

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

You may be the smartest mathematician this side of Einstein and still not know that Austin is the capital of Texas. Or maybe you're a genius at geography and can't bisect an angle. To keep you on your toes, we present each month this diversified examination designed to check up on all manner of mental malnutrition.

To determine your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) just check the one correct answer among the choices listed after each

question. When you've completed all fifty, multiply the number of incorrect replies by 2 and subtract this from 100. (If you miss 10 questions, you subtract 20 points and you get a score of 80—you also get dirty looks from the Editors, who averaged only 74.)

On this particular quiz a selected group of college juniors averaged 62; a group of lawyers, 78; doctors, 76; major executives, 80. Now you try. (*correct answers on page 76*)

1. When a musician sees the word *allegro* on his music sheet, he knows it means:

"take it easy, kid!" play briskly
pause play softly slow and sad

2. One of America's most famous hotels is the Palmer House, located in:

Boston St. Louis Cincinnati
Chicago New Orleans Saratoga Springs

3. In Edward Everett Hale's famous story the name of *The Man Without A Country* was:

Philip Nolton Philip Norton
Philip Bolton Philip Nolan

4. Among the British crown jewels there is a famous, huge, old diamond known as:

The Sparkler *The Punkha Din* *The Rock*
The Lord Nelson *The Kohinoor*
The Numa

5. If you were to run across the International Date Line, it would be in:

the middle of the Pacific Ocean Europe
the middle of the Atlantic Ocean Asia
the middle of a school girl's conversation

6. One of these pairs is in the movie version of *The Good Earth*:

Gary Cooper and Anna May Wong
Lionel Barrymore and Doris Nolan
Paul Muni and Louise Rainer
Clark Gable and Sylvia Sydney

7. Outer Mongolia is bound most closely by economic and political ties to:

China U.S.S.R. Japan India

8. For a good many years *Webster's Dictionary* has been published by:

Funk & Wagnalls The Macmillan Co.
G. & C. Merriam Co. Street & Smith

9. To make animated cartoons for the movies like Walt Disney's, it is necessary to:

photograph thousands of separate drawings
study a live mouse for inspiration
pose each scene with live characters
cut each scene out of cardboard and tin

MAGAZINE



10. Woodrow Wilson was a graduate of:

Oklahoma State Teachers College
Columbia Harvard Amherst
Yale Princeton Swarthmore

11. It is claimed by Washington, D. C., authorities that the U.S.S.R. cannot annex the North Pole region because:

Amundsen discovered it first
it's only ice-covered water, not land
it's actually Danish property
it's too cold for the proper ceremonies

12. If you were introduced to Millen Brand, it is likely you would get to talking about:

the Indianapolis automobile race
trends in women's dress designing
a novel entitled *The Outward Room*

13. One of these objects is composed of cork, rubber, wool, cotton, and leather:

a life preserver a five-cent cigar
a golfball a bowling ball
a table-tennis racquet a baseball

14. The President of General Motors is:

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.
Walter S. Gifford
Owen D. Young

Pierre S. du Pont
William Knudsen
Gerard P. Swope

15. One of these is not capable of flight:

flying fish flying frog flying jib
flying phalanger flying lemur

16. In Europe everyone knows the Gestapo is:

the German State Police
a French gourmets' society
a secret Soviet spying organization
an Italian state-controlled newspaper

17. One of these sentences is grammatically incorrect:

The Count grew very angry with her
He replied, "I have swum many times!"
Neither Harold nor the Adams play well
"It's a singular phenomena," he said

18. Two of Columbus' vessels were the *Nina* and the *Pinta*, the third one was the:

Santa Lucia *Santa Maria* *Santa Anna*
Santa Clara *Santa Paula* *Santa Claus*

19. If you bumped into someone in the dark who said he was Father Bernard Hubbard, you could reply:

"Why, of course, the famous War chaplain!"
"I know—you're the glacier priest!"
"Yes indeed—Father Coughlin's aide!"
"At last—the man who converted Mae West!"

