

## ARE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OBSOLETE?

In the April issue of Redbook Magazine three outstanding theologians and three distinguished laymen explore with wisdom and compassion the present-day application of the basic moral principles that are accepted by Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike.

The religious leaders are Father John LaFarge, Dr. Liston Pope and Rabbi Judah Goldin; the laymen, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Leo Szilard and Dr. George N. Shuster.

The result is a thought-provoking report on how the Ten Commandments apply to our current moral dilemmas ranging from marital fidelity and child rearing to Communism and dishonest TV quiz programs.

## A 6,500-MILE WALK FOR WORLD PEACE

In the same issue Redbook tells the remarkable story of two dozen American men and women who walked from San Francisco to Moscow in order to dramatize their desire for peace. How they were greeted with both violence and enthusiasm—in various parts of the United States, in France, in Germany, in Poland and in the U.S.S.R. — is a vital story for everyone deeply concerned with the problems of building public support for efforts toward lasting world peace.

Be sure to read the April issue of

**REDBOOK**  
on sale at all newsstands now



THE PHOENIX NEST

Hemingway

Edited by Martin Levin

### BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS (After Villon)

Where are they gone, the arch-eyed harlot,  
The linen-swimmer, the lightly wedded?  
Where is Amber? Where is Scarlett?  
And gold Milady the Gascons dreaded?  
And Gretchen, wretched, by cherubs besteeded?  
Quickly gone, who were brilliantly here  
Like winking motes where the hay lies tedded.  
Where are the snows that fell last year?

Cry, sailor! cry, tailor! cry, duke and varlet!  
That the measures you trod, that the hens you treaded,  
That Charleston and hompipe, that Sadie and Charlotte,  
That the silk and the rose of the dream are shredded.  
For where are the lips so brightly redded,  
The breasts pink-budded, the arms sincere,  
The backs much haymowed and well bedsted?  
Where are the snows that fell last year?

Still, Circe's daughters from near and far let  
Us grunt our hour: Dark, insolent-headed  
Justine laughs low in a nightmare starlit;  
And Constance wails as the bodkin, threaded  
With Bedlam-vine, in her flesh is bedded.  
Will they endure, whose charms we hear  
Fabled and chronicled, epic'd and edda'd?  
Where are the snows that fell last year?

*L'Envoi*

Reader, though set in twelve-point leaded,  
Like mortal beauties they disappear.  
Pure as the driven or soiled as the sledded—  
Where are the snows that fell last year?

—DONALD BARR.

