

Macmillan NEWS

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Ready for occupation: The new office block at Basingstoke

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Editorial

This issue appears at the turn of the year and at a turning-point in the history of the company. Like the god Janus who presided over the entrance of the year, it can therefore hardly avoid having a rather two-faced character, one face looking forward to the future and the other back to the past.

The forward-looking face sees the major move to Basingstoke on 5 January, when the headquarters of the firm moves out of London for the first time since Alexander Macmillan migrated to London from Cambridge more than a hundred years ago. It also sees a whole new list of crime and adventure fiction being launched by George Hardinge more or less from scratch, a new company being set up in Hong Kong and important new changes in Singapore and Malaysia.

The backward-looking face sees a hundred years of *Nature*, one of the most long-lived and probably the most influential of journals in the whole history of publishing, and almost as many years of our oldest active author and probably the longest standing, Sir Charles Tennyson. It casts an eye thirty-one years back at a distant but not forgotten Annual Dinner and forward to speculate on the future of these yearly get-togethers. It also looks back through the pages of Lovat Dickson's life of H.G. Wells to the days of the novelist's relations with this firm, and, through the irreverent eyes of a distinguished ex-employee, to the strange story of the Great Macmillan Strike.

Once again we thank all our contributors and appeal to those who have only to send in their news in order to be contributors to our next issue.

Staff News

On 5 January 1970 the whole of the Home and Overseas Schools Departments (Sections 1, 2, 3 and 4) and their supporting services in Production, Promotion and Sales move to Basingstoke. Also moving at the same time are the Company Secretary and staff, Indian Liaison and the Copy-Preparation and Proof-Reading staff of the Academic Department. With this move Basingstoke becomes the headquarters of the Company and of the Group, and its registered offices are transferred there.

Further details of the move and of the changes in staff in connection with it will be given in our next issue. The following are the main staff changes since our last issue:

Mr Kevin Crossley-Holland has been elected to the Gregory Fellowship in Poetry at the University of Leeds. He is continuing to act as Poetry Editor for Macmillan but is giving up his other editorial duties for the company.

Mr N. Benney has temporarily moved to London from Basingstoke to take over the post of Paper Buyer from Mr Ray Thorne who has left after 14 years with the company to take up an appointment with Faber.

Mr Ian Robertson (academic sales manager), Mr David Martin (academic sales representative) and Mrs Rachel Douglas (academic production controller) have left the company to set up a new firm, Martin Robertson, described on page 16.

Mr Christopher Helm has taken over Mr Robertson's duties, and Mr Adrian Soar has been appointed Export Sales Manager.

Mr Nicholas Scarfe (academic sales representative) left the company at Easter to set up his own bookshop, described on page 16.

Mr G. Weedon, Mr J. Wilde and Mr W. Bach have been appointed as sales representatives.

Mr Tom Blackall has left the Scientific and Technical Department, Mrs S. Dosseter the Continental Department, Miss Ann Forsyth the Overseas Schools Department and Miss Betty Collard the Production Department.

Mr William Bloom has been appointed Assistant Publicity Manager.

Mr David Fothergill has been appointed Assistant Sales Manager and Mrs Fensome has also been appointed to the Sales Department.

Mr N. Pringle has been appointed as History Editor and Miss T. Pritchard as Geography Editor in the Overseas Schools Department.

Mr Owen Wells has been appointed Special Projects Editor and Mr J. Jackson Primary School Editor.

Mr D. Chambers has been appointed Production Controller for the Scientific and Technical Department.

Mr Henry Fay, who joined the company in 1920, retired in December.



Waiting for his guests: Vic Ivens looks out of his window at the new offices.

New Offices at Basingstoke

As we go to press the new block at Basingstoke stands ready - or almost ready - for occupation. In a few rooms the all-too-familiar sound of electric buzz-saws ripping through aluminium channel can be heard as the last partitions are put up. The white dust of broken plasterboard still lies grittily underfoot on the plastic tiles. The reading room is empty of reading matter, and not yet the haven of peace that it is soon to become. The bricklayers are finishing off the ornamental fish pond which will stand outside the main entrance, below the great plate-glass entrance lobby where Mrs Pryce will preside as receptionist. Painters are putting sealer on the panelling in the visitors' dining-room, electricians fitting the last of the overhead strip-lights, plumbers checking the drains. On the roof the window-cleaners' cradle is already hanging from its davits which can travel the length and breadth on its own little railway. The building stands on its own legs over an arcade, and the warm colour of the wood trim on the outside is more agreeable than the neutral grey bricks of Little Essex Street. The rooms within will be familiar enough to those from the London office, the fittings, the proportions, the dimensions being much the same - but better: better central heating, slightly larger rooms and more of them, pleasanter fittings. One side of the building looks out over the trading estate towards the centre of the town - at the moment still more of a crater in which bulldozers heave and grunt than the living heart of a city that it is planned to become. From the other side of the building the eye does not need to look far to see open fields and a green tree-lined horizon.



The computer being installed in its dust-proof room at Basingstoke.

Minerva

The quarterly journal *Minerva* will in future be published for the International Association for Cultural Freedom by Macmillan (Journals) Ltd. From the beginning its editor has been Professor Edward Shils of the University of Chicago and King's College, Cambridge.

Since it was started seven years ago it has established a high reputation in its field, which is the examination of higher education and science policy. Articles in *Minerva* cover problems in this country and abroad, the reports and documents section presents official policy, and the journal includes correspondence and book reviews.



A Hundred Years of 'Nature'

The first issue of *Nature* appeared on 4 November 1869. The centenary was celebrated by a dinner at the Royal Society on 30 October at which Mr Harold Macmillan was host and a conference at the Royal Institution followed by a cocktail party at the British Museum (Natural History). Mrs Maddox contributed to the celebrations by presenting the Editor of *Nature* with a son, Bruno, on 15 November. We offer our congratulations to all those concerned in all of these activities.

On 1 November 1969 the centenary issue appeared in a handsome gold cover reproducing the cover of the first issue, and with a voluminous supplement on the journal's history from which the following extracts are taken.

For the best part of the past hundred years, *Nature* has held the position, in Europe and elsewhere, of 'the leading international weekly scientific periodical' and the 'main vehicle for the prompt publication of recent advances in science'. For years, it was unquestionably the single most comprehensive scientific journal in the world. Since the beginning it has had an international audience. But to the development of British science it has had a special and uniquely instructive relationship. It has not only mirrored faithfully the progress of science and the growth of scientific institutions - it has also, to a subtle degree, shaped the standards by which science is known in Britain and throughout the English-speaking world. Its fundamental anti-philistinism, literary integrity and editorial candour have presented to a world watchful of British methods and values an image of science in its broadest cultural usage.

Nature was not Macmillan's first venture into periodical publishing:

The idea of science and the attraction of frequent publication appealed to the young house of Macmillan. Alexander and Daniel Macmillan had moved to Cambridge about 1845, where they soon flourished.

Alexander Macmillan had considered beginning a journal, more a 'magazine' than a newspaper, selling at a popular price of 1s.6d. which could be built up 'into an enormous sale'.

In November 1859, just two months before the rival *Cornhill Review*, Macmillan's *Magazine* was issued - the first shilling monthly in England. Science, literature and the arts would be unified under one banner.

Macmillan's *Magazine* was quickly enveloped in waves of controversy. The publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* alone threw Macmillan into the raging question of man in nature. From the first, Macmillan's *Magazine* opened its pages to the Darwinians. In December 1859, Macmillan's second number published Huxley's *Time and Life* and asked others to explicate Darwinism for his readers. Macmillan could scarcely avoid becoming a neutral 'middle ground' between his scientific, literary and theological friends. Macmillan's after all published Gladstone. Macmillan described a Thursday in July 1860 when Huxley came in and 'Darwin and conundrums and general jollity [were] pleasantly intertwined'.

David Masson was appointed editor, much to the disappointment of Alexander's friend John Malcolm Ludlow, who had 'long wished to edit a journal that would carry his own message of social reform'. Ludlow therefore brought out his own weekly review, *The Reader*, in which the 'Young Guard' of science were all represented, but failed to make a success of it. When he resigned in 1863, it continued under various editors until it collapsed in 1867. One of its contributors was an ex-clerk in the War Office with an abiding interest in astronomy, Norman Lockyer.

