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... by a brilliant young newspaperman who was sent there by the State Department to prove to the Asians the positive advantages of democracy. This is what he saw and heard... a picture of what is really happening in one of the world's powder-kegs.

THE Pitiful and the Proud

By CARL T. ROWAN

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A novel of the
passions and conflicts
that filled the life
of the beautiful,
restless woman
married to the
Prophet Hosea.

THE Valley of God

by IRENE PATAI



\$3.95. RANDOM HOUSE



TRADE Winds

THE WIDELY ENTERTAINED NOTION that a retail bookstore cannot possibly be run at a profit is knocked into a cocked hat by the record of every one of the twenty-eight Doubleday shops now in operation. The pleasing black figures are not the result of bonus sales of records and by-products, either. "These sidelines are carried only to create additional traffic and thereby sell more books," maintains George Hecht, whose vigorous management has been a decisive factor in the success of the Doubleday chain. "Our twenty-eight stores did a gross volume of over \$5,000,000 in the past year. Of that total, books contributed \$3,500,000, records \$1,000,000, and cards, novelties, and all the rest only \$500,000."

When the first Doubleday shops were opened rival publishers suspected darkly, and not entirely without reason, that the prime object was to boost the sale of Doubleday books. In the early years a consistent 20 per cent of the stores' total volume was registered by products from the home printing plant. Under the Hecht regime that 20 per cent has dropped to a more normal 12 per cent, and though the late Nelson Doubleday first balked at the shift of emphasis he lived to admit the wisdom of the move.

George Hecht came to Doubleday by way of New York's Stuyvesant High School and Columbia University. While a student he sold books at the Penn Terminal shop under the tutelage of the knowing Mabel Jettinghoff, then was lured into hitting the road by sales manager Frank Henry. "I was earning \$75 a week when I fell for Frank's siren song," recalls George. "At first my income soared. But those were the tough depression years. One cut followed another. Finally, after seven years, when Cedric Crowell offered me that same old \$75 a week to go back into the retail bookstore department I considered it a genuine promotion!"

By 1938 Hecht was general manager of the Doubleday chain, and ten years later he became a vice president of the parent organization. He negotiates all leaseholds, decides on the location of new units, manages the twenty-eight now functioning, is grand nabob of the recordings department, and on the side is a member of the general editorial board. His enthusiasm is credited for the initial success of the Thorne Smith stories. His shops have sold 10 per cent of the grand totals

on "The Caine Mutiny" and "Auntie Mame."

Most impressive unit in the Doubleday chain is the handsome store at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue, open every weekday until midnight, where the elegance of the customers is matched only by that of the clerks. Many of the latter are stage folk temporarily "at liberty." "In this shop," maintains Hecht, "we sell more books per square foot than any other store in the world." (I believe that this distinction formerly was the boast of W. H. Smith in London.)

"Have you blueprints for any additional units?" I asked George. "You bet," he answered. "There'll be one in the new Lord & Taylor suburban center in Philadelphia soon, another in the new Lion Store just outside of Toledo. And I hope we may have one in the Lord & Taylor annex planned for Garden City. For Doubleday, of course, that will be sort of coming back to home base."

Doubleday's recording is done under the Dolphin label. The five albums already released probably are not causing RCA, Columbia, or Decca executives any sleepless nights, but they have given such diverse and ingratiating performers as Cyril Ritchard, Nancy Walker, Greta Keller, Elaine Stritch, and Portia Nelson the opportunity to revive some delectable off-beat numbers by Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Kern, etc. The sophisticated and unobtrusive accompaniments of the Norman Paris trio are an agreeable feature of all Dolphin records released to date. I particularly recommend Portia Nelson's rendi-



—Editta Sherman.

George Hecht—"... a decisive factor."

tion of Gershwin's lilting and neglected "When I Hear a Melody by Strauss."

THE BIG SENSATION in recording circles today is, of course, the new "My Fair Lady" album, containing the complete score of the greatest musical show that's come to New York in many a moon. Goddard Lieberson, Columbia Recordings mastermind, assembled the entire cast on the second Sunday following the triumphant premiere and by some necromancy of his own produced in one continuous fourteen-hour session a platter that contains all the joyous excitement and perfection of the stage play.

