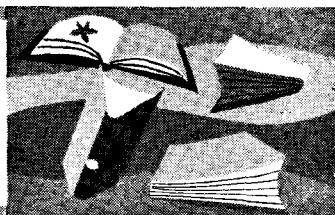


Trade Winds



A note from Arthur Skillern: "Most books seem to be reviewed by people who themselves have written books about identical subjects. Wouldn't it be nice, just once, to come across a review that said, 'Holy Mike, this book is better than mine!'"

A recent cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* featured an enormous swastika, with the line, "Auschwitz, the Agony of Judging Who Is Guilty." The lead story, by Sybille Bedford, was as ghastly and horrifying an account of brutality as could be unearthed anywhere.

On page 63 of the same issue appeared the annual statement of *Post* ownership, including the name, "Cary William Bok, of the Swastika Trust, Philadelphia." Cary Bok is the son of the late Edward Bok, once the distinguished editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who married the daughter of Cyrus Curtis.

I remember that Edward Bok called his home Swastika, and I think he had the swastika emblem on the front door.

But that was many, many years before the swastika had any Nazi significance. One wonders, however, if a man so well known as Cary Bok, identified with a company so well known as Curtis, should not by now have changed the name of his holding company.

Included in *Echoes of Revolt* (Quadrangle) are editorials, essays, short stories, poetry, cartoons, etc., from the radical *The Masses*, from its inception in 1911 to its demise half a dozen years later. Opening with a plea by Max Eastman for understanding (and concluding with an afterword by him), the book, compiled by University of Wisconsin history instructor William J. O'Neill, is a rousing record of that fiery organ of dissent and revolution that had a few thousand dedicated adherents and millions of passionate haters.

It is, in a way, the story of John Reed, Art Young, Emma Goldman, Floyd Dell, Upton Sinclair, and their cohorts, who fought wars against war, industry, cen-

sorship, conformity of almost every kind, against Christianity itself. It is a history of a struggle by violent nonconformists, of a magazine that, with my pro-everything-American sentiments, I would have despised. But I read every page of the book with fascination. Price \$12.95—which would have tickled the anti-capitalist founders.

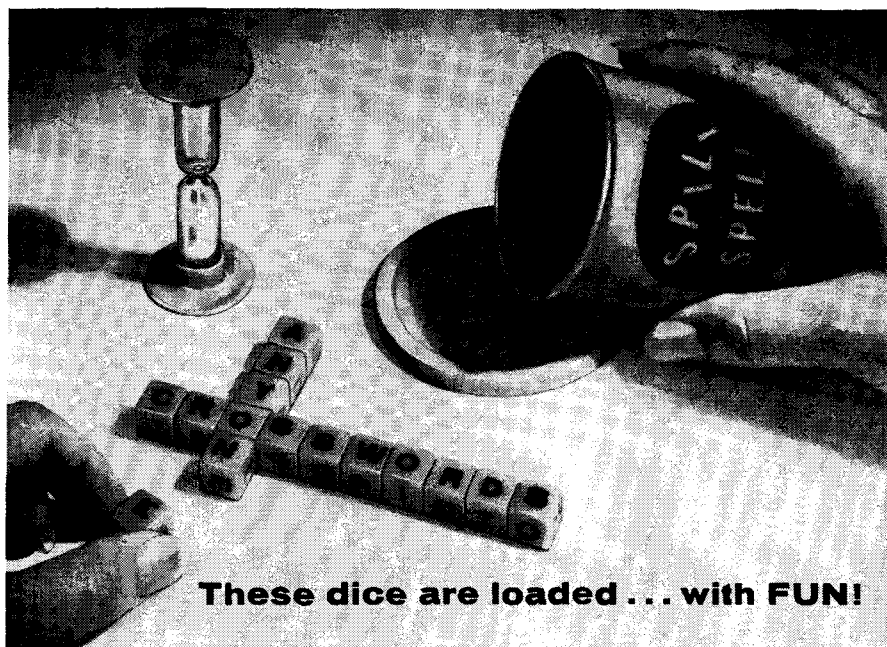
Another book, *Diary of an Art Dealer* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95), begins in 1918, just after *The Masses* received its death sentence from the government and goes on to the beginning of World War II, when the author was put in a German concentration camp. It is the personal record kept by René Gimpel and concerns itself with most of the dominant figures in the world of art for the two decades of the note-keeping—the buyers and the dealers, the offers made and the prices paid; with the foibles and shrewdnesses of the rich, the work habits and social manners of the distinguished painters and sculptors; with the professional collectors and the amateurs; and with the private and public sales of pictures and books.