Some time during 1866, Lockyer, having essentially quit the *Reader*, met Alexander Macmillan. In early 1869, Lockyer approached Macmillan with a proposal to publish a general scientific journal. In the three years of their friendship, Macmillan had

greatly broadened the base of his firm. In 1866, he had begun the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*. In 1868, to meet growing demands for a general medical journal for G.P.s, he had begun the *Practitioner*. A steady stream of works in medicine and surgery was established and new scientific books were beginning to appear - partly in an attempt to fight the transatlantic practice of pirating English editions. Moreover, in 1869, Macmillan began his publishing house in America.

The year 1869 was auspicious for Lockyer. In August 1868 he had observed the solar prominences and had discovered helium spectroscopically. In February 1869 he gave a lecture in a series at University College, London, led by Huxley and Ruskin; in April he was elected to the Royal Society. In May he gave a Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution and had become a young lion in scientific circles. Lockyer, aged 33, had reached a crest in his new career.

The year was also auspicious for a new journal. The only real competitor, *Scientific Opinion*, was losing money and would not last long independent of a publishing house. Having made the decision in principle, Macmillan decided to act swiftly. The deadline for the first issue of his new journal was set for October 1869.

By June, the name of the new journal was decided. Where the decision took place or who made it is not clear. The word *Nature* appeared often enough in Lockyer's own writings. It was in common usage and thus, in the *Reader*, he referred almost instinctively to the 'open book of *Nature*'. But the use of the word as a title was inspired.

As J.J. Sylvester wrote:

What a glorious title, *Nature*, a veritable stroke of genius to have hit upon. It is more than a *Cosmos*, more than universe. It includes the seen as well as the unseen, the possible as well as the actual, *Nature* and *Nature's* God, mind and matter. I am lost in admiration of the effulgent blaze of the ideas it calls forth.

On November 3, Macmillan innocently betrayed to James MacLehose the thrill of first night anticipations:

Nature is to be published in London at 7.30 We start with 10 pages of advertisement I think we will look nice.

The journal did, in fact, look nice as it appeared on November 4, 1869. Beneath the conservative dress it shared with the *Athenaeum* and the *Academy*, it conveyed a dynamic view of science in human affairs. The stated objects of *Nature* were

First, to place before the general public the results of Scientific Work and Scientific Discovery and to urge the claims of science to a more general recognition in Education and in Daily life; and secondly, to aid Scientific Men themselves by giving early information of all advances made in any branch of natural

knowledge throughout the world and by affording them an opportunity of discussing the various scientific questions which arise from time to time.

However accurately *Nature* may have been launched on its way, initial momentum cannot explain how it has lasted for a century. Those who work for *Nature* are conscious not merely of a debt to Sir Norman Lockyer but also to Sir Richard Gregory, who succeeded him in 1919 but who had then been working continuously for *Nature* for twenty-six years. Gregory was already the custodian of the paper's conscience on education and on the relationship between science as a profession and society at large. With the tide running that way, he turned *Nature* into an international institution.

The tale of Sir Richard Gregory is a legend. He was five when *Nature* first appeared, and was apprenticed to a Bristol bootmaker ten years later. Luck made him a schoolmaster at Clifton College and eventually Lockyer's assistant at South Kensington and a chum of H.G. Wells. By the turn of the century, Gregory had put his stamp on the British Association, helping to form the Education Section (still quaintly called Section D) in 1901. Like others since, Gregory failed to convince the British Association that it must take up cudgels in the real world if it is to attain its objective of 'the advancement of science', with the result that Gregory became one of the first moving spirits in the British Science Guild. One way and another, this powerful pressure group helped to persuade or shame the British Government into providing for institutions such as the National Physical Laboratory, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and even the Agricultural Research Council. It is no wonder that a nod from *Nature* seemed to many to be a kind of thunderbolt.

By the end of the thirties, and the end of Sir Richard Gregory's spell of duty (he died only in 1952), *Nature* had become not merely a means of communication among scientists but a learned journal as well. Almost by magic, it also remained a means of placing 'before the general public the grand results of scientific work and scientific discovery', even if the going was at times a little hard.

With the outbreak of war, Gregory handed over to L.C.F. Brimble and A.J.V. Gale, who ran *Nature* in harness until the latter's retirement.

At this occasion in the domestic history of *Nature*, it is important to say explicitly that it remains an honest objective to win for science not merely a 'more general recognition in education and in daily life' but also an opportunity to change the world. Africa may be cruelly balkanized, but is there any doubt that the eradication of the gulf between rich and poor nations will eventually be brought about with the help of research now under way in a host of laboratories? Immortality is beyond reach, but sound health is not. And if omniscience is unattainable - that is half the fun - continuing enlightenment is not. That is something to work for in the century ahead.

Macmillan of Australia

There has been much coming and going. Mr Michael Hamilton, director of Macmillan and the Holding Company, and our legal adviser, has visited Melbourne. He writes:

My wife and I recently had the pleasure of travelling round the world—entirely at a client's expense.* Our trip took us to Malaysia, Singapore, Australia and the Bahamas and in the course of it we inspected bakeries, creameries, supermarkets, cold stores, ice factories, cattle stations and engineering works. We also took time off to call on MCA in Melbourne, where Robert Cross gave us a fine welcome.

The last time I was in Melbourne was in 1964, when Macmillan was still in Flinders Street. The difference between the old building and the new one in Moray Street could not be more striking. Arson springs to mind!

I saw the new building on a perfect spring day and I was tremendously impressed. Both inside and out it is excellently designed and it really is the showpiece of South Melbourne. It has a slightly oriental look and I gather it is known locally as "the Temple".

Robert Cross was in great spirits and full of optimism. Like all publishers—and lawyers I hasten to add—he has his difficulties, but he has a strong organisation behind him and I have no doubt that he will overcome them.

While I was actually with Robert, he received his first threat of libel proceedings—a salutary experience for any publisher. I naturally sent him posthaste to his lawyers.

In the evening Robert and Mary asked my wife and me to dinner at their very delightful house in South Yarra. Mary was in excellent form and looking absurdly young. The other guests included Alistair Horne and his wife, so we were not completely out-numbered by Australians.

*Not Macmillan's.

Mr Robert Cross contributes the following report of his round the world trip in June and July of this year:

Mary and I took the SAS route to England via Tashkent: we were surprised to find how old-fashioned and grand the airport buildings were there, with chandeliers and plaster mouldings. We were shown into a room with water served as the only refreshment and with formidable women along the sides of the room hoping to sell (at high prices) piles of junk which a church bazaar would have turned their noses up at.

After the ruggedness of the Australian landscape we were reminded of Alistair Cocke's remark that the English countryside looked like one large rich man's park: we

were certainly lucky to see it in uninterrupted sunshine.

We had three days in Boston seeing publishers and trying to persuade one of them to consider us as their Australian agent in the future. We were shocked by the Negro problem in Boston, where one of the main streets has become a completely depressed area with incredible dirt on the sidewalks.

New York was extremely hot, but we were very lucky to be installed in the Canadian Club through the kind help of Frank Upjohn. It was very pleasant seeing SMP again which I had last visited five years ago, and I was treated with great kindness by senior members of staff including Mr Tom McCormack who has recently joined SMP from Harpers.

My New York visit was cheered by selling 5,000 copies of one of our new books, *Art Techniques for Students* by Max Dimmack to Viking Press: and generally I found American publishers more interested in Australian books than I had expected, as many Americans now look upon Australia as the Promised Land.

I did not catch up with Frank Upjohn until I arrived in Canada where I spent a delightful weekend at a cottage in the country with a swimming-pool next door. Frank was in charge of an Irish wolfhound as well so he had his hands full that weekend.

I had five very interesting days with Macmillan Canada where I found everyone most welcoming and helpful. It was very good to see John Gray again and to meet many people with whom I had corresponded all the year. I was able to learn a lot from a company which is so much further down the road of development than we are in Australia.

I returned to Australia via Texas where I visited Austin to meet the publishers of a book we are publishing in Australia, being the Australian memoirs of the wife of Lyndon B. Johnson's friend who was American Ambassador here eight years ago.

I was staggered to find such a large university there with 3,700 students; I spent a unique evening at a restaurant modelled on the Wild West saloon complete with the barmaid in tights swinging over the bar. The Texas University Press were keen to publish our Australian Pioneering book. On to San Francisco where I made an excellent contact with the University of California Press who will be publishing our book on Wattles—and then back home.

