Jan. 22, 1938

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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A thrill of red in the cape's lining and tie. Designer original

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.]

### THE THEATRE

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

#### PLAYS

AMPHITRYON 38—The Lunts (Lynn and Al) in a smart and entertaining adaptation of Giraudoux's mythology, telling all about the love life of the gods. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. Mat. Thurs.)

BROTHER RAT—Life at Virginia Military Institute, which seems to amuse a great many people. Second year. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. Moves to Ambassador, 49, W., on Mon., Jan. 24. COlumbus 5-7057.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Ruth Gordon in that play of Ibsen's you hear so much about. A good production and a good cast, including Dennis King, Paul Lukas, and Sam Jaffe. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—A good, straightforward comedy about a nice old gent of the Church who worked a miracle for himself, much to his surprise. With Al Shean. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M.)

GOLDEN BOY—A finely written tale of a prizefighter who made good and didn't like it. Clifford Odets wrote it and the Group Theatre, with Luther Adler, Frances Farmer, and others, act it as it should be acted. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—Don't be frightened when you hear that this is about animals in a circus. With the exception of one or two unpleasant scenes, it is a mighty effective love-and-hate story. Edgar Stehli, Dorothy Patten, Margaret Perry, Anthony Ross, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

JULIUS CAESAR—A form of theatrical excitement which might very well revolutionize our theatre. Shakespeare without trimmings, but with everything that it should have. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. Fri. and Sat., Jan. 21 and 22, at 9 P.M.; Mat. Sat., Jan. 22, at 3 P.M. . . . At the National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. Mon., Tues., Wed., and Sat., Jan. 24, 25, 26, and 29, at 9 P.M.; Mats. Wed. and Sat., Jan. 26 and 29, at 3 P.M.)

OF MICE AND MEN—The Steinbeck story made into a vivid evening of theatre, with characters to match. Wallace Ford, Broderick Crawford, Claire Luce, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs.)

ROOM SERVICE—Fine, scatterbrained farce explaining how shoestring producers beat their hotel bills. The cast includes Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Hart. George Abbott is the director. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY—The Mercury Theatre comes through again with an old play (Dekker's) done with all the verve and skill of a brand-new one. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. Thurs., Jan. 20, at 9 P.M., only. . . . At the National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 27-28, at 9 P.M.; Mat. Thurs., Jan. 27, at 3 P.M.)

THE STAR-WAGON—About a Time Machine that not only takes you into the past but also allows you to rearrange things when you get there. Lillian Gish and Burgess Meredith give eloquent performances, but you may find Maxwell Anderson's play a little tangled and pretentious. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540.)

SUSAN AND GOD—What happens when a lady Buchmanite tries to convert her fashionable friends. Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' first-rate comedy. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156.)

TIME AND THE CONWAYS—Dame Sybil Thorndike and a good supporting company of English people in Mr. Priestley's somewhat weak attempt to be metaphysical and show a whole family in the clutches of Time. (Ritz, 48, W. CIrcle 6-0480.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fifth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870. 8:45 P.M.)

THE WOMEN—This epic of women at their cattery has been running so long now that there are some very bad performances, but the lines are still good and bitchy. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Phyllis Povah, Betty Lawford, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—A daughter tells her mother the Facts of Life. A charming comedy from every angle, with Lucile Watson. Last three days. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:45 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 22.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Just the kind of crazy family that is fun to watch but hell to live with. Second year. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

ALL THAT GLITTERS—George Abbott's production of a play by John Baragwanath and Kenneth Simpson, with Allyn Joslyn, Arlene Francis, Royal Beal, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353.)

#### WITH MUSIC

BETWEEN THE DEVIL—You can't go very wrong on this musical comedy unless you want to laugh very hard. It has almost everything else. Jack Buchanan, Evelyn Laye, Adele Dixon, Vilma Ebsen, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. COlumbus 5-7889.)

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK—An exciting experiment in staging an opera with no scenery and only the composer's piano for an orchestra. The story is the story of Labor's fight and everybody is in earnest. (Windsor, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:50 P.M.)

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—Ed Wynn back in top form and in a good show. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—The New Deal put on an amiable pan, not as startlingly as you may have expected, but pleasantly, thanks to George M. Cohan. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue presented by garment workers which contains some of the best music and general wit in town. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BRyant 9-1163.)

THREE WALTZES—The old Vienna business, uniforms and all, done in the good old-fashioned way, with Strauss waltzes all over the place. Kitty Carlisle, Michael Bartlett, Glenn Anders, Ann Andrews, and others. (Majestic, 44, W. CIrcle 6-0730. 8:30 P.M.)

#### OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

BACHELOR BORN—A comedy adapted by Ian Hay from his novel "The Housemaster," with Frederick Leister, Peggy Simpson, Aubrey Mather, Phoebe Foster, and others. Opens Mon., Jan. 24. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CIrcle 6-6699.)

IF I WERE YOU—A farce by Benn W. Levy and Paul Hervey Fox, derived from Thorne Smith's novel "Turnabout," with Constance Cummings and Bernard Lee. Opens Mon., Jan. 24. (Mansfield, 47, W. CIrcle 6-5280.)

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE—A play by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Sara Allgood, Julie Haydon, and others. Opens Tues., Jan. 25. (Golden, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6740.)

JOURNEYMAN—A dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's novel, by Alfred R. Hayes and Leon Alexander, with Will Geer and others. Opens Sat., Jan. 29. (Fulton, 46, W. CIrcle 6-6380.)

#### MISCELLANY

ACTORS' FUND BENEFIT—Annual big show, with many prominent performers: Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:15. (Imperial, 45, W. COlumbus 5-7889.)

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME—You can drink if you want while you watch this melodrama about villainy and heroism among our fire laddies. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company from Paris in "Y Avait un Prisonnier," by Jean Anouilh: Mon. through Fri., Jan. 24-28, at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Sat., Jan. 26 and 29, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—The American Actors Company's presentation of Euripides' play in a translation by Edith Hamilton. For two weeks, starting Mon. Eve., Jan. 24. (Roerich Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103. ACademy 4-1700.)

SEMPERANTE THEATRE GROUP—One performance of a modern version of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme": Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, at 9. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"One-Third of a Nation," fifth edition of the Living Newspaper, was scheduled to open too late for review in this issue. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. 8:30 P.M.) . . . New York State Federal Theatre company in repertory. "Dif'rent," Jan. 25; "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," Jan. 26; "Pygmalion," Jan. 27; "No More Peace," Jan. 28-29. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Sat., Jan. 29, 2:40 P.M.) . . . "How Long Brethren?" the WPA dance-drama, and Tamiris in solo dances. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. 9 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 29.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Winnie the Pooh": Sat. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2:15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

#### DANCE RECITALS

NIMURA AND LISAN KAY—Oriental dances: Sat. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116. UNiversity 4-3200). . . . Also, Sat. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:30. (Washington Irving High School, 40 Irving Pl.)

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—And their group of dancers: Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

DANCE FOR SPAIN—Benefit program, presenting Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Ann Sokolow, and Tamiris, with their groups; and the Ballet Caravan, Paul Draper, and Arthur Mahoney: Fri. Eve., Jan. 28, at 8:15 (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. MUrray Hill 2-6900.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays in the Trianon Room; songs by Adelaide Moffet and dances by the Vernons. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

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

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—The Salle Tropicale offers Maurice La Porte's orchestra and Don Marton's rumba band.

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

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Rudolf Friml, Jr., and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park; also Arthur Murray's Big Apple Dancers.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—George Olsen's orchestra and Panchito's Cuban rumba band are the attractions at this popular spot.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras; songs by Graziella Parraga at supper.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and the Conga Cubans.

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

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Eddy Duchin and dancing by Paul Draper; through Jan. 25. Pancho's orchestra and Veloz and Yolanda open Jan. 26. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The current show here features Raye and Naldi, dancers; Afrique, impersonator; and Eleanor Sheridan, singer. Music by Ruby Newman's and Don De Vodi's orchestras. Formal dress required after 10 P.M. . . . Bert Block's orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill; dances by Don Dade and Dorothy Wardell.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dinner and supper dancing.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's and Ralph Gonzalez's orchestras alternate in the Restaurant de la Paix. Dances by Fawn and Jordon.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has Emil Coleman and his orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, offers "Nights Near Kasbek," with Joyce Cole and Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Mitzi Mayfair appears at midnight.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PLaza 3-0200)—Meyer Davis's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Bobby Parks and Nilo Menendez.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Cross and Dunn, and others; music by Larry Siry's and Gus Martel's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The handsome Sert Room offers music by Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras. Songs by Eve Symington, and dances by Gower and Jeanne at supper time. Must dress. . . . The informal Lounge Restaurant has music by Mischa Borr. . . . Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only in the Empire Room.

WEYLIN, Madison at 54 (PLaza 3-9100)—The Caprice Room is open for dinner dancing only. Mario di Polo's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and an ice-skating show. . . . Bob Crosby's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Lani McIntire provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4400). . . . Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (VAnderbilt 3-6000). . . . Sonny Kendis provides the music and Mary Jane Walsh sings in the Glass Hat Room of the Belmont-Plaza, 130 E. 50 (WIckersham 2-1200). . . . Paul Sparr is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-2700). . . . Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000), has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue. . . . Bill McCune plays in the "61" Room of the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAin 4-8100).

Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800), features Charlie Murray's orchestra and songs by the Three Star Boys. . . . Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's orchestra and the Tisdale Trio. . . . Armando's, 54 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-9739), has Ramoni's orchestra.

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; Madison Café, 15 E. 58; Hampshire House Cocktail Lounge, 150 Central Pk. S.; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Le Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, Yascha Bunchuk's and Gene Fosdick's orchestras, and other attractions. . . . Another place with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080). . . . Billy Rose's Casa Mañana (formerly French Casino), 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), was scheduled to open Jan. 18 with a musical show called "Let's Play Fair," staged by John Murray Anderson.

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrews' orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 7-1000), has Cab Calloway and a fine, big show featuring Bill Robinson, Avis Andrews, and others. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with John Kirby's band and Maxine Sullivan; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans; and the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9543), with Louis Prima's orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has music by the Four Senators, songs by Gloria Marsh, and other entertainment. . . . The Village Barn, 52 W. 8, is pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners. . . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave, at 142 (Audubon 3-9613), has a fast show and Ovie Alston's band . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Chick Webb'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). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

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(CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833). . . . Swedish: Garbo, 148 E. 48 (ELdorado 5-9623).

## *ART*

ADRION—Conventional but pleasant French landscapes: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPES—"A Century of American Landscape Painting, 1800-1900": Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

BACHE COLLECTION—The famous Jules Bache collection of works of art is on view Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission by ticket only; apply in writing to the Custodian, 814 5 Ave.

CARROLL—Recent paintings, drawings, and water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

CAVIEDES—Decorative, though slight, paintings by Hipolito Hidalgo de Caviedes: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

DUTCH—"Holland Outdoors and In," an exhibition descriptive of life in Holland in the seventeenth century. Terburg, Peter de Hooch, Ruysdael, Cuyp, and others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29. . . . Paintings by Denys van Aalslot, Pietr Huys, etc.: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

DWIGHT—A decade (1927-1937) of Mabel Dwight's sharply satirical lithographs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

ETNIER—Pleasantly capable paintings, chiefly of Maine coastal scenes, by Stephen Etnier: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

FRENCH—Twelve canvases, all splendid examples, of the French Impressionists, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, etc.: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22. . . . Delacroix, Corot, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Derain, and others, from the collection of Dikran Kelekian: Harriman, 61-63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29. . . . A superb Maillol sculpture and a well-selected show of modern French paintings: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

GRIGORIEV—Good show of paintings and gouaches, chiefly of South American scenes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

HOWLAND—Amusing caricatures in sculpture of various contemporary personages, by Isabella Howland: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

LORRAIN—Important loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Claude Lorrain: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

MATISSE TO MIRÓ—Interesting show of paintings by Matisse, Miró, Rouault, Picasso, and others: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

MIRCO—Sculpture, extremely archaic in manner, by an Italian: Comet, 10 E. 52. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 22.

MODERN MUSEUM—"The Making of a Contemporary Film," material assembled by the Museum's Film Library; and new acquisitions of the Museum's permanent collection, chiefly paintings and sculpture: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUNICIPAL—Oils and lithographs by resident New York artists, mostly young, and none exceptional: Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67. Open daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 23.

O'KEEFFE—Twenty-seven new paintings—New Mexico, shells, flowers, etc.—by Georgia O'Keeffe: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

PISSARRO TO UTRILLO—"For the Young Collector," pleasant show of small paintings of French artists from 1870 on: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY—See "OTHER EVENTS" on page 6.

SCULPTURE CONTRASTS—Agreeable show of small sculpture by a varied set of younger artists: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open weekdays 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

WHISTLER—Pastels and water colors: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

WPA—"Project Printmaking: A New Tradition," an exhibition of prints and color lithographs: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 9.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Paintings by Max Beckmann, 1930-1937: Buchholz, 3 W. 46; through Feb. 7. . . . Paintings by Gifford Beal: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57; through Feb. 5. . . . Paintings and drawings by Daniel Garber: Tricker, 19 W. 57; through Feb. 10. . . . Paintings by Eugenie Baizerman: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Paintings by Iskantor, through Jan. 29; and by Genoi Pettit, through Feb. 5: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . Steel sculpture by Daniel Smith: East River Galleries, 358 E. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5. . . . Paintings by Margaret Cooper: Milch, 108 W. 57; starting Jan. 24. . . . Water colors by T. Mitchell Hastings: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29. . . . Contemporary American water colors and oils: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57; through Feb. 5. . . . Paintings by Ponce de Leon, Mary Harris, Polowetski, and Ibañez: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 29. . . . Paintings by Jane Peterson: Grand Central, 5 Ave. at 51; through Jan. 29. . . . Eighteenth-century Chinese paintings: Loo, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57; through Feb. 5. . . . Modern Chinese art: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8; through Jan. 22. . . . Oils and water colors by Robert Wiseman: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Jan. 29. . . . Paintings by Arnold Hoffman: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Jan. 29. . . . Water colors by Bernard Murray; and paintings by Robert Bros: Passedoit, 121 E. 57; through Jan. 22. . . . Paintings by Eugene Higgins: Kleemann, 38 E. 57; through Jan. 31. . . . Paintings by John Steuart Curry: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Jan. 29. . . . Irish paintings by Somerville, Yeats, Hone, and others: Sullivan, 460 Park; through Jan. 28. . . . Water colors by Loran F. Wilford; and oils by S. J. Vickers: Argent, 42 W. 57; through Jan. 22. . . . Paintings of big-game fishing by W. Goadby Lawrence: Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 E. 52; through Jan. 22. . . . Landscapes by Aston Knight: John Levy, 1 E. 57; through Jan. 22. . . . Drawings and drypoints by Muirhead Bone: Mayer, 41 E. 57; through Jan. 29. . . . Works by Kandinsky, Klee, and Feininger: Nierendorf, 21 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Tal-Coat: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. . . . "American Genre" exhibition: American Folk Art Gallery, 113 W. 13; through Feb. 5. . . . Arrangements of pictures and art objects by Wildenstein & Co. and Isabella Barclay, Inc.: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison, at 55; through Feb. 9.

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SONJA HENIE,

*who appears at the Garden next week with a "ballet of Hollywood skaters." This plump and talented lady is now twenty-four, but is still unable to roller-skate. She spends about eight hours a day on the ice, and her legs are insured by Lloyd's for $260,000, Lloyd's refusing to go one cent higher.*

## *MUSIC*

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

### *RECITALS*

LAMBROS DEMETRIOS CALLIMAHOS—Flutist: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 21.

MISCHA ELMAN—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 22.

RAY LEV—Pianist: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 22.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL—Chopin program: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22.

ADOLF BUSCH AND RUDOLF SERKIN—Beethoven



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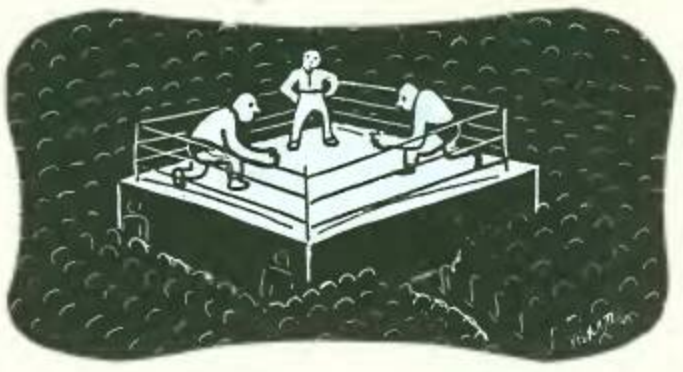
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.]

sonatas for violin and piano: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22.

ELISABETH SCHUMANN—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Mozart chamber music; also, Schumann's "Dichterliebe," sung by Enid Szantho: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23, at 5:30.

ALEC TEMPLETON—Recital début: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 23.

SIDNEY SUKOENIG—Benefit piano recital: New School, 66 W. 12, Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—First two of six Chopin recitals: Town Hall, Mon. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 24 and 29.

ARTUR SCHNABEL—Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 26.

WEBSTER AITKEN—Beginning a series of Schubert piano sonata recitals: New School, 66 W. 12, Tues. Eve., Jan. 25.

LILY PONS—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 26.

VITYA VRONSKY AND VICTOR BABIN—Two-piano concert: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 28.

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 29, at 2:30.

PETER PAUL LOYANICH—Début of a ten-year-old pianist, protégé of José Iturbi: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 29.

CURTIS STRING QUARTET—McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Jan. 29.

### *ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES*

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Enesco conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 21, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 23; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:45 (soloist, Menuhin); Fri. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2:30 (soloist, Menuhin); Sat. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:45. Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Jan. 29, at 11.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 24.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:45.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54, 8:45 P.M.—Mozart Concert, Greenwich Orchestra, soloists, and chorus: Fri. Eve., Jan. 21. . . . New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 23 and 28. . . . Composers' Forum-Laboratory, with Westminster Choir: Wed. Eve., Jan. 26.

