Dec. 26, 1936

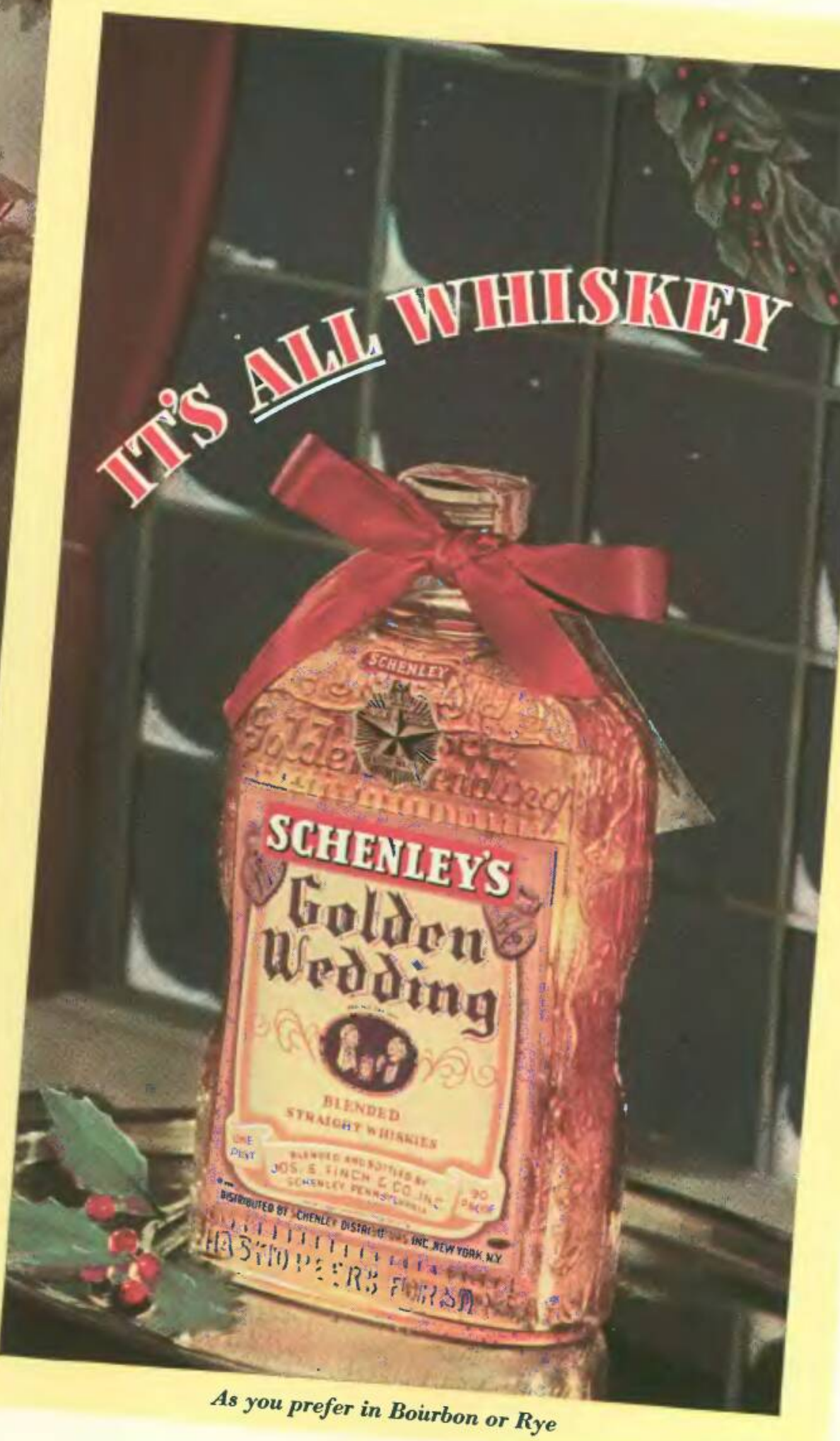
THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Matinées on Saturdays and as listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLACK LIMELIGHT—Another Briton who does his murdering in a fancy manner, with resultant squeals from the audience. Slow in getting to the point, but when it does—boy! With Winifred Lenihan and Alexander Kirkland. (Mansfield, 47, W. BRyant 9-4684. Mat. Wed.)

BOY MEETS GIRL—A tale of Hollywood, but much funnier than usual. In fact, just about as funny as you will get. Allyn Josslyn, Joyce Arling, and Millard Mitchell. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Mon., Wed., and New Year's Day.)

BROTHER RAT—A comedy of life at Virginia Military Institute which involves baseball and—well, life at Virginia Military Institute. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Mon., Wed., and New Year's Day, 2:50 P.M.)

THE COUNTRY WIFE—A top-notch production of Wycherley's old wives' tale, with the accent on the "old." Ruth Gordon keeps it alive with a virtuoso performance. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mats. Thurs., Wed., and Thurs.)

DEAD END—Life at the end of a New York street, where crook and river meet. You have probably seen it, but if you haven't, do. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mats. Christmas Day and Thurs., Dec. 31.)

HAMLET—John Gielgud's Melancholy Dane, and very impressive he is, too. Supporting company includes Judith Anderson, Lillian Gish, and Arthur Byron. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:25 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:25 P.M.)

IDIOT'S DELIGHT—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt romping under the guns of the second World War in Robert Sherwood's fine and exciting play. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs.)

JOHNNY JOHNSON—The story of a man who was so sane that he was taken for a fool. Done in nightmare fashion, with humor and pathos and war, and so much that is very good that you wish it might have been even better. (44th Street, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4337. Mats. Christmas and New Year's Day.)

MATRIMONY PFD.—Grace George makes this thin French farce more entertaining than it should be, assisted by A. E. Matthews and Rex O'Malley. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. Mat. Wed.)

PRELUDE TO EXILE—A general outline of one of Wagner's little love passages, showing how the "Liebestod" was composed. With Wilfrid Lawson, Eva Le Gallienne, and Lucile Watson. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

REFLECTED GLORY—George Kelly's script gives Tallulah Bankhead a fine opportunity to display her unusual gifts, but the play itself is an old friend showing his age. With Ann Andrews, Clay Clement, and Phillip Reed. (Morosco, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-2520. 8:45 P.M. Reopens Fri. Eve., Dec. 25. Mats. Wed. and New Year's Day.)

STAGE DOOR—What girls in an actresses' club talk about, set down with humor and feeling by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Margaret Sullavan as head girl. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. Mats. Thurs., Christmas, Thurs., and New Year's Day.)

SWING YOUR LADY—Well, a wrestler falls in love with a lady blacksmith and can't wrestle. Is that any tipoff? It is just as funny as it sounds. (46th Street, 46, W. LAckawanna 4-1219. Mat. New Year's Day.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A very funny farce about a little man who has clairvoyance in the picking of horses, and the trouble it gets him into. With William Lynn and Shirley Booth. (Fulton, 46, W. PEnnsylvania 6-0577. 8:45 P.M. No performance Thurs., Dec. 24. Mats. Christmas, Mon., Wed., and New Year's Day.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890. Mats. Christmas, Wed., and New Year's Day.)

TONIGHT AT 8:30—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in Mr. Coward's cycle of plays. To use the word "civilized" once again, in all its connotations, here is civilized entertainment. "We Were Dancing," "Fumed Oak," and "Shadow Play": Eves. of Dec. 24, 26, and Jan. 1; Aft. of Dec. 30. . . . "Ways and Means," "Still Life," and "Family Album": Eves. of Dec. 25, 28, and 30; Aft. of Jan. 2. . . . "Hands Across the Sea," "The Astonished Heart," and "Red Peppers": Aft. of Dec. 26; Eves. of Dec. 29, 31, and Jan. 2. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225.)

TOVARICH—High-class comedy dealing with exiled Russian nobles working in Paris as house servants. Marta Abba and John Halliday. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720. Mats. Christmas, Wed., and New Year's Day.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Helen Hayes in a series of charming episodes in the life of our (or their) dear Queen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A mad family which undeniably will be a fixture in New York society. The funniest play so far. Josephine Hull, Henry Travers, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168. Mats. Christmas, Wed., and New Year's Day.)

WITH MUSIC

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—Final performances by the superb Gilbert and Sullivan troupe from London. "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore": Afts. of Dec. 24 and 26; Eves. of Dec. 25 and 26. . . . "Iolanthe": Eves. of Dec. 28, 29, and 30; Aft. of Dec. 30. . . . "The Mikado": Eves. of Dec. 31, Jan. 1, and 2; Aft. of Jan. 2. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:15 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Jan. 2.)

ON YOUR TOES—A good-natured musical, proving that the Russian Ballet has its silly side. Ray Bolger, Luella Gear, Tamara Geva, Doris Carson, and Monty Woolley are in the cast, and the songs by Rodgers and Hart are bright and cheerful. (Majestic, 44, W. CHickering 4-3141. Mat. Wed.)

RED, HOT AND BLUE!—An eye-filling show, with Cole Porter music, and plenty of chances for Jimmy Durante, Ethel Merman, and Bob Hope. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. Mats. Christmas, Wed., and New Year's Day.)

WHITE HORSE INN—The successful Continental operetta made big, beautiful, and just a little vulgar for the American trade. The cast includes Kitty Carlisle, William Gaxton, Robert Halliday, and many, many more. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535. Mat. Wed.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify all dates.)

THE SHOW IS ON—A musical show with Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Reginald Gardiner, Mitzi Mayfair, Paul Haakon, Gracie Barrie, Charles Walters, and others. Opens Fri., Dec. 25. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Tues. and New Year's Day.)

THE WOMEN—A comedy by Clare Boothe, with Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and an all-feminine cast. Opens Sat., Dec. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. 8:40 P.M.)

AROUND THE CORNER—A play by Martin Flavin, with Charles Coburn, Lillian Emerson, and Dodson Mitchell. Opens Mon., Dec. 28. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

PROMISE—H. M. Harwood's adaptation of Henry Bernstein's play "Espoir," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Irene Browne, Frank Lawton, and Jean Forbes-Robertson. Opens Wed., Dec. 30. (Little, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-9791. 8:40 P.M. Mat. New Year's Day.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AGED 26—A play about Keats by Anne Crawford Flexner, with Robert Harris, Linda Watkins, and Kenneth MacKenna. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

ALL EDITIONS—A comedy by Charles Washburn and Clyde North, with Walter N. Greaza, Ruth Holden, Nancy Evans, and others. (Longacre, 48, W. LAckawanna 4-8686. Mats. Christmas and New Year's Day.)

THE WINGLESS VICTORY—Katharine Cornell in a play by Maxwell Anderson, with Walter Abel, Effie Shannon, Ruth Matteson, Kent Smith, and Myron McCormick. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Four special holiday performances: Sun. Eves., Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 8:40; Tues. and Wed. Afts., Dec. 29 and 30, at 2:40. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN—Spoofing and drinking at tables while all hell breaks loose on the stage. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

FRENCH THEATRE—"Bichon," a farce by Jean de Létraz: Dec. 30-Jan. 2. Performances Wed., Thurs., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30, and Sat. Aft. at 3. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An informal revue, with Vandy Cape, Hildegarde Halliday, Miriam Marmein, Nancy Noland, the Yale Puppeteers, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"It Can't Happen Here," a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel by the author and J. C. Moffitt. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.) . . . "Dr. Faustus," revival of Marlowe's play. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado": Wed. through Sat., Dec. 23-26. "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore": Mon. through Sat., Dec. 28-Jan. 2. (Daly's, 63, E. of B'way. CIrcle 7-5852. 8:30 P.M.) . . . "Power," the Living Newspaper's review of the electrical industry, is scheduled to open Tues., Dec. 29. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912.)

DANCE RECITALS

ANGNA ENTERS—Two more recitals by the entertaining choreomime: Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30; and Tues. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—Second recital by the distinguished American dancer and her group: Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:40. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN—And his men dancers: Sat. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:15. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE—Presented by the King-Coit Children's Theatre: Sun., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., Dec. 27, 29, 31, and Jan. 2, at 4. (Children's Theatre, 135 E. 40.)

DOROTHY GORDON—Songs and stories in costume: Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 3. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES—Produced by the WPA's Children's Theatre; weekdays at 2:30 P.M., Dec. 25 through Jan. 2. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Presented by Clare Tree Major's Children's Theatre: Mon. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

PINOCCHIO—By Edwin Strawbridge and his ballet

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XII, No. 45, December 26, 1936. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

ORCHIDS TO YOU

DEANNA DURBIN

Radio's Singing Sensation of Eddie Cantor's Sunday Night Hour

. . . for your magnificent voice . . . your sparkling eyes . . . your lovably human performance in your very first picture . . .

3 SMART GIRLS

Presented by the New UNIVERSAL



DEANNA DURBIN

THE MIRACLE GIRL OF RADIO, has become the most sensational find on the movie horizon. Says Louella Parsons: "At 14, she has the screen presence of a Garbo and the voice of a Grace Moore." Says Eddie Cantor: "Deanna Durbin possesses more charm, more poise, more personality than a half dozen of the biggest feminine stars in Hollywood today."

"THIS is young Miss Durbin's first picture. She does an extraordinarily good job," says the Motion Picture Daily. "Not only has she a voice with a quality that is astonishing for her tender age, but she also has on her credit side acting ability of a stature that surprises along with her ability as a singer. 'Three Smart Girls' ought to please you mightily."

The cast includes:

DEANNA DURBIN • BINNIE BARNES
ALICE BRADY • RAY MILLAND
Charles Winninger • Mischa Auer
Nan Grey • Barbara Read

Directed by Henry Koster
Associate Producer, Joseph Pasternak
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Binnie Barnes
More glamorous than ever as a blonde menace.

Alice Brady
Lovable comedienne who plays the scheming mother.

Ray Milland
Handsome fan idol in a romantic role.

Charles Winninger
Loved by millions as Cap'n Andy of "Show Boat."

Mischa Auer
The ludicrous Gorilla Man of "My Man Godfrey."

(Advertisement)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

company: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, at 1:15 and 3:15. "Hänsel and Gretel," by the National Music League Opera Company: Sat. Aft., Jan. 2, at 1:15 and 3:15. (Bayes Theatre, 44, W.)

PUPPET SHOW, LTD.—Presenting Remo Bufano's Marionettes: Fri. and Wed. at 3 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M.; 2, and 4 P.M. (MacDowell Club, 73, E. of Lexington.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"Aladdin," Sat., Dec. 26; "Robin Hood," Tues., Dec. 29; "Snow White," Thurs., Dec. 31; all at 11 A.M. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison.) . . . "Jack and the Beanstalk": Sat., Dec. 26, at 2:15 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.) . . . "Snow White": Sat., Jan. 2, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116.)

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES—Stage production of "The Mikado," together with a revival of "Tom Sawyer" on the screen: daily through Sun., Jan. 3, at 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 6, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and New Year's Eve., at 11:45 P.M. (World Theatre, 153 W. 49.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

(Many of the places listed below have special fixed charges and entertainment for New Year's Eve. You'd better ask when you phone for reservations.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—The handsome Trianon Room has Ramon Ramos and his orchestra, and dances by Minor and Root. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the dance music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's and Joseph Zatour's orchestras, and songs by Frances Maddux. Dress preferred.

MAISONNETTE RUSSE DE PARIS, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Music by Boris Koretzky's orchestra, with songs by Hachem Khan and others. Dress preferred.

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music, with songs by Grace Morgan and Lawrence White.

MONTPARNASSE, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra and Horace Zito's tango band play for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Mario Braggiotti's orchestra provides the music in the Corinthian Room. Dances by Caperton and Columbus. Must dress.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by the DeMarcos. Must dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The new bill here includes songs by Peggy Fears; dances by Estelle and LeRoy; and Edgar Bergen, ventriloquist. Ray Noble's and Nano Rodrigo's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . . Johnny Hamp's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Garden has Basil Fomeen's and Hugo Mariani's orchestras and a new revue staged by George Hale. Dress preferred.

RUSSIAN EAGLE, in the Sherry-Netherland, 5 Ave. at 59 (VOlunteer 5-2800)—Under the direction of General Lodijensky, with Alexander Bunchuk's orchestra, Raphael and his concertina, and other entertainment. Dress preferred.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has George Sterney's orchestra, tap dancing by Miriam Verne, and singing by Barbara Blake.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Dances by the comical Hartmans and an Albertina Rasch ballet. Must dress. . . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and Russian entertainment.

SAPPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive new room, formerly the Embassy Club, with Barry Winton's orchestra, and songs by Jean Sargent. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske sings at midnight.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sully Kendis and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Tamara, Julio and Genevieve, and Duval, the magician, provide the entertainment, with music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers songs by Hildegarde (through Dec. 26) and by Eve Symington (starting Dec. 28), dances by Mario and Floria, and music by Leo Reisman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras. Must dress. . . . The Empire Room is open for supper dancing Fri., Sat., and New Year's Eve. only, with Michael Zarin's orchestra.



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.]

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AShland 4-4000). . . . Vincent Lopez: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100). . . . Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200). . . . Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000). . . . Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Phil Darcy: Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . . Dick Stabile: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Abe Lyman and Arthur Ravel: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Bobby Hayes: Edison Hotel Green Room, 46, W. of B'way. . . . Mal Hallett: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Howard Lally: Salon Madrid of the Fifth Ave. Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Bill McCune plays in the "61" Club at the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

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NOTES—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Beachcomber Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Elisha Tuttle's orchestra and songs by Consuelo Flowerton and Peggy Strickland. . . . Jim Moriarty's Café Bali, 161 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-6570), offers Lou Rand's dance music and entertainment by the Vanyego Voodoo band and dancers; a new revue opens Dec. 26. . . . Zoe Zelli's Royal Box, 130 E. 58 (WIckersham 2-9612), decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, has a floor show featuring Rachel Carlay.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), reopens with a new show on Fri. Eve., Dec. 25. . . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572). . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers music by Phil Romano's orchestra. . . . The Floradora, 157 W. 56 (CIrcle 7-8434), was scheduled to open Dec. 23, with Dan Healy and a show.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has a revue featuring Bill Robinson and music by Cab Calloway.

If you're looking for swing music: Red McKenzie has recently opened a place at 54 W. 52 (VOlunteer 5-9776). There's also the Onyx, 72 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Teagarden, Trumbauer, and Teagarden. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . If you're out late: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-6161).

HARLEM—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley. . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band; go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way, at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110. . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil, and songs by Olga Acosta.

MOTION PICTURES

AS YOU LIKE IT—Attractive and charming all around, with Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, and Laurence Olivier as Orlando. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 24-28; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

BORN TO DANCE—Big, gaudy, and bright, with Cole Porter tunes, dancing by Eleanor Powell, and young people like Una Merkel, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen in high spirits. (Capitol, B'way at 51; Thurs., Dec. 24, last day; continuous from 10 A.M. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; starting Thurs., Dec. 31; continuous from 1 P.M.)

COME AND GET IT—Edna Ferber's story of Wisconsin lumber millionaires, with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 25-27; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper, and Mickey Rooney as three youngsters of New York streets. Often entertaining. (Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 26-28; continuous from noon.)

LLOYDS OF LONDON—There's more passion than insurance in this ornamental costume piece. With Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power, and Madeleine Carroll. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

REMBRANDT—A very worthy and stately film of the artist's later days. Charles Laughton does a fine job and he is notably assisted by Gertrude Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; Thurs., Dec. 24, last day; continuous from 11 A.M.)

REUNION—Callander, Ontario, and its heroines. The Quintuplets pursue their distinguished career with tactful assistance from Jean Hersholt. (RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; and RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 28-30; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THEODORA GOES WILD—Easygoing film of the young lady novelist who comes to the big city for the first time. Irene Dunne sustains the weightier moments. (State, B'way at 45; Thurs., Dec. 24, last day; continuous from 10 A.M. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 25-28; continuous from noon. . . . Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 25-27; continuous from 8:30 A.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 31-Jan. 3; continuous from 1 P.M.)

WINTERSET—A very superior film adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Burgess Meredith in his stage rôle. (RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 24-30; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

REVIVALS—At the Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57—"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," Tues. and Wed., Dec. 29 and 30; "The Great Ziegfeld," starting Sat., Jan. 2; continuous from noon.

FOR CHILDREN—Films suitable for young people at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78 (BUtterfield 8-8454), daily from Dec. 26 through Jan. 3, at 2:20, 4, and 8:30 P.M. . . . At the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320), Mon. and Wed., Dec. 28 and 30, at 11 A.M. (See also "CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT" on page 2.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Garden of Allah," Technicolored and passionate and sad, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer; "Go West, Young Man," Mae West's lively version of the play "Personal Appearance"; "Libeled Lady," longish but often funny, with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Spencer Tracy, and Walter Connolly; "Tarzan Escapes," at home in the treetops with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan; "Three Men on a Horse," very much like the play and extremely funny, with Frank McHugh and Joan Blondell.

OPENING OF NOTE

AFTER THE THIN MAN—Dashiell Hammett's new sequel, with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Fri., Dec. 25: continuous from 10 A.M.)

ART

AMERICANS—Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe; with some charming painting on glass by Rebecca S. Strand: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 30. . . . Paintings by fifteen Americans, most of them important or very promising: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

BAER—Romantic realism, suave and thorough, so popular that the show has been held over: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

BROOKLYN—Rayon and synthetic yarns in textiles. Also, prints by Segonzac: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.: Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

CHAGALL—Flowers and dreams by a modern whose fantasies are sweet and human: New Art

Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

COPLEY—The first great American painter, in a show that includes even two of his big English historical compositions: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

DERAIN—Strong, sober, mature work of one of the most durable of the moderns: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

FLOWERS—By as many different artists as there are florists; from Lintott to Agnes Tait, from Redon to Weber: Karl Freund, 50 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Decorative arts in the French theatre: Museum of French Art, 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

HOFFMANN—Second appearance this season of the sculptress who did the Races of Man for the Field Museum in Chicago: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

HOMER—Comprehensive show, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth, with many examples of work done before his visit to England: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M. . . . An introduction to Winslow Homer: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

LABOULAYE—Landscapes and still lifes: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

LEFT—Group exhibition of the good left-wing painters, including artists as different as Wanda Gág, Harriton, Refregier, and Schreiber: American Artists School, 131 W. 14. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.

McFEE—Drawings by one of the best draughtsmen in the country: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.

OLD MASTERS—Important paintings, including Hals, Rembrandt, de Hooch, and Hobbema: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . Engravings by Old Masters: Keppel, 71 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

PRENDERGAST—Monotypes in color by Maurice Prendergast: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

PRINTS—"America Today," selected lithographs, etchings, and other prints by a varied group of artists: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . Annual exhibition of American Printmakers: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M. Both shows have some top-notch work.

ROSS—Paintings in tempera, water colors, and lithographs by a painter who knows his American landscapes: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

SURREALISM—Grand show, as full of fun and mischief as a poltergeist, beginning with the surrealism of the Middle Ages and ending with the comic strip: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. . . . New paintings by Dali: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . Handwork by Man Ray, the photographer: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26. . . . Retrospective exhibition of Joan Miró: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

TEN—Group of associated painters, more or less expressionist in tendency: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

UNKNOWN—A veteran, O. A. Renne, who exhibits for the first time: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 30.

WALTERS—Ceramics, mostly in polychromes, of animals, birds, and figures, by an artist as amusing as he is skilled: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

NEW GALLERIES—The following galleries have recently opened: Henry Jordan, 601 Madison, Old Masters; and the French Art Galleries, Inc., 51 E. 57, showing modern French paintings from the Impressionists onward.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Sculpture by Anna Hyatt Huntington: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155 (open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.). . . . Exhibition of French and Italian interiors of the eighteenth century: Alavoine, 712 5 Ave. . . . Paintings by Adele Watson: Decorators Club, 745 5 Ave.; through Dec. 30. . . . Marine paintings by Frank Vining Smith: Schwartz, 507 Madison; through Dec. 30. . . . Religious art: Georgette Passedoit, 22 E. 60; through Dec. 31. . . . Paintings of Mexicans by Wayman Adams and of Mexican flowers by Margaret Adams; also, small oils and water colors by Gordon Grant: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt (open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.); through Dec. 31. . . . Paintings by Malherbe: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 (open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Recent paintings by Georgine Shillard: Milch, 108 W. 57 (open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.); through Dec. 31. . . . Decorative paintings and sculpture: Argent, 42 W. 57; through Dec. 26. . . . Drawings and water colors by various artists: Artists Gallery, 33 W. 8 (open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.) . . . Annual Members' Show: Camera Club, 121 W. 68 (open 1 to 5, and 8 to 10 P.M., except Wed.); through Dec. 31. . . . Reproductions, including second series of Living American Art: F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61. . . . Reproductions of all kinds: Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52. . . . Paintings by John Lillie and Pamela Bianco: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Jan. 2. . . . Group show: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. . . . Paintings by Adelaide de Groot: Valentine, 16 E. 57; through Jan. 2. . . . Stage designs and models, and portraits, by Oliver Messel: Carstairs, 11 E. 57; through Dec. 30. . . . Work by Morris Kantor and William Zorach: Progressive Arts, 428 W. 57. . . . Water colors by George Yater: Babcock, 38, E. 57. . . . Rooms built around paintings by Renoir, Matisse, Modigliani, and Manet: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison (also Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.).

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

GASPAR CASSADÓ—First solo recital appearance in town of the latest 'cello personality: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27.

MARION TELVA—The Metropolitan contralto does songs and such: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 28.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL—Another chance to hear this astonishing historic pianist: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29.

KATE AND JAMES FRISKIN—Two-piano music which promises to be unusually interesting: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 2.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting; soloist, Josef Hofmann: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 25, at 2:30; and Sun. Aft., Dec. 27. Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 1, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

WPA MUSIC—New York Civic Orchestra, Jacques Gordon conducting: Museum of Natural History, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Symphony, Fritz Kitzinger conducting: Brooklyn Museum, Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 4.

PAUL STASSÉVITCH'S ORCHESTRA—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Hänsel und Gretel" and the ballet, "The Bat," benefit performance for Greenwich House Health Center, Thurs. Aft., Dec. 24, at 2:30; "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 24, at 8:30; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:30; "Samson et Dalila," Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:30; "Rigoletto," Mon. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:30; "Carmen," benefit performance for the Near East College Association, Wed. Aft., Dec. 30, at 2. "Lakmé," Wed. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:30; "Aïda," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:15; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:15; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:30.



ANGNA ENTERS,

who appears at the Alvin Theatre on the 27th, in the second of three recitals. She's not exactly a dancer; more of a mime. She's also a playwright, a guitarist, and an artist with several exhibitions to her credit.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: L.I.U. vs. Stanford, and N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:15.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun. Eve., Dec. 27; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31. . . . Amateur games: Fri. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:30; and Sun. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2.

College Hockey—At Playland, Rye, N.Y., 8:30 P.M.: Cornell vs. Colgate, Mon. Eve., Dec. 28; Cornell vs. Union, Tues. Eve., Dec. 29; Colgate vs. Williams, Wed. Eve., Dec. 30; Dartmouth vs. Williams, Fri. Eve., Jan. 1; Colgate vs. Dartmouth, Sat. Eve., Jan. 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Dec. 26: Governors Island vs. Gypsy, at 8:30; Squadron A vs. Winged Foot, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Jan. 2: First Division vs. N.Y.A.C., at 8:30; Winmont Farms vs. Squadron C, at 9:30.