• • •

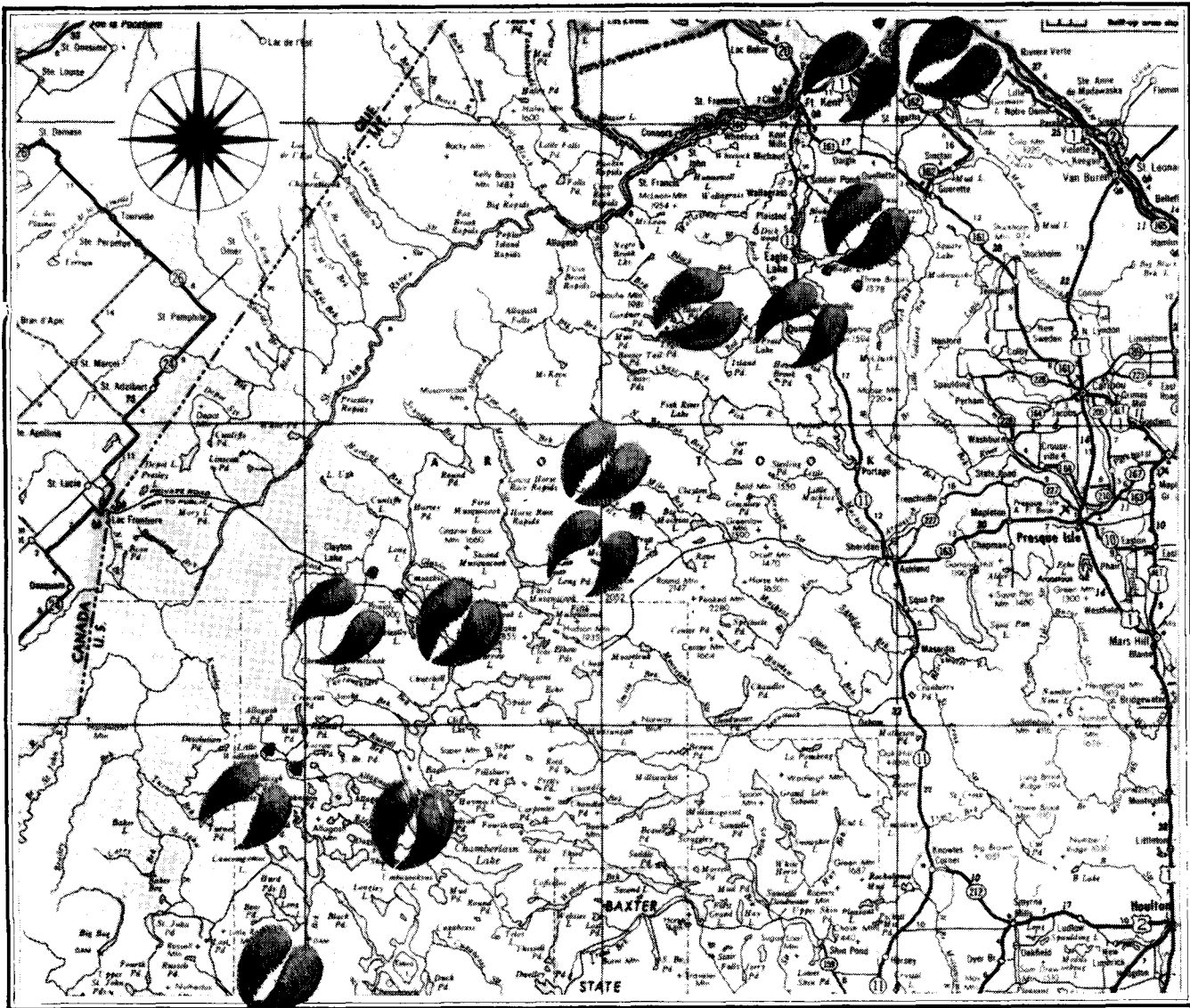
### THOUGHTS ABOUT ERNEST HEMINGWAY

I HAD the luck to know Ernest while he was still a kid reporter—before he had molded the literary personality that became so famous. It seems hard to believe, now, but he brought me a little sheaf of his experimental writings, asking if I thought they showed signs of promise. It was in Genoa during the Conference of the Great Powers in the spring of 1922. We both stayed at the Hotel de Gênes and we played around together quite a little, our play including an unannounced visit to Max Beerbohm in his villa at Rapallo.

I remember Ernest as young and strong, with princely manners, and a beautiful set of pearly teeth. For me he had an essentially boyish charm,

and he has kept that even in his most bull-fighting and blood-lusty writings. While reading, I don't have to think of him as entirely grown up, and perhaps that is just as well. He has immortalized the attitudes and emotions of a heroic adolescence. Perhaps his very extreme and almost Byronlike fame in these times is partly due to that. They are times in which there's small pleasure in grown-up meditation on what life is and where it's going.

He first won my affection by telling me he was "scared to death," as I'm sure I would have been, in the war. He didn't tell me about his shrapnel wounds, and I never knew till long after that he spent weeks in a hospital in such a state of fright that he could not go to sleep in the dark. That he built himself up from that neurotic condition to a point where veterans



## America's first trail-blazer

The next time you see a road sign that reads "Deer Crossing," consider the fact that your route may be following a trail blazed by deer ages before it was paved for automobiles.

The deer had instincts to guide them, but man's sense of direction is less reliable. As soon as he makes a road, he had best also make a map.

Just over a century ago, when Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally set up shop, much of America was an uncharted wilderness. Maps were urgently needed to guide the way in the opening of the West, and Rand McNally was there to supply them.