20. The chief objection to the use of helium instead of hydrogen in zeppelins is:

its overpowering odor
its highly inflammable nature
its lesser lifting capacity
its lightness and incompressibility

21. Queen Mother Mary of England is 70, which makes her younger than all but one of these:

Pope Pius XI Herbert Hoover
Ignace Paderewski Kaiser William II
Willis Van Devanter Connie Mack

22. Americans go to Salzburg, Austria, in

August for several of these, but they tell their friends they're going because of:

the beer the women the skiing
the folk dances the music
the Shakespeare festival the baths

23. A deaf person seeking treatment would go to:

a polygamist a geneticist an atheist
an otologist an orologist a purist

24. The first time Dick Merrill flew the Atlantic, it was to pilot Harry Richman; the second time he flew across, it was to:

get as far away from Harry as possible
test out a new Lockheed Sirius plane
bring back pictures of the Coronation
try out a new and less foggy route

25. Much fact and fiction has been written about France's Devil's Island which is just off the shore of:

northwest Africa southeast Africa
northern South America Normandy
eastern Spain Southwestern France

26. This spring, John J. Raskob and Pierre S. du Pont were both on trial on charges of:

piloting yachts while intoxicated
overcapitalizing a joint corporation
selling each other stocks with the agreement to repurchase

27. One of these cities has the highest average winter temperature:

New Orleans Mobile Key West
Nome Los Angeles Phoenix

28. You'd have a hard time buying a new model of all but one of these cars:

Winton Chalmers Chandler
Willys Maxwell Peerless

29. The newest European sport to grip Americans is "Faltbootpaddeln" or:

barefoot hiking moonlight archery
motorcycling in tandem egg bowling
fold-boating rollerskating on ice

30. There's a misspelled word here:

inoculate innuendo rarify
plaguy plaintiff pimientto

31. Simon Lake was to the invention of the submarine as Charles Goodyear was to the invention of:

pneumatic tire hot-water bottle
vulcanizing of rubber rubber girdle
showerproof topcoat wiltproof collar

32. In baseball, one of these is known as a balk:

when a team gets mad and refuses to play
when a man is hit by a ball
when a batter bats from outside the box
when a pitcher makes a throwing motion without throwing

33. The Prime Minister of Britain is:

Austen Chamberlain Ramsay MacDonald
The Archbishop of Canterbury
David Lloyd George Anthony Eden
Stanley Baldwin Neville Chamberlain

34. The spring and summer trend in women's hat fashions has featured:

beer-mug shapes
perfumed brims
raccoon tails

dangling ribbons
pigskin crowns
plate-glass visors

35. There was quite a bit of publicity attending the announcement that onetime German Chancellor Brüning had been:

appointed a professor at Harvard
made Reich Ambassador to France
incarcerated in a Nazi prison camp
chosen Director of German Peace Efforts

36. The word luff is used correctly in one of these sentences:

"Darling, I luff you!" he whispered
Her dress had two gores and a luff
Most cotton is bailed with luff cord
"Luff her a bit!" cried the first mate

37. The next line after: "For men may come and men may go" is:

"But a bad joke goes on forever"
"But I go on forever"
"But love lives ever and ever"
"But naught can true love sever"

38. Of the more than \$500,000,000 which John D. Rockefeller gave away, the largest share went to one of these causes:

education religion prohibition
cancer research relief health

39. The present King of Denmark is known as:

Haakon VII Boris III George II
Gustav V Christian X Peter II
Alof III Oskar I Beowulf XVI

40. Whenever possible, an airplane always takes off:

during a full moon with the wind
across the wind into the wind
with water ballast into the sun

41. The name of Dale Carnegie's book, long a best-seller, is:

How To Win People And Influence Friends
How To Win Influence And Make Friends
How To Win Friends And Influence People
How To Make Frenzies And Influence Hate

42. There is one big question worrying the Union of South Africa now and that is:

Will Britain support her in a war?
What's the future of gold in the world?
How long can the natives be held back?
Will veldt hats continue in style?

