

TRADE Winds

THE DISCERNING VIRGINIA KIRKUS, who can spot a potential best-seller from a distance of nine smog-enshrouded miles, has this to say about Brian Connell's "A Watcher on the Rhine," due from Morrow on March 6: "This vitally important book will provide disturbing thoughts if complacent readers do not shrink from truths bluntly presented. A British journalist proves conclusively that the deceptive calm of Bonn masks potential disturbers of the peace: a revived Ruhr, resentful refugees, incorrigible former Nazis in posts of power could, if the shallow new roots of a democratic Germany are pulled up, bring a superficially entrenched prosperity crashing down. The story of Germany's rebirth is a modern miracle of grim determination, high degree of efficiency, back-breaking hours, almost full employment at low wages—with no national debt and a low per cent of income for national de-



fense. . . . The German character is unchanged. Today there are twenty-seven neo-Nazi groups in lower Saxony alone. And the Soviet and East Germany are making use of the malcontents. . . . Don't miss this book. It should reach the kind of market that White's 'Fire in the Ashes' achieved."

PREVIEWING ANOTHER VOLUME—short stories that appeared originally in *The New Yorker* Magazine—Miss Kirkus inquires, "Why do books which have appeared first in *The New Yorker* rarely get proper editing, so that the reader is constantly having people and events re-explained to him?" The answer to that, ironically enough, is *The New Yorker's* well-deserved reputation for meticulous, almost fanatical editorial accuracy. Book editors take it for granted that if the material assigned to them has already appeared in the pages of *The New Yorker* their work has been done for them. Too often they forget that when the magazine prints material in instalments, all but the first carry a lead paragraph that re-identifies the cast and setting for readers who have

just climbed aboard. Failure to delete these explanatory paragraphs before the book manuscript is sent to the printer is sheer carelessness. It's the sort of thing you never will see in a book by an author who wisely insists on a last look himself at final proofs.

SPEAKING OF THE NEW YORKER Magazine, the bloody and minutely documented war that raged between the editorial and business departments when the late Harold Ross was at the helm has been terminated. The beatific calm and aura of brotherly love that have replaced it are the result of uninterrupted prosperity (the stock just paid an extra dividend of two dollars a share) and the infusion of new, young blood into the business end of the operation. Indeed, Stephen Botsford, new president (he is a stepson of founder Raoul Fleischman), actually made a few crusty old editors chuckle when he delivered the following remarks at a recent industry conclave:

"What do I expect of my Subscription Fulfilment Department?" [demanded Mr. Botsford jovially]. "The first thing is that all pinocle games and gin bottles be put out of sight before I bring important visitors in to look over the installation. These new punch-card machines that turn a subscriber into a piece of Swiss cheese are not for us. We believe in old-fashioned, personalized inefficiency. We feel that if the subscriber's copy is going to get loused up, he'd like to know that it is loused up by hand. When visitors see our people scurrying up and down, dropping trays of stencils on the floor, with mice running in and out of the files, it's somehow very heartening.

"We don't sell subscriptions through field staffs or small boys on bicycles or elderly parties ringing door bells



or 'hard sell' letters. Subscribers get one brief note eight weeks before expiration, and another four weeks later—and we thereby average 78 per cent renewals, which we find eminently satisfactory. 415,000 circulation is enough for us and we're quite happy with it.

"Actually we don't think of subscriptions; we think of subscribers. A hole punched in an IBM card means nothing to us if it doesn't represent a reader. *The New Yorker's* attitude toward its readers might be summed up by a remark once made by our Mr. E. B. White. Harold Ross dashed into White's office and said, 'Hey, boy, we've got 100,000 readers!' White said, 'That's just swell. How are they all?' . . . You see, we don't expect too much of our Subscription Fulfilment Manager—just to keep the subscribers 'sullen but not mutinous,' enter subscriptions preferably with the right addresses, keep the number of his own relatives on the free list down to a reasonable level, answer complaints in a delicate, non-trucu-



lent manner, and be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. Thank you very much."

THE ATLANTIC IS ANOTHER "CLASS" magazine that is doing just fine these days. This is what *The New York Times* had to say about Atlantic's brilliant editor, Ted Weeks: "Like the years, he seems to be divided into more than fifty weeks. He is editor, publisher, author, lecturer, bon vivant. As an angler, he makes life hazardous for every fish domiciled north of Boston. In Texas he made the shortest luncheon speech oldtimers in those parts remember. 'I'll bet,' he said, 'I'm the first Yankee that ever was welcomed to Corpus Christi with a brass band.' And he sat down amidst cheers." Most successful—and distinguished—Atlantic Monthly Press book in a long time is Kathryn Hulme's "The Nun's Story," and Weeks is the man who discovered it and first realized its possibilities. . . . One of his assistants recently pointed to the current non-fiction best-seller list and told his staff, "The moral is clear. If you want to write a big book today, either become a nun or join the FBI!"

