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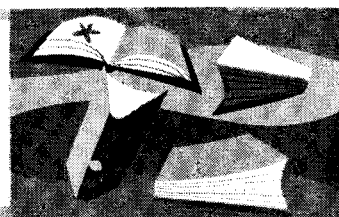
ica has borne no fruit. Nor has the championing of the Arab cause impressed the "Third World" of developing countries. He admittedly strengthened French oil interests in the Middle East, but his own public statements and his support of the pro-Soviet bloc in the United Nations have deprived him of all pretense to neutrality. It is becoming more and more difficult to understand the strange convolutions of the Gaullist mind. There is something desperate about his more recent pronouncements. The coherence and some of that earlier vision are missing. There may be grandeur in massive pettiness, but not in petty pettiness.

Perhaps, Mr. Kosygin's visits to Paris notwithstanding, it has deeply hurt President de Gaulle that his proposal for a Big Four meeting was rejected by the Russians and that, instead, the emphasis was on a Big Two meeting. His failure to lift France to "Big Power" status was thus exposed. Still, de Gaulle has the power of veto, and he takes pleasure in exerting it wherever he can. He interferes with American policies wherever he can and he goes to Canada not like others adhering to protocol, but to purposefully feed the flames of French-Canadian nationalism. President Johnson has carefully refrained from criticizing the French leader to avoid antagonizing French public opinion. The question is now being debated in the White House whether this is still a valid policy, whether the time has not come to make it clear how profoundly Franco-American relations have deteriorated.

And so it is not surprising that more and more foreign statesmen and a growing number of Frenchmen are waiting for the day of General de Gaulle's departure. With ever-growing restlessness, French politicians are maneuvering, awaiting the Day. Even in his own cabinet, dissension is growing. Certainly M. Debré and M. Messmer were upset by his unexpected support of the Communists in condemning Israel. Such devoted Gaullists as M. Baumel, M. Sanguinetti, and M. Neuwirth were also shaken in their faith. This does not mean that a rebellion against the General is now under way. He remains the strong man in charge, but even he is known to have little faith in his own ability to perpetuate the politics of Gaullism. He himself told a visitor not long ago, when asked what would happen after he ceases to be leader of France, that "the French prefer weak governments. Mine is an exception. *Après moi, sera le délice de l'anarchie.*" The hope of France's friends and allies, of course, is that this will not happen, that France will remain stable and again become a good friend and a real ally.

—HENRY BRANDON.

Trade Winds



Last week, I spent an evening in Los Angeles with Clifton Fadiman, one of the two distinguished literary critics (along with Edmund Wilson) of our era. For me, it was a happy talk-and-catch-up session. We hadn't visited together in years.

Among other things, I learned that Kip is writing a book about children's



literature. I know he is going to have something to say about L. (for Lyman) Frank Baum. I've been mulling a bit about Mr. Baum myself. So before Kip beats me to it, here is what I've mulled.

"Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was a farmer's wife."

So begins a notable American fairy tale, about a little girl who was swept by a cyclone into the magic world whose name came from the outside of a filing cabinet in the home of Mr. Baum, the author. The cabinet had three drawers, the top one of which was labeled A-G, the second one H-N, the bottom one O-Z. Mr. Baum preferred the bottom drawer.

The original title was *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. It came out in 1900. Almost 100,000 copies were sold immediately, at \$1.50. The publisher, George M. Hill Company, promptly went into bankruptcy, but for other reasons.

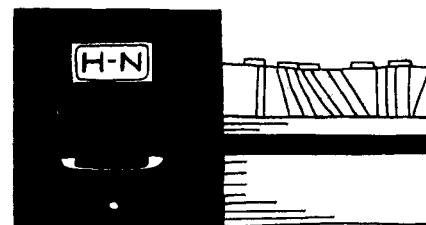
Probably no best seller ever belonged to so many different publishers. After Hill came George M. Ogilvie Company; then Bowen-Merrill; then Bobbs-Merrill; then Reilly & Britton; then Reilly & Lee, a subsidiary of Henry Regnery Company. Somewhere in between was Donohue & Company. In 1956, when the book entered public domain, Grosset & Dunlap issued three different editions. Since 1950, under license, Random House and other publishers have produced their own versions.

Two years after the first publication, Baum's book was made into a musical. It opened in Chicago, with Dave Montgomery as the Tin Woodman and Fred Stone as the Scarecrow. Those two chief

performers achieved overnight a fame that was to last them a lifetime. The musical's title was shortened to *The Wizard of Oz*. Bobbs-Merrill quickly made that the title of the book, and so it has been known ever since. It is estimated that Bobbs-Merrill alone sold 4,000,000 copies. A reasonable assumption is that *The Wizard* has had as large a sale as any juvenile ever to appear in the United States.