OTHER EVENTS

ITALIAN EXHIBITION—Original drawings, autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, and early printed books, executed in Italy from the sixth to the sixteenth century: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

TOYS EXHIBITION—European and American toys from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century: Cooper Union Museum, 4 Ave. at 8. Open weekdays (except Sat.) 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

PUBLIC BALLS—The annual Greenwich Village Ball: Webster Hall, 119 W. 11, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10. . . . New Theatre League's annual New Year's Eve Ball: Palm Gardens, 8 Ave. at 52, Dec. 31.

NOTE—The new Rockefeller Plaza Skating Pond will be open to the public starting Dec. 25, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. Open daily 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.; 2:30 to 6 P.M.; and 8 P.M. to midnight.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Hänsel und Gretel," with Irene Jessner and Queena Mario: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 24, at 2:30, WJZ. "Samson et Dalila," with Gertrud Wettergren and René Maison: Sat. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2, WJZ.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS—Mayor La Guardia speaks at the lighting of the Christmas tree before City Hall: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 24, at 4:15, WOR. . . . President Roosevelt's Christmas greetings to the nation: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 24, at 5, WJZ, WABC, WOR, and WMCA. . . . Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra and chorus in Christmas music: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 24, at 10, WABC. . . . There are many other special programs Dec. 24 and 25 on all networks; see daily papers.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR—A chance to hear him on the air, with the Ford Symphony, Iturbi conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 9, WABC.

ELISABETH RETHBERG AND EZIO PINZA—Singing with the General Motors Symphony, Rapee conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 27, at 10, WEAF.

DEDICATORY PROGRAMS—Celebrating the Mutual System's establishment of a coast-to-coast network. Many prominent people and orchestras will take part: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 29 and 30, from 10 on, WOR.

TWELVE CROWDED MONTHS—Annual review of a dozen of the most important news developments of 1936: Tues. Eve., Dec. 29, at 11:30, WABC.

JOHN BARBIROLLI—The Philharmonic-Symphony's conductor talks about "Making Music for America": Wed. Eve., Dec. 30, at 6:30, WQXR.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES (Listing is chronological)—Boston Symphony, Black conducting: Thurs. at 8, WJZ. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Kreiner String Quartet: Fri. at 3, WABC. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Cincinnati Conservatory of Music: Sat. at 11 A.M., WABC. . . . Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Sun. at 5:30, WJZ. . . . Echoes of New York Town: Sun. at 6, WJZ. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. . . . Classics of the Keyboard: Sun. at 7:15, WOR. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Nelson Eddy: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Paul Whiteman: Sun. at 9:15, WJZ. . . . Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting: Mon. at 3, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes: Mon. at 8, WJZ. . . . Richard Crooks: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Curtis Institute of Music Concert: Wed. at 4, WABC. . . . Fannie Brice: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . Ethel Barrymore: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Nino Martini and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)



Black Star

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor:
I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Papa says 'if you see it in The Sun it's so.'
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 West 95th Street"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

"Is there a Santa Claus?" is the question put to the Editor of The Sun in 1897 by little Virginia O'Hanlon, now Mrs. Edward M. Douglas. The answer, an editorial article with that question for its title, has become the most famous ever written. Year after year it has been reprinted on The Sun's editorial page just before Christmas. After a generation, the holiday sentiment it expresses is as appropriate as on its original appearance.

The Sun
NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SHOPPING in Woolworth's, in the turbulent days, we saw a little boy put his hand inquiringly on a ten-cent Christ child, part of a crèche. "What is this?" he asked his mother, who had him by the hand. "C'mon, c'mon," replied the harassed woman, "you don't want that!" She dragged him grimly away—a Woolworth Madonna, her mind dark with gift-thoughts, following a star of her own devising.

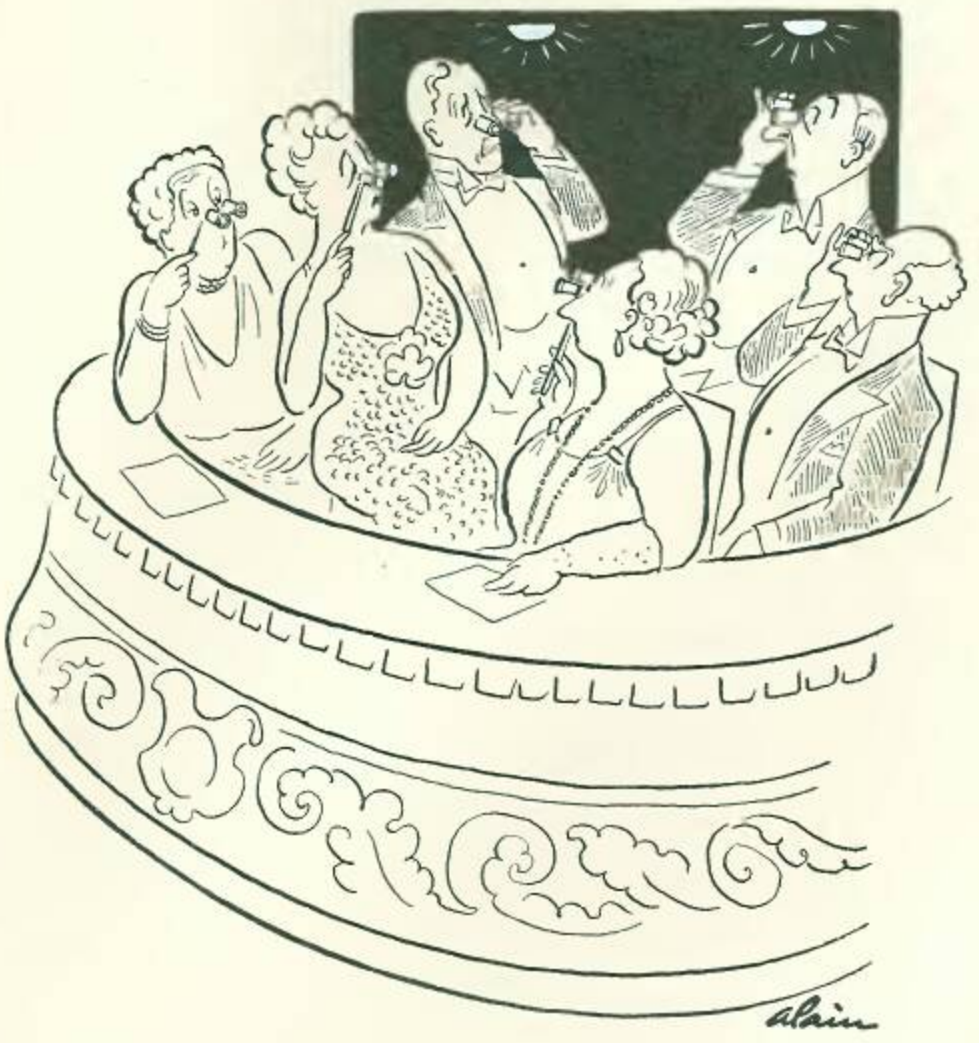
FESTIVALS commonly infect us with nostalgia, as indeed they do most adults, and Christmas in particular, whose most vivid celebration was long ago. We heard someone the other day accuse us of a too great "longing for the past," which is a true charge against us, although it is not so much a *longing for* the past as a *sense of* it, without which we doubt that any man can have much enjoyment of the present. Writers in whatever century have found the times out of joint; and if the color and shape of the world today are conducive to that attitude of mind, it merely proves that the world changes very little. We have just been reading in Thoreau's journals an entry for October 12th, 1851. "He [Minott] tells me of places in the woods which to his eyes are unchanged since he was a boy, as natural as life. . . . But for the most part, he says, the world is turned upside down."

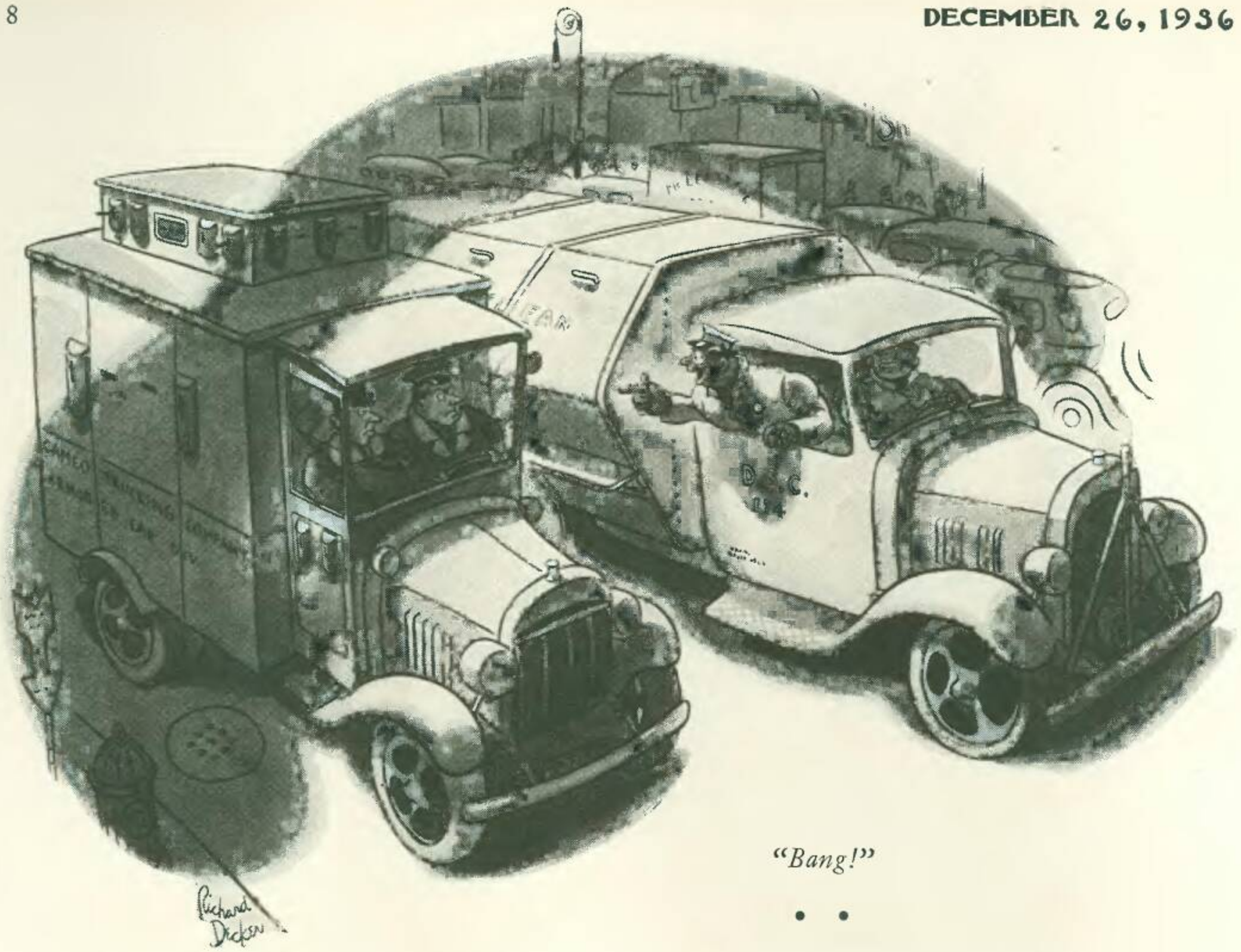
EVERYONE has one Christmas he remembers above all others, one blindingly beautiful occasion. Ours is a Christmas Eve, during calf love, when we made the (for us) adventurous pilgrimage to a midnight Mass in a Catholic church. Churchgoing in our family had always been in the honest gloom of a Protestant Sunday morning, and we must hasten to explain that the purpose of this clandestine night expedition was far from religious; we simply had reason to suspect that if we visited that church at that hour, we would catch a glimpse of our beloved. Snow began to fall at sundown, and fell quietly all evening. The snow, the lateness of the hour, the elaborate mysteries of the Mass (we had never seen the inside of a cathedral before), together with the steady burning vision of the back of Her neck whom we adored, and then the coming out into the snow alone afterward, with the street lamps veiled in white: this indeed was a holy time.

ALL persons who received bonuses this year should try to save a holiday thought for the young man who works for an insurance company—a "certain" insurance company is the phrase we're after. It seems that recently he's been working there nights and Sundays on a long, involved, somewhat special task, which he finally completed to everybody's satisfaction. His chief called him in, complimented him, and, while the young man was wondering whether it would be a salary increase or a bonus, pulled out a key and handed it to him. It was a key to the executives' washroom, which the young fellow is now privileged to use, instead of the common, unlocked washroom frequented by the cheap help.

A QUESTION we like to ponder is whether any child is going to receive, on Christmas morning, a Moto-Scoot. We saw a Moto-Scoot in Abercrombie's the other day—a scooter powered with a ¾ horsepower gasoline engine. The price of this arresting toy is $94.75. Our special interest in it derives from the fact that we were the first boy in our neighborhood to manufacture and use a scooter, and we have watched its gradual refinement with unflagging zest and some consternation. In our time a scooter was what you built if you had only one roller skate. You loosened the bolt, separated the skate into front and back wheels, screwed the two sections onto a board about three feet long and four inches wide, and mounted a wooden box on the forward end. To steer, you shifted your weight from side to side. This native type of scooter is still in use in New York, has proved itself. But it started a long line of refined vehicles—it began to get disc wheels, handlebars, pneumatic tires, and streamlined mudguards. And now, by heaven, it has a ¾ horsepower gas engine. Deep, deep down in us, hidden in the folds of our scorn, is the desire for one.

TO us, who love travel for its own sake and who particularly love railroading, the following story seems strangely diverting. There is published, in the town of Quitman, Ga., a weekly paper, the *Free Press*, which





"Bang!"

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serves the quiet needs of the country round about. North of Quitman, 23 miles away, and connected with it by a dirt road, is the little town of Adel, Ga. On Thursday afternoon, each week, the problem comes up of getting the Quitman *Free Press* to Adel. It is done as follows: Copies of the paper are placed on an afternoon train bound for Perry, Fla., exactly in the opposite direction from Adel. At Perry, two hours later, they are transferred to an Atlantic Coast Line flyer for Macon, where they arrive at 6:10 A.M. The Southern Railway then takes up the baton and runs the news from Macon to Adel, where the rural routeman finally attacks the bundle which has travelled 361 miles and taken 14 hours to go 23 miles.

MERRY Christmas to all! We'll see you Christmas morning on the new skating rink in the Rockefeller Center sunken gardens—now the sunken, frozen gardens. White tie.

Social Evening

A LADY we know has told us about a little passage she recently had with a taxi-driver. She and a friend were coming home from a shopping trip, and, as she dropped the friend at her apartment, she said, "I'll call you up soon, and we'll play bridge." "I hate that," the taxi-driver said, as they got under way again. "Hate what?" she asked timidly. "This idea that you have to play bridge all evening," he told her. "Can't you just sit and talk?"

Farewell Disc

ONE of the best-selling records of the moment is the former King Edward's farewell to the Empire. At least four companies made transcriptions of the broadcast, which, for an international program, was relatively free from static, and the resulting discs have been on sale for the past week, at prices ranging from $1.50 to $3. Some of the records include the preliminary announcement and the bonging of Big Ben, some don't. The fastest-selling of all the transcriptions, one put out by the Sherman Sound Studios, doesn't. It's on the smaller-sized record, and last week was being sold, like hot cakes, by Wanamaker's, Macy's, the Liberty Music Shops, and almost all the other big music places, for $2. (Late last week Brunswick entered the field with a record that sells for 50¢, wholesale. The Sherman Studios told us gloomily that they'd probably have to meet this price.) Other transcriptions are on the large, twelve-inch discs, with bongs. The Majestic Recording Corporation's record costs $2; Transcriptions' costs $1.50; and that of the White Sound Studio, $3.

The Sherman recording is being distributed by a hastily organized subsidiary company called Kugel Advertising Service, Inc. Seems that an advertising man named Mr. Kugel dropped into the Sherman offices to hear the broadcast and noticed that a transcription was being made for the files—routine procedure among transcription companies, in case you didn't know. Well, this Mr. Kugel decided that Edward's farewell had all the elements of commercial success: love interest, drama, and whatnot. He sold Mr. Hall of Sherman Studios the idea of putting out transcription records, with Mr. Kugel's financial backing. The project has been doing nicely; five thousand records have been sold at this writing, and as to the possibilities of future sales, Mr. Kugel says, "Maybe ten more, maybe God knows how many."

The British Broadcasting Corporation frowns on transcriptions, on commercial and ethical grounds. All the big American radio chains agreed not to make transcriptions, but of course there was no way of restraining private companies. As a result of diplomatic repercussions in England, the Duke of Windsor disc may soon be barred from England and the British possessions, but nothing has happened so far. The New York *Times*, we were told, was dubious about taking advertising for the record, but finally gave in.

As to the purchasers of the records, we gather that they are sentimental folk, Englishmen, monarchists, people who think the discs may some day have value as a collectors' item. Lots of people are buying them for Christmas gifts, sometimes asking to have the label removed, to make the surprise of the recipient even more complete. A lady bought a dozen, and said she was going to take them abroad to give to friends. Right now a dozen are on their way to the staff of the London *Daily Mail*.

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CRITICAL NOTE: A woman fainted last week at the Exhibition of Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism, right in front of the fur-bearing cup and saucer. She left no name or address with the attendants who revived her—only a vague feeling of apprehension.

Memo

WE were in a big, busy office recently, and picked the following illuminating memorandum off the floor:

TO MR. F——
FROM MC.

Attached is a sample of the "Dalmatian Coast Reports" I've been talking to you about.

I. What are they?
II. Whose are they?
III. What do I do with them?

Thanx a lot

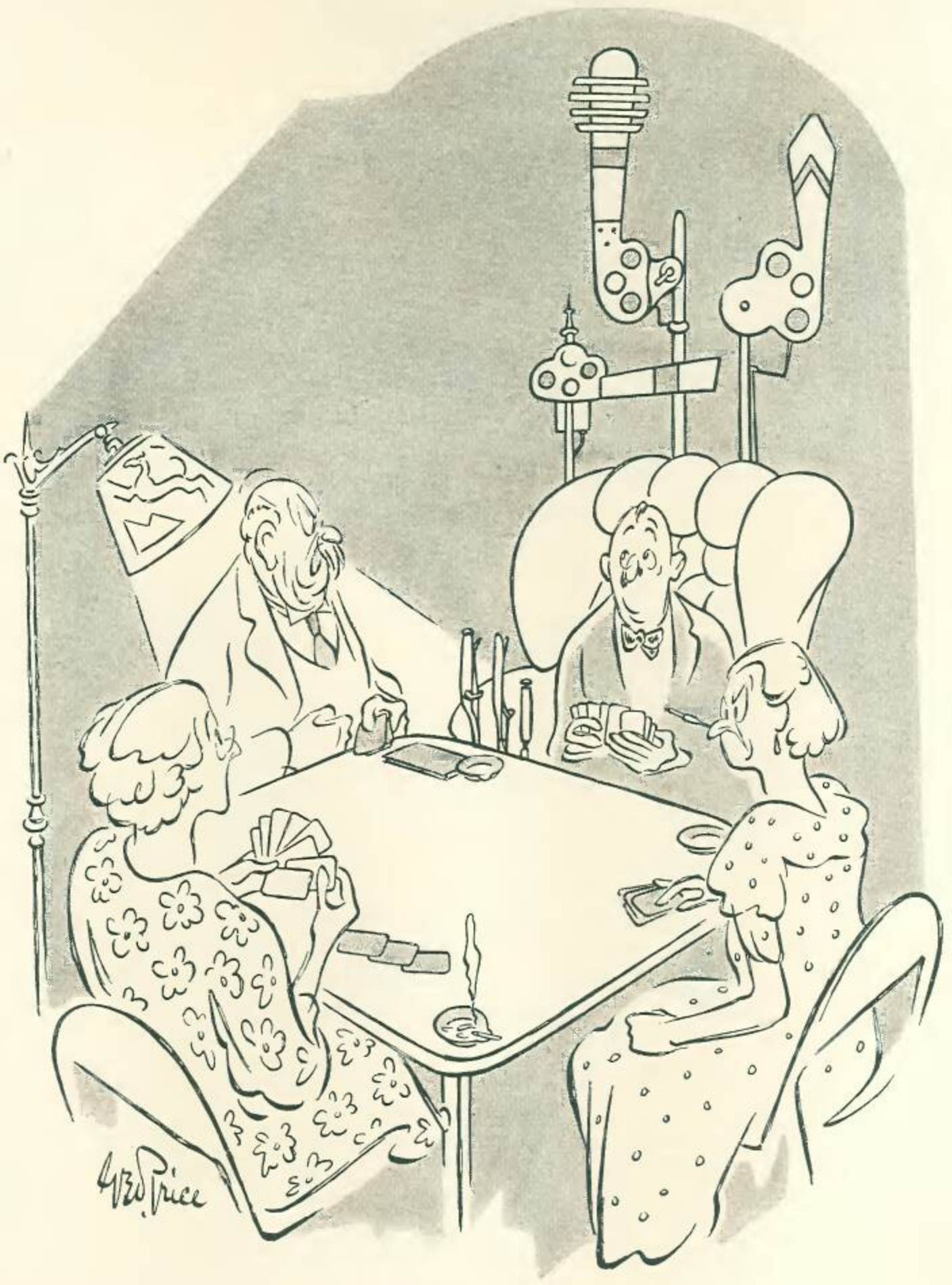
Mc.

Liszt's Pupil

HAVING been told by one of our musically-minded friends that Moriz Rosenthal was "one of the last of the heaven-storming virtuosos," we stormed the twenty-fourth floor of the St. Moritz to interview him. As you probably know, his piano recital at the Town Hall this month was so successful that he's staying on to give another one. He hasn't been in this country for seven years, and plans to make a season of it—will tour from coast to coast, giving some thirty recitals. He doesn't consider that this will be especially hard work, either; only last May he gave seven recitals in London in eighteen days, playing over a hundred pieces. This American tour will be his fourteenth or fifteenth—he can't remember which. His New York début was made in 18(blizzard)88, as assisting artist to Fritz Kreisler, a precocious young violinist.

Mr. Rosenthal is now seventy-four, and arresting in appearance: very short, very fat and paunchy, heavily mustached, slow-moving, and bright of eye. His extramusical enthusiasms are chess, swimming, and jujitsu. In 1898 he swam across Lake Como, and even now, he claims, he can float upright, absolutely immobile, in fresh or salt water. He is somewhat awed by this accomplishment, which he can't explain, exactly; thinks maybe his bones are lighter than usual. As to his skill at jujitsu—"Boint your bencil, say 'Hands op,' und I show you," he told us. We did so, he put his hands op, and then, like a flash, knocked our pencil right out of our hand. "Subbose dot vass a bistol, *hein?*" he said, proudly. He doesn't smoke at all, and drinks at the rate of a glass of beer a month. Like so many of us, he has a phobia about crossing streets, and never ventures out unless he has to, especially in New York. His home is in Vienna, and he lives there with his wife, twenty years his junior.

Rosenthal is a native of Lemberg,



"Stop acting so innocent,
Craddock! You know very well <u>what</u> signals."

Poland. He likes to tell about his first public appearance, at the age of ten, when he helped his teacher cheat on a Bach fugue; he was turning the music, and, just to be a good fellow, held down a B-flat on the lower manual while Teacher was busy with both hands on the upper manual. During his teens and early twenties, he worked in nine years of study with Liszt (he's one of the few surviving pupils of Liszt, as a matter of fact). He became the Abbé's star pupil; also, somewhere along the line, he became Court Pianist to the Emperor Franz Josef. He was also a good friend of Brahms, who, though he ordinarily didn't go out to hear music, used to go to the Rosenthal recitals in Vienna. Rosenthal carries his huge repertoire in his head, and brought only one book of music with him on the present trip—a volume of Beethoven sonatas. Chopin and Beethoven are his idols, he says; occasionally, in a good-natured way, he will play a little Debussy or Stravinski. He scorns Ravel, Hindemith, Shostakovich, and most of the other moderns. In his days with Liszt, he used to practice six hours daily, but has of late tapered off to three. He has long been known to musical critics as a great technician, so we asked his opinion of technique. "Technique iss to me like money," he said. "I don't like it, but I got to haff it."



All Right

A GRACIE SQUARE matron preparing for a luncheon dropped into the Woman's Exchange on Madison Avenue to shop for goodies. She found some little chocolate cupcakes that were just the thing, except that they had almonds on top, and this lady happens not to like almonds. "I'd like a dozen of these, without almonds," she told the salesgirl. "I'm sorry, Madam, but we haven't any without almonds," the girl told her. "But I'm sure these will be all right—the almonds always drop off."

•

THIS week's overheard conversation involves two pretty little stenographers coming out of a Madison Avenue office building at noon. "I'll go to Childs," one of them said. "You go to the Automat." There's probably a short-short story in it, if you only had all the facts.

At Long Last

REHEARSALS of "The Eternal Road," Max Reinhardt's Biblical spectacle, are going forward briskly at Oscar Hammerstein's old opera house, down on Thirty-fourth Street. Everybody connected with it says that it's absolutely going to open on January 4th. You may remember that it was supposed to open last February, and had to close down on account of financial trouble. The original estimate of the cost of production was $175,000, and this had been pledged by a number of well-off Jewish gentlemen. Well, when Herr Reinhardt got to work on the opera house, installing mountains and so forth, the costs mounted to $235,000. The last straw was a big rock in the foundation of the building. Herr Reinhardt needed a basement beneath the stage, for actors to enter from, and it cost $15,000 to chip out this big rock to make room for the basement. Then, after they got the rock out, the engineers said they'd have to put in a steel arch, at a cost of $25,000, to support the stage, which the rock had formerly held up gratis. That was when the backers quit. They lay dormant for some time, being reorganized only recently, by an attorney named Louis Nizer. The costs are now up around $450,000, which is probably some kind of record.

We looked in on one of the rehearsals last week, and found things pretty much the same as they were a year ago. Herr Reinhardt is still assisted by the Baron Francesco von Mendelssohn, an aesthetic-appearing young man in horn-rimmed spectacles, who takes down in a black notebook everything the Master says, and sees that his orders get carried out. He sent us an order while we were talking with the publicity man. A messenger came over to where we were sitting, in the orchestra, and said, "Von Mendelssohn says to stop whispering." Reinhardt was sitting in the first row of the orchestra, with a floodlight on his face. We asked why he had a floodlight on his face, instead of on the stage. "The International News Service is taking candid-camera pictures of him," the publicity man said. A scene in a synagogue was being rehearsed. "Leave the door open a while," a large actor in a fur-trimmed overcoat was saying. "It's so *good* not to feel shut *in*, and shut *out*." Another member of the congregation seized his arm in terror, but wasn't terrified enough to suit Herr Reinhardt. "No, no," he said, getting up on the stage. "Like this." He acted twice as terrified as the other had, with wrigglings of his body, while the candid-camera man took shot after shot.

Stagehands meanwhile came out on the stage bearing sheaves of wheat, through which dancers were to dance in a scene about Ruth. "Real straw," the publicity man whispered. "We change it every so often. It's fireproof—won't burn at all." It turned out, too, that this was imported straw. Domestic straw doesn't grow high enough to be stacked, and spliced wheat straw in a scene about Ruth is repugnant to Herr Reinhardt. So the straw comes all the way from Italy. It is imported by the Universal Flower & Decorating Company, this city. God knows what it costs. We got faint just by thinking about it, and had to go home.

