

the mayor does not—except on rare occasions, one of which Demaris notes—stand in the way of the will of the people.

And when things backfire, as they did the time a lot of cops teamed up with a burglar who turned out to have a big mouth when he thought he hadn't gotten his fair share, the mayor works through a Blue Label committee and/or commission to straighten out the mess. In this instance, California's professor Orlando Wilson was brought in



to clean up the police department; one of the first things he did was to obtain computers to speed up complaints and records. Wilson, according to Demaris, sharply improved the general efficiency of the department, but confessed disappointment at not breaking up The Outfit or severing the hoodlum-politician ties. "The perfesser," as he was known to mobsmen, has since gone. His computers remain.

Most Chicagoans will regard the book as a twice-told tale and try to shrug it off as muckraking to make a fast buck, which it definitely is not. And most New Yorkers and Angelenos will pull a Jack Horner. A little advice: Chicagoans, Washingtonians, *et al.*, had better read *Captive City* thoughtfully and ponder. It is an indictment not only of politicians, judges, and criminals, but of an uninterested electorate.

Demaris's word must be taken for the authenticity of the documentation. To be sure, this reviewer spotted a few errors, but they are not major ones. There are some undeserved snide remarks, like calling a nightclubbing, show-loving judge a playboy, thus damning him as an associate of possibly evil characters; and questions are raised about another judge, now highly regarded and deservedly so, simply because as a young and broke lawyer he once represented a top Mafia leader.

Robert S. Kleckner

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Twenty-five Issues

Continued from page 27

of the automobile, the production methods associated with it, and the economic integration and wage-scales resulting from it have deeply affected American life. And we do indeed find in the *Annals* a two-page snippet by Frederick W. Taylor entitled "A Piece-Rate System of Wages" (1895). Henry Ford himself is represented by two selections. One is the four-and-a-half-page sententious piece "Success" (1928); another is his two-page "Advice to the Unemployed" (1932) exhorting them to go get a job. The editor's introduction naturally explains that "he hated Jews, Catholics, fat men, prisons, doctors, bankers, and tobacco, carried a gun and believed in reincarnation." But there is no selection from Ford (although numerous vivid passages are available) concerning his introduction of assembly-line techniques, or his eight-hour day, or the symbolically important \$5-a-day wage. There is, of course, is a seven-page selection (including a photograph of the author) from Ralph Nader on "Unsafe Automotive Design" (1966).

If we turn to Space, we find, again, no lack of selections crying woe and pointing the accusing finger: a one-and-a-half-page editorial (1957) by Walter Lippmann on the implications of Sputnik, referring to McCarthyism and the general Philistinism and backwardness of American education; a Negro folksong (1957) which, according to the editors, argues "that the effort to reach the moon was morally and spiritually wrong, as well as expensive"; a piece on new dangers from the frightening political powers of scientists. And a six-page essay recounts the unhappy consequences of President Kennedy's determination to get us to the moon: "... its implementation has built a Procrustean bed and the American space program has been severely mutilated to fit it."

This, we are told, is the place of space exploration in modern American civilization! One need not be a chauvinist, a warmonger, an enthusiast for the "military-industrial complex," nor a man without a conscience to say that this picture is oddly myopic. Not a word on the spectacular organization and collaboration which made the space-shots possible, nor on the exhilarating sense of adventure and promise felt by the millions (perhaps a majority) of Americans who were not editors of the *Annals*.

And so it goes. Is it any wonder that a people who are told by such respectable sources to see their history from

this point of view should feel ashamed and guilty for everything their civilization has been? If our earlier ancestors were such "anti-democratic" fools and our recent compatriots such heartless, confused dolts, would not *anything* else be better?

In still another way the *Annals* exemplify some of the special problems of our age. If the editors' claim is correct we have here a foretaste of what may be in store for us as a result of the more simple-minded attempts to pigeonhole materials to make them "accessible" to computer retrieval. The quality of selections printed out from a body of electronically stored material can be no better than the quality of the selections that went in. Or, in the wise new adage of data processing: "Garbage In! Garbage Out!" We can be confident, then, that the compilations and instant-textbooks "retrieved" from these volumes will be no whit more sensible or more usable than the original set. By contrast with such a product a passable, well-organized, well-indexed textbook of history would look good.

Each chapter of the canonical "Con-spectus" offers a crude, dogmatic introduction (mostly of strung-together quotations) followed by an equally canonical "Outline of Topics," followed by key-numbered references (running up to forty pages), followed by "Cross References" to other supposedly canonical sources (*viz.* the Syntopicon of the Great Books; Encyclopaedia Britannica; Compton's Encyclopedia [now, we are told, owned by EB]), followed by "Recommended Readings" (of admittedly non-canon-

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1357

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1357 will be found in the next issue.

ETZTN BX K FJVEU LXQ AVEB
BVAAVSQIF, DTSKQPT KEXFJ-
TN HTNPXE GJX AVEBP VF
TKPL GVII DTKF LXQ KF FJT
UKOT.

—GVIIVKO OXNNVP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1356

One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.

—OSCAR WILDE.

ical sources), which are a whimsical mishmash of historical monographs and fashionable sociology, often omitting some of the basic historical works. The only general index to the twenty volumes is a skimpy thirty-three page "Index of Subjects" leading the reader back to the canonical list of twenty-five themes.

There is no index of personal names, nor even any single index of the names of the authors reprinted, although an author index appears at the end of each volume with references to other volumes in which they are quoted. In fact nowhere in the twenty volumes is there an index of notable persons, places, or events. For example, there is no place where you can look up Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, or John F. Kennedy—not to mention such trivial characters as Henry Ford or Thomas A. Edison. With charming rabbit-out-of-the-hat logic the editors explain that the reason why particular historical events such as the Boston Tea Party or the Siege of the Alamo are not indexed is because each of these is "an historical singular." And why should a *real* student of up-to-date data-processable history be interested in such things as "historical singulars"? If some perverse reader should have such bizarre interests, he can search among the tables of contents in the eighteen separate volumes.

Without wishing to compete with the editors in superlatives, we might venture that this set, in one respect at least is, "without peer." In proportion to its size and ostensible purpose, it is probably the worst-indexed work in many a year. Few of us can take much comfort from the fact that a computer with sufficient storage capacity might help us "retrieve" from these volumes whatever discussions they may contain of George Washington, The Homestead Laws, or the New Deal. Perhaps the one real service of the editors has been to concoct their indices so that few Americans will be misled into their texts.

No public-spirited reviewer should fail to point out to every potential customer for these volumes that their contents (with few exceptions) can be purchased in more attractive, handier format, with intellectually respectable introductions and usable indices, for a fraction of the price of this set. I wonder what the editors think that other publishers have been doing these recent years. *Paperback Books in Print*, available in your favorite bookstore, is a far better "Conspicuous" of readable sources and works in American history—and it is far better indexed.



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WORDS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

by Mario Pei

Hawthorn, 248 pp., \$6.95

MARIO PEI'S INTENTION in his new book is clear from the title: it is to parade and discuss words which have been debased, either deliberately or by careless usage. But the volume could also serve as a supplement to the Random House Dictionary of 1966, breathlessly striving to keep pace with the rush of neologisms which our heady times produce. From this point of view it will inevitably be outdated as soon as it is published. Yet it is a desirable and necessary stock-taking, and in itself the book is by turns delightful, informative, stimulating, provocative and, to those who do not share the author's social and political views, exasperating.

Professor Pei is a remarkable and distinguished linguist and linguistcian—I suppose the distinction is necessary, though that second term is an abomination—but words are not the only things in sheep's clothing in this book; there's the author himself, who uses the words for wide-ranging animadversions on social, political and moral matters. He leaves little doubt where he stands politically: "What is 'fair' about a type of taxation that promotes indolence and penalizes in-

itiative and success? It may be 'fair' in the eyes of Lenin. . . ." Then there is the moralist: "We have largely forgotten our moral sense, our sense of right and wrong. Relativism is rampant among us. Things, deeds, patterns of behavior are no longer regarded as intrinsically good or bad, but only in relation to existing circumstances. The moral code has become elastic. Worse yet, it has been conveniently forgotten. There is no absolute honesty, no absolute honor."