TO REVIEW THE NEW PANTHEON edition of Chapman's Homer, Leslie Cross, book editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, picked a non-native: a fellow named John Keats. The lines Cross reprinted, of course, were those of the famous sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," written in 1816:

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold

are you aware of this strange use of your tax money?

Several million U. S. families and businesses get their electricity from federal government electric systems like the TVA. *And your taxes help pay their electric bills!* Here's how:

About 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your independent electric light and power company goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, people who get electricity from government plants escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the government's TVA, for example. So to make up for the lost tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more*.

Don't you think something ought to be done about this unfair tax favoritism? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Company names on request through this magazine

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kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have
I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo
hold.
Of one wide expanse had I
been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled
as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure
serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out
loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of
the skies
When a new planet swims into
his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with
eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all
his men
Look'd at each other with a wild
surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

TRUMAN CAPOTE, WHO WENT TO Russia to report on the premiere there of "Porgy and Bess" ("The Muses Are Heard") is off to Japan to do a similar job on the troupe filming Michener's "Sayonara."

Some years ago, when Capote looked even more like a cherubic, innocent little boy than he does today, he caught the attention of an elderly lady on two separate occasions while he buried himself in weighty tomes at the New York Society Library. Finally she invited him to have tea with her at Schrafft's.

"Tell me," she said there, "what are you young people reading nowadays?" Truman toyed with a crum-pet, and replied, "Speaking for myself, the book I enjoyed most this year is 'My Antonia.' Have you ever read it?" "As a matter of fact," said the lady, "I wrote it."

"I was so overwhelmed," recalls Capote, telling the story today, "that I almost persuaded Willa Cather to let me pay the check."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1194)

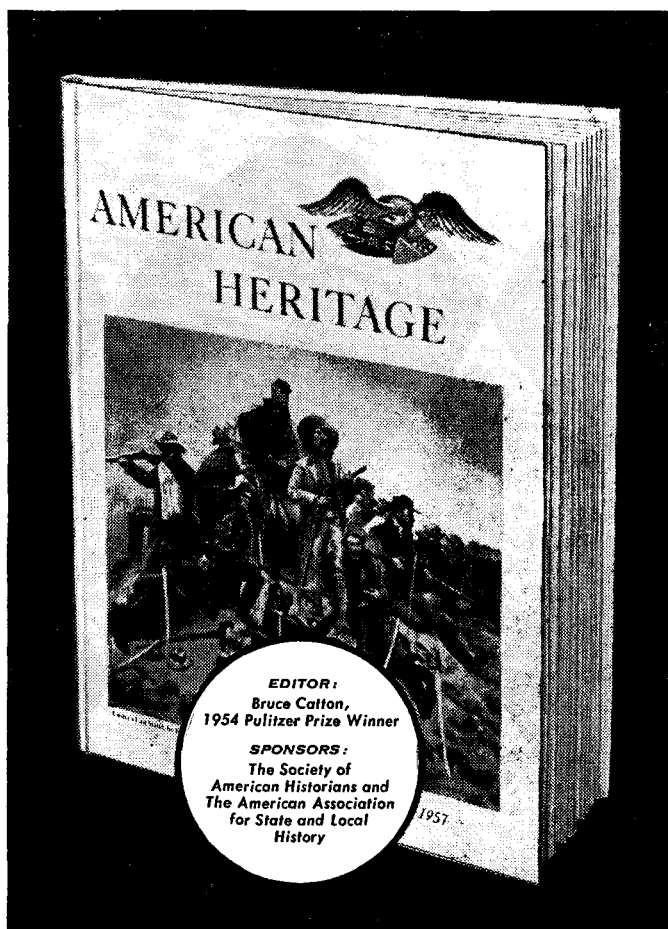
GLADYS MCKEE:
FEBRUARY MIRACLE

Whether you're young
Or whether you're old,
This is the day
To be* spun of gold,
The gold of finding
And taking apart,
The taken-for-granted,
The steadfast heart,
And seeing the miracle
That takes place
When it's ruffled in rhyme
And a scrap of lace.