43. When soldiers speak of a brass hat, they are referring to:

a staff officer an artilleryman
a college graduate a cavalryman
a mess officer a sailor
an aviator a bugler

44. Lou Ambers and Tony Canzoneri have been rivals for years in:

six-day bicycle racing wrestling
boxing auto-racing golf
vaudeville bowling billiards
badminton squash chess

45. The word precedence is pronounced:

pre-SEED-ens

PRESS-eh-dens

46. One of these is not a contemporary American artist:

Grant Wood Reginald Marsh
George Luks Edward Hopper
Henry Varnum Poor John Sloan
Thomas Benton Georgia O'Keeffe

47. Any mention of the great Aluminum Company of America should make you think of:

the Luckenbachs the Morgans the Dukes
the Mellons the Vanderbills
the Harrimans the Marshall Fields

48. In addition to his yachting challenges, T. O. M. Sopwith is well-known in England as:

a tea importer a diamond jobber
the head of a great chemical trust
an airplane manufacturer a gin maker
a collector of old theater programs

49. If you can believe the ads " Never Get On Your Nerves":

Lucky Strikes Old Golds Camels
Chesterfields Raleighs Kools
Herbert Tareytons Marlboros Spuds

50. The Germans made some pretty sarcastic remarks about the French Government this spring when:

the Paris Fair was late in opening
the French fleet went on strike
peasant taxes were raised twice
the Red majority voted for peace by war
the Normandie was armor-plated

On Modern Poetry

BERTRAM O. MOODY

I like this poetry moderne;
I do not have to care a dern
About the rhyme.

For I can write in any style
And change it every little while,
And when the going gets too rough,
I set down any damned old stuff—
Like this:

The robin stood in the wet grass.
He could not sit
Because
He did not wear waterproof pants.
He was looking for
A luscious, wriggly worm
That spent his days in
Deep Thought and Silence.
The worm would not come out
Because
He knew his head
Was safer underground,
And he did not want his neck
Stretched.

And thus the modern poem goes—
It's really somewhat feeble prose!

SCRIBNER'S

Why Do They Read It?

(continued from page 24)

elated to find that women were not supernal mysteries of beauty and fortitude—just babes who were constantly in need of cigarettes and who wept a curious mixture of mascara and salt water into their beer. Women discovered what men had been doing in taverns and saloons for centuries.

All this had its reflection in the current literature, notably in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. This story of postwar London night life, which made the odd point that syphilis and nymphomania are incompatible, was banned from libraries (thus increasing its sale) and became a stage vehicle for a rising young actress named Katharine Cornell. It ended as a movie about the nobility of a woman's love, with Greta Garbo insinuating that you could look at nobility in two ways.

This latter phenomenon was not anachronistic. Neither decency nor prudery had vanished from the world; nor had thought descended to chaos. The year 1921 saw *The Sheik* and *If Winter Comes*, both in the half-million sales class; but there was also a higher type of emancipated fiction. Sherwood Anderson in 1921 was awarded *The Dial's* first annual award of \$2,000, as the most promising American author, for his *Triumph of the Egg*. In the same year John Dos Passos wrote *Soldiers Three*, the first and most important American War novel. There followed Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith* and John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*.

Lytton Strachey took the stuffiness out of biography. With his *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*, a new type of biography was born. Thereafter, the private lives of great people were revealed as very much like the lives of ordinary people, with the same appetites, passions, doubts and distempers. André Maurois and Emil Ludwig followed the example of Strachey, and, following them, the debunkers were drawn up eight abreast, banners flying. Everything was debunked—the innocence of children, the happiness of old men, the honesty of statesmen.

The popularization of biography and history was followed by the popularization of science, though this blessing of the modern age was not subjected to exposure as the result of harassed glands

and diseased tissue. Science remained glorified, but was explained—explained as the only real truth, because it was willing to admit its mistakes.