One of the two books selected by the Australian Book Publishers' Association in the School Textbook category of the Book Design Awards for 1969 was *Mathematics with a Difference*, by Arthur Trewin, designed by Malcolm Givans and with illustrations by Robert Stynes. The judges' comments were: 'Another good format for a specialised subject, from cover to cover (including jacket) this is an example of control which could form a basis for books of this nature'.

St Martin's Press

Eileen O'Casey, widow of playwright Sean O'Casey, visited New York in September and was properly lionised. Accompanying her on a round of receptions was Tom McCormack (Director of the Trade Department) and his wife, Sandra.

Also in New York this past season and a visitor at St Martin's Press was Peter Calvert, author of *Latin America*. Mr Calvert was on his way to Harvard to do research for a forthcoming book.

St Martin's former Director of Rights, Helen Weintraub, resigned at the end of August to await the arrival of her first child in November.

St Martin's Press, College Department, has announced the following appointments:

Terence Echlin has been appointed West Coast Editor. Formerly he was a college traveller on the West Coast and the Middle West.

Joseph Marcey has taken over the duties of Assistant Sales Manager in addition to travelling as a field editor on the East Coast.

James Anderson has joined the field staff as a traveller in California and Washington. Mr Anderson came to St Martin's from Pennsylvania State University where he received a Master's degree in Economics. He

is a graduate of the University of Washington.

Brian Hogan has joined the staff as a college traveller in the Midwest. Formerly he was a graduate student at the University of Arizona where he taught freshman English. In 1967-8 he was a staff editor at Laidlaw Brothers in Illinois, writing and copy-editing a textbook series in linguistics. He is a graduate of Fordham University.

John Larson has joined the field staff as a traveller in the Midwest. Formerly he was a teacher in the New Ulm, Minnesota public school system. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota.

Laura Morris has succeeded Barbara Termin as Import Co-ordinator. Mrs Morris is a graduate of City College of New York.

The School Department celebrated its third anniversary in March. The fledgling department has been concentrating on building a list of school books in the fields of foreign languages, English, social studies and industrial arts. The staff has recently risen to a total of four with the addition of a first Sales Representative. Charles O. Wheeler, formerly of D.C. Heath and Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh, will call on schools in the states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Gill and Macmillan

From Dublin there is no news - but the way Michael Gill puts it there's no doubt that it's good news:

We have racked the corporate brain on your behalf several times, and have failed dismally to come up with any startling item for *Macmillan News*. The charitable interpretation of this is that we have been too busy publishing. And if our forecasts for 1970 are in any way accurate (and they must be, or else my job is in peril) then you may never hear from us again. For we have over fifty titles straining at the leash, some of which will undoubtedly vanish into a worthy oblivion, but most of which look like justifying our existence for another while to come.

And meanwhile I have to report to you that nothing happens. We have notable visitors of course, but being Irish we tend to accept them like the less notable ones. We have had no natural calamities. No fires, burglaries or floods (at least at the moment of writing). All the small print in our insurance policies seems like the raving of an imaginative pessimist, except perhaps the bits about riot, civil commotion, rebellion, revolution and insurrection, all of which - we can never forget - are very painfully

relevant to our fellow-countrymen in the North. (Someone in Little Essex Street has been sending us letters recently marked "Dublin, Northern Ireland". Is this wishful thinking, or something else?) Our neighbourhood seems to be particularly free of ionising radiations, and the waste matter in the back yard is totally Georgian and non-nuclear. We do have a gin distillery next door to our warehouse, but that seems to be as unhostile an occupation as publishing. It's been a good summer, so we've been mercifully spared storms, tempests and thunderbolts. There has been no aerial device dropped on us, nor has there been any impact with our building by either horse or cattle. All in all, a quiet season.

Ah yes! One genuine item. There's at least one man in Dublin who believed that we published the local telephone directories. He was dissuaded, which was probably a bad piece of public relations. The directories are published from a particularly ugly and synthetic new building known as St Martin's House. Our friend, by a curious process of association, assumed that the building, along with the directories, belonged to Macmillan. Since he was a rather prominent citizen he seemed grieved by the instant laughter his assumption caused.



The first Board Meeting of Macmillan Publishers (HK) Ltd at the Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, on 23 July 1969. Clockwise round the table: Ernest Yu, Rupert Li, Eugene Li (Chairman), Robert Gaff (Auditor), Julian Ashby, Richard Slessor (Publishing Manager).

Hong Kong

A new publishing company has been founded in Hong Kong, which is called Macmillan Publishers (HK) Ltd and was incorporated on 8 July 1969. Our partners in this new venture are Modern Educational Research Society, which is a very successful Chinese language publishing house, headed by Mr Eugene Li. Eugene Li is a Director of the new company, and also acts as its publishing adviser. Books for Asia, our agents in Hong Kong, also have an interest in the new company and are represented on the Board of

Macmillan Publishers (HK) Ltd by our old friend, Rupert Li. In fact, the offices of the new company are situated in the Books for Asia complex, not far from Hong Kong's Kai-Tak Airport. The Section 4 history editor, Richard Slessor, has taken up the post of Publishing Manager, and is now busily involved in producing a publishing programme for the company. Richard also has duties as Area Executive in Malaysia and Singapore, and he visits our Kuala Lumpur and Singapore offices regularly.

Macmillan of Canada

The following appointments were recently announced in the School Book Department. Michael Ronan, Sales Representative for Western Canada and a member of the company for three and a half years, is now National Sales Manager. He replaces Mr Russell Blenkarn who left the company to become Sales Manager of General Publishing Co. Ltd some time ago. Hugh Rennie who has been with the company just over two years is now in charge of sales in Ontario. Hugh is also doubling as Office Manager for the Department. Both Mike and Hugh taught high school for some years before joining Macmillan.

Miss Gladys Neale, Manager of the Department, was invited by the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession (WCOTP) to act as Editorial Consultant at the Seminar for African Writers and Educators held in West Berlin on October 23-31. Miss Neale travelled to Berlin via Frankfurt where she was attending the annual Book Fair earlier in the month, and spent a week in London before returning to Toronto.

The Canadian Society of Zoologists (CSZ) recently met with the American Institute of Biological Sciences for a three-day seminar in Burlington, Vermont, and Ted Pulford, Science Editor for Macmillan and a member of CSZ, was on hand to keep an eye on the company's interests.

Malaysia

The responsibility for sales representation in Malaysia has been taken over by Books for Asia (Malaysia) Ltd, a branch of our Hong Kong agents. The Manager is Mr Low Kim Teik, and he is being ably assisted by Miss Clara Lam, who was with Macmillan for seven years before we closed our showroom in Kuala Lumpur in August 1969. Mr Lim, who was our representative, has also been appointed by Books for Asia (Malaysia) Ltd and continues to do good work for Macmillan's list.

Singapore

The status of our company in Singapore has now changed, and it has been incorporated under the name Macmillan & Co (S) Private Ltd. The Sales and warehousing operations will continue to be run by Mr Loh Mun Wai, our Sales Manager, and Mr Koh Kok Yeow, our Administrative Manager. It will service orders from Malaysia. The Board of Directors includes the former General Manager of the Malaysia/Singapore operations, Enche Rahim bin Ibrahim, who has now retired from the day-to-day running of our interests in Malaysia and Singapore.

Macmillan in Africa

TANZANIA

The Senior Editor from the Tanzania Publishing House, John Mbonde, visited Macmillan London for a nine-week training course, which included a highly successful week at Leicester University doing a course in Copy Preparation, together with Peter McNeaney and Terence Creed from the London office. John Mbonde again visited us briefly on his way back from the Frankfurt Book Fair, which from all accounts was a great success for the Tanzania Publishing House - during the process he was interviewed on German television. Jim Farmer, General Manager of T.P.H., also called on us after the Fair.

ZAMBIA

Simon Allison and his wife Olive left us to take up an appointment as Publishing Manager of NECZAM (National Educational Company of Zambia), the Zambian Publishing House in Lusaka with which Macmillan are associated. Olive recently gave birth to a son, and they have all settled down happily in Lusaka.

