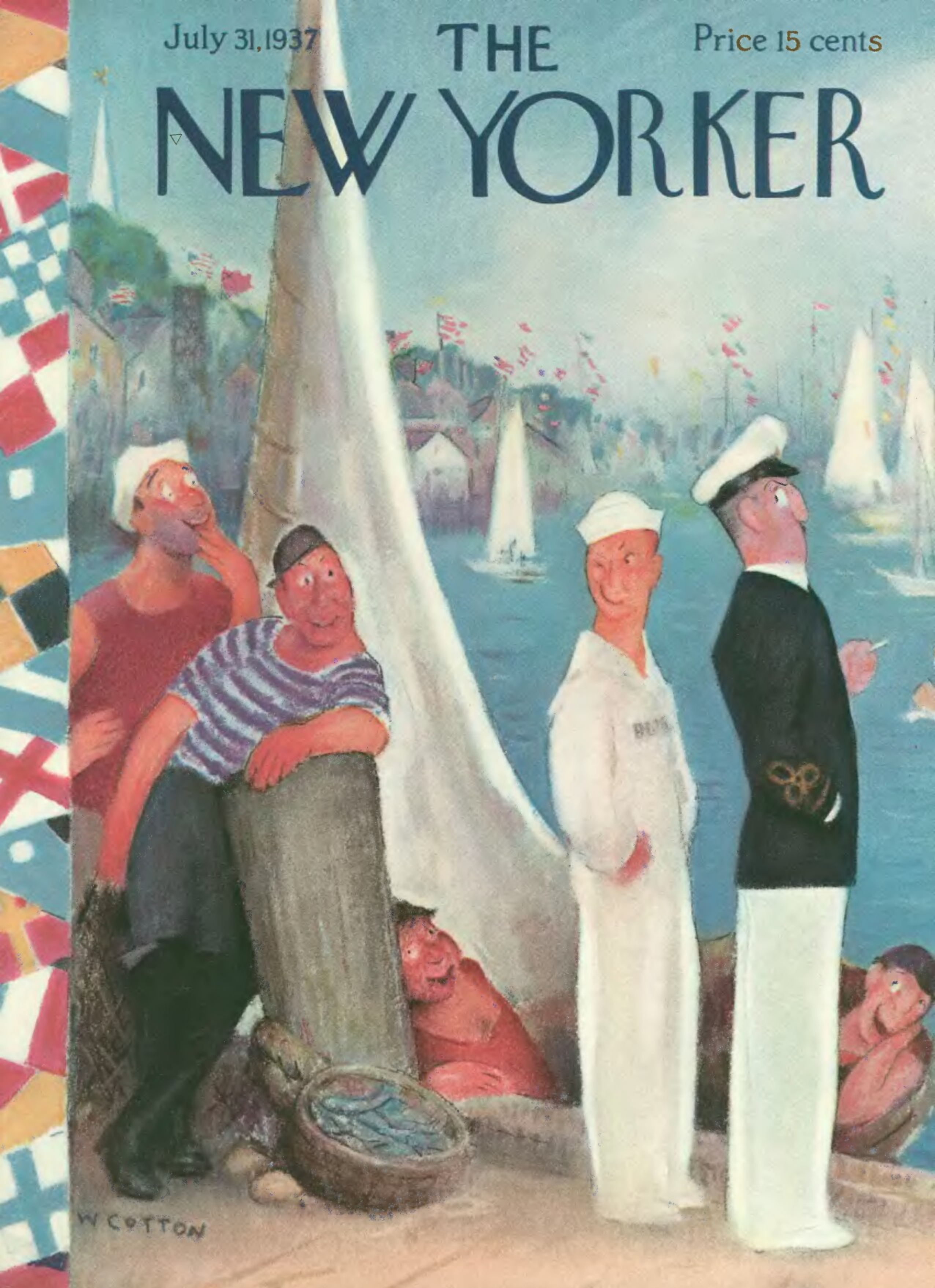
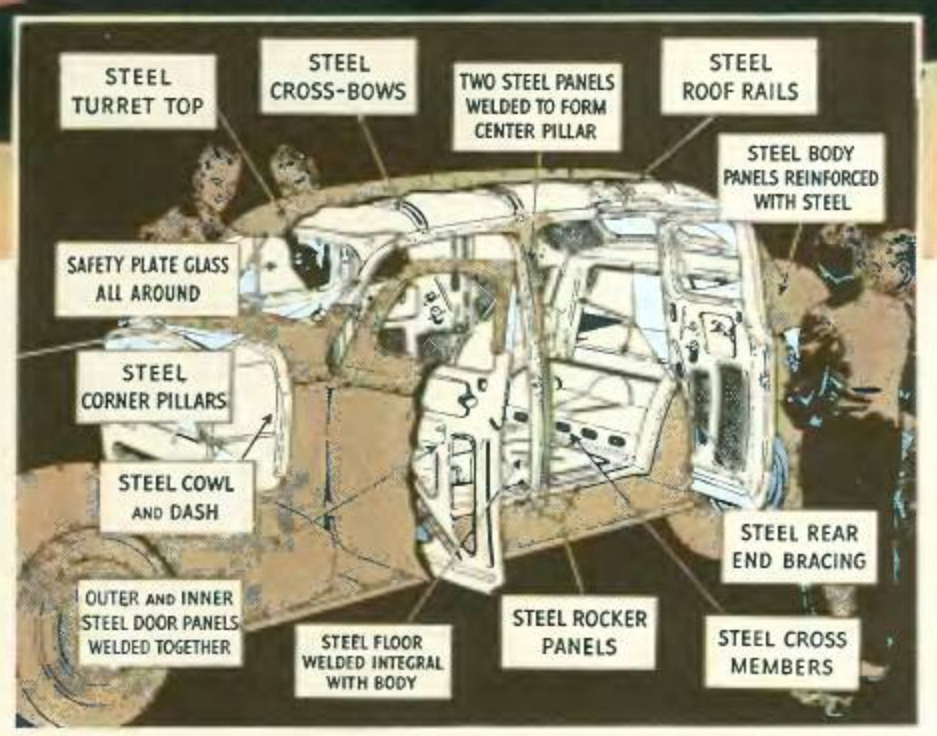
July 31, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

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FOND MEMORIES

NUMBER OF Stage OUT today



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BROTHER RAT—Life at Virginia Military Institute, which seems to amuse a great many people. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Love life among the campers at Camp Kare-Free, and just about as nice a play, with laughs, as you will find in town. Jules Garfield and Sidney Fox. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

ROOM SERVICE—Merry hell breaking loose just because a shoestring theatrical producer can't pay his hotel bill. A fine cast, including Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Eddie Albert, and Teddy Hart, brilliantly directed by George Abbott. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870.)

TOVARICH—How it feels to have a couple of Russian nobles for butler and maid. Paul Cavanagh and Marta Abba. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156.)

THE WOMEN—A lot of ladies snapping at each other's throats, in the most approved bitchery. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Very pleasant and instructive conversations between mother and daughter on the subject of Free Love. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Well, there is this family—oh, see it for yourself. They're all crazy and adorable. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—You may not recognize many of the names in the cast, but you will before the run is over, for they are talented youngsters who work with a Rodgers and Hart score which is already popular. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990.)

NOTE—"The Student Prince" is being revived at Randall's Island Stadium, through Sun., Aug. 1, at 8:30; "The Firefly," Tues. through Sun., Aug. 3-8. For other musical productions, see Jones Beach listing under "SUMMER STOCK."

SUMMER STOCK

(Old and new plays, some with Broadway players, announced for country and seashore theatres. Curtains at 8:45 P.M., no matinées, unless otherwise specified below.)

ARDEN—"The Play's the Thing": through Sat., July 31. "The First Mrs. Fraser": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Robin Hood Theatre, Arden, Del.)

ASBURY PARK—"Excursion," with Whitford Kane and other members of the New York cast: through Sun., Aug. 1. (Convention Hall, Asbury Park, N.J. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

BRATTLEBORO—"The Man Who Ate the Popomack," by W. J. Turner: through Sat., July 31. "The Front Page": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Brattleboro Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. 8:30 P.M.)

BURLINGTON—Norma Terris in "The Cradle Song": through Sat., July 31. (Green Mountain Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. 8:30 P.M.)

CAPE COD—"The Petrified Forest," with Phillips Holmes, Martha Scott, and Philip Huston: through Sat., July 31. "Accidental Family," a new comedy by Seymour Gross, with Julie Haydon, Evelyn Varden, and Walter Greaza: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:30.)

"The Children's Hour," with Mary Young and Mabel Taliaferro: through Sat., July 31. (Mary Young Theatre, Centerville, Mass. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

"Without Design," a new play by William Eden: through Sat., July 31. (Little Theatre, Chatham, Mass.)

COHASSET—"Excursion," with George Fawcett, Robert Shayne, and Natalie Schafer: through Sat., July 31. Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Thirteenth Chair": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

CRAGSMOOR—"The Golden Journey": through Sat., July 31. "The Bishop Misbehaves": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Barnstormers' Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IVORYTON—"The Children's Hour": through Sat., July 31. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

JONES BEACH—"Frederika," with Robert Chisholm and Diana Gaylen: through Sat., July 31. "On Your Toes," with Doris Carson, Nina Olivette, Hope Emerson, Dave Jones, and others: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Zach's Bay Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. 8:30 P.M.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—"Cradle Snatchers": through Sat., July 31. "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Garrick Players, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

LAKE PLACID—"Whistling in the Dark": Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31. "Home Chat": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. (Lakeside Theatre, Lake Placid Club, N.Y.)

MADISON—"Spring Dance," with Margaret Perry: through Sat., July 31. "Horse Tale," a new play by Alladine Bell: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Post Road Players, Madison, Conn. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

MARSHFIELD—"Her Husband's Wife," with Ernest Woodward and Ann Norris: through Sat., July 31. (Marshfield Players, Route 3A, Marshfield Hills, Mass.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—"Storm Over Patsy," with Jessica Rogers: through Sat., July 31. "The Music Master," with William Edmunds: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

MATUNUCK—"A Church Mouse," with Sylvia Field and John Hoysradt: through Sat., July 31. "The Devil's Moon," with George Macready: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

MILFORD—"Accent on Youth," with Rosemary Ames and George Coulouris: through Sat., July 31. "The Play's the Thing": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Plymouth Playhouse, Milford, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

MOUNT KISCO—"At Mrs. Beam's," with Mildred Natwick and Frances Farmer: through Sat., July 31. Anna May Wong in "Princess Turandot," a new adaptation by Lawrence Langner and John Gerard of the Gozzi comedy, with Vincent Price and McKay Morris: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40 P.M.)

MOYLAN—Annual Shaw Festival—"Heartbreak House": July 29. "Saint Joan": July 30. "Too True to Be Good": July 31 and Aug. 5. "Misalliance": Aug. 2. "Arms and the Man": Aug. 3. "Candida": Aug. 4. "The Devil's Disciple": Aug. 6. "You Never Can Tell": Aug. 7. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa. 8:30 P.M.)

NEWPORT—"The Secret Heart," adapted from the French of Yvan Noe, with Guy de Vestel, Doris Dalton, and Beatrice Terry: through Fri., July 30. "The Vinegar Tree," with Leona Powers: Tues. through Fri., Aug. 3-6. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. 9 P.M.; Wed. through Fri. 8:30 P.M.; Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

OGUNQUIT—"They Knew What They Wanted," with Sally Rand: through Sat., July 31. "At Mrs. Beam's," with Estelle Winwood: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (New Ogunquit Playhouse, Route 1, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.) . . . Laurette Taylor in her new comedy "At the Theatre," with Lillian Foster: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Colony Theatre, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

PARSIPPANY—"Fly Away Home": through Sat., July 31. (Morris County Playhouse, Route 6, Parsippany, N.J.)

PAWLING—"Ned McCobb's Daughter": through Sat., July 31. "The Hidden Door," a new mystery by Walter Livingston, with John Barclay and Miriam Battista: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

PEAPACK—"Laff That Off": Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31. "Kempy": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. (Auditorium Theatre, Peapack, N.J. 8:40 P.M.)

PETERBOROUGH—"Hotel Universe": through Sat., July 31. (Peterborough Players, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. 8:30 P.M.)

PLYMOUTH—"The Night of January 16": through Sat., July 31. "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Priscilla Beach Theatre, Plymouth, Mass.)

ROSLYN—WPA production of "No More Peace," by Ernst Toller: July 29. "Pygmalion": July 30 and 31. (Theatre of the Four Seasons, Roslyn, L. I. 8:50 P.M.)

SCHENECTADY—"The Devil's Disciple," with Nance O'Neil and James Kirkwood: through Sat., July 31. "The Palace of Truth": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College Campus, Schenectady, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

SKOWHEGAN—"Night Must Fall," with Owen Davis, Jr.: through Sat., July 31. "Two Time Mary," a new play by Owen Davis: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. 8 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

SOUTHAMPTON—"Ten Minute Alibi": through Sat., July 31. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton, L.I. 9 P.M.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Cecilia Loftus in "Storm Over Patsy": through Sat., July 31. Alexander Kirkland in "Many Mansions," a new play by Eckert and Jules Eckert Goodman: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

STONY CREEK—"End of Summer": through Sat., July 31. "The Guardsman," with Earl MacDonald: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

SUFFERN—"A Bill of Divorcement": through Sat., July 31. "Pride and Prejudice," with Jean Muir, Donald Cook, Percy Waram, Viola Roche, and Jose Ferrer: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (County Theatre, Route 59, Suffern, N.Y.)

SUFFIELD—"Twin Beds": Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31. (Band Box Players, Hastings Hill, Suffield, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

TAMWORTH—"Matrimony Pfd.": through Sat., July 31. "Reflected Glory": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (The Barnstormers, Tamworth, N.H., Mon. and Sat. 8:15 P.M.; Conway, N.H., Tues. and Wed. 8:15 P.M.; Poland Springs, Me., Thurs. 8:30 P.M.; Wolfeboro, N.H., Fri. 8:15 P.M.)

WESTPORT—"Lysistrata," with Vera Allen and Myron McCormick: through Sat., July 31. "At Mrs. Beam's," with Mildred Natwick and Frances Farmer: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

WHITEFIELD—"Fly Away Home": through Sat., July 31. "Candida": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 3-7. (The Forty-Niners, Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

WILLIAMSTOWN—"Juno and the Paycock": Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31. "A Bill of Divorcement": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. (Williamstown Summer Theatre, Williamstown, Mass.)

WOODSTOCK—"Libel": Thurs. through Sun., July 29-Aug. 1. "Point Valaine": Thurs. through

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

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Sun., Aug. 5-8. (Maverick Theatre. Woodstock, N.Y.)

NOTE—Ruth Gordon in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," directed by Jed Harris, is being presented at the Opera House, Central City, Colo., through Sat., Aug. 7.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places in town are not open Sundays in summer; better phone before you go.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Ramon Ramos's orchestra plays for dancing. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE MOONLIT TERRACE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the music.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—George Sterney'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 opens on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers Eddie Davis's orchestra. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

PARK LANE GARDEN, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Open until 10 P.M.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays in this restaurant high above Central Park. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Pancho's orchestra. Dress preferred.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band, with entertainment by Lotte Goslar, Oliver Wakefield, and others. Dress optional. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Music by Hal Richards' orchestra; dances by Gilbert and Dolores. . . . Ralph Gonzalez's orchestra plays in the Restaurant de la Paix on the ground floor.

ST. REGIS VIENNESE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—This gay and charming room has Jacques Fray's orchestra, Ben Bari, juggler, and an Albertina Rasch ballet. Must dress.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra and Russell Swan entertains with music in the Café Lounge.

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

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—The dinner and supper show here offers Milton Douglas and others. Music by Harry Rosenthal and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing. Raphael and his concertina, and dances by Marissa Flores. Dress preferred.

OTHER ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAin 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view, with Bill McCune's orchestra. . . . Ted Lewis and his orchestra are at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (CIrcle 6-6000). . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000), with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Montclair Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49 (WIckersham 2-1200), has Dick Ballou's orchestra. . . . Park Central Cocoanut Grove Roof, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000), has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue. . . . McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34 (PEnnsylvania 6-5700), with Johnny Messner's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Summer Terrace of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34, has Phil Napoleon's orchestra and an ice carnival. . . . Lukewela and his Royal Hawaiians play for dinner dancing in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Eddie Lane's orchestra is at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49. . . . Andy Iona provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Frank Novak is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54. . . . The Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67, has Hughie Barrett's orchestra; closes about midnight. . . . Jolly Coburn plays at the Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124. . . . William Farmer's orchestra is at the Promenade Café, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center.

For al-fresco dining (without dancing) three of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (VOlunteer 5-5400); Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (WIckersham 2-9000); and the Skyline Terrace of the Madison, Madison at 58 (VOlunteer 5-5000). . . . The outdoor Japanese Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600), with its brook and trees and flowers, has dinner music by Armand Vecsey's orchestra (no dancing). . . . You can dine on the open-air roof at Montparnasse, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345), and dance in the room downstairs.

You'll find sidewalk cafés at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S.; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; Longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12; Number One Fifth Avenue, 5 Ave. at 8; St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59; and Sulgrave, Park at 67.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Château Moderne, 42 E. 50; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Barney's, 86 University Pl.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-5960). . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White and Pat Harrington are back at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Mario's Mirador Roof, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Buddy Wagner and his orchestra, and a show featuring Gay Dixon, Edith Roark, Floria Vestoff, and Jack Osterman. . . . Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624). . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Leo and his Spirits of Rhythm; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—You can watch the dancing and hear Willie Bryant's orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . 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); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

JUST OUT OF TOWN

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (KIngsbridge 6-2000)—Irving Conn's orchestra and entertainment. You can dine and dance on the outdoor terrace.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. (Briarcliff 1640)—Meyer Davis's Palm Beach orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377)—A pleasant suburban spot, with music by Erwin Kent.

GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480)—Overlooking the water, with Nye Mayhew and his orchestra.

HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759)—Pierre de Bernardi's orchestra plays for dancing.

HICKORY LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 3084)—Herbert Steiner's orchestra.

MERRY-GO-ROUND, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Cedarhurst 8860)—A night club by the sea, with Mort Dennis and his band.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Bunny Berigan's orchestra.

PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600)—Harry Wallace's orchestra, and good food.

RIVIERA, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Ben Marden's show place overlooking the Hudson. Mickey Alpert's and Val Ernie's orchestras, an elaborate revue, and a Broadway crowd.

ROSS FENTON FARM, on Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 354)—Maximillian Bergère's orchestra.

SURFSIDE, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Long Beach 212)—Enric Madriguera's orchestra and entertainment.

WESTCHESTER EMBASSY CLUB, Route 22, Armonk, N.Y. (Armonk Village 530)—Phil Sands and his orchestra play on the Starlight Terrace.

NOTE—Coney Island tourists in search of shore dinners might try: Lundy's, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; Feltman's, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

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FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—Canoe Place Inn, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150), has music by Irving Rose's orchestra. . . . Dudley Doe and his Palm Beach orchestra provide the music (except Mon.) at Seven Ponds Inn, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500). . . . Harry McDaniel's orchestra plays in the Spanish Grill of the Monmouth, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330). . . . The Piping Rock, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., offers Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, Peter Higgins, Gomez and Winona, and others. . . . Eddie Elkins' orchestra plays at Riley's Lake House, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Pleasant places here and there along the road for dinner (without dancing) while motoring: Benedusi's, Route 100, Amawalk, N.Y. (Yorktown 324); Lawrence Farms Inn, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. (Mt. Kisco 4866); Round Hill Restaurant, Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 1371); Beau Séjour, Bethpage, L.I. (Hicksville 91); Lakeville Manor Inn, Lake Success, L.I. (Great Neck 2790); Brook House, Brookhaven, L.I. (Bellport 584); Dove and Turtle, just off Route 25A, Shoreham, L.I. (Shoreham 126); The Hedges, Main St., East Hampton, L.I. (East Hampton 420); Rainbow Tea House, Pound Ridge, N.Y. (Bedford Village 616); Outpost Inn, Ridgefield, Conn. (Ridgefield 882); Spinning Wheel, Redding Ridge, Conn. (Redding Ridge 67); Maurice's, Route 4N, Spring Lake Heights, N.J. (Spring Lake 3188); Old Mill Inn, Route 32, Bernardsville, N.J. (Bernardsville 70); Raritan Valley Farms Inn, Route 29, Somerville, N.J. (Somerville 975); Water Wheel Tavern, Route 611, Doylestown, Pa. (Doylestown 627 R 1); Dixie Inn, 11 Livingston Ave., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. (Dobbs Ferry 206); Valley View Farm, Old Sawmill River Rd., near the Parkway, Hawthorne, N.Y. (Pleasantville 120); Le Petit Pavillon Royal, Route 9W, Alpine, N.J. (Closter 788); French Farms, New City, N.Y. (New City 196); The White Turkey Inn, Route 7, just north of Danbury, Conn. (Danbury 1577); Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd., Southport, Conn. (Fairfield 900); Cobb's Mill, Old Mill Road, Weston, Conn. (Westport 3939); Hilltop Farm, Bridgewater, Conn. (New Milford 830).

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HIRSCH JACOBS,

who, although he was born on Second Avenue, raised in Brooklyn, and practically never saw a horse until he was twenty, has in the past thirteen years broken all records for training winners. Trains horses for Kid Beebe and Mrs. Damon Runyon, among others, working seventeen hours a day and taking his wife to the movies for relaxation. Says he treats each horse differently, according to its personality. Never bets more than two dollars on a race.

MOTION PICTURES

A DAY AT THE RACES—A magnificent Marx Brothers frenzy, with more than you can dream of happening every minute. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., July 30-Aug. 1; continuous from 8:30 A.M. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—Those good old standbys, international spies, up to their usual tricks. With Luise Rainer and William Powell. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs. through Mon., July 29-Aug. 2; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., and noon, respectively. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., July 29-Aug. 4; continuous from 1 P.M. and 10 A.M., respectively.)

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME—Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in an absurd but fairly entertaining story about the Pennsylvania oil boom. Jerome Kern music. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

SARATOGA—Racetrack life, but only of interest because of the Jean Harlow scenes. With Clark Gable. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M.)

STELLA DALLAS—Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, and John Boles in an intelligent and thoroughly satisfying production of the Olive Higgins Prouty novel. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs. July 29; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THEY WON'T FORGET—Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South" rendered savagely on the screen. With Claude Rains. (Strand, B'way at 47;

through Tues., Aug. 3; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

REVIVALS—"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Fri., July 30; continuous from 9:30 A.M.) . . . "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31; continuous from noon.) . . . "Elephant Boy." (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 1-3; continuous from noon.) . . . "Viva Villa." (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 3 and 4; continuous from noon. Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 4 and 5; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Captains Courageous," the Gloucester fishing fleet and the Kipling story in one of the fine pictures of the year, with Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy; "Easy Living," one of the foolish summer items, yet good in its ridiculous way, with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold; "Knight Without Armor," love and the Russian Revolution, with Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat; "The Road Back," an ambitious and at times successful attempt to transfer Remarque's novel of post-war Germany to the screen.

OPENING OF NOTE

SOULS AT SEA—Directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, George Raft, and Frances Dee. (Globe, B'way at 47; scheduled to open Tues., Aug. 3, at 8:45 P.M.; daily thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

FRENCH—Summer show of selected French paintings: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GROUPS—Summer exhibition of American artists: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . Water colors and oils: Morton, 130 W. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Sculpture and drawings by contemporary Americans: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Water colors of New York skyscrapers: Museum of the City of N.Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M. . . . Oils, water colors, and drawings: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open Mon. through Wed. only, 8 to 10 P.M.

MODERN—Summer exhibition of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents; free on Mon.)

NATIONAL—Second National Exhibition of American Art: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 31. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

PRINTS—One hundred prints of the past one hundred years, Room 321; recent additions to the Print Collection, Room 316: N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Lithographs by Adolph Dehn, and miscellaneous prints: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 7.

RENOIR—Important and well-assorted show of work done between 1871 and 1916, drawn chiefly from private American collections. Don't miss: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Italian primitives from the collection of Richard M. Hurd: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Annual revolving exhibition of paintings and sculpture: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . Oils by William Gray: Kohn, 608 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Summer exhibition of sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M. . . . "Figures, Flowers, and Landscapes": Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. Open weekdays, except Sat., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . Old and modern paintings: Findlay, 8 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . Summer exhibition of photographs: Rabinovitch, 40 W. 56. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . Exhibition of recent work by fashion artists: Traphagen School Galleries, Penthouse, 1680 B'way, near 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M. . . . "Seven Centuries of Russian Icons": Hammer Galleries, 682 5 Ave.; starting Aug. 2. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NOTES—Some out-of-town galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: Yale Gallery of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn., containing the fine Jarves Collection of Italian Primitives. Open daily 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass. Open daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . The Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . The Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . The Springfield Museum, Springfield, Mass. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 1 to 4:30 P.M. . . . The Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, Brunswick, Me. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to noon. and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 4 P.M. . . . Also, for fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.); the Whaling Museum of the South Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.); and the Bucks County Historical Society Museum, Doylestown, Pa. (open weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.).

Thirty-sixth annual exhibition of oils and sculpture: Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Contemporary paintings and sculpture: Art Association of Newport, 76 Bellvue Ave., Newport, R.I. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . The Ogunquit Art Association, Barn Gallery, Ogunquit, Me. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., and 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . Annual show of paintings, sculpture, and etchings: Ogunquit Art Center, Hoyt's Lake, Ogunquit, Me. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Provincetown Art Association exhibition, Provincetown, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5:30 P.M. . . . Water colors, black-and-whites, sculpture, and crafts: Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . Etchings by Samuel Chamberlain: Redding Art Gallery, Redding, Conn. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 1. . . . Group show: Sawkill Painters & Sculptors, Woodstock, N.Y., through July 31; paintings by Mary Earley, through Aug. 5.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—At the Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136, nightly at 8:30—The Philadelphia Ballet Company in "Sleeping Beauty," Smallens conducting: Thurs. and Fri., July 29 and 30. Philharmonic-Symphony, Raudenbush conducting: Sat. through Tues., July 31-Aug. 3; Jascha Heifetz will be soloist Mon. and Tues., Aug. 2 and 3. Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 4-7. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St.; or Bus No. 3.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly at 8:30—Central Park Mall, Fri., Sun., Mon., and Wed.; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs., Sat., and Tues.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Wagner series, Federal Symphony Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. Eves. at 8:45. . . . Brahms concert series: Wed. Eves. at 8:45.

OUT-OF-TOWN—Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, at Tanglewood, Route 183, between Lenox and Stockbridge, Mass.: first three concerts, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 5 and 7, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 8, at 4:30. . . . Chamber-music concerts at South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Gordon String Quartet, at the Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Cremona String Quartet, at the Community Theatre, Woodstock, Vt., Fri. Afts. at 3:30. . . . "Fidelio," by the Steel Pier Opera Company, Atlantic City, N.J., Thurs. and Fri. Eves., July 29 and 30, at 8:45; "The Tales of Hoffmann," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Aug. 5 and 6.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs., July 29; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. through Sun., July 30-Aug. 1; Yankees vs. Chicago, Tues., Aug. 3 (doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.), and Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 4 and 5; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 6-8. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Billy Beauhuld vs. Paul Junior, and other bouts, Thurs. Eve., July 29; preliminaries at 8:30.

DOG SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., July 31.

GOLF—New Jersey Open, Shackamaxon Club, Westfield, N.J., Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31.

HORSE SHOWS—Long Branch Horse Show, Larchwood and Palmer Aves., West Long Branch, N.J., Fri. and Sat., July 30 and 31. . . . Pittsfield Riding & Polo Club Show, Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. and Sat., July 30 and 31. . . . Southampton Riding & Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 7.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Westbury, L.I.; play Thurs. Aft. at 5:30, Sat. Aft. at 4:30, and Sun. Aft. at 5; through Aug. 1; weather permitting. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Route 25, Westbury, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting. . . . Junior Championships, Narragansett Polo Club, Narragansett Pier, R.I., Sat. through Sun., July 31-Aug. 8.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M. The Beverwyck Steeplechase Handicap, the United States Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Handicap will be run Sat., July 31; the Shillelah Steeplechase, the Saratoga Special, and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Sat., Aug. 7. (Train leaves Grand Central daily at 10 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 2:01 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:35 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:35 P.M.)

TENNIS—Seabright Lawn Tennis & Cricket Club Invitation Tournament, Seabright, N.J.: through Sat., July 31. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I.; and Women's Invitation, Maidstone Club, East Hampton: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 2-7.

TROTTING—Amateur races, Nassau Driving Club, Mineola, L.I., Sat. Aft., July 31, at 2.