It is also a running account of world events of the period, of diplomats and bankers and society here and abroad, all related in a telescopic form that makes for quick and informative reading, even to someone like myself who is not an art connoisseur. It is a fine book for the Christmas stocking of any person who has any interest at all in the world of the Duveens, Berensons, Knoedlers, Wildensteins, Rothschilds, Fricks, and Morgans, and of the artists who commanded their attention and money.

Just on the market is the first item in a series called "Documents of History." The subject is Winston Churchill's youth, from 1874 to 1900, and it is based on the first volume of Randolph Churchill's biography of his father. The blurb states that it is "A Giniger Portfolio, Published in Association with University Microfilms, Inc., a Subsidiary of Xerox Corporation." It is copyrighted by C & T Publications, Ltd., and is offered here by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin. All of which is a bit complicated, but I suspect that Kenneth Giniger's is the ingenious mind behind it all.

The "portfolio," about 14½ x 9½ inches, is a laminated envelope containing fifteen facsimiles of photographs of Churchill's parents, of his baptism certificate, of letters to his mother, of his first army commission, etc. Also enclosed is a booklet offering quotations from Randolph's book.

An interesting venture, it seems to me, but unattractively presented. If only the envelope had more dignity to it, if the reproductions weren't so darned Xeroxy,



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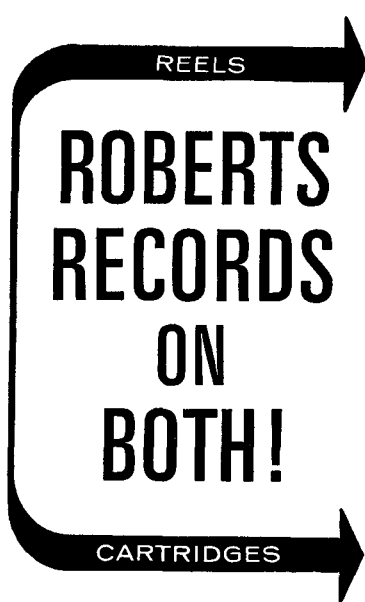
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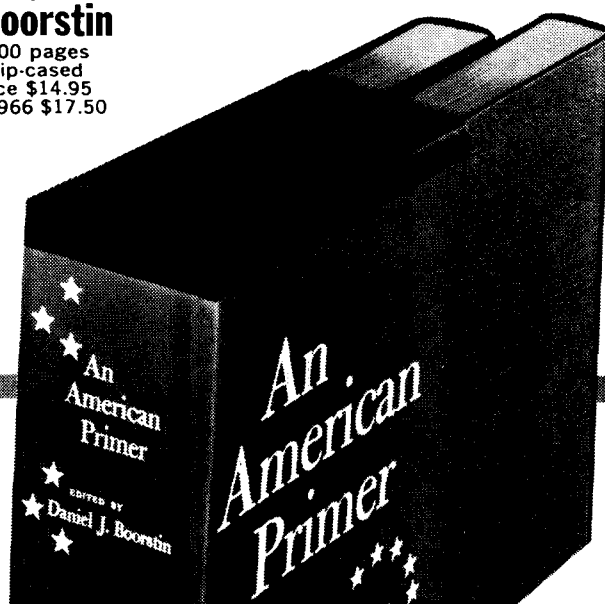
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—ESMOND WRIGHT, front page review,
N.Y. Times Book Review

75th Year



CHICAGO



I think more people would pay \$5 for it than the \$3.75 that now is the indicated list price. In any case, here may be the beginning of something new and profitable for booksellers.

More verses about grammar, spelling, and punctuation continue to amble in. One called "Pluresy," submitted by Melanie Littleford, apparently has no known authorship:

We'll begin with a box and the plural
is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen,
not oxes;
Then one fowl is a goose but two are
called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never
be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole
set of mice,
Yet the plural of house is houses not
hice.
If the plural of man is always called
men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be
called pen?
If I speak of a foot and you show me
your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be
called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are
teeth,
Why should not the plural of booth be
called beeth?
Then one may be that, and three would
be those,
Yet hat in the plural wouldn't be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats and not
cose.
We speak of a brother and also of
brethren,
But though we say Mother, we never
say Methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he,
his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis, and
shim.
So English, I fancy you all will agree,
Is the silliest language you ever did see.

Note to readers of TRADE WINDS of November 12: Stop nagging. There *will* appear here a list of words other than *cleave* that have conflicting definitions. Soon.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1704)

JOHN BOWEN:

SPEAKING OF BOOKS
(From *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, 9-4-66)

In writing a book or a play, ... often I have discovered, when the thing was done, that, just as in a dream, the work was the symbolic statement of an obsession, so that sometimes I have known more about my own nature than I knew when I began it.



Prize for a sales contest?

To a starving farmer in an underdeveloped country this CARE wheel hoe is a symbol of self-preservation—and self-respect.