### *OPERA*

METROPOLITAN—"Siegfried," benefit performance, Thurs. Aft., Jan. 20, at 1:45; "Manon," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:15; "Die Walküre," Fri. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8; "The Barber of Seville," Sat. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Jan. 22; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Jan. 23; "La Traviata," Mon. Eve., Jan. 24; "Lohengrin," Wed. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8; "Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8; "Otello," benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund, Fri. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Eve., Jan. 28; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Jan. 29, at 1:45.

### *SPORTS*

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: James J. Braddock vs. Tommy Farr, Fri. Eve., Jan. 21; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Long Island University vs. Duquesne, and Manhattan vs. St. Thomas, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30.

FENCING—Three-Weapon Individual Championship: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23, at 2.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 20; Rangers vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Jan. 23. . . . Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Jan. 22: N.Y.A.C. vs. Evergreen Farms, at 8:30; Squadron A vs. Boulder Brook, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Jan. 22: Squadron A vs. Squadron C, at 8:30; Squadron C vs. 1st Division, at 9:30.

### *OTHER EVENTS*

ICE CARNIVAL—Sonja Henie and her Hollywood Ice Revue: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Fri. Eves., Jan. 24-28, at 8:30.

BURTON HOLMES—"Italy and the New Roman Empire": Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of 8 Ave., Thurs., Jan. 20, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., Jan. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

BOOK EXHIBITIONS—English Writers and Illustrators of the nineteenth century: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Exhibition of fine books and manuscripts, by Maggs Bros., Ltd., of London: 270 Park at 48. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28. . . . First editions, presentation copies, autograph and manuscript material of Ernest Hemingway: House of Books, Ltd., 19 E. 55. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Excellent examples of news cameramen's work, in the annual show of the Press Photographers Association: Maison Française, Rockefeller Center. Open daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 23. . . . Fourth Annual Leica Exhibit, featuring amateur and commercial work: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Open daily 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 23.

PUBLIC BALLS—Viennese Ball, for the benefit of the Judson Health Center: Ritz-Carlton, Wed. Eve., Jan. 26. . . . Night in Poland Ball, "The Dreams of Kosciuszko," for the benefit of the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 28. . . . The President's Birthday Ball, for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Jan. 29.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Furniture, tapestries, silver, rugs, porcelains, and objects of art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 21-22, at 2. . . . Noteworthy Americana, from various estates: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Jan. 25-26, at 8:15. . . . American historical paintings, illustrating life in America during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:15.

At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—English and American period furniture, Chinese porcelains and mineral carvings, Georgian silver, paintings, Oriental rugs, tapestries, and other decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 21-22, at 2.

NOTE—The skating pond in Rockefeller Plaza is open daily 10:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; 2 to 4:30 P.M.; 5 to 7:30 P.M.; 8:30 to 11 P.M.

### *ON THE AIR*

BOXING—Tommy Farr vs. James J. Braddock, from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eve., Jan. 21, at 10, WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Bruno Landi, and others: Sat. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2, WJZ.

RICHARD CROOKS—Singing with the Ford Symphony, Reiner conducting: Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, at 9, WABC.

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. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. March of Time, 8:30, WJZ. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEAF. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 9:30, WOR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. "Essays in Music," Bay conducting, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, 2, WEAF-WJZ. Piano Time, 6:35, WEAF. Hammerstein Music Hall, 8, WABC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Bamberger Symphony, 9:30, WOR.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. Abram Chasins, 12 noon, WEAF. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WEAF-WJZ.

SUNDAY—Gotham String Quartet, 1:30, WOR. Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Enesco conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, 5, WJZ. Mickey Mouse and His Gang, 5:30, WEAF. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Coolidge String Quartet, 3, WABC. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, 9, WJZ.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth, 9:30, WEAF and WHN. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC. Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 10:30, WOR.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3:45, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Lawrence Tibbett and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC.

### *MOTION PICTURES*

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Bright nonsense about divorce and its problems, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 25-27.)

CONQUEST—Garbo and Boyer, imperial love, campaigns, and tragedy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Sun., Jan. 23. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., Jan. 28.)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—The funny and very absurd Astaire film, with Burns and Allen, Reginald Gardiner, Constance Collier, and Joan Fontaine. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24.)

THE FIREFLY—The Friml tunes are charming, but there's a lot of talk and plot trouble. Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; through Thurs., Jan. 20. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24.)

FIRST LADY—Washington high life, with Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale, and Walter Connolly. (RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; through Mon., Jan. 24. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 21-27. . . . RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24.)

THE HURRICANE—Notable for its weather effects, but otherwise somewhat temperate South Sea drama, with Jon Hall, Mary Astor, and Dorothy Lamour. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

IN OLD CHICAGO—Mrs. O'Leary, her cow, and the Fire, in a huge spectacle with some bright details. Alice Brady, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche are among those involved. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN—A French, and altogether decorous, film with Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Paul Muni's fine impersonation of the novelist and the skillful handling of great episodes like the Dreyfus Case make this outstanding. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Tues., Jan. 21-25. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Mon., Jan. 24.)

MAYERLING—The story of the Baroness Vetsera and the Archduke Rudolf in a French picture of conspicuous charm. Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:20 P.M.)

NOTHING SACRED—A Ben Hecht sketch of New York nonsense that is often funny, with Walter Connolly, Fredric March, and Carole Lombard. (State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 20-26. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24.)

PETER THE FIRST—A Soviet film, without propaganda and extremely effective. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; continuous from 10 A.M.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney's first full-length picture (about an hour and a half), and altogether charming. Not a dull moment. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

STAND-IN—Hollywood life as it seems to the comics. With Leslie Howard. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 25-27.)

TRUE CONFESSION—Giddy and often funny film about a murder trial, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and John Barrymore. (Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 24-26.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—A dignified pageant, with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Queen and Consort. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Thurs., Jan. 20.)

NOTE—The new Trans-Lux, Lexington at 52, opens Sat., Jan. 22. Continuous from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; programs change Saturdays and Wednesdays.

### *REVIVALS*

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy, and Lionel Barrymore. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 26-27.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner and Hugh Sinclair. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman, Margo, and Edward Everett Horton. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 20-21.)

MEN IN WHITE (1935)—Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Thurs., Jan. 20.)

NIGHT MUST FALL (1937)—Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24.)

ON THE AVENUE (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell. Irving Berlin music. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25.)

SIX OF A KIND (1934)—W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland, and Charles Ruggles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Jan. 20.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 21.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Burgess Meredith and Margo. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25.)




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# AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



## THURS., JAN. 20, THROUGH WED., JAN. 26

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

### *FIRST RUN*

**ASTOR,** B'way at 45 (CIrcle 6-4642)—**"In Old Chicago,"** Tyrone Power, Jr., Alice Faye, Don Ameche. (Daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

**CAPITOL,** B'way at 51 (COlumbus 5-1250)—Opening Thurs., Jan. 20: "Mannequin," Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy.

**CRITERION,** B'way at 44 (MEdallion 3-5020)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "She's Got Everything," Gene Raymond, Ann Sothern. . . . From Fri., Jan. 21: "Bordertown," revival, Paul Muni, Bette Davis.

**GLOBE,** B'way at 46 (CIrcle 6-0800)—Through Fri., Jan. 21: "Tarzan's Revenge," Eleanor Holm, Glenn Morris. . . . Opening Sat., Jan. 22: "Boy of the Streets," Jackie Cooper.

**PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 43 (CHickering 4-7022)—Through Tues., Jan. 25: "Wells Fargo," Joel McCrea, Bob Burns, Frances Dee. . . . Opening Wed., Jan. 26: "Every Day's a Holiday," Mae West.

**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL,** 6 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-6535)—**"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,"** Walt Disney full-length feature.

**RIALTO,** B'way at 42 (WIsconsin 7-0206)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "The Spy Ring," William Hall, Jane Wyman. . . . Opening Fri., Jan. 21: "She Loved a Fireman," Ann Sheridan, Robert Armstrong.

**RIVOLI,** B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1633)—**"The Hurricane,"** Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour.

**ROXY,** 7 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6000)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "I Met My Love Again," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda. . . . Opening Fri., Jan. 21: "Happy Landing," Sonja Henie, Don Ameche.

**STRAND,** B'way at 47 (CIrcle 7-5900)—Through Tues., Jan. 25: "Hollywood Hotel," Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert. . . . Opening Wed., Jan. 26: "Swing Your Lady," Humphrey Bogart, Louise Fazenda, Frank McHugh.

### *FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.*

**CAMEO,** 42, E. of B'way (WIsconsin 7-1789)—**"Peter the First,"** Soviet film.

**CINEMA DE PARIS,** 5 Ave. at 12 (ALgonquin 4-7661)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Intermezzo," Swedish picture. . . . Opening Fri., Jan. 21: "Hélène," French film, Madeleine Renaud.

**86TH STREET CASINO,** 210 E. 86 (REgent 4-0257)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Thank You, Madam," German film, Jan Kiepura. . . . Opening Fri., Jan. 21: "The Path," German picture, Brigette Horney.

**86TH STREET GARDEN,** 160 E. 86 (ATwater 9-7720)—"The Broken Jug," German picture, Emil Jannings.

**55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 154 W. 55 (COlumbus 5-0425)—**"The Life and Loves of Beethoven,"** French film, Harry Baur.