Fame

A YOUNG lady named Rose was approached on Central Park West by a lady who wanted to get to Essex House. "Well," said Rose, pointing south, "see that building with the 'Essex House' sign on it? That's Essex House." "Goodness!" the woman said. "All of it?"

Left-Handed

WRITING of Lou Little a while back, we quoted him as saying he'd have been a dentist instead of a football coach if the University of Pennsylvania had had left-handed dental equipment when he was enrolled there. The appearance of this statement was followed by some muttering. One reader wrote in to say that the U. of P. still hasn't got left-handed dental equipment, and a couple of others to say that they'd *seen* left-handed dentists and that Lou Little was probably too easily discouraged. It all seemed important enough for further research, and we assigned one of our younger investigators to the job. He reports that of

57,028 practicing dentists in the United States, approximately 114 are left-handed. This is not, however, an exact figure, as no census has ever been taken, or anything like that. His estimate is based on the conclusions of Dr. L. J. Symons, 835 Saratoga Avenue, Brooklyn, one of the left-handed dentists we were told about. Dr. Symons has made some inquiries through the years and figures that one dentist out of five hundred is left-handed. He studied at Columbia, which never has had any left-handed equipment either, and got through all right; he's inclined to think that Little may have been lazy about dentistry.

Our man also called on Mr. Frank Lavezzi of the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company, the world's largest in their line. Mr. Lavezzi wouldn't make an estimate, but said that in the twenty-five years he's been in the business, he's supplied complete equipment to not more than ten left-handed D.D.S.'s. Mr. L. said he'd never heard of a school with left-handed equipment, and that he'd just equipped the University of Minnesota with 125 units (chair, engine, cuspidor, etc.) and the University of Pittsburgh with 135 units, all right-handed. Usually a left-handed man, with perseverance, can use right-handed equipment and develop a high degree of ambidexterity. Or he can move the cuspidor (it was the cuspidor that discouraged Little) and the engine to the other side of the chair. Dr. Symons works with special left-handed equipment whenever it is necessary. For instance, he has left-handed forceps—costing $7.50 as against $5—for lower-jaw extractions, but uses ordinary forceps for upper-jaw work. He says that in his fourteen years of practice not more than a dozen patients have noticed that he works left-handed. In fact, while our young man was interviewing him, a patient was in the chair who had been coming to him for four years and had never until that moment seen anything unusual about Dr. Symons.

The Encyclopædia Britannica has a little article on left-handedness in which it says, "The percentage of left-handedness among normal individuals is estimated to run from 4 to 8%. The percentage is much higher among inmates of institutions for the feebleminded and the psychopathic and in the National and American Leagues." It would seem that Little has the figures on his side, with only one-fifth of one per cent of left-handedness among dentists.

Dramatic Criticism

A RESIDENT White Russian has written us a peevish note about Robert Sherwood's play, "Tovarich." In the first place, he says, the word is "tovarisch." In the second place, he says that he has seen the play twice, and that each time, in the scene in which John Halliday, as the exiled Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff, is shown reading a newspaper in bed, he has been reading the Moscow *Isvestia*, the official organ of the Communist Soviet government.



"Tell him I have information of a startling nature."



"Don't answer now, dear. Wait till you have another double brandy."

A CHRISTMAS STORY

FROM where she sat, near the door of the Captain's cabin on the hurricane deck of the S.S. Vega, Mrs. Fogarty could hear the preparations attendant upon a new round of rum swizzles. Since she had a hollow leg, it was a matter of anguish to her that she was now obliged to wait outside while the Captain occupied himself with cargo shippers.

It was Mrs. Fogarty's custom to appear on deck each afternoon at four o'clock. From that moment until the Captain appeared with his invitation, she lay back in her deck chair and contemplated the sky, the Caribbean Sea, and whatever islands the ship was passing. But more often than not she closed her eyes upon the islands and slept.

She had put on a chartreuse velvet gown because it was Christmas Day, and because she had all her life possessed an indestructible sense of occasion. But the dress was not enough. Mrs. Fogarty felt tired and slightly (if the truth were known) jaded. It seemed to her, as she looked out over the harbor, that she had seen more impressive places than Fort-de-France. It lacked the red-and-white gaiety of St. Thomas, for example. And there was too much of a certain yellowish brown. As if the town had been left out in the rain overnight and had rusted.

She would only be obliged to look at it for an hour or so. Perhaps not that long if the Captain got through with his shipping business. And before very long there would be rain.

On shore there was a slight commotion. Antlike figures were embarking in a rowboat. There were three other ships anchored in the harbor, but Mrs. Fogarty was sixty-two. She had reached the age of farsightedness. And there was no doubt but that it was the passengers of the S.S. Vega who were getting into the rowboat.

When they had gone ashore the first time, at St. Thomas, Mrs. Fogarty had pointed out to the Captain that it would be a comparatively simple matter to haul up the anchor between drinks and sail away. She made the same suggestion at St. Croix, and at St. Martin, at St. Kitts, at Antigua, and at both the ports of Guadeloupe. She had intended doing so at Dominica, only there the passengers were so plagued by natives that they returned earlier than usual. They did not even wait for the whistle to blow.

The rain came when the little rowboat was no more than halfway to the Vega. Mrs. Fogarty sat up and glanced hopefully around, but in all the wide bay there was nothing that resembled a tidal wave.

Long ago, when she was a girl, she had lived in the hideous and hideously dull town of Plainfield, Illinois. And in the cool of the evening she used to walk out past the fields and pray that the whole scene be delivered up in smoke and flames before her eyes. It never was. Not even when she ran off at the age of seventeen with a Portuguese acrobat. And now the little boat containing the drenched passengers had reached the ship's ladder in safety. Their damp voices flew up to her through the rain. She peered over the railing, sighed, and took comfort, seeing how exactly like drowned rats they looked.

Over Fort-de-France, where the sky was still blackened, there was a double rainbow. A mulatto appeared in the door of the Captain's cabin and, after a moment's hesitation, started for the railing. Then he saw Mrs. Fogarty, tacked suddenly to the right, and went below. The rainbow vanished, the rain stopped, the voices within grew louder.

It was cruel, Mrs. Fogarty said to herself. And barbarous. Like the family dinners of her childhood, when she and her brother and sister were made to wait upstairs while the grown people gorged themselves. With an effort she remembered the wallpaper in that upstairs room, and James and Emily taking turns at listening through the stovepipe hole; James, who was dead these twenty years, and Emily, with no interest beyond her gall bladder.

"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Fogarty!"

Across the surface of the deck moved the portly figure of Mr. Horsford.

"We had a ducking!" Mr. Horsford sat down beside her. "More picturesque than Guadeloupe," he said, with a wave of his hand. "And it doesn't smell. I mean, nothing like so much. There's a statue of the Empress Josephine, you know, a marble statue."

"A marble slut," said Mrs. Fogarty.

Mr. Horsford opened his mouth and closed it again. "I thought something of driving to St. Pierre," he said. "But it takes two and a half hours, and I was afraid I shouldn't get back in time. There was a blowup there. Wiped out the whole . . ."

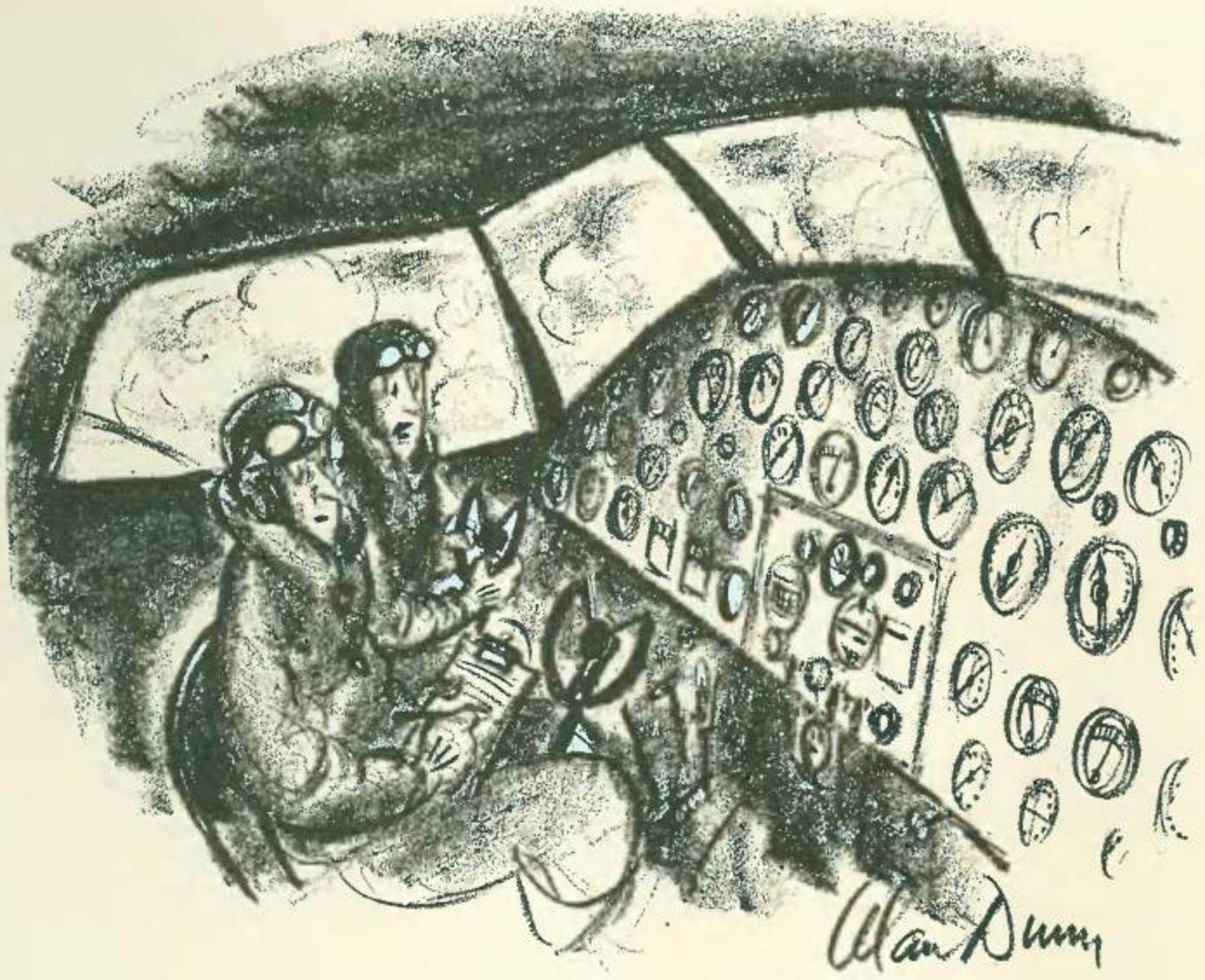
Mr. Horsford's catastrophe had been got only that morning from "The Pocket Guide to the West Indies," by Sir Algernon Aspinall, C.M.G., C.B.E., author of "A Wayfarer in the West Indies," etc., etc. With her eyes closed, Mrs. Fogarty could more completely abandon herself to irritation. That anyone should be telling her about the eruption of Mount Pelée! She, who could remember the sinking of the Maine and Garfield's assassination and (if she put her mind to it) The Flood! The eruption was in 1902, and all that May the New York papers were full of it. Thirty thousand people wiped out instantly. She was in Brooklyn looking after Emily's children while Emily got her divorce. And whenever a muffin ran over the side of the tin, the children called it Pelée.

"There were many premonitory symptoms which were ignored by a majority of the people. . . ." Mr. Horsford was in the habit of using now and then a few of Sir Algernon's words also.

When Mrs. Fogarty opened her eyes, she saw two young men—the Canadians—bearing down on the forecastle. One had a clothesline, and the other a hunk of meat. Day after day they went fishing. When they were not fishing for sharks, they stayed in their cabin and drank rum. They drank too much rum, of course, and sometimes they were a trifle childish. Only last night Mrs. Fogarty had been awakened out of a sound sleep by their quarrelling. They had been on shore, and had got to the fighting stage—about "not paying a poor black wench." But whether for oranges, which they were forever buying to take back to Canada, or for something unmentionable, she could not make out. From their restored good humor she divined that they had been to a club in Fort-de-France and drunk away their grievance.



Mr. Horsford was reaching the climax of his narrative—the arrival of the French cruiser Suchet, and the discovery of the lone survivor. As a lone



"Most of them are mysteries to me, but that one on the right gives stock-market averages."

• •

survivor herself, Mrs. Fogarty felt bound to sit up and take an interest. But a glass was shattered in the Captain's cabin, and deep masculine voices wheeled about her like gulls. Wheeled and dived and wheeled again. Mrs. Fogarty closed her eyes. When she opened them, it was to see the sharp head and shoulders of Mrs. Shepherd piercing the sky.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs. Shepherd settled herself in a deck chair and arranged her pink-and-yellow draperies in an attitude of permanence.

"Edward's fishing."

Edward, Mrs. Fogarty reflected, was no different—no *worse*—than any brat of fourteen. It was having to hear all the things that Edward's mother at one time and another had said to Edward.

"I was telling him he must be careful."

"I shouldn't think," said Mrs. Fogarty, "that there'd be much danger so long as Edward stays on the ship. The sharks will stay in the water."

Mr. Horsford, though not appealed to, nodded sagely. "About the sharks, Mrs. Shepherd. You needn't worry. They never attack people, you know."

"Don't they!" said Mrs. Fogarty, remembering how the second officer of a certain ship, one that she was travelling on, had been so careless as to go swimming off the ladder in the harbor at Sydney. "Don't they!" she repeated, her mind clogged for an instant with the memory of screaming.

"No," said Mr. Horsford. "That's just a superstition."

Mrs. Shepherd nodded. "Edward wanted to drive to St. Pierre, where they had the earthquake, but I asked around and it was much too expensive. Besides, it takes an hour and a half, one driver said."

"Two," Mr. Horsford corrected her gently.

"Two what?"

"Two hours and a half to go to St. Pierre from Fort-de-France."

"Our driver told Edward *one* hour and a half. So we went to see the statue of the Empress Josephine instead. She was Napoleon's first wife. Napoleon Bonaparte." A yawn took shape at both corners of Mrs. Shepherd's mouth. "He deserted her."

Mr. Horsford got up and left.

"Men are such beasts," said Mrs. Fogarty.

Mrs. Shepherd nodded. "I don't believe Martinique would be such a dirty place," she said, looking after Mr. Horsford, "if it weren't French. The French don't bathe. They use perfume instead. As we were coming back to the pier, a young colored girl walked right up to Edward and took hold of his arm. I thought she was trying to sell us her souvenirs, and so at first I was real nice to her. I've always made it a point to be nice to Negroes on account of their misfortune. Being born, I mean, with a black skin. But it wasn't souvenirs at all." Mrs. Shepherd's voice dropped until it became inaudible. Needlessly, it seemed, for Edward was with the shark-fishers, and in the Captain's cabin there was such a din that the angel of Doom could not have been overheard. "And his own mother standing right *there!*" she concluded in her ordinary, rather penetrating voice. "And before that we had trouble with another one—a man. He followed us around wherever we went. I kept telling him we didn't need a guide, but he followed us anyway. And when we went to get in the boat, he insisted on being paid for showing us the town."

"Why didn't you call a policeman?"

"We did," Mrs. Shepherd explained, "but—"

"Thirty years ago," Mrs. Fogarty took the conversation into her own lap, "in Bombay a beggar stopped me. I was just stepping into my carriage, and like a fool I opened my purse to give him something. When he saw there was gold in it, he set up the most outlandish racket you've ever heard. In two seconds there were forty or fifty of them around me, all shouting and grabbing. I told the driver to call a policeman, but he sat there on the carriage smiling. So I reached for his whip . . ."

Between her second and third marriages, Mrs. Fogarty had been an actress. Rising, she slashed the faces of forty or fifty East Indian beggars who clamored about her deck chair.

"When we drove on, the driver kept smiling back at me, and sticking out his hand. So I—"

"*Edward!*"

Startled out of her remembrance of thirty years ago, Mrs. Fogarty leaned forward to see what was the matter. The shark line was caught. On a hook or something. The Canadians were holding Edward over the side of the boat by his heels. Edward was trying to fix the shark line. And Mr. Horsford, so far as she could make out, was lowering advice to him.

"*Edward, come back!*"

Edward's mother rushed to the railing in a pink-and-yellow fright.

"So I lashed him, too," Mrs. Fogarty concluded, though she no longer had an audience.

LEFT to herself, she thought for some time about St. Pierre and the volcano that erupted while Emily was get-



"Sam, you promised to help me trim the tree!"

• • •

ting her divorce. The whole island lay before her like a landscape on a paper screen, with tiny holes now where the lights of the town shone through. Mrs. Fogarty was past sixty. She was a wicked old woman. And she had seen most of the world, even the more remote parts of it. But there was still something, she told herself. Places to go. People to see . . .

"Mrs. Fogarty."

This time she rose, smiling, and straightened her wig. The Captain was calling her. Overhead was the constellation of Orion, rather faint in the evening sky. In her pleasure at being called, she forgot momentarily about Mr. Horsford. She forgot about the Empress Josephine, too, and Mrs. Shepherd, and poor Edward, who might, for all she knew, be drowned.

"*Oh*, Mrs. Fogarty!"

Through the open doorway she surveyed the land of her inheritance: cigarette butts, ashes, paper, lime peelings, caps, corks, bottles—dozens of bottles.

"Merry Christmas?" the Captain asked, bending, very red in the face, over his swizzle stick.

"To all," said Mrs. Fogarty, "and to all a good night."

—William Maxwell

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

IF you turned to this article the day the magazine came out, you still had time to rush around and buy, for your dearest friends or enemies, some of the objects mentioned hereinbelow; if you didn't, you'll have to wait till next Christmas, and I suppose that is just as well. A person ought to think twice about Thurber's Selected Giftie List, as I have called this collection of yuletide suggestions. It is only fair to say, at the start, that I didn't think any of them up (people are always accusing me of thinking things up); I found them all in the Christmas Bazaar department of *Harper's Bazaar* for December.

What caught my eye first was this: "Pure fantasy is the little gold policeman's whistle for a gallant gentleman's watch chain, that will call taxis at night, or dogs, or just make people laugh. $26. Black Starr and Frost-Gorham." Twenty-six dollars just to make people laugh is what arrested my little gold attention here. In the first place, if you can get one laugh out of a policeman's whistle, even a gold one, you are going good; you are going wonderful. Your friends must be in a mood of wild abandon, if not, indeed, on the verge of the giggles. But let us say that you do get one laugh. After that you might as well throw the thing away or give it to a little gold policeman. A second blast on a whistle, no matter how well the first has got over, is an anticlimax surpassed by no other anticlimax in the world; a *series* of blasts lasting all evening (which is just exactly what the average gallant gentleman would go in for, if you laughed at his first toot) is an unspeakable thought.

"For the young and crazy, try Hammacher Schlemmer's shower curtains, with isinglass port-holes so you can see both ways. $11.75." Until I read this, I had never worried about being cut off from the outside world by the curtains of my shower. I had simply got behind them, turned on the water, and sung. Now the absence of windows in my shower curtains has got me (and I'm not young and crazy, I'm middle-aged and wary). And so has this business of seeing both ways got me. Does it mean that you can see in front of you and, by turning around, behind you, too? Or does it mean that you can not only see out into the bathroom after you get behind the curtains, but can also see what, if anything, is behind the curtains before you step into the shower? By brooding on this I have peopled my bathroom with dark, tiptoeing figures, crouching forms lying in wait, creepers, rippers, peepers, gentlemen with gold whistles.

"Get your husband unawares to jot down his initials in his own inimitable way some day, and take them to Tripler's. They will embroider them on their very smart black moiré evening suspenders, edged with white. $6." I frankly believe this cannot be done. As smart as women are, I don't think any wife could get her husband unawares to jot down his initials. Every man's initials have at one time or another got him into trouble—whether on an I.O.U., a friend's check, or a business memorandum. Writing his initials is, therefore, one of the most conscious acts of a man's day. I suppose *Harper's Bazaar* thinks a wife can work it this way: "Look, Harry, I want a couple of letters of the alphabet to give to an old lame lady down the street. Just put down the first ones that spring to mind." And even if it could be done, it's a melancholy idea. No man wants to see his official business symbol pop up on his evening suspenders. You might as well give him a handkerchief for evening wear with, embroidered in the corner, "Lunch, Rogers, Cloud Club 12 Tues." Husbands have signed their initials to too many dangerous and silly things to want to see them every time they put on their pants to go out to dinner or the theatre. What men really like is their initials wrought into an elaborate, impressive, and unfamiliar monogram. Anyway, show me a man who wants his initials embroidered on a black moiré anything, and I'll show you a pussycat.

"And Lambert Brothers has the most terrifyingly real ice-cream-cone



charm, with chocolate or vanilla cream. The cream is baroque pearl. $7.50." To the editors of the *New Masses*, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Most intriguing are Schwarz's dolls . . . the most fascinating have fingernails (celluloid), which can be varnished with real polish." For the discriminating insane, who have tired of merely cutting them out of paper.

"Stars are scattered upon the blue glass liquor bottle—which is really a madonna with glittering tin-foil halo and wings. $3 at Gerard's." There should be a tiny square of exquisite sandpaper between the wings, labelled "Scratch My Back."

"Very sentimental are Léron's tender chiffon hankies besprinkled with arrow-pierced embroidered hearts. $2.50. And the chiffon nightie, slip, and pantie set with a red heart just where it should be. Best. (The slip, $5.95. The nightie, $9.95.)" To complete this set there should be, of course, a tender and sentimental but quite sturdy fencing foil for the husband, the tip of the blade left as sharp as anything.

"Very tricky is the Sesame jewel box at Black Starr and Frost-Gorham. You make your own secret combination—using your lucky number, birthday, or a dear date." A dear date is really a risky thing to perpetuate. Say that a lady selects the day she became engaged, or the day of her marriage, and then the fellow ups and leaves her. There she is, stuck forever with a combination reminding her of the dirty dog every time she wants to get at her pretties. I say a bad date, not connected with anything emotional, is much better. Men always remember such dates, whereas women are notoriously bad at remembering anything, especially when they go dotty, as so many of them are nowadays (an eminent psychiatrist has estimated that within forty years every woman in the country will have lost her mind). Men, however, hold onto unhappy dates forever, no matter what happens. Let them select a bad day for the combination and the jewel box would never have to be opened with an icepick or a screwdriver. I am reminded of my grandfather, who in his eighties used to go around the house writing dates on the wallpaper. There was one that kept recurring. You saw it on the walls of every room you went into: November 3rd, 1916. Once his pastor, who called every week, inquired as to what the date might signify. "That," said my



"I don't think he's even trying."

• •

grandfather, "was the day I lost the lining of my stomach."

LET us bring this list of quaint and sentimental suggestions to a close with one of *Harper's Bazaar's* enchanting notions of what to do on Christmas Day besides giving and receiving gifts. "You might," says the *Bazaar*, "simulate the charming Swedish custom of wearing candles in your hair . . . the Swedes begin their Christmas festivity by serving the morning coffee and cakes, wearing a wreath of berried greens studded with lighted candles." The trouble with suggesting this charming Swedish custom to New Yorkers is that instead of confining themselves to serving the morning coffee and cakes with lighted candles in their hair, they would show up at Jack and Charlie's at one in the morning with lighted candles in their hair. The hell that would break loose in the crowded bar is beyond description. And from there they would, of course, come flaming down to my apartment, or to yours, ringing the doorbell until we would have to click the lock and let them in, singing and shouting and blazing away. It would be half past six in the morning before they guttered out, and everything would be scorched and covered with a layer of hardened tallow. I suggest, instead, a string of those cute little red and blue and yellow electric-light bulbs for the hair. Woolworth's. 50 cents.

—JAMES THURBER

WAITING FOR SANTY

A CHRISTMAS PLAYLET

(WITH A BOW TO
MR. CLIFFORD ODETS)

Scene: The sweatshop of S. Claus, a manufacturer of children's toys, on North Pole Street. Time: The night before Christmas.

At rise, seven gnomes, Rankin, Panken, Rivkin, Riskin, Ruskin, Briskin, and Praskin, are discovered working furiously to fill orders piling up at stage right. The whir of lathes, the hum of motors, and the hiss of drying lacquer are so deafening that at times the dialogue cannot be heard, which is very vexing if you vex easily. (Note: The parts of Rankin, Panken, Rivkin, Riskin, Ruskin, Briskin, and Praskin are interchangeable, and may be secured directly from your dealer or the factory.)

RISKIN (*filing a Meccano girder, bitterly*)—A parasite, a leech, a bloodsucker—altogether a five-star no goodnick! Starvation wages we get so he can ride around in a red team with reindeers!

RUSKIN (*jeering*)—Hey, Karl Marx, whyn'tcha hire a hall?

RISKIN (*sneering*)—Scab! Stool pigeon! Company spy! (*They tangle and rain blows on each other. While waiting for these to dry, each returns to his respective task.*)

BRISKIN (*sadly, to Panken*)—All day long I'm painting "Snow Queen" on these Flexible Flyers and my little Irving lays in a cold tenement with the gout.

PANKEN—You said before it was the mumps.

BRISKIN (*with a fatalistic shrug*)—The mumps—the gout—go argue with City Hall.

PANKEN (*kindly, passing him a bowl*)—Here, take a piece fruit.

BRISKIN (*chewing*)—It ain't bad, for wax fruit.

