobb that players today are

soft and spoiled in comparison with stalwarts of yesteryear. "We had one pitcher," recalled Carey, "who won sixteen straight games in a period of twenty-eight days. Then, when he lost his seventeenth game, 1-0, the manager fined him fifty bucks!" Foxx reminisced about "Chief" Bender, famous pitcher for Connie Mack's championship Athletics. A lady confronted him on the practice slab one day, and said, "I thought you were an Indian." "I am, ma'am," Bender assured her. "Well," she asked, "where are your feathers?" "You seem to have forgotten," said Bender solemnly "that this is the moulting season."

JACK KOFOED'S BOOK is a graphic account of the transformation of Miami in a little over fifty years from a sleepy village to a fabulous metropolis. There wasn't even a trolley car in Miami until 1905. "The first one ran along Flagler Street," recalls Kofoed, "and adhered to no rigid schedule. If a lady waved her parasol the accommodating motorman would back up four blocks to take her aboard. He'd also stop the car as long as ten minutes, smoking his pipe placidly while another rider did his morning shopping. About once every ten blocks the car went off the track and all the male passengers would have to get out to help the crew lift it back onto the rails."

"When George Merrick was building Coral Gables," writes Jack in later chapter, "he paid William Jennings Bryan \$100,000 a year to help sell his land and Spanish architecture. And, leaving nothing to chance, also hired belly-wiggling Gilda Graas as co-publicist for the Great Corner."

This year over a million tourists will pour into Miami and Miami Beach. During the winter months the two great Miami dailies will call

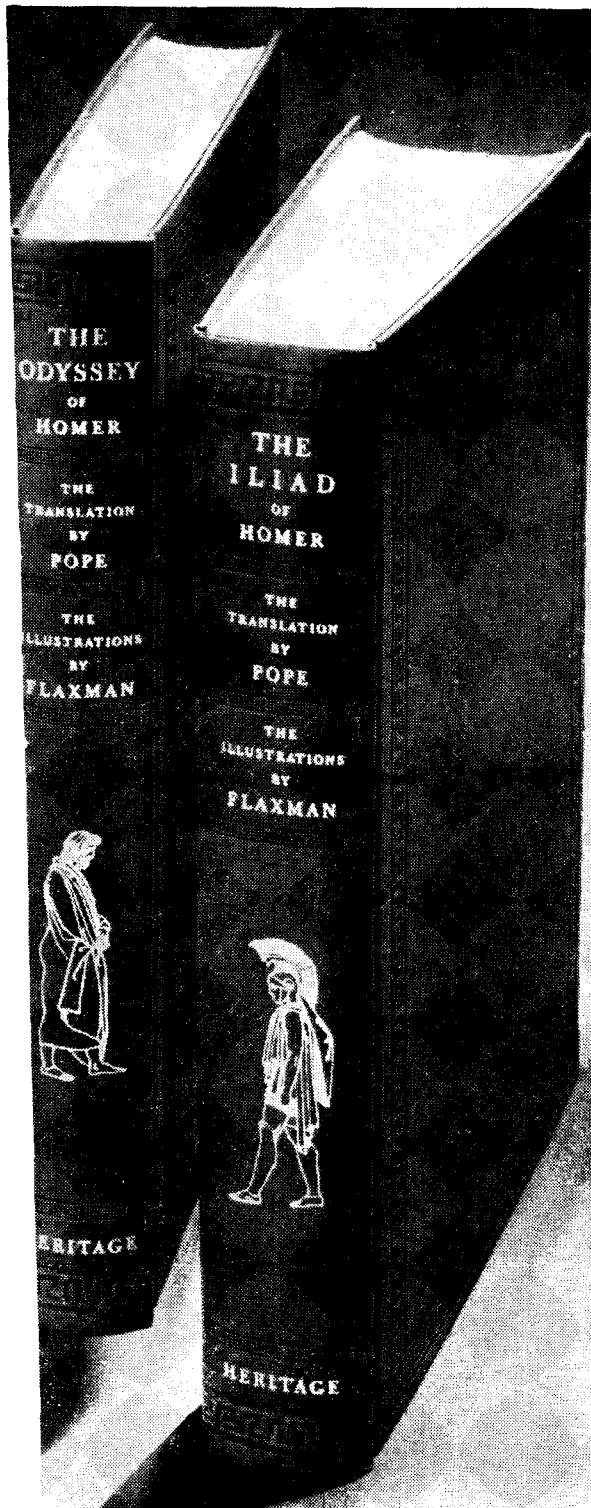


Jack Kofoed—"sleepy to fabulous"

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Indeed, you are now invited to put that statement to the test! If you will fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the available Trial Memberships will be reserved for you—and presentation copies of *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*, too!