**FILMARTE,** 202 W. 58 (CIrcle 7-6591)—**"Mayerling,"** French film, Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-1294)—Through Sun., Jan. 23: **"Conquest,"** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer. . . . From Mon., Jan. 24: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni.

### *EAST SIDE*

**JEFFERSON,** 3 Ave. at 14 (GRamercy 7-6320)—Thurs., Jan. 20: **"The Firefly,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; also "Beg, Borrow, or Steal," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, John Beal. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23: "When Thief Meets Thief," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25: **"On the Avenue,"** revival, Dick Powell, Alice Faye, Ritz Brothers: also **"Winterset,"** revival, Burgess Meredith, Margo. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas; also "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted," James Newill.

**GRAMERCY PARK,** Lexington at 23 (GRamercy 5-1660)—Thurs., Jan. 20: **"Victoria the Great,"** Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25: **"Escape Me Never,"** revival, Elisabeth Bergner; also "History Is Made at Night," revival, Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: **"Captains Courageous,"** revival, Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy.

**LOEW'S 42ND STREET,** Lexington at 42 (AShland 4-4865)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "There Goes the Groom," Ann Sothern, Burgess Meredith. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold; also "Here's Flash Casey," Eric Linden. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Submarine D-1," Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Doris Weston; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady.

**LEXINGTON,** Lexington at 51 (PLaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Daughter of Shanghai," Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford; also "Prescription for Romance," Mischa Auer, Wendy Barrie.

**SUTTON,** 3 Ave. at 57 (PLaza 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 20-21: **"Theodora Goes Wild,"** revival, Irene Dunne; also "I Married a Doctor," revival, Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24: **"Conquest,"** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer; also "Living Dangerously," revival, Otto Kruger. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "It's Love I'm After," Bette Davis, Leslie Howard; also "Stage Struck," revival, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell.

**RKO 58TH STREET,** 3 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3577)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan., 21-24: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "Doctor Syn," George Arliss; also "Crashing Hollywood," Lee Tracy.

**PLAZA,** 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320)—Thurs., Jan. 20: **"The Firefly,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23; **"A Damsel in Distress,"** Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen. . . . Mon. through Wed., Jan. 24-26: **"True Confession,"** Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray.

**68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 3 Ave. at 68 (REgent 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 20-21: **"Lost Horizon,"** revival, Ronald Colman, Margo. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24: **"Night Must Fall,"** revival, Robert Montgomery. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "It Happened One Night," revival, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable. . . . (Note: Special children's program every Sat. at 1 P.M.)

**LOEW'S 72ND STREET,** 3 Ave. at 72 (BUtterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Daughter of Shanghai," Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford; also "Prescription for Romance," Mischa Auer, Wendy Barrie.

**COLONY,** 2 Ave. at 79 (BUtterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "The Bride Wore Red," Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone; also "Trapped by G-Men," Jack Holt. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 21-22: "The Last of the Mohicans," revival, Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes; also "Life Begins with Love," Jean Parker, Douglass Montgomery. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 23-24: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Youth on Parole," Marian Marsh, Gordon Oliver. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: **"The Awful Truth,"** Irene Dunne, Cary Grant; also "Counsel for Crime," Otto Kruger, Jacqueline Wells.

**RKO 86TH STREET,** Lexington at 86 (ATwater 9-8900)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "Doctor Syn," George Arliss; also "Crashing Hollywood," Lee Tracy.

**LOEW'S 86TH STREET,** 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 20-21: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "There Goes the Groom," Ann Sothern, Burgess Meredith. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 22-24: **"The Firefly,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; also "Beg, Borrow, or Steal," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, John Beal. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Murder on Diamond Row," Edmund Lowe; also "Renfrew of the Royal Mounted," James Newill.

**ORPHEUM,** 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold; also "Here's Flash Casey," Eric Linden.

### *WEST SIDE*

**8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8 (GRamercy 7-7874)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "It Happened One Night," revival, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 21-23: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 24-25: "There Goes the Groom," Ann Sothern, Burgess Meredith. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo," Warner Oland.

**SHERIDAN,** 7 Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold; also "Here's Flash Casey," Eric Linden.

**GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-3350)—Thurs., Jan. 20: **"Six of a Kind,"** revival, W. C. Fields; also "The Bride Comes Home," revival, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 21-25: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni; also "45 Fathers," Jane Withers. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Danger—Love at Work," Ann Sothern, Jack Haley; also "Splendor," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea.

**TERRACE,** 9 Ave. at 23 (CHelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., Jan. 20: **"Men in White,"** revival, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy; also "Ruggles of Red Gap," revival, Charles Laughton. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 21-22: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Love Is on the Air," June Travis, Ronald Reagan. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 23-25: "Heidi," Shirley Temple; also "The Bride Wore Red," Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "Fight for Your Lady," John Boles, Jack Oakie, Ida Lupino.

**STATE,** B'way at 45 (BRyant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 20-26: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March.

**PALACE,** B'way at 47 (BRyant 9-4300)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Submarine D-1," Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Doris Weston; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady. . . . From Fri., Jan. 21: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon.

**ZIEGFELD,** 6 Ave. at 54 (CIrcle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Daughter of Shanghai," Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford; also "Prescription for Romance," Mischa Auer, Wendy Barrie.

**LINCOLN SQUARE,** B'way at 66 (TRafalgar 7-8692)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"True Confession,"** Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray; also "Ebb Tide," Frances Farmer, Oscar Homolka. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "The Duke Comes Back," Allan Lane, Heather Angel; also "Trouble at Midnight," Noah Beery, Jr.

**RKO 81ST STREET,** B'way at 81 (TRafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "Dr. Syn," George Arliss; also "Crashing Hollywood," Lee Tracy.

**LOEW'S 83RD STREET,** B'way at 83 (TRafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 20-26: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey.

**STODDARD,** B'way at 90 (SChuyler 4-0460)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Westbound Limited," Lyle Talbot; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . From Fri., Jan. 21: "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon; also "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas.

**CARLTON,** B'way at 100 (ACademy 4-0750)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Criminals of the Air," Rosalind Keith, Charles Quigley; also "Meet the Boy Friend," Warren Hymer. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24: "The Bride Wore Red," Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone; also "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Sophie Tucker. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "52nd Street," Kenny Baker, Pat Paterson, Leo Carrillo; also "Love Takes Flight," Bruce Cabot.

**OLYMPIA,** B'way at 107 (ACademy 2-1019)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Partners in Crime," Lynne Overman, Roscoe Karns; also "Speed to Spare," Charles Quigley. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 21-25: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "Fight for Your Lady," John Boles, Jack Oakie, Ida Lupino. . . . From Wed., Jan. 26: "Carnival Queen," Dorothea Kent, Robert Wilcox; also "Outlaws of the Orient," Jack Holt.

**HAMILTON,** B'way at 146 (EDgecombe 4-0287)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "Doctor Syn," George Arliss; also "Crashing Hollywood," Lee Tracy.

**RIO,** B'way at 160 (WAshington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "There Goes the Groom," Ann Sothern, Burgess Meredith. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24: **"A Damsel in Distress,"** Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen; also "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo," Warner Oland. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart.

**LOEW'S 175TH STREET,** B'way at 175 (WAshington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 20-24: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Robert Armstrong, Irene Hervey. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25-26: "Daughter of Shanghai," Ann May Wong, Charles Bickford; also "Prescription for Romance," Mischa Auer, Wendy Barrie.

**COLISEUM,** B'way at 181 (WAdsworth 7-7200)—Thurs., Jan. 20: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas; also "Big Town Girl," Claire Trevor, Donald Woods. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 21-24: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . From Tues., Jan. 25: "Dr. Syn," George Arliss; also "Crashing Hollywood," Lee Tracy.




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

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

NOTE ON COMMERCIAL HOSPITALITY: Last week a fancy girl we know was asked to a skiing party at the Ramapo Heights Country Club by Abercrombie & Fitch. That sounded fine to her until, down at the bottom of the letter, she found out that she had to bring her own lunch.

ON January 1st, we remarked casually that we were against messing up automobile licence plates with advertisements for the World's Fair. The response was immediate and more or less alarming. On January 5th a whimsical ex-sergeant of Marines called McBohin bought a set of plates and covered the line about the Fair with adhesive tape. He was arrested in Armonk, fined $5, and has announced that he plans to carry his case to the United States Supreme Court if necessary. By January 8th many other motorists, aroused conceivably by Mr. McBohin's picture in the papers, had declared that they, too, planned to tamper with their plates, either by covering over the advertisement or else by appending humorous comments of their own. On January 11th the town of Massena, happily inspired, requested the state to advertise the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project on its licences for 1939. On January 17th raucously uptook the cause belated *Time*. We have a feeling that even brighter minds are now at work. The American sense of humor is childlike and unpredictable. It is, we think, a great deal safer for a publication to advocate the overthrow of the government than it is to call attention to an opportunity for mass humor, especially one that involves no more elaborate equipment than chalk and sticking plaster. We therefore withdraw from the controversy before somebody gets hurt, though preserving our original opinion that the new licence plates look like hell.