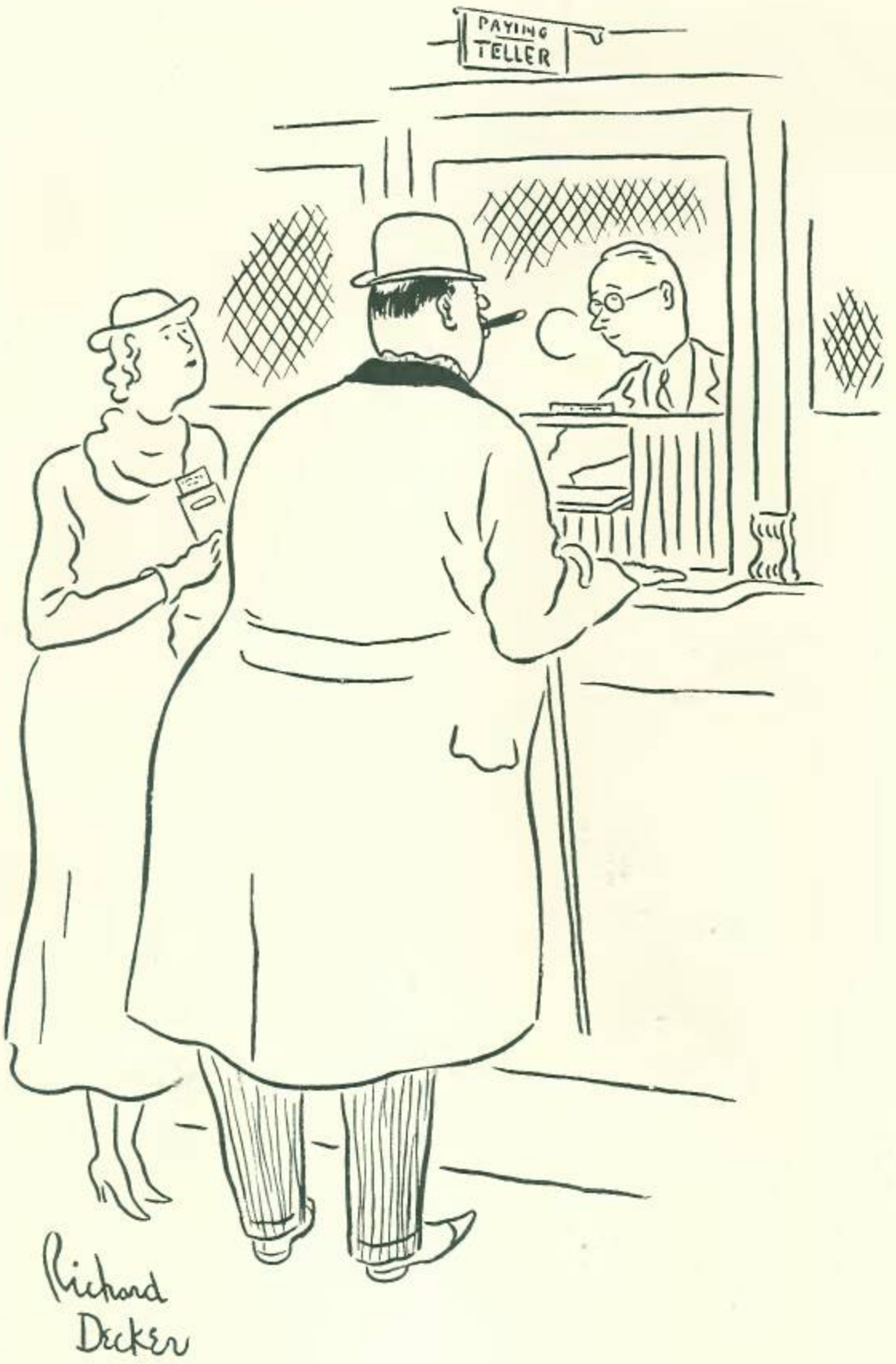
PANKEN (*with pride*)—I painted it myself.

BRISKIN (*rejecting the fruit*)—Ptoo! Slave psychology!

RIVKIN (*suddenly, half to himself, half to the Party*)—I got a belly full of stars, baby. You make me feel like I swallowed a Roman candle.

PRASKIN (*curiously*)—What's wrong with the kid?

RISKIN—What's wrong with all of us? The system! Two years he and Claus's daughter's been making goo-



"I want it for gifts. The one-dollar bills must be brand-new. The tens and twenties it doesn't matter about."

•

goo eyes behind the old man's back.

PRASKIN—So what?

RISKIN (*scornfully*)—So what? Economic determinism! What do you think the kid's name is—J. Pierpont Rivkin? He ain't even got for a bottle Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic. I tell you, it's like gall in my mouth two young people shouldn't have a room where they could make great music.

RANKIN (*warningly*)—Shhh! Here she comes now! (*Stella Claus enters, carrying a portable gramophone. She and Rivkin embrace, place a record on the turntable, and begin a very slow waltz, unmindful that the gramophone is playing "Cohen on the Telephone."*)

STELLA (*dreamily*)—Love me, sugar?

RIVKIN—I can't sleep, I can't eat, that's how I love you. You're a double malted with two scoops of whipped cream; you're the moon rising over Mosholu Parkway; you're a two weeks' vacation at Camp Nitgedaiget! I'd pull down the Chrysler Building to make a bobbie pin for your hair!

STELLA—I've got a stomach full of anguish. Oh, Rivvy, what'll we do?

PANKEN (*sympathetically*)—Here, try a piece fruit.

RIVKIN (*fiercely*)—Wax fruit—that's been my whole life! Imitations! Substitutes! Well, I'm through! Stella, tonight I'm telling your old man. He can't play mumblety-peg with two human beings! (*The tinkle of sleigh bells is heard offstage, followed by a voice shouting, "Whoa, Dasher! Whoa, Dancer!" A moment later S. Claus enters in a gust of mock snow. He is a pompous bourgeois of sixty-five who affects a white beard and a false air of benevolence. But tonight the ruddy color is missing from his cheeks, his step falters, and he moves heavily. The gnomes hastily replace the marzipan they have been filching.*)

STELLA (*anxiously*)—Papa! What did the specialist say?

CLAUS (*brokenly*)—The biggest professor in the country . . . the best cardiac man that money could buy. . . . I tell you I was like a wild man.

STELLA—Pull yourself together, Sam!

CLAUS—It's no use. Adhesions, diabetes, sleeping sickness, decalcomania—oh, my God! I got to cut out climbing in chimneys, he says—me, Sanford Claus, the biggest toy concern in the world!

STELLA (*soothingly*)—After all, it's only one man's opinion.

CLAUS—No, no, he cooked my goose. I'm like a broken uke after a Yosian picnic. Rivkin!

RIVKIN—Yes, Sam.

CLAUS—My boy, I had my eye on you for a long time. You and Stella thought you were too foxy for an old man, didn't you? Well, let bygones be bygones. Stella, do you love this gnome?

STELLA (*simply*)—He's the whole stage show at the Music Hall, Papa; he's Toscanini conducting Beethoven's Fifth; he's—

CLAUS (*curtly*)—Enough already. Take him. From now on he's a partner in the firm. (*As all exclaim, Claus holds up his hand for silence.*) And tonight he can take my route and make the deliveries. It's the least I could do for my own flesh and blood. (*As the happy couple kiss, Claus wipes away a suspicious moisture and turns to the other gnomes.*) Boys, do you know what day tomorrow is?

GNOMES (*crowding around expectantly*)—Christmas!

CLAUS—Correct. When you look in your envelopes tonight, you'll find a little present from me—a forty-percent pay cut. And the first one who opens his trap—gets this. (*As he holds up a tear-gas bomb and beams at them, the gnomes utter cries of joy, join hands, and dance around him shouting exultantly. All except Riskin and Briskin, that is, who exchange a quick glance and go underground.*) —S. J. PERELMAN

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While duck hunting at Waupoos this week, Mr. Lawrence Wright brought down a waterfall believed to be extremely rare in this district.—*Picton (Ont.) Times.*

Hope he had his rubbers on.



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!



Let those of us who are steeped in crime
Pause for the nonce and consider the time
Of year it is, and mend our ways—
Not for good, you know, just for the holidays.
I'm going to love my fellow-man
If it kills me, from now until well into Jan.,
So greetings, by cracky, to all and to one,
To Andy and Amos, to Bradstreet and Dun,
To those whom I dote on and those whom I hate,
To those who mailed early and those who mailed late,
To the timid souls who wrapped parcels securely,
To wastrels, roués, and those who live purely;
Catholic, Protestant, Moslem, Shaker,
Rich man, poor man, Josephine Baker,
Jack Dempsey, also Hannah,
Also Princess Juliana,
Walter Damrosch, Carter Glass,
Senator Lodge (Republican, Mass.),
Winifred Lenihan, William Geoghan,
Damon Runyon, Allan Reagan,
Spring Byington, Irita Van Doren,
Father Fox and Father Horan,
Shirley Temple and other kiddies,
The West Point cadets and the Navy middies,
Edgar Ingmire (Lil and Bill's son),
Greetings, Harry Leon Wilson!
Landlord, fetch some champagne wine
For Eleanor Holm and Jack O'Brien.
Ring out, wild bells, for Carmel Snow
And the Behrman brothers, Sam and Moe.
Ring out, wild bells, like this—"Bong! Bo-o-ong!"
For Sheila Barrett and Lois Lo-o-ong.
Christmas always makes me feel good;
Pour out a hooker for Hamlet Gielgud.
There'll be a sound of revelry by night
When we start toasting Perrin (Dwight),
And let us drink to Fred Astaire
And Gypsy Rose Lee, dressed or bare.
Merry Christmas, Ina Claire!
Ethel Merman, put 'er there!
Away with greed and avarice!
Miriam Hopkins, give us a kiss.
Away with the downcast puss, or mugg!
Katharine Brush, give us a hug.
Hence, loathèd melancholy,
From Richard Hoffmann and Jimmy Jolley!
Madeline Sherwood, Evelyn Laye,
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Mynheer Hendrik Willem Van Loon,
I *shall* compare thee to Heywood Broun.
Some oyster dressing, not gritty,
For Struthers Burt and Dame May Whitty.
Peace to Jockey Silvio Coucci;
Seven years' itch to Hitler and Il Duce.
Peace to Vermont and peace to Maine;
Peace to Alastair MacBain.
All yuletide blessings to New Hamps.,
And to Hattie Carnegie, dealer in guimpes.
A benison on the entire U.S.,
And every joy to Sinclair Lewis.
(Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who would not send a card to Red?)
A Christmas *allegro*, not *adagio*,
For Charlie Dufrain and Joe Di Maggio;
And one marked *scherzo*, not *andante*,
For Howard Lindsay and Jimmy Durante.
Something costly but not garish
For Maynard Williams and Anne Parrish,
And I am giving (it will be my jest)
"Gone With the Wind" to the *Readers Digest*.
Full many a gem of ray serene
For Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
For Richard Whorf and Stanley High;
Ring out, wild bells, go ting-a-ling
For Bobby Clark and Muriel King.
Landlord, fetch a tun of sherry
For Reggy Birch and Tony Perry,
C. N. Thomas, Whitney Darrow,
Harry and Adolph, Macklin Marrow,
Burleigh Grimes and the Brooklyn Dodgers,
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Rogers,
Fetch a cask of spicèd mead
For Bill Houghton and Clive Weed.
John Anderson my jo, John,
And Gilbert Gabriel, too;
John Hanrahan—here's a go, John!
And Alfred Landon . . . Who?
Carl, Jube, Jimmy, Bill—
All the boys at the Worden grill;
Noony, Hooper, Smithy, Fritz,
And Marcel and Charlie in the bar at the Ritz;
Jessie Woolworth Donahue,
Mrs. Herbert's sonny, Hugh,
Harold McGee and those at sea,
Including probably Bill McFee—
Please, all you boys and girls remember
That this is the twenty-fifth of December,
So let those of you living double lives
Try to be kind to at least one of your wives,
And if perchance you are partial to burgling,
Or if you're the sort who gets fun from the gurgling
Of elderly widows choked for their pearls,
Or you like to snip tresses from blonde little girls—
Put off Mr. Hyde and put on Dr. Jekyll,
Forget you're a horrid example from Stekel,
Forswear peccadilloes until after Epiphany,
And keep Christmas at home with your family, if any.
Oh, may this joyous season learn us
To love and cherish Thelma Furness!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

PROFILES

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

IN 1913, Diamond Billy Hall was sitting on the world and sighing for another one to conquer. He could neither read nor write, but he always wore a Prince Albert coat with a carnation in its satin lapel. And the jewel in his scarfpin, while perhaps smaller than the Kohinoor, did look mighty big and fine in Lancaster, Mo. Time was when he had been merely a modest horse-dealer. But one day his irritated foreclosure on an insolvent wagon show, which had bought some horses from him and never paid for them, left him in embarrassed possession of a few mangy lions and bears, and with these as a shoestring he came in time to own most of the animal acts wherewith the circuses of America sought every spring and summer to charm the yokelry. Now, in 1913, sated with success, he yearned to do something no man had ever done before. He wanted to make a camel walk backward.

If you have ever ridden a camel, you need not be told that they will, if it is not the rutting season, do pretty much everything you want except back up. They won't do that. Even for the gift-laden Magi they wouldn't have considered it for a moment. If you want your camel to recede, it can be managed only by making the creature circle around and approach the desired position head on. If, in your pitiable ignorance, you try to goad him into backing up, he will merely lie down, and if you then actively resent this lack of coöperation, he will spit on you. Altogether, the training of a camel to do something he is traditionally averse to doing is mean work of a kind which successful executives like Billy Hall always delegate to others.

In this instance, he remembered a young cowboy he had seen busy down at the stockyards in Kansas City, guilefully breaking fractious horses until they could at least pass muster at the auction block. This wiry youth was named Elliott Humphrey. He was born and grew up in Saratoga Springs, but after high school he deserted that then dispirited spa, athwart which there had already fallen the depressing shadow of Charles Evans Hughes, and sought the wider ranges of Wyoming and Arizona. By the time he was twenty-three he seemed to have such a way with horses that Diamond Billy thought he might be just the lad to teach a camel to reverse.

The unconsulted victim selected for this experiment was a moth-eaten old stud which soon took an intense dislike to Humphrey and could not be appeased until he had attacked and torn to tatters a straw dummy under the erroneous but mysteriously consoling impression that it *was* Humphrey. Then followed a long struggle, during which Humphrey resorted to many unkind devices, including a bellyband so studded with nails that the pupil could not, without considerable agony, play his old trump card of just lying down. At the end of three months, these adversaries arrived at a compromise. The camel would walk backward seventeen steps. Not ever, by any chance, eighteen steps or nineteen. Seventeen. But he would do that. Wherefore he was reported ready for public appearance and with tremendous hoopla he was booked in an eager circus. Four times, in making the circuit of the sawdust ring, he would back seventeen steps. Nothing like this feat had ever been seen since the world began, and it aroused no interest whatever. In proportion to the amount of time and labor spent on the preparations, the great receding-camel act was one of the most notable flops in the history of show business. Of course the tremendous apathy was due to the fact that in America, at least, no one knew that camels didn't walk backward every day.

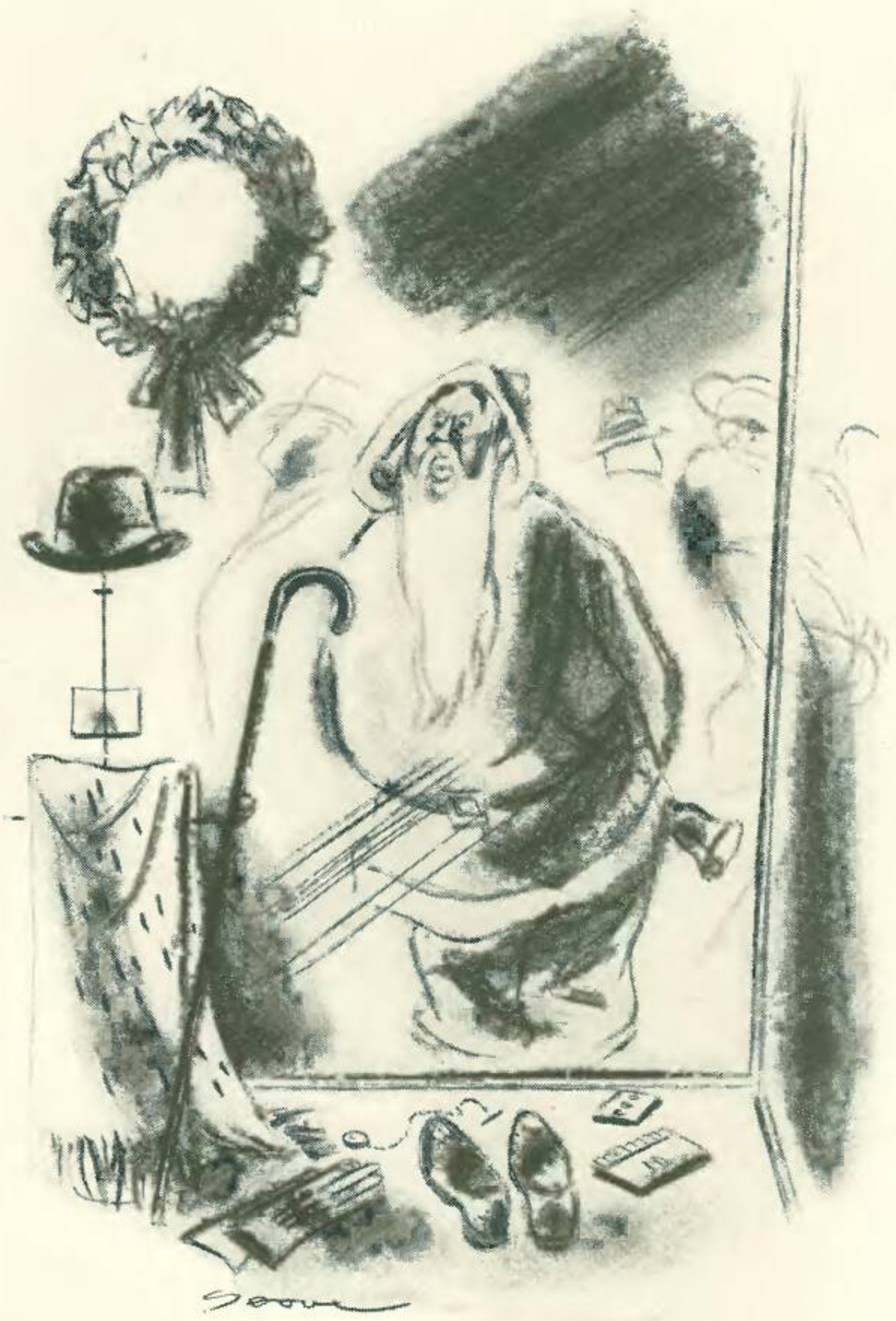
Now, except as all chastening experiences are educative, this episode may have been profitless to Diamond Billy and the camel, but it had its part in preparing Jack Humphrey—his mother named him Elliott, but in tactful silence his contemporaries and co-workers have all handsomely agreed to overlook the fact—in preparing Jack Humphrey for the post he fills today. For he is the man behind and beneath The Seeing Eye, that unique preparatory school at Morristown, N. J., where German shepherd dogs are taught to companion the blind, and where the blind are trained in the use of them. Many heads and hands are joined in that work, but the keystone of the arch is this whilom cowboy, who grows gladiolas, takes snuff, and (like H. L. Mencken and a few other surviving Silurians) still wears high shoes. He it is who teaches the dogs and their sightless masters, his the hard-earned and immensely various knowledge of animals, his the deep and old understanding of the blind. Above all, it is he who is training the trainers. For nearly two years now he has been busy whipping into shape a group of apprentices.



Elliott Humphrey

Those who see these dogs at work—one, perhaps, taking a lawyer to court and, from under the counsel's table, keeping a baleful and abashing eye on the jury; another guiding a preacher to his pulpit; and (at least there is one instance of this) another taking a doctor to his patients—may first be fascinated by the loyalty and sagacity of the dogs. But just as the world's wonder at Helen Keller soon gave way to a sus-

picion that her teacher must be at least as remarkable, so the next stage in anyone's interest in The Seeing Eye always expresses itself in a variously worded question as to how it is all managed and, more particularly, by whom. This article is an attempt to answer at least the latter part of that question, and is here set down by one whose own interest was first impaled by the sight of a blind man walking toward an awning, which overhung the sidewalk so low that it would have hit him in the forehead if his dog had not noticed it too, and detoured him to the roadway to avoid it. To this onlooking layman this did seem the neatest trick of that particular week, and he went out to Morristown to learn how it was turned.



BEFORE reporting here the result of that first investigation, it may be best to compress into a single parenthetical paragraph the design of the school, the stage already reached in its development, and the scope of its potential expansion. At The Seeing Eye, which has its headquarters in a roomy country house in Whippany, on the outskirts of Morristown, the dogs (which are bought in sundry farms and villages and never from those depressing orphanages called kennels) are, at the mature age of eighteen months, put through a three months' course as guides, each practicing on Humphrey or on one of his apprentices. Then, for another month, each dog is trained with the blind man who, for the rest of her active life, usually about ten years, will be her master and constant companion. The blind come to Whippany in classes of eight, for each of which there is a long waiting list. They come from all over the country except California, where, instead, a class assembles once or twice a year at Berkeley, and eight dogs, with one of Humphrey's lieutenants, go across the continent to meet them. As a result of the five years in which the school has been taking shape at Morristown, there are now two hundred and twenty-five of the dogs at work in this country, and (thanks to the apprentices) the school's capacity has now been so expanded that this year will see eighty more added to that number. When you realize that there are probably ten thousand blind both ambitious enough and physically fit to use them, the distant mark at which the school is shooting becomes visible. Of course the full census of the sightless in America reaches a much larger figure. But these dogs are not for children, not for old folks, and not for the infirm. Nor are they for the idle. Humphrey is training workers, not house pets.

For his dog (and his month at school) the blind man must pay, although he may get his dog on credit and pay afterward in monthly installments out of the money she enables him to earn. The charge is one hundred and fifty dollars, and since the cost to the school per dog has not yet been whittled down even so low as nine hundred, a considerable slack must be taken up by philanthropy. Wherefore Booth Tarkington is head of a national committee now enrolling all hale and solvent sympathizers as subscribing members.

As for the guileful avoidance of the aforesaid awning, each dog learns that trick because, daily, Humphrey or an apprentice lets her walk him smack into an overhanging branch of a tree and then reproaches her with a muttered "Pfui," which she takes dreadfully to heart. This comes in the third month of the training, when, after a month of lessons in obedience and a second month of lessons in guidance, the dog gets her instruction in disobedience, practice for the innumerable occasions when her blind master will order her to do something which she knows for his sake she must not do. It is in this course in disobedience that nearly all the other breeds with which Humphrey has experimented (even the French poodles) flunk out.

Only for fighting another dog is the whip ever used. For all other misdemeanors a strong "Pfui" is enough. Its persistence is one of the few things still left of the system which The Seeing Eye adapted from the one devised by the Germans for their war blind. The present curriculum has grown (and is still growing) from a thousand

and one such choices arrived at by trial and error, each duly written into the record. Just where Humphrey finds time for such paperwork remains a mystery to all visitors, who, even if they arrive at eight in the morning, usually find him puttering among the gladiolas outside his cottage on the grounds of the school, and do not know he has already put in two hours of work alone in his office, his desk light often the only lamp burning in that part of New Jersey.

His notations under the head of "Pfui" will serve as well as any other single category to illustrate the minutiæ of the experiment. If "Pfui," as a rebuke, proved to know no frontiers, it was not so with the German words of praise. These were *"So ist's brav!"* For the French students at the first training grounds in Switzerland, several equivalents for this were tried and discarded before the happy cry of a little blind poilu provided the very thing. In his delight with something his dog had done, he cried out *"Oui, il est beau!"* and so it will be to the end of the chapter. In this country a translation was spontaneously arrived at. It is "Atta girl!"

The importance of these distinctions was underscored by an early failure of the work in Italy. For several years before the founders set up their headquarters at Morristown, they ran in Switzerland a kind of normal school, whence several branches went out to serve the blind among the Swiss, the English, the French, and the Italians. Only in Italy were the results unsatisfactory, and the investigators found out why. In Italy the notion that no animal has any soul is so early and so deeply implanted by the priests that, when you reproach an Italian farm hand for belaboring his donkey, he will ask in honest bewilderment, *"Perchè? Non è cristiano."* You see, the first Seeing Eye graduates in Italy had refused to take seriously the injunction to thank as well as scold their dogs, and the dogs were, by this discourtesy, completely demoralized. Baffled at first, Humphrey eventually realized that the most grudging Italians could at least understand the psychology of the theatre. They would know how much better a clown or a coloratura worked for an occasional *"Bravo!"* So to meet this quirk in the national habit of mind, the Italian instruction was revised in terms of applause for an artist rather than thanks to a friend, and there has been no trouble since.



Tree



Warning re Santa Claus

• •

Mind you, the most churlish of Italians value their guide dogs as property. Once, in Florence, Humphrey's hostess was delighted on learning who he was because she knew all about his work through the chance that her piano-tuner was a blind man with a Seeing Eye dog. To check up on him, an order to tune her piano was issued for the next morning at eleven. Though the dawn brought rain in torrents, the tuner arrived at the appointed hour, escorted, however, by his aged grandmother. In such weather he preferred to leave his dog at home. *Dio*, she might catch her death of cold!

Although The Seeing Eye was ap-



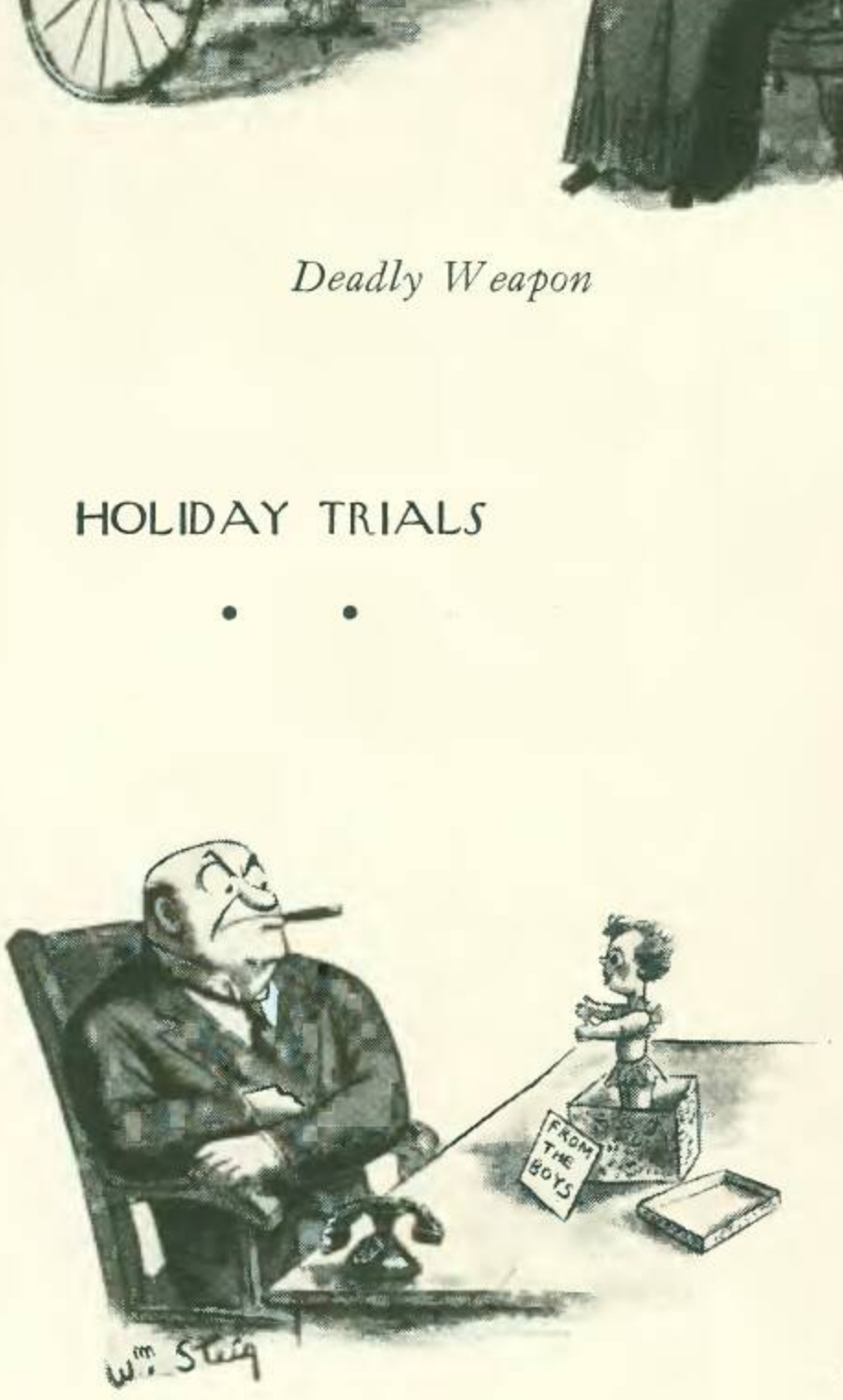
Deadly Weapon



The Unsigned Card

HOLIDAY TRIALS

• •



Office Wit



Pre-Christmas Smirk

• •

parently launched by the most capricious chance, it is impossible for one who delves into the records of Humphrey's life to miss the fact that everything he ever did was just a cheerfully unconscious preparation for his present work. In few lives is the pattern of destiny so abashingly visible. For example, the man who knows more about typography than any other American was an aviator before he went into print, and a brain surgeon before he took up flying. But Humphrey seems to have moved in a straight line ever since, at the age of seventeen, he set forth from his boyhood home on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in Saratoga Springs.