We have continued ever since to provide America (and the world) with maps, atlases and globes. In addition, we now publish our own textbooks, children's books, and adult non-fiction . . . produce books of every description for other publishers . . . and supply a large volume of specialized printing, such as tickets and timetables for the transportation industry.

**RAND McNALLY**



PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS • ESTABLISHED 1856 • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • NASHVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

SR/March 24, 1962

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1st anniversary of  
1961's #1 publishing event  
**THE AGONY AND  
THE ECSTASY**  
BY IRVING STONE

One year ago, *The Agony and the Ecstasy* took the literary world by storm. Even before publication, word-of-mouth reports, in and out of the book trade, were that this was Irving Stone's big one — a towering biographical novel by the author of *Lust for Life*, the man whose books over the years had earned him the accolade, "supreme master of biographical fiction."

Today, *The Agony and the Ecstasy* is a top-of-the-list best seller — going into its second year with more than 500,000 copies in print (including Book-of-the-Month Club editions) . . . honored by *Publishers' Weekly* as 1961's biggest fiction best seller in bookstores . . . with a record of having been America's #1 best seller for 38 weeks . . . with 11 big printings to its credit and more to come.

But sales figures tell only part of the story. Irving Stone has recently been named in an American Library Association survey as one of the five most popular novelists in this country. His book is making publishing history in a dozen countries and as many languages. In Italy itself, government bureaus report increased tourism and a tremendous revival of interest in the works of the great Florentine sculptor.

Tomorrow, and in the months to come, thousands of new readers will discover what the cheering is all about — will share one of the great reading experiences of the decade as they learn why *The Agony and the Ecstasy* has been called "a towering novel which brings an age, an art, and a man into brilliant, pulsing, and enduring focus."\*

This year, this week,  
**THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY**  
Irving Stone's novel of Michelangelo  
is a classic you must not miss.

664 pages, \$5.95 at all booksellers

**DOUBLEDAY**

\**Boston Herald*

and professional soldiers of World War II declared him to be "quite simply the bravest man they ever saw" strikes me as a manifestation of moral character as superb as anything to be found in the life histories of literary men. Ernest lived the life he believed in—he lived up to the code he preached. That also certainly stands among the causes of his Byronlike celebrity. His fame will not endure in a degree comparable to Byron's—there is not enough intellect involved. But like Byron, he proved himself in action. He was not just a voice in the air.

Of course I think he concentrated a little too exclusively on one particular phase of character-building. In order to be brave he felt he had to turn himself into something of a bruiser. He had to go around being exaggeratedly masculine and kind of spoiling for a fight. I ventured to express this opinion in a review of his book "Death in the Afternoon," in praise of bull-fighting—in praise of killing, to be exact. I thought his way of talking about bulls and matadors was, in a reverse sense, sentimental, and I called my essay "Bull in the Afternoon." I made another remark in that essay which has been many times quoted, and usually misquoted. Even in the full-page scholarly obituary which the *New York Times* allotted to Hemingway, I find this raw and impossible remark attributed to me: "Come out from behind that false hair on your chest, Ernest, we all know you!"

What I wrote is about as far as you can get from that without changing the subject. Here are my words exactly:

"This trait of Hemingway's character has been strong enough to form the nucleus of a new flavor in English literature, and it has moreover begotten a veritable school of fiction writers—a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest."

I think the difference is very great, but its effect on Ernest was as extreme as the raw taunt would have been. It resulted in a tussle, or fracas, in Max Perkins's editorial office at Scribner's which was alluded to in almost all of the obituary notices published when Ernest died. "Both sides," said the *Herald Tribune*, "claimed victory" in what it called a "fist fight." There wasn't any fist fight: I would have kissed the carpet inside of forty seconds in a fist fight with Ernest Hemingway. But it is true that we gave flatly and flagrantly opposite accounts of what happened. I gave my account to the evening papers, and Ernest gave his the next morning to the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.