* Replacing "That is," to get the B.

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Carl Victor Little, The Houston Press: "Although AMERICAN HERITAGE sells for \$2.95, it is apparent that \$10 or \$12.50, considering the color plates, the text and the general production job, would be a reasonable price. If you can't buy, beg or borrow AMERICAN HERITAGE, then steal a copy—but not mine."

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BIG DEAL BREWING

IF YOU KNOW SMALL FRY, you will see a basic and happy example of reciprocal trade any moment now.

Reciprocal trade comes naturally to kids. And also nations. For the minute one nation produces what other nations need, the natural thing is to seek out that nation which desires to buy.

When the buyer nation, in turn, may sell its products to the first, reciprocal trade has its finest hour.

Finest Hour . . . 106 Years Long—One of the happiest instances of reciprocal trade on record used to be the more than century-old relationship between Switzerland and the United States. At its peak, the United States bought Swiss products at the rate of about \$100,000,000 per year. *More than half of this in watches and watch parts.*

In the same period, Switzerland bought half again as much—about \$150,000,000 annually of American products. And the list was as long as your arm.

Oils, minerals, \$68,000,000 worth of farm and food products. Autos and aircraft.

These transactions were for cash. *Switzerland became America's best cash customer in Europe!*

Statistics vs Realistics—Statistically, America came off the best in the deal by about 50%. Realistically, both our countries were better off. For we both enjoyed the fruits of the other's finest products. And thousands of our citizens on both sides of the Atlantic earned all—or a good portion—of their living through this reciprocal arrangement.

Now . . . a Painful "Realistic"—Just so long as both our countries can continue to *earn*—then both can continue to *buy*.

Two and one-half years ago, America upped her tariff on the import of jeweled-lever Swiss watches by a whopping 50%! Latest figures show that imports of certain jeweled-lever Swiss watches and movements have already fallen some 25%. Yet even more stringent restrictions

are now under consideration.

If the door is eventually closed to the sale of jeweled-lever Swiss watches, movements and parts to the U. S., Switzerland loses a formidable share of her earning power. And primer economics will tell you—with the loss of her *earning* power goes a proportionate loss of her *buying* power. A matter of concern to the Swiss? Yes. But of equal concern to thousands of American farmers and businessmen.

It's a problem. One, we submit, that deserves the mature and immediate consideration of well-intentioned men in both our lands.

*published in recognition of
the 106th anniversary of
The Treaty of Friendship and Commerce
pledged between the people of
America and the people of Switzerland*
THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 16, 1957



—From Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion (Boston; December 27, 1851): Culver.

"Kossuth Attended by the Spirits of Freedom and History, and the Guardian Genius of Hungary, with His Own Good Angel Calmly Bearing Him Through Space to America."

LINCOLN ON RADIO CSOKONAY

An Unknown Voice Calling from a Land of Tyranny and Revolution—and the Gettysburg Address

By RICHARD HANSER

TO THE monitors at Radio Free Europe, through the crackle of static and the whine of jamming, came the voice of a nation in agony. From broadcasting stations seized or set up by freedom fighters during their revolt against Communism came the cry of Hungary to the outside world.

At noon on Sunday, November 4, 1956, the monitors at Munich caught the call of Radio Free Dunapentele, from central Hungary:

"Attention! Attention!

"This morning at 0130 Russian forces launched a general attack on the Hungarian nation. We ask the

United Nations to send immediate help! . . . It is possible that our broadcasts will soon stop and you will hear us no more. We will only be silent when they have killed us. . . . We do not know when we shall be massacred. [Repeated several times.]"

At 2:34 an unidentified free station, location unknown, spoke:

"Peoples of Europe, whom we helped for centuries to withstand the barbaric attacks from Asia, listen to the tolling of Hungarian bells warning against disaster. . . .

"Our ship is sinking. Light is failing, the shadows grow darker every hour over the soil of Hungary. Listen to the cry, civilized peoples of the

world, and act. Extend to us your fraternal hand.

"SOS, SOS—may God be with you."

Other stations, designated only as "Unidentified Free Radio, Location Unknown," came in through the afternoon with confused and appalling fragments of news as the Russian attack grew in fury and effect.

THEN, at 3:30, a new voice which called itself "Radio Csokonay" was picked up. Its location could not be determined, and is not known for certain to this day, but the monitors recognized its name. Vitez Mihály Csokonay was an eighteenth-century poet and scholar of Debrecen, in eastern Hungary, whose lyrics and songs