Indeed, you can see the bending of this twig and get the whole flavor of his childhood from the first letter he



"Wise guy, eh?"

• •

ever wrote. It was written to his mother when he was ten years old. Read it:

AUGUST 5, 1900

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I arrived "Safe and sound." So now I will write you a few lines. I hope you had a good time at the farm. I am catching many woodchucks. Ask Jessie if she will try to get something to put on the skins so as to keep off germs if she can to send it to me. Friday 15 of us and the neighbors went huckleberrying altogether we got about 20 quarts. This morning we set three traps and found another hole in the punkin vines. This morning we caught two bluebirds and let them go. Marion is downstairs crying. Yesterday we thrashed some oats of which I had to pitch the straw. I found a nest with twenty-seven eggs in. I have caught but one woodchuck in my trap but have it set. I lead the horse out to water every day. And drive the cows of which there are thirteen. We had sweet corn yesterday. Four pigs got out and I caught one by the hind leg with a rope. Our oats are all in. I went to Mechanicsville yesterday. Gardner went with us and we both had a soda water. I caught a woodchuck just before we went huckleberrying.

Yours
ELLIOTT

Ask Will Dorn does he want the woodchuck if he does write and tell me.

Already, you see, he was inordinately interested in the other members of the animal kingdom, and already plagued, at ten, by the most afflicting problem which haunts all huntsmen—to wit, getting rid of their kills. If you number among your acquaintances any of those purse-proud zanies who rush off to the Carolinas every fall for a bit o' shootin', you are familiar with their desperate efforts, while striving to maintain the air of one conferring a great boon, to unload upon you their excess wild duck and quail. Only, with Jack Humphrey in 1900, it was woodchucks.

When he had finished high school, young Humphrey put his other suit in a valise and his net estate—twenty-five dollars—into his pocket and went West to seek his fortune. That, too, was a time of stress, but there were odd jobs to be had. For a time he was barker on a sightseeing bus in Los Angeles—explaining the Spanish missions and the ostrich farms to the passengers, who knew even less than he did about them. And one summer at Catalina he was kept busy salting the sea with abalone shells so that he could dive for them next morning and bring them up, all wet and convincing, for the tourist trade. But mostly he had to do with animals, driving mules in the California orange groves, herding cattle in Wyoming and Montana, trading horses and (let's be frank) smuggling them in Arizona, writing about livestock for Senator Capper's paper out in Topeka, culling out non-breeding mares from Samuel Insull's herd, chastening lions (as well as that camel) for Diamond Billy.

When America went into the World War, he was clapped into the remount service, made the sergeant in charge of all animals at the depot near Camp Lee, and spent the eventful year of 1918 drearily shipping horses from Newport News. After the war he went up to Berlin, New Hampshire, where W. R. Brown, the papermaker, was in something of a state because his stable of Arabs was the worse for an outbreak of contagious abortion, which sounds like a malady that might interest the Malthusians. Humphrey lingered in Brown's service for several years, crossing to England to buy Arabs for him. He didn't buy any, but, because he will chew snuff even in England, he was extensively written up in the racing sheets over there as the "Cowboy with the Weeping Lip." He returned to New Hampshire to breed and train Mr. Brown's Arabs for the army endurance tests, himself riding the winning horse one year over some such arbitrary course as the road from Red Bank, New Jersey, to the Washington Monument.

HUMPHREY began to direct his attention to dogs while he was still working with Mr. Brown's Arabs up in New Hampshire. Of course he had always been pally with dogs. The earliest picture of him extant—he must have been a man of five at the time—includes a torpid pug, and on little Master Elliott's face is an expression of virulent animosity, inspired, as it happens, by the photographer, who, in order to get the dog into focus, had been so insensitive as to boot it into position. When Humphrey took unto himself a bride, the witnesses were the minister's wife, a collie, and another friend. On the day the doctor said to him "It's a boy," the young father's first act was to get the

kid a dog, and from all the breeds in the world he chose, for its intelligence and its fathomless fidelity, the German shepherd. The dog he bought was registered under the name Cooney-of-the-Hedges. Later she was bred to Chinook-of-the-North, and it was some of the young of this great line that went down with Byrd to pull the sledges in Little America.

In his insatiably inquisitive fashion, Humphrey started tracing inherited characteristics in the champions of this breed, drew up a report on his findings, and published them serially in the *Shepherd Dog Review*. It was these articles which prompted Mrs. Harrison Eustis to inveigle him into joining her in Switzerland and there carrying out, with her and for her, an experiment in breeding shepherd dogs for character. For this purpose, Mrs. Eustis (she as was Dorothy Harrison of Philadelphia) had already taken over Josef Hofmann's house at Mont Pèlerin, near Vevey, and established there a happy breeding ground called the Fortunate Fields.

It was this research, of which the first findings began to interest geneticists all over the world, that led to (and was interrupted by) the establishment of The Seeing Eye. Those who regard that project as in itself a great objective, and Humphrey as a pioneer with a job on his hands big enough to content any man, are a trifle taken aback to discover that he himself thinks of it as an inescapable but exasperating interruption of work fundamentally more important which he itches to get back to. In this he is morally supported by Alexis Carrel, who smolders with wrath at Humphrey's getting himself tangled up in a lot of nonsense about guide dogs for the mere blind when he ought to be back at his real job of scientific research. For Humphrey—though he never went to college, and retains, despite London, Paris, and Berlin (N. H.), an air of cowboy rowdiness, not unlike that which was part of the late Will Rogers' stock in trade—is recognized among geneticists as a first-rate original scientist, whose work has been published by Johns Hopkins ("Working Dogs: An Attempt to Produce a Strain of German Shepherds Which Combines Working Ability and Beauty of Conformation," by Elliott Humphrey and Lucien Warner, with a foreword by Raymond Pearl, Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1934), and who, during a short bout of research at Columbia a few years ago, was even able to tell the geneticists there a thing or two they didn't know about Drosophila melanogaster (fruit fly to me).

At this point there should probably be a word of explanation of the earlier allusion to his old understanding of the blind. You see, when he was a kid, he had a blind baby brother, who, in his few years on this earth, would have truck with no one but Jack. Indeed, when Jack was in the primary school in Saratoga, he used to bring the blind baby along to class so that he might keep an eye on him. If the teacher didn't like it, she could lump it.



Today all the sightless men and women coming to Morristown testify that they find in charge there a man who, more than most people, understands their point of view. It may be sentimental, or at least fanciful, to trace that sympathy to his years with his brother Leslie back in Saratoga long ago. There is, however, nothing at all fanciful about the fact that Leslie was responsible for his being now at the head of The Seeing Eye in Morristown. It must be explained that in the early days, onlookers considered his partnership with Mrs. Eustis precarious. Both were strong-willed and unused to taking orders. Indeed, it had been prophetically written into their contract that, in case of a fight, they should both shut up for two weeks and then dissolve if they still felt like it. At the end of such a furious fortnight in Switzerland, Humphrey wrote out his resignation, left it in the kitchen on the tray which would go up next morning to Mrs. Eustis's room with her breakfast, and then went off to bed. But Mrs. Eustis never got that letter. For in the hour before dawn, Humphrey, waking from a troubled sleep, sneaked down and tore it up. There was no choice, after the dream which had just visited him. For the first time in years, he had dreamed of his brother Leslie. He had heard the remembered little voice calling to him as it always used to do—calling to him for help.

Please don't make the hasty mistake of assuming that the blind coming to Morristown are there received with tender sympathy. On the contrary. Their reception there is about as gentle as that which greets a first-year man arriving with his heart in his mouth at West Point. Humphrey treats them rough. None of this insidious pity. In a few days, after the first shock, they begin holding up their heads.

But every now and again, one of them may learn by accident that Humphrey is not so hard inside. The first blind woman in this country to get one of the Seeing Eye dogs told me of her own experience with him. After the month of training, she started back to her home in California, exulting in her new freedom, and, while her husband was getting the dog settled in the baggage car—many railroads have since seen a great light about this—Humphrey paused on the platform outside long enough to stick his head in the window and say goodbye to her. It was her last chance to thank him, but when she tried he just growled at her. "Well then," she said, "at least you must take a message to Mrs. Humphrey. I want to thank her for letting you be away from her all these weeks which have meant so much to me." In reply he just walked off and left her—left her a trifle ruffled. Indeed, she told her husband, when he rejoined her as the train started, that that man Humphrey was pretty gauche. But the husband, who had passed Humphrey on the platform, was able to explain.

"He couldn't speak to you."

"And why couldn't he?"

"Well, you see, my dear," the husband said, "he was crying."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

• •

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS

Spain is sunny, bright is Spain,
See Peace and Love on hill and pläin.

And Germany hails—last year it heiled—
The birthday of the Nordic Child.

And Italy a feast will hold
Exactly in the way it's told.

But we in this land of the Golden Rule
At least know how to greet the Yule.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THE THEATRE

DIVIDED OPINION

LET'S begin with the one I am sure about. "You Can't Take It With You" is a very funny show. It is so funny that even when you are not laughing, you get a glow, for it is not only funny but nice.

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman have put aside the snake whip and have gone in for just plain, old-fashioned humor, at which they seem to excel. The story of a madcap family is not new, neither is the "Trelawney of the Wells" account of young love in conflict with patrician parents, but nothing really matters in "You Can't Take It With You" so long as Grandpa Vanderhof practices his dart-throwing and snake-breeding and gets up to Columbia Commencement once a year. (That's the kind of play it is—dart-throwing, snake-breeding, and Columbia Commencement.)

There are times when one wishes that Messrs. Hart and Kaufman had really tried to write a play, which they very easily could have done, as they have done it before. Along about the middle of the second act, the situation begins to cry out for a play instead of a parlor game. But this is really picayune fault-finding, for nobody in the audience really wants a play when he can get the brand of laughs that "You Can't Take It With You" is full of.

I suppose that there are people who won't think that "You Can't Take It With You" is so awfully funny, for there are people who don't see anything funny in crazy families with printing presses and xylophones in the living room and contentment in their hearts. With such critics I have no traffic. The people that I like are the people who like "You Can't Take It With You."

I also like people who like the cast that Sam Harris has assembled for this improbable harlequinade. Henry Travers, after years of hovering around on the edges of an ideal rôle, has at last found one in Grandpa Vanderhof. There are spots of greatness in Mr. Travers' portrayal of the old gentleman who decided to stop work thirty-five years ago because it was interfering with his leisure, and who hadn't paid an income tax for twenty-two years because he didn't believe in it. There are also many fine moments in the life of Josephine Hull, as the mother who took to writing plays because a typewriter had been left at the house by mistake (how many plays are written that way!), but who had just as soon paint or do anything. Paula Trueman is the daughter who ballets her way through life, but who, according to George Tobias, her teacher, "stinks." Frank Conlan, as Mr. De Pinna, the iceman, who came to the house eight years ago and liked it so much that he lived there ever since, helping Frank Wilcox, as the father, make illicit fireworks in the cellar, is also an integral part of the great, lovable assemblage, as are the two colored assistants, Ruth Attaway and dear Oscar Polk. And George Heller, the unfortunate young man whose penchant for xylophone-playing and printing cluttered up the living room so, cannot be forgotten in a summary of the pleasures of "You Can't Take It With You." Neither can Mr. Kaufman's direction.

The fact that one has to mention everybody in the play and say what he does is a good indication of what "You Can't Take It With You" is like. It isn't a good play, but it is just about the best evening's entertainment in town, and you are very pleased with yourself for liking it, which is something.



"TONIGHT AT 8:30"

The protean Miss Lawrence and Mr. Coward run over a few of their many, many lines, just to make sure. At the National.

I DON'T know what got into me that I didn't like "Brother Rat." Everybody else did. And when I say "everybody else," I mean all the reviewers and practically everybody in the audience. I am going to see it again and find out what I could have been thinking of.

In the first place, I was thinking that Virginia Military Institute is a prep school, which apparently it isn't, and it threw me into an evil humor to see the rôles of prep-school boys being played by obviously grown men. Right there I got off on the wrong foot.

Then, and on the same foot, the whole thing struck me as being very Brown-of-Harvard-and-Stover-at-Yale, and, on the whole, a little embar-

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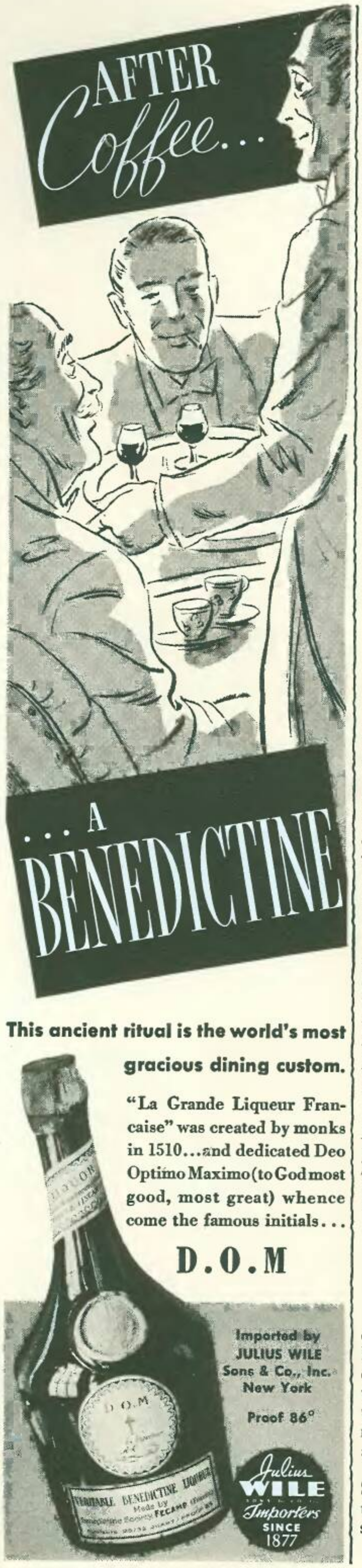
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ITALIAN (sweet)
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alcohol 18% by volume

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rassing. This mood was not helped by the V.M.I. friends in the audience, who applauded every reference to the little secrets of life at V.M.I. and gave an air of Hasty Pudding to the evening which grew more and more oppressive as the night wore on. One felt that the cast were going to show up in makeup at the buffet supper at Prexy's after the performance. And considering that one or two of the "boys" were on the gangster side of twenty-five, this prospect was slightly appalling.

However, I must have been in the wrong, for my colleagues to a man agreed that here was a pleasant comedy worthy of everybody's attention. In fact, I haven't spoken to anybody who has seen it who didn't like it. So let's put it down to something I ate, and I'll take another crack at it soon. I hate to be as wrong as that.

—Robert Benchley

•

TIMID PLEA
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COMPANY ADVERTISING
"SLEEP WHILE YOU FLY"

Dear Sirs, I'd rather sit upright,
If you don't mind, all through the night!

Though even now, I know they lie
Between the solid earth and sky,
And toss, and punch their pillows plump,
And stretch, and give another thump,
As nonchalantly as a man
About to sleep in Grand Manan:

Though even now, I know they doze
In horizontal, calm repose,
And roar among tall clouds, and loop
Among the stars, and blithely swoop
Above the Rockies, bleak and wild,
And dream as sweetly as a child:

Dear Sirs, I'd rather sit upright,
If you don't mind, all through the night
Than such surrender, hanging high
Between the solid earth and sky.

—Patience Eden

•

Next the former King made a broadcast of farewell to the people of the British Empire. His voice gave evidence of strong emotion as he said he had been constrained to lay down the burdens of state because unable, owing to opposition from Parliament and the Cabinet, to have "the help and support of the woman I love."

The reference was to Mrs. Warfield Simpson, the American woman from Baltimore who left here a week ago for southern France.—*The Herald Tribune.*

So the cat's out of the bag!



To meet the demands of hundreds of patrons, the St. Regis is happy to announce that this gay and beautiful room will be opened for New Year's Eve, with Jules Landé and his orchestra and a program of special entertainment. To reserve a table, telephone Lawrence, PLaza 3-4500.

* * *

A few reservations are available also in
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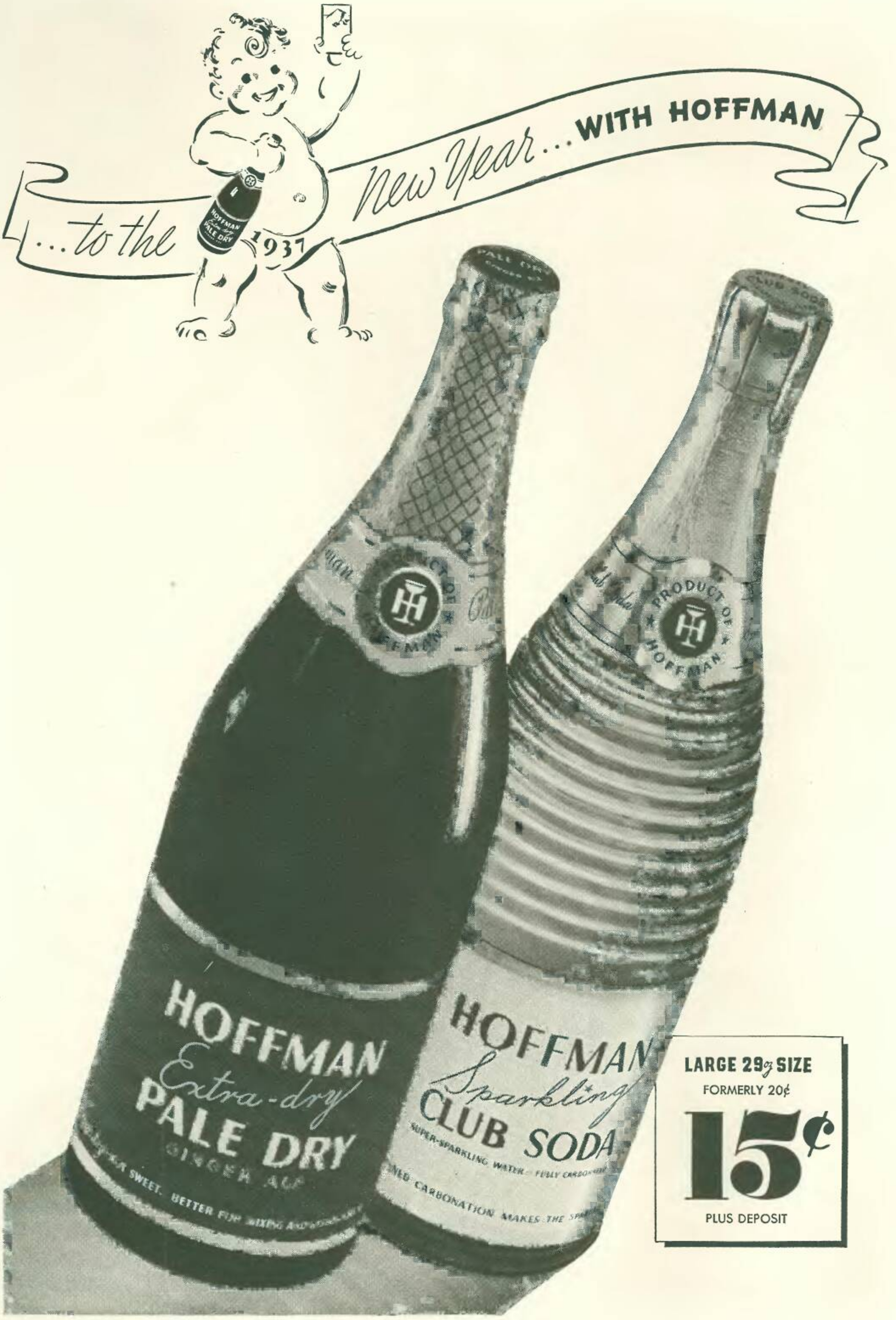
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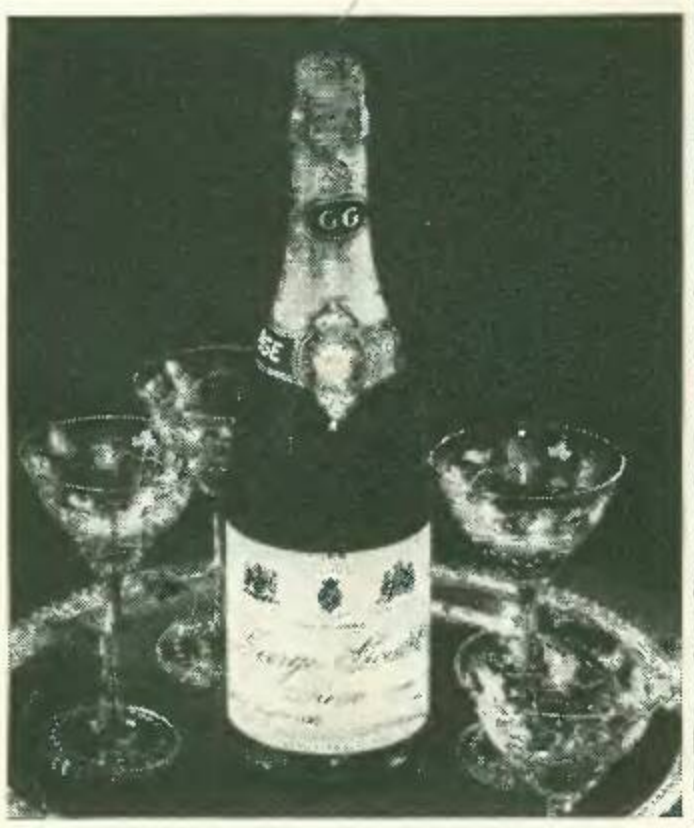
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•

Another little service for our customers: The best legal talent money can buy tells us it is not compulsory to read the newspaper reviews of the events of 1936.

•

The Archbishop's farewell speech to Edward was pure melodrama. "Go," said the stern old man, "and never brighten our door again!"

•

The G.O.P. national committee heartily approves the work of its chairman in the campaign. He swept all but forty-six states and is probably the greatest Hamilton since Hamilton.

•

All right-thinking people will agree that Christmas comes too early; nobody is ever ready for it. Let's get together next year and set the calendar back.

•

President Butler condemned German and Italian universities for abandoning intellectual freedom. Among those absent from this meeting was Robert Burke, who was recently expelled from Columbia for saying the same thing.

•

A dress rehearsal for snow removal was held last week, and everything went smoothly. The city is now equipped to handle the worst theoretical snowstorm our Mayor can think up.

•

The Princess Elizabeth is the most personable member of the royal family. Publications will not find it easy to make us all sick and tired of looking at her picture, but they will do their best.

•

Joseph Bruno, a life-term convict, was released from a Pennsylvania jail to visit the dentist, but he has not been seen since. The big sissy just couldn't take it.

•

Over twenty-one million people have applied for social security. All these policies were sold without the use of agents, calendars, or blotters.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



MERRIEST Christmas!
HAPPIEST New Year!

We have the gayest holiday spirit—as well as the grandest holiday spirits you've ever tasted! The very nicest people in New York come to these unique Lounge Bars to have a good time. Won't you?