YACHTING—America's Cup Races, Ranger vs. Endeavour II, off Newport, R.I.: Sat. and Mon., July 31 and Aug. 2, starting at 11:30 A.M., and continuing daily until one side has won four out of seven. . . . Races on Long Island Sound: Stamford Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., July 31; American Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 7.

NOTE—The sixth annual Midsummer Figure Skating Carnival, Olympic Arena, Lake Placid, N.Y., takes place Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7.

ON THE AIR

SALZBURG FESTIVAL—Part of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," Toscanini conducting: Fri. Aft., July 30, at 4:30, WJZ. Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza in "Don Giovanni," Walter conducting: Mon. Aft., Aug. 2, at 2:05, WEAF.

LES MISERABLES—Orson Welles' projection of the Hugo classic in seven installments: Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

AMERICA'S CUP RACES—There will be frequent broadcasts of the races off Newport: Sat. and Mon., July 31 and Aug. 2, and following days, over WEAF-WJZ, WABC, and WOR.

RACING—The Arlington Futurity, from Arlington Park, Chicago: Sat. Aft., July 31, at 5:45, WABC and WJZ.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—And President Lebrun of France, speaking during the formal dedication of the war memorial at Montfaucon, France: Sun. Morn., Aug. 1, at 10, WJZ.

INA CLAIRE—In Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," with Osgood Perkins: Sun. Eve., Aug. 1 at 8, WJZ.

HELEN HAYES—In Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon": Mon. Eve., Aug. 2, at 9:30, WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Robin Hood Dell Concert, 8:30, WJZ. Charles Winninger, Jack Haley, and Meredith Willson, 9, WEAF. Irving Deakins' "Music and Ballet," 9, WQXR. March of Time, 10:30, WABC.

FRIDAY—Kreiner String Quartet, 3, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 9, WQXR. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 9:30, WJZ. Ferde Grofé's orchestra, 10, WABC.

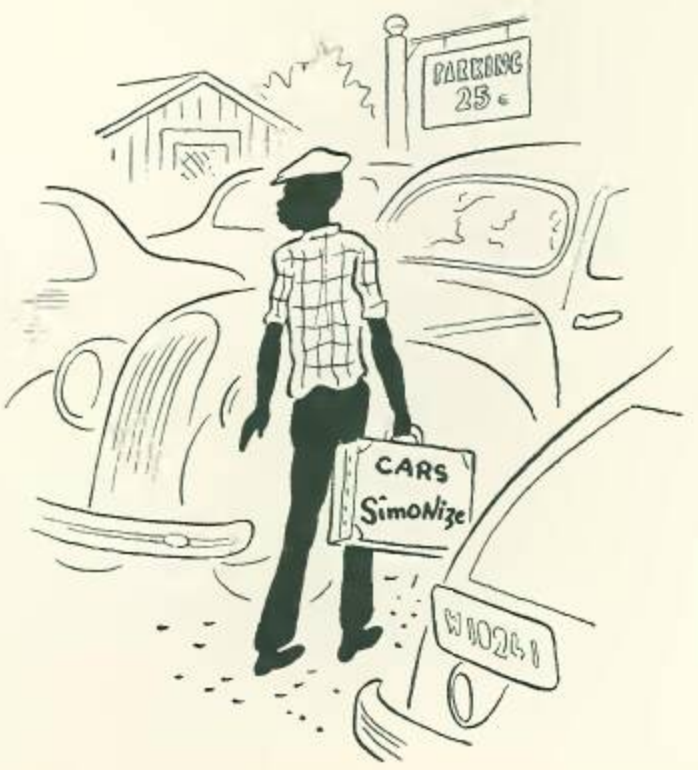
SATURDAY—Chautauqua Little Symphony, Barrère conducting, 10:30 A.M., WEAF. Compinsky Trio, 11:30 A.M., WABC. Jacques Jolas, 7:30, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. Robin Hood Dell Concert, 8:30, WEAF. Goldman Band, 8:30, WJZ. Cincinnati Zoo Opera, 10, WJZ. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 10:30, WOR.

SUNDAY—Perole String Quartet, 11:30 A.M., WOR. Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting 3, WABC. Chautauqua Symphony, Stoessel conducting, 3, WEAF. Oxford Ensemble, 7, WQXR. Werner Janssen's orchestra, 7:30, WJZ. W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Boston Esplanade Concert, 8:30, WOR. Richard Bonelli, 9, WABC. Bob Hope and Shep Fields, 9, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony Stadium Concert, 10, WABC.

MONDAY—Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Goldman Band, 8:30, WJZ. C.B.S. Shakespeare Cycle, 9, WABC. Boston Esplanade Concert, 9:30, WOR. Carl Carmer, 10:30 WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Lehmann Engel's Madrigal Singers, 9, WMCA. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC. Johnny Green, 9:30, WEAF. Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 10, WOR.

WEDNESDAY—Nicolai Berezowsky and Emanuel Bay, 3:45, WABC. Cavalcade of Music, 8, WABC. Beatrice Lillie, 8, WJZ. Helen Menken, 8:30, WJZ. Walter O'Keefe, 9, WEAF. Beauty Theatre, 9:30, WABC.



Now — FOR THE 1937 FALL GIRL



A PUMP IN THE NEW ELASTIC LEATHER

. . . that anyone can wear with comfort

Up to now, few women could stand up under the alluring pump. No matter how cleverly designed or well-made, its pinch was almost sure to come. At long last, here is a new kind of pump any woman can wear with impunity, even if on her feet most of the time. It's all done with elastic leather, amazing invention of a progressive age. First, a secret chemical process makes tanned leather as elastic as it was on the living animal. The elasticity is then made permanent by a backing of paper-thin, finely woven fabric, made with "Lastex" yarn. No one could possibly tell the elastic leather so created from any other leather by its appearance. Shoes made with it stretch to corset and comfort the foot into new lines of grace and beauty. "Rhythm" is indeed the word for this beautiful pump, expressing the swing and vitality of the modern woman. I. Miller, maker of shoe styles for many years, invokes the magic of "Lastex" in a new way. So that every woman can realize the dream of her foot in the simple and flattering lines of a classic pump, with all the easy comfort of her favorite last.



"RHYTHM" A classic pump with high heel in black suede, in the new elastic leather made possible by "LASTEX." Made by I. MILLER & SONS, Inc., New York City. Stores and Agencies in Principal Cities in United States, Canada, Various Foreign Countries.

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Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. . . . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York

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of quality furs

now in progress . . .

low summer prices

10% to 25% less



prophetic lines in Persian properly squared and boxy . . . just one of the wide variety of important new furs and silhouettes featured in this famous annual midsummer sale. The coat, 595.00. The suede and Persian hat, 35.00. third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

VOX HUMANA NOTE: We passed the window of a music store in Fortieth Street the other day where an organ was on display. Seated at the manual was a slender, gray-haired man, his fingers trudging quietly



along over the keys. Propped in the music rack before him was the morning's *Times*; and as we stopped and re-read, over the organist's shoulder, the troubled headlines of the day, we noticed that when gentled thus by music the world and its ill-advised doings seemed greatly soothed. The vibrato stop was on.

DOWNTOWN SALVATION NOTE: A bond lately received in a Wall Street office, sent in by the General Council of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, was marked: "For Redemption."

DR. PICCARD, of the upper air, brings to scientific fields the highest quality of madness. This sprightly little explorer, the jackanapes of the stratosphere, cunningly soars aloft in a basket borne upward by a galaxy of toy balloons, suddenly whips out a gun and



takes pot shots at his own supports. "So I took my pistol and killed about a dozen of them," he explained. It was the sort of plot Harpo Marx might hatch, with his hair straying and his eyes too bright. Dr. Piccard descended in flames, and when he jumped out, according to the papers, he was choked with laughter.

IN the natural course of events, we receive quite a number of letters, many of them from strangers. It is a mixed blessing. One's mail can be an appallingly dreary thing, and there are days when it seems to go to pieces along with everything else in life. The post, in our direct-by-mail civilization, is not what it was in Victorian days, when one's neighborhood merchants had no promotional life and when the arrival of a letter was an event of some dignity and elation. The mail today is a frump —full of mannerisms and insincerities from persons who either want to get something off their chest or put money in their pocket. But despite the beating we take from the mail, there is still some intangible and exciting promise inherent in the whole idea of postal life. The other night, lying in a sticky bed, we were enormously comforted by the stray thought that somebody in Calgary, or in Natchez, or in London, had perhaps just walked to a midnight postbox and let clank a letter which, through some infinitely devious coincidence, had our name on the envelope.

THE Navy's plan for mobilizing yachtsmen and making them part of the national defense meets with our instant approval. The Star class alone, if equipped with machine guns, would present a formidable front to any enemy. Advancing in V formation with spinnakers set, the white-winged fleet would lend a new enchantment to battle; once again history would hang on a luffing match. There would be an enormous tactical advantage in enlisting American yachtsmen, too. Our sailors are reared in the protestant tradition, and the slightest infringement of the rules of modern warfare would be taken straight to the Rules Committee on the porch of the clubhouse.

A WOMAN friend of ours has a colored maid named Mildred. Mildred just comes in by the day, but one morning our friend woke to find that the girl had stayed all night, occupying a small room off the kitchen. When she asked Mildred about this, Mildred looked sheepish and said, "I had a poem to write, ma'am, and it's so noisy at home that I stayed here to do it." Luckily our friend understands poets and their shy need for creeping off by themselves when the great hour comes.

SPEAKING of bards, a poet we know is in Hollywood now, where, he tells us, he is under contract to the motion picture industry. One of the clauses of his contract forbids him to write a line of verse, for the duration



of his employment. This is undoubtedly a wise precaution on the part of the movie people, whose suspicion of a poet's thoughts is like a child's fear of the unknown dark. We often think of this faraway, apprenticed singer, his songs all unsung. We think of him waking, perhaps, at three in the morning, with a line of superlative beauty running through his head. He switches on the light, reaches for his bedside pad and pencil, then remembers his contract, switches off the light again, and subsides—to sleep, perchance to dream.

PEOPLE are always telling us things that can be construed in more ways than one. A man has been in, for in-

stance, to tell us of a friend of his who is a surgeon and who recently removed a brain tumor of a patient by cutting away a portion of the brain itself. After a period of convalescence the patient was shown a *New Yorker* drawing. He laughed heartily. The surgeon, our informant says, was greatly pleased with the test. But are we supposed to be? We don't rightly know.

Brief History

HERE is a composition written by a serious-minded little boy of seven for the edification of his mother, who passed it along to us:

STORIES OF LINCOLN AND OTHER MEN

George Washington never told a lie. So did Abraham Lincoln. Now we have Roosevelt. No one knows who will be our next President.

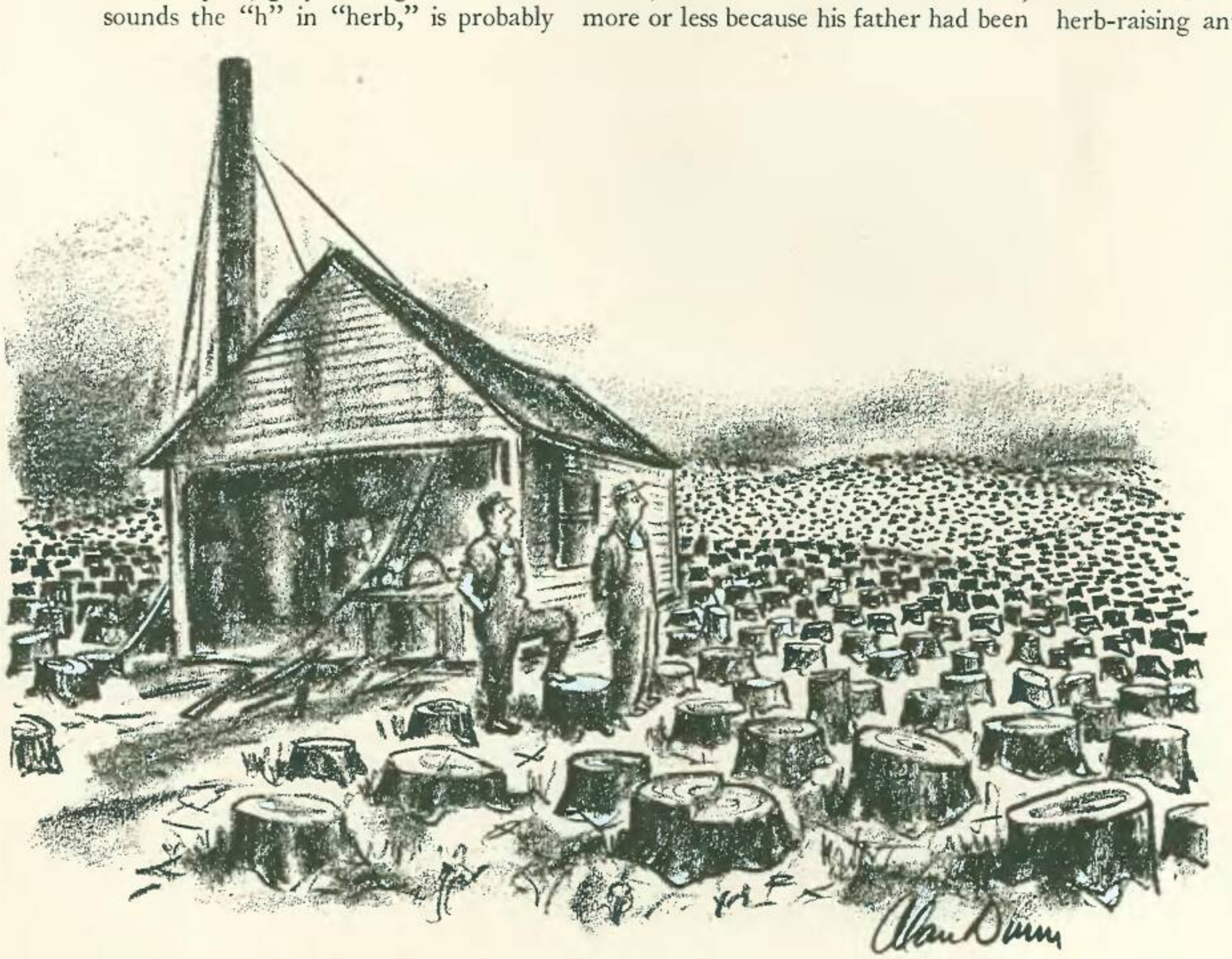
Herbalist

HAVING paid a weekend call on John Dukinfield, F.R.H.S., of South Huntington, Long Island, we're in a position to tell you a good deal about herbs and herb gardening. Mr. Dukinfield, a quiet, grayish Englishman who sounds the "h" in "herb," is probably our foremost herbalist—grows them in his own gardens, imports rare specimens from all over the world, delves into the history and medical properties of herbs, and plans herb gardens for other Long Island folk. Herbs, it seems, thrive on sea air; Mr. Dukinfield considers Long Island second only to the shores of the Mediterranean as a place for herb gardens. More and more Long Island people are going in for them, he told us, the most notable of the recent recruits being Mrs. R. M. Littlejohn, of Southampton, and Averell Clark, of Old Westbury. Their gardens are not so colorful as flower beds, but this is more than compensated for by the pleasure they derive from pointing out to their guests such exotic herbs as basil, the herb of hate; coriander, used to flavor gin; caraway, a remedy for paleness in girls; tulsi basil, a sprig of which is placed in the mouths of dead Hindus to insure their entrance to paradise; and sweet marjoram, a cure for silliness.

F.R.H.S. stands for Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, which means that Mr. Dukinfield is pretty high in British gardening circles. He hasn't always been a professional gardener; started life as a cotton broker, more or less because his father had been a cotton broker before him. During his cotton-broking journeys, he used to pick up specimens of herbs and take them home with him. Finally, twelve years ago, he dropped cotton altogether and came to this country. He later took unto himself as wife and partner a lady named Carol Barrett. They have two children and live in a combination tearoom, residence, and greenhouse named The Herb Garden. Mr. Dukinfield attends mainly to the raising of herbs and the planning of gardens, while his wife spends her time experimenting with blends of herbs, for all sorts of purposes. She makes twenty-seven kinds of tea, among them specifics for diabetes, neuritis, and enuresis; several kinds of vinegar for salad dressings; all sorts of sauces and seasonings; and a moth-repellent said to be more efficient than camphor. Some of the big stores here in town sell the concoctions; or, if you happen to be driving through South Huntington, you can drop in and purchase right at The Herb Garden.

Mr. Dukinfield's business motto is taken from no less a source than the 104th Psalm: "Herbs for the service of man." He's fond of pointing out that herb-raising antedates even the psalmist, going back as far as the Stone Age. "Why, some herbs keep their fragrance for five thousand years!" he told us. "For instance?" we said. "Garlic," said Mr. Dukinfield. He's mildly indignant that agriculture has concentrated on flowers and vegetables to the exclusion of herbs. Another source of indignation is that whenever he imports a rare herb, the customs inspectors get suspicious and send it down to Washington to be thumbed and sniffed at by minor officials —which, under the present administration, doesn't do an herb any good.

When we left The Herb Garden, Mr. Dukinfield presented us with an armful of his herbs, explaining the name and uses of each one. The only one we could recall when we

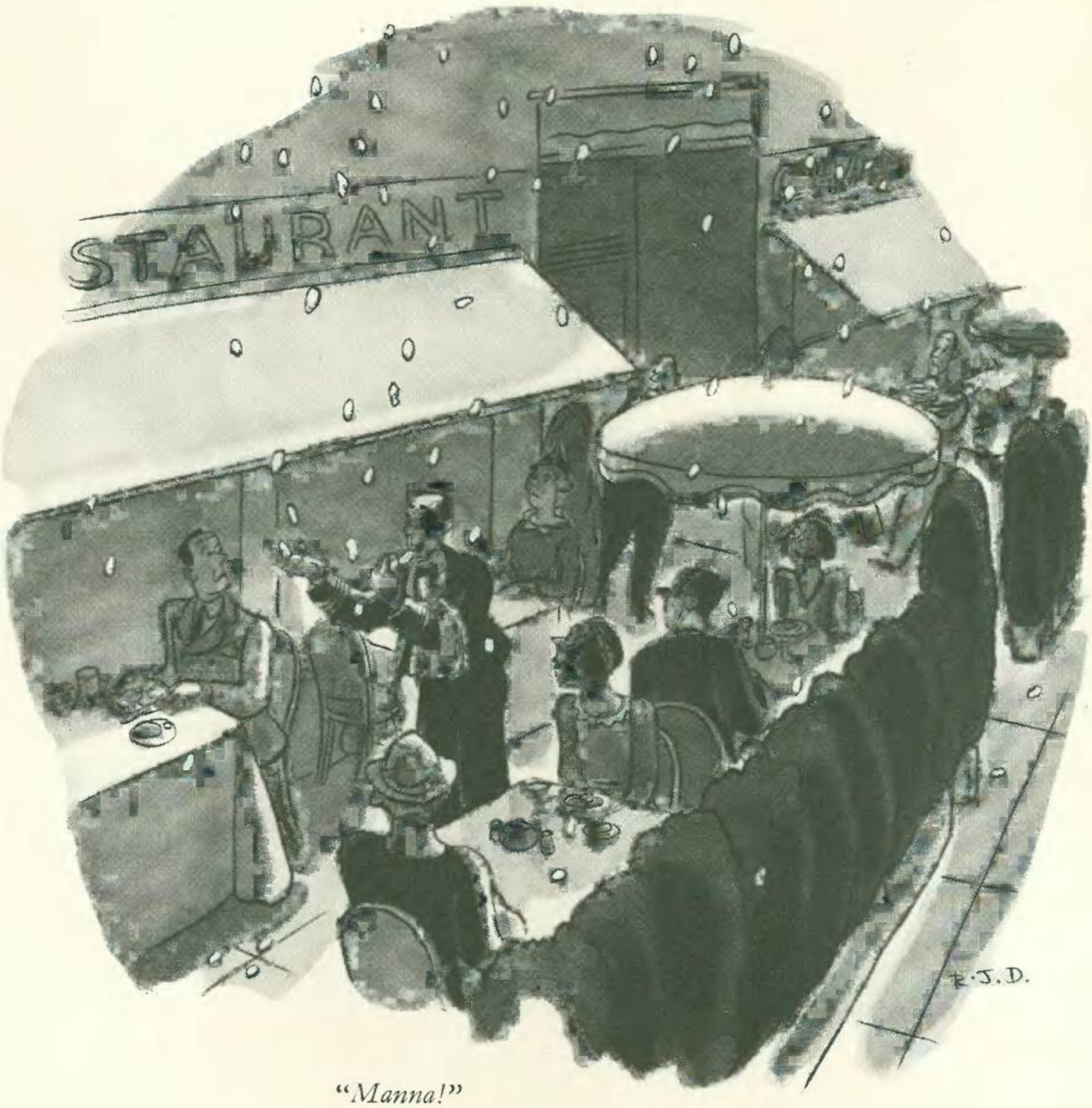


"Well, I still claim it was a good site for a sawmill when we moved here."

got back is rosemary; that's for remembrance.

The Word

THE recent hot weather affected different people different ways. There was, for example, the unknown man who called up the *Herald Tribune* one breathless midnight and asked to speak to the librarian. "Listen," he asked, as soon as he was connected, "what's the word for when a father gives his son a job that the son oughtn't to have, especially, and the jobs stay all in one family, and the father gives them out, and things like that? What's the word for that?" "'Nepotism,'" the librarian told him. "That's it," sighed the caller. "I *told* my wife it wasn't 'polygamy.'"



"Manna!"

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Subway Sun

THE *Subway Sun*, newspaper for riders on the I.R.T., first appeared with its resplendent title in the summer of 1918. On that momentous occasion, the ears on either side of the name-plate announced "The news of the subway with a smile thrown in now and then" and "The Weather: Cool as our fans, blowers, and ventilators can make it." For a year previously it had struggled along in nameless poster form, like its contemporaries on the Independent and B.-M.T. lines today, with, if we are forced to say it, practically no distinction at all. Now, an unquestioned leader in the subway field, it is worth, we think, a few lines of our type. Its back files down at the main I.R.T. offices, 165 Broadway, contain lots of little old lost causes, like pleas to start matinées earlier to relieve subway crowding in the rush hours, or ways to check the spread of "The Spanish Influenza," which hasn't been checked yet. John E. Andrus, the late millionaire straphanger of Yonkers, always went to work on the I.R.T. When he said, in a newspaper interview, "I go to my office by subway. It is the cheapest ride. The sun does not shine on another piece of ground where you can get so much for your money as in the subway," the *Subway Sun* picked it up right away, and gave the statement a whole issue, with Mr. Andrus's picture. From the *Sun's* point of view, that story had everything fit to print.

Throwing its columns open to the city's Police Department, the *Sun* one time was guilty of a purist's error. The Police Department sent out a bulletin suggesting means to attain "less accidents" and "less fatalities." The *Sun* printed it, but pretty soon took it down guiltily and put up a new edition, with the words changed to "fewer accidents" and "fewer fatalities." Really wasn't the *Sun's* fault, entirely.

Under the present receivership of the Interborough, the destinies of the *Sun* are guided by Thomas E. Murray, Jr., Receiver. Last May, Mr. Murray decided on rejuvenation for the *Sun*. Under his direction, the single-sheet publication has been taken out of the published-now-and-then class, made into a weekly, and plunged into color. A commercial artist has been hired to do the layout, humorous drawing, and hand lettering. Mr. Murray does the editing and proofreading, getting right down to work every Thursday, closing date.

The most successful issue recently was one showing a man with his legs crossed in a subway aisle, with the accompanying verse, written by Receiver Murray:

A lady writes us and complains
That men who cross their legs in trains
Soil women's dresses with their shoes—
If they'd desist 'twould be good news.

The reaction on *that* one was simply tremendous. It brought in hundreds of

letters. Some were from male sourpusses, saying the girls did it, too. Others contained verses castigating the spread of germs by sneezing and coughing in other people's faces, the practice of carrying cat baskets in the subway, the European habit of furtive pinching, the standing around doorways instead of proceeding to vacant seats. The Interborough hadn't any idea there were so many crimes being committed in the subway by one patron against another. They think they'll be chary of running another verse for a while now.

Winning Friends

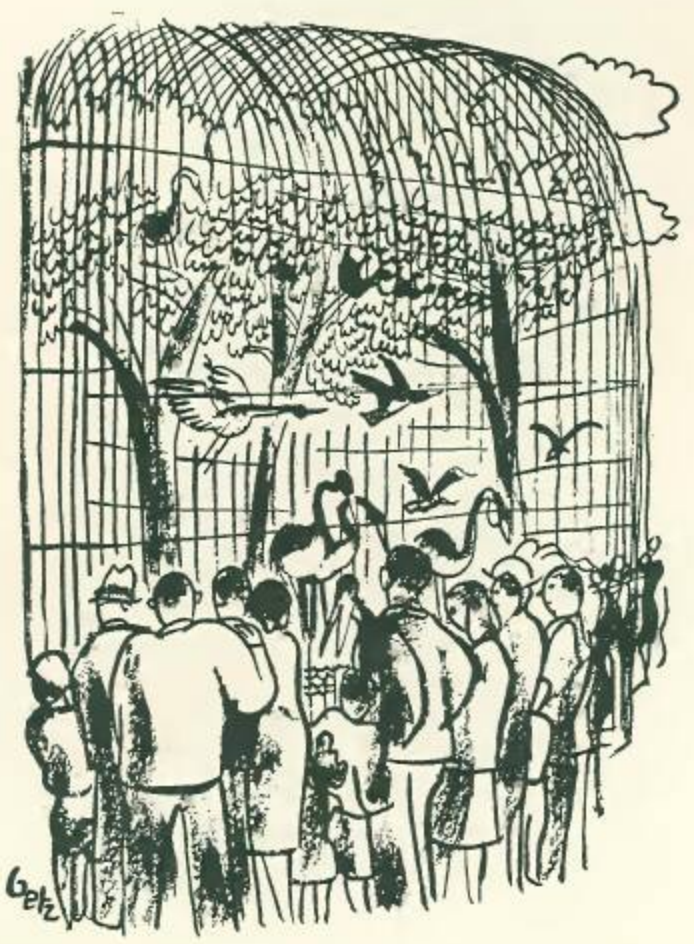
THIS week we have another little tale about Dale ("How to Win Friends and Like It") Carnegie. National Broadcasting Company's Audience Mail Department, which handles fan-letters, was recently set back on its heels by a letter from Mr. Carnegie in which he expressed his gratitude to N.B.C. for broadcasting the Stadium Concerts. Last we heard, the Audience Mail Department was hard at work trying to compose a letter which would express N.B.C.'s delight at hearing from Mr. Carnegie and, at the same time, with as little loss of friendship and influence as possible, inform him that the Stadium Concerts are broadcast by the rival chain, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Lifesavers

IF past averages can be relied on, members of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps attached to the forty-two stations scattered about the metropolitan area will this season rescue two hundred people from drowning, restore dozens of lost children to their parents, recover ten or twelve corpses, and render first aid to two thousand victims of cuts, bruises, and sunburn. We have looked into the history of this benevolent organization, and find that it goes back to 1890. It was organized by one Wesley Jones, and five years later had 256 stations, 378 boat crews, and a total membership of 3,245. (The membership dwindled later on, when municipal lifesaving became better organized.) At the turn of the century its original name, The Volunteer Life Saving Corps, was changed to The United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps—a move which none of the present members can explain, since the Corps has never had any connection with the federal government, and its activities have always been confined to the five boroughs of New York. The money for its upkeep comes from private donations. Among the present benefactors are Anne Morgan (who can see one of the East River stations from her window), Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Robert L. Debevoise, and Colonel Ralph C. Tobin, all of whom are ranked as Vice Commodores.

Active U.S.V.L.S.C. members are usually men who happen to live somewhere in the neighborhood of a station and like to spend a few hours a day near the water. The lifesaving stations aren't manned all the time—it's purely a voluntary activity, and the members have their own affairs to attend to—but they try to have somebody there during the popular bathing hours. Each station keeps a log from day to day, containing a full report of its activities, with such notations as "Aids to Navigation—pulled a plank out of the river." There is a minimum age limit of eighteen for members, and they have to pass tests that include swimming thirty-five feet under water, breaking strangle holds, and swimming sixty feet with the hands held out of water.

There's another volunteer lifesaving group in New York, which is, regrettably enough, a deadly rival of the U.S.V.L.S.C. This is the Life Saving Service of the City of New York. In 1909, the ranks of Mr. Jones' organization were divided on the question of whether members should receive pay for their work. One group, which wanted pay, went off in a huff and became the L.S.S.C.N.Y. It has long since given up the notion of pay—has, on the contrary, an initiation fee of a dollar—but is still mad at the parent organization.