To Alan Lerner, who accomplished brilliantly the difficult task of translating Shaw's "Pygmalion" into a musical—and wrote the lyrics—to composer Frederick Loewe, producer Herman Levin, stars Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, and all the brilliant supporting players, has gone a full measure of deserved praise, but I wonder if it has been sufficiently emphasized that the man who made all the component parts fit so per-



fectly into place was the director—Moss Hart. A more completely satisfying evening in the theatre could not be imagined.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS has been experimenting with records, too, and while its "The Song of Insects" may lack the glamour of a smash Broadway musical, there is a virtue in recording for posterity the noises made by crickets, grasshoppers, and katydids. It is worth noting that in this distinguished company it is the males who do all the singing. The females, miraculously, remain silent. Nor is the song of the grasshopper vocal; he makes it by rubbing his legs together. Of course, you knew that all the time; I'm just reminding you!

My son Christopher claims that sardines sing too. According to him a baby sardine frightened by a big submarine gliding by slithered hastily into the comfort of his mother's fins. "That's nothing to be afraid of," she assured him in musical tones. "It's just a can of people."

MORE SUCCESS STORIES: Three printings of Dell's edition of "Bonjour Tristesse" totaled 1,500,000—all within three weeks of publication. Signet's



Kay Bell

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THROUGH THESE MEN

SOME ASPECTS OF OUR PASSING HISTORY

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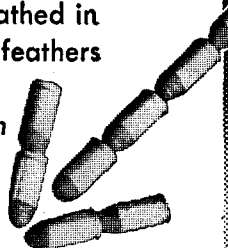
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—EDWARD WEEKS, *Atlantic*

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HARPER

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Scribner non-fiction

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— MacKinlay Kantor, author of ANDERSONVILLE

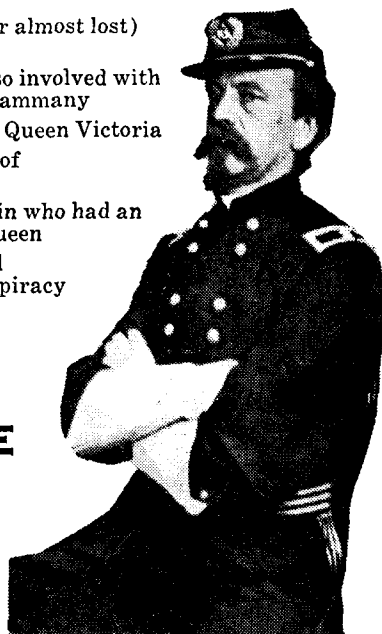
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of the human equation

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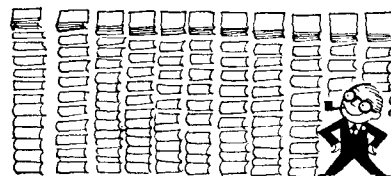
by Jean Rostand
and Paul Bodin

An eminent scientist discusses informally many of the little known facts and theories about man's life on earth. Here are questions and answers in provocative scientific and philosophical areas of life, heredity, sex, and the future of mankind. \$3.50



At all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

edition of "No Time for Sergeants" promises to duplicate that record. The first edition—a cool 1,000,000 copies—disappeared just like that. Moral: the public will buy plenty of books—if



you give them what they want! Françoise Sagan, the precocious lass who wrote "Bonjour Tristesse," has another potential blockbuster in "A Certain Smile"—if the censors do not interfere. . . . Dell is sponsoring two fifty-cent originals that seem to set a new standard, both editorially and mechanically, for books in their category. One is "Modern French Painting," the other "The Hammond-Dell World Atlas." Both are calculated to make a publisher of hardback books gulp convulsively and make for the nearest bar. . . . To round out Cerf's Recommendations-of-the-Week, I have thoroughly enjoyed four movies: Olivier in "King Richard III"; "The Harder They Fall"; "Meet Me in Las Vegas"; and "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." And despite the excellence of "Marty" I still think the Oscar award should have gone to "Picnic."