In a television interview, Mike Wal-  
(Continued on page 54)



## IF THE ZAPATO FITS, WEAR IT...

The miracle has come to pass. In the scene above, you are actually seeing someone with a difficult language problem who *didn't* come to Berlitz. But hold, gentle reader, do not jump to the conclusion that Berlitz didn't come to the rescue. For though our friend in need didn't come to us, as most people do—in a manner of speaking *we came to him* and swiftly found solutions to two of his problems.

The gentleman diner above, who is frantically thumbing through his miniature English-Spanish, Spanish-English dictionary, is a shoe salesman on business in Mexico. He has just bitten into the hottest chili pepper in Latin America and would sell his soul for a glass of water. In exactly 30 seconds he is going to shout in a voice colored by desperation rather than by bad manners, "Why can't the natives here speak English so they can understand us!" The gentleman seated at the next table, as luck would have it, just happens to be the Director of our Mexico City Berlitz School. (Through such coincidences worlds have been conquered—and advertisements writ-

ten.) He will instantly offer a glass of water, solving Problem 1. Problem 2 will take a bit more doing. But in the end he will convince our over-peppered diner that the Berlitz School in Boston will not only teach him to speak Spanish but will design his course to include the special vocabulary of lasts, uppers, welts—and even show him how to land orders for an 8½ "Carlos" or a 10 "Benito".

Thanks to a chili pepper and a chance meeting, the first thing that our purveyor of footwear did when he returned to Boston was go to Berlitz for a tailor-made course of instruction. He later told us that his ability to sell shoes in Spanish resulted in a 400% sales increase. And that's not the only happy ending. He now loves Mexico so much that he spends his vacations there.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off. This is true whether you're a shoe salesman on a business trip or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields

of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. Governments, military organizations and major companies send key men to Berlitz to prepare them for assignments abroad. Many forward looking companies send wives as well, because they've discovered that men stay on the job longer when their wives are also equipped to speak the local language. Across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

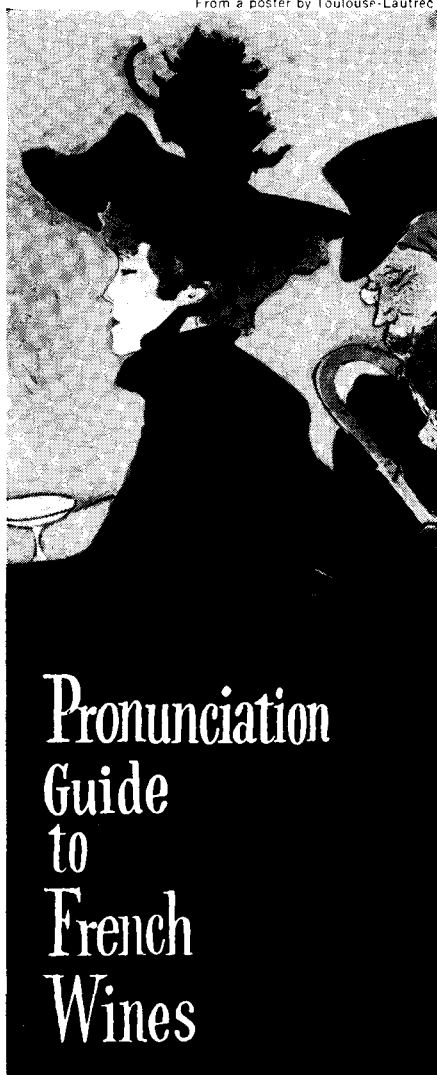
There are 240 Berlitz schools in leading cities throughout the world. They're easy to find. Simply consult your local telephone directory—or ask the man at the next table—he may very well be a Berlitz School Director.

