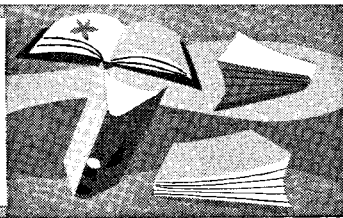


Trade Winds



Only a few days before he died, while we were sitting in his Hotel Plaza apartment where I was negotiating for publication rights to a portion of his art collection, I asked Chester Dale how I might emulate him and acquire a collection of my own. "It's easy," he said, "first you accumulate \$40,000,000."

On an earlier occasion I asked Sinclair Lewis how, if I wanted to write a novel, I could be sure of its becoming a best seller. "First," said Lewis, "you publish a lot of other best sellers."

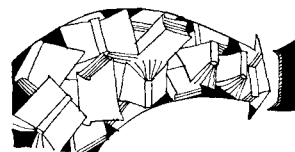
In the nineteenth century Charles Reade gave advice to would-be writers of successful serials. He said simply, "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait."

This train of thought got started, I suppose, because last night I was re-reading bits of *Arrowsmith* and realized with a start that, were he alive now, Lewis would be in his eighties. That's not easy for somebody to comprehend

who knew him in his prime, when he drank a great deal, and sometimes thought he was an actor, and had an uncontrollable temper, and wrote the longest list of best sellers in modern history. Though even some of his better work seems a little tired now, that man was a storyteller.

Just think of his best sellers! One right after another, though I don't recall their exact order: *Babbitt*, *Main Street*, *Dodsworth*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Cass Timberlane*, *Ann Vickers*, *Work of Art*, *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, and *It Can't Happen Here*. I think every one of them, at least for a while, was No. 1. Of course some of Lewis's writing was downright terrible (*Elmer Gantry*, for example), but it was my misfortune to have been stuck with the very worst of it. I think it was in 1944 that Lewis presented me, by contract, with a serial that was sheer horror. Happily for everybody, it never got between hard covers.

Excluding the Bible and volumes dealing with etiquette, child care, cookery, diet, bridge, and crossword puzzles, whose books have been almost always certain of the public's high regard? Edna Ferber's, for one. *Cimarron*, *Giant*, *Come and Get It*, *So Big*, *Saratoga Trunk*, and *American Beauty* were all smashes. I'm sure John Marquand's books invariably hit the jackpot. And probably Lloyd Douglas's, though off-hand I can remember only *The Robe*, which stayed longer on a best seller list than perhaps any other book this century. Or could it have been Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men*? Or Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, or Margaret Mitchell's *Gone*



with the Wind? All of a sudden I begin to think of other sure-fire authors, Zane Grey being one of them, and H. G. Wells another. And, good God, suddenly also I remember *Pollyanna*, from the year 2, which must have been when I read it, at something like age fifteen. And should one say something about Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*? That must have been around, as a sort of best seller, for a decade. Somebody must know. I only get paid to write this column, not to do the research.

Anyway—and I think that's how I got under way on this whole subject—I see that Mr. Manchester's *The Death of a President* went smack to the top of the best sellers practically the first week it appeared. For all I know, that's some kind of record. And something that goes along with that record, I guess, is news that Josef Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, has been signed to write her memoirs for Harper & Row, the publisher of Manchester's book. It's nice to know that the Harper house is headed—at least he's now chairman of the executive committee, having previously been president and then chairman of the board—by Cass Canfield, one of the absolute greats of the world of books. I wish this column had appeared a couple of weeks ago. It would have been nice, on April 26, to have said Happy Seventieth Birthday to Mr. Canfield.

"They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano, but When I Started to Play—!" The other day I rediscovered that old ad and wondered whatever happened to the U.S. School of Music, which sponsored it. Then I unearthed one of the ads for Packard cars, which are no more, and one for the Jordan cars (whose "Somewhere West of Laramie" was considered a masterpiece), and some Holeproof Hosiery ads, which featured paintings by Coles Phillips,



Freedom

Summer is a sense of freedom, a friendliness of air, an easiness of movement. Summer is clothes that run outside and play.

The roll-sleeved cotton shirt in a small gay print of leaves and golf clubs, sizes 8 to 16. The wrap-around skirt in Fortrel polyester and cotton, sizes 6 to 16.

Both, Peach Fuzz, True Blue, Fresh Green, Clover Pink.

Shirt about seven dollars, skirt about fourteen dollars at good stores and college shops



© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Our immediate-family plan. You pick up the phone and start saving.



Call Hilton for family-plan reservations and we'll put your kids up for free. (In your room, of course.)

We also have a children's menu. So you can feed your kids at kids' prices.

