



Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?

A BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY M. STANLEY

By IAN ANSTRUTHER

STANLEY, the New York *Herald* reporter who found Dr. Livingstone in the heart of the African jungle, lived to regret the famous greeting, for it became a household joke. Ian Anstruther has written the first full biography of this strange man — Welsh waif, Civil War soldier (he fought on both sides), explorer extraordinary. "Will be a delight to lovers of Africa, of adventure, of vivid character . . . amazing but authenticated history."

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and Foreword by Thomas Mann

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TRADE

Winds

SURPRISE VISITOR AT a recent luncheon of the Society of Midland Authors in Chicago was Comedian Jerry Lewis. Writes Fanny Butcher: "Just before we sat down, an army major none of us ever had seen before walked in and handed Jerry a five-dollar bill. 'I wish this was ten times as much,' he said, 'but I want you to use it for research in muscular dystrophy. My little boy has it.' Not the least bit surprised, Mr. Lewis took out a fountain pen, wrote MDR on the bill, and put it in his wallet. 'This happens everywhere I go,' he explained. 'I always carry a special wallet for muscular dystrophy.'" Lewis told the Society that he has written, and will produce a movie this year concerning juvenile delinquency . . . Meyer Levin, whose fictionalized version of the Leopold-Loeb case, "Compulsion," is riding high on current best-seller charts, also has been hitting the lecture circuit this season. In Boston, a young co-ed asked him, "When you pick a subject for a book, should you try for big sales or for literary satisfaction?" Levin countered, "When you pick a husband, marry for love and hope he turns out to have money." "Compulsion," incidentally, was classified as a "law book" by a legal journal, reviewed in the mystery department by two newspapers, recommended to doctors by a medical weekly—and kept a gossip columnist up all night "trying to figure the true identity of the principal characters."

COMING AND CHOICE: an offbeat satire on French politics by John Steinbeck called "The Short Reign of Pippin IV"



. . . Jim Bishop's "The Day Christ Died," similar in construction to his "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" . . . Richard Bissell's "Say, Darling," a thinly disguised and very funny account of the vicissitudes experienced by the "Pajama Girl" troupe during the pre-Broadway tryouts . . . A warm and delightful saga of an Armenian-American family called "A Houseful

of Love," by Marjorie Housepian . . . Bosley Crowther's "The Lion's Share," the kaleidoscopic history of M-G-M . . . "The Master" by T. H. White, author of that wonderful book about King Arthur's court, "The Sword in the Stone" . . . New Novels by Erich Maria



Remarque ("The Black Obelisk"); H. L. Davis ("The Distant Music") and versatile Orson Welles ("Mr. Arkadin"). Maybe this will be the season, too, that Katherine Anne Porter's long-promised "Ship of Fools" will finally see the light of day.

IN "INDIANA WRITERS," published by Purdue University, Professor Richard Cordell proudly lists the surprising number of literary luminaries who were born in the Hoosier state. Among the ones who later headed for other parts were George Jean Nathan, A. B. Guthrie, Elmer Davis, David Graham Phillips, Lloyd Douglas, Theodore Dreiser, Ross Lockridge, Jr., Alfred Kinsey, Joseph Hayes, Emily Kimbrough, and Ernie Pyle. Natives who liked Indiana well enough to stay there or thereabouts include James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, Kim Hubbard, Lew Wallace, Meredith Nicholson, Gene Stratton Porter, and Booth Tarkington. Senator Albert Beveridge, Charles and Mary Beard, and Claude Bowers were Indiana historians and biographers of note. Wendell Willkie was born in Indiana, too. (I wonder if anybody is reading "One World" these days?)

IN "A WIFE IS MANY WOMEN," Doris Fleischman Bernays observes, "Any woman who works outside the home and keeps house is in danger of developing a double sense of guilt. She probably overworks in both jobs to placate her conscience. She has to prove to herself that she is not shirking office work for household duties, and she works overtime at housewifery because she spends her days at an office. We feel guilty because we are expected to do so many things for

which we haven't time, training, or skill."

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM indeed is the handsome folio of epitaphs concocted by the Grabhorn Press for Nat Schmulowitz and fellow members of the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco.

It leads off, appropriately enough, with the famous epitaph of Ben Franklin's: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

Here are a few of the other epitaphs included:

Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches:
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches.