The point of contention is the question of which is to be considered the renegade organization and which the original. The two don't speak, and refuse to participate together in municipal ceremonies. The L.S.S.C.N.Y. operates only in the Bronx and Richmond, maintaining a total of ten stations. We hate to think of what would happen to a bather who started to drown midway between rival stations; he'd probably be torn limb from limb.

Discreet

A TRIM little minx we know stopped in at a Nedick's the other morning for coffee and doughnuts, and made an immediate conquest of the counterman. It wasn't his manner that gave him away, she told us—he remained courteously aloof all the time she was there. It was just that he remarked to his assistant, "*Regardez,* Irving. *Elle est très chic, pas vrai*?"

Instinct

WE have heard of a young couple who are regarding their four-year-old daughter with a good deal of awe these days. Discovering her picking pieces of plaster out of their foyer wall and eating them, they rushed her off to a doctor, to make sure that she hadn't damaged her interior. The doctor examined her and said that she seemed to be all the better for it. "Her system needed calcium," he explained, "and she instinctively made for the plaster wall."

Macabre Macaw

ABOUT a fortnight ago Walter Winchell said in his column that there was in the bird department of Abraham & Straus a parrot which had been sold fifteen times and had been returned by each purchaser because of its profanity. Mildly interested by this statement, we dispatched one of our operatives to Brooklyn to look more closely into the story of this gusty parrot. The operative returned from his mission with big, round, astonished eyes, and reported that the bird in question is a macaw, not a parrot; there's no bird department at Abraham & Straus, it's a pet department; the macaw was sold and returned seven, not fifteen, times; the reason for its return wasn't always profanity; and the macaw hasn't been at Abraham & Straus for the past year. We append the true story of the macaw,



"She got to know him through one of those cute ads in the Saturday Review of Literature—you know, the kind that starts 'Introspective bachelor seeks kindred soul.'"

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in case Mr. Winchell might want to file it under the list of things he never knew till now.

Some ten years ago, the Odenwald Bird Company, Manhattan importers, sold to A. & S. five South American macaws, which A. & S. in turn disposed of to private customers. Four of the five were never heard of again; but the fifth, the biggest and most brightly colored of the lot, was returned within a week, on the grounds of general cussedness. Seems he yelled profanely at the purchaser's guests, and, if possible, bit them. A. & S. returned the customer's money ($150, for such pets commanded much higher prices then than now), and took back the macaw. Several times after that, each time at a lower price, he was sold to customers—some of them men, some ladies—who were dazzled by his dramatic size and coloring. He was always returned inside of a month, though, either because he swore or because he broke things up. Despairing of getting rid of him permanently, A. & S. set him up in a large show-cage in the middle of the pet-shop. Then ensued a peaceful year or two, with the macaw (by this time familiarly called Mac) behaving pretty well, and being generally admired by visitors. He was so docile that the pet-shop folk finally took him out of his cage, which proved to be a mistake. Mac tipped over five canary cages, canaries and all, and chased the entire sales staff, screeching and nipping at their heels. This put A. & S. definitely out of patience with him, and they sold him for $25 to a man who claimed he liked tough, profane parrots. The man was back again the next day, however, wanting his money refunded; Mac had, in his owner's absence, practically dismantled the man's apartment, tearing up furniture, rugs, and tapestries. The man got his $25 back, and Mac was popped back into his cage.

At the moment, Mac is living with the firm that imported him, at 32 Cooper Square. A. & S. are as game as any store, but Mac finally got their number and they just decided to give him back to the dealer—incidentally, without a refund. Somewhere along the line, he evidently had come in contact with an admirer of Faulkner or Hemingway, with the result that, whenever a customer at A. & S. stopped to look at Mac, Mac would fix him with a cold green eye and mutter, "You bastard!" He used to scream a lot, too, but that wasn't so bad as calling a patron of Abraham & Straus a b——.

Design for Living

AN officer on an around-the-world cruise ship has written from Bombay to report something rather odd which happened there. A nice young couple boarded the ship, bound for the United States. They had no sooner set foot on deck than they bumped into another nice young couple, obviously old acquaintances. "Oh—*you*!" the lady of the first couple said. "Well, we'll get off and take another ship." "Why, we wouldn't *think* of letting you," said the other lady. "*We*'ll get off here. We've always wanted to spend some time in India, anyway." And that's the way it worked out, the first couple keeping their cabin, the other arranging for a two-week stopover in Bombay. Noel Coward stuff.



"We can dispense with those long low whistles, Mr. Fitch!"

NO SOONER SAID

THE last drawer of the file coasted back on its ball bearings and settled in place with a slight thump. Miss Ross pushed the button lock and turned the key, which locked all the drawers in the file at one turn. She went to her desk and took out her purse and a folded towel. Mr. Jay stared straight ahead, holding his hand to his forehead like an Indian shading his eyes from the sun, and at the same time resting his head in that hand. He heard Miss Ross's footsteps going down the hall, and a few minutes later he heard her coming back. She put her purse on the desk, folded the towel again and put it in the drawer of the desk, and went to the water-cooler, to one side of which was a mirror, to the other side a clothes tree. There were two hats on the clothes tree—Miss Ross's was a Juliet cap, white, but to make it modern there was a two-inch, thick woollen pigtail in the middle; and the other hat was Mr. Jay's, a three-dollar straw number with a plain black band. Reaching for her cap, Miss Ross, more concerned with her face in the mirror, knocked Mr. Jay's hat to the floor. It gave forth a couple of hollow sounds before settling flat.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I knocked your hat off."

"That's all right," said Mr. Jay. "That hat's had plenty of knocking around."

"But look what I *did*. It's chipped."

"No, you didn't do that. That was there before."

"Are you positive? No. There, right there." She stooped over a second time, this time picking up a fragment of straw hat. "Here's a piece of straw, so I must have. I must of done it. How much was it?"

"Oh. A little chip off it? What's that? I've got my money's worth out of that lid."

"No, but I think in view of the fact that it was my carelessness plus my vanity. If I hadn't been so vain as to look at myself in the mirror instead of paying attention to what I was doing. Let me pay *part* of a new hat. I'd really feel much better about the whole matter."

"Nope. No thanks. I wouldn't think of it, Miss Ross."

"Well, if you want to be gall*ant*, Mr. Jay. But I *am* very sorry. Why? What are you smiling about?"

"I was just thinking, here we've been in the same office—you came here right after the first of the year—and this is the first time we ever had any conversation outside of business."

"Yes, that's correct," said Miss Ross.

"Go on."

"What do you mean, go on?"

"Well, there was something in the way you said that that made me think you were going to say something else."

"Maybe I was, or at least thinking something else. But perhaps I better not."

"Go ahead."

"Well, frankly, Mr. Jay, the people in this office don't seem overenthusiastic about me, as a person."

"Why, Miss *Ross?* I happen to know from Mr. McDowell himself, he happened to say the other day, he said, 'That Ross girl gets more work done than any other girl in the office,' and he mentioned, he said about how you caught on so quickly. He said you have a positively photographic memory. You know—being able to remember everything on one of those cards, just from one look."

"Oh, that. That's a minor accomplishment. I could always do that. When I went to Evander, I never had to study hard. That's just a thing that's born in you."

"Have a cigarette?"

"Yes, thank you. I guess it's all right after hours."

"Yes, the least they can do is let us smoke if they make us work overtime. Here, I'll light it for you."

"Thank you." She took off her hat again and ruffled her hair, and sat on top of a desk. "How long have you been here, Mr. Jay?"

"Seven and a half years."

"I see you're a member of Phi Beta Kappa."

"Oh, yes. For what it's worth. I don't know why I wear the damn thing. I guess it's the only thing that makes my wife give me credit for having any brains."

"Oh, are you married?"

"Don't I look it? I'll be married eleven years next October. We have two children, two girls. One just eight and the other going on five."



"Oh, really?"

"Yes, two little girls. What about you? Are you married?"

"Not me. I've never been specially urged."

"I don't believe that."

"Well, it's sad but true, Mr. Jay. Oh, I know a lot of young dopes, they get hot pants—I beg your pardon."

Mr. Jay laughed. "Don't tell *me*. *I* know."

"Oh, but think of me using an expression like that! I mean, the first time."

"Well, what the hell, it's the truth, isn't it? It's true, and they want to get married on twenty-five dollars a week. By God, if my girls want to get married, they'll have to bring around a couple of men that can support them. Of course by the time they're ready to get married, maybe there won't be any marriage."

"You sound like my brother. Are you a Communist?"

"Communist? Me? That's a lifework. To be a member of the party—"

"I know. I get it from Mortie all the time. His idea of Utopia would be an income of, say, a hundred bucks a week so he could go around and agitate. Agitate. He's right, of course, but it just doesn't work out that way."

"Well, I wish him luck. But if he's sincere, you tell him not to get married."

"Apropos of marriage, what made you think I might be?"

"Well, we had a girl here, the girl that had your job before you came, and none of us knew she was married, but about two or three months after she quit she had a baby, and her husband didn't even have a job. Maybe you heard the other girls mention her. Miss Gallon."

"No, I never heard of her. The other girls! I've been here since January and there isn't one of them ever so much as asked me to have lunch with her. I don't mean pay for it; I just mean have it together, Dutch. What's the matter with me?"

"You're too pretty."

"No, it isn't that. I know what it is, all right. Miss Kelly. I've seen her letters. The worst speller I ever saw, but I guess I know how she holds her position."

"I guess we all do, more or less."

"Yes. And that Simpson dame. It's a very personal thing, but somebody oughta give her a bath. Her *neck* is dirty. And that dope

that has the desk next to mine. Schmidt. Huh. The others I don't come in contact with so very much. Oh, I can't wait to get out of this place. I've been looking for another position for weeks. But don't say anything, Mr. Jay."

"Certainly not."

"This is the first human conversation I've had since I came here. Well —in a way. It depends on what you call human."

"I know what you mean."

"No, you don't. You couldn't possibly. The conversation I have reference to didn't take place in the office."

"But I'll bet I know," said Mr. Jay.

"No you don't."

"Was it with Mr. McDowell?"

"Yes. How did you know?" said Miss Ross.

"I know the signs. First he waits till Kelly goes out to lunch, and then he comes out and looks around the office and pretends he picks a girl at random. Then he says, 'Uh, Miss Ross, can you take dictation?' And of course you say you can, and he says he has a letter he wants to get off right away. Remember?"

"*Do* I!"

"Then the next sign is when he tells me what a good worker you are. Listen, I've been here over seven years."

"Well, all I can say is I'm glad I started looking for another job."

"Did he accidentally take you home?"

"About as accidental as—as if he sent me a memo saying, 'Be in the car or else,' " she said.

"Another cigarette?"

"No, thanks. I have to be going."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course."

"Don't quit this job. I mean before you quit, let me know. Sometimes I get fed up here, too."

"Why? The girls making passes at you, Mr. Jay? Oh, I'm sorry I said that, really I am."

"It's all right." There was a silence.

"Why don't you do the rest of that tomorrow? Do you live uptown?"

"All the *way* uptown," said Mr. Jay.

"Well—do you want to walk part of the way? I feel like walking."

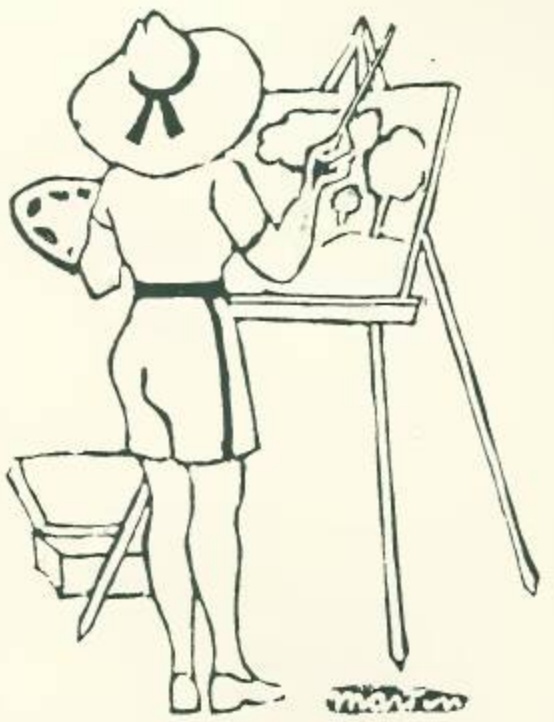
"No sooner said than done," said Mr. Jay.

—JOHN O'HARA

FATHER KEEPS COWS

MOTHER had a strong and instinctive desire to play her rôle to the full. If she had been the queen of a court, she'd have started right in being regal and gracious, stirring up the lord chamberlain and making sure the king toed the mark. Anything that it was customary for an energetic queen to attend to, Mother would have at once had a go at. So just as soon as Father had laid out the grounds of his new home in Harrison, and Mother could see that there was something more to it than a lot of mess and workmen, she christened the place Upland Farm and determined to fill a useful rôle there.

She was handicapped because she really didn't know anything about farms or farming. As to the proper method of growing crops in a field, that was a mystery to her, and anyhow it was a man's job. Even our vegetable garden was too large a problem for her to tackle. What she liked to do was to grow flowers in little pots on the piazza. This got to be a department in itself; she had so many pots, and they all had to be watered. On hot summer nights after the gardener had finished his other work, we would hear his unwilling footsteps around the corner of the house as he came to fill the big watering can at the faucet near the steps. However, if there was a drought, the gardener said these plants were not important. Mother would then bestir herself to preserve their lives by taking water out to them herself.



Though this was interesting enough as an occupation, it did not give her a rôle. Of course there was the moving back and forth—and Mother felt no one understood the magnitude of this task—but it was an exceptional thing that only overtook one twice a year. And most of the impending catastrophes were avoided anyway. When Father discovered that the jar of preserved strawberries had been packed with the tea and his cheese in a wash boiler with many other articles, and remonstrated, Mother knew of so many more dangerous packages than the strawberries that she brushed him aside with the remark that as nothing had happened to anything, why was he making all this talk.

However, almost any situation has a rôle in it for a wide-awake woman, and Mother finally found hers through prodding up Father and the farmer to make Upland Farm more and more farmlike, so that the name would seem right and fitting to others. Of course the very first year there had been a kitchen garden, but it wasn't enough for her to serve vegetables from our garden at dinner, and tell her guests triumphantly that the peas had come right out of our own pea patch, and promise to march them down after dessert and show them the beans, too, and the place where the melons would have been if they hadn't all dried up in infancy. This sort of thing didn't content her, because we didn't have enough guests.

We boys benefited at first from her extension of the production of vegetables because we used to take all that we could lay our hands on and drive off in the farm cart and sell them. This opportunity to earn money so easily made up in part to us for our former summers at New London; but it was not destined to last, for we found before long that there did not seem to be so many vegetables that wouldn't be missed. We also soon discovered that our market was being spoiled; for we noticed that Mother would go out in the victoria, dressed in her fresh, ruffled dresses, and holding her lace parasols so as to shade her face, and make calls on her friends in the afternoon. With her she would carry a basket of vegetables to those who had no garden of their own, or, to the more fortunate, something not to be found in their garden. The next morning, when four red-headed and freckled boys drove up to sell their vegetables, all the houses would be mysteriously stocked.

BUT it was the cows who gave Mother her first real responsibility in her rôle of châtelaine. In the beginning there had been only one cow, but there had come a time when she went dry. In order to avoid any such stoppage of our milk supply, the next year a second cow had been added; as the years went on, more cows were about the place. Father bought a fancy one to improve the stock, or kept a heifer, until finally there were always five.

When we first settled in Harrison, it

was out in the country, but little by little it became a suburb. The farms, old and new, disappeared. Even the park-like estates were split up into smaller holdings or turned into clubs. Almost none of our neighbors had barns or kept cows any more. It was easier to buy milk and butter. Mother didn't like to depend on bottled milk, though, and as she also was proud of our butter, she clung to all our cows.

Father and Mother had no use for five cows, especially when the time came that they were alone on the place, but by that time each of the cows had become a member of the family, even the two cranky ones and the stupid old white one which none of us liked. For a while it was a problem to get the milk down daily to the city for the family use during the winter. Express companies, while willing to take on the order, did not feel they had to be at our house at any appointed hour to deliver a can of milk. Mother, who had to deal with the cook, felt strongly they should be. Certainly the time for milk to come to any house was early in the morning—everybody knew that.

However, right near the Grand Central station was a grocery store the family had used for years, a comfortable, established firm. There they mixed Father's coffee just to his taste, and saw to it that his cigars were right. As the station checking system for parcels was not as well arranged then as now, old customers left their bundles behind the grocery-store counters to be called for later in the day. I can't remember how or why, but we once left a grandfather's clock there for over a year. The name of this long-suffering grocer was Charles.

Since the store was so near the station, Mother felt that it would be no trouble at all to them to have a man run over and get our can of milk off the train from Harrison and send it up to the house with the first delivery. Perhaps it was because the family had traded for a long time with them, or perhaps because they had been accustomed for an equally long time to Mother's and Father's difficult requests; at any rate, they consented to do this. The arrangement worked very well for us, but if Charles was so unfortunate as to be only half an hour late in delivering the can, they were called right up and scolded roundly. If the farmer did not put the can on the usual train, or if it were delayed, Charles found themselves not only apologizing but anxiously meeting each train from Harrison until the milk arrived.



They would then send a man straight up to our house on a special trip with the can.

Meanwhile the cows gave milk—more milk than the family knew what to do with. The farmer and the coachman and their children and wives were chock-full of it. So were the chickens and the pigs. Mother did not play her part—she lived it, and she insisted that all the milk be set for cream. This meant that in summer the cream became pretty sour by the time the farmer got around to churning a large part of it into butter. We none of us thought of complaining about the taste of the butter, except one of my brothers, who always loathed it.

When the family got smaller, not only did we have too much butter but the house was drowned in cream. Great bowls and pitcherfuls would come on the table. Mother, knowing about all the cream down in the dairy waiting to be churned, would wearily order any cream that was left after luncheon to be brought out on the porch. There she would sit on a broiling hot day whipping it into butter. Sometimes the butter was obstinate and Mother would have to leave it while she went and changed her dress so as to be ready for callers in the afternoon. On those days, when visitors drove up they would find Mother sitting there in her chair still beating away.

There were two things about our butter that prevented it from being really good. One was that Father had started out with the best of pedigreed Jersey stock. This strain of cow gives delicious, rich milk and cream, but the

butter has a strong taste. The second was that our farmer never washed the butter sufficiently to take all of the buttermilk out of it. The color, however, was always beautiful and both Mother and the farmer took great pride in never having to use any artificial coloring matter to give it that rich, golden look.

By the time the family had been reduced to just Mother and Father and they had grown old and had fewer and fewer guests, Mother found that the butter was not only a responsibility but a real problem. Some of it she gave away to friends who were sick or poor. There were one or two families, however, who were rich and who, Mother felt, could well afford to buy themselves nice fresh country butter. I don't know whether they really intended to do so, but at any rate they did buy our butter. And Mother was very particular that these orders should always be delivered. When she returned to town from her weekly trips to the country, one of the most precious articles she carried with her was a large stone crock which was placed in the car last, because on the way home the chauffeur would have to stop at Mrs. Dickerman's and walk up to the door, bearing in his arms, patiently or disdainfully according to the nature of the chauffeur, this large crock full of round pats of butter. If these friends did not like the butter, they never said so; therefore Mother continued to be serene about bestowing it as a special privilege.

ONCE, some especially bankerish and well-tailored people came to dine. They were English friends of my brother who had never liked the butter. They innocently asked if there was anything they could take back to England, where he was now living, in the country. Mother was equal to any emergency of that variety and instantly took them up on this offer.

The day they sailed home Mother stopped in to see me at my apartment in town and spoke of how kind they were.

"What did you send?" I asked.

"Why," said Mother, "I sent him some of the farm butter."

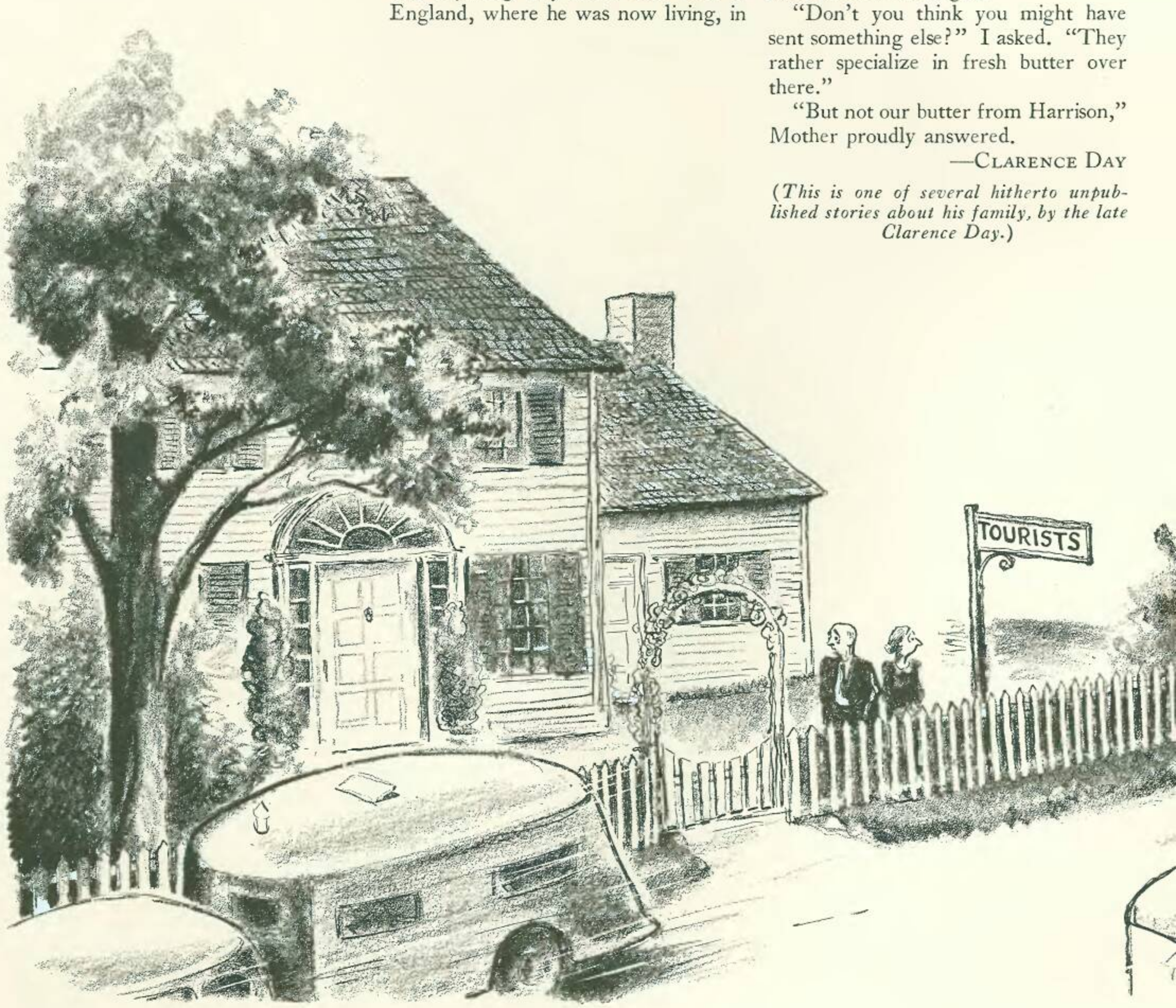
I had seen these people; tall, slim, elegant. They had no wrinkles in their clothes and their manners were studied and quiet. I had a quick vision of their carrying something rather bulkily wrapped in brown paper, for Mother, although she dearly loved to do up parcels, had never the patience to make them come out just right. I hoped that they would be able to get it from the ship's refrigerator to my brother quickly, so that no telltale grease spots would greet my brother's eye as he put out his hand to receive this gift.

"Don't you think you might have sent something else?" I asked. "They rather specialize in fresh butter over there."

"But not our butter from Harrison," Mother proudly answered.

—CLARENCE DAY

(This is one of several hitherto unpublished stories about his family, by the late Clarence Day.)



PREPOSTEROUS PARABLES

III. THE FAMILY WHICH DWELT APART

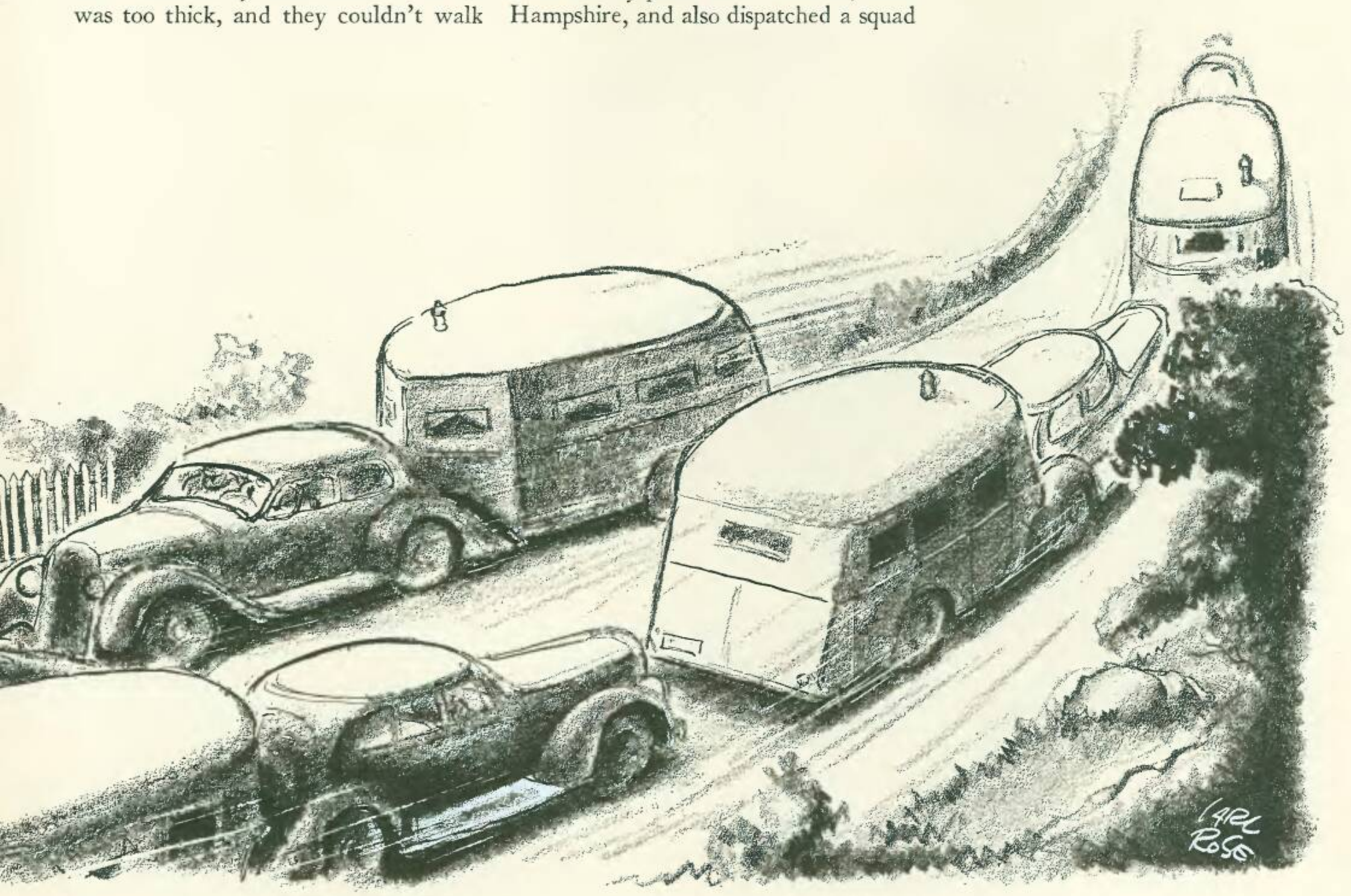
ON a small, remote island in the lower reaches of Barnetuck Bay there lived a family of fisherfolk by the name of Pruitt. There were seven of them, and they were the sole inhabitants of the place. They subsisted on canned corn, canned tomatoes, pressed duck, whole-wheat bread, terrapin, Rice Krispies, crabs, cheese, queen olives, and homemade wild-grape preserve. Once in a while Pa Pruitt made some whiskey and they all had a drink.

They liked the island and lived there from choice. In winter, when there wasn't much doing, they slept the clock around, like so many bears. In summer they dug clams and set off a few pinwheels and salutes on July 4th. No case of acute appendicitis had ever been known in the Pruitt household, and when a Pruitt had a pain in his side he never even noticed whether it was the right side or the left side, but just hoped it would go away, and it did.

One very severe winter Barnetuck Bay froze over and the Pruitt family was marooned. They couldn't get to the mainland by boat because the ice was too thick, and they couldn't walk ashore because the ice was too treacherous. But inasmuch as no Pruitt had anything to go ashore for, except mail (which was entirely second class), the freeze-up didn't make any difference. They stayed indoors, kept warm, and ate well, and when there was nothing better to do, they played crokinole. The winter would have passed quietly enough had not someone on the mainland remembered that the Pruitts were out there in the frozen bay. The word got passed around the county and finally reached the Superintendent of State Police, who immediately notified Pathé News and the United States Army. The Army got there first, with three bombing planes from Langley Field, which flew low over the island and dropped packages of dried apricots and bouillon cubes, which the Pruitts didn't like much. The newsreel plane, smaller than the bombers and equipped with skis, arrived next and landed on a snow-covered field on the north end of the island. Meanwhile, Major Bulk, head of the state troopers, acting on a tip that one of the Pruitt children had appendicitis, arranged for a dog team to be sent by plane from Laconia, New Hampshire, and also dispatched a squad of troopers to attempt a crossing of the bay. Snow began falling at sundown, and during the night three of the rescuers lost their lives about half a mile from shore, trying to jump from one ice cake to another.

The plane carrying the sled dogs was over southern New England when ice began forming on its wings. As the pilot circled for a forced landing, a large meat bone which one of the dogs had brought along got wedged in the socket of the main control stick, and the plane went into a steep dive and crashed against the side of a powerhouse, instantly killing the pilot and all the dogs, and fatally injuring Walter Ringstead, 7, of 3452 Garden View Avenue, Stamford, Conn.

Shortly before midnight, the news of the appendicitis reached the Pruitt house itself, when a chartered autogiro from Hearst's International News Service made a landing in the storm and reporters informed Mr. Pruitt that his oldest boy, Charles, was ill and would have to be taken to Baltimore for an emergency operation. Mrs. Pruitt remonstrated, but Charles said his side did hurt a little, and it ended by his leaving in the giro. Twenty minutes later another plane came in, bearing a



surgeon, two trained nurses, and a man from the National Broadcasting Company, and the second Pruitt boy, Chester, underwent an exclusive appendectomy in the kitchen of the Pruitt home, over the Blue Network. This lad died, later, from eating dried apricots too soon after his illness, but Charles, the other boy, recovered after a long convalescence and returned to the island in the first warm days of spring.

He found things much changed. The house was gone, having caught fire on the third and last night of the rescue when a flare dropped by one of the departing planes lodged in a bucket of trash on the piazza. After the fire, Mr. Pruitt had apparently moved his family into the emergency shed which the radio announcers had thrown up, and there they had dwelt under rather difficult conditions until the night the entire family was wiped out by drinking a ten-per-cent solution of carbolic acid which the surgeon had left behind and which Pa Pruitt had mistaken for grain alcohol.

Barnetuck Bay seemed a different place to Charles. After giving his kin decent burial, he left the island of his nativity and went to dwell on the mainland. —E. B. W.

ONLY THE CHINESE

I WAS surprised, when I got into Pan Heh-ven's car, to find his father there with him. I had thought the old man to be sojourning in the country for various reasons, including his health. As far as I could judge by Heh-ven's impassive Chinese face, he was not overjoyed at the unexpected return of the prodigal. But Mr. Pan the elder was in happy mood, bowing graciously to me and giving orders to Heh-ven's chauffeur in a lordly manner.

We rode through Shanghai's business quarter past open-front silk shops, porcelain shops, noodle restaurants, and Mr. Pan looked at them all with frank pleasure, and sniffed the choked city air as one who loves and revels in it. Now and then he deigned to speak pleasantly enough to his son, and when he had ordered the chauffeur to take him to a certain movie house, he made a great effort and spoke to me in English of Charlie Chaplin. I was not surprised that he gave orders to his son's servant as though the car were his own, for in China everything that belongs to a good son belongs by rights to his father, too. I was not surprised, but I was a little indignant all the same.

As we approached the movie palace, he suddenly countermanded his instructions, and we drove around through a back street and up an alley until, before a sinister little green door, in a very evil atmosphere, he pronounced himself satisfied and got out. He is tall and thin, with haughty eyes behind silver-rimmed spectacles, and his gray hair is covered by a black satin cap. In his blue silk robe he was the picture of a fine old dignified Chinese gentleman; as a matter of fact, he *is* probably the most dignified and gentlemanly gambler in Shanghai. He talked some more with Heh-ven, who kept saying, "Yes, yes," and I was impressed again by his lordly, commanding ways. In the manner he abruptly demanded and got ten dollars from his son before he disappeared behind the door, there was a beautiful confidence in all those centuries of filial loyalty one reads about.

THE car went on with Heh-ven and me in it.

"I do not think he wished to see the cinema," said Heh-ven thoughtfully. "I think he was going to smoke opium, or gamble."

"With ten dollars?" I asked incautiously. Heh-ven had recently sworn never to give another penny to the old man. After all, Pan the elder has managed to spend the various fortunes of his children in record time, and they have a right to be careful.

"Well, he said he needed a little money." Heh-ven sighed and leaned back in his corner of the car. "I am sorry I was so late," he continued, "but we have been talking all the morning about family affairs. It is very complicated. My father returned only this morning from our native province, and this is the first time I have seen him since all those bad checks were returned. I have been trying to explain to him that he should not give so many checks when there is no money in the bank. Especially I tried to tell him that when it is I, apparently, who have signed the checks, it is also I who must go to prison. So it was wrong of him to run away. And if he is so nervous that he *must* run away, it is very wrong not to warn me, his eldest son, that perhaps I might have to go to prison." He shook his head in gentle sorrow.

"Do you think he understands now?" I asked sympathetically.

"Well, I do not know. I think he does not care, for after all I didn't go



"I see a uniform.
You are eating—no, you are selling 'Good Humors.'"

to prison, and until a thing has happened, my father does not wish to worry about it. But of course he could not deny that it was wrong to give I.O.U.'s signed with my third brother's name and then to send the creditors up to the office where my brother works. They are dishonest gamblers, those creditors—gangsters, you call them—and they threatened my brother until he was forced to give up his job. It has made my brother to lose face in the office. I told my father that."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he said he was very sorry. My father is always so charming when I scold him that I cannot go on. But this time I was very firm. I said, 'What are you trying to do, ruin us all? Why do you always act like this?' One should not speak thus to one's father, of course, but really—"

He broke off hopelessly, and lit a cigarette. Then he brightened.

"But all this affair is finished now and I did not go to prison, and if only we can keep my father from using our names any more, there will be less trouble. I think he will be better after this, for we had a long talk about my second brother, and we are going to work together against him. He—my second brother—is clever, unlike the others in my family, and his wife is ambitious. I think it is better to have stupid brothers. My brother and his wife are trying to take *all* my father's property away from him!" He turned his head and faced me with wide eyes, horrified at his own speech.

"It is like this," he continued. "My father's money, what is left of it, is all in a pawnshop in Soochow. I, too, have deposited all my extra cash there. Now, the shop is not in my father's name, because he is always in debt and he does not wish it to be attached—you say 'attached'? The property is in several false names, and only my second brother, who arranged this for us, has the proofs that it belongs to my father, really. So if he likes, he can take the property away and my father will not be able to prove that it is his. My second brother and his wife have decided it would be better for us, the children, to take control of everything and to allow my father only a certain allowance every month. They say it is only to save what is left. But they should not do this. It is his property until he dies, and so I have told them."

He sighed again. We were going past a native quarter now, and the car rolled slowly along the narrow street, where playing children in padded robes got out of the way reluctantly. From little shops on the pavement their fathers indulgently watched these children, pledges to them of serene old age, when they would be untroubled by any responsibility, and free to wander about and be nuisances and run up bills on their sons.

"My brother is behaving so badly for this reason," said Heh-ven. "In Chinese families, if a man does not have children he must adopt a son from his nearest relative. Now, my first brother has no children—because of his asthma, I think. My third brother has no children. My fourth brother has none. My fifth brother is still a boy in school. I am not their real brother any more because my uncle had no sons, and so he adopted me, so my children are heirs to my uncle and not to my father. Now, there remains only the family of my ambitious brother. Each of his children will be adopted by my childless brothers, according to our custom, and so *if* there is any money left of my father's fortune, it is this brother's children who will inherit it all. That is why he tries to keep my father from spending it. But he should not do this. It is not his property; it is my father's. *Now*."

He crushed out his cigarette.

"I must sue my father," he said, and sat back to watch his effect.

"You?" I asked, gaping.

"I. I must do it, to save him. Look. If I sue him for something about the pawnshop, then he must prove the pawnshop is his. He must collect all the proofs, and my brother will not be able to think of a good reason for not giving them up. So then it will be proved in court that the property is my father's. And I have written a paper, promising that the money I will win from my father in court will be paid back to him afterward. I told my father I was going to sue him, but I did not tell him why. I did not wish to betray my brother. We talked for three hours. But human nature cannot be trusted, even among relatives, and perhaps my father might have thought that I, too, am against him, and that is why I have written the paper. It is very painful, you must know. It is very troublesome."

"Suppose you don't win the lawsuit?" I asked, after a pause. Heh-ven shrugged. "But you can't afford to lose a suit, can you?" I persisted.

"I do not know," said Heh-ven. "It is true, I have not much money. That is another matter to do with my father. Some time ago he wished to borrow



three thousand dollars from somebody, anybody, and he told me to get it. I myself lent it to him. But since he would never trouble himself to pay it back if he knew it was I who lent it, I told him it was another man. And I signed his note as guarantor. You understand? Now the note is due and he cannot pay. So I am his guarantor. So I must pay the money to myself. So somehow I do not get my money back."

We tried to figure this one out. Silently the car approached my door. It slowed, halted.

"Perhaps it will all come to nothing," said Heh-ven, more cheerfully. "The pawnshop is in a bad state. Perhaps at the end of the year it will be crashed. You say 'crashed'? . . . Thank you."

"Then what about your money deposited there?"

"It is all right," said Heh-ven. I stopped in the act of getting out.

"Not if the pawnshop fails!" My voice must have sounded a little exasperated.

"But I cannot take it out now or the pawnshop *will* be crashed," he said in surprise. He looked at me pityingly. "You do not understand these affairs," he decided in a kindly tone. "It is only the Chinese who know how to do business. Well, goodbye."

—Emily Hahn

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QUESTION IN A FIELD

Pasture, stone wall, and steeple,
What most perturbs the mind:
The heart-rending homely people,
Or the horrible beautiful kind?

—Louise Bogan

PROFILES

MAN OF IDEAS



W. Starling Burgess

AT the close of the final race for the America's Cup in the series of 1930, as the American sloop Enterprise swept past the committee boat and received the winner's salute, her helmsman was seen to relinquish the wheel and turn a series of somersaults down the deck. This maneuver amazed observers from the N. Y. Y. C. who were close enough to see it, for such a demonstration was most unlike Mike Vanderbilt. It turned out that it was not he who had been at the wheel then but W. Starling Burgess, the designer of Enterprise, to whom Vanderbilt had graciously accorded the honor of steering the winner across the finish line. That caper celebrated characteristically the greatest moment of his life.

When Vanderbilt's Ranger races against Endeavour II this week, it will be the sixth time that a Burgess has had a hand in the defence of the America's Cup. Edward Burgess, Starling's father, was the leading yacht designer of his time and the creator of Puritan, the first boat ever built especially for a Cup race. Puritan was launched in 1885, and in the two following years he turned out Mayflower and Volunteer—all of them winners. Starling says he can remember his father's being hoisted to the shoulders of Boston's citizenry and carried in a triumphal march to old Faneuil Hall after victory in his third naval encounter with the British.

Edward Burgess's talents have been inherited and even more highly developed by his son. Starling has never been carried off by a mob, it's true, but the public takes its yacht-racing more quietly these days. Moreover, in his father's time, when professional skippers sailed all the big racing boats, the architect was given most of the credit, while nowadays the amateur helmsman gets it. Yachtsmen will tell you all sorts of stories about Starling Burgess; some of them say he is a lunatic, pointing to his tendency to stand on his head when he is excited; others say he has merely the irresponsibility of genius; but all of them pretty well agree that as a designer of big racing boats he has no equal in this country. That means a good deal, for when yachtsmen agree about anything, it's news.

Some yacht-club wit once said of Burgess, "Starling must have been named after the bird—he is such a confounded nuisance." Actually, he was named after his mother's family, a prominent one in Boston. Men who were at Milton with him say he was known there simply as "Bill," and remember him as an ardent experimenter in all kinds of mechanics. He knew then that he wanted to follow his father's profession and he had a very clear idea of what he was about. He used to spend much of his spare time during the winter in the school workshop making model sailboats from his own designs—not toys, but serious studies of hull and sail problems. After the thaw in the spring he would try them out in a nearby pond and observe their performance. It was the beginning of a method he still uses. He was the first naval architect to apply tank and wind-tunnel tests to sailboats, and he has employed them on every Cup defender he has designed.

One of Burgess's friends at Milton says that he could recite the name, engine power, armaments, and other technical details of every American naval vessel then in commission. It is believable to anyone who has seen him do intricate calculus problems in his head. He has a spectacular mathematical mind, and he has always had a habit of storing up in it and in countless notebooks all sorts of odd technical data which might be of use to him in the future. He can tell you in a moment, for example, the displacement of a sea gull floating on the tide, or the theoretical speed of a Samoan catamaran in an eight-mile breeze. One of his acquaintances says he has seen him add up the numbers on freight cars as a train went by.

Another of Starling's passions as a boy was aeronautics. His father died in 1891, twelve years before the Wright brothers made their first flight, but he had often talked with his son about the possibility of human flight, and when Starling was in prep school there was a general expectancy that it was about to be achieved. Starling contributed to its advancement by launching model gliders from the little tower of his dormitory. Occasionally he walked from Milton over to the Blue Hill Observatory to watch Professor Rotch's experiments with biplane kites there. (These came to an abrupt end when a kite broke loose in a gale, trailing five miles of piano wire which short-circuited power and trolley lines for miles across the countryside.)

When not occupied with problems of propulsion through air and water, Burgess devoted himself to the invention of a machine gun. In those days he knew little about mechanical drawing, so he enlisted a classmate, Greeley Curtis, to do the drafting. Curtis looked over the rough plans and, noting certain deficiencies, undertook to correct them himself. When he persisted in this, Burgess called the whole venture off. "I wanted a Burgess gun, not a Curtis gun," he said, but without rancor. It was typical of his relations later on with his partners—of whom Curtis was one. Burgess is not a designer who will submit patiently to his clients and merely carry out their ideas; he always turns out strictly a Burgess boat.

IN his freshman year at Harvard the Spanish War broke out and Burgess left college to enlist in the Navy. He never saw much action, but as a ballistic expert and the father of the unborn Burgess gun, he was promoted to the rank of gunner's mate. In the fall of the same year he was back at college again, dabbling in the affairs of the Harvard yacht club and the shooting club. In his senior year he quit college for good and set up as a naval architect in an office in Boston, specializing in designing racing yachts.

He had never had any formal instruction in naval architecture, but he had acquired a thorough grounding in the mechanics of the trade by looking over his father's shoulder when he was at work, and he had learned something about the practical problems of construction by tagging along when his

father visited shipyards to supervise the building of yachts. The racing craft Starling turned out during his first two years as a designer gained him a small reputation, chiefly as a genius at getting around rules. Rule-beating has always been a legitimate part of yacht-designing and racing, and sometimes has engendered more competition than the racing itself. Whenever a new class was announced, Burgess looked over the restrictions, studied them carefully, and played tricks with their possibilities. One of his most famous craft was Outlook, brought out in 1901, when he had just opened his office. Outlook was built to race in a class which was restricted to a waterline length of twenty-one feet. She was twenty-one feet on the waterline, all right, but fifty-six feet overall, and as soon as she heeled over a little, her length in the water was greatly increased. She was a strange-looking affair, with her grotesque overhangs and a steel truss on deck to keep her from breaking in two, but she won every race she entered. King Edward VII was so impressed with her that he ordered a model for the British Museum. The committee in charge of the class, outwitted, had to change the rules.

In the fall of his first year out of college Starling had married Hélène Willard. She died the following June. The winter of 1903 he spent in London, where he became chummy with Swinburne. Under his influence, the aesthete in Burgess momentarily gained the upper hand and he wrote a book of poesy called "The Eternal Laughter and Other Poems." It was probably the only thing he ever turned out that was not strictly Burgess in its lines. Here is one of the poems, "Thou Art the Miracle":

> Ah, sweet,—
> Than holding all His thundrous sea,
> More glory were it for God's Hand
> To hold thy feet.

Burgess considers it the best poem he ever wrote.

AFTER this spiritual catharsis, he returned to America and yacht-designing. He got married again in October, 1904—this time to Rosamond Tudor, who had been divorced from one of the sons of Henry Lee Higginson—and then opened a small boat yard at Marblehead. Burgess was never one to stick to anything for long, particularly if it was working out successfully, and after six years of turning out boat after boat, he got restless. He had been keeping an eye on the Wright brothers' experiments, even journeying to Fort Myer, Virginia, to witness their first official demonstration, and when they made their flight over New York he decided that that was the life for him. With typical enthusiasm, and little else to go on, he jumped into aviation. He leased a large tract of marshland and beach at Plum Island, off Newburyport, and there he built a hangar and a house to live in and set to work designing his first flying machine. In those days a man working seriously on an airplane was still considered somewhat mad, and Burgess carried out his experiments in secret. He had an excited partner in the venture—Norman Prince, who later died in France with the Lafayette Escadrille—and he lived with the flying machine day and night. It was built in a screened-off portion of the boat shed at Marblehead, and was finished in February, 1910. Plum Island Sound and the marshes around it were covered with deep snow then, so Burgess and Prince decided to make the first attempt at flight from the ice of Chebacco Pond, in Hamilton.

When the day for the trial came, the two disguised themselves in long black beards and top hats and nailed to the side of their truck the legend "The Wright Brothers Flying Machine." The whole venture took on the aspect of a freshman prank rather than a scientific experiment. It happened that a corps of cadets was on parade as they passed through Salem, and the combined show of the cadets and the fake Wright brothers caused a sensation. Fifty people trailed them all the way out to the pond. After their arrival the airplane was quickly set up and before nightfall was ready for the takeoff. It was crude in design, but Burgess's skilled boatbuilders had put their most finished workmanship into it. Prince wanted to be the first to fly it. Burgess was less eager, being frozen stiff and, as he says today, somewhat scared, but



"I beg your pardon."

he felt it was his duty to assume the honor. A third member of the party, A. M. Herring, put in a claim, saying that he was the oldest of the lot and had made many flights. It was an exaggeration, but it persuaded them to let him try the plane first. The engine was started and the plane swept along the ice, finally taking to the air and rising slowly and majestically to a height of thirty feet; then it wavered for an instant, tilted sharply to the left, and came down in a heap. Herring was picked up unharmed out of the pieces. It was the first flight in New England, and the morning papers described it as an epoch-making and successful event.

The mere matter of a crash at the finish never seemed to detract much from a flight in those days. As the wreck of Burgess's plane was being towed off Chebacco Pond, a fat man stepped out of the crowd and offered $5,000 for it. The man's name was Parker and he owned a Western circus. Burgess accepted the offer and had the machine put together again, crated up, and shipped off to him. That was his first sale. The last he heard of the plane was a sorrowful telegram saying it had blown up. The exuberant Parker, Burgess learned later, had been so eager to hear the sound of his own motor that he had cranked it up in the barn, without waiting to attach the propeller, and the thing had torn itself to pieces.

Burgess splurged with his $5,000, and what other money he was able to raise, and by spring he had two more airplanes in the Plum Island hangar, and a new partner—Greeley Curtis, his helper with the machine gun. In the fall of 1910 the first airplane meet in New England was held at Squantum, Massachusetts. Burgess attended with one of his planes, and persuaded Glenn Curtiss to fly it. Curtiss reached a height of five hundred feet or more, and Burgess won one of the prizes offered. Wilbur Wright told him that his workmanship was by far the best he had ever seen, but that his design was deficient. He offered him a licence to build planes under the Wright patents on a royalty basis of $1,000 a plane. The Wright patents covered simultaneously operated movable wing tips and the vertical rudder. Burgess had been trying to build planes without infringing on this, but no other stabilizing device had been invented which approached its efficiency, so he accepted the offer. The following winter he and Norman Prince joined the flying camp at Augusta, Georgia, to learn how to handle the Wrights' unusual system of controls. They were the first civilians taught to fly by the Wrights.

FROM then on, things picked up for Burgess. He found he could get as much as $2,000 for a five-minute exhibition flight, which was more than he could make by selling planes, so whenever his funds were low he hitched his plane to his automobile and toured about the country barnstorming at fairs. In appearance, he personified the dashing airman of 1910: he had billowing hair and a flowing mustache, and usually he wore a gray flannel military shirt with buttons on the side, khaki trousers, white sneakers, and white socks drawn over the ends of his trousers to keep the wind from whistling up them. All this he topped off with a pork-pie hat when he was not in the air. No wonder he was in demand for personal appearances.

His manufacturing business took a spurt at about the same time. Grahame-White, England's foremost aviator, had ordered six Burgess biplanes from him at the Squantum meet, and one of them was the first to fly over London. The United States Army became interested and Burgess took a Lieutenant Milling up for a demonstration. It was on that flight that he had his first accident. It was a hot day, and the engine was new and stiff and they had difficulty in climbing. When finally they were chugging along over the treetops, Burgess looked down and was surprised to see below him what looked like a gigantic gridiron, with tanks of water



forming the bars. He was so curious about the thing that he kept looking back at it and failed to notice that his engine was slowing down and he was losing altitude. Milling shouted, but there was no time to do more than cut off the gas before they hit. They just missed landing in a goldfish hatchery. The plane was demolished, but Lieutenant Milling, on regaining consciousness, must have turned in a favorable report, for the Army placed an order.

In 1911 Burgess fitted pontoons to one of his machines and made a number of flights from water. The Wrights and Glenn Curtiss had been experimenting with seaplanes, but Burgess's experience with boats gave him an advantage. His early flights in the harbor at Marblehead caused such excitement that special cars were run out from Boston. One day a daredevil offered him $500 if he would take him up in his hydroplane and allow him to make a parachute jump. Burgess had no idea what effect releasing a man's weight would have on the plane and thought it best to make a test first by taking up a bag of cement and dropping it. His two sons, aged seven and six, went out in the launch when he boarded the plane. On returning to shore, he heard there was a rumor that he had been experimenting by dropping children from his flying machine. He characteristically forgot all about the scientific purpose of his experiment and set to work to enlarge on the rumor. That afternoon a big Teddy bear was stuffed with sand and dressed in one of the boys' clothes and hidden in the launch under a tarpaulin. Meanwhile, Burgess's partner, representing himself as a wrathful neighbor, called up the Boston Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and reported that a boy's life was to be risked that very afternoon and demanded that something be done to stop it. The Society's agents arrived shouting just in time to see the launch putting out, with the boys clearly visible. They watched in horror while the Teddy bear was taken aloft and dropped from a height of two hundred feet.

Burgess did not go at his aeronautical experiments in a spirit altogether befitting a man of science. After the Teddy-bear test he tried aerial duck-hunting. During the season he took a man aloft with a shotgun and circled over the bay until a duck obliged by flapping close enough for a shot; then the gunner blazed away and the duck fell. Burgess descended and never tried



Sport



Virtuoso

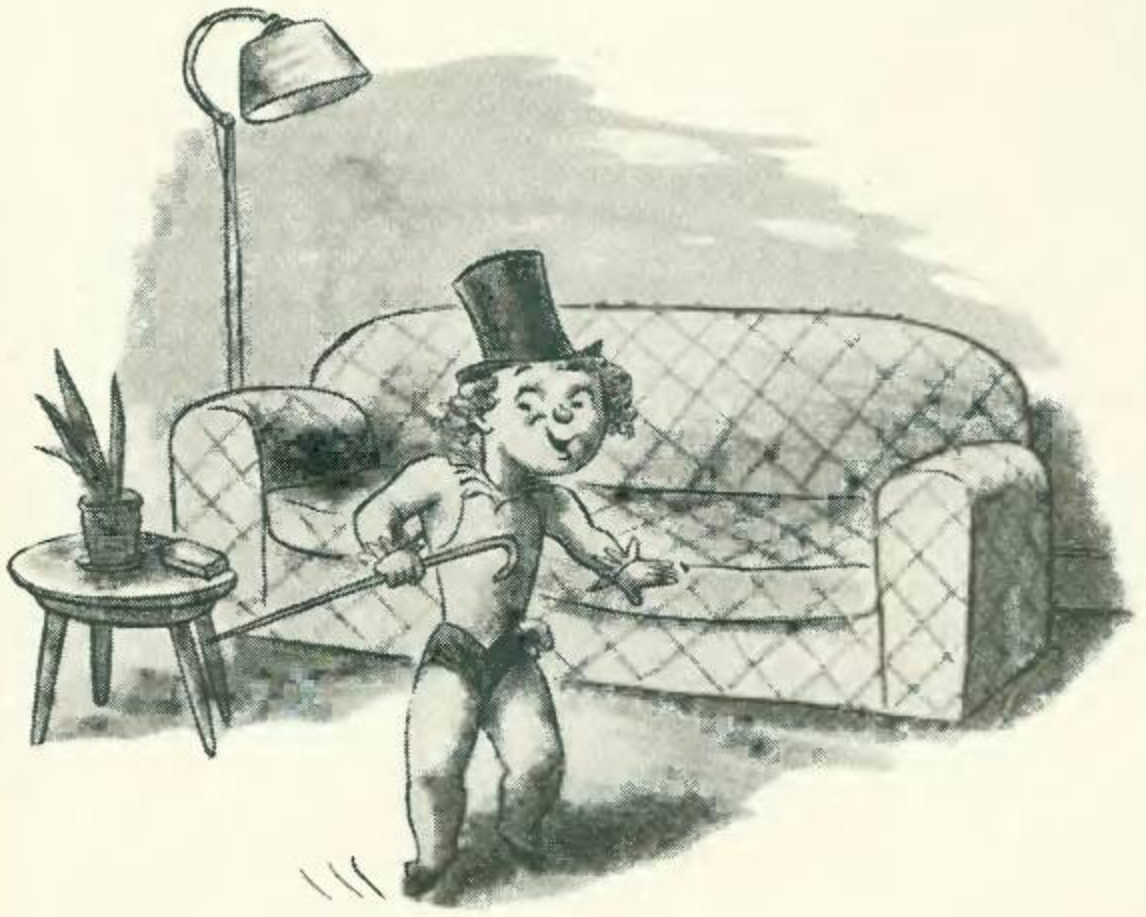


Siren

SMALL FRY

PRECOCITY

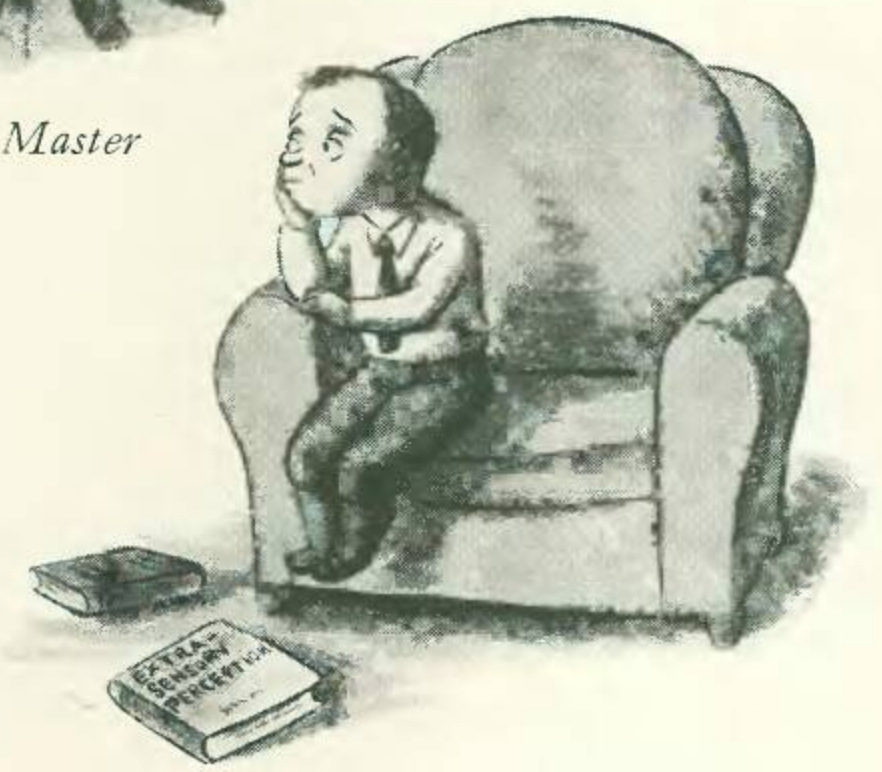
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Tap Dancer



Chess Master



Intellectual

• •

it again. He had proved it was feasible and lost interest in it. Later his mind turned again to manly sport, when he acquired two pet seals. He spent hours trying to teach them to retrieve fish, thinking it would do away with all the tedium and mess of angling. It was a great idea, but it didn't work. The seals, when they could be bothered at all, just ate the fish.