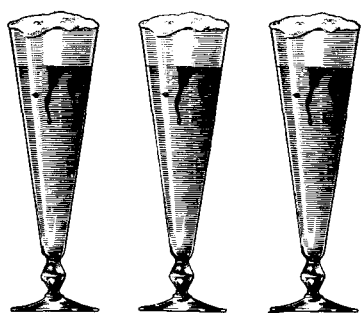
And there are babysitters, bottle warmers, disposable diapers, bibs, cribs and highchairs. All immediately available at any Hilton. (Centrally located where there's plenty to see and do.)

There's something new at every

Hilton

☎ For reservations at all Hilton, Statler Hilton and other leading hotels, phone Hilton Reservation Service.





Will the real Miller High Life draft beer please step forward!

- We've tried our famous Miller High Life taste test on many a "beer expert"; pouring three glasses, one from the tap, one from the can, and one from the bottle. And then we've asked them which is which.
- Result? No one, up to now, has identified the three correctly. Why?
- All three glasses have the same distinctive Miller High Life flavor.
- So, if you are confused about beers today . . . join the millions more who are asking for Miller High Life.
- In cans, on draft or in the familiar crystal clear bottle, you'll find the same unequalled quality and hearty goodness everytime.
- How you wish to buy our beer is up to you!

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

and Woodbury Soap ads ("The Skin You Love to Touch"), and the Fisk Rubber ads (with the yawning boy who never stopped asking, "Time to Retire?"), and Fels-Naphtha soap ads (the soap was so ugly but smelled so clean), and I decided to call all of those products, together with a hundred others, to the attention of Mr. Donald Turner, the gentleman in the government's antitrust division of the Department of Justice who believes that heavily advertised products are hard to compete against.

When I recall that even the Ford company, with its multimillion-dollar expenditures, couldn't put over the Edsel, and the dozens of record companies that have come to contend with the once-monopolistic Victor, and the fact that today's best-selling soap isn't made by either Procter & Gamble or Lever Brothers, my faith in our existing free enterprise system remains not merely unshaken but stronger than ever.

Mrs. Robert F. Dean of Raleigh, North Carolina, who was interested in attending Easter services conducted by the local White Memorial Presbyterian Church, received an announcement that said "Sunrise has been set by the committee at 6:11 a.m. EST." Some committee! But then didn't somebody once command the sun to stand still?

Elizabeth D. Eksten reads the *Chicago Tribune*. In it recently was an item about a project being undertaken by the Brookfield Zoo. "The farm," says the report, "would be used to breed animals already extinct in the world."

My favorite newspaper now is the La Grande, Oregon, *Evening Observer*. Some of its recent headlines: CONSTITUTION REVISION GROUP TURNS OPTOMISTIC. VANDERBUILT COACH REBUILDS TEAM. REGAN'S ECONOMY SAID TO BE PHONY. REPUBLICAN SENATOR KUCHEL FIGHTS PARTY RIGHT WINGERS. MARRIAGE SHOULD BE ANNULLED.

"**There is** a pause between every word." Isn't *that* a pretty silly phrase? Somebody just called it to my attention. It appeared in *TRADE WINDS* [SR, Apr. 15], and was written by . . .

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1726)
CORNELIA (OTIS) SKINNER:
MADAME SARAH

Her gestures, at times so extravagant that in any other actress they would have been dismissed as utter ham, with her became the joy, the wrath, or the anguish of Greek sculpture. She gave an impression of weightlessness.

Chess Corner—No. 113

THE TIME element has been mercilessly lampooned in the chess game. The norm of clock play is a little over five hours, and speed skittles range over ten seconds per move to ten minutes per game.

But little is known of the critical role of the time factor between games. Outstanding is the example of the twin brilliancies, Emanuel Lasker and Harry Nelson Pillsbury, at St. Petersburg, 1896, and Cambridge Springs, 1904.

In their first encounter, world champion Lasker won by a combination considered one of the greatest feats of the human imagination. In their second set-to, Pillsbury reversed the score in a manner worthy of the first prodigious effort.

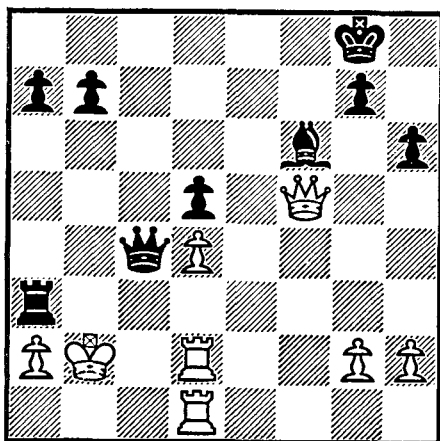
And here is the point: In game No. 1, Pillsbury discovered an improvement on his seventh turn. And he waited eight long years to spring it.