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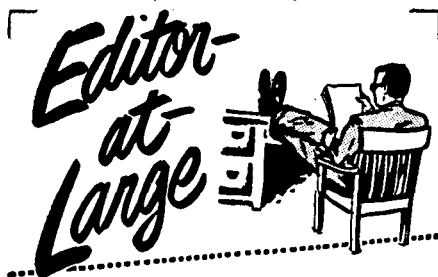
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There are times when it seems we are living in the Age of the Artificial Response.

Studio audiences, prompted by cards, bray through television programs; engineers and orchestra members obediently approve, and even encourage the inanities of the men of morning radio; classical records come with built-in commentary; and jazz records are punctuated with whistles and shouts and hand-clapping.

All of this is intended to convince you, in spite of your eyes and ears, that what you are seeing or hearing is actually good.

Things are different with books. You can sit by yourself and decide by yourself whether a book is good or bad. Book publishers, of course, are aware of this, and regard their readers as individuals, not as the faceless components of a mass audience. Otherwise, we could expect to find applause records, to be turned on while reading, included with every book.

Such records, happily, don't exist. But if there were one, I would be tempted to play it straight through "Run," a new novel by Margaret Shedd.

Set in California's Bay Area, "Run" is about a 15-year-old boy who is suspected of killing a baby, and who is hiding from a town that has turned into a blood-thirsty mob. It has suspense, power and a tremendous climax; and it is beautifully told.

If you read "Run," you won't need a record to prompt you to spontaneous applause.

And there will be no short pause for even the briefest message from the publisher.

L.L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The publisher of "Run" (\$3.50), by Margaret Shedd, is Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Prize Stories 1956: The O. Henry Awards" (\$3.95). Both books have just been published and may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Books Shops, including the one at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, Louisiana.

The Saturday Review

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more advertising than any other newspapers in America. Superb tub-thumpers like Hank Myer, Harold Gardner, and the late Steve Hannagar have made the area an all-year-round resort that's in a class by itself. Multi-million-dollar hotels are projected in such profusion that lawyers like Henry Williams are kept busy drawing contracts eighteen hours a day. Eight months after the blueprints are approved the hotels are turning away customers!

BEN NOVACK, TOP MAN at the fantastical new Fontainebleau Hotel, told me something of how it all is done. He came to Miami Beach in 1940 with \$1,800 in his pockets. Barred from military service because of a hearing defect, he signed a lease for a hot flat, in his own words, "was such a flea-bag even the Army wouldn't requisition it." There were so few accommodations for civilians during the war days, however, that he cleaned up. Then he built the Atlantis Hotel. From there he went on to the Seaside. And now he is monarch of the 565-room Fontainebleau, which cost \$16,000,000. Does that satisfy him? Not at all. He's beginning to dream of a great new hotel in New York City, which, Lord knows, needs one. "It shouldn't be too difficult," opined Novack calmly. "Forty or fifty millions will swing it!"

ONE OF THE MOST interesting executives at the Fontainebleau is Robert Black, officially designated as *maître à bouche* (Keeper of the King's Household). Black was associated for years with Oscar at the Waldorf. One of his regular patrons was Groucho Marx. Groucho breakfasted invariably on grapefruit, whole wheat toast and a pot of coffee—and he hated to be kept waiting. One morning Black had the breakfast all ready in the hall and exactly twenty seconds after Groucho had ordered it from room service, he wheeled it triumphantly into the room.

I WOULD HAVE thought that the Fontainebleau would be the last word in hotels for years, even in this believable atmosphere, but after hearing fellows like Walter Jacobs, John Jamison, and George Saxe outline their future plans I wasn't so sure. "Inevitably," I predicted, "there will come the straw to break the camel's back." "Bah," they scoffed, "we've been hearing that now for the twenty years"—and presto! while I spoke, three more hotels threw open their doors.