THOSE were merry days in aviation, and there was little formality about the business. A seedy fellow stepped up to Burgess after one of his flights, drew five thousand-dollar bills from his sock, and went off with the plane. (Five thousand was Burgess's standard price in those days.) It cracked up a few miles away, but the pilot was uninjured. Burgess towed the machine back to Marblehead for repairs, another fifteen hundred dollars came out of the sock, and the man was off again. In the middle of the night the captain of the Back Bay police station telephoned Burgess that a very drunken friend of his had run into a watering cart on Commonwealth Avenue and would he please come and bail him and his infernal flying machine out. Burgess went back to bed. That was the last he heard of that plane. Another of his planes came to grief in Atlantic City when it was attacked by a bulldog, who charged the propeller as it started to spin. It was the end of both.

In 1915 Burgess was awarded the Collier Trophy for the year's most important achievement in aviation—a self-stabilizing plane. The Wright brothers, Sperry, and Curtiss were the only ones who had received the Trophy before. Shortly after the World War started the British Admiralty commissioned

Burgess to design a special plane and placed an order for its manufacture amounting to nearly a million dollars. By the time this was completed, it was clear to him that the business was getting too big and successful for his taste, so he sold out to Curtiss. He got a million dollars, part of it in stock, which he promptly cashed in, at just the time he should have held onto it. When the United States entered the war, the Navy made him a Lieutenant Commander and placed him in charge of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, where he devoted most of his time to designing dirigibles, although he had had no previous experience with lighter-than-air craft.

AFTER the armistice, Burgess retired from the Navy and spent a year in idleness cruising the West Indies in a small boat. At the end of that time he was probably broke, for money has always run through his fingers. He turned again to yacht-designing. The Marconi rig was just becoming popular, replacing the old gaff rig. It was the first radical change in sailing vessels in years, and it opened up all sorts of experimental possibilities. A Marconi sail, in its most efficient form, resembles the wing of an airplane: it is high, narrow, pointed at the end, with a curved rear edge or leech, and presents a concave surface to the wind. Its operation depends on the same aerodynamic principles that govern airplanes. Naturally, this made Burgess's aviation experience an asset.

His first big commission was to re-rig Vanitie for the 1920 Cup trials. He also designed the Gloucester fishing schooner Mayflower, built to race the famous Bluenose. She was so swift that the alarmed Nova Scotians contrived to have her barred on a technicality. Another early sensation was Advance, the first staysail schooner ever built, which proved so fast that for the next few years the schooner rig became *the* rig, and even Cup defenders went in for it. Probably his most successful yacht of this period was the ocean racer Niña, built for Paul Hammond, which won the race to Spain in 1928. She was an entirely new type, with an incredibly tall rig for an ocean racer, and she proved that a responsive craft with enough sail is not only faster but safer than an underrigged, less manageable boat.

During the ten years from 1919 to 1929, Burgess was involved in a series of partnerships His first was with Frank Paine, in Boston. Paine has since made a name for himself as a naval architect, but at that time he was better known as a lion-hunter. After one of his trips to Africa he returned to Boston and found his office bare, except for a setter dog, and his partner gone. Burgess had moved to New York in the meantime, without warning, and started a new firm with two yachtsmen, Jasper Morgan and Linton Rigg. With Rigg and Morgan spurring him on, he turned out a hundred and sixty yachts in three years. Those were the boom years in yachting, as in everything else. At the end of that time the business had grown too successful and the firm broke up voluntarily, largely because none of the partners wanted to manage a big business. Burgess's associates have always found him a hard man to handle. His habit of losing interest in a job as soon as he has worked out the basic problems and going off on a tangent drives practical men crazy. At times when he was working on Cup defenders, Vanderbilt had nearly to shanghai him and lock him up until he had finished.

Burgess's wives apparently have found him a little difficult, too. His second divorced him in 1925, after they had been married twenty years. He was married again the same year to Elsie Foss, a farm girl whom he met leading a cow down a road in the White Mountains one day and fell in love with at first sight. Shortly after his marriage to her, he wrote to one of his classmates: "Having given up all monetary fortune, I am now starting life anew, blessed with the more truly golden fortune of happiness and of love." This fortune too he lost, in 1927, but he married her again a few months after the divorce. He had three children by her. Now he is married to the former Mrs. Ann Biddle of Philadelphia, who was an explorer and somewhat famous for once having spent a winter north of the Arctic Circle with the Eskimos.



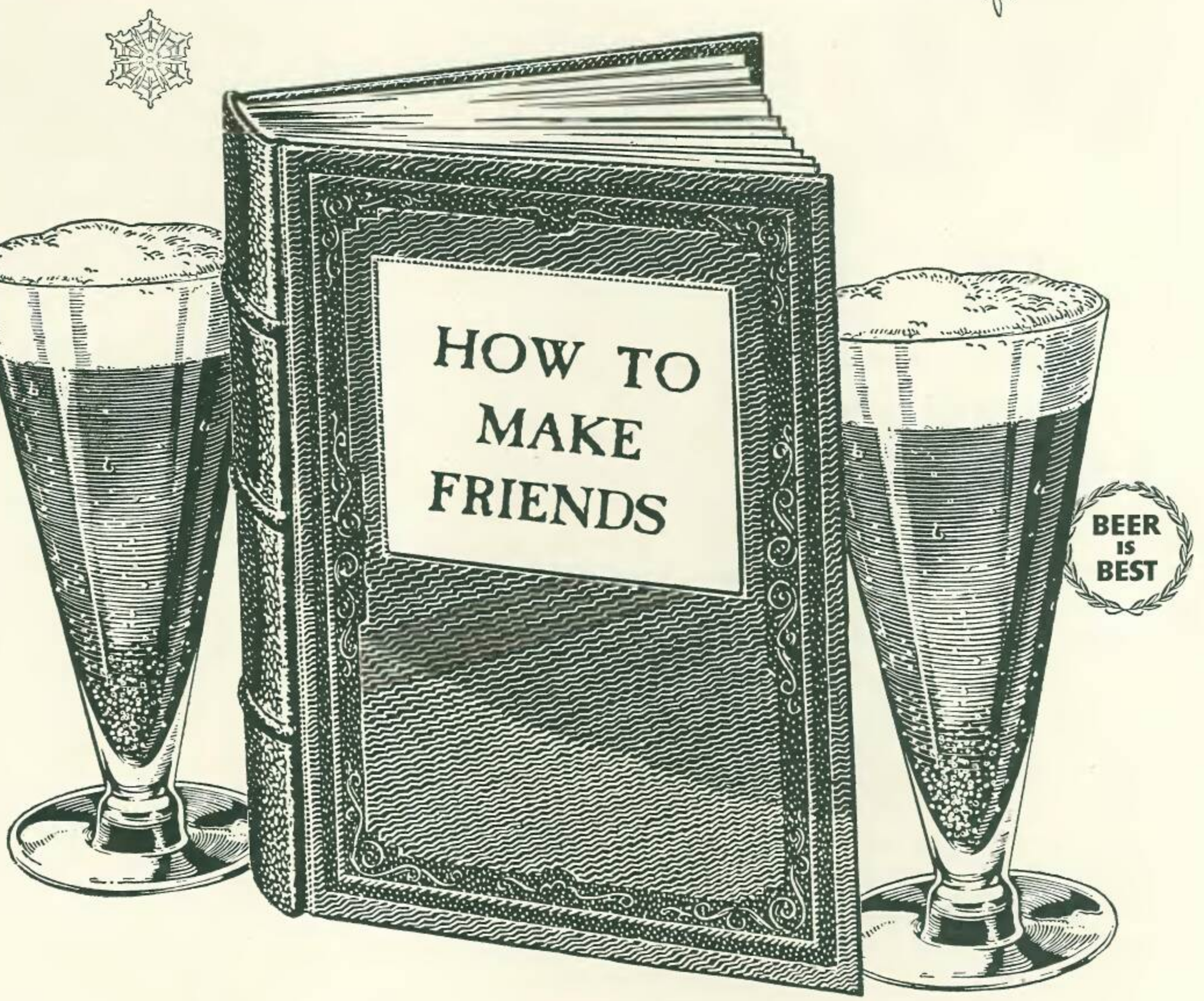
Burgess today is even more piratical in appearance than he used to be. His mustache is shaggier and his tweeds baggier. But his manner is as courtly and disarming as ever. Usually he has an old brier in his teeth. Curiously, he never used tobacco until he was forty, when J. P. Morgan gave him a pipe and made him smoke it. He would not be a seafaring man if he were a teetotaller, but such drinking as he does these days is periodic rather than steady.

IN all the years that Burgess was designing airplanes, dirigibles, fishing schooners, yachts, and automobiles (he had a hand in turning out the three-wheeled Dymaxion), the one thing he wanted most was to follow his father's example and design Cup defenders. Vanderbilt gave him his first chance in 1930. The story is that he offered Burgess $10,000 to design Enterprise, $20,000 if she was named defender, and $40,000 if she kept the Cup. Burgess set to with enthusiasm. For once he had virtually unlimited resources, with no real restrictions except the rules for "J" boats. Probably no vessel before had been so meticulously thought out.

The measurement rules of the New York Yacht Club at that time set the rating for a sloop in the "J" Class at seventy-six feet. This did not mean that the boat had to be seventy-six feet long: the rating in feet was equal to eighteen per cent of the square root of the sail area multiplied by the length of the boat and divided by the cube root of the displacement. The rules limited the height of the mainsail to one hundred and fifty feet, six inches, and a maximum limit of displacement was also imposed. Within these limits, a boat could be built with a waterline range of seventy-five to eighty-seven feet and a displacement range of one hundred and six to one hundred and sixty tons. This shows the scope an architect has in designing a "J" boat. It gives some idea, too, of his need for mathematical facility, and the advantage Burgess's trick mind gives him.

After arriving at the theoretical dimensions and shape for his hull, Burgess built several fifteen-foot scale models and tested them in the Naval Model Basin at Washington. On the strength of these tests and elaborate calculations involving the use of Froude's law of comparison, and also taking into account the probable strength of the wind on

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the course to be sailed, based on government reports for the past thirty years, he decided on a hull just under eighty feet at the waterline.

The sail plan involved equally intricate calculations, wind-tunnel tests, and consultations with George Ratsey, the sailmaker. Burgess invented a special boom, known as the Park Avenue boom, which was shaped like a cigar and flat on top; its purpose was to curve the foot of the mainsail instead of holding it rigidly straight, and it proved most effective. He called in a brother, Charles Burgess, a civil engineer in the Navy Department, to design the first duralumin mast ever built. He specified below-deck winches, special gauges to show the strain on every stay, and streamlining of all exposed parts. Then he saw her through the building stage. He and Mrs. Burgess III spent the winter in a one-room shack in the Herreshoff yard at Bristol, Rhode Island, sleeping in transplanted ships' bunks. Burgess had his plans on a table in the corner, and he checked every part as it went into place, down to the smallest bolt. The results rewarded him. Shamrock V never had a chance against Enterprise.

In a sense, this was the climax of Burgess's career. Four years later he built Rainbow, which retained the Cup, but was not altogether successful. She beat Endeavour, almost universally conceded to be faster, only because Vanderbilt and Sherman Hoyt did some superb sailing and Sopwith lost his temper. The personal difficulties with which Burgess was beset at the time he was working on Rainbow may possibly have had something to do with this. In addition to his current marital troubles, he had become involved in a new partnership which terminated with his bankruptcy. Since that was broken up, he has had no established headquarters. Somewhere he has stored away a roomful of notebooks filled with neat calculations and illegible jottings; the rest of his office equipment he carries in his head.

IN Ranger, Burgess appears to have another phenomenal craft. An interesting aspect of this year's Cup races, as of the 1934 series, is the fact that the rigs of both contestants were worked out by aeronautical engineers. Sopwith played as important a part in British aviation as Burgess did in this country's, and he undoubtedly had a hand in laying out Endeavour II's sail plan. His architect, Charles Nicholson, differs with Burgess on hull-designing. He maintains that tank tests prove little or nothing, because it is impossible to reproduce in miniature all the conditions of wind, tide, and sea under which a boat will operate; in fact, he thinks so little of them that he sent Burgess complete plans of Endeavour II before Ranger was built, so that he could construct a model Endeavour II if he wanted to and test his own model against it. Burgess did this and Ranger won easily. Observers who have seen the two yachts in action off Newport, however, say it will be a close contest.

Burgess will have to share the credit for Ranger if she wins, because he worked with a co-designer, Olin Stephens. Stephens is the coming young designer, and Vanderbilt appointed him more or less as an apprentice. He probably felt, too, that he would rest easier if Burgess had someone to check him when he got too experimental, and to carry out the details if he suddenly went off in pursuit of a new idea. It was a wise precaution, for at the time Burgess contracted to design Ranger he already had a new project in mind. He is still up at the Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine, where Ranger was built, experimenting with light alloys —duralumin and similar metals—for use in the construction of yacht and ship hulls. He believes the next important innovation in boats will be along this line, not only because of the saving in weight, but because small yachts could be stamped out of metal like auto bodies. The Aluminum Company of America is reported to be backing him in these experiments.

Burgess seems content to let Stephens take the limelight now. Stephens will be a member of Vanderbilt's afterguard on Ranger, and Burgess does not expect to sail in the races. In fact, he has hardly been near Ranger since she was first tuned up. There is reason to believe that Vanderbilt has not encouraged him to come down from Bath, for Vanderbilt is a stickler for discipline and organization, while Burgess takes orders from no one, and is as disrupting to crews as he is to partnerships.

There has been a lot of discussion as to how much of Ranger is Burgess's and how much Stephens'. To a casual observer, her most striking difference from previous Burgess boats is that she lacks their beauty. Burgess does not seem greatly interested in this debate; as far as he's concerned, the 1937 race for the America's Cup was over weeks ago. Duralumin—that's the thing now.

—H. K. RIGG





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THE President's defeat has set the G.O.P. to dreaming of a Democratic Party back under the good old Southern leadership—safe, sane, and conservative, and, as Mr. Dooley once said, "easily licked."

•

Now that the Supreme Court problem has been settled, the American people can get back to the main issue: Who is going to play Scarlett in that movie?

•

The boys on Capitol Hill find that they have a lot of important chores to do before they can go home. Congressmen always put things off until the last minute, being in that respect something like people.

•

Here in New York Republicans are eager to show their abhorrence of the New Deal. Some feel that the best way to do this is to go out and get swallowed by the Tiger.

•

Grover Whalen is clearing the decks for the municipal campaign. He is severing all his business connections and denying that he wears a gardenia.

•

Because of the discovery of rich ores in Canada, radium is now down to $700,000 an ounce. This price is only one-fifth of what it was once but it is still higher than that of lamb chops.

•

Atlantic City business men complain that they are afflicted by a horde of non-paying guests. Deadheads come from all over and help themselves to the ocean thoughtfully provided by the Chamber of Commerce.

•

Our city has been enriched by the addition of three rare limber-nosed Solenodons, the gift of the Dominican Republic. The citizens are grateful but would gladly trade the lot for a good pitcher for the Giants.

•

HITLER MAKES RUSSIAN ENVOY FEEL AT HOME—headline. And all the time wishing he were.

•

These are sad days for our British cousins. Their non-intervention plan has failed, the Mediterranean is in danger, and Princess Elizabeth has skinned her knee. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE RACE TRACK

Billiken Rides Flying Scot—Saratoga, We Love You



WE ran into Jimmy Simpson, who once owned Irish Bullet and a lot of other good jumpers, at Arlington Park in Chicago last week-end. "If you believe in luck," said Jimmy, before the Classic Stakes, "here's a hunch on Flying Scot. The owners of the last six winners of the Classic have watched the race from my box, and Jock Whitney is going to sit there this afternoon." Whitney wasn't so enthusiastic over his horse. "I don't think Flying Scot will run well on a heavy track," he said. "He never has. If the going had been fast, he'd have a chance, but now I've given up hope."

So, just to prove that owners always know exactly what their horses will do, Flying Scot led all the way in the Classic Stakes. Pompoon, who chased him for a mile, cracked two furlongs from home. At the stretch turn I thought that Burning Star might come on; then Eagle Pass threatened; but at each challenge Flying Scot's jockey, Gilbert, touched him with his whip and he bounded away.

Simpson says the real reason Flying Scot won was that Gilbert carried Simpson's famous lucky piece, which is said to have the most extraordinary power. A fortnight ago Jimmy Snyder carried it in an automobile race, and won after all sorts of things had happened to him. Bill Thompson, one-time perennial mayor of Chicago, also carried it during all the campaigns in which he was victorious, and was beaten the year Simpson didn't lend it to him. This miraculous amulet is a little gold Billiken with an old safety-pin fastened to a ring in the top of its head. I touched it for luck, and Whitney said, "I don't know why I should give this back. I really ought to keep it. Perhaps if I did I'd be the leading owner this year."

Pompoon, I'm afraid, isn't the horse we thought he was. He looked tired and drawn when I saw him in the paddock before the race—the Hon. George said he had dark circles under his eyes—and he had none of his old-time dash. Eagle Pass is a colt who thrills you with his tremendous stretch run. He might have won the Classic if he hadn't been bumped by Burning Star, who was ridden by Robertson. By the way, if you're thinking of following the Milky Way Farms horses at Saratoga, it would be well to know that Robertson has not been riding in top form. He really should not have been beaten on C-Note.

WELL, here we are at Saratoga. George Bull has made so many improvements at the track that you wouldn't believe me even if I told you only half of them. The most important is the new betting shed, which is larger than the walking ring at Belmont Park, and so well ventilated that it will be cool on the warmest and most crowded Saturdays. The best thing about it, however, is that it adjoins the upper end of the grandstand, and you don't have to dash a quarter of a mile to get what you hope are high odds, as you did in the past. The roof of the shed has been turned into a delightful terrace, with ornamental iron railings, boxes of flowers, and tables and chairs under striped umbrellas, where you can sit and study your *Racing Form*, or sip your Coesa water, if you must sip Coesa water. The race course is still the most beautiful in the country, and the stables are full of horses.

If you get up early in the morning you may see War Admiral doing light exercise; he won't run until late in the meeting. Some of the better two-year-olds will be out for the United States Hotel Stakes this weekend, among them, possibly, Sonny Whitney's Trade, about whom you've probably heard by this time. The Saratoga Handicap also will be run on Saturday, and my guess is that Seabiscuit will win it as easily as he won the Yonkers Handicap at Empire City.

NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: Jock Whitney says Pumpkin's next race will be in the Saratoga Special. . . . Inhale won't have a return engagement with Theen in the Spinaway; unfortunately Inhale wasn't nominated for the race. . . . The band at Arlington Park for Classic Day was as good as I've heard, and the loudspeakers about the worst. . . . Gosum running with his running mate, Galsun. . . . Jerry Louchheim fussing over Pompoon.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

EASIEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the World-Telegram*]

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THE inimitable M. de Clairville is back from foreign shores with Paris hats for Bendel and, eventually, for you. Doubtless little more need be said to convince you that summer really is waning and it is time to start pondering upon your fall allure.

They are a glamorous lot, these Bendel hats, with Cavalier brims that swoop about in a mad way, crowns that tilt and fold, and a weakness for trimmings that drip down around the neck and shoulders, like the things Dietrich wears when she is being especially dangerous and *femme du monde* in a desert locale. Almost the first thing you notice is that there is a distinct forward-and-up-to-one-side movement about all of the brimmed hats—a sort of off-the-face effect that leans far over to the right, baring the left temple and most of the left side of the head, and often adding as much as eight inches to your height. Berets, of which there are a great many, do the same thing, jutting up in the air in front and out to the right side, like tam-o'-shanters with all their fullness pushed forward until they are flattened against the skull in back. Towering, tilted crowns occur, but only in hats with no brims at all; the brimmed ones have flat crowns that hug the head, but achieve plenty of height because of the way the brims themselves swoop up and out in front, like I said.

It is apparent all through this collection that the French have set their little hearts on getting Americans to take up ostrich plumes and veils. Both have been strewn around with a lavish disregard for our whims about wearing tailored clothes for everything short of full dress; but they are tempting, and may yet be the means of converting the nation to fanciness. I don't know when I have seen a more flagrantly feminine thing to set upon a curled coiffure than Agnès' Henry VIII hat, trailing a long wisp of willow plume which you fling about your neck like a scarf. Bendel has it, and it is enough to undermine your best resolutions about staying on the safe-and-sane side this fall. They'll show you uncurled ostrich "flats" covering entire crowns; curled tips foaming coyly around the edges of high-riding brims; felt and velvet berets with elaborate feather trimmings following that up-and-forward movement; and a whole series of tall, cone-shaped provincial-headdress caps, set far back on the head (preferably with curls showing all around, in a ring) and hung with fragile, lacy veils clear to the shoulders. The veils are cut and pieced together in a new way—a flat, round piece on top, with the part that hangs down shirred on all around like a petticoat. You wear them covering the face or flung back; or, if you are a faint-hearted one who quails at the first for-God's-sake-what's-*this* look on your man's face, you take them off altogether and put them away in a drawer.

Bendel's mantillas, for evening, also require some daring of the wearer, but will reward you with a very fine dramatic effect if you are brave enough to try one. They are lacy and long—right down to the waist in back, and no good unless your dress is almost completely bare on top, for it's the white flesh showing through that does the trick. Little skullcaps go on under the lace; or the mantillas can be worn alone, fastened right to the hair with little pins, like Chanel's short, circular coif-veils last winter.

In the main, the Bendel collection leans heavily toward the dressy side, with only an occasional gesture toward the casual and tailored, as in a tobacco-brown François Villon felt, ribbon-trimmed, *pour le sport*. It checks with prophecies of *fin de siècle* elegance for fall: long, slim lines in afternoon clothes; and much fluffy, long-haired fur, like fox, piled up around the neck. (Did I mention that all these hats, even



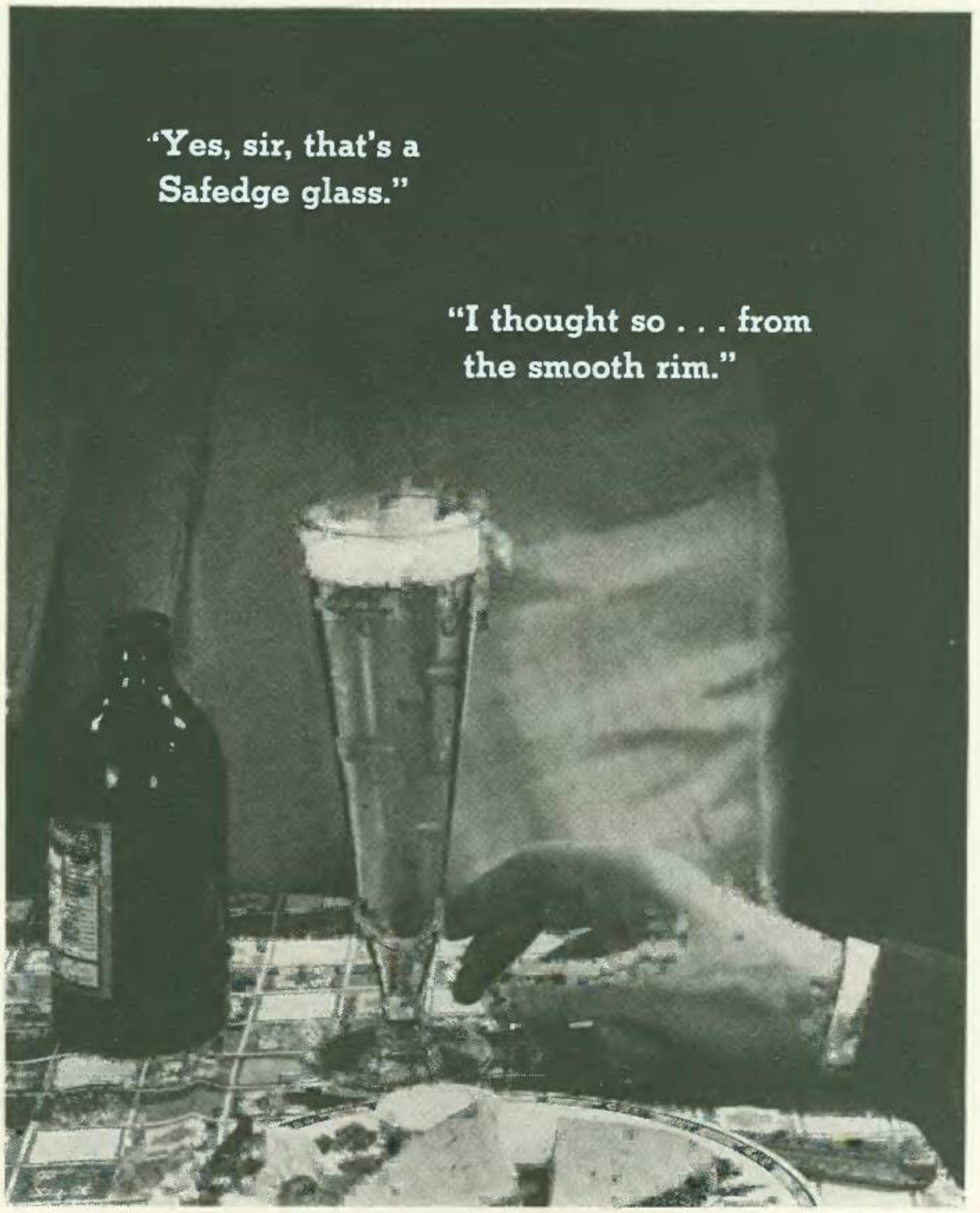
"My goodness, what a persuasive fellow!"

the brimmed ones, are flattened tight against the head in back?) Maybe you had better start making up your minds right now to reserve your darling tweeds and sweaters for rainy days and weekends in the country.

SINCE *la belle poitrine* is no mere seasonal matter, this should be as good a time as any to speak glowing words about Edith Lances and her custom brassières.

Miss Lances is at 17 West 57th Street. She makes only one type of brassière, a featherweight, bias-cut arrangement, entirely devoid of intricate inner straps and bandings; but it seems to suffice for all types of bosom, settling down to its job in such a gentle, soothing way that you forget it is there at all. So simple is the construction of this fine garment, in fact, and so effortlessly is it fitted to the form, that customers are made to feel they are not problem children after all, a psychological effect easily as important as the physical uplift that goes with it. When the little Lances looks at you with soft, honest eyes and says that she can build the bosom up or diminish it by visible inches, you believe her even before the first fitting proves she is not uttering empty words. Furthermore, that first fitting takes complete care of the future, barring serious changes in your figure; for your measurements are kept on file and you can order thereafter by mail or telephone. Day brassières start at $3, evening ones at $3.50. Or you may order bra tops for slacks, with uplift incorporated: $10 in cotton, linen, and challis; or swim and play suits, on the same plan, for around $20. All of them have you feeling your sculptured figure is nothing but pure, unaided Nature five minutes after you put them on.