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE,  
PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES GO TO

# berlitz®

BALTIMORE • BEVERLY HILLS • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DETROIT • EAST ORANGE • EVANSTON • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES • MANHASSET • MEXICO CITY • MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • MONTREAL • NEW ORLEANS • NEW YORK • PASADENA • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • SANTA ANA • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SAN JUAN • SAN MATEO • SEATTLE • STAMFORD • TORONTO • WASHINGTON • WHITE PLAINS





## Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*  
 Chablis *Shah blee*  
 Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*  
 Chateaufort du Pape  
 Chateau Neff du Pap  
 Chambertin *Sham bear tan*  
 Graves *Grahv*  
 Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*  
 Macon *Mah kon*  
 Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*  
 Pommard *Poe mahr*  
 Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*  
 Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*  
 Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar John*  
 Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*  
 Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*  
 Sauternes *So tairn*  
 St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*  
 St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*

When buying  
 fine wines, always  
 look for the name B&G  
 on the labels—for the seller  
 is as important as the cellar!

**B&G** *the finest  
 wines of  
 France*

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO. INC., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

## TRADE Winds

**A SCHOOLGIRL** in Stow, Ohio, was complaining to the librarian about her Latin assignments. To encourage her, the librarian said that she had taken four years of Latin in high school and two in college.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the student in awe. "I'll bet you could even read 'Winnie-the-Pooh' in the original."

**IN WATERFORD**, Connecticut, at least one youngster has been humming and singing a familiar tune from the Broadway show he knows as "Mayfair Lady." The song: "I've Thrown a Custard to Her Face."

**PUBLISHING HOUSES** have received mimeographed letters from Boston, offering for consideration an "outstanding treatise" on handicapping the horse races. Written for the author by a lawyer, the letter offers the most amazing proof of the manuscript's value. It states:

"To dispel any skepticism on the part of any prospective publisher as to the astounding results claimed, my client would be willing to submit to a month's test and daily advise such publisher, at least a half hour before post time, his choices for all selected races."

I hope some editor has written back and asked to see the book and to make the test. Publishers are gamblers at heart, anyway, betting on horses being a sure-fire thing compared to betting on manuscripts. Furthermore, the picture is delightful to contemplate of the publishing house suspending activities at the crucial time each day, waiting for the incoming hot tips, and then jamming the switchboard with hurried calls to—if you'll pardon me—their bookies.

**FOR THE FIRST TIME** since they've been writing novels, Babs and Borden Deal will have two books coming out at one time. Her "Night Story" (McKay) has just been published, and in a few weeks Scribner's will bring out his "The Spangled Road."

The Deals live in University, Alabama, have three children, have been married ten years. They work in a small office with a huge desk made out of a door. Each sits at one end, facing the other, and they sit there and write novels. Separate novels, that don't have anything to do with each other. It sounds impossible, but they do it.

"Our principal hazard is conversation," Borden tells me. "We have a

distinct tendency to drink coffee and talk instead of working."

Babs, according to her husband, has always had a deep affinity for the night side. "Night Story" is about the taxi drivers, café owners, doctors, nurses, and wanderers who live and work after dark. "The Spangled Road," however, is a circus novel. Borden worked as an elephant man years ago when he was a youngster, and he recently did a tour with Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers Circus to revive his sense impressions before he started the book.

And that's how the Deals operate: raise three kids, run around at night, join the circus, write novels, sit at a big desk . . .

**A MOST DISTRESSING** occurrence in one of Her Majesty's colonies, Bermuda! The police and customs officers have new uniforms. The police are acceptably dressed in similar fashion to London's bobbies, with the familiar helmet. The customs force, however, wears uniforms embarrassingly close to those of officers of the Royal Navy.

From a distance of more than ten feet, the cap badge looks like a naval badge. The jacket, with eight gilded buttons, and the insignia of rank on the cuffs, even to the little gold curl-cue, make the customs officers indis-



tinguishable from the Royal Navy officers. People who care are up in arms.

"Whoever is responsible," writes one former Navy man, "has shown very poor taste."

The seriousness of the situation may be illustrated by a recent event when two sailors from HMS Troubridge, strolling along Front Street in Hamilton, briskly saluted a man from the customs office. When he got near enough for them to note their mistake, they thumbed their noses at him.

**SHARPS AND FLATS:** My impression of the four Tiros weather-eye satellites now circling the earth is that they send back word of the terrible weather we've just had.

►In the February *Reader's Digest*