ROGER SMITH
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Double Sparklers from 25¢
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The Roger Smith—40 East 41st Street
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TABLES FOR TWO

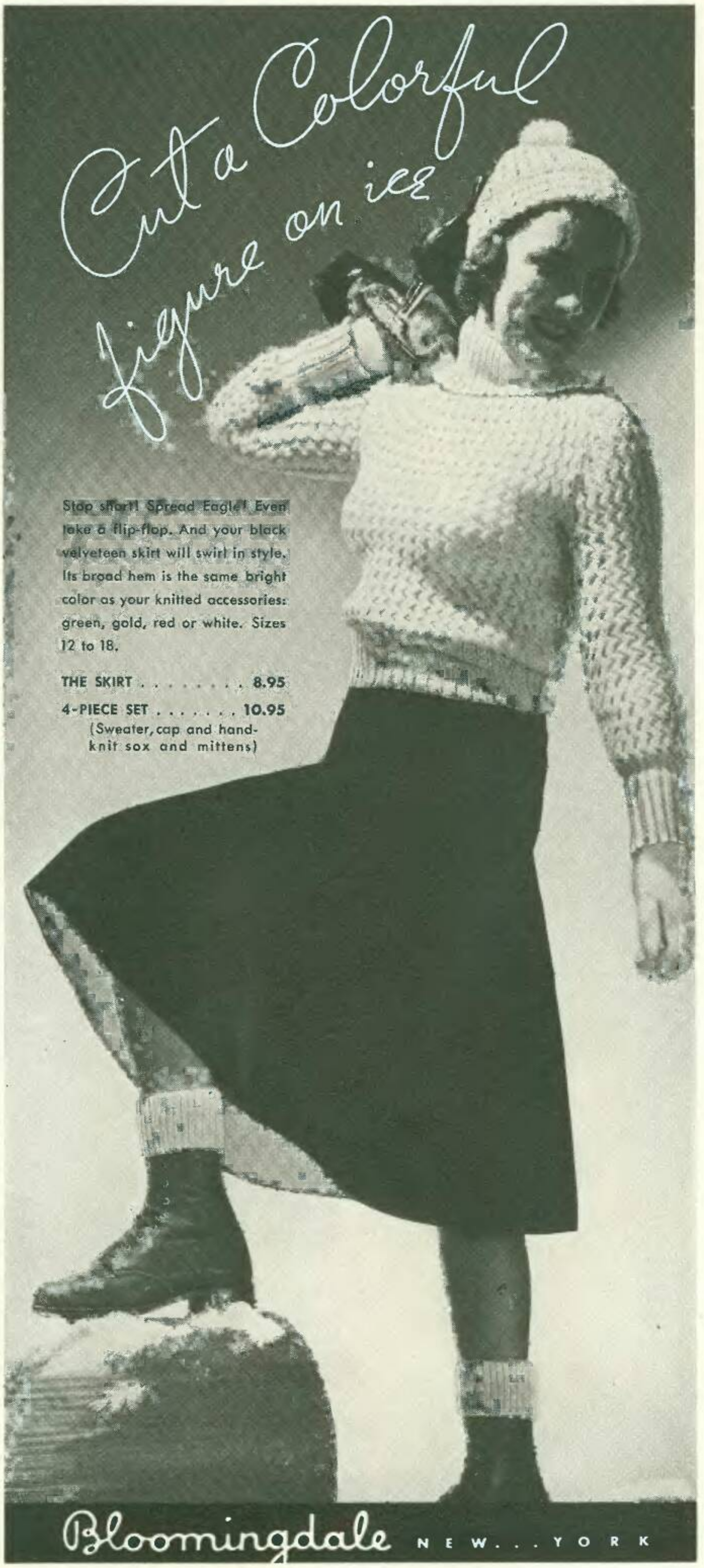
The Tumult and the Shouting

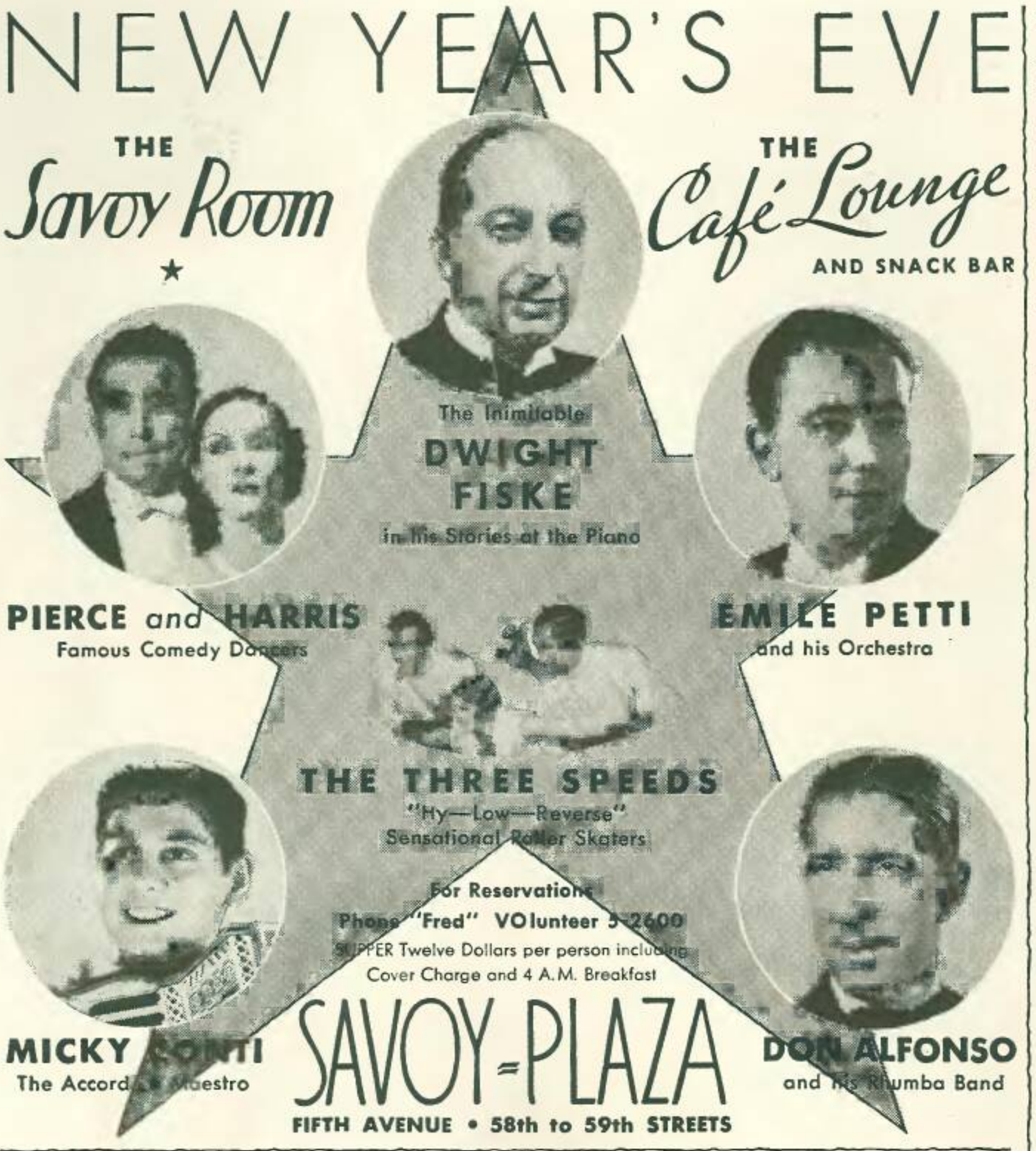


IF hullabaloo is any indication, New York is having a record-breaking good time. A splitting head used to tell you in the morning that you had Been Places the night before; now it is shattered eardrums and ragged vocal chords.

Take the Persian Room at the Plaza, where our gilded folk gather to watch the De Marcos prove that ballroom dancing can be thrilling, and to "dance" cheerfully themselves to the tum-tum of the Eddy Duchin orchestra on a floor even more crowded than Texas Guinan's used to be. Your diaphragm is all but cut in two by your table, because the dowager back of you is pressed for room, and conversation proceeds in shrieks. Paul, the headwaiter, displays a type of snobbery that supposedly died with the days when boys got hot tips at cocktail parties, cleaned up in the market, and thereafter thought of themselves as social and financial giants. People simply love being pushed around, but I am haunted by the knowledge that I have been through it all before. I ponder the same mystery that baffled me ten years ago: why civilized folk are willing to wait interminably for a table just because getting one at all proves, somehow, that you are Somebody.

Late at night, everybody who is dressed up fights to get into El Morocco, where they start putting tables out on the dance floor as early as 11 P.M. This is indeed a shame, for Ernie Holst's music is up in the front rank, heading for a camera-eye finish in the Best Dance Orchestra Sweepstakes. Everything is very, very yoo-hoo and mixed up, with so many dizzy shifts of partners that married men are justified in considering the place a hide-away, for nobody can possibly tell who brought whom. At the Stork Club, there is a tradition that every newspaperman, columnist, and this-week's-intellectual must drop in at least once an evening for a drink and the chance to complain, hoarsely, that the orchestra is deafening, and to announce that he'll never set foot in the joint again. Which means that collegians and dé-





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butantes who get around to reading the *Daily Mirror* at least once a week crowd in to cavort to the infectious music of Gus Martel and have the time of their lives. And, for reasons I cannot fathom, people who are still on their feet seem to head for the Kit Kat Club to greet the dawn. This place is like Harlem of long ago, with shrill girl singers who fortunately don't care whether anybody listens or not, the crash of dropped highball glasses, and the pounding of an orchestra that is fast and loud and keeps you awake, willy-nilly.

NOW for a touch of peace and quiet, which those Russians have a knack of supplying. On the site of the unlamented House of Morgan, at 49 East Fifty-fourth Street, the cheery Maisonnette Russe de Paris offers a large and gay room, a good dance orchestra, and entertainment that drifts in casually throughout the evening—a Russian woman singer, and an Iranian gentleman named Hachem Khan, who sings beautifully in French, Italian, German, Russian, and, I suppose, in various Albanian and Liberian dialects as well. If you want your atmosphere more mystic and throbbing, don't forget the Russian Eagle, in the Sherry-Netherland. It's one of those places you like to go to if you are in love, and also if you are trying to nudge a yearning into a grand passion.

I am not one who approves of rooms that are decorated like enlarged boudoirs, but there is no getting away from the fact that the Iridium Room at the St. Regis is pleasant to look at and a becoming background for women in general. Being one of *the* places to go to, it is crowded nightly with the smart set, but it is so spacious that there is room to try to do justice to Emil Coleman's perfect music. And at midnight there are the Hartmans, to whom I will forever pay tribute. What with their relief and astonishment when a trick of magic ends all right, and their desperate struggles with ballroom dancing, first thing you know, Gilbert Seldes will label them "artists," representing man's eternal struggle against the bafflement of the world, and my life will be ruined.

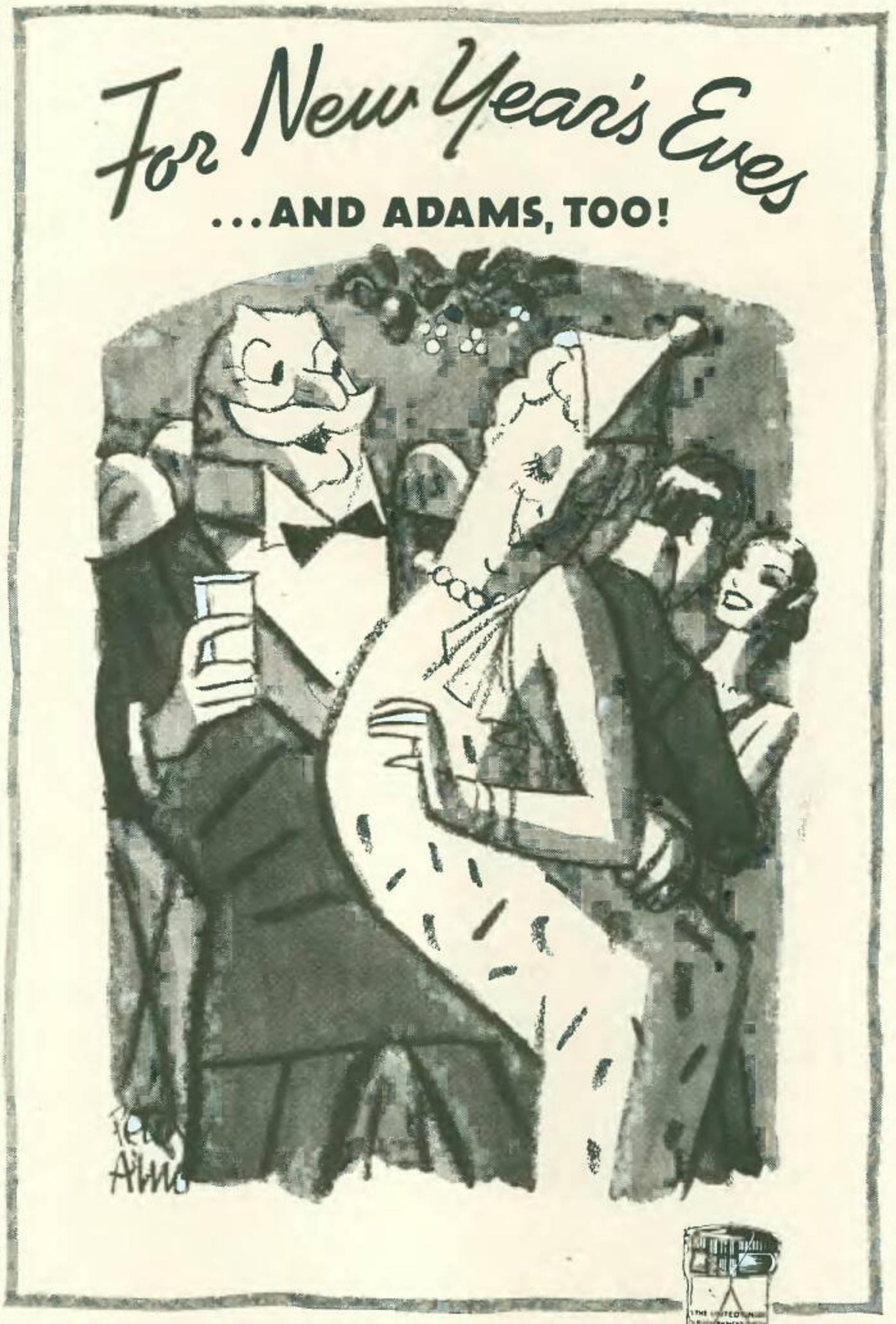
I AM nuts about the show at the Cotton Club, which is rowdy-dow Broadway. Bill Robinson and Cab Calloway are something to see, and the revue is full of beautiful, tawny creatures, in lovely costumes, keeping up a fast-stepping pace throughout. . . . Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist at the

Rainbow Room, gets into such furious arguments with a stubborn, aggressive, and nasty dummy that you believe he is going to sock the little man. Oh, it's marvellous. But I wish Ray Noble would leave the networks for a while and start moving again. His music is getting dreamy in the wrong way. Radio has ever been a menace to dance time.

In fact, orchestra leaders in general would do well to study Mr. Leo Reisman, who is playing in the Sert Room at the Waldorf, and has never in his life been so good. There are bursts of going-to-town, with a great deal of brass and much hair-shaking on the part of the Maestro, but also there is plenty of soft, hushed playing with a hotsy-totsy tang that puts you on your feet before you realize it. Some people think of this room as gloomy, but with those Sert panels to gaze upon and that tingle in the music, I found myself thoroughly happy. Eve Symington sings at midnight, and her deep and lovely voice becomes more assured and charming every season. None of these things, however, were the evening's sensation. We were in no squab-en-casserole mood, and the very thought of a dainty cuisine was loathsome to us. We wanted roast beef. Rare roast beef. People who make those expeditions to out-of-the-way cellars because of the steaks are wasting taxi fare. The Waldorf is an elegant chophouse.

SOME time back, I spoke of the revival of a mood of ten years ago. It was that which brought me smack to Joe Zelli, who has opened his Royal Box at 130 East Fifty-eighth Street. Now, here is a perfect host and a charmer if ever there was one, as well as a symbol of those delirious playboy days in Paris that made so many anecdotes with which you will bore your grandchildren. The romping, eternal collegiates, however, and those naughty people who so adored misbehaving have gone from him, and Broadway has rushed in. This is not right. Some of the slicker graduates of the Ritz Bar in Paris (circa 1926) ought to be rallying around; they are more becoming to Zelli. Anyhow, there is an inviting bar, a dance room with a streets-of-Paris atmosphere, nicely done, and a girly-girly revue headed by Rachel Carlay, who is expert at that through-the-nose type of Franch allure. But it is still more a place to drop into for a drink than one in which you'd want to spend the evening.

—LIPSTICK





Welcome 'thirty-seven, bid farewell to 'thirty-sex, ye gay young blades . . . and bladesses . . . by cavorting under the *thistle*toe in The Grand Macnish manner. Enjoy the *extra* mellowness that *extra* age imparts to this grand, old Scotch whisky . . . without paying extra for it. The Grand Macnish, favored the world over, costs no more than many younger, less mellow, less famed Scotch whiskies.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Winslow Homer



AFTER a fortnight of poking around the surrealist exhibitions, it is a relief to come up to the surface for a little fresh air. That is what makes the two Winslow Homer shows so timely. Homer has the bite of the northeast wind and the rejuvenating effect of the sunlight after a long, wet blow; what was vague and slippery and unformed was outside his province. Devil take the underworld, with its murky vaporings, its sadistic jokes, and its carefully arranged posturings. Here, in the keen-eyed American Homer who painted, is the eternal surface pattern of things that one finds in the blind Greek who sang. The wind, the waves, the forest, the agile bodies of tough men and shapely women—these are Homer's realities.

These two shows celebrate the centenary of Winslow Homer's birth. They give the most rounded view of his work in all its phases and aspects that has yet been disclosed; we can see Homer, indeed, as he could never have seen himself. The show at the Macbeth Gallery, which long handled this artist's canvases, is a sort of preliminary exploration; it deals mainly with the products of his early manhood. No one can follow the later details of Homer's development who is not familiar with these first vigorous buds of his talent, a talent so positive and self-assured that he was never unduly inflated by the ingratiating applause that was his almost from the beginning. Even some of the minor revelations of this Macbeth show are charming. In the little oil of the sharpshooter firing from a tree, for example, one discovers, in the button of the soldier's cap, that small, fierce spot of red that was to appear with dramatic effect, again and again, in his later water colors.

As for the Whitney Museum exhibition, it is all that a memorial show should be. The putting together and the hanging of this show were plainly a labor of love, and Mr. Lloyd Goodrich, who has also written an admirable introduction for the catalogue, deserves to be given everyone's thanks. With the Whitney Museum presentation of Homer before us we can



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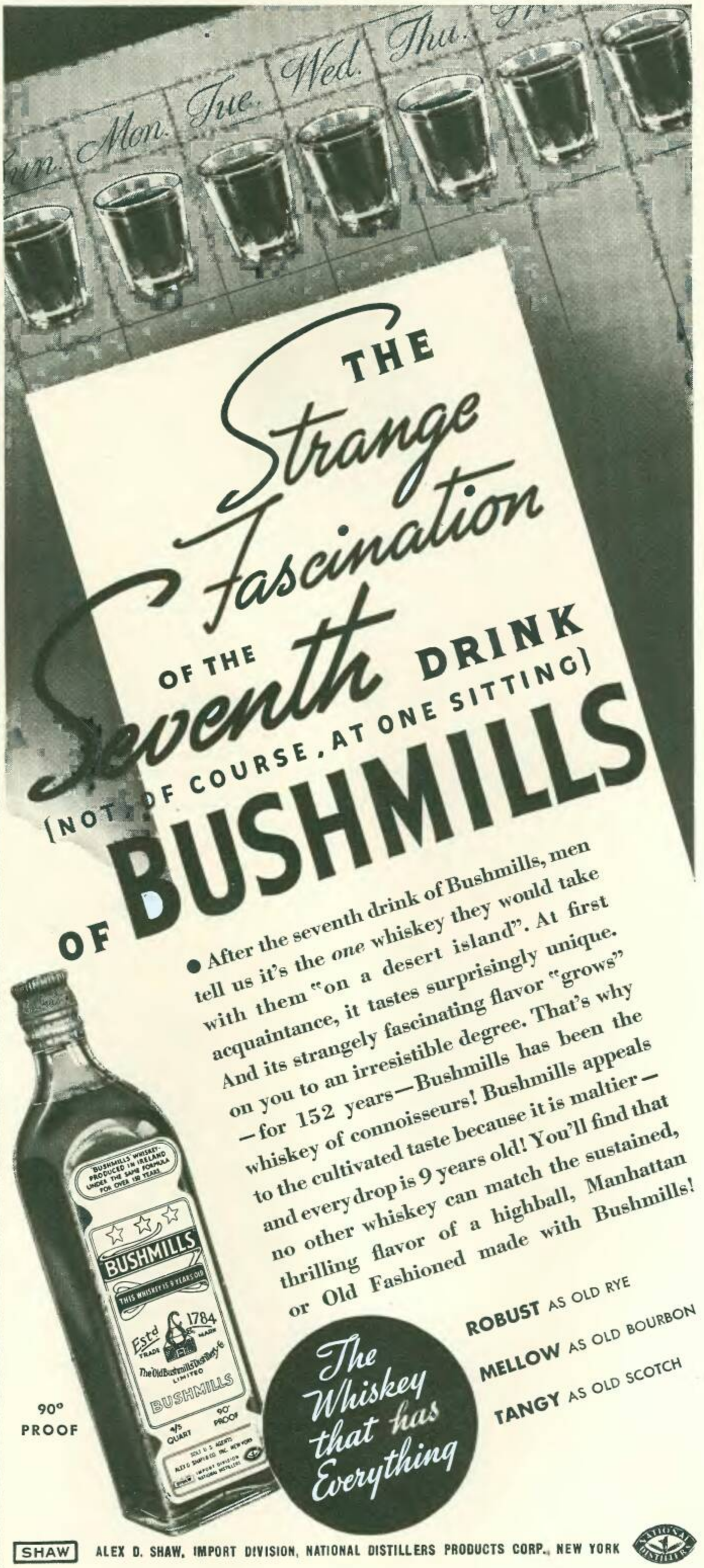
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at length take the full measure of the man.

LOOKING back over my own earlier estimates of Homer, I find that, if I have little to retract, I have a great deal to add. During the last ten years I have had occasion repeatedly to call attention to the value of Homer's journalistic drawings for *Harper's Weekly;* and Homer's many dashing successes in this department are now being more generally recognized at their full value. But I myself have now to recognize that Homer's achievements as an illustrator were carried over successfully into the oils he painted about the same time.

His career really divides into three phases, quite irrespective of the medium in which he worked. In the first period, he drew upon the commonplaces of the life around him, the happy commonplaces like skating and fishing and sailing boats, or the dreary, unheroic commonplaces of the camp and the bivouac during the Civil War. At times the painting of this period is dry and factual, very close, indeed, to Eakins. The palette itself is warm and rich and full-bodied, and the compositions, which often involve the nice balance of human figures in action, are the work of a man who wields a free hand. If one is sometimes inclined to dismiss some of Homer's later canvases as mere illustrations, one must pay the opposite compliment to the illustrations themselves. They are not lucky snapshots. Indeed, not only are Homer's illustrations worthy of the oils he made after them, but in a few cases—"Snap the Whip" is one—the black-and-white seems to me the stronger picture.

This first phase of Homer's art has up to now been pretty generally underrated. There is a very close parallel here between Homer and Corot, and the very qualities in contemporary appreciation which make us go back so eagerly to Corot's Roman days bring us close, likewise, to the early Homer. Homer's second phase is associated with a growing tendency to isolate himself physically from the rest of the world. From the age of forty, he developed into what Melville called an Isolato—a testy old curmudgeon who had perhaps swallowed some bitter personal disappointment in his private life and who was resolved that the world should never have a hint of it. His sojourn at Tynemouth in England, in the early eighties, brought about a definite change in his art. His palette becomes narrower



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in range, if more subtle in its tones; he paints with a broad, flat brush stroke, very emphatic, very dashing, conspicuously "virile;" he concentrates his aesthetic effect in some focal spot of intense light, the reflection of the moon in the water or of white spume rising over the edge of the beach. And for a time he seems to need the extra excitement of bold external drama—a storm, a rescue, a hard fishing haul—to key him up to his work. He still uses the human figure, still draws it superbly, but his invention is rather commonplace. Rarely does it rise to the level of his early "illustrations."

This is the popular Homer. One recognizes his signature at a glance; indeed, it has become too familiar to us, and his subjects themselves have been made banal by the endless near-Homers that followed in his wake at Gloucester and Ogunquit during the last generation. There are passages in this middle Homer that are a little monotonous. For him the northeaster seemed to brew a storm merely to create a heroic scene, just as the mists seemed to gather around Père Corot's cottony trees in his later years merely in order to provoke a twilight pastoral. But although few of these middle paintings are great, one cannot dismiss this Homer any more than one could the earlier one. "Coast in Winter," for example, is a mighty canvas; Courbet himself could have done no better.

Finally, the third phase of Homer appears again and again in his water colors, and it comes to a climax for me in two of his oils: "The Fox Hunt," done in 1893, and "Right and Left," done in 1909. This is the Homer who has overcome his conscientious dependence upon the eye, and who, indeed, is ready to choose a subject in which his invention, in the nature of things, must be independent of any mere photographic verisimilitude. Ruskin always insisted that design could not be taught. In Homer's case, his theoretic belief in naturalism, in painting only what he saw, destroyed some of his native capacity for design; he might eliminate, but he did not usually feel free to create. The fox over whom the crows are brooding shadows, and the crumpled ducks brought down by both barrels of the gun—these "uncharacteristic" canvases are among Homer's best in the later period. I would put them alongside the noble pastoral called "The Brush Harrow," dated 1865, and that other fine bucolic scene, "Weaning the Calf," painted in 1875. None of these

pictures depend upon dramatic props; they represent, rather, that deep and affectionate contemplation of life through which "vision" becomes "design." What one calls a painter's style is often the marring, through habit or through a mere narrowing of interest, of gifts that were originally more varied and abundant; style in this sense implies a partial denial of the artist's birthright. In Homer's case, this denial was overcome by the unflexing of his talents in his later years through his return to water colors—if one can speak of return to an art which had such auspicious beginnings as the little gem called "Waiting for the Boats" (No. 39). Also, perhaps, the change of scene, his winter journeys to the Bahamas, helped effect his release. His craftsmanship, his willingness to take pains, like a good ship's carpenter waiting for his wood to season, stood constant. Rarely, even at his most commonplace, does he completely let one down. Always he could see clearly and record plainly. But there was a volcano in the heart of this ice-capped New Englander, a volcano that, when the pressure was high enough, would break through the crust and steam over the landscape. Then he justified the long years of patient workmanship. In a few brilliant flashes, he could put down "The Coming Storm"—perhaps his greatest water color.

None of the generalizations about Homer has been inclusive enough. People have said he was a naturalist and an illustrator; he turns out to be a bold designer and a tender poet, one of those awkward seabirds that must run long on the ground before they take to the air, but seem to fly the more gracefully once they are on firm wing. People have said Homer was a simple, healthy extrovert, but it is given to few extroverts to have such a capacity for living silently and within themselves, absorbing so fully, brooding so deeply, giving out again so richly. I would not say that Homer is a bigger artist than Ryder or Eakins. But his eye was as steady and keen as Eakins' and his insight was as calm and unfaltering as Ryder's; and in his best work, if not in his still most popular work, he is well on their level.

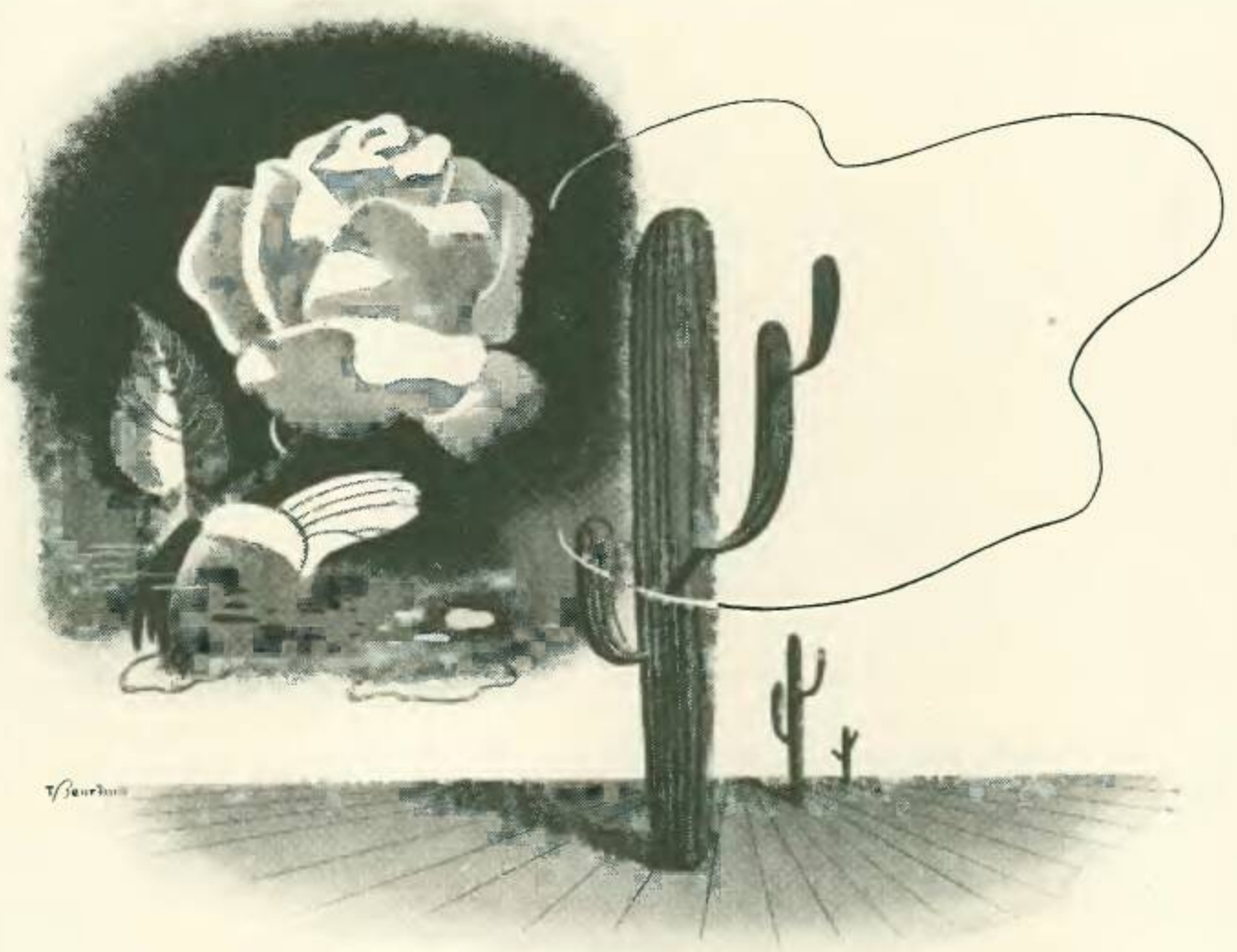
—Lewis Mumford

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

YEARLY at this time (if you can believe the shops) the entire New York aristocracy, without so much as a backward glance at the pretty sleet in the streets, hustle off to a more extreme climate. The majority still follow the sun to Florida, Nassau, or Palm Springs, but many are putting their O.K. on the democratic ski-train craze of last year by heading for the American St. Moritz at Sun Valley, Idaho.