LATE some hot afternoon, when you look terrible and are on your way to meet someone for whom you must be ravishing, stop in at Tourneur's, 136 East 57th Street, and let them give you the complimentary rapid-fire facial they call a makeup. Everything they put on your face feels cool; even the masque produces an icy tingle, and leaves you glowing and smooth-skinned, ready for the expert things they do to you with rouge, lipstick, and eyeshadow. You leave looking a new woman, besides being the richer by several valuable tips on how to use makeup to your own best advantage. There isn't any charge for this; they ask merely the opportunity of introducing to you some very pleasant creams, lotions, and cosmet-



"SAFEDGE" COMPLEMENTS CONTENTMENT

From Main Street to Fifth Avenue, the epicurean map is dotted with places distinguished for good food and a stabilizing calm. In these sanctuaries waiters tread lightly; the saxophone is unknown; and simplified menus reduce the problem of ordering to a mere glance or a flick of the eyebrow. To such considerate service, harmonizing table appointments are, quite naturally, an important adjunct. That's why so many of these men's bars use thin-blown Safedge glassware. The charm of Safedge simplicity—its clarity—its crisp, cool feel—and its smooth rim unmarred by nicks add a soothing note to the enjoyment of food and drink. And, in addition to pleasing the guest, Safedge saves money for the innkeeper and restaurateur, because it is the only glassware in the world positively guaranteed against chipping. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, O.



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ics. Veteran users of Tourneur's custom-blended face powder should take advantage also of another free service at this place. They'll darken your blend for you as the summer advances, to keep step with deepening suntans.

PATRONS of Charles of the Ritz have been screaming to me for years about Dr. Helen Daly, whose chiropody is a fabulously popular feature at this establishment. Depressed at the galloping prospect of becoming the only woman of my acquaintance never to have sampled Dr. Daly's art, I tried it at last, and have regrets only for not having done so long ago. She gives a matchless pedicure ($2), complete with nail polishes on the subtle side in color; or plain chiropody ($3), including a long, soothing massage and a vibrator treatment that leaves your toes wiggling with joy and as pink as a baby's. Or, you may have both treatments at once, for $4.

If you like, all this can go on while your hair, ministered to by Charles and his cohorts, is setting under the drier, an added advantage which should make Dr. Daly the most sought-after woman in town. —B. B.

•

Maybe you kids will listen to me... I'm wordly... Nothing old-fashioned about a Broadway columnist... I've written on New York papers for close to eighteen years, about sport and Broadway ... I've known Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Firpo, Dick Merrill, Jack (Legs) Diamond, Vincent Coll, Warden Lawes, Johnny Broderick . . . Johnny Beckman, Nat Holman, Dutch Dehmert, Bill Tilden. . . . No teacher's pets in that group, are there? They all played hookey from school, ducked Sunday school, shot spitballs at the teacher but they wound up all right.—*Ed Sullivan in the Daily News.*

Not *all* of them, Ed. Tilden lost his amateur standing.

•

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE DEPT.

[*From an official publication of the French Navy, pointing out to the sailors of the cruiser Jeanne d'Arc some of the wonders of the great American cities*]

PHILADELPHIE.—... c'est la moins intéressante des villes voisines; mais... Philadelphie peut être fière de ses fondations charitables, de son Institut technique, de ses musées..., de ses concerts symphoniques, de ses sociétés savantes.

WASHINGTON.—... n'offre rien de particulièrement remarquable....

NEW-YORK.—

Renseignements pratiques.

Les restaurants sont chers et tous également mauvais.

Comme moyen de transport, le taxi est le seul moyen possible (assez cher).

OUT OF TOWN

Last Round-Up

HERE is another check-list of country and seaside inns within easy motoring distance of New York and therefore good for brief vacations or weekending. All these inns have been visited this year by us or our representatives. For all of them, it is highly desirable to phone or wire ahead for reservations; for some it is strictly necessary. The rates given here are American plan.



On the Jersey shore there are three tried and trusted hotels which are right on the water's edge: The Stockton at Sea Girt, the Monmouth at Spring Lake Beach, and The Essex and Sussex, next door to the Monmouth. These are airy, spacious places all, large enough so that you are certain to find comparative privacy even on the verandas or in the public rooms. Each has its own private beach directly in front of it, handy tennis courts, facilities for golf, dancing, cocktail rooms or terraces, and full game equipment. At all of them, summer evening dress is widely worn but by no means required. All are swell places for children. Stockton and Monmouth rates are $8 up per day, per person; Essex and Sussex daily rates begin at $10. Inland a bit, at Lakewood, is Pinemere Inn. Primarily a fall, winter, and spring resort, it's a good summer hideaway if you like quiet, good food, colored cooks, and pampas grass and dried hydrangeas in the public rooms. You can swim in the lake, or in the ocean at Point Pleasant, about a twenty-minute drive. Good horseback riding on trails among the pines. Summer rates are from $4 to $7 per person.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE, at Briarcliff Manor, about an hour's drive up the Saw Mill River Parkway, is sturdy, time-honored, and pleasant; a good place for last-minute deciders because of its ability to absorb great numbers of people. It's getting a lively weekend crowd this year, perhaps because of Meyer Davis's Palm Beach orchestra. There's excellent golf, swimming in the lagoon, fine bridle paths. Earlier in the season, the management announced that the famous old row of rocking chairs on the porch would be replaced by new chairs with each guest's name on his own, but that hasn't been done yet. Rates: $6 to $9 per person.

As attractive a place as any in the Hamptons is The Hedges in East Hampton, where the Montauk Highway turns into Main Street. It's an old house converted into a modern inn, and run by Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, who has staffed it with her former English butler and her Viennese cook. The wines come from her own cellar. You can eat and drink outdoors in the garden, if you wish. There is golf at the East Hampton Golf and Country Club and swimming at the East Hampton public beach; or, now and then, Mrs. Hamlin can get you guest privileges at the Maidstone Club. Reservations well in advance are necessary. Single rooms with bath, $10 a day; double, $20.

A couple of blocks toward town, on the East Hampton green, is The Huntting, an unpretentious, small, comfortable inn. With bath, rooms are $12 a day, double. On the Montauk Highway in Water Mill, one mile east of Southampton, is Seven Ponds Inn, good if you have friends in the neighborhood whose club or beach you can use. Or you can use the public ones at Southampton or Water Mill. Dancing here every night except Monday. The single rate is $8 a day; double, $16.

A prize place on the North Shore, at Shoreham, is The Dove and Turtle, just off Route 25A. The place is run by two charming young ladies who say they're trying to make it like a good English inn and who seem to be on the right track. It has been amusingly decorated by Bemelmans, who did Hapsburg House here in town, and there's a good little bar in the cellar. Outdoor dining and drinking, too, and breakfast in bed if you want it. Before you go to sleep, you write your order on a slate outside your door. Swimming in the Sound a few steps down the road; golf privileges at the St. George's Golf and Country Club; tennis courts right at hand; and a riding academy in the next town will send you horses. Here also, you must reserve in advance. Weekend rates, which include Friday dinner and Monday breakfast, are $18 to $25 single; $25 to $32 double.

FOR quiet and a Victorian atmosphere, the old whaling town of Stonington, Connecticut, is a perfect bet. The town has some grand old mid-



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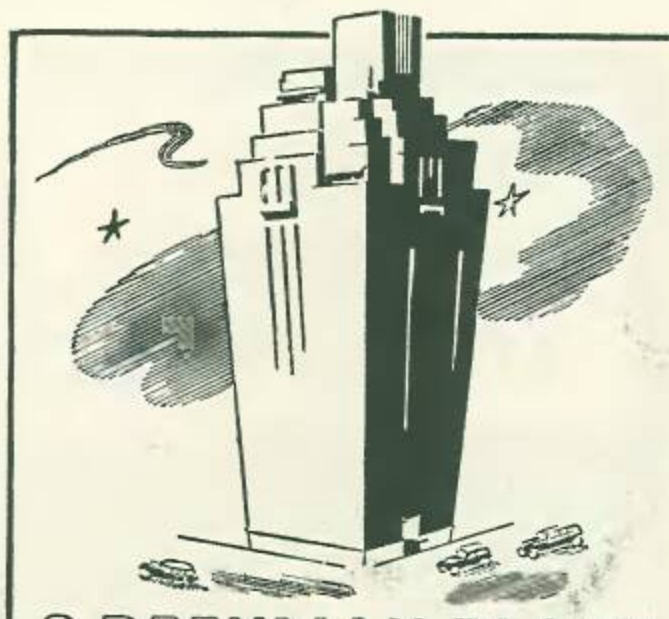


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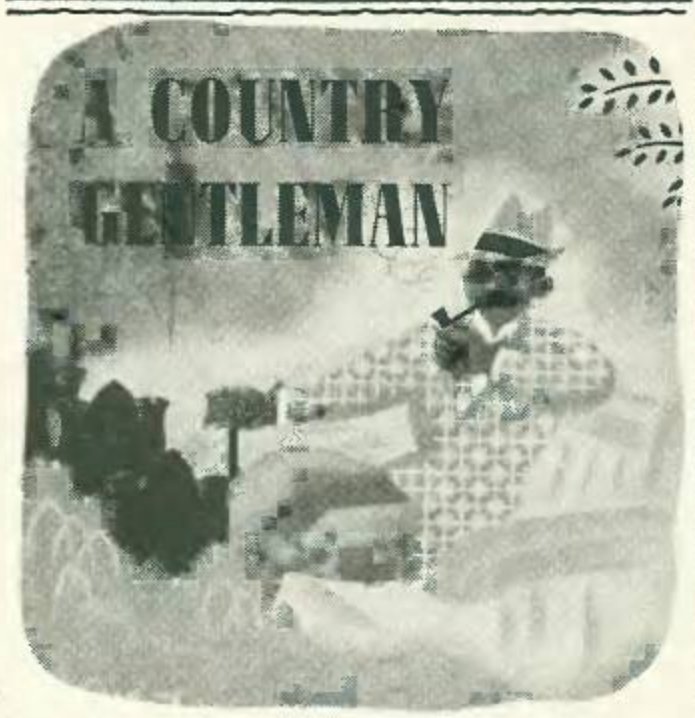
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nineteenth-century houses, a couple of which have been turned into inns. Linden Hall can take about twenty guests. It's an 1840 house with a broad hall, a beautiful staircase, big, square, high-ceilinged rooms, lamps and candlelight, and a widow's walk. Guests dine at one large table, as if they were visiting relatives, and the food is excellent. Rates: $5 to $8 a day.

Here also is the Stonington Manor Inn, another house of the same type, run by three ladies who have been taking guests for twenty-four years. They have a hundred acres of wooded estate and a golf course, which you can also use if you are staying at Linden Hall. Meals here are served on screened porches. There's no dancing or liquor licence at either of these places. Rates: $5 to $8 a day.

The Ocean House at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, just beyond New London, is one of the coolest spots on that part of the coast. Its "After Deck," with blue-and-white deck chairs and umbrellas, is exceptionally inviting. It is a fifty-five-year-old place, under new management this year by proprietors who have long been skilled at running resort hotels of this particular conservative type. You can have both surf and bay bathing, tennis, and golf at either the Misquamicut or Winnapaug Hills Golf Clubs. Dancing during the cocktail hour and in the evening. Rates: $8 to $12 a day, per person.

AFTER the early-season strike, the Nantucket boats are running again from New Bedford and Woods Hole. In the town of Nantucket you'll find The White Elephant, a low, rambling, many-winged inn right on the harbor. It has its own small-boat landing, and a bar. You can swim a block or so away in Nantucket Sound, or in the ocean at Surfside, a few miles by car or bicycle. Bicycles are booming on the island. In the town, you have to watch out for automobiles and cobblestones, but once you're on the moors you don't have to worry. Shops near the wharf will rent you new English or American wheels. Rooms with bath at The White Elephant are $10 to $14 a day single; $20 to $24 a day double.

—S. R. W.

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Sun*]

"No Harvard Club member would be guilty of any such thing," a spokesman said. "Mr. Roosevelt is not only President of the United States, but he is a Harvard man and a member of this club."



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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

On to Newport!

ALMOST every able-bodied yachtsman on the Sound who survived the rough going ashore during Larchmont Race Week is laying a course now for Newport. And if things go as well up there as they did at Larchmont, we're going to turn belly-up out of sheer enthusiasm. It's very rarely that these waters get such good racing weather as we had last week. Not one race was called, postponed, or even shortened, and most of the courses were sailed in fast time, so that everyone got ashore early enough each day to make good use of the club's facilities. The only complaints heard all week came from those idealists who are still looking for a true Long Island Sound breeze. There wasn't any such thing, of course. Usually there was a three- or four-point shift during each race. Fortunately, the wind never did veer the way it was supposed to, so the visiting boats couldn't say that local knowledge was paying off. The only improvement we could have suggested would have been to lay out a course for the smaller classes that didn't take them into Glen Cove. Practically every time the boats got over there the breeze boxed the compass and the fleet was all scrambled up.



The best performance of the Larchmont series was that of Bob Bavier in the new International class. He won five of the six races sailed, against really tough competition. That's quite a record in a class of twenty-five one-design boats which includes such excellent helmsmen as Corny Shields, Sam Wetherill, Bill Cox, and Frank Campbell. Another bit of good sailing was turned in by Bill Lüders in Totem, who won the honors in the Six-Metre class and moved across to Oyster Bay heavily favored to run away with the Gold Cup trials this week. Around Larchmont there were several people offering three-to-one odds that Totem would be the American defender against the foreign Sixes that are invading our waters late next month. We think she will be chosen too, but the odds should be shorter than that. Totem will probably have a hard time getting by Rebel over at Seawanhaka, but it doesn't appear that she has any other boat to fear. Her greatest danger will probably come from wear and tear; her old mainsail is pretty threadbare, and her crew is afraid it may get blown out.

SHERMAN HOYT was easily the most active and colorful person ashore and afloat at Larchmont. Nearly every day he sailed a different boat—and, incidentally, wore a different costume. Sherman is in good form this year. He ducked out of sailing with Vanderbilt on Ranger, and this coming America's Cup contest will be the first one that he has missed taking an active part in since before the War. Last time, you may recall, he was given a great deal of the credit for keeping the Cup over here because of his light-sail handling on Rainbow. He probably has no peer when it comes to fiddling with those big parachutes and Genoas that the "J" boats carry, and he is sure to be missed on Ranger. Sherman will be on the scene at Newport, but in an entirely new rôle. Columbia Broadcasting has signed him on to give a blow-by-blow account of the Cup races, and listening to him should be much more fun than watching Sopwith and Vanderbilt. He is sure to air a lot of his opinions on the N.Y.Y.C. and Cup-boat racing, and also give an accurate description of the races. The latter will be particularly welcome.

THE great question right now, of course, is who's going to win at Newport, and frankly we're as much at sea about the respective chances of the defender and challenger as we've been right along. Sopwith, naturally, will be the sentimental favorite, but our guess is that Endeavour II and Ranger will be an even match. Under the circumstances, the logical conclusion is that Vanderbilt will come out on top once more—this time, we hope, without any charges of skullduggery.

—BOSUN

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LEFTISTS DRILL
IN U. S. CITIES.
BORAH ASSERTS

—*The Herald Tribune, early edition.*

RADICALS DRILL
IN U. S. CITIES.
BORAH ASSERTS

—*The Herald Tribune, later edition.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOT QUITE GONE ARE THE DAYS

UNTIL the end of prohibition there were certain blocks in New York with virtually identical speakeasies in every house. The block I remember best was west of Eighth Avenue, in the Forties. The houses were all brownstone, and the speakeasies all had entrances under the stoops. They were not primarily stand-up-at-the-bar speakeasies, although practically every one had a small bar in the kitchen, where customers paused for a quick one on the way back from the men's room. They were restaurants with vaguely French table-d'hôte dinners and Italian proprietors, and everybody you met knew one where the cooking was the real thing. "The place doesn't look like much," you would be told, "but you ought to taste the food. Did you ever have crêpes Suzette?" In those basements middle-class New Yorkers were taught that the ultimate in desserts was a pancake that burned with a wan flame. If you let yourself be persuaded to try a new place, you found yourself in a speakeasy exactly like the one three doors down the street, where you went habitually. The only difference would be that the proprietor was named Victor instead of Jean, or Emilio instead of Roberto. The proprietors in the block ran to names like these; never Frank, or Joe, or Al. That was Mulberry Street stuff—not chic. In almost all these places the dinner was a dollar and a half until 1930, when it got down to a dollar and a quarter. Then, in about 1932, it dropped to a dollar. Wine was a dollar and a half a bottle, white or red, during the good days, and a dollar later. Some places charged sixty cents for a highball, the extra dime representing pure snobbishness.

Our crowd used to favor a place on this block called Aldo's. I do not remember why we started going there, but after a while it became a habit. Aldo Bulotti was in the Polyclinic Hospital with some vague ailment at the time of our first visits, and later he went back to Italy and died. His wife, a woman named Maria, ran the place while he was sick, and kept on running it after his death. She was four feet eleven inches tall and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, and she had bobbed hair set in a series of abrupt permanent waves about half an inch apart. She was an agreeable woman. Mrs. Bulotti had two children: a boy, eight, and a girl, five. She lived with them in Corona, out in Queens. She did not think a speakeasy was any place to raise children. An Italian doctor lived somewhere in the four stories above the basement, and twice, while we were going to Aldo's, he was deported for practicing medicine without a licence. He came back both times. The doctor had needle-pointed mustaches and a skin like old, yellowed paper. He ate dinner at Aldo's most nights and was always glad to join parties of other customers, especially if they included young women. He was a real doctor, graduated from the University of Naples, he once told me, but he had never learned much English and, besides, he was so old that his medical theory might have been considered obsolete. For these, and I suppose for other reasons, he was afraid to take the Medical Board examinations.

Aldo's was a small place, even for a speakeasy of that sort. Maria had one waiter and a cook. She kept the bar herself. She changed waiters often, but Bruno, the cook, seemed to be permanent. He was an Umbrian, very fair for an Italian, with a sharp, tired face. A widower, he got on very well with Maria. When you came into Aldo's, there was a hall leading from the door straight to the kitchen, and there were two small, connecting rooms that opened off the hall. In the front room were five tables, a disused fireplace, and a mirror, and in the room between that and the kitchen were three tables and a painting of a scene on Lake Como.

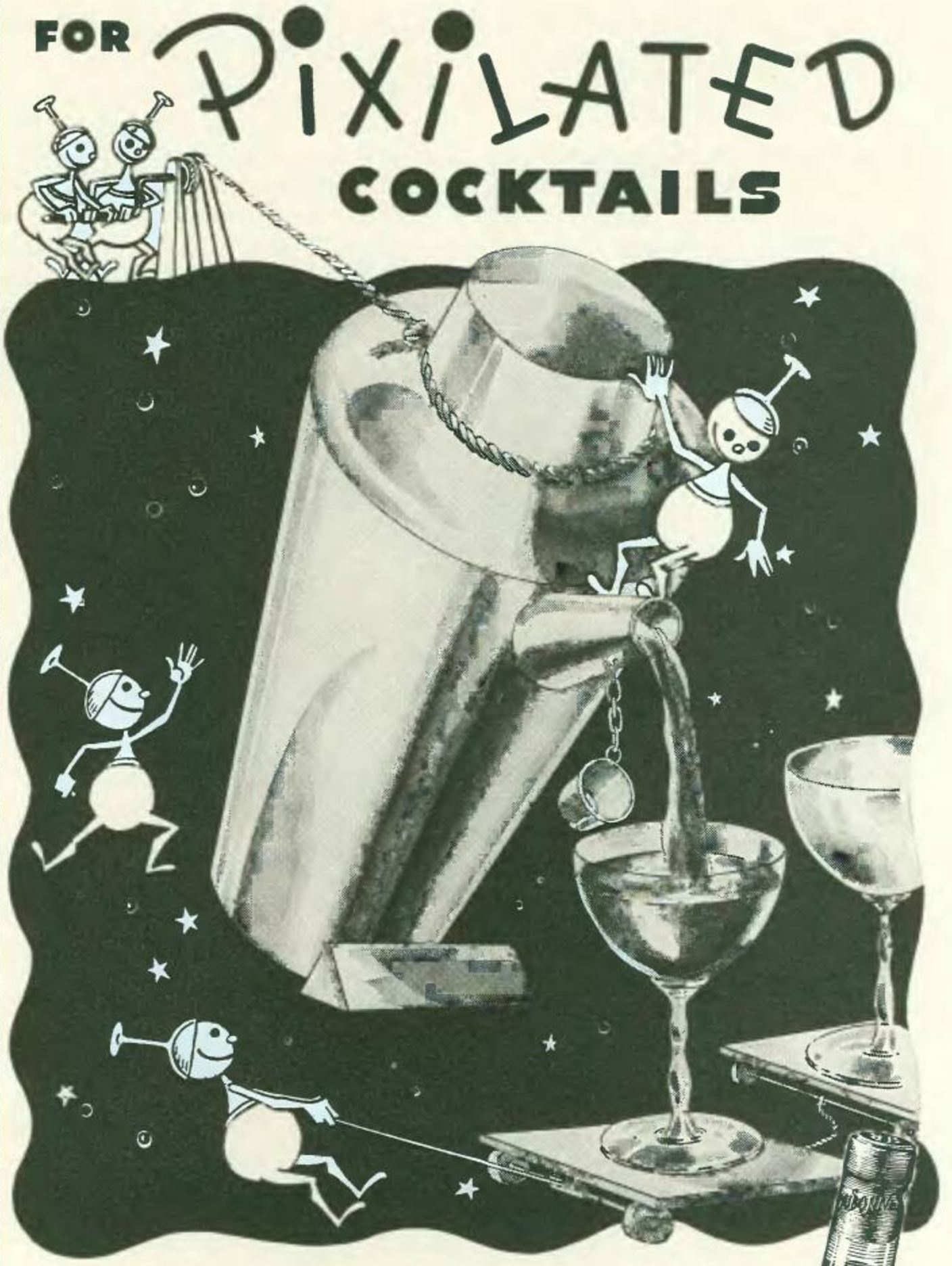
Along one wall of the kitchen was a bench, with a trellis over it, and across from that a bar. Also in the kitchen were two tables with checkered cloths, and some of the customers preferred to sit there, where they could talk to Maria and Bruno while they were eating. That way they could hear all about the customers in the front rooms, since Maria and Bruno carried on a



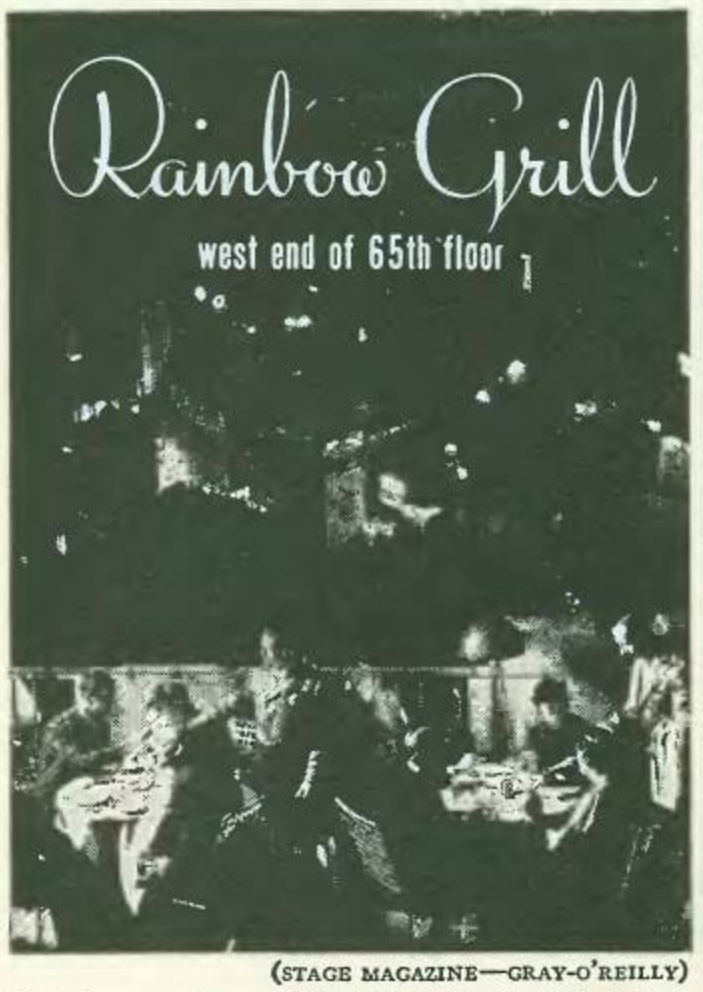
"I know it's the hackneyed thing to say, Judge, but to err is human."

running discussion of them, with the waiter joining in from time to time. The customers included a number of married women who liked to talk to strangers about their troubles, and a beautiful girl named Ruth, who told people she was a private secretary and was always busting into other people's parties. There were also several discreet couples who chose the smallest room when they could get a table there and argued in whispers until they began to feel good, when they would come out in the kitchen and join the other parties. Several of the steadiest customers came from Reuters, the British news agency. Reuters' office is over on the other side of town, but people used to migrate into those West Side blocks from everywhere to take their dinners. One of the Reuters men was impressive because of his habit of sitting all alone in the front room, staring at the curtained windows and drinking brandy and black coffee out of a tall glass. His name was Skerry. He was a very dignified gentleman with an Old World courtliness. Occasionally, after a good many *mazagrans* and brandies, he would poke his head into the kitchen before he left for the night and make a little speech to the people at the bar. "By this means," he would say, swaying gently, "I disinfect myself from the American turmoil." Then he would bow and go home. We always felt that he was doing all he could to uphold the traditions of the Empire, like the legendary Englishman in the Borneo outpost who dresses every night for dinner in order to keep from going native.

Maria made her wine at home in Corona out of California grapes. Some of the customers were allergic to the wine and fell on their heads, but others, thank God, could stand a lot of it. I think it was in these speakeasies that "allergy" got started on its way to being a common word. Everybody, it seemed, was allergic to some particular kind of liquor. You never met a man in a speakeasy who was merely an incompetent drinker. He always said, "I can drink any amount of Scotch or rye, but I'm allergic to brandy." Or else, "I can hold my hard liquor, but when I drink red wine, I never remember what happens." One night a man named Jim, who Maria said was a very sweet gentleman except that he couldn't drink gin, was sitting in the kitchen with his wife. He was drinking gin. Pretty soon he threatened to tear his wife's clothes off. She said, "Go ahead!," very scornfully, not thinking that he would do it, and he did tear them off, all but



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a brassière. The outraged woman rushed from the kitchen into the front room, in search of privacy. It happened, however, that Skerry, the courtliest of the Reuters men, was sitting there alone, drinking and thinking. He turned his face to the wall. "What a big surprise for Mr. Skerry!" Bruno remarked when he told me about it the next evening. Maria lent the woman a coat and put her in a taxi, and Skerry soon after went back to England and got married. In time he will tell incredulous juniors this anecdote of his life in the United States under prohibition, and they will say, among themselves, that it's a bit thick—the old boy's in his dotage.

WHEN repeal came, I didn't bother my head much about Aldo's. I happened to walk through the block a few weeks afterward, and I noticed that a dozen of the speakeasies had secured licences, hung out signs, and opened up, but that Maria hadn't. From then on I took it for granted that she had not been able to raise the fee, and had gone out of business. Then, about a month ago, I found myself in the old neighborhood and I got to thinking with some tenderness of Maria and Bruno, and I walked around to the house where Aldo's had been. The front of the place looked as dismal and taciturn as ever, with all the shades drawn in the barred basement windows. But I thought that the recurrent Italian physician might be living in the house, and that he might be able to tell me what had become of Mrs. Bulotti. Perhaps she had opened a little café in a more prepossessing part of town, I thought, and it would be fun to visit her.



I therefore walked down the two steps from pavement level and rang the bell beside the basement grille. Maria herself came to the door. She was dazzled by the daylight, and peered out warily until I pressed my face against the bars. Then she grinned, and released the catch by pressing an electric button. It seemed to me that time in its flight turned backward to 1928. "Come in the kitch', Mista Lieba," she said. "Maybe you like a drink. Bruno!" she yelled down the hall. "Itsa Mista Lieba!" I followed her. The door to the front room was ajar, and I could see the familiar tables laid with their white cloths. Nothing in the kitchen had changed: the copper saucepans hanging above the range, the trellis with its artificial yellow vine leaves, the red-and-black lacquer bar, and on the liquor shelf the pink lamp made out of a French cordial bottle.

Bruno, in his white cap and apron, was slicing eggplant with a long knife, just as I remembered him in a previous gastronomic existence. Maria bought a drink of Courvoisier and smiled as I looked about me. "Just the same as ever, eh?" she said. "I got the whole house now. The Doctor, he'sa gone back to Italy for good. I got the children with me, living on the first floor. Dino is in the third year 'igh school. 'E's seventeen. Gilda, she's a freshman. She's fourteen. I rent out eight rooms on the other floors. Bruno and me, we do pretty good now."

