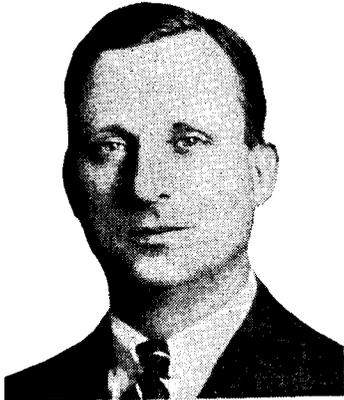

 Saturday Reviewers



ALLAN NEVINS

Stuart Sherman spotted Allan Nevins as a young man of talent when he was Sherman's pupil at the University of Illinois.

Mr. Nevins graduated from the university in 1912; and stayed on for a year as an instructor of English. Then he came East and joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. He became the paper's youngest editor, and one of its most industrious, writing editorials on almost every subject. It was said by his associates that he could have written the entire editorial pages. Industry is, indeed, one of Mr. Nevins's outstanding characteristics.

In 1924, he became literary editor of the *New York Sun*. A year later he joined the *New York World* as an editorial writer. After two years, he left journalism to become a professor of American history at Cornell, but returned to the *World* in 1928 to remain with it intermittently to its demise in 1931. Once more he turned to the post of professor of American history; this time at Columbia University, where he is still situated.

Meanwhile, he turned out a score of biographies and historical studies, and he edited several collections of diaries and letters. His biography "Grover Cleveland—A Study in Courage" won the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of 1932. His latest book is a definitive life of "Fremont", expanded from an earlier life which Nevins published in 1927.

For the last fourteen years he has also been a *Saturday Reviewer*. Altogether Allan Nevins has had an energetic forty-nine years.

He lives in New York City; and has a summer home in Windham, Vermont. He married May Fleming Richardson, the daughter of Anna Steese Richardson. They have two children, Ann Elizabeth and Meredith.

By subscribing to The Saturday Review (\$3.50 a year) you can have Mr. Nevins's seasoned opinions of histories, biographies, and historical fiction.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

JOE BRYAN III suggests as the world's best bit of promotioneering—if adapted for the right enterprise—a quote from *Twelfth Night*. It is, he says, a "matchless adjuration" for the Fuller Brush Company's salesmen:—

*Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience . . .
Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitd return.*

☞ We alluded to Thomas Wolfe's description of the 3 p. m. Feeling. Mrs. Roy Hunt writes us from Pittsburgh that Amiel said "In hell it will always be three o'clock in the afternoon." ☞ She found this in a fine piece called *The Demon of the Afternoon* which she thinks appeared—anonymous—in the *Atlantic* some twenty years ago. ☞ We were agitated by a publicity note from Coward-McCann asserting that the codfish has two black stripes onto it, the mark of Satan's fingernails when he tried to grab it. ☞ This we deny: it is the Haddock that has those markings, and we once wrote a piece about it in this very *S.R.L.* ☞ To be sure we were right we called up the House of Freda on 9th Avenue, great authority on fish. "Anything that swims, clings, or crawls" is its slogan. Freda herself said we were right. ☞ Nothing pleased Old Paltry so much as the *N. Y. Times* suggesting editorially that it would be a good idea to put Ben Franklin on a postage stamp—when he was there already. ☞ Barnes & Noble, the famous educational booksellers, 105 Fifth Ave., have taken over the Old and Rare Balcony at Putnam's, 2 West 45, and are restocking those interesting shelves. ☞ The Facsimile Library in conjunction with Barnes & Noble has reprinted limited editions of 3 important books that have been o. p. These are *Political Ideas of the American Revolution* (Randolph Adams), *Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution* (Schlesinger) and the *Supreme Court and the Constitution* (Beard). These three volumes are now distributed exclusively by Barnes & Noble.

☞ Exciting news from Harcourt Brace: the four 600-page volumes of Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* will be published December 1st, \$20 the set. ☞ Old Q., confesses with a flush that he is fond of warm weather, and finds it good for working. But he also enjoys mitigating it with frigidic verse, such as the following quinzly sent us by a much admired client:—

Blizzard on the Steppes

Joy plays but tournament with winter night
And tempest. When the Elements throw down
Their challenge to the spirit, oh, how bright
The tempered soul which is our very own
Leaps up in answer like a liquid sword,
Impetuous! Now does it stab through cloak
And Damascened cuirass. The metal rings
And the glad steel hostility awoke
Eager and hardy from the scabbard springs.

For Joy is not the flower of time or place
But in a miracle is secret born,
Sired by a word perhaps, a song, a face,
Mothered by pain and every hope forlorn,
Yet when the rosy babe laughs out aloud
Night shines, best aureoled by cold and cloud.

HUGH WESTERN.

☞ Dorothy Kahn, whom we used to know as a newspaper reporter in Atlantic City, writes interestingly from Palestine (where she is both farming and writing) of the revival of Hebrew as a current language among Jewish settlers in Palestine, and also for purposes of literature. Among modern American writers who have been translated into Hebrew, Miss Kahn says the verse of Edna Millay and Pearl Buck's *Good Earth* seem specially congenial to the language. ☞ A friend was sailing for Ireland, and we were astonished to discover he knew nothing of the books by Somerville & Ross. We were the more delighted to hear at the Gotham Book Mart that no less than ten Somerville & Ross titles are in print here and available.

☞ Emile van Vleit of William E. Rudge's Sons is astonished that Mr. Whalen has not released to the press a stanza from Keats' *The Cap and Bells*, which runs:—

The morn is full of holiday; loud bells
With rival clamors ring from every spire;
Cunningly-station'd music dies and swells
In echoing places; when the winds respire,
Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire.
A metropolitan murmur, lifeal, warm,
Comes from the northern suburbs; rich attire
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm,
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm.