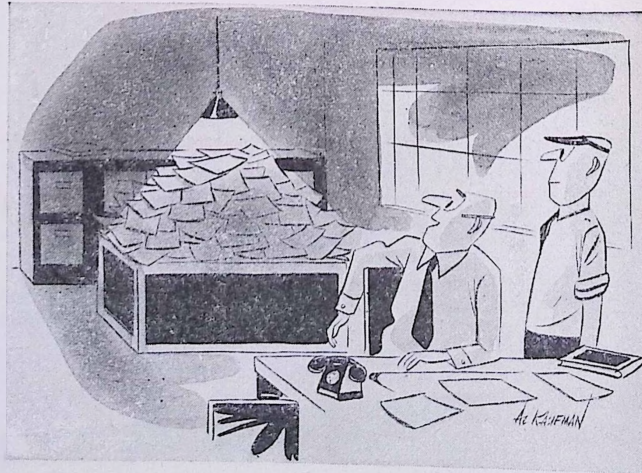


TRADE *Winds*

Mention of a certain snobbish Eastern college had Mr. Lewis up in arms. "The great future of our American education," he thundered, "is wrapped

BEN HUEBSCH, OF VIKING, adds a footnote to Nelson Doubleday's recollection of Rudyard Kipling, printed in **TRADE WINDS** for October 23. "Kipling," notes Mr. Huebsch, "was at the height of his popularity when he took sick at New York's Hotel Grenoble in 1899, and the state of his health was front-page news. During the days in which his life was in danger crowds stood at the corner of 56th Street and Seventh Avenue. Some were the usual curiosity seekers but many were admir-

MARGARET YOUNG, literary editor of the Beaumont, Texas, *Enterprise*, writes, "It's bad enough to have friends walk off with choice new review copies before I've finished them, but to add insult to injury, they pick up anything handy to mark their places. I have suffered in silence at the number of



"I never know whether Benson's working, sleeping, or out to lunch."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Book of the Year:

"ROOSEVELT & HOPKINS"

By Robert E. Sherwood (Harper)



WITH this Christmas issue *The Saturday Review* announces a new annual award to the American author of the book that, in the opinion of its editors, is the most important and significant published during the year. Nineteen forty-eight, any way you look at it, has not been remarkable for gathering a large number of distinguished and memorable books, though in the field of fiction Carl Sandburg's "Re-membrance Rock" and two war novels, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions," would be starred for their distinction and vitality in any year.

Over the last twelve months historic and enduring contributions have been made in continuing the se-

ries of war biographies and memoirs published since the end of the war, which have illuminated the secret or contentious phases of the great struggle and have revealed the true natures of its leaders. General Eisenhower's memoirs is the most recent and the most impressive autobiography by an American in our day. It will be read in the years to come as a companion to the volumes of Winston S. Churchill's "The Second World War."

Nevertheless, in the opinion of our editors, in which there has been not one dissenting voice, Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History" deserves *The Saturday Review* award, and the reasons are not far to seek. Only rarely does a writer who has won distinction in the past find a subject which seems by some chance to be suited to his hand alone, to belong by right to only one man. Mr. Sherwood fell heir to what was presumed to be a book that Harry Hopkins had started to write some time before his death. Indeed, no other man could have been chosen for the task. The voluminous records contained in forty cases of private documents which he had accumulated through the years of the New Deal and the war were to be the basis of the work which Mr. Hopkins, who had long been an ill and indeed a dying man, could contribute to history. Mr. Sherwood discovered that not even the first page had been written. And thus the man who had been one of Roosevelt's and Hopkins's intimates during the course of the war, who was thoroughly conversant with the grave decisions made in the crises of the war, and with the mentality of the President, found himself involved in a book on which he spent over two years, and which blossomed into a thousand pages and more than half a million words.

The book began with Harry Hopkins, but it soon took on a dual personality and grew into the wartime biography of the President as well, for Franklin Roosevelt was the mentor and the guiding star of the younger man who became an extension of his shadow, the trusted and intimate instrument of his most secret policies, so that he could write to Stalin, "I ask you to treat him with the identical confidence you would feel if you were talking to me."

Mr. Sherwood is one of our finest dramatists, three times winner of a Pulitzer Prize, and there was material enough in the relationship of these two men for a number of plays if he had chosen the theatre as his medium. In the arrangement of the mass of documented material with which he

was inundated the dramatist is revealed throughout; there are evidences of the born storyteller in the easy flow of the narrative underneath the mask of the historian which he had to assume. Mr. Hopkins lived in the White House, so that he was always at hand to listen to the President's ideas and schemes and confidences. The secret history of the war, the solutions to so many riddles and disputes, developed as the volume of his notes, memoranda, and private documents increased. The slim and somewhat ebullient and cocksure young man was for a great part of the time tortured with the pains of an ulcerated stomach. In spite of that his ambitions grew as he became aware that the President was thinking of him, and perhaps training him, as his successor, though he had never made a success of his life, was inordinately careless with his own money, and sometimes with that of other people. The ulcers developed into cancer, an operation finally removed two-thirds of his stomach. It was then when he knew that his time was short that personal ambition, his glittering dream, was laid aside, and he turned into the true and perfect instrument for the execution of the President's will.

He, the little man, son of a Kansas harness maker who started in New York as a humble social-service worker, became, as Joseph Barnes writes, "a close friend of Roosevelt and Churchill and as near a friend of Stalin as any American could ever become . . . a sick man with few friends and many enemies, who never ran for public office, became a key figure in the greatest war in history."