And so on and on. The sentiments may be admirable, but the repetitive rhetoric is a surprise in a work purportedly on philology. Incidentally, Professor Pei's style is of the kind called "easily readable" in the sense of having been so easily written that it could have been dictated. You will even find such well-worn aphorisms as "One man's meat is another man's poison," "You pay your money and you take your choice," "We can't have our cake and eat it." At the same time, the easy style reveals a delightful person with amusing things to say about such typically modern phenomena as opinion polls, and provocative things to say about such fundamental issues as human and civil rights. It also produces the best joke in the book, presumably an unwitting one: "Bruce Bliven is credited with having started the 'population explosion' in 1899."

The author has carefully examined his four basic dictionaries—Oxford,

Webster II and III, Random House—and come up with some intriguing discrepancies, notably in definitions of "Gross National Product." He is occasionally cute, knowing full well that his readers will hurry to an etymological dictionary to look up, for instance, "orchid." Amateurs of words will enjoy the book if only because they will be stimulated into providing additional examples, and questioning the derivation of some phrases. "Oscar" and "Tony" are dealt with, but not "Obie" and "Emmy." What about the use of getting something "on the road" to imply starting it? "Cliff-hanger" is not wholly a derisory term, as attendance at any story conference would confirm. And why the "pie" in "cutie-pie"?

This reviewer boldly suggests that the relation between "hanky" and "hanky-panky" may be the exact opposite of the "suspicion" held by the author that "hanky" might have been "influenced by 'hanky-panky.'" "Hanky" is obviously a diminutive of "handkerchief," which was part of a conjuror's stock-in-trade, under cover of which he produced all kinds of wonders by a process of hanky-panky.

May not "corny" have something to do with the values usually attributed to the corn belt of the Midwest? And surely the whole "manship" ploy derives from Stephen Potter's entertaining series of books—*Gamesmanship*, *Lifemanship*, etc.

Conservative though he may be in politics, Professor Pei is amusingly permissive about words. He even suggests some new ones himself, among which my favorites are "intellectuous," for the pseudo-intellectual, and "squzzly," a delightful onomatopoeic confection made from "squeeze" and "cuddle" which certain pet-lovers would find expressive. He uses one word that neither I nor the Random House Dictionary has seen or heard—"publicitarian." I can see the purpose and even the necessity for it, but could it not be neater? Personally, I should prefer the adjectival use of the noun.

Amazingly, Professor Pei confuses "protestant" and "protester," which convey an important distinction these days, and, more amazingly still, translates "*doceo*" and "*terreo*" as infinitives. But without such opportunities for one-upmanship the book wouldn't be such fun.

Philip Burton

Philip Burton, in his capacity as chief instructor at the BBC Training School in London during the 1940s, was final arbiter on English usage for British radio. For many years Mr Burton has been president and director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy in New York.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AUTHORS IN HIDING

In each paragraph Margaret Key of Denver, Col., has concealed the surname of the author of the novel to which the summary is related. If you can't spot the authors—and name the novels—turn the key on page 52.

1. A lame Roman emperor records events of gravest import during his youth and into his years as a ruler.
2. The rescued island boys, looking like savages and seeming old in gruesome paint and filth, shock the sailors who take them aboard.
3. After visiting a prostitute, this young man's days of confidence and joy cease until he makes confession to a wise old priest.
4. After the failure of a well-schemed plan, a crowd finally kill a madman who had taken a transparency drug.
5. The treasure seekers experience desperate adventures before locating the right spot at last. Even so, no one gets the gold, as a hermit has removed it.
6. This quixotic lad, who retains a lingering look of childhood, has a desperate binge on the town, then relates his experiences and feelings.
7. In a totalitarian state where dissenters are reduced to a vapor, well-organized police pry into private thoughts by telescreen.
8. A Midwesterner, feeling that his life is futile, wishes to rebel against its stifling conservatism, and does so briefly.