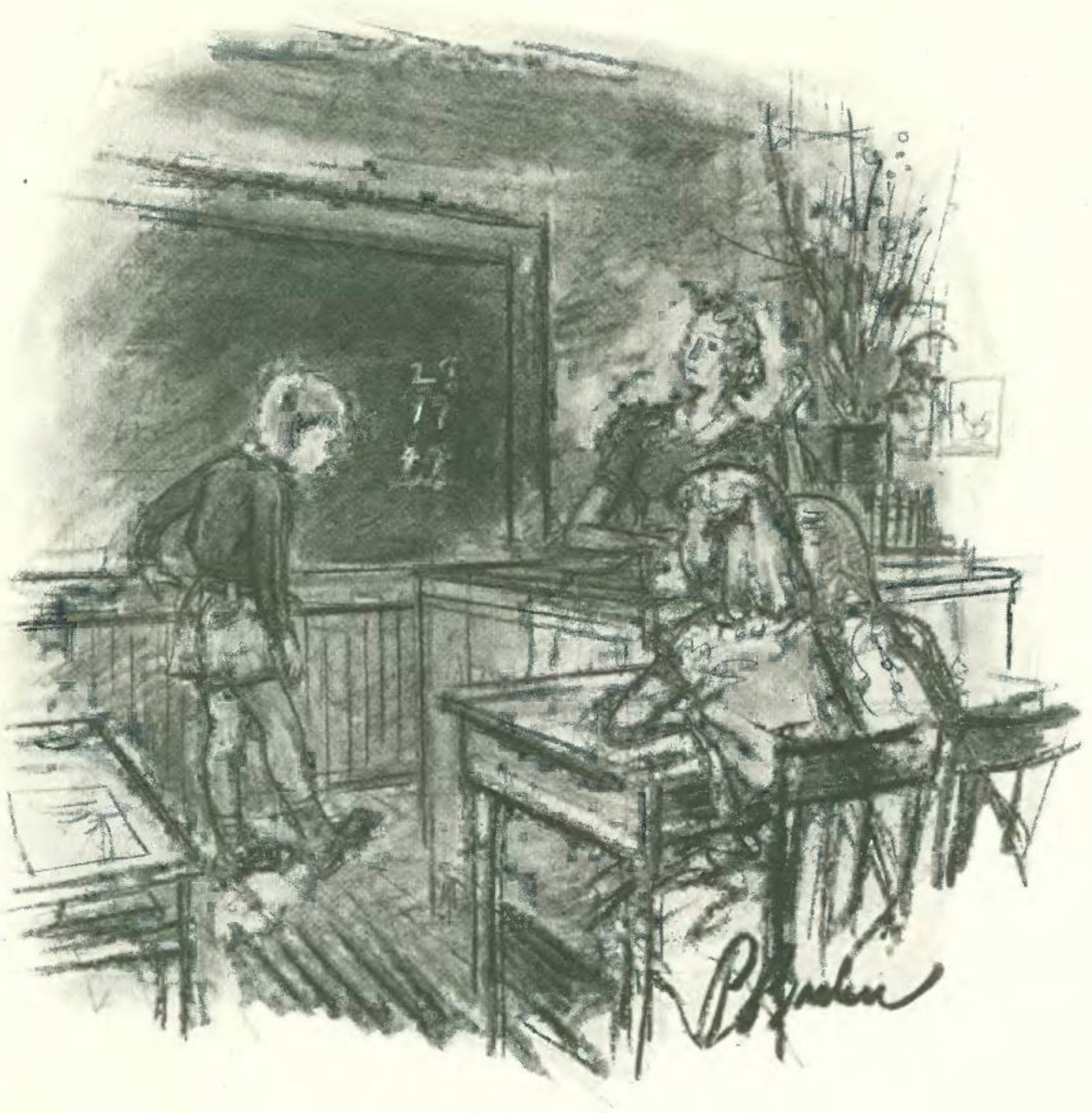

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE: A part-time shad fisherman from Edgewater, New Jersey, tells us that the rest of this winter will be mild. What makes him think so is that the kingfish are still hanging around in the Hudson when by rights they ought to be down south, with Erskine Caldwell and the du Ponts.

THE widow of a Milwaukee publisher has bequeathed a million dollars so that newspapermen, on their leaves of absence, can study at Harvard. She hopes that this will elevate the standards of journalism in the United States. We do, too, but we're afraid that her plan has its drawbacks. For one thing, newspapermen as a class don't get leaves of absence. They either get fired or they take sick and die. For another thing, she has picked the wrong kind of people to go to Harvard—reporters, editorial writers, special writers. Obviously the people who could use a spell at Harvard are the publishers of papers, not the employees. Go into any newspaper office and you'll find it teeming with Harvard men, most of whom need not another term at Cambridge but a dollar and a half to get their shirts back from the laundry. These employees are, by and large, men of high standards. If the papers of the United States could be turned over, suddenly, to reporters, editorial writers, and special writers, the standards of journalism would skyrocket overnight. It is the publishers who hold back a newspaper, not people like J. Otis Swift, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Westbrook Pegler. Why? Because publishers want to make a lot of money so that their widows can leave a million dollars to send somebody back to Harvard. Hearst went to Harvard, and he couldn't elevate a standard if it was rigged up with pulleys.

RADIO has its great invisible problems. The night after Christmas the National Broadcasting Company announced that its programs for the Christmas Night concert of the N.B.C.



Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini had been printed on silk in order to avoid the rustle of paper programs in the studio. This news had scarcely been published before the Japanese-silk boycotters were muttering along Sixth Avenue. Hastily N.B.C. issued another statement, saying that the programs had actually been printed on rayon and, to confuse even further the dangerous issue, that in the future cork would be used. For one reason or another, however, cork turned out to be no good, so the company has gone back to blotting paper, which was what they started with. Our heart goes out to the radio engineers, driven by the warring claims of acoustics and propaganda to so dismal



*"I could work it if I could get off by myself somewheres."*

• •

a compromise, damp and shreddy in the fingers, practically worthless for publicity purposes.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A resident of rural Westchester has a maid who arrives for work every day, helmeted and goggled, on a 1929 Indian motorcycle. She's a good girl, too —splendid with the children.

Sign in the window of Lanadown, the upholstery shop at 512 Fifth Avenue: "Old Comforts Recovered Beautifully."

There's a gay conductor on one of the Fifth Avenue buses who says, as he presents his dime-snatcher, "Faries! Faries, please!"

A lady was seen sitting in a car in front of Frank Brothers one day recently, getting curb service from a salesman. She was in the front seat of her car, with the door open and her stocking feet on the running board. He kept bringing out pairs of shoes until finally she found some that suited her.

## *Ranee*

OUR art critic had an ambitious schedule last week and we volunteered to attend a preview of the paintings of Her Highness Sylvia, the Ranee of Sarawak, at the Sherry-Netherland, our curiosity having been aroused because her husband is the only white rajah in the world. At the hotel we handed our hat and coat to a sinister Malay who scrutinized us suspiciously. Inside were some two dozen oils and pastels (tropical scenes and natives, mostly), several men-about-town, a small girl, Mrs. James Roosevelt, and a hatless lady who kept edging up to us and whispering "Who's that?" We managed to identify for her subsequently such distinguished art lovers as Mitzi Green, Captain Jefferson Davis Cohn, Judge Edgar Lauer, Bernard Sobel, and Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken. Our favorite painting was one called "Cocoanuts on the Seacoast—Pokok Kelapa Sibulaut" and our favorite art patron was a florid man with a lot of pastel on his back. "They *pushed* me," he told us defiantly.

In the midst of this crowd was the Ranee, a short, barelegged lady with dark, wavy hair, in a golden gown (*sarong*) and coat (*baju*), with a red sash (*kain-tudong*) thrown over her shoulder, and wearing bracelets of gold and plaited grass. This is the regulation Malay costume, she explained later when we were introduced to her in a side room; she never wears anything else, although her legs get awfully cold when she goes out at night. She, as well as her husband, is English-born, but she told us that one of her pet aversions is European clothes. Others are women who talk about clothes, society people in general, parties, cocaine, and wrestling. As you may have read, her youngest daughter has just married a wrestler, amid a welter of publicity. The Ranee explained that she likes her son-in-law all right; it's the sport she disapproves of.

The rulers of Sarawak live at Kuching, the capital of the country, which is a segment of Borneo. The royal palace is across the river from the city proper, and they have a special state boat with twenty native oarsmen to row them over. They also have a streamlined Chrysler, which is not much use because there's only one road. The Rajah, outside of international affairs, has complete autocratic control over his domain and could, if he wanted to, seize all his

subjects' money and sentence them to death. The subjects, who aren't worried, as he never has done anything like that, are of eleven races. The Rajah speaks all the native dialects, but the Ranee so far has mastered just Malay. That's excusable, because the dialects are very difficult and she's in Sarawak, as a rule, only from April to November. The rest of the time she travels or stays at one of her three homes in England. This is her first trip to New York. One addresses her simply as Ranee.

The Ranee is offering her paintings for sale for the benefit of her husband's leper colony, which is twelve miles from her palace. She has what she calls a sinking fund, into which she puts all her earnings. Her husband could seize that, too, in theory, but he doesn't dare. Her painting was more or less of an accident. She'd never taken a lesson but one day felt the creative urge, bought herself a box of crayons, and began. If enough of her works are sold, she'll buy a movie projector for the lepers, who aren't permitted to attend Kuching's modern movie palace, of which the Rajah is the proprietor. It is called the Sylvia, after the Ranee, and was opened formally by the showing of "King Kong."