The theory of the soul did not jibe with popularized science. Cold facts and logic showing the inconsequence of man against the universe left a vacuum that was filled by reducing great men and gods to the same level of inconsequence, and the vogue which Strachey had innocently begun grew to the scope of a manufacturing plant, supplying tons of missing self-importance. Every man was an infinitesimal mite and so, therefore, were Napoleon, Washington, Christ, and Mohammed.

By 1927 the novelty of the new age was wearing off. Comfortably settled in historical perspective, people began to relax. Everybody was making money, and things were swell. America was the greatest country on earth.

The World War returned to mind. People dared to think about it again, retrospectively, with a little nostalgia and some grievance. To swell this mood there came, in 1929, Hemingway's salute to glory, *A Farewell to Arms*, and Eric Remarque's classic, *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Hemingway, who did not forget to include the new generation's conception of love, showed the War as it was—frightened men stampeded by their own machines of death. Remarque's book was turned down by four publishers because its candor in speaking of trench life was considered too much for the new type of stomach, made delicate by gin. It finally appeared, was printed in twenty-five languages, and sold 4,860,000 copies throughout the world.

With the depression in 1929 the wheel of change slowed down, came almost to a stop. Women's skirts, once halfway up the thigh, were down again to the point of inquisition on the calf. Prohibition was such a failure that good liquor was obtainable anywhere (well, fairly good); Americans were getting bored with their new toys: the paint had worn off endocrines, gangsters, debunked religion, and amateur love. In 1931 a gentle, moving book by Pearl Buck, *The Good Earth*, eased aching minds; in 1932 Walter Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* salved the raw fears of

the Lost Generation and the Younger Generation as they looked toward this age with no more security than a doctor's certificate stating that their arteries had not definitely hardened. In 1933, in the midst of the depression, came Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*.

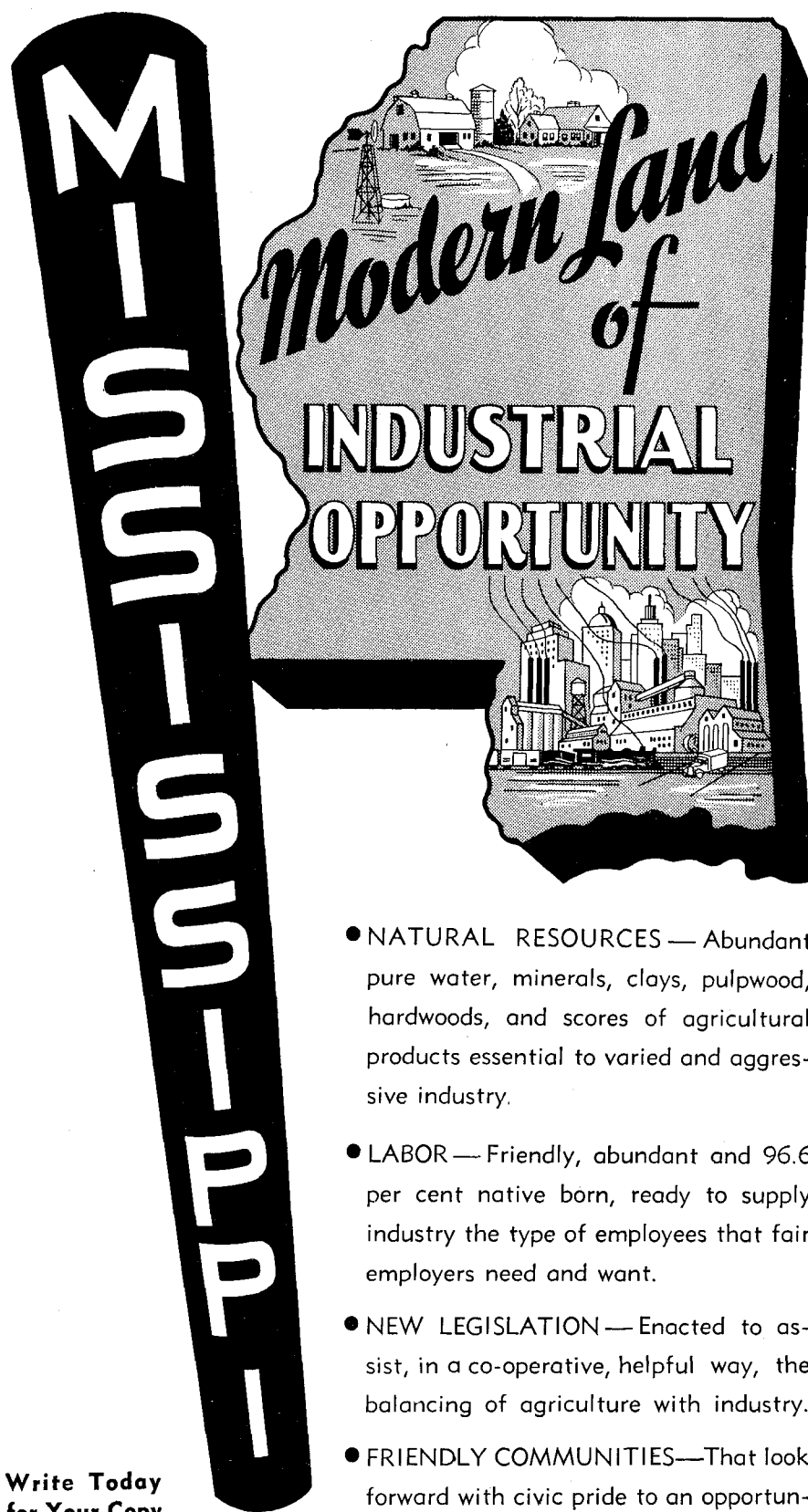
It may have been Mr. Allen's sheer good fortune that it arrived at that time. It was an escape book when people wanted to flee reality; it was a lot of book for the money, and it was a good story. On the other hand, writers work ahead of their times, and Mr. Allen may have sensed, when he planned his book, that people were again ready for romanced history. Just as Joyce labored through the War on *Ulysses*; just as Dreiser and Millay and the other rebels were at work in America long before the twenties, so Allen imperturbably wrote his book while flaming youth was discovering the mathematics of insanity. And long before Allen had finished his labors on *Anthony Adverse*, Margaret Mitchell had begun to write *Gone with the Wind*.