NIGERIA

John Hare and his wife Pippa have left Zaria, after John had handed over the Northern Nigerian Publishing Company to David Costello. David is rapidly learning the local language, Hausa, and his wife Rosemary has recently taken up a teaching post in Zaria. John Hare has now taken up an appointment as Area Executive for West Africa, and is at the moment living in Ibadan, where he is helping Olu Anulopo, Managing Director of Macmillan Nigeria, with the new publishing programme we are developing there.

GHANA

Mr and Mrs T.G. Armar were in London during July and visited the office to renew old acquaintanceships.

Indian Branches

CALCUTTA

Four members of the staff retired on 31 October. They are Messrs K.K. Biswas, D.N. Das, T.N. Chowdhury and B.N. Banerjee. All of them served this Branch for a long time and we wish them all happiness during the rest of their life.

The Staff Recreation Club presented a Bengali drama, *Chowringhee* by Shankar, at the Star Theatre on 16 September 1968. The hall was packed with an audience of about one thousand, mostly drawn from the city's educational circle, our authors, the book trade and the relations of our staff. The show was attractive, and the whole cast gave first-class performances.



MADRAS

The annual excursion of our Staff Recreation Club was arranged in September and this time the centres chosen were Bangalore, Shimoga, Jog Falls and Bhadravati. The photograph below gives a picturesque view of Vidhan Saudha (Government Buildings), Bangalore, with the excursion party grouped in front.



Starting from Scratch

By Lord Hardinge of Penshurst

When my assistant, Virginia Whitaker, and I moved into our respective offices on the third floor of Little Essex Street just over a year ago, those offices were empty of scripts, proofs, books, correspondence, or of any prospect of the substance of publishing which these things represent. There were some goodwill messages from friends, and that was all. Our brief was to bring into being as quickly as possible a 'middlebrow' fiction list, rooted primarily in a regular output (to be about thirty titles a year) of novels falling roughly in the crime/suspense/adventure category - though there is much argument whether 'category' is the right word for it. We were to compete with the leaders in this field, such as Hodders, Collins, Gollancz, with books at least as good as theirs. To this extent we were to effect a small shift in the whole image of Macmillan fiction publishing. But where were the books to come from? That was the question.

In so far as we have succeeded in making a start we must be very grateful for the sympathy and support and personal friendship of London literary agents. These are, of course, a main source of good new fiction of English origin. Then I was allowed to go to New York (I went with Alan Maclean during the February blizzard) in a general effort to spread the news among American agents and publishers (who publish much good fiction of this kind) that the great and distinguished Macmillan imprint was making a large-scale, permanent entry into this competitive market. Perhaps the most entertaining (and certainly the most demanding) prong in our effort to let the world know that we were in this business was the method used with the intention of informing the British public, that is, new writers, writers without agents, etc., and thus attracting scripts that didn't happen to be in the hands of agents. For this purpose the Macmillan/Panther £1,000 crime competition was set up. It is still too soon to assess the results of this enterprise, though the dust of it (which has been, so to speak, very thick in Virginia's office and mine) is at last beginning to clear.

It has had one amazing result, which is that we have undoubtedly acquired three very good first crime novels from it - and the winner is exceptional. These are not just my opinions - they are supported by Panther books, by Dodd Mead and Coward McCann in New York, and, in the case of the winner, by Julian Symons as well. In this we have just been lucky.

If an editor is given a free hand to create a list, and if that editor has (in the publishing sense) any character, his list is likely to be strongly stamped and personalised. To the extent that I thought this danger might exist I have tried to curb it, because a list like this should cast

its net wide in these latter days when no one knows what the definition or content of a 'crime novel' really is. I am not tempted to publish pornography (profitable though it can be, as well as fashionable) and I do not subscribe to the view (recently expressed in the *Spectator*) that the suspense novel is becoming the contemporary vehicle of erotic literature; indeed, it seems to me to be the other way round. On the other hand funny books (by which I mean books that seem funny to me) have always represented temptation, and some of the worst errors I have made in the past have been because I have succumbed to this one. Our list is intended, as I have said, to be broadly based, to have story-telling as its main core, to be of high quality and a degree of reliability designed so that in due course libraries, etc., will acquire the habit of ordering copies regularly without the full enquiry and fuss of individual hard salesmanship in each case.

I am often asked about the future of the 'crime novel'. If I knew the answer the overwhelming success of Macmillan's fiction would be guaranteed, but of course I don't. The detective tradition has splintered completely. The psychological crime novel has held its own, but never really dominated as the detective form did. The wild espionage boom, a kind of overriding 'sport' of a few years, seems to have died away. There are some quite strong signs that the political thriller, not least the futuristic political thriller, is becoming fashionable. But who can give the answer? Certainly I can't.



Frank Whitehead congratulating Peter Lovesey, winner of the Macmillan/Panther Crime Novel Competition, after presenting him with a cheque for £1000.



The party at the Law Society Hall on 29 October.

First Crime Novel Competition

In the autumn of 1968 an advertisement appeared in the personal column of *The Times* and other newspapers as follows:

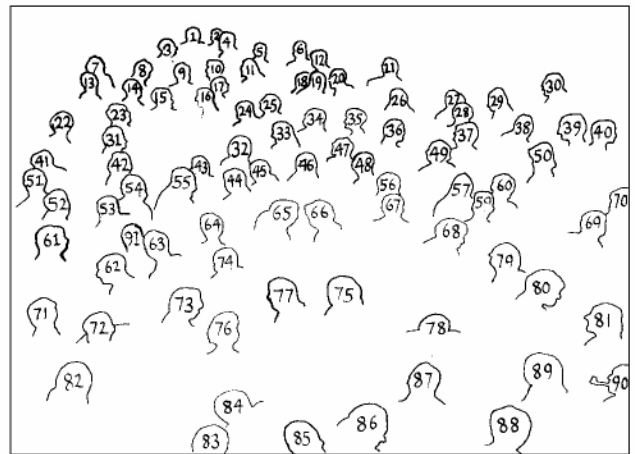
CRIME FOR MACMILLAN/PANTHER. £1000 competition for the best first crime novel submitted...

The category 'crime novel' was to be widely interpreted, and the chief condition was that the author should be a citizen of Britain or the Commonwealth and should not have published any full length work of fiction.

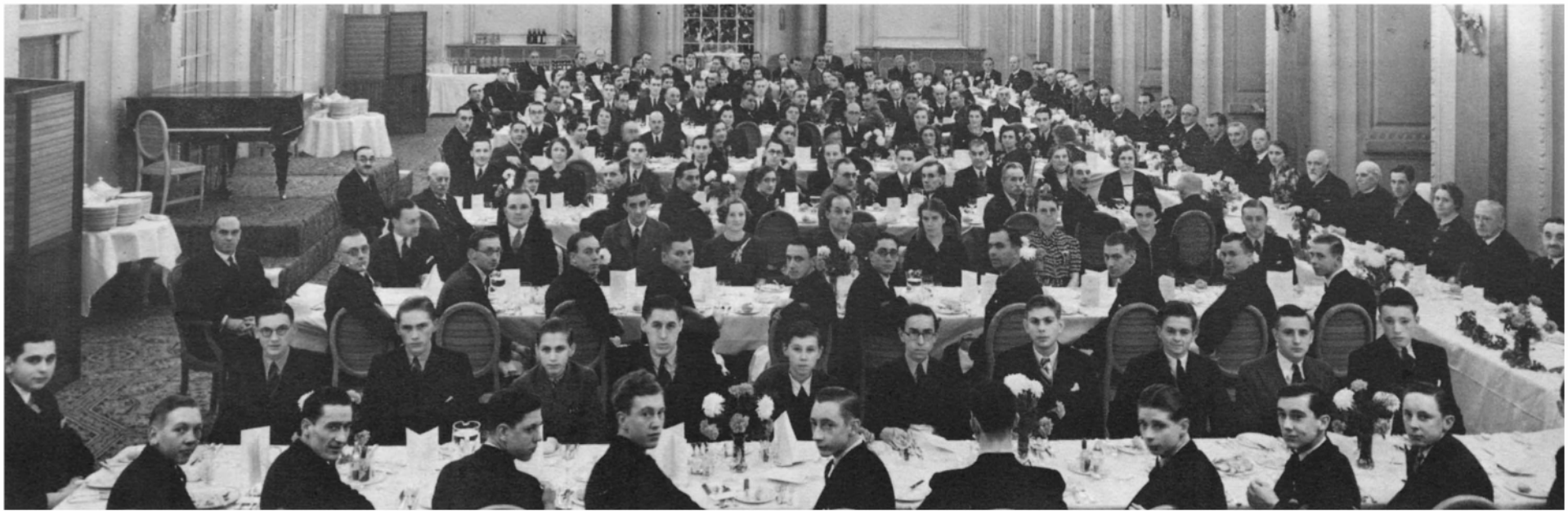
About 250 scripts were submitted. The standard of entries was startlingly high. With extreme difficulty the judges made a short list of three books from which they finally chose the winner.