Here lies my wife, poor Mollie.
Let her lie.
She finds repose at last, and so do I.

Here lie I and my three daughters,
Kill'd by drinking Cheltenham waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

Here lies Jane Smith,
Wife of Thomas Smith, Marble Cutter.
This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1196)

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER:
SEA STORIES
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Dutch emigrants from Amsterdam to New Zealand and Australia streamed ashore—pale, blond men and women with dozens of children. . . . At dusk they trudged back, reluctantly, carrying fresh fruits. . . . They are the true pioneers in the Pacific today.

and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style are two hundred and fifty dollars.

B. A. BOTKIN, EDITOR OF "New York City Folklore," paused to show his barber some of the fine reviews he had been accorded. "Now," nodded the barber, "you must come round to the shop and see some of *my* clippings" . . . Esther Trulli tells about a professor of ancient history who took a long, disapproving look at his new-born son and told the doctor, "We'll name him Theophilus." "Why wish a name like that on the poor little tyke?" asked the doctor. "Because," said the professor, "he's Theophilus looking baby

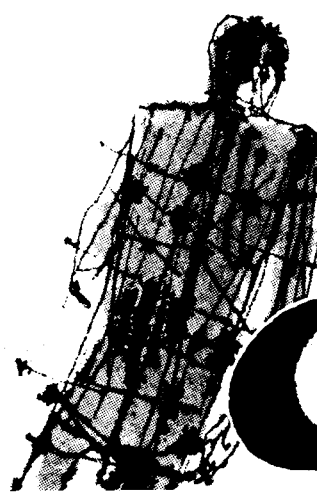


I ever saw" . . . At the office of *The New York Mirror*, a noted sports promoter button-holed Harry Hershfield

and announced, "Harry, I've got seven inches of space in my new bookshelf to fill. Who's an important author in two volumes?" . . . Cynical quotation received from Private Art Berger, stationed at last reports at Cameron Station, Alexandria, Va.: "The rain it raineth on the just/And also on the unjust fella,/But mostly on the just because/The unjust steals the just's umbrella" . . . One of Alan Dunn's best cartoons depicts a 1957 model Army induction officer reminding a group of new draftees, "Army life may be something of a letdown after those modern war novels!"

MARTIN RUSS, in "The Last Parallel," confirms the fact that few of the soldiers in Korea knew what they were fighting for. "This," submits Charles Poore (whose book reviews consistently delight me), "is a serious fault of the information services, our own and those of our allies. The most effective thing to do, perhaps, would be to distribute as widely as possible Sir Winston Churchill's wartime observation that those who asked why we were fighting would learn soon enough if the Western democracies suddenly gave up the battle."

—BENNETT CERF.



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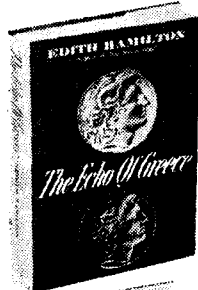
The fun (by no means all innocent)
involves art, love, sex, psychology,
progressive schools, an artist, and the two
non-objective women who wanted him.