My nose, however, always gets red before my cheeks do, so my knowledge of skiing is as sketchy as my knowledge of parliamentary procedure. All I know is that every ski costume is essentially conventional; it is only with the accessories that you are allowed to go wild, but with them, certainly, you are allowed to go completely haywire. If I had had to look at one more pair of giddy Austrian mittens, I would have taken a room on the court of a Broadway hotel for the duration of the winter.

Best's ski shop believes so firmly in the classic costume that it uses nothing but well-tailored, simple navy gabardine for its suits, or, when it wants variety, white Austrian *Loden* cloth. It has double-breasted parkas of Byrd cloth, with fluffy fur to go around the face, and, for underwear, chamois jerkins, and drawers that come just below the knee. There are sleeveless white cablestitch sweaters, waterproofed like the plus-four stockings that match them, to wear over bright plaid flannel blouses. There are long stocking caps that can be rolled up into a beret, crocheted Glengarry caps, huge squares of vivid Austrian challis, brilliant sweaters, and knitted hats with ear muffs attached. These counters are a riot of color. And there are sturdy and stolid hand-sewn Norwegian house shoes that will come in handy.

For skating, Best has dresses of bright flannels in the correct just-above-the-knee length. The "skirts" flare widely, and are lined with a contrasting color—the red one shows a flash of bright blue, and so on. There also are separate tweed skirts in the above-the-knee length for figure skating, and some slightly longer ones for outdoor twirls and swoops. With these, Best shows baby bonnets made of the maddest possible Austrian challis.

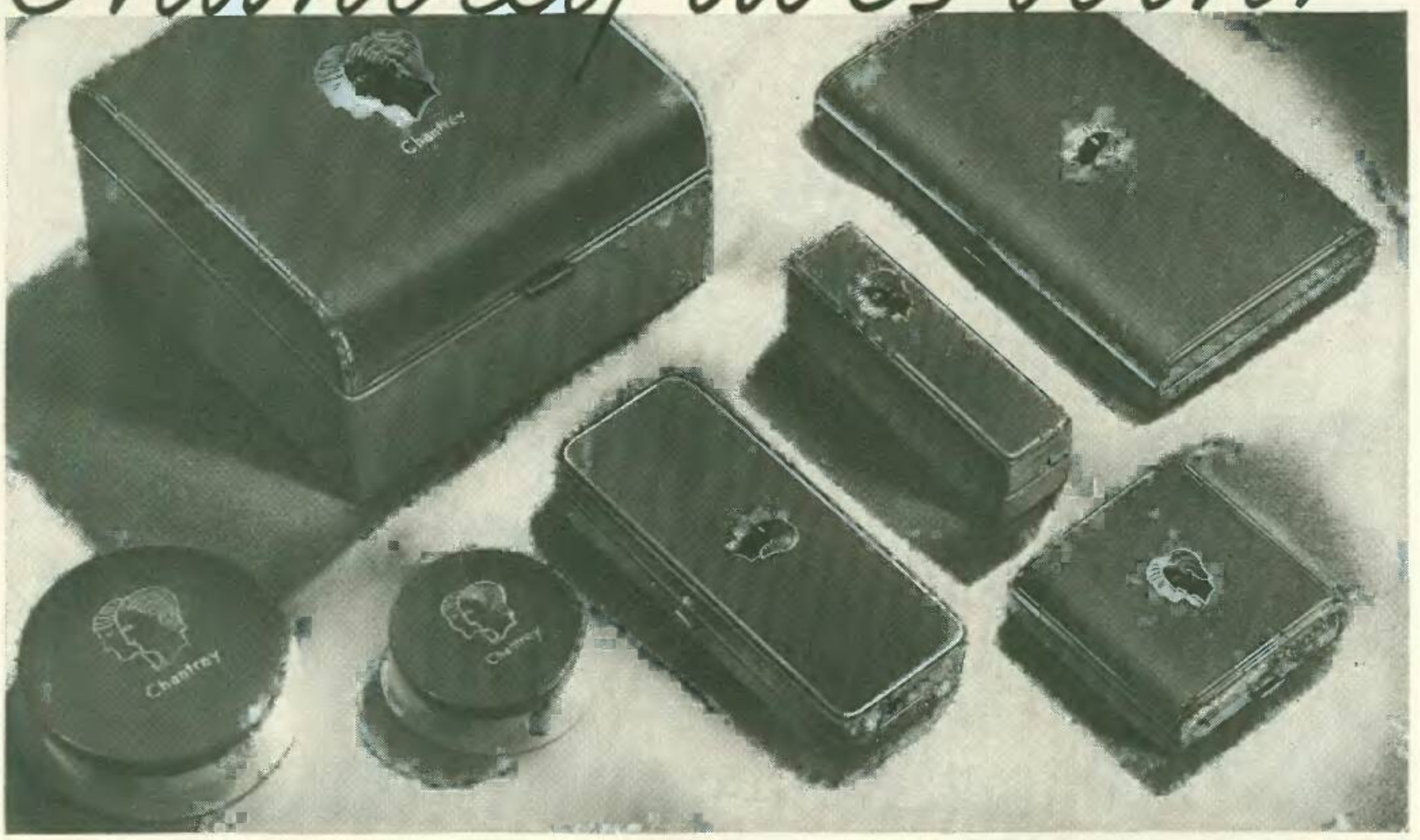
BEFORE the nice new Alpine ski slide at Wanamaker, gawping crowds watch the dizzy descents of Mr. Morosani and his pupils, the latter falling cheerfully on their faces just as though the snow were real. The slide here is a very special one indeed. And in the ski shop adjoining it you'll find navy gabardine suits. Wanamaker's pet has a gold zipper down one side of its double-breasted, windbreak-



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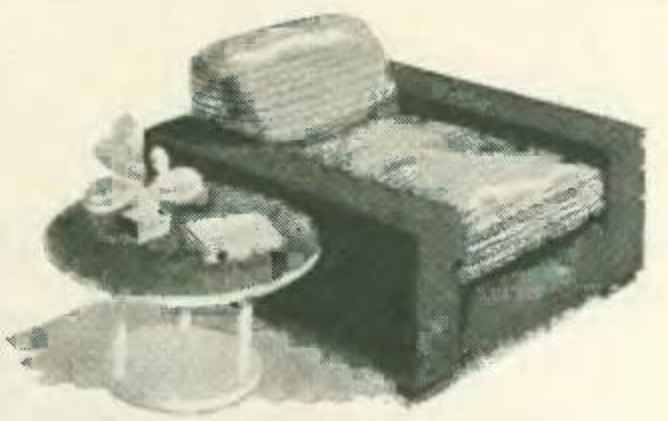
With hood, it's $2.99—in the Women's Knit Underthings, 2nd Floor. In writing, specify size, style and color.

er top. It's $29.75, which should give you an idea. You'll also find suits of a heavy gray Austrian twill, and ski pants, plus fours, and jackets which can be bought separately. Among the last there are some nice, plaid-blanket Mackinaws. Spectators like the bright-hued Byrd-cloth jackets, stitched in squares; people anxious to break their bones can find Byrd-cloth jackets with strings around the waist, a prim array of buttons, and, in many instances, hoods.

For after-skiing activities in front of roaring fires, Wanamaker offers the traditional white wool mess jackets, with brilliant Austrian embroidery, and sleeveless felt vests which are similarly decorated. If you want to wear slacks for dinner (evening clothes are considered taboo), the ski shop will sell you black duvetyn boleros and scarves with gold braid embroidery. And no experienced winter-sports addict, I was told, can resist the woollen bed socks with strings that tie around the ankle.

ONE of the most decorative features of the North Shop at Lord & Taylor is an expert named Victor Alfsen, a blond god who will be there to guide you in your choice of accessories until he is kidnapped by an amorous customer, which should be pretty soon. The classics here include waterproof woolly suits with plaid linings ($16.95, which seems like a bargain), and separate shirts in plaids that match said linings. The same thing is done in gabardine—nicer and more expensive. And you'll go for a ski suit which looks like the outfit an airplane mechanic wears. It has a fly front all the way down, and the plus-four pants are joined to the top by a zipper around the waistline. And, as elsewhere, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, they tell you here that Lanz of Salzburg is still *the* designer of ski clothes, and what are you going to do about it? An idea of their own for dinner wear is a pair of black velveteen slacks and a straight, loose-hanging jacket to match; you can add on a wide and gay Austrian belt if you are so minded. There are ear muffs on headbands, gabardine mittens with an elastic at the top and palms of suèded pigskin, jersey hoods with long ends to wrap around the neck like a scarf, and Norwegian fish-scale shoes, which look extremely reptilian. And the underwear would keep your friends in gales. The union suits come below the knee and button across the back, like kids' sleeping suits, and are made of mercerized wool and cotton in bright yel-

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low, royal blue, and other violent colors.

And now, because my poor old teeth are chattering, for Lord & Taylor's South Shop, which points with particular pride to an epidemic of stripes—striped skirts and boleros with plain tops, striped shirts with bandannas to match, two-piece play suits, and the like—and to its ideal combination costume. This consists of a long beige wool coat and skirt, and a simple two-piece shirtwaist type of printed dress. Its advantage is that the coat can be worn with anything, the top of the dress can be worn with the tweed skirt, and the owner is happy. You can get this idea worked out in several variations. Then, as you know, there are the clothes by Clarepotter, one of the American Great in designing. This year, she adores a waist-length blouse or jacket that hangs casually *outside* the skirts, shorts, or slacks. It has a bunchy sort of chic, and the additional advantage of helping your hips to look slim. There are lots of box pleats this year, making skirts of a heavy crêpey stuff that fasten down the back, and shorts that are almost knee length (the gray flannel ones, classic or not, still look good). As for colors, a new mossy, dirty green is often combined with a curious, rococo mauve-pink; for instance, a dress of green linen has mauve hooks and eyes fastening it all down the front. Lord & Taylor dote on a terry-cloth coat in a mannish dark beige—this to be worn with gray flannel slacks and polo shirts. They like white gabardine slacks and short, square jackets with navy buttons and pockets; their tennis dresses with free-action sleeves, which means that a coy gusset allows you to wave your arm madly without having your skirt hike up; and long, slim India-print house coats with fly fronts. And instead of buttoned-down skirts, longish, pleated shorts accompany that shirt-and-skimpy-shorts tennis costume. They seemed decently abashed when they showed me plus-four pants that, supposedly, are going to knock shorts on their ear. These end below the knee, and you wear ankle-length socks with them, which even Claudette Colbert's legs couldn't afford to do. There was an atmosphere of doubt, too, when I was shown tennis dresses with rippling skirts that ended just above the knee. I asked one of my disconcerting questions, which in this case involved panties. The replies weren't helpful, so I suppose you'll have to have the baby's Vanta panties enlarged for your own use. No one seems more astounded than the stores at the things they think up. —L. L.

Bonwit Teller



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THE day Dr. McGrady met Sinclair Lewis was assuredly the proudest of all his life. The Nobel Prizewinner was the first celebrity with whom he had actually exchanged a few words, and the impression Dr. McGrady received in five minutes he could not and would not forget in all his days.

It all began very innocently. That was what made it as exciting as it was. The Doctor and his wife had gone down to the Palace Theatre in Hartford, where the WPA were staging "It Can't Happen Here." They took seats in the third row some fifteen minutes before the curtain was due to rise, and Mrs. McGrady commented, as she always did, upon the faces and clothes of those who claimed the seats about them. It was just like every other night on which they had gone to watch a stock company acting in the old Palace. Just before the curtain rose there was a murmur behind them, and Dr. McGrady, always sensitive to such sounds, by half-rising in his seat was able to see a tall, middle-aged man with a baldish head settling himself halfway back in the darkened theatre. A young, bespectacled Jew behind the Doctor whispered to his companion, "That's Sinclair Lewis, who wrote the play. I seen his picture in the *Times*." The Doctor watched Lewis closely as he sat down: he was wearing a gray suit in spite of the fact that this was an evening performance, for which the Doctor himself had put on his blue serge; and beside Lewis sat the Governor of Connecticut, a little old man with curly white hair, into whose ear Lewis seemed to be pouring a torrent of words.

Dr. McGrady sat back in his seat. "That's Sinclair Lewis," he said. "He wrote the play."

Mrs. McGrady sniffed. "He isn't much to look at," she said.

"No. But you can tell. You can just tell somehow that he's got brains."

"He's a clumsy thing."

The Doctor's ire rose. "I like him," he said.

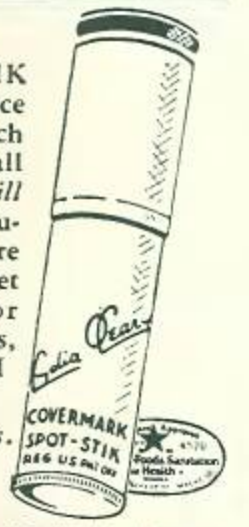
The curtain lifted on the first scene. Doremus Jessup and Lorinda Pike walked on with a picnic lunch, settling themselves on a log in front of faded blue canvas mountains. The foliage that hung down one side of the stage failed to meet the narrow trunk from which it was supposed to grow, but when Doremus began to speak, the Doctor forgot everything in the play save the



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plot. He had not read the book, and he listened with intense interest to every word, so that no slightest turn of phrase might escape him. Any play was to the Doctor a mystery story strewn with clues, and he was determined to miss none. When the curtain fell on the last scene of the first act, it caught him, as it always did, unexpectedly and with hurt surprise.

"I don't think it's so wonderful," Mrs. McGrady said.

"I like it. Every real American ought to see it," said the Doctor. "You keep your eyes on that Shad Ledue."

"Don't worry," his wife said. "I will. I read the book."

"I guess I'll go out and get a smoke," he said. He found no need to argue with his wife, and there was the further chance of catching a glimpse of Lewis as he passed.

Lewis was not, however, in his seat as the Doctor mounted the easy slope of the aisle. He hurried out into the bright lobby, with its painted yellow marble and gaudy linoleum floor, and there, standing in front of him, was Sinclair Lewis, alone, and not five feet away. The Doctor longed to take this chance of speaking to him before it was too late, but in spite of himself there was nothing on his tongue for him to say.

And then, suddenly, and without the slightest warning, Lewis walked across the lobby to the Doctor and stood on his toes in front of him, staring down into his eyes as if from a great height.

"Where is the nearest bar?" Lewis asked.

His voice was high and sharp and quick, and the Doctor jumped.

"The Heublein," Dr. McGrady said.

"Show me the way. Do you mind?"

"Oh, no. No, not at all."

Lewis took the Doctor's hand in his. "You are my friend," he said. The Doctor swallowed.

Together they walked out of the theatre into the dark street; together they made their way down the hill to the door of the Heublein Grill.

"Here we are," Dr. McGrady said. They sat down together by the open fire.

"What will you have?" Lewis said.

"Oh. Nothing. Nothing for me."

"A double Scotch-and-soda," Lewis told the waiter. The Doctor blinked and drew in his breath and said, "Make it two." Lewis stared back at him for a moment, perplexed, and then he smiled. They were silent. At last Dr. McGrady managed to say, "I think the play is—well, really fine." He

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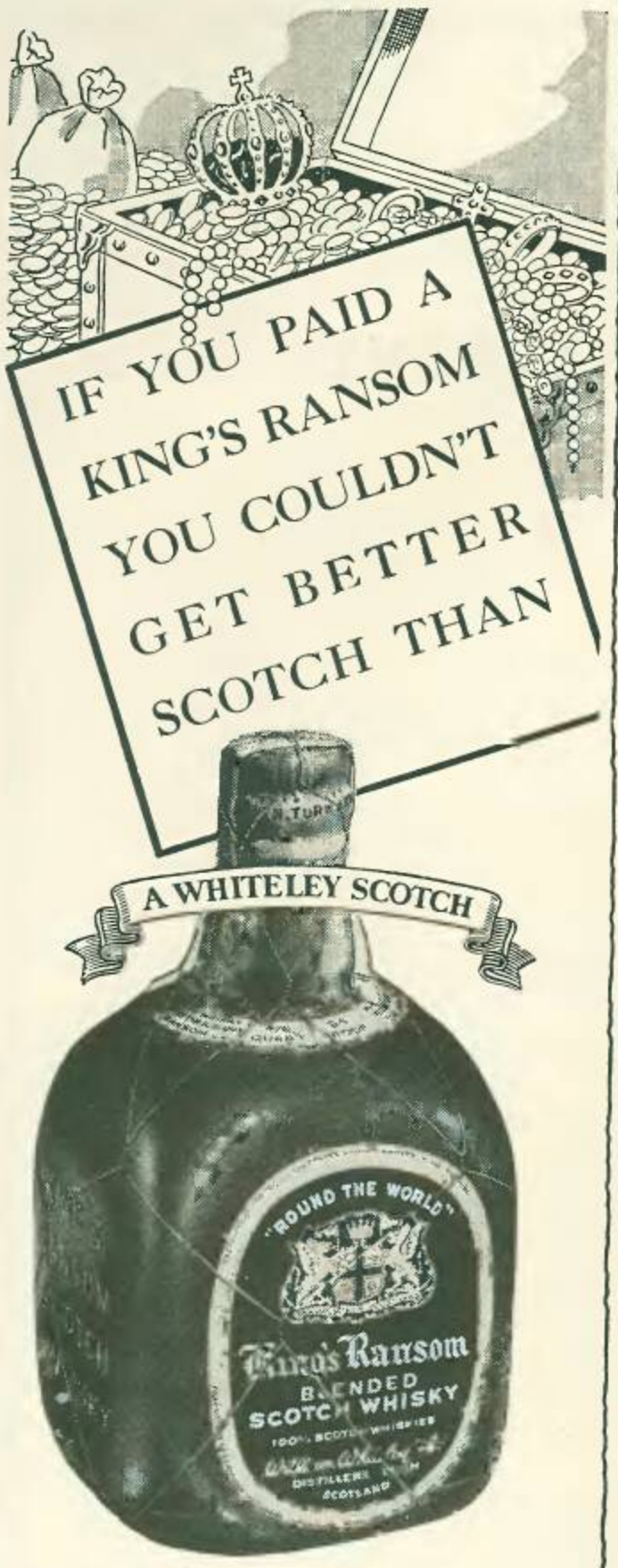
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would have said it was marvellous, but he was afraid that Lewis would think he was merely flattering him.

"It was awful," Lewis said. "Rotten. Rotten. O Lord our God, it was impossible!"

The Doctor was silent, numb with silence. He could say neither yes nor no, yet both words trembled on the edge of his tongue.

THEY were surrounded by strangers now; friends of Lewis, whom the Doctor had never seen before, all laughing and making jokes—if they were jokes—which he could not understand, and he laughed too, feeling his lips freezing into his cheeks.

"I guess I'll go," he said. His drink was still untouched.

Lewis was talking to the person on his right. He could not hear the Doctor's voice. The Doctor did not hold that against Lewis; it was the other person's fault.

"I guess I'll go," he said.

"So long," somebody replied.

The Doctor made his way along the wall to the cashier's desk. He set down five one-dollar bills, "to pay for Mr. Lewis's drinks," he explained. Then he walked quickly up the slope of the street, remembering and ordering in his mind each word that he and Lewis had spoken together, marshalling them for his wife's ears.

At the beginning of the third act he slipped into the seat beside her, flushed and speechless and without anger at having missed the gigantic clue of the whole second act.

"Where have you been?" his wife asked. "Were you called out?"

The Doctor smiled at her through the dark. "I was just down having a drink with Lewis."

He could hear her moving in the seat beside him. "Lewis who?" she asked.

He waited a moment, shocked, but drinking in the silence. Soon, he felt, soon he must burst.

"Sinclair Lewis," he said. "I'll tell you afterwards."

On the stage, Shad Ledue was now in uniform, but by this time the Doctor was too much excited to pick up the threads of the plot again. He knotted his fingers in his lap. When would the play end, when would the play end? —BRENDAN GILL

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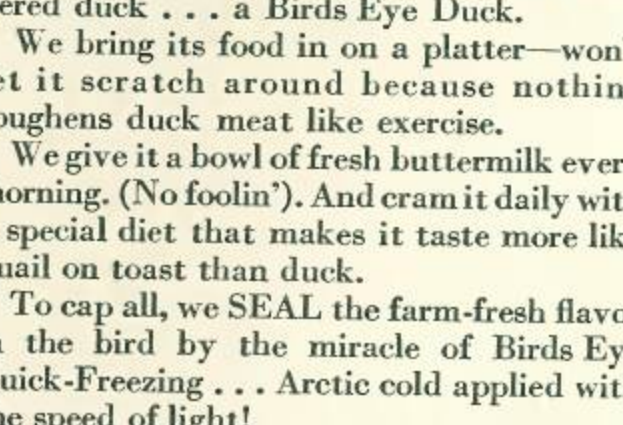
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Holiday Humor



MAYBE it's the Christmas spirit, and maybe it's an accident, but there's been a lot of heartiness around the concert halls lately. Exhibit A is Rudolf Serkin, the excellent young pianist who appeared with Mr. Toscanini last season. At that time, Mr. Serkin played with as little ostentation as he showed in taking bows, of which he had to take many.

Last week, when he performed Brahms' first concerto with the Philharmonic-Symphony, he tore into the music with head-shaking, arm-waving, and an occasional rebound from his chair. This oratorical manner didn't get into his pianism, which was superlative, and he acknowledged his ovation modestly, but when so fine and sincere an artist as Mr. Serkin becomes almost melodramatic at the keyboard, there must be something in the air. By the way, Mr. Serkin gives a recital without orchestra on the eleventh of January, and it ought to be one of the events of the new year.

The second Brahms piano concerto also brought out plenty of zip when it was done by Miss Rosalyn Tureck with The Philadelphia Orchestra two nights before Mr. Serkin played the first concerto. Miss Tureck is a natural as a pianist, and she has learned her business. She didn't capture all the subtleties of the concerto, but there was a convincing sweep in her performance, even when she went in for volumes of volume.

Like soloists, like conductors. Mr. Barbirolli, who may have been exhilarated by his holiday award of a three-year contract as the Philharmonic-Symphony's one and only conductor, stirred up the consumers with dashing versions of Rossini's overture to "The Siege of Corinth" and Sibelius's first symphony. Mr. Ormandy, returning to The Philadelphia Orchestra, applied snap and pace to Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" and Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Everything was high, wide, and handsome—or, at least, effective.

THE holiday spirit probably had no especial influence on the piano recital of Mme. Guiomar Novaes in

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the Town Hall, for Mme. Novaes always has been a bright pianist. Her doings with classics aren't conventionally classical, but she has the great gift of never being heavy or academic; and in romantic music she has It.

At the Beethoven Association's second concert of the season, Robert Casadesus and his wife, Mme. Gaby Casadesus, provided some of the year's most animated pianism. They seem to be a major piano duo, and they ripped off a variety of light stuff with sometimes clangorous unanimity. They also helped out in the four-piano concerto which Bach derived from a four-fiddle concerto by Vivaldi. A quartet of violinists demonstrated the Vivaldi original, and, for once, Bach lost a decision.

There was a huge reception for Mme. Povla Frijsh, who sang a half-dozen songs between the piano contributions. Mme. Frijsh has developed a large following with her hypnotic way of projecting lyrics, and she's so skillful that she makes trick songs like Koechlin's "L'Hiver" seem as substantial as the many masterpieces in her repertory.

EVERYTHING was on the gay side at the joint recital of Mme. Rethberg and Mr. Pinza in the Town Hall. Mr. Pinza's bass voice twinkled jovially (sometimes it twinkled pretty loudly) in his airs, and Mme. Rethberg sang her soli with unwonted animation. The real top of the evening was a couple of duets from "The Marriage of Figaro," one of them an encore which, in turn, served as its own encore. If Mme. Rethberg and Mr. Pinza give another recital, I hope that they won't bother with any individual efforts but just stick to Mozart duets.

THE most restrained concert in recent days was the début of the Honourable William Brownlow (he's a cousin of the Lord Brownlow you've been reading about), a baritone with a



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light voice and a welcome feeling for text. Most of Mr. Brownlow's matinée went to unfamiliar songs by English composers, and his program is likely to be raided by his fellow-baritones.

Everything was sober until the end, when Mr. Brownlow sang three little comedies in a row. He made so much of them that one wondered why he hadn't given in to his sense of humor earlier in the proceedings. The prize ditty was "Mary and the Kitten," by Gordon Bryan. You'll be hearing it about town—or Town Hall.

—Robert A. Simon

CONCERT RECORDS

Without Albums

THERE'S a newly released Toscanini record, the overture to Rossini's "Italians in Algiers" (Victor 14161). This disc is one of the collection which the Maestro made with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and it's strictly terrific, even if you don't care for Italian music. If you like Rossini overtures, you might supplement this one with the overture to "La Cenerentola," conducted by the Cav. Molajoli (Columbia 68739-D), who knows his way around with such material.

FROM the Stokowski repertoire come a couple of "Ancient Liturgical Melodies" (Victor 1789), orchestrated by Mr. Stokowski and directed by him in his best manner. Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians also have Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" (Victor 14162), a de-luxe edition of a composition which has been batted about so much that it's a "popular classic."

Another such one is Chopin's Polonaise Militaire, which receives a resounding recording from the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Victor 11947), the orchestration being by Glazunov. On the other side is a slick job on Mendelssohn's scherzo from his octet for strings, with all the Boston strings snapping it out smartly under Mr. Fiedler's enthusiastic guidance.

POSSIBLY the prevalence of Ravel's Bolero suggested the revival of a bolero by Sibelius. It's from the "Scènes Historiques," and the official title is "Festivo." This is "commercial" Sibelius, requiring no preliminary reading to enjoy it, and Sir Thomas Beecham handles it with his usual efficiency on Columbia 68590-D.

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composed by Brahms, scored by Dvořák, played by the Minneapolis Symphony, and led by Mr. Ormandy (Victor 1796). Here is the pepper pot of the month.

SIMON BARER, the pianist who drifted into Carnegie Hall and knocked over an audience a few weeks ago, has a sample of his virtuosity on Victor 14028, the subject matter being Balakirev's "Islamey." Fireworks also break out on Columbia 68740-D, where Egon Petri tackles Busoni's fantasy on themes from "Carmen" and comes through masterfully.

Columbia has been issuing many harpsichord recordings by Yella Pessl (I thought it was a misprint too, but that's her name, they tell me), who is a superb young artist. All of her discs are excellent; for a quick view of her abilities, listen to the Handel Chaconne in G (Columbia 68599-D).