FROM THE COLUMBIA JESTER comes the tale of a dignified and respected philosophy professor who departed this life at the age of eighty and awoke before the Pearly Gates, where he was welcomed with appropriate ceremonies.

Some years later a trusted disciple followed in his footsteps and combed Heaven in search of him. He found him at last, stretched out under a friendly elm with a beautiful damsel in his arms stroking his silvery beard.

"I am happy, revered teacher," said the disciple, "to see that you have won your just reward."

"Reward nothing," grumbled the philosopher. "This is her punishment!"

—BENNETT CERF.

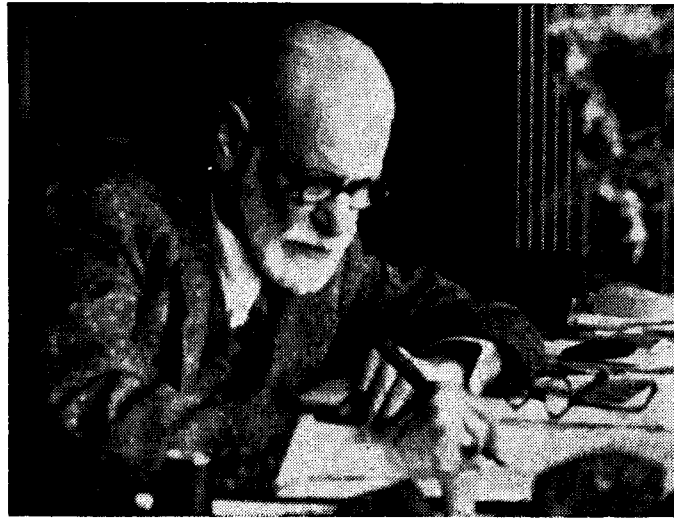
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1153)

ROSE C. FELD:

MY AUNT LUCIENNE

"My shawl has been in the family for I do not know how many years. It is very precious. But"—and she paused in dramatic emphasis—"but if I saw one like it in a second-hand shop, I should certainly tell the shopkeeper that it was nothing but an old rag."

FREUD



100th Birthday

AS MUCH as any man, Sigmund Freud stands on the Great Divide between the 6,000 years of human history prior to 1900 and the Future. His own personality—and the patients and symptoms he studied—belonged to the still coherent, if shaken, world of the Hapsburgs. His theories steer for what are to most of us the dubious days when Science will be the Censor of Society as well as her ox and cart.

The man who foreshadowed all this was born on May 6, 1856, in what is now Czechoslovakia. After a Viennese childhood, which later provided Freud with first-hand confirmations of his psychological theories, he became a physician, a neurologist, and then at twenty-nine a student of mental disorders. In the Central Europe of that day these were many and weird; the neuroses of the aching Victorian scene were as old as mankind, but the social confusion of the Industrial Age had exacerbated them, and the faith which quashes or soothes trouble was crumbling. Freud saw that his patients fell into patterns, and he came to outline his now-so-familiar concept of a paramount nervous force, of which recognizable disguises and distortions are responsible for mental disease. Psychoanalysis

is the attempt to detach the unhealthy growths from the basic energy. Naturally the technique requires a perfectly uninhibited dissection of psychological process, the publication and discussion of the strangest, darkest forms of human behavior. On an unusually prudish society the impact of these intimate disclosures was immense. Freud was attacked as a purveyor of filth, the enemy of God and morals, art and dignity. Certainly the great doctor—but more often his disciples—made occasional claims for the omniscience of his ideas which irritated other thinkers; some of these claims are still the proper subject of fierce controversy. But it would be hard to detract from the importance of Freud's work. He was a pioneer on a frontier of nearly total darkness; until his death in 1939 he labored tirelessly in the attempt to cure men and women who were suffering horribly, and to bequeath a few valid conclusions to posterity. So long as psychoanalysis maintains the humane, scientific spirit of its Founder, does not constitute itself the proctor or—the accusation Freud hurled at his pupil Jung—the prophet of the human race, the potential good that Freud's formulations can confer on mankind is large indeed.

—The Editors.