At a party held at the Law Society Hall on 29 October to celebrate the publication of *Winter's Crimes I*, the first of a series of collections of unpublished short crime stories, the winner was announced.

It was *Wobble to Death* by Peter Lovesey. The runners-up were *Marshmallow Pie* by Graham Lord and *Swansong for a Rare Bird* by Alfred Draper. All three books will be published on 19 March 1970. Dodd Mead has guaranteed publication of *Wobble to Death* in America with an advance of \$2000.



People at the party so far identified in the picture are:
 5. Anthony Lejeune, 6. Michael Horniman, 7. Stan Davis, 9. Miles Tripp, 11. Bruce Hunter, 15. Peter Grosvenor, 16. Richard Simon, 17. Faith Henry, 18. Andy Hall, 19. Christopher Helm, 21. Adrian Soar, 23. Michael Ratcliffe, 24. Alan Hunter, 26. Jennifer Ballantyne, 27. Joyce Porter, 29. Christopher Busby, 32. Pat Barr, 33. Caroline Hobhouse, 34. Mrs. Reid, 35. Marianne Faehndrich, 35. Violet Grant, 37. Joyce Wiener, 38. Michael Canfield, 39. Lord Hardinge, 40. Mrs Lovesey, 43. Herbert Harris, 45. H.R.F. Keating, 46. Lord Clanmorris (John Bingham), 49. Margery Wiener, 50. Waitress (note Policeman's helmet), 52. James Wright, 53. Mark Hamilton, 55. John Boland, 57. Selwyn Jepson, 60. Tania Jepson, 61. David Bolt, 62. Val Gielgud, 65. Richard Garnett, 66. Grace Hogarth, 69. A.D. Peters, 70. Eric Hiscock, 72. Graham Watson, 74. Simon Bott, 75. Ursula Winant, 76. Celia Dale, 78. Michael Sissons, 80. William Bloom, 81. Rex Malik, 84. Sheila Watson, 86. George Greenfield, 87. William Miller, 88. William Marshall, 89. John Rose, 90. R.J. White, 91. Gwenda David.



The following people, still with the Company or recently retired, are in these pictures taken 31 years ago. How many can you identify? Messrs Batt, Baynton, Benney, Benson, Carroll, Rowland Clark, Cowdell, E.A.Garrod, Greenaway, R.Harman (now with T.G.Scott), Harris, Henty, J.Ingram, Johns, Lincoln, Nevin, Phillips, Ranner, Read, Sawtelle, Smith, Stiff, White, Whitehead, Whiteman and Miss Hopper; and some recently retired: Messrs Brooks, Lovat Dickson, Dye, H.E.Garrod, Kew and Miss Spratt.

The Annual Dinner

This issue appears around the time of the Annual Dinner and Dance, and this is a good occasion to look back at these Christmas get-togethers, and forward to their possible future. Somewhere there may be a record of the number of them that have been held, and perhaps in some forgotten and unlabelled box in the warehouse there may yet lurk some of the photos that used to adorn the walls of St Martin's Street.

One of those who has been attending these dinners for more than thirty years writes:

'Recently in a clearing-out operation at home I unearthed a dusty parcel of old group photos, carefully wrapped for safety no doubt for one of the several moves of house that my wife and I have braved, which included the Annual Dinner held on 16 December 1938.

'This was I think my second attendance, and I have spent a pleasant and reflective half-hour trying to recall faces and names - both proving easier than I would have expected. Thirty years alters the appearance (my son was certain he could spot me, but failed - even with the aid of a glass!) but has by no means masked the identities of the surprising number still with the company. So far my tally is 24 men and one lady, as well as another seven who have left or retired only in the last few years. Many of the

staff then looking so young are now enjoying retirement, many of the older ones have long since died. In the chair on that occasion, as again in recent years, was Mr Harold Macmillan.

'The number present appears to have been about 170, of whom about only a sixth were ladies. Nowadays we top 400, and the numbers are probably more nearly even.

'So dancing in those days was not a practical aftermath to dinner. Instead there was entertainment by members of the staff - largely vocal and instrumental as I recall.'

And what of the future? Does the Dinner and Dance still serve a useful purpose, do we still appreciate this annual fiesta? Has the time come for a change? What should we have in its place? A summer picnic is one possibility (M.C.C. seem to get a lot of fun from theirs). Separate events in London and Basingstoke would certainly be a mistake, for although we operate fifty miles apart, we remain one company and the dinner is the only time we can all get together and persuade ourselves how impressive we look en masse.

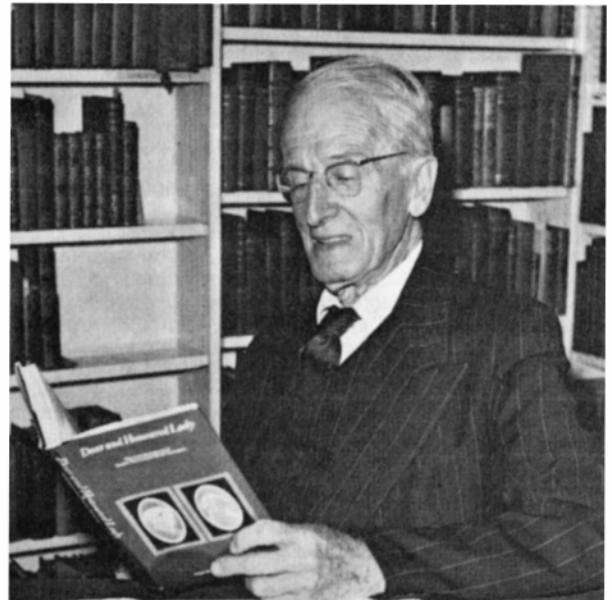
What do you think? Your suggestions and views will be most welcome. Why not let us know, and, who knows, you may inaugurate a new tradition in the Macmillan saga?

Is This a Record?

Sir Charles Tennyson, co-author of *Dear and Honoured Lady*, the correspondence of Queen Victoria and Alfred Tennyson which was published on 9 October, celebrated his 90th birthday on 8 November 1969 and has been a Macmillan author since 5 December 1911, 58 years ago. On that date we published a volume of memoirs entitled *Tennyson and his Friends* edited by the poet's son Hallam. The chapter on Tennyson's two brothers, Frederick and Charles, was written by the poet's nephew Charles, and it was his first contribution to a book. By 1911 Macmillan had a considerable corner in Tennyson, and in our advertisements we would 'beg to call attention to the fact that their Editions of Tennyson's Works are the only Complete Editions, and contain all the poems still in copyright and the latest texts of the earlier poems which are now out of copyright.'

Sir Charles's earliest ventures into Tennyson scholarship were concerned in rescuing from oblivion the poetic works of the poet's two brothers. He edited a selection of Frederick Tennyson's poems which we published on 16 September 1913. The corresponding exercise with Charles Tennyson, who later became Charles Tennyson Turner, had to wait 47 years until a small volume was brought out by Rupert Hart-Davis in 1960. When the poet's son Hallam, Lord Tennyson died in 1936 Sir Charles was

appointed his literary executor, and it was only from then onwards that he became seriously interested in Tennyson studies, as a result of which he wrote the biography of the poet which we published in 1949.



H. G. Wells and Macmillan

Rache Lovat Dickson's book, H.G. Wells: His Turbulent Life and Times which we published on 13 November, throws a sharp light on some interesting episodes of the firm's history, and has drawn on the firm's archives to do so. Lovat Dickson writes:

1943 marked Macmillans' centenary, and for Charles Morgar, who was to write a short history, we turned out from the archives the correspondence of many great authors of the past and the equally great old partners....