Some day one of them may include a library.

—BENNETT CERF

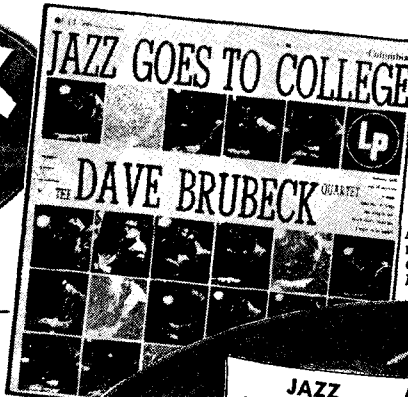
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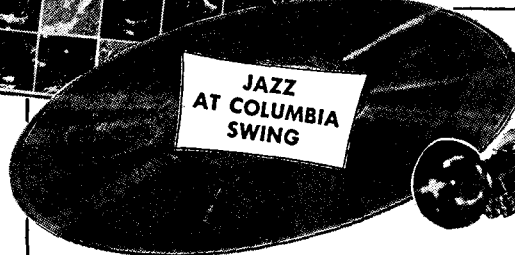
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
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
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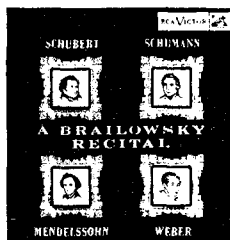
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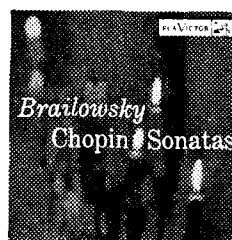
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MR. NOBODY'S BYLINE

A free-lance writer defends his tribe from anonymity and false accusations.



ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

ABOUT as far away from the literary footlights as one can possibly get—off in the wings, as a matter of fact, where he is commonly taken for an insurance inspector taking up on the premises—stands forgotten man of American letters. On the best-seller lists and you will discover his name; attend the literary cocktail parties and you will not find him among the guests. Yet he betters his readers not by the paltry sands but by the millions and of millions; it is almost a sure thing that you have read his words, and his opinions—and ignored his name.

Who is this forlorn character? He is the free-lance writer for the mass-circulation magazine. He is the man who makes the persons in the headlines into personalities, the man who sorts the obscurities of laboratory research into the magazine story that as you miss your subway stop. He filters through which Miss Hollywood pours out the story of her life—

the story you read as "My Life" by Miss Hollywood, ignoring the smaller type which says "as told to—." He is that half educator, half entertainer who brings you the story of the atom bomb and the heart-warming piece on the Friendly Sea-Squid, the disquieting series on juvenile delinquency, and the uplift series on Making the Most of Senescence.

In a word, the free-lance writer is the man whom everybody reads and nobody knows; even in the Society of Magazine Writers, the guild of free-lance magazine journalists, the single gravest source of marital discord is the wife who asks her husband, "Did you read that fascinating piece about that doctor in Ohio who—." At which point the pained reply is, "Yes dear. I wrote it."

It is perhaps understandable that no one reads the bylines of magazine articles, for the magazine, unlike the book, is expressly manufactured for oblivion. A book, be it ever so bad, is still a book; anything between hard covers has the cachet, if not always the content, of literature. But a maga-

zine, be it ever so good, is only a magazine—something to be bought, enjoyed, and forgotten about entirely when the next issue comes (except, of course, in the case of doctors for whom old issues have a premium value).

Not only are magazines perishable commodities by their nature, but it must be admitted that some magazines seem to seek out oblivion as their goal. We are all too familiar with the bland stew of ingredients that have been in the icebox too long: the meat is the weary exposé ("The Russians Are Tunneling Under Alaska"); the vegetables are moldy ("Is There Sex After Death?"); the stock watery ("Can Animals Read?"); and the spice tired ("I Lived and Loved—Among the Aborigines"). But if some magazines court inanity (if you can call a long-standing marriage courtship), not all magazines are so disposed, and even the blandest of the bland will come up, from time to time, with articles that are forceful, courageous, and controversial. The trouble is, nobody even bothers to note who wrote those