# A POSTMAN'S REMARK ADDED \$2,000 TO MY INCOME

By a Wall Street Journal Subscriber

I was chatting with the postman who delivers my mail. He remarked that two families on his route who get The Wall Street Journal had recently moved into bigger houses.

This started me thinking. I had heard that The Wall Street Journal helps people get ahead. "Is it really true?" I asked myself, "Can a newspaper help a man earn more money?"

Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and IT DID. Within a year I added \$2,000 to my income.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men.

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BOOKS.

Riverside Church to Teachers College, just north of 120th Street.

Suddenly, to American amazement, the British faltered, retreated to 111th Street, and ran. In the face of such evidence of American fighting ability, the first seen in a major battle, Howe decided against storming the heights. Eventually, he took the island by encircling it from Westchester, and sent Washington recling back into New Jersey. But the American victory on the Columbia campus was, all the same, an important one.

"This little advantage," Bliven quotes Washington as having written to Gen. Philip Schuyler, "has inspirited our troops prodigiously.

"They find that it only requires resolution and good officers to make an enemy, that they stood in too much dread of, give way."

▶Summing Up: For all admirers of New York and the Revolution.

#### Not for Teatime

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE. By Wolf Mankowitz. 224 pages, Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.50.

This is the earthy story of the Old Cock and Arp, and how the two oddly matched defelicts divided the spoils from a municipal dumping ground near London's old Roman Road. Official caretaker of the dump, the Old Cock is a wheezing relic of the first world war who adopts a little mouse of a man who had lost his voice and identity in the London blitz. The Old Cock christens his friend Arp, after the initials of his Air Raid Precautions uniform, and sets him up in a Nissen hut that sits between the dump and the crumbling glory of a second-rate movie studio.

Because Arp is forever silent while he scrabbles in the junk pile for malable tidbits, the Old Cock does most of the talking—and a fruity, elinical swatch of Cockney poetry it is. One of the more delicate passages: "That bloody tapeworm's killing me with its munch munch munch. I was awake the whole night listening to it. I done me best to think of it as a friend, Arp, really I have. But it's got no soul, Arp, like you or I..."

Through the 'Old Cock's kingdom, a few other redolent characters pick their wary way. There is the widow La Goffin, a classic type with her broad beam and inviting eye, and Mr. Corst, the dubious American who plans to make a movie based mainly on lechery and a low budget. But the Old Cock is always undisputed regent of his refuse heap. The Ladies' Aid Society would never have had him to tea, but Shakespeare, Dickens, and Sean O'Casey would have loved him.

Summing Up: A fragrant slice of London life.

### Our Own Mlle. Sagan?

CHOCOLATES FOR BREAKFAST. By Pamela Moore. 252 pages. Rinchart. \$3.

"Youth," says young Courtney Farrell. "is a ghastly time." Starting in high from this forthright text, the heroine of this polemic little folktale, lips in a perennial pout, tells the story of all the grudgeshe and her friends harbor toward the older generation, and the freewheeling way in which they are worked out.

The author, Pamela Moore, is 18, evidently precocious and possessed of some wit. She will probably be known as America's answer to France's Françoise Sagan (Newsweek, Aug. 20), as surely as the well-padded actress Diana Dors is known as Britain's answer to Marilyn Monroe, or Fernandel is known as France's answer to Chaplin. She may well be also a part of a trend among publishers to start a new cycle of youth problem novels, as told by the young—a kind of literary parallel to the more overt delinquencies of the switch-blade hoodlums.

At prep school, Courtney uses barracks language. At cocktail parties, she drinks her escorts into the ground. In Hollywood, she initiates a hedonistic alfair with a second-rate actor. In New York, she initiates an alliance with an international roué. All this at 17.

The reason-for all problem children



Pamela Moore: Kids and cocktails Newsweek, September 17, 1956









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have reasons behind them—soon becomes clear. She resents the responsibilities prematurely forced upon her by her parents' divorce. When her best friend Janet, another malcontent with a similar lack of inhibition, dies suddenly and violently—much like Gloria Wandrous in John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8"—Courtney decides she has had enough. She resolves to mend her ways.

\*Children's Hour: Miss Moore is herself the daughter of divorced parents. (Her mother is the editor of Photoplay, her father a story editor for RKO.) This is her first novel. Notwithstanding the sequined chip on her shoulder, she can also write with bemused detachment. "This," she says, describing an urban twilight, "was the interim time of day, the hour that was once, in an earlier and less uprooted time, referred to as the children's hour, but which today is called the cocktail hour." Despite the change in terminology, as she makes plain, the kids stayed on for the drinks.

Both in her theme and characters, she bears comparison to young Mlle. Sagan. The two of them have the same young worldliness. Their heroines subscribe to the same amorality. But there is one telling difference. Françoise has a pure, piquant style enveloping a very attractive melancholia. Pamela's unrestrained prose is heavy with petulant despair. 

Summing Up: Through it all, she shows promise as a writer.

### Sinclair Lewis in Privacy

with Love from gracie. By Grace Hegger Lewis, 335 pages, Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75.

Every young man who plans to become famous should read a book like this at least once in his early years. It will either make him a cagier letter writer when he is young or keep him from ever penning any letters at all.

"Good-night, sweetheart," writes Sinclair Lewis to his first wife, the author

## Periscoping Books

H.V. Kaltenborn's version of the twentieth century's great events, "It Seems Like Yesterday," will be published in November ... Other fall books include "Portraits From Memory," brief views of many intellectual and political giants by the British philosopher, Bertrand Russell, and a series of essays by Edmund Wilson. the American literary critic ... Wilson's ex-wife, Mary McCarthy, will continue her own bright literary career next year with "Memories of a Catholic Childhood."



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NEWSWEEK —The Magazine of News Significance of this book, "... I love you panfish, golden oiseau of the fat 1952 collection Street to Stockholm," all letters from Lewis are to ones in "With Love From ever, are apt to be of this are also a few early poer beginning: "Princess, I maiden, Throw your case

Luckily, letters and popart of Grace Hegger I brance of things past. Hyears ago, "Half a Loaf, understood to be a fiction life with the famous married Dorothy Thomps ent book is a factual accovers the years from 191 27, to 1925, by which times the part of th



Gracie and Hal:

ten, among other novels, "Babbitt," and "Arrowsm also a few glimpses into

Gracie has little to tell Lewis that is not alread offers an easy enough if the man and a pretty of their marriage. Newcomer find him here as acquainta at various times—a boyish mantic, an exhausting ent self-centered, a merciless of conversations; and, in time philanderer and a pest in I was often.

Since this memoir is nabout Mrs. Lewis as her laters eager for facts about Laters eager for facts about Laters had a passion for good occasionally grow impatters with the skimmers of the book, not dance of celebrated nanocheated when they discove ther has almost nothing to

September 17, 1956