Unusual violin offering: Three movements from Peter Warlock's charming "Capriol" suite, arranged and played delightfully by Joseph Szigeti (Columbia 17074-D).

Georges Thill, who seems to be the most reliable of recording tenors, adds to his list of remarkable discs with the "mill song" from "Samson and Delilah" (Columbia 9121-M), with a competent chorus helping out. Another interesting Columbia disc of French origin is a longish air from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," which has a graceful and musical exposition by Mme. Yvonne Gall (Columbia 9117-M). The excerpt, however, is chiefly for Berlioz collectors.

Wagnerians may wish to annex "Dich, teure Halle" and Elsa's Dream, sung by Mme. Flagstad (Victor 14181). It's a good record, but it doesn't do right by Mme. Flagstad, who hasn't yet turned out a really representative operatic disc. Perhaps there are some on the way.

Song special: Two Sibelius lyrics, sung by Marian Anderson (Victor 1766). "Special" describes everything about it. —R. A. S.

• •

MERRIE ENGLAND

Fair Rosamond's dust still whirls and swirls—
A speck blows into a monarch's eye—
She wept as she drank, for die she must;
It was dagger or cup, and the reason why
Was the love of a king. (Dolefully sing,
Lackaday dee, misery me!)
The King is dead. Long live the King.

Over the white cliff flies a witch,
The wind is high and high its laughter—
Broomstick or plane, does it matter which?
She flies alone, but a king flies after.
(*Lackaday dee!*) Merrily sing,
The King is dead. Long live the King.

Anne Boleyn lifts a severed head,
The clearer to see. (*Misery me!*)
The better to hear. Unbeautiful
And bitter the smile of her crumbled skull.
A worm creeps out and a worm crawls in.
Who'll buy my oranges? Peace, Nell Gwyn!
Sleep, lovely bones! Cease chattering!
The King is dead. Long live the King.

Who was it said, "We shall muddle through,"
To a House aghast? It was years ago,
But the years hold true. "We shall muddle through"—
Jauntily British to the last—
And so they did; and so they do.
(*Lackaday dee, lackaday dee!*)
Lustily sing, Long live the King,
Loyally, loudly, the brave refrain—
And a Duke who was once a King sings too—

God save the King. Long may he reign.
England has muddled through again.

—LEONORA SPEYER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tiny Tots



IN honor of the season, Miss Shirley Temple has learned Chinese. I presume that it is the purist Mandarin, but on that matter I am no authority. Of course she also speaks English, and indeed in this new film of hers, "Stowaway," she allows herself only occasional lapses into a foreign tongue, and otherwise is as brisk in her native way as usual. The diva honors us this time with imitations of Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, and, with the assistance of a dummy, of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. She is the heroine of a little tale of love and travel in the Far East, and is the cause, in her artless way, of one engagement's being broken and of a marriage between comparative strangers. The affairs of the adults involved are altogether subordinate to Miss Temple's own performance, needless to say, and I am sure that this new film of hers should be the bright spot, perhaps the brightest spot, of the holiday season for her great following.

Not only may we be so peculiarly fortunate, this Christmas season, as to see a new Shirley Temple film, but Bobby Breen is also ready with his favors. A neat little choirboy model, Master Breen sings us not only an Ave Maria but a lighter tune or two in "Rainbow on the River," sometimes with the assistance of the Hall Johnson Choir. He is a wistful child, young Breen is, without quite the bravura talents of the illustrious Temple—almost a shy child, you might say, if you were speaking of movie children. And the wistful note is rather stressed in "Rainbow on the River." There is even the heartbreak of that scene, familiar to us throughout the days of our nursery reading, when the poor little boy isn't invited to the party but has to listen to the laughter and the singing from some outside spot. There is also the threat of an orphanage in the air. As a matter of fact, there is the orphanage threat, too, in "Stowaway," but there you can't really take it seriously, what with the persistent high spirits of Miss Temple to counteract the horror. Of course "Rainbow on the River" has its New Orleans scenes, and May Robson and Charles Butterworth and other inciden-

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Extra Mats. Xmas & New Year's Day

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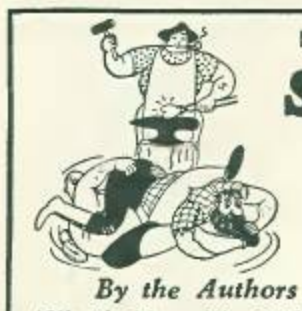


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Mon., Tues. & Wed., Dec. 28, 29 & 30
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"VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE"
SUE HASTINGS' MARIONETTES
Dec. 26-29 & 31 at 11 A.M. Res'd Seats Now

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Starting Christmas Day!
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tal adults wear the costumes of the seventies. I can't remember that Mr. Breen does any imitations.

AS adults still have the audacity to come to the front, we might give casual notice to their pathetic efforts. There are no children, for instance, in "Gold Diggers of 1937," but only, so to speak, the mature. I think that actually this is the fourth of the Warner Brothers' "Gold Digger" series. There may have been others. I have sometimes had the impression that you could go into any theatre of the Warner Brothers at any time and find a "Gold Digger" film in full blast. The idea of the title is very attractive to the Brothers, or to someone in control of their imaginative output. The 1937 production is enriched by the presence in its cast of Joan Blondell, Victor Moore, Osgood Perkins, and Dick Powell; the story is made really beautiful with the problems of life-insurance salesmen; the dialogue is brittle with such commentaries as "It's hard to be good under a capitalistic system;" and the whole thing begins at an insurance convention at Atlantic City. If you are now breathless for more, you had better go and see it.

RIGHT in the midst of all this gaiety among the children and the insurance salesmen, I happened in on a horror film, and perhaps I liked it more than it deserves. There are a lot of gadgets, anyhow, in "The Man Who Lived Again;" and Karloff, as a "mystery scientist" who can transfer one man's brain and mind and soul to another man's body, is agreeably gruesome. It appealed to the child in me, I guess. I liked its chemical climaxes better than the routine murder mystery Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is acting in, called "Accused." I wasn't at all surprised by the "surprise" at the trial in this film. Nor did I hear around me any gasps of amazement.

Sometimes I think landscape is our one solace. The nature-lovers may be right after all. St. Moritz is the scene of "Slalom," and some young people, not children, do some astonishing performances on skis, sleds, and skates. Quite a comfort! —JOHN MOSHER

•

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Rainbow Room
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RESERVATIONS—Circle 6-1400

INDOOR POLO

A Gala Opening



SOME day Manhattan may have an auditorium in which indoor polo can be played before large crowds. (For years there has been talk of erecting such an affair over the railroad tracks behind the Pennsylvania Station.) At present, however, there is only Madison Square Garden, whose arena is too small for polo, and Squadron A Armory, which has the playing space—300 by 170 feet—but can hold no more than two thousand spectators. At the opening of the Metropolitan Indoor League series Saturday night, firemen barred the Armory's doors against late arrivals.

It was one of the gayest openings in years, with flashlights popping at customers in the lobby; a special New Jersey cheering section for Buddy Combs of the New York A. C., who comes from Lakewood; and a new public-address system, with eight loudspeakers, which were used, *Dei gratia*, discreetly. The final touch was given the occasion when Mike Phipps, of the Optimists, received another telegram from the man he calls his personal madman. It seems that there is a brooding and anonymous fellow who sent a telegram to Phipps before every match last summer advising him not to play because polo is a dangerous game. Phipps got so accustomed to these warnings that he sort of hated to begin a game without having gone through the ritual of tearing up a telegram.

THE attraction of the evening, naturally, was the exhibition game between the Optimists and the New York A. C. The Optimists, as you know, are Phipps, Winston Guest, and Stewart Iglehart, who, with Eric Pedley, successfully defended the Westchester Cup in England last summer. Opposing the Optimists were Combs, Billy Nicholls, and Arthur Borden.

The Optimists, true to the team's name, allowed the New York A.C. a three-goal handicap at the start, but when the first period ended with their opponents leading 6½–2½, the Optimists got panicky and asked that the handicap be removed. The clubmen agreed good-naturedly and the figures

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on the scoreboard were changed to 3½–2½. The Optimists earned a three-goal lead in the second chukker, and from that point on were never headed. The official score, therefore, was 10–7½ in favor of the Optimists, but many of the adherents of the A.C. were going around after the match with their own elaborate score cards showing that their team had won, 10½–10, which would have been the score if the Optimists' handicap had not been removed. All this may not sound quite like cricket, but the change undoubtedly was made purely in the interests of closer competition. Anyway, the A.C. players weren't at all annoyed.

To the uninitiated, it may seem odd that three International veterans should have fretted about facing Combs, Nicholls, and Borden on even terms, but it should be remembered that the indoor game has many trade tricks confusing to players accustomed to wide-open spaces —tricks like bouncing the ball off the sideboards, and stopping charging ponies by running them into the walls. Both Guest and Iglehart were riding ponies borrowed from Squadron A, and it was their first indoor game in some time.

IN the League match, Squadron A defeated the 112th Field Artillery, 9½–3. Robinson Shillaber, Jay Secor, and Phil Brady represented the Squadron handsomely. They looked like one of the strongest entries in the League. The artillerymen—Milton Untermeyer, Jimmy Wilson, and Billy Sullivan—didn't team together especially well but they showed a latent power that should be useful in the future.

RAFTER SHOTS: Buddy Combs taking a spectacular header when his pony crossed legs. . . . Iglehart, who rates ten goals, out of doors, sending the ball the length of the arena in one shot. . . . Major George Matthews giving the winners champagne and the losers Scotch. . . . And the cheers for Billy Sullivan's chestnut pony, King Edward. —T. O'R.

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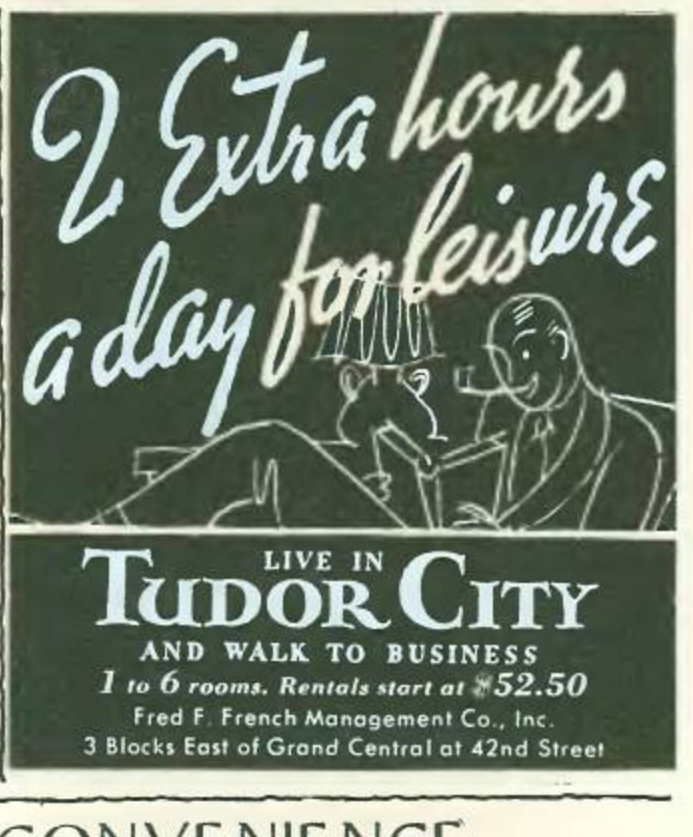
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—WILL SCARLET









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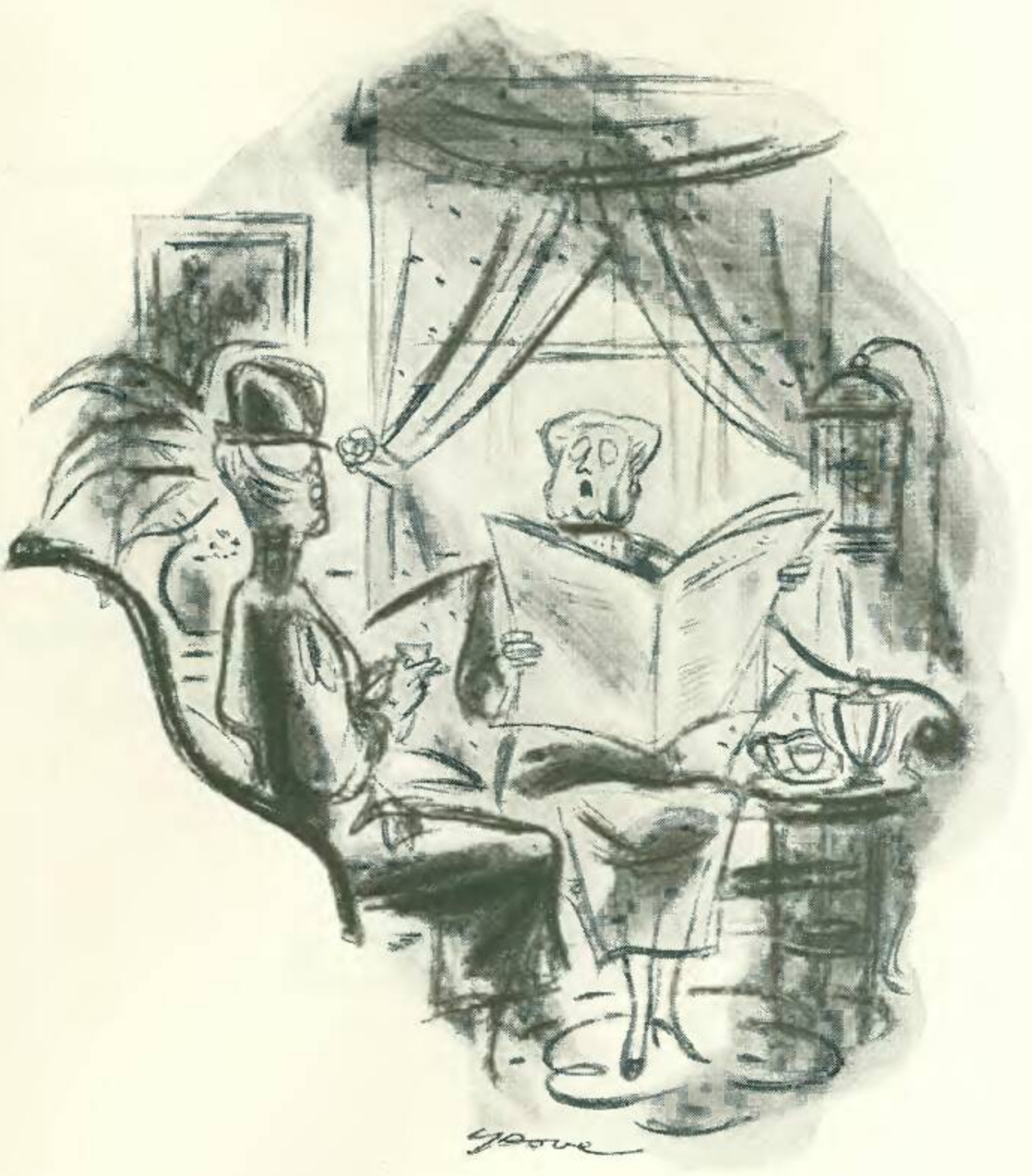


THERE have been Mr. McHugh's "Caleb Catlum's America" and Mr. Santayana's "The Last Puritan" and Mr. Brooks' "The Flowering of New England," but after one has named these and perhaps a half-dozen other books, one is forced to conclude that the publishing year has been a little less than distinguished, particularly in the way of fiction. It would be pleasant to be able to wind things up with a happy surprise, a last-minute, unexpected blaze of glory, but the best I can offer you is R. C. Hutchinson's "Shining Scabbard," a very deft and exciting melodrama, full of first-rate minor characterizations and with just enough obscure and solemn hocus-pocus in it to guarantee that it will be greeted by some as a great work of art. I have the uneasy feeling, for example, that the good Dr. Phelps is going to come through pretty big this time (he's a Hutchinson fan from way back) and announce Mr. Hutchinson as one of the great English novelists of his time, almost on a level with Hugh Walpole and James Hilton, you might say.

There are many admirable things about "Shining Scabbard," and I'd like to put some of them down, so that I may see out this year with a quiet conscience. In the first place, it is a novel about a French provincial family, one of those complicated ones that always live in a big, decaying house, have seen better days, and bicker nastily among themselves. The point is that this family, the Séverins, could have been created, one would think, only by a Frenchman who had been brought up among them. But Mr. Hutchinson is an Englishman. He must, therefore, have got his local color on the run or out of a book, and in either case he has done a remarkable job. Why he should have wanted to do it—as people, his Séverins are pretty small potatoes, though he may not think so—is another question, but no one can deny his success in doing it.

Maybe I ought to tell you about these Séverins. To begin with the oldest, there is Granny Nadya, who isn't French at all, but a half-mad, totally blind, Ukrainian barbarian who is fond of cutting out people's livers with sheep shears, or at least threatening to do so. She lives on the top floor, rather in the Charlotte Brontë tradition, and howls a bit at night. Then there is her son, Colonel Eugène Séverin, a fine old reactionary, cashiered for cowardice during the Franco-Prussian War, who spends his life brooding over the disgrace, trying to get a new trial, and in general making things miserable for the whole family. Mr. Hutchinson seems to respect this babbling old butcher a good deal, because he has Pride, and plenty of it. Also proud, in a different way, is Thérèse, the Colonel's masculine sister, who had once been a great artiste with the Comédie-Française, but who gave up her career when her brother was disgraced. Then we have the Colonel's journalist son, Raymond, a failure, a sentimental anti-bourgeois, a café philosopher. There is Louis, brother to the fierce old Colonel, a millionaire rug-seller who does his best, by means of his checkbook, to get the family out of their difficulties, and whose secretary is the majestic Mme. Flandrecauld, one of the funniest minor comic characters I have encountered in some time.

The Colonel's other son, Captain Pierre Séverin, serving in the African colonies, is the hope of the family. He sends his wife, Renée, an admirable, plucky girl, one of the two or three stomachable characters in the whole book, back home to his family. Promptly, with characteristic French middle-class clan solidarity, the Séverins proceed to the psychological torture of Renée and her two children. The little boy, Armand, a figure of infinite pathos, is virtually driven mad by the martinet bullying of his fine old grandfather, exemplar of all the military virtues. Poor Renée dispatches a despairing cry for help, and Pierre, determined to get back to France, deserts (that's the *second* Séverin military scandal, you see) and, after many genuinely thrilling adventures, gets to his wife and children at the precise mo-



"I see they've revived Ruth Draper."

ment that the Germans begin to shell the town in August, 1914.

The fortunes of all these people and many others, all very neatly portrayed, come to a head as the war breaks out, but as far as I can see, this is merely a device for ending the book on a high and successful note of melodrama. I dimly gather that Mr. Hutchinson (there's a preacher hidden in him, as in that other, "If Winter Comes" Hutchinson) wants us to glimpse the hidden Séverin nobility that comes to the surface only under the impact of a national crisis. As far as I am concerned, however, all the Séverins, except Pierre, his wife, and little Armand, are either fools or brutes, and remain so to the end of the tale.

I don't believe "Shining Scabbard" has much meaning, but it's a beautifully managed yarn all the same, every scene more than competently written, and each one squeezed to yield the maximum amount of melodramatic effect. The mobilization episodes are particularly fine, and I don't think I will forget for a time that chapter in which the Colonel, curse him, tries to make a hero out of Armand by forcing him to endure pain, until Armand keels over in a dead faint.

All of Mr. Hutchinson's novels—this is the fourth—have grand action, well-managed plots, and clearly minted, not too complicated characters. None of them seem to cohere into a single meaning or to have any special point of view except a diffuse inspirationalism. In other words, it looks as though Mr. Hutchinson may very easily indeed join the company of Mr. Walpole, Mr. Hilton, *et al.*, and I hope he likes it. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

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UNCERTAIN VOYAGE, by Arthur Walcott. Bathos, elegant bawdry, and bad writing in the odyssey of a terribly refined gentleman country-club member plagued by the women. The old siren school of novel with modern psychological trimmings. As an unconscious parody, it may be recommended as a treat to your friends when you feel like reading aloud.

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will have to write to the Conference Press, 10845 Le Conte Avenue, Los Angeles, to get this privately printed book.

GENERAL

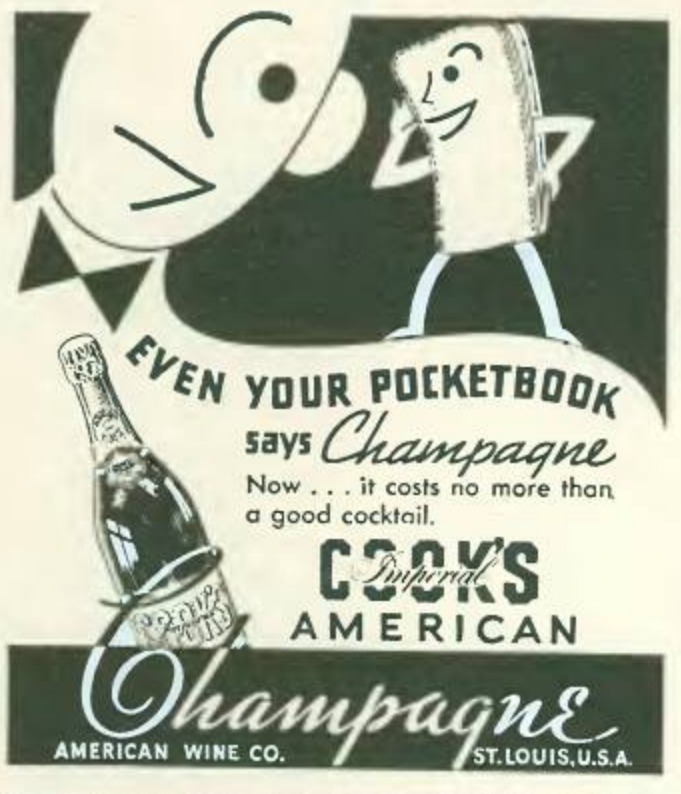
SCENERY THEN AND NOW, by Donald Oenslager. In a series of rapid essays, a well-known stage designer sketches the history of his craft from Greek times to the present. One characteristic drama is chosen for each period. Where words fail, Mr. Oenslager's remarkable drawings illuminate. The book is well written, if a trifle impressionistic, always intelligent, and will prove a must for the specialist. 60 illustrations.

BERMUDIANA, text and design by Ronald John Williams, photographs principally by Walter Rutherford. Pleasant information about a pleasant place. The lovely photographs, however, are the main show. There are scads of them, all carefully taken and arranged, and very few are tourist-resorty. As good a Bermuda keepsake book as exists. If you can't pick up a copy, try *The Bermudian*, 45 West Forty-fifth Street.

HITLER OVER RUSSIA? THE COMING FIGHT BETWEEN THE FASCIST AND SOCIALIST ARMIES, by Ernst Henri, translated by Michael Davidson. Those who remember Henri's startling "Hitler Over Europe" will reach for this. The author still believes Hitler will attack Western Europe, but that the first stop will be Russia. Drawing on new and sensational material, Henri develops the complete background of the Röhm assassinations, showing how necessary they were for the full formulation of Germany's imperialist plans. Then follows a detailed strategical analysis of what Henri believes is an imminent death struggle between Russia and the Fascist International. Despite the excitement of Henri's prose, this is not a scarehead book.

ART AND THE MACHINE: AN ACCOUNT OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN IN 20TH-CENTURY AMERICA, by Sheldon Cheney and Martha Candler Cheney. An excellent, simply written book, particularly strong in information about contemporary designers, and offering 156 clear, beautiful illustrations that almost tell the story without the help of text.

(NOTE: For our readers' convenience a list of recently recommended books appears on this page in the first issue of each month.)



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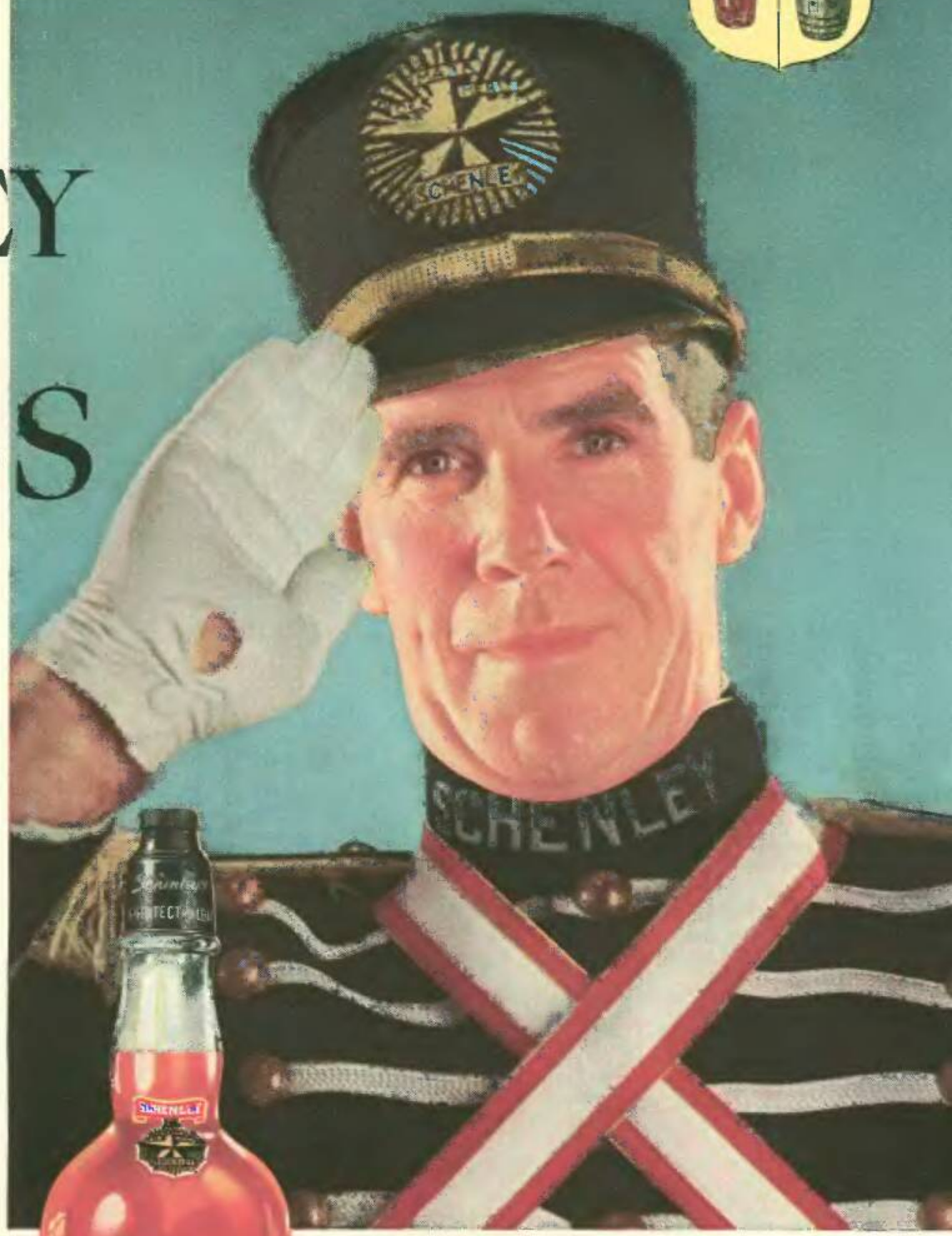
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