## *Samaritan*

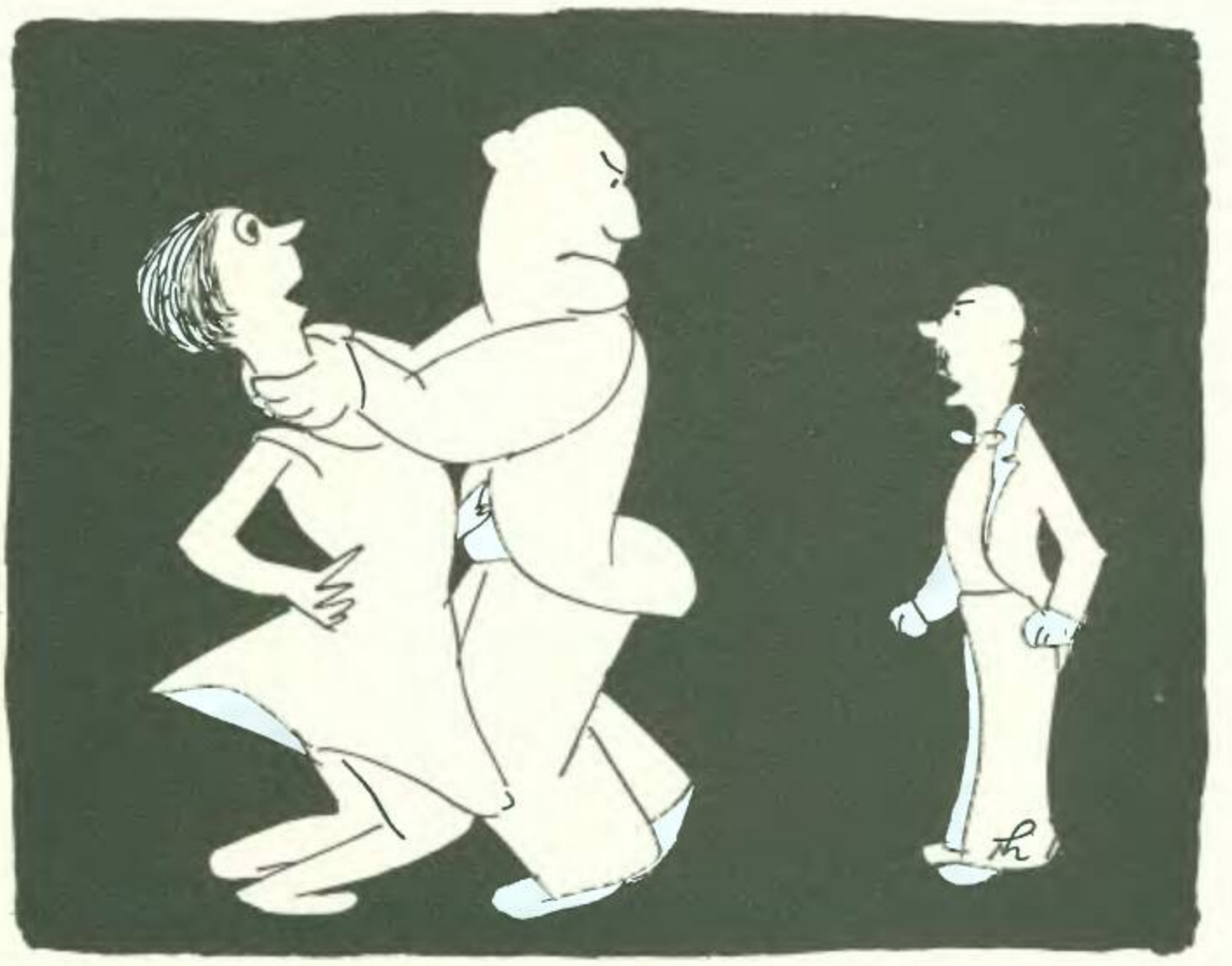
LAST week, on a cold, snowy afternoon, a fellow we know dropped in at Brooks Brothers and bought himself a new overcoat. His old coat, while still in good repair, was rather shabby, so he told the clerk not to send it home —said he'd just take it out in the street and give it to some poor, deserving man. Resplendent in his new coat, he carried the old one over to Bryant Park, which he had always heard was full of down-and-outers. The park, however, was deserted. He next thought of the bootblacks along Forty-second Street, but he walked as far east as Lexington Avenue without finding a bootblack who wasn't snugly dressed. His search eventually took him seven blocks north on Lexington, thence to Third, five blocks south, and over to Second. Here he saw two forlorn men without overcoats standing in front of a Coffee Pot, looking cold and homeless. "I just bought myself a new overcoat," he said, approaching them. "I don't need this old one any more." The two just looked at him without showing signs of comprehension. Thinking he hadn't made himself clear, the philanthropist said, "I'm looking for someone to give this old coat to. I don't need it any more." This got him a response, though not just what he had expected. One of the men turned to the other and said, in a low, concerned voice, "Come on, Harvey, let's get out of here."

## *Otto's Float*

EVERYBODY in town must have noticed the Department of Sanitation's "Old Man Winter" float, a gaily bedecked four-ton truck which roams the city streets urging the populace, by means of printed signs and tableaux, to coöperate in the matter of snow removal. It has been around since last year, as a matter of fact, but we thought at first that if we said nothing about it, it would go away. This turned out to be a mistaken idea, so finally we gave in, went down to D.S.N.Y. headquarters, and made inquiries. We were referred to the designer of the float, one Otto Ernst. Mr. Ernst, a small, bald man, is a Department of Sanitation truck driver and, more or less informally, its ranking artist. He has a studio in one of the city garages, up on West Ninety-ninth Street, where we found him surrounded by posters done in pen-and-ink or oils and suggesting ways of keeping the city clean, diagrams showing the speed and capacities of different types of trucks, and maps and scale models of various parts of the city. Mr. Ernst's status as artist and designer is purely unofficial and there is no city appropriation for materials, but he's relieved from street duty when there's need of his artistic services.

Mr. Ernst told us, briefly, the story of his career, which started thirty-two years ago when, at the age of twelve, he ran away from East New York and shipped as a cabin boy. He followed the sea for nearly twenty years, then came ashore and married, opening a restaurant in Brooklyn. This failed and he enlisted in the Department of Sanitation, rising from a sweeper to a loader, and finally to his present position as driver. He draws the regular pay of $36. He had always dabbled in art and in his seafaring days had picked up pin money by painting sea shells and selling them to passengers. In 1933, a Mr. Geis, secretary to Commissioner Schroeder, saw some cross-section drawings of a garbage scow which Mr. Ernst had made to help a friend of his who was taking Civil Service exams for promotion. Mr. Geis promptly made Mr. Ernst art director of *D. S.*, a departmental magazine which has since been discontinued.

The "Old Man Winter" float, Mr. Ernst told us, is the third he has created for the city. Summer before last, Commissioner Carey asked him to turn out a float to enter in the Coney Island Mardi Gras. Ernst did a striking, if gloomy, number called "Death Over New York," which showed a bogieman looming over a miniature Manhattan Island with a bag full of germs. Then came the "Old Man Winter" float, and after that the departmental



*"Have you no code, man?"*

entry in the American Legion Convention parade. This was labelled "Over the Top for a Clean City," and showed the whitewings going over the top with brushes and shovels, against a background of barbed wire and entrenchments. Mr. Ernst chafes a little against the artistic restraint imposed upon him ("After all," he sighs, "I have to stick to sanitation"), but on the whole he's a happy man. Right now he's working on some World's Fair designs: an aesthetically satisfactory rubbish can, and of course a float.

## *So Big*

THIS is a tale, admittedly incredible but well vouched for, of a pretty little minx of good family who decided to earn her living in a Madison Avenue gift shoppe. The very first day she was there, a customer offered a check in payment for a set of doilies. She hurried out to the back part of the shoppe to ask if she was allowed to take a check. "Well, it depends," the proprietress said. "How big is the check?" "This big," the girl said, holding her forefingers six inches apart.

## *Keep Off*

EASEMENT by prescription is a field of investigation you should stay away from unless you've a good deal of time on your hands. We got into it through our determination to investigate the annual gate-closing ceremony at St. Paul's Chapel, when the passageway running between Fulton and Vesey Streets is closed to the public during the two days preceding St. Paul's Eve; before we finished, we had received a fairly exhaustive course of lectures from various authorities on the common law as related to property rights. The records of the vestry say nothing about when the gate-closing was started, but one of the sextons told us he remembered seeing it done fifty years ago. As to the religious part of the ceremony, in which the vicar comes out after the lock-out days at the head of a procession, chanting "Open the gates that the people may come in, in the name of the Lord"—that goes back no further than 1917. It was originated by the present incumbent, the Reverend Dr. Joseph P. McComas. He says they don't bother about the procession, or the chanting either, if the weather is inclement.