But that which held me was a great bundle of letters from H.G. Wells. The small neat handwriting made them very easy to read. What interested me chiefly was that they began where the autobiography had left off, just as he was beginning to be world-famous as a writer, successful, self-assured, at the very height of his powers. In Frederick Macmillan he collided with a publisher who was not content just to issue his books but insisted that they should conform to certain standards that the firm upheld. The struggle between the two men coincided with Wells's most productive and most privately troubled period, and the books that caused the trouble reflected events in his life. Here were some, at least, of the unwritten chapters missing from the autobiography. They offered a footnote to the history of publishing, too, because here were one of the most successful authors of the day and one of the most successful publishers, and out of their joint enterprise there was, surprisingly, little profit.

Wells's relations with Sir Frederick are described in considerable detail.

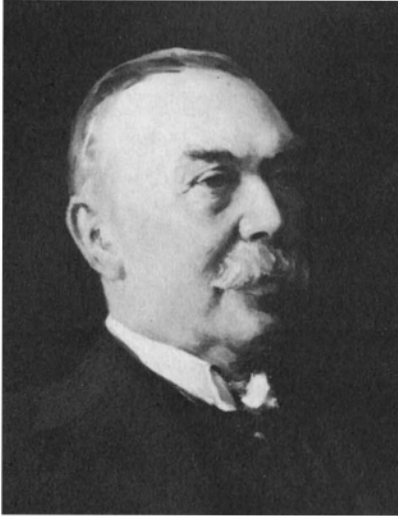
With Frederick Macmillan, who became the publisher of all his books from 1903 onwards, his relations were never entirely easy. Each respected the other's skill and needed him for what he could offer. In 1903, when they came together, Wells had written a dozen books, but in spite of laudatory reviews and the wide discussion and interest they had evoked, not one had sold more than 10,000 copies, which was an insignificant sale compared with Marie Corelli's or Hall Caine's on the one hand, and Rudyard Kipling's on the other. Wells thought that his mistake lay in having his books scattered: if they were all in the hands of one publisher who could issue a collected edition, it would be worth that publisher's while to advertise the lot, not only the latest.

Macmillan needed Wells almost as much as Wells needed him. His firm had become, with Longmans and Murray, the leading publishers of the day, but with the new public had come in a wave of new publishers—the firms so familiar to us today. Heinemann, John Lane, Dent, Cassell, Methuen, all having begun business in the 1890s—and they were bringing in new writers and making the older—

established fiction lists look stuffy and unadventurous. Macmillan knew that it was not enough to have Kipling and Hardy if he did not also have H.G. Wells or Somerset Maugham or Joseph Conrad, and he was quite prepared to meet the terms asked by Wells, a £500 advance against a 25-per-cent royalty for each book for a three-book contract, with an option to continue on the same terms in the future. At the regular price of novels, six shillings, allowing for perhaps one in five copies to be sold in the Colonies at a royalty of fourpence or sixpence, he would have to sell about 7,500 copies to recover this advance. This did not look out of the way. Methuen had printed 8000 of *The Sea Lady* and had sold over 3,000 in the first six months. Everyone was talking of Wells, and his sales were bound to go higher. It looked like a profitable investment, and each side came to it in the beginning with satisfaction and with a high regard for the other's capabilities. It was only as they got going that they began to have some personal reservations about each other. Wells thought Macmillan's manner rather autocratic; the chip on Wells's shoulder about being lower-middle-class became very evident, and the struggle in Macmillan's soul between his commercial instincts as a publisher and his dislike of boulderish behaviour became all too evident, as time went on.

Frederick Macmillan was a notable figure on the publishing scene, having been the instigator of the Net Book Agreement, which, by making it an offence to sell books at less than their published price, had avoided suicidal price-cutting and saved bookselling from bankruptcy at the end of the century. He was now President of the Publishers Association. He had lived in a publishing atmosphere from the cradle. His father, Daniel, one of the founders of the firm, had died at the early age of forty-three, and Alexander, the surviving brother, had taken Daniel's children into his home and brought them up as his own. The present partners of Macmillans, therefore, although cousins, had lived with each other from nursery days on; and when, in the large Victorian home in which they were brought up, they were allowed at table, great men were usually assembled there. The talk was of nothing but books and ideas—not always as to how many copies a book might sell, but how it might influence and teach, or glorify the Lord, for the Macmillans were strong broad Churchmen.

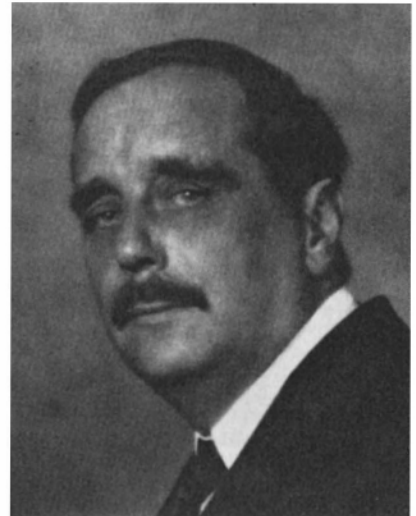
Alexander Macmillan was robust in character as well as health, and intellectually enormously vigorous. He was to become a leading publisher of the late Victorian age, a friend and confidant of Gladstone and of many other great men outside literary circles. John Morley was his chief literary adviser, and in the scientific world which came to flower in the years following the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Alexander took the advice



Sir Frederick Macmillan



Lovat Dickson



H.G Wells

of scientists like Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, and Thomas Huxley, Darwin's friend, who was to become Wells's admired teacher.

In fact, this stalwart survivor of the two Scottish brothers lived for his business day and night. In the old building in Bedford Street, smoking evenings were held weekly, and authors of fame, not only those published by Macmillan, gathered to smoke churchwarden pipes, drink, and make merry in the rather bantering way that Victorians favoured. I remember the pipes being still on the mantelpiece in the dining-room when I joined the firm sixty years later, and an armchair I often sat in had fixed to it a brass plate which was inscribed to commemorate Wordsworth's visit to the office. An old oak table bore the autographs of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Coventry Patmore and other great men who used to sit round it on those smoking evenings to which came not only writers like Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley, but scientists who were coming up fast, and statesmen like Gladstone, and visiting Americans like Mark Twain. These were not all old men, as we think of them today. Gladstone and Tennyson were in their fifties. Alexander had just turned fifty on the night when in the dining-room they discussed the foundation of a weekly journal which should be the supreme means of communication between the scientists, and *Nature* was born in a haze of smoke, amid the excited murmur of voices prophesying the future. The others present on such evenings, though bearded like the pard, were bright-eyed young intellectuals sucking on long clay pipes, many of them at the beginning of famous careers.

On Alexander's death in 1896, Frederick succeeded as head of the firm, and by the time that Wells came on the scene in 1903, Frederick, his brother Maurice, who had begun his career as a master at St Paul's, and Daniel's son George were in control of the business. Something else had happened

to them. They had become upper-middle-class. Expensively educated, scholarly in temperament, refined in manner, growing rich and powerful and sure of themselves, they faced a world in which men like Wells were coming up, and tried to control it as they controlled their business.

Control is the proper word. This was a family business, expanding overseas, employing more and more people every year, but these three ran it, and there was no nonsense with boards of directors or shareholders. The partners met each morning, shook hands gravely, discussed the letters, gossiped in a lordly way, bickered a little with each other, revealed what they were at that moment up to; then repaired to their rooms and their ledgers, their calculations and designs, and kept at it often until late at night, and did this for a full six days a week.

It was into this atmosphere that Wells bounced in 1903 with all the confidence in the world.

But six years later the relationship foundered when Sir Frederick wrote:

Dear Mr Wells,

I am sorry to say that after very careful consideration, we do not see our way to undertake the publication of *Ann Veronica*.

He explained in a later letter:

I regret that we cannot publish *Ann Veronica* as it seems to me a very well written book and there is a great deal in it that is attractive, but the plot develops on lines that would be exceedingly distasteful to the public which buys books published by our firm. The early part of the book with the picture of middle class suburban life is very entertaining, indeed up to and including the episode of the suffragette girl there is nothing to object to. When, however, *Ann Veronica* begins her pursuit of the Professor at the International College, offers herself to him as a mistress and almost forces herself into his arms, the

story ceases to be amusing and is certainly not edifying.

