

TRADE Winds

IN CASE YOU wonder just how the word "sputnik" came about, it's a pure Russian word meaning "satellite." Its etymology is fairly simple: *s*, meaning "with"; *put*, meaning "journey"; *nik*, meaning "one who." Assembled, the parts fall together to mean roughly: "One who journeys with." And, incidentally, you're exactly correct when you pronounce the first syllable to rhyme with our own English word "put," meaning to place.

You'll be able to find this definition in the very next printing of Webster's New World Dictionary. We learned about this lexicographical enterprise, among others, on a recent visit to the New York office of World Publishing. Ben Zevin, president, spends about 25 per cent of his time in New York, the rest in the Cleveland home office, where World's own giant presses recently proved they could turn out as many as 800 copies of "Andersonville" an hour. (Since it takes a full acre of paper for 300 copies of the book, this would amount to about seventy acres of "Andersonville" a day—a considerable chunk of property.)

Zevin has been able to take the breadbasket branches of publishing—Bibles and dictionaries—and endow them with a creative flair which makes them exciting and newsworthy. World's Bibles run from a modest \$1.25 to the Bruce Rogers World Bible in full red morocco at \$225.00.

WE FOUND Bill Targ, vice president in charge of the trade department, deep in the middle of preparations for the spring sales conference. He was particularly enthusiastic about the forthcoming story of R. H. Macy's emporium "The Price Is Right," by Margaret Case Harriman; a new first novel by Betty Singleton, "A Note of Grace"; another first novel, "A Place Without Twilight," by Peter S. Feibleman; and a book by Ashley Montagu which can determine your "culture quotient," titled "The Cultured Man."

SINCE ASHLEY MONTAGU can always be depended on for a provocative statement, we talked to him about his concept for the book.

On the suggestion of Bill Targ, he had started the book in July, and had been working seven days a week, twelve hours a day since then trying to get it done. He had, as he often does, got up at three in the morning

to consort with his muse, and found it, as usual, to be stimulating.

"Of course, this is just *my* idea of what a cultured man should be," he said. "I've got 1,500 questions in the book in fifty categories—and the reader can find out a rough score of where he stands in the spectrum. Not for the sake of competing, understand. Merely to know where to correct himself."

Could he answer all these questions before compiling the book?

"All but about ten," he told us.

Isn't the ideal cultured man colored and distorted by Montagu's own opinions?

"Absolutely. Completely. I have very definite ideas on the subject. Very clear ideas. But, of course, they are just mine. I believe in them strongly, however."

What would be one of the basic criteria?

"By all means, a cultured man should never be vague. It's a tendency you see everywhere. He must know a good many things and know them *definitely*. And he must also have a keen awareness of what he doesn't know."

What about giving people an inferiority complex if they feel inadequate to the C. Q. questions?

"If it starts them off on a search to learn more—what else could you ask?"

We shall wait, with a certain amount of trepidation, the publication of "The Cultured Man," with the keen awareness of the many things we don't know. They are legion.

THE STORY BEHIND the writing of MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville" is a story of publishing faith and patience.

Don Friede, senior editor at World, had been a long-time friend of Kantor's, knew his capacities and talents in depth when he represented Kantor as a literary agent in Hollywood.

For fifteen years the idea had been burning in Kantor's mind. He had visited the site of Andersonville in every season of the year, read every diary, book, news clipping, article which had ever been written about the site. So intense was his passion for the story that Zevin, Targ, and Friede finally decided to give him a contract and cash advance without a word down on paper.

Kantor went to Spain to stretch his money out longer. He kept in constant touch with Friede by phone,

cable, and letter as the 320,000-word book began taking shape. Later he moved to Florida, where Kantor would read page after page of copy over the phone—always with the conviction that the book was going to be worth all this energy and more.

The results proved it.

But Editor Friede is even more excited about Kantor's new big novel for World. It will be almost one-third longer. As with "Andersonville," the subject matter and locale are things which he has known and been thinking about for years. But they are both top-secret. In fact, the contracts for the new book avoid the use of any title. The new book is actually referred to in these dignified legal documents as "Son of Andersonville."

Tim Kantor, MacKinlay's son, wasn't too keen on this working title.

"The least you could do for the pseudo-title," he said, "would be to call the damn thing 'Andersonville at Yale!'"

ELEANOR KASK, publicity director at World, was justifiably proud of the honorable mention she received at the Carey Thomas Award Luncheon for the promotion job she did on "Andersonville." Called upon to acknowledge this, she rose to say: "I feel I had a real advantage in getting to know the book so well. You see, I live with Don Friede, the editor for Mr. Kantor."

Toastmaster Fred Melcher of *Publisher's Weekly* flushed crimson.

"They're married," he quickly explained.

And they are.

WE HAD HOPED to pick up at least one new joke from Ben Zevin, whose tongue and wit are pleasingly sharp. But the forthcoming sales conference was probably too much for him.

"Call up Bennett Cerf," he said. "Get a joke out of him—and give me the credit!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1239)

(ETHEL) JACOBSON:
PLANES—CHRISTMAS EVE

Swifter than shooting star
The planes rip by—
Jets, by the splendid roar,
Hurling mile-high through space
Above a wondering boy
With upturned face. . . .

Then they are gone, and only
Hill and boy and beast
Remain, and a beckoning star
Bright in the east.

The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 28, 1957



Harlan County mountaineer taking his grandson to church.

AMERICA'S LAST CARBON COPY

By JESSE STUART, poet and short-story writer, native Kentuckian, and former superintendent of schools at Greenup, Kentucky.

IF OUR hill country changes as much in the next twenty-five years as it has in the last, this will be a new country. Only the contours of the hills, valleys, and rock cliffs will be the same. Or will they? A few of the hills have been sliced down by bulldozers and hauled off by carryalls to make airports, towns, and level farms. Even the surface of this country has been disfigured by heavy machinery. To give you an idea, the road from here to Harrogate, Tennessee, over which I walked and hitchhiked in the autumn of 1926 to Lincoln Memorial University, can speak of this change since the coming of heavy machinery. The distance from here to there was 307 miles when I first hitchhiked. Last year I drove to

Lincoln Memorial over a straighter road with less hills. I drove over the same route I hitchhiked over, and the distance was 254 miles.

Our people have changed more than the road to Lincoln Memorial University. They have lost most of their dialect, music, dancing, and colorful ways of life. Unless one goes into the deep mountains he seldom finds a log shack by a river of singing waters or on a high, wind-swept hilltop. One finds brick, stone, and block houses all through the mountains now. Progress had to come. We couldn't stand a barrier to progress. We have, perhaps, changed more than any other regional segment of America.

My first short stories and first four books, published from twenty to fifteen years ago, are dated now. This is how fast life is changing with us. This is one reason I no longer use hill dialect. My early books, along with books of other writers of this region in the same period, will be studied

someday in the near future for their odd dialects and expressions. There isn't any dialect left with our youngsters. Only a few of the people of our older generations speak with any dialect. Even the nice idioms of our strong hill language are disappearing. If there are ballads left among us, they should be gathered now. Most of these have been gathered. There might be some dialect spoken, some ballads, and some people who live the old ways of hill life left in areas cut off from progress. I know this area of hill and mountain country well. I don't know any of these places left. What has changed us so quickly?

THE good roads have reached us. Automobiles have brought, and are bringing, the outside world to us. And there isn't any stopping what comes through the airwaves. Radio has reached us for many years, but with radio we could only hear and not see. It was difficult to bring in TV over