She has never really got out of the speakeasy business, she told me. Some of the old customers, like me, had taken her retirement for granted and gone off to licenced restaurants. She didn't see them any more. But a few, either from habit or because they liked personal attention while drinking, had continued to come. Now there were a good many new clients, introduced by the old ones. Some people have never got used to drinking in public restaurants, it seems. The atmosphere is too formal and grasping. Even in reformed speakeasies that have tried to retain the old spirit, the management takes a cold, impersonal attitude toward disorderly conduct. The owners, Maria says with scorn, are afraid that the Alcohol Board will revoke their licences.

If Maria had bought a licence, she said, she would have had to open her door to everybody. On that block, this would inevitably have meant invasion by uncouth types. "Truckadriv'!" Maria said. "They cannot mix with my people. My people would desert me. I gotta keep my place nice."

It sounded reasonable to me. I asked her if she wasn't afraid of being arrested. Maria said that she was less worried now than she had been during prohibition. About half the places on the block had opened as saloons, she told me, and the rest operated as speakeasies. They all got along amicably. The saloonkeepers didn't want any

more open drinking places on the block, and so, since they knew the speakeasies drew their own trade from outside the neighborhood, they didn't complain about the speakeasies.

Even if there was a raid, possession of legitimately bottled liquor was no offence. If inspectors remarked on the quantity, Maria could say that the men who lived upstairs boarded with her and liked a drink with their meals. She never sold to strangers. Anyway, the mere circumstance that a stranger would want to buy a drink at a private house nowadays would warn the least wary proprietor. As she is not subject to licence regulations, Maria stays open until six o'clock in the morning, while legal bars close at four. This is a great convenience to some of her customers.

Naturally, the business is on a small scale, but expenses also are low. Repeal was such a blow to brownstone rental values that she leases the entire house for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. She used to pay one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the basement. The eight roomers, who pay four or five dollars a week each, furnish enough money for the rent for the whole building, including Maria's own living quarters. It is no longer necessary to invest money in liquor in large lots, or in tons of grapes for wine-making. She can buy whiskey by the bottle and wine by the gallon at the liquor store in the next block. At thirty-five cents a drink for whiskey and forty-five cents a pint for wine, there's a nice profit. The dinner is a dollar, and of course there's a profit in that. Maria waits on the tables herself now. It agrees with her, apparently, because she looks as if her weight has gone up to two hundred pounds. She says that she averages about a dozen customers at dinner. There are generally one or two afternoon clients who want seclusion, and then there are usually a couple of drinkers who stay on after four in the morning. It all amounts to twenty or thirty dollars a day, and half of that is profit.

I stayed for dinner and we talked. Bruno likes it better than working as assistant chef in some Italian restaurant. When there are no customers, he plays dominoes with one of the roomers, or reads Italian sporting papers, which are brought to him by stewards on the Rex and the Conte di Savoia. He used to be in the merchant marine, and the place is not far from the piers, so he keeps up his acquaintance. Twice a week he goes to boxing shows.

Every so often, without any partic-

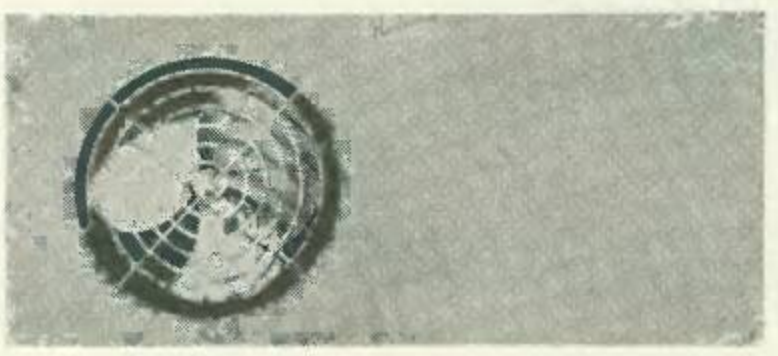
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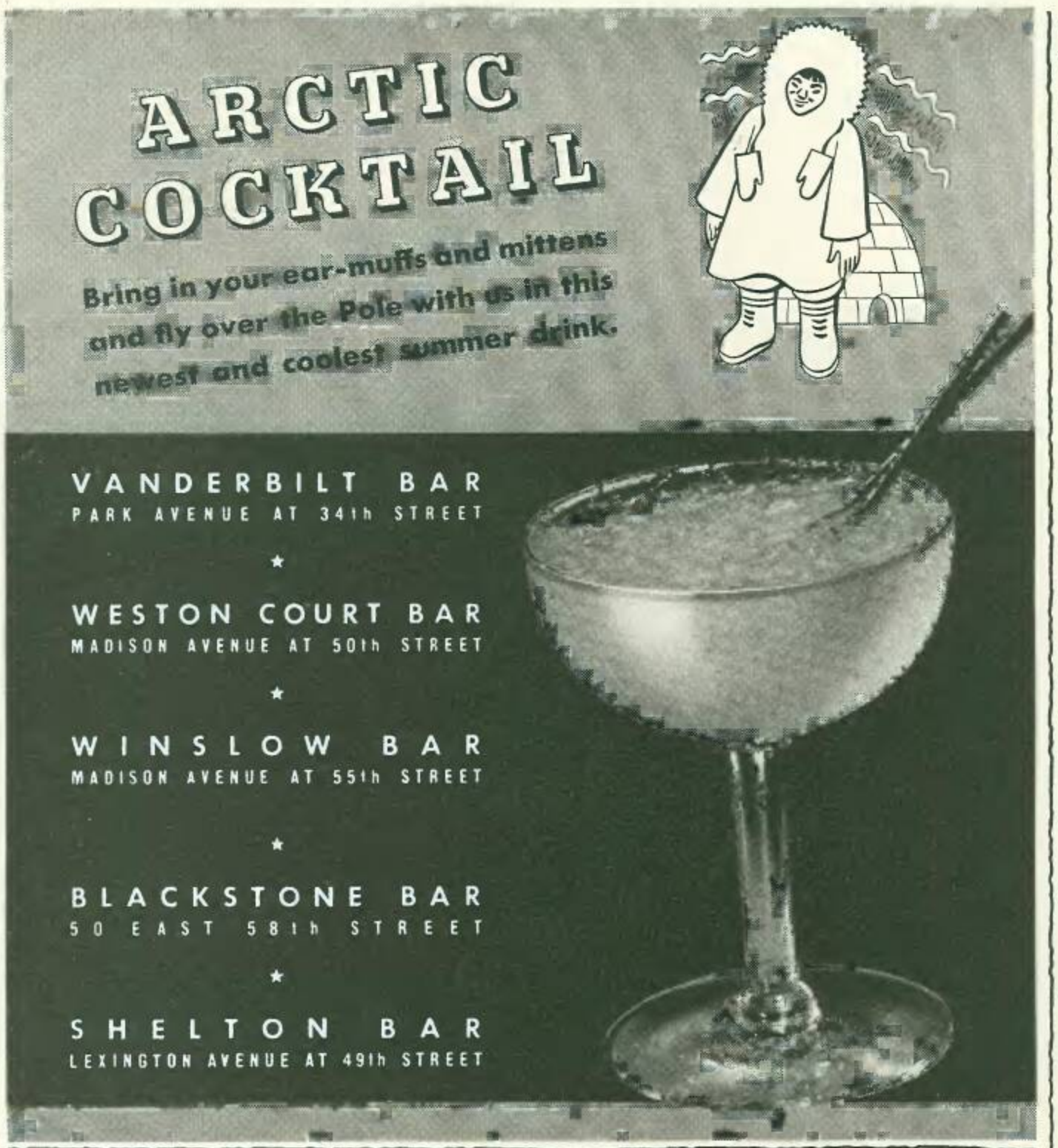
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ular reason, an old patron will return to the house just as I did, Maria told me. It's like coming back to the scene of a crime, or one's childhood. Sometimes the oldsters even pay prohibition-time tabs. One of them, a week earlier, had paid her seventeen dollars which he had owed since 1932.

A woman came in and sat down at the table next to me in the kitchen. Maria introduced us; her name, as nearly as I could make out, was Mrs. Buttercup. Soon we were all talking, as in the good days. Mrs. Buttercup told me that she had a daughter twenty-one years old, to whom she had presented a Boston terrier for Christmas, but the daughter, just because she wanted to go to California, had returned the terrier to her, Mrs. Buttercup, although she knew full well that the Buttercup apartment in London Terrace was no place for a dog. "No sense of responsibility," Mrs. Buttercup said. She had an irritating way of repeating herself and she was not particularly handsome, but she had an archaic charm, like a Gibson girl. She drank Old-Fashioned cocktails throughout her meal. I found that when a client, especially a lady, is approaching the saturation point, Maria still dilutes the drinks, although of course she does not reduce the prices on the check, as that would arouse suspicion. The place soothed me. Bruno's chicken *en casserole* and his *cannelloni* were really rather good. After all, one doesn't have to eat the crêpes Suzette. Before I left, Maria told Mrs. Buttercup and me about a woman in the front room the other night whose husband had got so angry at her drinking that he knocked out one of her front teeth. Then he had had to pay sixty dollars to have it put back, Maria said, because he couldn't stand her smile without it.

—A. J. Liebling

•

Democratic methods will work only when persons in private positions of responsibility make them work. It is the private citizen, not the public official, who in the last analysis determines by his conduct whether you can have democracy. He either makes it or breaks it. Heat waves are hard on democracy.

Westbrook Pegler is on vacation.

—*The World-Telegram.*

And democracy marks time.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Herald & Express*]

Hollywood, at last, is proving that marriage is no hurdle to a happy love life.

THE TENNIS COURTS

Greatest Match in the History of the World

WIMBLEDON, JULY 25

THE day after Budge beat von Cramm in the Davis Cup interzone final the London press was black with what must have seemed almost hysterical praise to anybody who had not been at Wimbledon on that great Tuesday. "Greatest match of all time!" shouted the *News Chronicle* man. "In thirty years' experience of Wimbledon I have never seen such excitement!" "The most wonderful singles match seen in years!" sang the *Daily Express*. "Greatest match ever played!" cried the *Evening News*. Even the *Times* man murmured, "I have never seen a match that came nearer the heroic." Now that the other gentlemen have quieted down a bit, I myself will simply say that it was the greatest match in the history of the world. Fräulein Rost, Germany's star woman player, "sat clenching her hands and at times clutching her heart," reported the *Express*. Well, that was me tearing my hair and pounding the knee of the English lady on my left.



The United States has not held the Davis Cup for eleven years, Germany has never reached the challenge round, and here suddenly, with the matches at two-all, they had put into the center court at Wimbledon the two best amateur tennis players in the world, with the Cup, everybody felt, as the prize for the winner. Budge, of course, had taken von Cramm in the championships final and, only three days before, had swept Henkel practically up into the stands in the greatest exhibition of undiminished power and accuracy I have ever seen. But on the other hand he had looked shaky in the doubles the day before. "Was it fanciful to think yesterday that the imperturbable Budge was near jittering?" wrote the *Times* man. No, it wasn't. It had seemed at times that only Mako's muttered pep talks and grim determination to win had kept Budge going. It had been obvious early that something was wrong with Budge's right shoulder, for he served no cannonballs until the smashing final game of the doubles match—and took the cheers of the crowd rubbing his shoulder. During the great singles match, however, he at no time favored his right arm and if occasionally his forehand wavered, that was not muscular strain, that was von Cramm.

It would be as hard to describe the swift, perfect pattern the two men contrived with a white ball as it would be to describe dancing. The match rose above the mere give-and-take of competition into something so close to art that at the end it was more as if a concert had ended than a tennis match. The shouts of "Bravo!" when it was over came out of an emotion usually reserved for something more important than the spectacle of athletes, however great, in action. I was somehow reminded of the cheers that went up when the last curtain fell on the first night of "What Price Glory?" You know the kind of cheering I mean. I heard it that Tuesday afternoon for the first time outside of an auditorium.

BUDGE has suddenly matured over here into one of the great champions. There has never been anyone better. What happened on July 20 was that he met a German baron who on that afternoon was also just as good as anyone has ever been. It is Budge's great year. It was von Cramm's great day. The impact was terrific. Each man, with all his shots working perfectly, was out to rush the other off his feet. It was thrust and thrust rather than thrust and parry. The players almost never took a defensive stance. Von Cramm once assaulted one of Budge's cannonballs and shot it back for an ace. This double-attack kind of play, to keep going, had to be made up of almost unbelievable shots and returns of shots, and it was. One had the impression of passing shots cut off by finishing volleys which in turn were whisked back. The chalk lines were hit two or three times in some of the rallies. An inspired brilliance, amounting almost to physical genius, rode on the two racquets.

The courage of the two men would have pleased old Sir Thomas Malory, who loved great hearts in single combat. The last fine edge of superiority lay, I suppose, in the quality of their determination—von Cramm's is made of Toledo steel, but Budge's is crowbar iron. When from one-four in the final set he pulled up to four-all, the crowd, which had been overwhelmingly for von Cramm, thundered for



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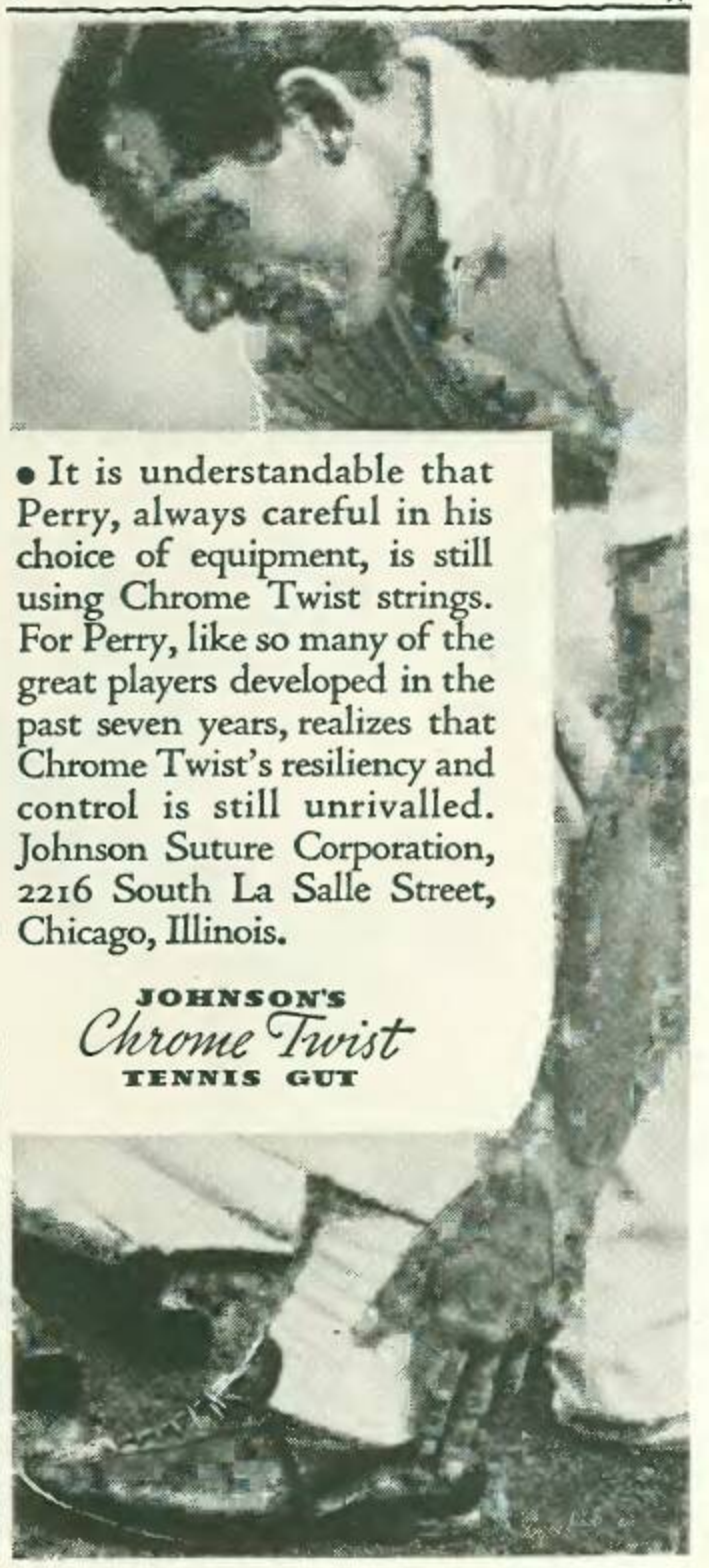
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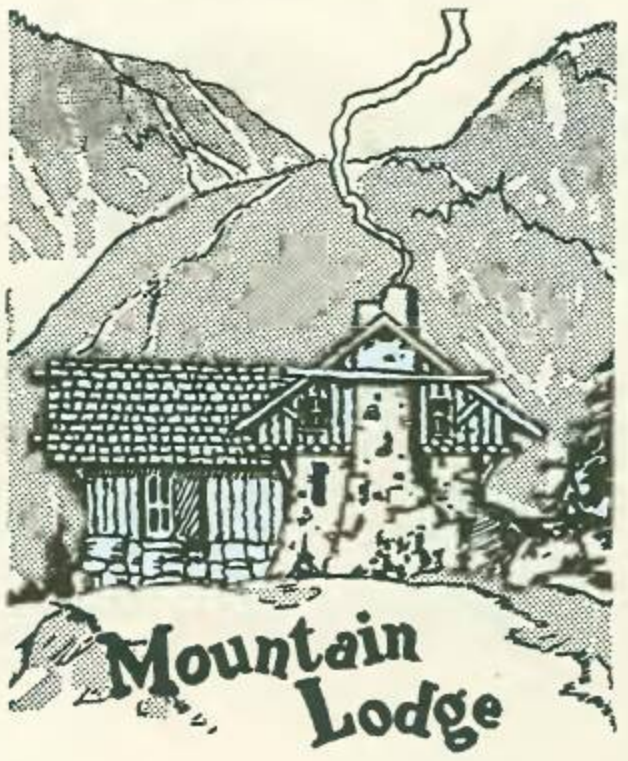


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the "Red-Headed Terror," as the British have called him. "By now the cheering watchers," said the *Times*, "whose sympathy had been with von Cramm, had taken Budge and his unwavering calm to their hearts." Von Cramm has won his place as a Wimbledon favorite because he is one of the finest of all sportsmen. I am glad to report that on this day Budge was accepted as a great sportsman, too. "How pleased we all were," said the *News*, "with the admiring gasp of, 'Oh baby!' that burst from Budge when von Cramm left him standing with an astonishing stop-volley from the center of the court." The last game of all was anguish and none of us who saw it would want to go through again those four straight match-points that von Cramm so valiantly saved. I was all for calling the thing a draw: neither man really deserved to lose.

I must reserve the challenge round for next time, except for a few words on Saturday's play. In the set he won from Hare at fifteen-thirteen Budge was never in danger of losing. It was simply a question of how long it would take him to break Hare. After that it was like playing somebody's niece. If Hare was somebody's niece, Parker against Austin was old Aunt Hattie on one of those days when she can't remember anything and has lost her glasses. All Parker's skill and canniness were gone. Almost any good girl could have beaten him. He was even more helpless than Grant was against the Germans.

What's ever become of Bobby Riggs and Joe Hunt? And did they ever get that snow off Sidney Wood's mine?

NOTES: Budge daintily drinking tea from a cup and then suddenly dousing water on his head like Jeeter Lester amused the English no end. He was interviewed in *The Bystander* recently and said that Jimmy Dorsey is his favorite tenor saxophonist, Ray Bauduc his idea of a real trap-drummer, Bob Crosby's his favorite band. The champion likes doubles better than singles and swing music better than either. He admires spaghetti, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Virginia Bruce, and is just about to take up golf. The interviewer called him "a really nice kid on top of the world."

—FOOT FAULT

•

FOUR ARE INJURED
IN DIVINE BATTLE
—Headline in the Times.

My *dear*, you should have been there!

POPULAR RECORDS

Music by George Gershwin



IT was only a few months ago that the record lists were brightened by George Gershwin's fascinating music for "Shall We Dance"—and now, except for the songs Gershwin composed for "The Goldwyn Follies," all Gershwin records will be revivals.

Revivals isn't the word, either; for Gershwin's tunes always had a living quality. They didn't date. "I Got Rhythm," for instance, is as fresh now as it was when Ethel Merman flung it at the first-night audience of "Girl Crazy." If you happen to recall such early Gershwin melodies as "I Was So Young, You Were So Beautiful," an interpolation in "Good Morning, Judge," or "Nobody But You," from the first all-Gershwin score, "La, La, Lucille," you'll find that they have the same curious vitality as their successors.

Most of the Gershwin discs of the pre-electric recording era are no longer available, but I recall a brilliant version of "Swanee," by one of the all-star instrumental trios which worked for Victor back around 1920. Seems to me there also was a similar arrangement of "Nobody But You." Both records still would be good on their own, if somebody would re-make them in the original settings.

Looking back through the files of *The New Yorker*, I found notes on several Gershwin recordings that might be recommended to anyone who is making a collection. There was a Brunswick of "Looking for a Boy" and "That Certain Feeling," played in 1926 by the piano team of Ohman and Arden, with orchestra. Ohman and Arden, in fact, were at their best in Gershwin's music. When they were registering their pianism for Victor, they produced attractive presentations of "Funny Face" and " 'S Wonderful," from "Funny Face," and "Strike Up The Band" and "Soon," from "Strike Up The Band."

There's hardly been a year when somebody didn't make a new record of "I Got Rhythm." Lately, it's become a theme for swing variations, as in Red Norvo's ingenious doings on Decca 779, where Gershwin's "Lady Be Good" also goes through the mill, but if you want a straight, snappy per-



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formance, see if Columbia can supply you with 2328-D, on which Fred Rich conducted it. This record is especially interesting because it also contains "Embraceable You," a charming air from "Girl Crazy." One of the most exciting adventures of "I Got Rhythm" took place on Columbia 2346-D, when Ethel Waters, in swell voice, took charge of it.

Gertrude Lawrence, who appeared in "Oh Kay," recorded "Do-Do-Do" and "Someone To Watch Over Me" for Victor in 1927, and it's still an engaging disc, if you can find a copy. Virginia Rea and Franklyn Baur did some of their finest singing (they were one of the most accomplished soprano-tenor pairs that ever recorded) with "Looking For A Boy" and "Nightie Night," from "Tip Toes," on a Brunswick record that was issued in 1926.

More easily obtainable is Ramona's slick offering of "My Cousin From Milwaukee," from "Pardon My English." That's Victor 24260, released in 1933. Nobody seems to have got around to recording the waltz from "Pardon My English"—one of the melodies which Gershwin liked so well that he withdrew it from circulation when the show closed, apparently hoping to bring it out again some time, as he did with "The Man I Love," which had its début long before its successful appearance in "Strike Up The Band." Incidentally, Gershwin made an effective coloratura transcription of "The Man I Love," and perhaps Miss Pons, who sang it on the radio, might recall it when she records again.

A few more suggestions: "Liza," by Fletcher Henderson's orchestra, on Decca 555. . . . "Sam and Delilah," by the Bluejeans, whoever they were, on Victor 23036. . . . "Oh Gee! Oh Joy!" and "Say So," both from "Rosalie," by Ben Selvin and his orchestra, on a Columbia disc that made friends in 1928.

FOR the longer Gershwin compositions and for his own piano discs, see the helpful list in the *Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia*. The records I've noted here are just some others that I recall with pleasure.

Of course, the list of Gershwin recordings won't be complete for years to come. For even after memorial albums have been issued, musicians will want to sing or play the Gershwin melodies, and people will want to hear them. It won't require the sentimental interest of those of us who knew, admired, and liked George Gershwin to keep his music alive. —POP

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Rumson and Spring Lake—No Surprises

OUR annual summer safari into New Jersey has been exceptionally pleasant thus far. At both the Monmouth County and Jersey Shore horse shows the competition, weather, and mosquitoes were unusually decent. We couldn't find one exhibitor who ignored a ring performance for the cooler delights offered by the nearby ocean. Consistency was the keynote. With few exceptions, championships were awarded to the horses people thought would get them.



Helen Bedford's Woodfellow won the hunter crown at the exhibition on the Rumson Country Club grounds. Woodfellow still stands as our favorite of the top show-ring hunters. Edward V. Quinn's Prince Charming II took the reserve title. Neither of these horses moved over to Boxwood Farms, in Spring Lake, for the Jersey Shore show. So no one was surprised when Mrs. Harry Frank, Jr.'s Clifton's Beau won the hunter crown there. He had been on the heels of Woodfellow and Prince Charming II in all their Rumson performances. At Spring Lake he appeared in eight classes and won all of them. We saw Steve Boland, trainer of Clifton's Beau, leave a barn at Spring Lake carrying enough silver plate to fill Tiffany's window.

THE jumping champion at both of these shows was Mrs. Gordon Wright's bay gelding, Sonny. This horse, who at one time was sold for five dollars, has been the steadiest performer of the season. The title he won at Spring Lake was his eleventh this year. In practically all of these championship jumping events he has been ridden by Archie Dean, Jr. Archie is thirteen years old. So is Sonny. Archie is a well-built youngster who, in addition to being a fine rider of jumpers, also plays polo at Saxon Woods. His father is a well-known Westchester surgeon. Young Dean won the Good Hands Cup at Rumson and thus qualified for the National championship in Madison Square Garden next fall. Our only comment on this is that it was about time. He's the best juvenile rider we've seen at any show this year.

We admire Sonny and enjoy watching him win titles. But it is a matter of record that the leading jumping-class winners at Rumson were Mrs. Jean Guerrin's Playboy and Mrs. Woodward Vietor's Cherokee. At Rumson, however, the title was not awarded on points to the most consistent performer in the show. Instead it was given to the winner of a special class on the final day. Up until that class Sonny did not win a blue ribbon. Yet he beat Playboy and Cherokee in the order named. The same illogical situation prevailed at Spring Lake. Sonny was the big winner throughout the show, but if he had made a mistake in the final class he might have lost the title.

MORELAND'S MAID, owned by Mrs. L. Victor Weil, of Elberon, N. J., and trained by Frank Connor, was the champion three-gaited saddle horse at both shows. Moreland's Maid and her stablemate, Dixie Maid, are just about the best pair of saddle horses in New Jersey. Dixie Maid won the saddle-horse stakes at Fairfield, Westchester, and Rumson. She couldn't appear in the stake at Spring Lake because she contracted a cough the night before the event. Moreland's Maid is a beautifully-marked chestnut (white stockings, white star, and snip on forehead) who looked like a champion from the start. When she was only three months old, Bob Moreland, the Kentucky breeder, sold her for the unusually high sum of $3,000. When she entered Mrs. Weil's Fair City stable, last year, she had never been shown and had a bad disposition. The patience of trainer Connor really made this horse and now she's practically unbeatable. She does all three gaits beautifully, especially the trot. And you know how saddle-horse judges dote on trotting.

Elsie Holdsworth, of Seekonk, Mass., holds the unusual distinction of being one of the few outlanders with saddle horses good enough to invade New Jersey and win consistently. Her famous chestnut mare, Janet Sue, topped all the five-gaited performers both at Spring Lake and Rumson. Janet Sue is by King Bourbon out of a Rex Peavine mare. She first showed five years ago at Atlantic City. She was never defeated as a Junior mare, and last year she won the five-gaited title at the National. She's eight years old now and, according to her trainer, Tom McCray, "Looks lak she cud rack forever."

—T. O'R.

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"TRISTAN"

WHEN we got into our rooms at the hotel, Mrs. Craig-Higgs said first we'd change, then we'd go get the tickets. We'd arrived in tweeds. We went down in printed silks. Tickets for "Tristan"? The porter rolled his eyes, kissed his fingertips. Impossible. Even the cheapest places couldn't be had for any money. Why, ten days ago his wife— "Thanks very much, my good man!" said Mrs. Craig-Higgs, putting him in his place, and decided we'd go ourselves to the box office of the Opera House.

It was a lovely, warm day. The old town and its fortress loomed on our left. Banners blew on the bridge and sparkling water raced beneath.

"Can't we stop here just a minute?" I asked.

"It strikes me as most inopportune, my dyah. Let's ask that policeman how to reach the box office." She raised her voice. "*S'il vous plaît*—bother! These Austrians speak German. Sorry! *Bitte, wo ist*—"

"Do you, by any chance, speak English, Madam?"

"Certainly!"

She told him what she wanted. He said, "If it's for tonight, it's useless to go, Madam. 'Tristan' is sold out."

"Well, we might as well go there anyhow," Mrs. Craig-Higgs said, unconvinced. "In any case, we could get our seats for 'Figaro' tomorrow night."