These were mild words compared to the reception the book received in the Spectator when it was published by T. Fisher Unwin.

The loathing and indignation which the book inspires in us are due to the effect it is likely to have in undermining that sense of continence and self-control in the individual which is essential in a sound and healthy State.

Lovat Dickson adds:

Frederick Macmillan had correctly judged the public response to the book. Its sale was brisk, as generally happens when books are extensively discussed. In this case, Wells was a successful writer anyway, he was dealing here with the most important question of the hour, the right of a young woman to lead an independent life, and his sole offence was that he had affronted the social convention of the time by showing Ann Veronica as a nice genuine healthy-minded girl, engaging first—with no sense of remorse at all—in unhealthy-minded thoughts, and getting finally what she craved for. Macmillan was no moralist himself—in fact, he was more of a man of the world than most of his fellow publishers. But he was also a good tradesman, and in saying that while *Ann Veronica* was a very well-written book, the plot developed on lines that would be distasteful to the public which bought the books that his firm published, he was correctly anticipating the reaction of his most profitable customers. Nevertheless, something in Wells plainly fascinated him, and something in him fascinated Wells. It may have been that a born publisher could not help but respond to an author of genius, however much he might disapprove of the author's views; it may have been that the harassed author, unable to keep out of trouble, saw in Macmillan's urbane aristocratic man-of-the-world air all that the crumpled, troubled little figure longed to be. Their association as publisher and author lasted for ten years, and they corresponded for a good many more after that, but they remained on formal terms with each other, and, as far as I know, Macmillan never entertained Wells or introduced him to his home, as he was accustomed to do with other authors, for he was a man who liked the genial side of his business and he and his wife were very hospitable. Something kept them apart socially, but something plainly fascinated each in the other, and although *Ann Veronica* had taken Wells away, and Nelson had then published the very successful *History of Mr Polly*, against which not a breath of criticism could be made, when Wells had his next big novel, *The New Machiavelli*, in view, he turned first to Macmillan again.

But once again Sir Frederick objected to 'the question of sex', and, though Wells replied with his usual prophetic insight 'Every novel must have a sexual interest', The New Machiavelli eventually went elsewhere.

Worm's-Eye View

John Baker republished Frank Swinnerton's A Bookman's London on 27 October. In his new Introduction he recalls his brief spell at St Martin's Street:

I was employed at Macmillan's, euphemistically 'learning the catalogue', which meant carrying vast quantities of Hall & Knight's *Algebra* and Nesfield's *English Grammar* to the packing bench. Once a year we 'took stock', diving into the packing cases which lined the basement, and extracting from them books which, disdainful wrappers, were covered in brown paper, through a hole in which, as a concession to the inquiring reader, the title could be discerned.

The feudal atmosphere at Macmillan's was complete. There was a staff entrance, a directors' entrance, and there was, as Frank Swinnerton describes, a Trade Counter. There was also a Counting House, where, in a silence broken only by the scratching of pens, clerks frowned over ledgers. One of these clerks had the computer-like facility of being able to add up pounds, shillings and pence in a single cast.

Nobody but the directors was allowed to use the front and carpeted stairway. Rumour had it that a hapless boy caught on these stairs had been dismissed without notice, and our chief hope was that, if we behaved ourselves, we were in a job for life. When Sir Frederick Macmillan passed near, in an odour of repletion and cigar smoke, my superior was wont to remark admiringly, 'Ah, there goes a real boss.'

But, alas, I did not behave and I soon left Macmillan's. This was the result of my taking part in the only book trade strike that ever was. The packers were striking against a reduction of wages from £3. 10s. to £3 a week. Such was the fortitude of Sir Frederick that the men were glad to crawl back after several miserable weeks as losers. No victimisation, of course, but when I got back to my desk a note awaited me: 'Baker not to resume duties until he has seen the Company Secretary.' He said, 'You were not a packer, so why go on strike?' When I began to explain he waved me aside and pronounced sentence: 'Since you are so fond of the company of packers I am putting you in the Packing department.'

I left after a few months, during which I learned, to my perennial pleasure, to pack a decent parcel. Macmillan's taught me much and I am still under their influence. And, of course, they were forgiven, though I felt it was putting too fine a point on the affair when I was later referred to as 'one of the Macmillan boys who made good'.

Alistair Horne Fellowship for Modern History



Alistair Horne

Alistair Horne, author of *The Price of Glory*, *The Fall of Paris* and *To Lose a Battle* has given £10,000 to endow a fellowship at St Antony's College, Oxford, which is intended

to help young historians. The college is matching Horne's £10,000 endowment, and there have been other contributions. When the fellowship was first announced Mr Horne was quoted by the *Times* Diary as saying: 'Novelists are far better looked after than historians.... There are far more prizes: for the Hawthornden I got £100 and a jolly good lunch compared with the Booker Award of £5,000 for fiction. The historian very seldom has a chance of being filmed. Unless you sell your soul to the goggle-box, you have a pretty hard time at first, as I did. Moreover, the novelist doesn't have to spend the terrifying sum we need for research. Travel and accommodation are a very large factor, and the nearer you get to the modern age, there is so much more material that you must have someone to help you. For my last book I spent £850 paying an assistant a very menial wage.'

New Ventures by Old Colleagues

Three members of the staff who left this autumn have set up a business partnership together. They are Ian Robertson (who was academic sales manager), David Martin (academic representative) and Rachel Douglas (academic production controller). Their new firm is called Martin Robertson & Company, and they plan to give professional publishing help and advice on all aspects of academic publishing except the editorial. Their production service is particularly designed for firms with a small academic list. Publishers already using their university representation services include Crosby Lockwood, J.M.Dent, Eurospan, Gower Press, Macdonald, Pall Mall, the Scolar Press and Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

Nicholas Scarfe, who was an academic representative until last Easter, has opened a new bookshop, the Newbury Bookshop, 11 Oxford Street, Newbury, Berkshire.

Puzzle Corner

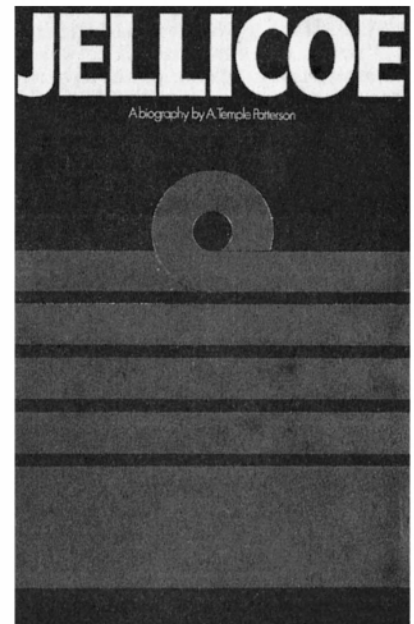
The first line of page 131 of Christopher Underwood's thriller, *The Silent Liars*, reads as follows:

closer into his side. As he bent his head to kiss her behind

What is the second line?

Book Jacket Exhibitions

The winner in the 'Scotsman' Book Jacket Exhibition this year in the class for Biographies was *Jellicoe* by A. Temple Patterson. It was designed by Nicholas Thirkell for Macmillan. Jellicoe's gold braid was printed in gold foil. Both *Michael/Frank* about Frank O'Connor and *Collection Three* by Frank O'Connor were exhibited in the select group of 1969 book jackets chosen by Design and Art Direction.



Best Produced Books



Among the fifty books chosen by the National Book League for their exhibition of British book design at the Frankfurt Book Fair were *Paddy Pork*, devised and illustrated by John S. Goodall and *Pattern and Power of Mathematics 4* by A.J. Moakes.

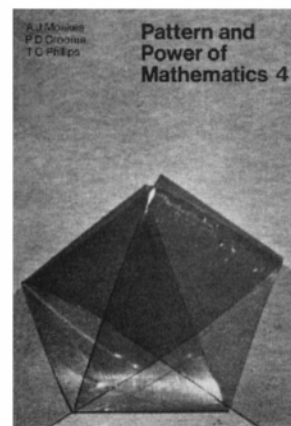
Peculiar Postbag

For obvious reasons we suppress the name of this correspondent who writes from Ballerup in Denmark but otherwise print it exactly as it was written.