The locking of St. Paul's gates is purely a legal precaution against easement by prescription. An owner is, under the common law, always in danger of losing possession of any piece of property he leaves open to others—i.e., if you allow people to use a certain path across your estate without periodically asserting your right to bar it to passage, you lose that right. In medieval England, it was sixty years before you lost it, but in this country the period is set at fifteen to twenty years in various states. Lawyers agree that the annual practice of forbidding passage is perfect insurance against easement, but disagree as to how stringently the no-trespassing notice should be enforced. Rockefeller Plaza is actually closed off for twelve hours out of every year—usually on a quiet Sunday morning in summer, when nobody will be inconvenienced. Sailors' Snug Harbor, the owner of Washington Mews, simply keeps a "Private Property" sign at each entrance and has a chain across the Fifth Avenue one. Morgan & Co. and the Irving Trust, whose buildings don't quite extend to their property lines, have their boundaries marked with brass lines in the sidewalk and plaques pointing out that permission to cross is revocable at will. Morgan's originally didn't have a plaque; they put one in, hurriedly, after the Irving Trust had put theirs in.

Easement by prescription isn't to be confused with the really horrid situation of adverse possession, in which an outsider gains full title to your property because you've never bothered to tell him it isn't his. Years ago Fordham University lost a lot of land up near Fordham Road in this manner. They indulgently allowed squatters to graze their stock there and before they knew it the squatters owned the land. Fordham has been buying it back ever since.




## *Advice*

A RECENTLY engaged débutante, lunching at the Waldorf with an old school friend, got off on the topic of her new relations and the problem of how to address them. "Joe's mother, for instance," she said. "I can't call her any of the things I call my own mother, and what is there left?" The waiter, who up to then had seemed to be preoccupied with mixing the salad, remarked, "I had the same trouble when I became engaged, Miss. I solved the problem by calling my mother-in-law 'Mousie.' "

## *Offstage*

PROBABLY the only person in town entirely devoted to the tricky and difficult career of offstage pianist is Miss Bernice Richmond, a beautiful young lady with a page-boy bob. At the moment, she's in Jed Harris's production of "A Doll's House." A tiny program note, "Offstage music arranged and played by Miss Bernice Richmond," is the only credit she receives for the masterly bits of fakery whereby both Dennis King and Paul Lukas appear to play the piano. Mr. Lukas can't even play "Chopsticks;" Mr. King is a competent pianist, but he doesn't play in "A Doll's House" because it seemed simpler to leave it all to Miss Richmond. She handled the details—instructed the actors in the realistic management of a dummy keyboard and pedals, worked out a system of cues with the actors and the stage manager. She even gets characterization into the music, sparing the loud-pedal and accent for Mr. King and whanging into both for Mr. Lukas.

Miss Richmond is thirty-three years old, comes from Livermore Falls, Maine, and



*"Your father and I think he's very nice, dear, but he's awfully short, isn't he?"*

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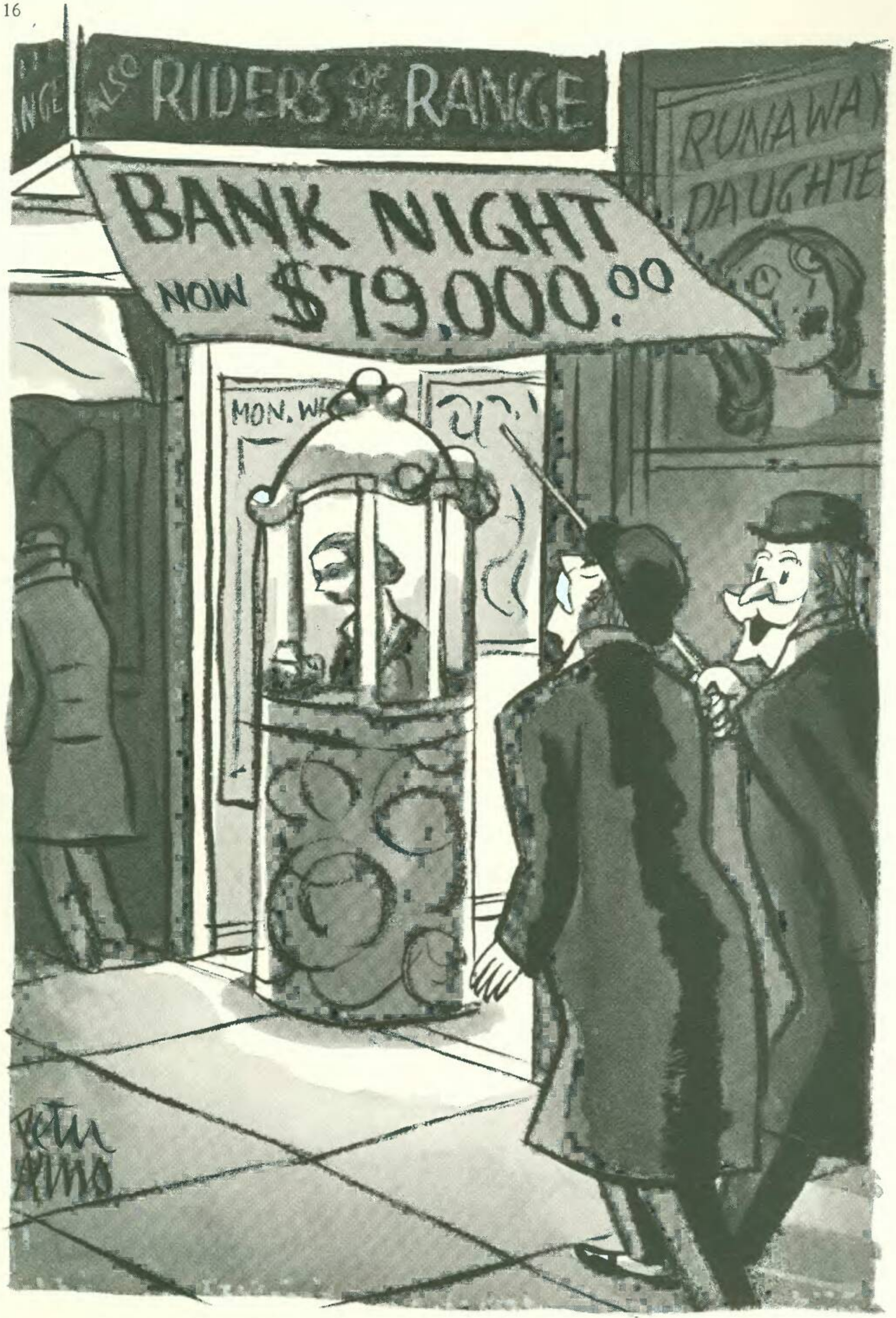
is married to a research sociologist named Robinson. Naturally enough, she never dreamed she'd become an offstage pianist. After studying in Boston and Vienna, she came to New York and started looking around for a job as accompanist. Unable to connect with anything, she changed her mind entirely about her career and spent a year at dramatic school. In 1927 she landed her first job, with a road company of "The Constant Nymph." She had two bit parts, in each of which she played the piano. The next year she again found herself doing bits, this time in a play called "Salvation." In this, she branched out into offstage music, playing a harmonium for a group of religious converts to sing hymns by. As the years passed, Miss Richmond found herself acting less and less and doing more and more offstage playing, until finally she stopped acting altogether. Her hardest assignment, she thinks, was four or five seasons back, in "The Green Bay Tree." Through her, James Dale and Laurence Olivier played piano selections ranging from Chopin to jazz, and O. P. Heggie played a Welsh hymn on a harmonium. Onstage, Mr. Heggie said, "All right, I'll play it for you;" then, after a long, significant pause, dropped his hands to the keyboard. Miss Richmond, who was placed so she couldn't see Mr. Heggie, used to count to eight slowly after that speech, then start. Meanwhile, Mr. Heggie would have been counting to eight, and if all went well, he started faking just as she started playing. "We used to hit it right on the nose, performance after performance," Miss Richmond says, with pardonable pride.

Once Miss Richmond worked herself right out of a job. The late Osgood Perkins, while he was preparing half a dozen years ago for his rôle in "Wild Waves," decided, since the part called for piano playing, to learn to play. He came to Miss Richmond for lessons, practiced three hours a day, and within six months had perfected a short composition of each of three composers: Chopin, Debussy, and Scriabin. He worked them into "Wild Waves" and was a huge success.

Miss Richmond is known along the Rialto as Watch-Things-Carefully Richmond because she's so conscientious. For instance, she memorizes music with ease, but wouldn't think of trying to play without a score. The greatest problem, she says, is to get the backstage music soft enough, so that it doesn't drown out the dialogue. Sometimes, in small out-of-town theatres, she has to move the piano into the alley to get the desired effect. The music she has had to play most often during her offstage career is "Pale Hands I Loved." "That's the way playwrights' minds work," she says, a little sadly.

## *Upswing*

TRYING on hats in one of our very nicest shops, a gentle matron complained to the salesgirl that it was difficult these days to find a hat that wasn't eccentric-looking. "Yes," the girl agreed, "but for a crazy world you got to have crazy hats." She thought for a moment, then added, "But it does seem to me, some days, as if the hats were getting a little better."




*"This is the little place I mentioned, Carter. Not many people seem to know about it yet."*

# THE SITTING-LYING CHAIR AND ITS RELATION TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS

ONE of the presents I got at Christmas time is a contraption that has occupied my energy so completely ever since that I have had scarcely any time at all to worry about important events that have been rocking civilization, such as Babs Hutton's renunciation of her American citizenship or what Mae West said to Charlie McCarthy.