Here is the first game.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Pillsbury White	Lasker Black	Pillsbury White	Lasker Black
1 P-Q4	P-Q4	14 Q-R5	NxN
2 P-QB4	P-K3	15 PxN	B-K3
3 N-QB3	N-KB3	16 P-B4	QR-B1
4 N-B3	P-B4	17 P-B5	RxN
5 B-N5	BPxP	18 PxB	R-QR6!
6 QxP	N-B3	19 PxPch	RxP
7 Q-R4	B-K2	20 PxR	Q-N3ch
8 O-O-O	Q-R4	21 B-N5	QxBch
9 P-K3	B-Q2	22 K-R1	R-B2
10 K-N1	P-KR3	23 R-Q2	R-B5
11 PxP	PxP	24 KR-Q1	R-B6
12 N-Q4	O-O	25 Q-B5	Q-B5
13 BxN	BxB	26 K-N2	RxP

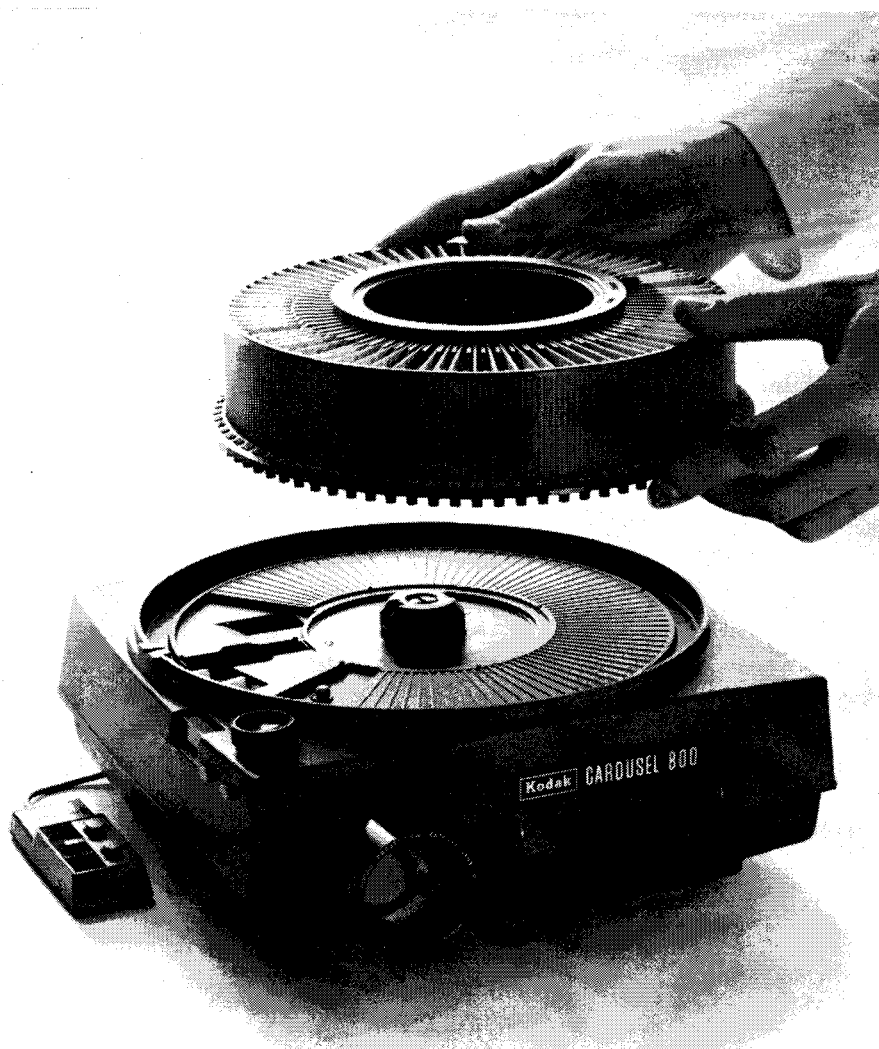
LASKER



PILLSBURY

27 Q-K6ch	K-R2	30 KxP	Q-B5ch
28 KxR	Q-B6ch	31 K-R5	B-Q1ch
29 K-R4	P-N4ch	32 Q-N6	PxQ mate

—AL HOROWITZ.



Gravity won't let you down.

Kodak designed the KODAK CAROUSEL Projector so that nobody ever need to be embarrassed in front of an audience. It changes slides by gravity, and the result is a slide show you *know* must go on. There's no mechanical pushing or pulling or jamming—slides are simply lowered into place for perfect projection. The spillproof tray holds 80 slides—a whole show—and gives you instant access to any of them. Or see your slides without the tray—use the new optional 40-slide stack loader.

Choose from four projector models, starting at less than \$80. The KODAK CAROUSEL 600 has easy push-button control. The 650 has push-button plus remote forward and reverse. The 750 adds remote focusing, and the 800 gives you fully automatic slide change as well as complete remote control.

See your Kodak dealer and enjoy cheers all around.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Carousel Projectors

Kodak
TRADEMARK