What happen there the vinterday in 1889 at MAYERLING in Wienervald near Schwechat-river in Austria. Here meeting the young, handsome crownprince again with his mistress. They seem to have a beautiful life before - he vas heiress to the Austria-Hungarians throne, and she vas young and very beautiful. But the loving pair leave not Mayerling in a life, - they been both find killet.

After 3 years detectiv work in Wienna, in secret archives, private samlings, private letters never seen before, and many otter things: Mary Vetseras diary, Helene Vetseras diary, count Hoyos, Count Taaffe and Prince of Wales diary, Crownprinc Rudolfs last letters to a friend, Emperor Franz Joseph and Empress Elisabeths private letters and the secret police rapports, all this is in a book ready to publishing in this fall. The book is been selling to America, Italy, Germany and France, - are You interest in the book with the new unveil truth: - Rudolf and Mary Vetsera vas murdet at Mayerling, after order from Count Taaffe and Count Albrecht. - I very much hope so and shall be looking forward to hearing from you.

P.S. The Danish Manuscript is available "Mayerling - romance and reality".



In our last issue we had a correspondent writing from Nigeria to 'Little Sex Street', and now this. What next, I wonder?



Mr. Alan D. Maclain
4 Little Ethics Street,
Care Messrs. Macmillan
London W. C. 2
ENGLAND

The Muse Will Out

There is something heady about the air of Little Essex Street – or the frustrations of dealing with other people's writings – which tempts our trade editors to break into verse. A volume of *More Cautionary Tales* in the manner of Belloc was declined in a letter to the agent in the following terms:

Dear B*** we all enjoyed these tales
Of kinky birds and errant males,
And all of us will profit by
The morals there set out. But I
Don't feel that we can make an offer
To further line an agent's coffer.
The author's got a sound idea
But lacks as yet the perfect, clear
Command of word and nuance and ploy
Which makes H. Belloc such a joy.
And though your client's a funny man
HE DOESN'T MAKE HIS VERSES SCAN.
(And nor do you, I hear you mutt-
er... People in glass houses... But
Like others of the Upper Class
I dig the sound of broken glass).
This verse should serve to demonstrate
That pastiche needs to be first-rate
If it's to make its point, and this
Just doesn't, or not as it is.

* A line I stole with open daring
From Wing-Commander Maurice Baring,
Following a precedent fairly set
Where Belloc leads, Who follows yet?

A request from the former Bellman of the Cambridge Snark Club for a copy of the miniature edition of *The Hunting of the Snark* elicited the following reply:

'Alas!' said the Publisher, wiping his tears,
And suppressing an agonised yell,
'We haven't had miniature *Snarks* in years¹ –
Not miniature *Snarks* we could sell.

'Alack!' said the Publisher, howling in grief
And tearing his elderly locks.
'The fact of the matter will strain your belief
And cause you considerable shocks.

'As a matter of fact,' the Publisher hissed,
Beginning another cornipion,
'We no longer include the work on our list –
Not a *Snark* of any description!

'We can sell you an *Alice* (in colour² or plain³)
In Latin (as done by Carruthers).⁴
We can offer – ' the Publisher cried like a drain,
'Some letters from Carroll and others.⁵

'We can offer you books by novelists' cooks⁶
And *The World of Salvador Dali*.⁷
We can offer you works on the plight of the Turks⁸
And the germination of barley.⁹

'We can offer you tomes on fairies and gnomes,¹⁰
And *The Theory of Forward Exchange*,¹¹
Adventurous tales of buses in Wales¹²
And diseases akin to the mange.¹³

'We can offer you films on the mating of mice¹⁴
And the sexual habits of crayfish.¹⁵
We can offer you anything reasonably nice¹⁶
(And also commercially safe-ish).

'But the work that you ask for (I'm sorry to say) –
The Publisher wept in his tea,
'Has softly and suddenly vanished away,
For our Snark was a Boojum, you see.'

- 1 Twenty years to be exact.
- 2 25s.
- 3 12s.6d.
- 4 *Alicia in Terra Mirabili and Aliciae per Speculum Transitus*, 16s. each.
- 5 *Letters to Macmillan*, 63s.
- 6 *Mrs Manders' Cookbook*, 36s.
- 7 By R. Descharnes, £5.5s.
- 8 *The Eastern Question* by M.S. Anderson, 55s. (paper, 25s.)
- 9 *The Wonders of Seeds* by Alfred Stefferud, 9s.6d.
- 10 e.g. *Tricky the Goblin* by Enid Blyton, 8s.6d.
- 11 *A Dynamic Theory of Forward Exchange* by Paul Einzig, 90s.
- 12 John Wain's forthcoming novel, *A Winter in the Hills*.
- 13 *A Handbook of Diseases of the Skin* by Herbert O. Mackey, 30s.
- 14 *Courtship and Mating Behaviour in Mice and Development of Normal Mice*. We also supply films on abnormal mice, and others of too intimate a character to be mentioned here. These are applicable to the Nuffield 'A' level Biology course.
- 15 80s.
- 16 But see Angus Wolfe Murray's *The End of Something Nice*.

Puzzle Corner — Answer

The second line reads (of course):

the ear, he felt that he had earned his evening of entertain-

Authors' News

Colin Clark, author of *Population Growth and Land Use* and (with Joan Haswell) *Economics of Subsistence Agriculture* has left the Oxford University Agricultural Economics Research Institute after sixteen years as its Director and has returned to Australia as research fellow at Mannix College, Monash University.

R.S. Downie, author of *Government Action and Morality*, has been appointed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University.

Professor W.G. Hoskins, author of *The Modern Peasant and Provincial England*, has been elected a fellow of the British Academy.

Dr L.C. Hunter, co-author with D.S. Robertson of *Economics of Wages and Labour* and with Robert B. McKersie of the forthcoming *Productivity Bargaining in Great Britain*, has been appointed senior lecturer in applied economics at Glasgow University.

Professor John Jewkes has been appointed Director of the Industrial Policy Group on his retirement from the Chair of Economic Organisation at Oxford University.

Dr Kenneth Lovell, author of *Introduction to Human Development*, who was reader at Leeds University in the Institute of Education has been appointed personal professor there.

Professor H.G. Nicholas, editor of de Tocqueville's *De la démocratie en Amérique* has been elected a fellow of the British Academy.

Professor A.N. Prior, late Emeritus Professor of Philosophy at Manchester University, who is editing a new edition of J.M. Keynes's *Formal Logic*, has been appointed Reader in Philosophy at Balliol College, Oxford.

D.S. Robertson, co-author of *Economics of Wages and Labour*, was made Chairman of the Court of Inquiry into the dispute at the Port Talbot works of the British Steel Corporation.

Professor H.R. Trevor-Roper, author of many books of which the latest is *Religion, Reformation and Social Change*, has been elected fellow of the British Academy.

Dr W. Urry, author of the forthcoming book *Marlowe of Canterbury*, has been elected to a professorial fellowship at St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

Professor W.H. Walsh, author of *Hegelian Ethics*, has been elected a fellow of the British Academy.

Angus Wolfe Murray, author of *The End of Something Nice*, has joined Barrie & Rockliff: The Cresset Press as a fiction editor.

Obituaries

John Joseph Clarke, author of *The Gist of Planning Law*, died on 1 October at the age of 90.

Edward Hutton, the author of *Gloucestershire, Somerset and Wiltshire in the Highways and Byways Series*, died on 20 August.

Sir Lawrence Jones, whose first two volumes of autobiography, *A Victorian Boyhood* and *An Edwardian Youth* we published, died on 6 September at the age of 84. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1952, and as an author he was known as L.E. Jones.

W.F. Shaw, who used to drive a horse delivery van for the company, and who retired in 1956, died in August.

Professor Vivian de Sola Pinto, the editor of *The Teaching of English in Schools*, which we published in 1946 for the English Association, died on 27 July.

Professor Peter Ure, the editor of our Casebook on Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, died on 30 June.

Dr D.N. Wadia, author of *Geology of India*, died on 15 June.

Last Word

The *London Yellow Pages Classified (Central) Directory*—bless its sweet computerised heart—lists only three 'Do-it-Yourself Shops' between 'Divers' and 'Dog Grooming', and the last on the list is 'Macmillan & Co Ltd, 4 Little Essex Street WC2'. Perhaps we should think ourselves lucky not to be four lines lower down with the 'She & He Poodle Parlour'.