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Wonder**

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DOLSON**

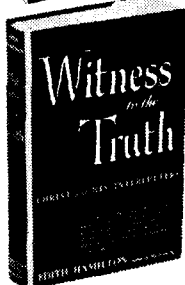
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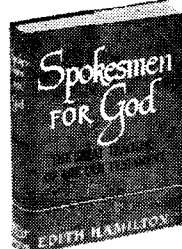
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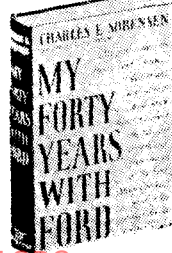
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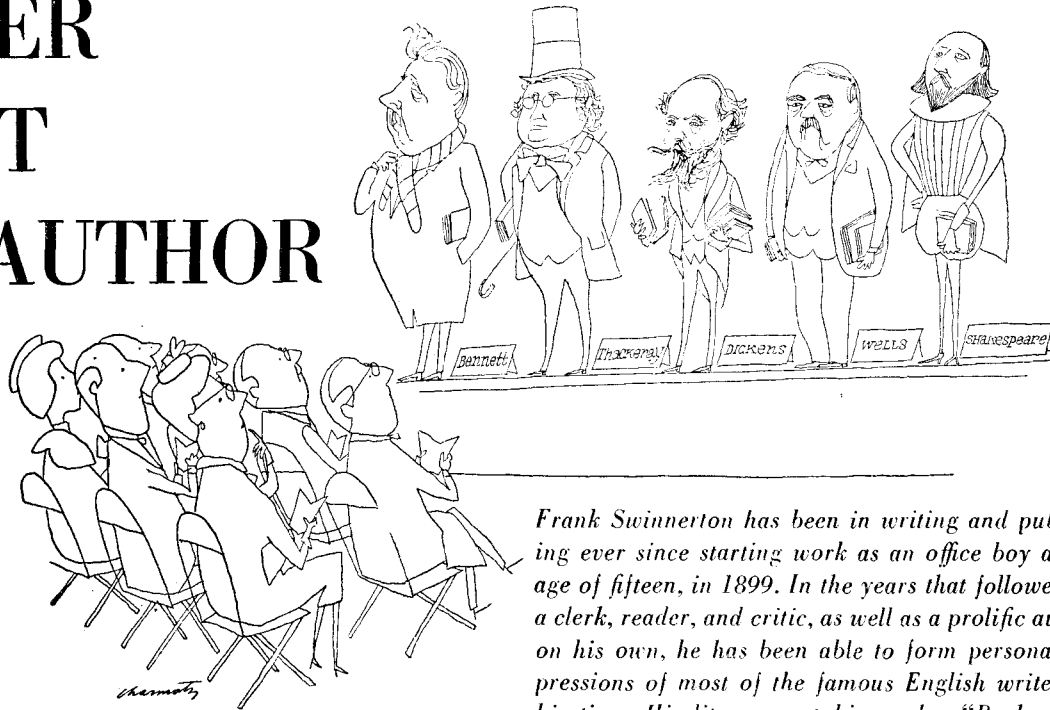
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NEVER MEET AN AUTHOR



Frank Swinnerton has been in writing and publishing ever since starting work as an office boy at the age of fifteen, in 1899. In the years that followed, as a clerk, reader, and critic, as well as a prolific author on his own, he has been able to form personal impressions of most of the famous English writers of his time. His literary autobiography, "Background with Chorus," will be published this month.

By FRANK SWINNERTON

THE hazards of authorship are innumerable. Here is one to which little attention has been paid.

Thirty years ago, after I had spoken in New York, my agent's manager candidly remarked: "The lecture's not much; but they like you. They always hate Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis at sight; one because he's so ugly, the other because he's so rude." I am reminded of this comment by a letter just received from a friend who is widely acquainted with living writers. He says: "Sometimes knowing authors detracts from one's enjoyment of their books. I find it almost impossible to read _____, _____, _____, et al."

My friend was not guilty of an audience's arbitrary first impressions. He was not exclaiming, as another friend did long ago after a passing glimpse of his idol, H. G. Wells, "What! That commonplace little man Wells? I

can't believe it!" He intimately knows the men and women whose names I have indicated by dashes; and he was thinking in terms of close personal contacts. It is these contacts which destroy reverence and admiration.

We all react, of course, to a personality revealed in print. We find Shakespeare's mercurial gaiety more agreeable than Ben Jonson's strong but cantankerous genius, and love (or do not love) Jane Austen for her mischievous ridicules while in spite of a more profuse humanity George Eliot seems to us a prig. But my friend's confession did not refer to such sympathies. He was considering the differences between the modern author's *persona* as conveyed to the public and his character as seen by his intimates.

The difference has become more striking as authors have become more self-conscious and self-protective. One may read between Montaigne's lines and discover, I understand, some small evasions; but on the whole this first

writer to chat with us emerges much as he seemed to himself. So, unless we are persecuting psychologists, do Dickens and Thackeray, who, however much they suppressed, did no more than sentimentalize their self-portraits. It is only when one comes to modern times that the calculated effort to build up a public personality much superior to the real one is seen to be common. Advertisement has intoxicated those who desire success.

THIS contradiction is emphatic in other classes. Arnold Bennett once dined in company with three very famous politicians. He was naive enough to be horrified by the fact that for a whole evening their conversation ran exclusively on mean little schemes for "dishing" either political opponents or too ambitious rivals. Not one word passed between them about desperately urgent public affairs. The famous men saved every noble sentiment for the platform.

With authors, whose platform is the