IF Harry Hopkins had never lived out his last years in the White House but was the invention of a novelist, the tale would have been too fantastic to be given reality. As a task for Robert Sherwood, which combined the

Mallard

By Christine Turner Curtis

BEAT home, mallard of dark;
mask with your brown-purple
wings
our frailty, our lack.

For with nightfall pretense is shed
as waterdrops from satin plumage;
and mortality bared.

Tent under your merciful down
the vulnerable psyche,
disenchanted, alone.

The Saturday Review

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of a purple flower which blooms profusely on the Kansas-Oklahoma prairies in July and August. Not one, but several pictures and descriptions of the Kansas gayfeather identify it here.

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. By Bennett Cerf. Simon & Schuster. A kaleidoscope of quips, anecdotes, jests, and bon mots by the conductor of SRL's TRADE WINDS department. Good measure, pressed down and running over, this is a volume for the living room, or bedside table, for the dentist's and doctor's office, or for anyone at all who enjoys cleverness and humor.

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE. By Emily Kimbrough. Dodd, Mead. Gay sketches recounting the experiences and contretemps of a popular lecturer.

BIRDS OVER AMERICA. By Roger Tory Peterson. Dodd, Mead. One of the best-informed and most eloquent of our bird lovers writes with warmth and contagious delight of the birds of the country.

DAYS WITHOUT TIME. By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead. Adventures in the out-of-doors, poetic in description as they are beautiful in illustration, which are lit throughout with love and lovely description of nature.

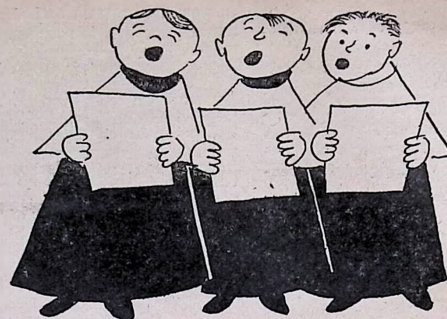
Reference Books

Four indispensable works have appeared during the past year. They follow:

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. Random. No matter how many other dictionaries a library—home or general—possesses this is an indispensable addition to them. It is that rare thing, a dictionary which is not only up to date in its coverage and excellent in its definitions but highly interesting reading.

THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by William Rose Benét. Crowell. An invaluable work which construes its purpose as a literary handbook broadly enough to include in its entries almost any reference on which the well-read person may want information. It fills the gap left by the passing of the old "Century Dictionary of Names," long since out of print.

SUPPLEMENT II: THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. Just what it says, a second supplement to that highly scholarly, highly informative study of the



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American language which Mr. Mencken's supreme gift for making lively any subject he approaches renders fascinating reading.

THE CONCERT COMPANION. By Robert Bagar and Louis Biancolli. Whittlesey. A comprehensive guide to symphonic music and composers.

War Fiction

THE past months have brought a spate of war novels, some of them good, some of them run of the mill, none of them of a stature to assure them a permanent place in literature. What is striking is that the spirit which after the First World War made the fiction bearing on it take on a propagandistic character and invested it with purposefulness as part of a drive for future world peace is now lacking. In the perturbed and precarious state of the world the problems of the moment seem all-absorbing and though war is painted in no less hideous guise than after the earlier struggle war fiction is now reportorial rather than tendentious. The face of battle is however vividly portrayed in the following volumes.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart. A first novel, pitiless in its revelation of the devastation, physical and moral, of war, brutal, outspoken—a book which by its drive and emotion unexpectedly found a wide public.

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT. By Martha Gellhorn. Scribner's. There is a sternness, a facing of brutal facts, and a faithfulness of interpretation of the spirit of men in battle in this tale of life in the infantry in the European war which is amazing coming from a woman. Miss Gellhorn makes no concessions to sentimentality even though she writes with compassion.

STRAWS TO MAKE BRICK. By Alan Marcus. Little, Brown. A postwar, not

a war, novel, this is an informed, accurate, and vivid portrayal of the working of the American Military Government in Germany.

THE YOUNG LIONS. By Irwin Shaw. Random. A novel of extraordinary vitality and scope, loosely knit and moving with mounting interest from place to place, from 1938 through the war years.

WORLD WITHOUT VISA. By Jean Malaquais. Doubleday. A war-torn world has seldom worn grimmer or more desperate aspect than in this picture of Marseilles under the Pétain regime. Overlong, ill-disciplined, it is nevertheless a powerful novel.

GUARD OF HONOR. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace. Tale of an air-training camp in Florida, with the cross-currents of military politics and ambitions, and a procession of Army personnel from the GI's to the high brass to give it interest, here is a novel marked by the excellent craftsmanship, the intelligence, and the sheer story-telling skill which lend distinction to everything Mr. Cozzens writes.

Historical Fiction

THE historical romance still holds a prominent place in the fiction lists. It ranges the world and the ages for its themes and in the main continues to demand more than the pages of the average novel for unfolding its tale.

THE IDES OF MARCH. By Thornton Wilder. Harper. "A fantasia on certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman republic," as the author describes it, this story of the last eight months before the assassination of Julius Caesar, told mostly in the form of diaries and letters, with Caesar for protagonist and Cleopatra, Catullus, and Clodia Pulcher among the characters, is perhaps Mr. Wilder's finest

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