To people at INA—Insurance Company of North America—it's a symbol, too—a symbol of *giving* instead of *getting*.

Two INA traits, imagination and concern for others, are combined in a unique competition now in progress among INA people. It's a competition that rewards everyone participating with the satisfaction of helping others less fortunate. We call it INA's Friendship Program.

Under the Friendship Program,

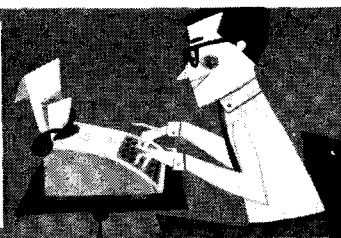
certain types of INA business insurance sold by INA agents and brokers earn CARE points for INA Service Offices. INA Service Offices in the United States and Canada compete—one with another—for the privilege of selecting and supporting specific CARE self-help projects. There are 44 offices; 22 competitions; not a single loser!

Unusual prizes for a sales contest? Not really. Not for a company whose *business* is helping people.



INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

Top of My Head



Arms Against Venus

I'VE BEEN hesitant to get involved in this matter of topless attire. But it should be shown for the record that I think it's scandalous—the way these debutantes and their glamorous mothers appear at the various gala, social, charity ballrooms all over New York.

Fortunately, their scanty attire has been confined to publicity about the fashion pages. But the newspapers went all out and unconfined when a couple of hard-working waitresses in a hurry to get to their work forgot part of their wardrobe and introduced a uniform not exactly uniform to the ethics and code of our restaurants. A *mod vivendi* which created such a furor that the two waitresses were hauled off to headquarters and charged with indecent exposure.

Which logically proceeds to the next question—what is decent exposure? Is the mini-skirt decent exposure? Isn't a skirt which ends a foot—or at least a

hand—above the knee more provocative? And yet on our streets and in our subways and buses they are accepted as *savoir-faire*. But let a waitress appear in a topless uniform and she is considered *carte blanche*, or *à la mode*, *soupe du jour*, or whatever the French is for the unfrocked feminine form.

In the interest of research I went to the restaurant to observe these waitresses. I couldn't get in. The tables were occupied by policemen. There was no room for a civilian. I wondered if that is what they mean by a police review board. And I wondered why some police weren't attending the crowded night clubs and film houses where for some time now the action really has been. Why the waitresses? Have they forgotten what the great poet said? "They also serve who only stand and wait." But then, Milton was blind, wasn't he?

When I was in San Francisco, where the topless waitress is an accepted part

of the décor of the blue-plate crowd, I found myself dining at one of these restaurants. I can't say I was choked up about the experience.

In the first place, the service was slow. The lighting was atrocious. I couldn't see what I was eating. I couldn't see what I was seeing. And the air conditioning was so high it was freezing. I felt sorry for the waitresses. It recalled the working conditions of the girls in the early-day sweatshops. But in reverse. I remembered thinking the incidence of chest colds must be awfully high. As a matter of fact, all through dinner, globs of Vick's Vapo seemed to permeate the air.

I tried several other such bistros and found them all the same. The only Top still in existence in San Francisco was the Mark. And coming out of one place, I suffered the ignominy of finding a policeman putting a ticket on my car for double parking. I wasn't double parked at all. But to that cop on duty at that restaurant everything seemed double.

The Topless Waitress of San Francisco has become one of the sights for the tourist. The hills of San Francisco have always been renowned, just as is the Golden Gate Bridge. Of course, there is only one of those. At this writing.

The question now is whether New York is as sophisticated a metropolis as San Francisco. The prevailing fear in some quarters—headquarters, particularly—is that New York City will soon become too much like the center fold of *Playboy* magazine.

Irate citizens took up arms against what they envisioned as a sea of topless waitresses in all the restaurants. The topless waitresses stood firm. They insisted they were only hard-working girls. The police and other high-minded New Yorkers questioned the propriety of this new fad and asked if this would lead to fewer home-cooked meals. But no one asked the all important question: "Is the food in that restaurant any good?"

When the case of the missing bras burst forth on our unsuspecting town, Mayor John Lindsay seemed—and, I thought, appropriately—to treat it lightly. When asked what he thought about it, he replied he didn't know too much about it. "The cops got there first," he said.

But as it became apparent that this lack of apparel was going to become a hot issue, the mayor viewed it more soberly.

"This sort of thing appeals to the prurient," he exclaimed. "We do not need this in this town. It is a bad show. Who needs it?"

The prurient need it. That's who need it, Your Honor. Didn't you say during your campaign that New York is to be the Fun City, Your Highness—Your Majesty—sir?

—GOODMAN ACE.



"If you want to show how much you love me, would you do something about pollution?"