" 'Faust,' Madam," the minion of the law corrected her. "It is indeed a pity you must miss the Bruno Walter 'Tristan,' Madam, but you should have had your places well in advance. You know how we are about 'Tristan.' It's our 'Camille' and 'Romeo and Juliet' in one."

"Thanks very much!" Mrs. Craig-Higgs ended the talk. She was not accustomed, she said, snatching me along with her, to exchange operatic chitchat with policemen. The Bruno Walter "Tristan" indeed! Very superior on the policeman-person's part, to say the least. Reahlly! "Here's a café," she said then. "Let's have our tea." We looked about under the trees for a table; then she said, "But not as we are, my dyah. Have a look. We must change." Change? We'd just changed. But I saw what she meant. Ladies, plucked and pencilled and dieted down to silhouettes which would horrify peasants, fiddled with glasses and cups in bright-colored, wide-skirted peasant costumes. Gentlemen, in short leather pants with bibs, smoked

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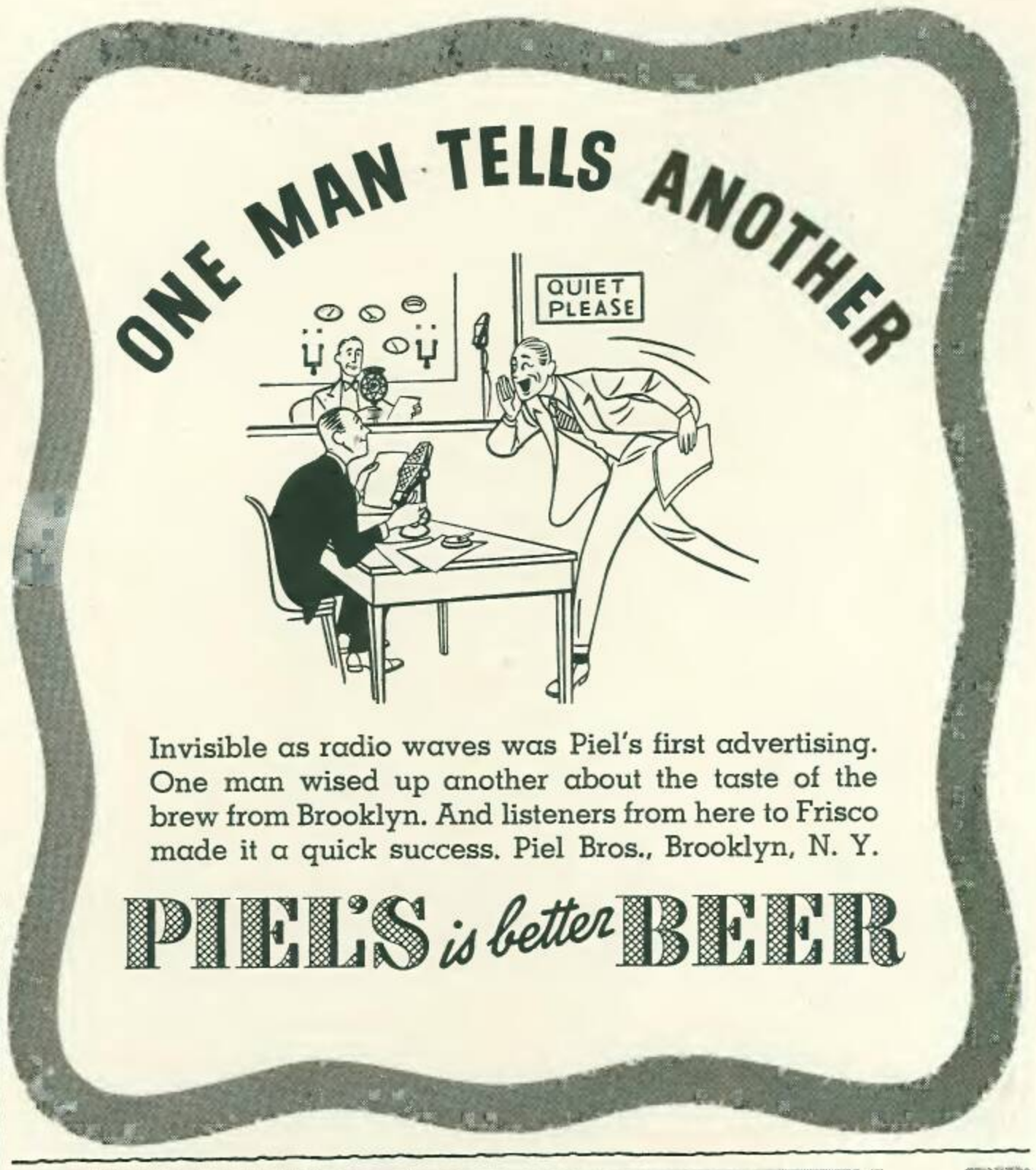
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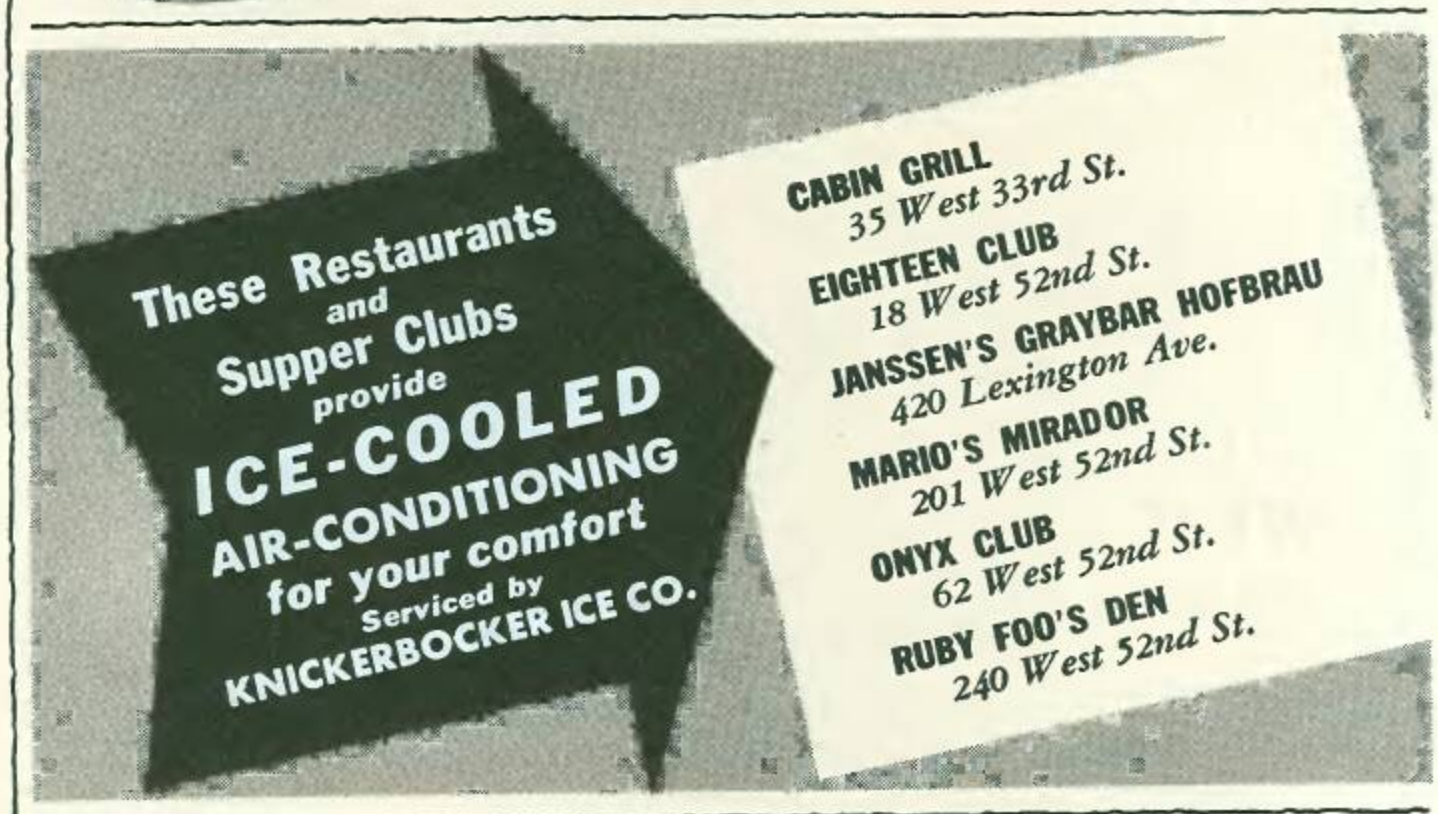
cigarettes through long holders. "I expect we'll have to give up hope of tickets, but at least we can get ourselves costumes," said Mrs. Craig-Higgs. We could. Shops on every hand were able quickly to see to that. We were back in the Café Bazar in forty minutes. I wore red printed calico, she wore blue; we both had puffed-sleeved white organdie blouses, linen aprons, little straw hats with curled cock's feathers, and purses shaped like red hearts. "Tea," ordered Mrs. Craig-Higgs. "China tea or India?" the waiter said.

But when he fetched the tea, he said, "May I remind you, ladies, that 'Tristan' begins promptly at six o'clock?" We hadn't any tickets, I replied. "Ah, what a misfortune!" he sympathized. "To be in Salzburg on the night of our only 'Tristan,' and the Bruno Walter 'Tristan' at that, and to have to miss it! It is the same with me. I cannot go. I am the father of a family, alas! I must work here in the café." Mrs. Craig-Higgs reminded him he'd forgotten our cakes. Reahlly, she said.

THE café crowd was thinning out; we hurried our tea. It would be amusing, we decided, to stroll along to the Opera House and watch the lucky ticket-holders arrive. I liked walking in my costume. I swished my full skirt and swung my little red heart. But Mrs. Craig-Higgs walked straight ahead and looked very depressed, thinking of having no tickets. We crossed the bridge. The red-and-white banners popped in the wind, the water ran emerald in the afternoon light. "Which way to the Opera House?" Mrs. Craig-Higgs asked another policeman. Just follow







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the crowd. That way. Past Mozart's birthplace and through a dark, crooked passage, across the market place and around a church.

More policemen stopped the crowd as it reached the open square in front of the Opera House. "Bother!" lamented Mrs. Craig-Higgs. Cars came from the opposite side and paused at the entrance and then passed us empty. "Too bad we couldn't see those arriving," someone nearby said. "This is probably the most fashionable evening of the entire season." "Naturally, 'Tristan,'" another replied. "The Bruno Walter 'Tristan,' his orchestra and singers from the State Opera of Vienna. The score played just as Wagner wrote it, without a cut. The incomparable preludes. The second act, with its famous love duet, unshortened in any way. The superb love-death—"

"Oh, how too terrible," wailed Mrs. Craig-Higgs, "to be here, at the very door, and wedged like sardines outside the place! It's too awful, reahlly." Another voice muttered, "Would the English ladies care for two tickets for 'Tristan'?"

We opened, and emptied, our little red purses. There was no time to waste. The police let us pass; we raced in our bright costumes across the square. Our seats were in the balcony. "How magnificent!" Mrs. Craig-Higgs said as we passed silver fox and velvet and emeralds and pearls. Lucky, considering our clothes, that we were upstairs, but too wonderful to think we were really here. The orchestra was tuning up. We pushed our way through the standees at the rear, and a fireman with a glittering helmet, and an axe on his back, helped us through the packed aisles to our seats. He took up his post in the aisle next Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"Reahlly!" she gasped, looking all around. "This is too tragic!" she moaned. I thought she meant the fireman. He was seating himself on the steps. He removed his helmet and his axe and held them on his knees. "Oh, not the fireman, my dyah. Ourselves. These ridiculous clothes. Even up here, positively everyone is in evening dress." The conductor appeared and bowed to the applause. The fireman composed his moon face to anticipated bliss. Mrs. Craig-Higgs removed her little straw hat with its curled cock's feathers. "The minute the first act's finished, I mean to get out of here, my dyah," she said. "I've never in my life felt more wretched." —Frances Crane

• •

EAST SIDE SONG-HIT PARADE

WELL-KNOWN MALADIES, INTENDED TO BE SUNK

(Tune: "In the Evening by the Moonlight")

In dee even ink by dumb moon lied
You good hear doze tar geese sing kink;
In dee even ink by dumb moon lied
You good hear doze Ben Joe's ring kink;
Howdy old folks foot enjoy yet,
Day foot seed dull nighed den lee sun,
As vee sank in dee even ink by dumb moon lied.

(Tune: "The Sidewalks of New York")

East Sight, Vest Sight, all around the town,
The tots sank "Rink-a-rosie, London britches fall link down."
Poison goyle stew getter, me yen Mamie O'Rorke,
Dripped delight fen testy gone
The sight forks of New York.

(Tune: "I Want a Girl")

I wan a goyle chess like the goyle dead mare reed dear roll dad.
She was a boil Andy oh knee goyle dead daddy ever had.
A good dole fashion goyle wit hot so drew
Fun who luffs nobody yells spud chew;
I wan a goyle chess like the goyle dead mare reed dear roll dad.

—J. X. J.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Stella Dallas"

THE current revival of "Stella Dallas" can safely be recommended to all but those who object strongly to sentiment. Once you accept the picture's preoccupation with maternal love and sacrifice, you'll find it a well-rounded and completely satisfying production. As you probably know, the story concerns a New England mill-town girl who marries above her social station, fails to adapt herself to her new environment, loses her husband's love, and, in the end, gives up her daughter so that the girl may have the advantage of living with people who ride to hounds and know which fork to use. King Vidor's direction is leisurely and intelligent; only in the last few scenes, which are of necessity somewhat sticky, is there any dragging. The story covers a period of about twenty years, with the passage of time faithfully and unobtrusively marked by costumes, settings, and even dialogue. There's a wonderful glimpse of the fade-out of an old silent movie, not to mention a Saturday night dance at a pre-1920 country club.



Barbara Stanwyck, in the title rôle, does an excellent job. It's nothing new for her, of course: simply the latest and best of a series of tough-but-good-hearted parts. Miss Stanwyck's performance gave me a nice, warm, reminiscent glow, but the big surprise of the picture was Anne Shirley, as the daughter. I have been looking at Miss Shirley's knees in the rotogravures for years, or anyway what seemed like years, and never for a moment dreamed that she was anything but one of those Hollywood bathing-girls. Her work in "Stella Dallas" is little short of perfection, and she ought to get one of those bronze plaques they're always giving people in Hollywood.

"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK" is that old familiar Edward Arnold story about the financial giant who takes a tumble—done, this time, lackadaisically. There's real drama in the story of Jim Fisk, but "The Toast of New York" leaves it untouched, concentrating on the purity of the financier's love for Josie Mansfield. The story is fumbling and aimless (it includes Jack Oakie, apparently by mistake), and the dialogue is full of shocking anachronisms, as when Cornelius Vanderbilt is made to say, in the current Broadway idiom, "That's all I wanted to know." Not recommended.

"High, Wide, and Handsome" is about the discovery of oil-fields in western Pennsylvania, and the subsequent struggle of the farmers to run a pipe-line to the refinery in Philadelphia, against the machinations of a group of railroad men. Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott are in the picture, and there is also some Jerome Kern music. Rouben Mamoulian's handling of the story leaves something to be desired (he's pretty preoccupied with apple blossoms and hillsides) but the general effect of the picture is pleasant.

"Exclusive" leaves me somewhat dazed. The word "turkey" isn't to be lightly applied to pictures, but I think that for "Exclusive" it is the *mot juste*. The story is about two rival newspapers, drunken reporters, scoops, and all the rest. There's a good deal of apparently serious discussion of ethics, the duties of newspapermen, and the like, all very boring. In "Exclusive" Charles Ruggles plays, according to the announcements, "his first serious dramatic rôle": he gets shot by a gangster, and dies, which is of course piquant but not enough so to justify the production.

In "Midnight Madonna," Warren William, who wears those funny shirts, plays a warm-hearted gambler and helps rescue a child (four-year-old Kitty Clancy, from Bridgeport, a perfectly *terrible* actress) from her rich and caddish father and restores her to the divorced mother, who has reformed since her divorce from the ratter and become a night-club hostess. It all sounded preposterous to me.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

BOOK REVIEW CLUB READS DISMAL BOOK

East Haddam Book Review club met at the Rathbun Community room Thursday evening when Mrs. Thomas Hanna gave an interesting review of Grandsons, by Louis Adamic. This novel clearly shows the great unrest of American lives and is not cheerful reading for most people. Mrs. Edward Oberholzer read the first chapter of the Americanization of Edward Bok. There was only a small attendance.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

Maybe the ladies should read "Gone With The Wind" again.

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DREAM POETRY

THE other night I wrote a poem in my sleep and remembered it after I woke up, and it has set me thinking about dream poetry.

The outstanding examples of imitation dream poetry are, of course, those of Lewis Carroll and James Joyce. Everybody knows the dream gibberish of "Jabberwocky" and the familiar classics gone wrong of "You are old, Father William" and "Sitting on a gate." And James Joyce's new book, which is all a dream, contains some equally amusing examples. At one point the sleeping hero imagines himself coming out of a public house with a party of convivial companions. They insist on somebody's singing a ballad, which turns out, however, when it is finally heard, to be in the nature of an exposé of the hero (a man named Humphrey C. Earwicker, who tends, in his more inferior-feeling moments, to associate himself with earwigs):

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olaga Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall,
Of the Magazine Wall,
Hump, helmet and all.

He was one time our King of the Castle
Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.
And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship
To the penal jail of Mountjoy
To the jail of Mountjoy!
Jail him and joy.

He was father of all schemes for to bother us
Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,
Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,
Openair love and religion's reform,
And religious reform,
Hideous in form . . .

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
Won't there be earwigs on the green?
Big earwigs on the green,
The largest ever you seen, etc.

These are, however, the creations of comic art. Before going on to true dream composition, one may note that there also exists a sort of unintentional pseudo-dream poetry.

T. S. Eliot suggests that the poetry of Swinburne really belongs in this class:

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears:
Grief with a glass that ran . . .

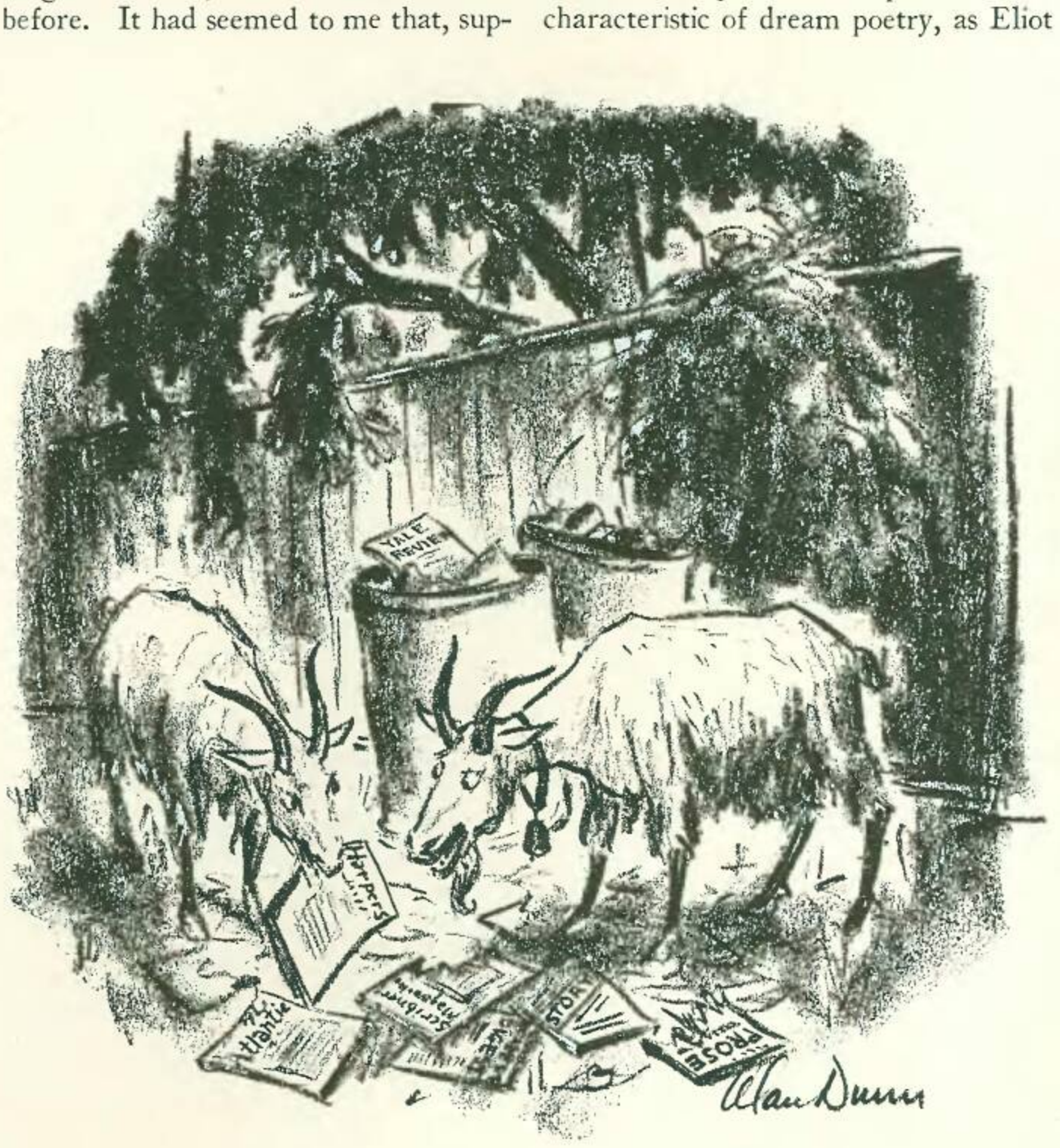
"This is not merely 'music,'" says Eliot. "It is effective because it appears to be a tremendous statement, like statements made in our dreams; when we wake up, we find that the 'glass that ran' would do better for time than for grief, and that the gift of tears would be as appropriately bestowed by grief as by time."

But the poetry of Swinburne seems to me to be alcoholic, rather than dream, poetry; and alcoholic poetry is a distinct department. A better example of involuntary dream poetry is the verse of the late A. E. I remember coming home very tired one night and picking up what I thought was a volume of Yeats, with the intention of reading myself to sleep. I had an experience which gave me the creeps for a moment. Something strange seemed to have happened to Yeats. Yeats it seemed to be, all right, but suffused with an uncanny iridescence, which made everything insubstantial, somehow slightly unpleasant and, so far as I could see, meaningless. The poems were not Yeats's but A. E.'s, which had been brought out by Macmillan in a volume almost identical with the collected Yeats and which I had acquired, forgotten about, and never looked into before. It had seemed to me that, supposing myself awake, I had found myself immersed in dream.

But all these are not the real thing. There is perhaps only one great classic of genuine dream poetry: Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," begun in an opium trance and interrupted by someone knocking at the door, so that Coleridge was never afterward able to finish it. And here the opium must have intensified vision and speeded up intellectual activity. A more normal example is the well-known set of verses called "Dominus Illuminatio Mea," which the novelist R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," is said to have composed in a dream:

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

This piece seems to have been a great favorite with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who included it in two of the Oxford anthologies. But interesting as it is as a specimen of what can be done by the sleeping mind, it has always seemed to me rather repellent as a poem. It is characteristic of dream poetry, as Eliot



"I'm thinking of starting a novel."



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says, that it never means all you think it does.

A DISTINGUISHED American poet once told me that he had dreamt of composing a poem which had seemed to him in his dream the consummation of his whole career, if not the consummation of all human literature—a work of supreme beauty which also gave utterance to the profoundest thought ever compassed by the poet's mind. When he woke up, it turned out to run as follows:

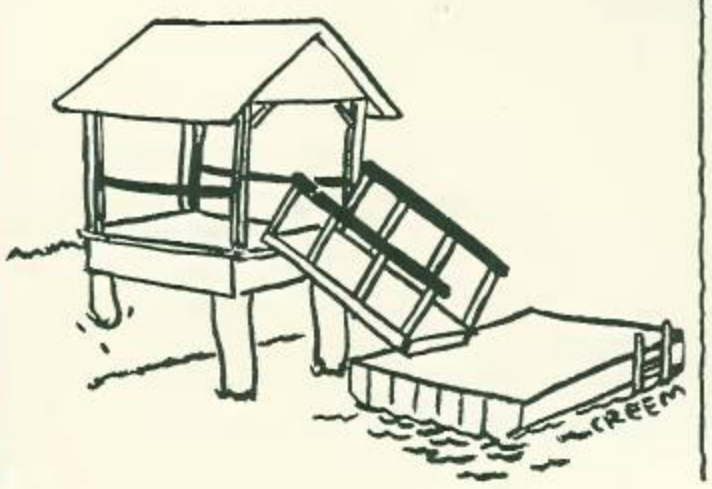
It's white to be snow,
  It's cold to be ice,
It's windy to blow,
  And it's nice to be nice.

My own verses were of this gnomic character. I had dreamed that I was taking a cruise along the west coast of Italy. The principal stops were Cologne, Brescia, Rome, and Santiago. We were playing a game like *bouts rimés* with very peculiar conditions, of which one was that the words "the mandrake shrieks" were to be introduced in each poem. With immense labor, but, it seemed to me, great brilliance, I produced the following stanza, then decided to get off the ship and go back to Paris, because I was afraid I should fall down in the contest by not having enough time to supply another stanza equally remarkable:

The human heart is full of leaks;
  The human head is full of vapors.
The crows disband; the mandrake shrieks;
  The scandal was in all the papers.

The crows were actually making a noise outside the room where I was sleeping and evidently penetrated my dream without being able to wake me. I suppose my idea was that they thought things had got so bad that they might as well call it a day.

But the most remarkable specimen of dream poetry which I have ever personally encountered was composed by a lady of my acquaintance. The curious thing is that all the verse which I have seen written by her during her waking hours is distinctly inferior to this dream poem, which seems to me





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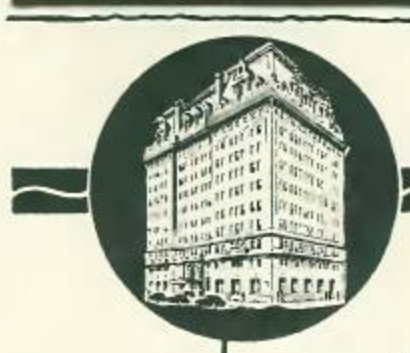


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And you, my love, and you, my sweet,
The beauty of the morning greet,
  For me it's end of day.
Unclosed my eyes, unclosed the night
I saw star clusters reel and right
And nothing was that was the same
As it had been ere this night came.
  The moon knelt down to pray.
I went back through the hidden door
Where no sane man had gone before
I saw the beauties, touched the dross,
I drank the wine and kissed the cross
  And gave your love to pay,
That I might touch eternity
A moment's space, now you are free,
  Long gone, long lost, away.

It is true, of course, that one of the main currents of modern poetry has been tending toward something like a condition of dream since Mallarmé, and even since Poe. The modern world seems to have had the effect of driving the old kind of lyric feeling back into the individual and down into the unconscious. And the deliberately adopted formulas and attitudes derived from the study of external reality which the younger poets are trying to impose on their poetry have a way of producing nothing but rhetoric. And who knows but that, in the long run, we may have to depend on our dreams for our lyrics?

—EDMUND WILSON

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Dramatic review in the London Times*]

The theme of *Tobacco Road* is the last phase in the decay of a family of "poor whites"—physical and mental degenerates—on a derelict plantation in Georgia. Practically all the characters are feeble-minded, most are imbeciles, three are entirely inarticulate. Some howl, some whine, some whimper, and some snarl. They are all starving, all hopeless, all moribund; nothing lives in any of them except the baffled lust of the nymphomaniac daughter and the old peasant's crazy passion for land. Presumably Mr. Kirkland must be believed if he says that there are places where life is lived on this animal plane. But as a matter of dramatic criticism there is nothing to be said about it except that the subject of drama is life, and not death.

It saddens a gloomy evening to see such brilliant acting expended on the dustbin appeal of this squalid story. Mr. Hedley Briggs as the broken-down father of the family, simian, cunning, hypocritical, yet with surviving glimmers of what must once have been sanity, achieves a remarkable *tour de force,* and Miss Rosalind Atkinson's rendering of the grey apathy of the mother is in the same class. The other characters, even those below the level of human speech, are all played with distinction. But how much better all this skill would have been employed in giving a good rousing performance of *Charley's Aunt!*

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