The American people are not a nation of book readers.

We have been accused of this time and again, perhaps with some justification. We read a great many newspapers and magazines, but Mr. R. L. Duffus, who surveyed the reading habits of the average American, found that he averages only seven books per year—two of which he buys. He borrows from libraries two books a year, borrows from friends one book a year, and secures two books a year from rental libraries. He sees twenty-five times more movies and examines almost fifty times more magazines than he does books. He spends more money on greeting cards than he does on books. But he bought *Gone with the Wind*.

It is still a complex affair, this appetite for a long romantic story of the Civil War, but some reasons obtrude. It is a simple book, bereft of obscenity, lacking the inductive vagueness of the stream-of-consciousness school, yet frankly realistic and concerned with a woman who, in all sincerity, is a harlot. It states its story without comment, without lectures on abnormal psychology. Nevertheless, these things are present. All the modern improvements are in the book; but they are not pointed up. Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler retained a touch of Joyce, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and the aftermath





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of the Civil War was interpreted in modern terms with Scarlett O'Hara emerging as the modern prototype of Thackeray's immortal Becky Sharp.

Thus literature returned to the people.

It had flown far away, into rarefied atmospheres where its means of communication were hindered, so that the good folk of earth, listening intently, heard only mumblings and turned off the station, picking up a magazine for entertainment. The magazines did not flirt with the danger which is always present when language is used to explain the inexplicable. On the other hand, they often had to be satisfied with second- and third-rate writers because so many first-rate writers were spending their time learning to spell simple Anglo-Saxon words and worrying how to break the facts of life to the world. A cleavage resulted, a cleavage which left popular fiction on one side, and significant fiction on the other. Good fiction was not popular enough, and popular fiction was not good enough. The public, as is its custom, accepted this situation with resignation.