The first movie version—a series of one-reelers—was made in 1910; a five-reel adaptation in 1915; a full-length silent version in 1925. It was in 1939, when M-G-M produced it, that the Baum classic had its greatest impact. It made a star of Judy Garland, singing "Over the Rainbow." It made new reputations for Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman; for Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion; for Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow; for Frank Morgan as the Wizard; and for Billie Burke as Glinda. And the song "We're Off to See the Wizard" made four-star stars of everybody. The music was by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg.

The Wizard is popular in a dozen different languages. Baum wrote fourteen *Oz* books, of which only the first two—*The Wizard of Oz* and *The Land of Oz*

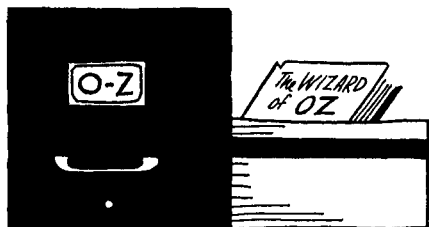


are out of copyright. All the others still are controlled by Reilly & Lee. There is a new series available now, with the original and superb Denslow illustrations. Copies sell for \$3.95.

Frank Baum had finished *Father Goose: His Book* in 1899. It was his first success—so great, that it became that year the top juvenile in the country. But Baum was well into middle age before he made that mark. Earlier he had been a fairly spectacular nobody as a crockery salesman, a newspaper publisher, a trade paper editor, a window trimmer. (One of his creations for a hardware store window was a man made out of pots and pans.)

As a writer of verse, Baum could be as bad as anybody. As a punster, he won no laurels. In *John Dough and the Cherub*, John is "a delicatessen: a friend in

knead, I might say, a Pan-American, whose pride is bread in the bone." Incidentally, there is a copy of that book in the New York Public Library, on the



title page of which is stamped "Library of Young & Rubicam, 285 Madison Avenue." Is the New York library so hard up that it is now *stealing* books? Anyway, some copywriter from that advertising agency probably was looking for an idea with which to promote Jello (Jello gave away a million copies of an *Oz* book, as a premium).

There are *Oz* clubs in many cities. There is a magazine called *The Ozropolitan*. There is the *Baum Bugle*, filled with *Oz* & Ends about Baum devotees, published three times a year by the International Wizard of *Oz* Club, Inc. There are *Oz* conventions.

After he is born in Chittenango, New York, what else does an author do in his lifetime? He goes to school in Syracuse; moves to Bradford, Pennsylvania, to New York City, to Aberdeen, South Dakota, to Chicago; finally, to Hollywood. He runs a variety store (Baum's Bazaar). He is a ham actor. He raises chickens. He manufactures and sells axle grease. Of German-American stock, he writes had Irish-American comedies.

It was not intended by Baum that *The Wizard* be part of a series. He had no notion of the magnitude of popularity his crazy-quilt characters would achieve. They originated in stories he told his own children, all four of whom were boys. He wanted a daughter. In Dorothy, he got one, the hard way.

With *The Emerald City of Oz*, Baum had had it. He announced that the mythical territory was forever cut off from the rest of the world and never could be heard from again. There were protests. As Conan Doyle had to bring Sherlock Holmes back to life, so was

Baum obliged, by means of wireless, to re-establish communications with his enchanted land. But only for a while. When he deserted *Oz* for good, the series was taken up by six other authors, who among them managed to keep *Oz* going for another twenty-six volumes. Baum himself embarked on other literary enterprises. His use of pseudonyms was prodigious. He wrote fifty-five books as Edith Van Dyne, John Estes Cook, Suzanne Metcalf, Schuyler Staunton, Laura Bancroft, Captain Hugh Fitzgerald, and Floyd Akers.

Is *Oz* a masterpiece? Who knows? Whatever it is — and there are a few librarians who ban it — generations of children have been brought up on it, and remember it fondly.

"Where's the butter, Unc Nunkie?" asked Ojo.

Unc looked out of his window and stroked his long beard. Then he turned to the Munchkin boy and shook his head.

"Isn't," said he.

So begins *The Patchwork Girl of Oz*. I've just read it. It isn't *Alice*, or *The Little Match Girl*, or *Snow White*, but it's got *something*. I imagine youngsters still cotton to it. Anyhow, it's still being bought, as are all other *Oz* books, in quantity.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

WIT TWISTER #18

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing

Until their — — — — run over!

Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;

Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: pots, tops, stop, spot, post.)

Now try this Wit Twister:

Past tumbled pillars and through

— — — — — dim

The — — — — — still pursues, relentless, grim.

The objects of his — — — —

— — — — no harbors find:

Death is the hunter; the quarry is mankind.

(Answer on page 36)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1737)

AGATHA CHRISTIE:
ROGER ACKROYD

The motto of the Mongoose family, so Kipling tells us, is "go and find out." If Caroline ever adopts a crest I should certainly suggest a mongoose rampant. One might omit the first part of the motto: Caroline can do any amount of finding out by sitting placidly at home.