But the appetite remained, and when one of the adventurers returned from Parnassus and spoke again in discernible tones, the flock answered. If you wonder why *Gone with the Wind* is so popular, think what a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Fielding could do for America—for the greatest single chunk of people ever made simultaneously literate—a chunk of people yearning for a tale well told, for the sake of its telling, by a teller who loves the tale and the art of telling it. There has never been any other secret to popular literature. Once in a while a writer stumbles on it.

Now there is still a newer type of book which bodes wonders for the future. Doctor Alexis Carrel's synthesis of medicine, science, and biology, *Man the Unknown*, takes the next step beyond that taken in the last decade. It has been a best-seller for two years. Doctor Hans Zinnser's *Rats, Lice and History*, explaining that typhus had as much to do with man's downfalls as paranoia, made a great impression. At present, Doctor Victor Heiser's story of mass sanitation in the Orient, *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, is carrying on the work of acquainting people with the practical facts of those green hills far away. And perhaps fifteen years from now there will be a novel that will sell two million copies in its first six months. It will probably be about a doctor, a mental telepathist, and a mellowed and sweet Scarlett O'Hara. And it will be about the Civil War.

SCRIBNER'S



JERUSALEM
LITHOGRAPHS BY ALFRED BENDINER

East-to-West – 5. The Eastern Mediterranean

GEORGE BRANDT

(This is the fifth of six travel articles Mr. Brandt is writing for SCRIBNER's as he circles the globe.—THE EDITORS.)

OF all the posts in the Empire the British soldiers most loathe Aden, on the barren corner of Arabia, guarding the Red Sea. And yet this wilderness of sand and naked rock has definite character. Like the peak of El Greco's Toledo, the black, jagged cliffs bite into the sky. As a local Arabian who spent seven years in Chicago said, "Aden may not have elevators and gangsters, but there's something about it that gets you."

In a Wolseley limousine I skirted the bleak shore, past Maala, where gaunt dhows (timeless ships of the Near East) are under construction, past the imposing station of the Royal Air Force (staggering under the weight of regal crests), to the famous salt works. Here knock-kneed camels slowly draw trains of little cars piled high with glistening salt while near by great creaking wind-mills pump water from deep wells.

A little farther on, and the vast plains of Arabia lay about me, shimmering under the midday sun. I thought of the almost-mythical T. E. Lawrence, uncrowned king of this desolate land. Here

in Arabia, as elsewhere in the East, even the pattern of old age is unpredictable. With a history of thousands of years of violence, one would imagine an orderly government to be welcome. But apparently not. Even today, in a world full of superheterodynes, V-8's, air trains, and cinemas, new destinies can still be carved out in these sandy voids by adventurers who dream of empire.

I visited the gigantic reservoirs, built unknown centuries ago to store the precious water of mountain streams. Today they serve as arenas for Arab urchins who favor tourists with hand-springs and then yowl for baksheesh.

From Aden I came through the Red Sea, watching the shores of Arabia and Egypt converge into great flat desert plains, apparently empty of life, yet where, during the long centuries, great

armies met, fought, and made empires. Egypt is ruled today by the eighteen-year-old King Farouk, and after all these centuries, is once again independent—in the British meaning of the word, of course. Farouk is liked by his people, particularly some of the women, who tremble quite perceptibly when they see his handsome features. I saw him and his retinue streaking through Cairo one afternoon in a covey of flaming-red Rolls-Royces. Egypt is as full of sleek motorcars and modernistic architecture as it is full of camels and pyramids. Indeed, nowhere else in the world have I seen so many makes of cars for sale as in Cairo. You needn't think you must rough it here: the thing for you to worry about is whether or not you will be modern enough.

Port Said long had had pride in her malodorous corruption, but after India it seemed to me as clean and bright as a Borden baby—and very nearly as wicked. In Cairo I noted, besides the Bedouins and veiled women, shops carrying ambergris (to give coffee and cigarettes that certain something) and weird perfumes labeled "White Tobacco," "Always I Am," "Be Mine," "Dream of Love," and "Passion of the Desert." Here one can buy an entire