It is an apparatus that enables you to sit in a chair and lie in bed at the same time in case you want to read in bed but do not want to lie down. It looks deceptively simple. It is the upper half of an ordinary chair, minus the legs and seat but with back and arms. You put it in the bed. Then you get into the bed and then inside the contraption and there you are. You feel as though you were sitting in a chair but reason tells you that you are lying in bed. The result cannot but be confusing.

Although it is a matter of common knowledge among devotees of the body beautiful that I am one of the few men of my age who can rise from a squatting position without touching hands to the floor, I had never before tried to lie abed and sit in a chair at the same time. For this very reason it was high time I did.

After he passes forty a man ought to goad himself into new experiences, like lying and sitting simultaneously. Such new experiences keep his mind open and his point of view limber. If a man of forty gives way to that middle-age coma that is always hovering around waiting to pounce on him, he is apt to wake up someday and find himself a hopeless Republican. Or, even more serious, a Royal S. Copeland. Ask Walter B. Pitkin. So I do not regret having got myself in this imbroglio. I'll muddle through.

What has me rattled is this: When I get into the sitting-lying chair I immediately have an uneasy feeling that something is missing. If it were the lower part of the sitting-lying chair I missed, that would not matter because, as I said, that part really *is* missing. What worries me is that I feel it is the lower part of *me* that is gone.

I get the impression, or hallucination if you like, that I am not present from the femurs down. This is quite a sensation. Of course it lasts only a second, until I look down and note that feet and legs are there, safe in bed with me, but in the eternity of that second I could build you seven Romes, complete with every modern convenience, including electric iceboxes and sanitary porcelain mussolinis.

Now I have been trying to figure out the explanation of this negative mirage, this not feeling legs when legs are actually present, in terms of modern psychology. As I see it, the phenomenon is caused by the subconscious, and this—roughly— is what happens. I said roughly.

In the first place the subconscious is not prepared for a sitting-lying chair. The subconscious is notoriously slow on the uptake and it has no reaction on hand when a newfangled gadget is sprung on it suddenly. It takes the subconscious a long time to rig up a reaction, and to obtain the best results it must be allowed to work the thing out in its own way. Some people still jump when a radio is turned on, because their subconscious has not yet got a reflex ready for the radio. Either hasn't got one ready or thinks radio is a passing fad and one won't be needed.

So, when I get into my sitting-lying chair my subconscious knows instantly that something is wrong, because my lower extremities are not where they ought to be when my upper extremities have assumed the traditional sitting posture long familiar to the subconscious. In other words, it knows my feet are not on the floor when they should be there, and it becomes nettled and alarmed at this state of affairs. The subconscious does not yet know that my legs and feet are safe in bed with me.




Now my theory is that this sudden discovery that I have apparently been bisected is a shock to my subconscious's narcissism. I make this statement in the full expectation that my honored colleague in the field of modern psychology, Dr. Jung, will say, "What the hell are you talking about?"

Nevertheless, I maintain that as a result of this blow to the ego, my subconscious, stricken with dismay, immediately attempts an infantile retreat from a hostile world far too addicted to bisecting, to take refuge in the security of the maternal womb. But my superego, which is the Will Hays of my libido, is shocked at the very thought of such a word and it cracks my id over the head with its knuckles. This crack, or trauma, emerges into my consciousness as that leap into the throat, or second of panic during which I was building you those seven Romes.

So much for the psychic aspect of the matter. There is another factor which makes the situation even more complicated. The construction of the sitting-lying chair compels me to sit in such a position that the large nerve at the base of the spine, controlling the activities of the body south of Fourteenth Street, is short-circuited, and all connection between the upper me and the lower me is cut off, with the result that my lower extremities first become numb and then fall fast asleep. I can see them stretched out along the bed but I cannot feel them. I don't know *what* to think.

If I could get the upper extremities to fall asleep too, everything would then be quiet along the Potomac, and the whole problem would be solved automatically. The right kind of book would do the trick, but at the moment I am not reading the right kind of book for my purpose; i.e., the kind that would put me to sleep. I am reading Thurman Arnold's "The Folklore of Capitalism" and I cannot imagine anyone getting a wink of sleep until he has finished that magnificent book.

There the matter stands. I am confident. I shall emerge the victor. I shall master the dratted contraption. There were those who said I would never get the hang of the zipper or the dial telephone. Where are those skeptics now? They are eating humble pie like mother used to make father eat. Is a man who refused to be outwitted by a zipper likely to go down to defeat at the hands of half a chair?

—FRANK SULLIVAN

# MIDNIGHT BLUE

MR. SPIERS came in extremely late. He shut the door very quietly, switched on the electric light, and stood for quite a long time on the door mat.

Mr. Spiers was a prosperous accountant with a long, lean face, naturally pale; a cold eye, and a close mouth. Just behind his jawbones a tiny movement was perceptible, like the movement of gills in a fish.

He now took off his bowler hat, looked at it inside and out, and hung it upon the usual peg. He pulled off his muffler, which was a dark one, dotted with polka dots of a seemly size, and he scrutinized this muffler very carefully and hung it on another peg. His overcoat, examined even more scrupulously, was next hung up, and Mr. Spiers went quickly upstairs.

In the bathroom he spent a very long time at the mirror. He turned his face this way and that, tilted it sideways to expose his jaw and neck. He noted the set of his collar, saw that his tiepin was straight, looked at his cuff links, his buttons, and finally proceeded to undress. Again he examined each garment very closely; it was as well Mrs. Spiers did not see him at this moment, or she might have thought he was looking for a long hair, or traces of powder. However, Mrs. Spiers had been asleep for a couple of hours. After her husband had examined every stitch of his clothing, he crept to his dressing room for a clothesbrush, which he used even upon his shoes. Finally he looked at his hands and his nails, and scrubbed them both very thoroughly.

He then sat down on the edge of the bath, put his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, and gave himself up to a very profound train of thought. Now and then he marked the checking-off of some point or other by lifting a finger and bringing it back again onto his cheek, or even onto the spot behind his jawbone where there was that little movement, so like the movement of the gills of a fish.

At last Mr. Spiers seemed satisfied, and he turned out the light and repaired to the conjugal bedroom, which was decorated in cream, rose, and old gold.

IN the morning, Mr. Spiers arose at his usual hour and descended, with his usual expression, to the breakfast room.

His wife, who was his opposite in all respects, as some say a wife should be, was already busy behind the coffee service. She was as plump, as blonde, as good-humored, and as scatterbrained as any woman should be at a breakfast table, perhaps even more so. The two younger children were there; the two older ones were late.

"So here you are!" said Mrs. Spiers to her husband, in a sprightly tone. "You were late."

"About one," said he, taking up the newspaper.

"It must have been later than that," said she. "I heard one o'clock strike."

"It might have been half past," said he.

"Did Mr. Benskin give you a lift?"

"No."

"All right, my dear, I only asked."

"Give me my coffee," said he.

"A dinner's all right," said she. "A man ought to have an evening with his friends. But you ought to get your rest, Harry. Not that I had much rest last night. Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed I—"

"If there's one thing," said her husband, "that I hate more than a slop in my saucer— Do you see this mess?"

"Really, dear," said she, "you asked so brusquely for your coffee—"

"Father spilled the coffee," piped up little Patrick. "His hand jerked—like that."

Mr. Spiers turned his eye upon his younger son, and his younger son was silent.

"I was saying," said Mr. Spiers, "that if I detest anything more than a filthy mess in my saucer, it is the sort of fool who blathers out a dream at the breakfast table."

"Oh, my dream!" said Mrs. Spiers with the utmost good humor. "All right, my dear, if you don't want to hear it. It was about you, that's all."

"Either tell your dream, or don't tell it," said Mr. Spiers.

"You said you didn't want to hear it," replied Mrs. Spiers, not unreasonably.

"There is no more disgusting or of-




*"And where is my third little musketeer today?"*




*"The St. Regis complains they keep getting Korans, sir."*

• •

fensive sort of idiot," said Mr. Spiers, "than the woman who, like a tantalizing shopgirl, hatches up a mystery, and then—"

"There is no mystery," said Mrs. Spiers. "I don't know what you know about shopgirls. You said you didn't want—"

"Will you," said Mr. Spiers, "kindly put an end to this, and tell me, very briefly, whatever nonsense it was that you dreamed, and let us have done with it? Imagine you are dictating a telegram."

"Mr. T. Spiers, Normandene, Radclyffe Avenue, Wrexton Garden Suburb," said his wife. "I dreamed that you were hung."

"*Hanged*, Mother," said little Daphne.

"Hullo, Mums," said her big sister, entering at that moment. "Hullo, Dads. Sorry I'm late. Good morning, children. What's the matter, Daddy? You look as if you'd heard from the Income Tax."

"Because of a murder," continued Mrs. Spiers, "in the middle of the night. It was so vivid, my dear! I was quite glad when you said you were back by half past one."

"Half past one, nothing," said the elder daughter.

"Mildred," said her mother, "that's film talk."

"Daddy's an old rip," said Mildred, tapping her egg. "Freddy and I got back from the dance at half past two, and his hat and coat wasn't there then."

"*Weren't* there," said little Daphne.

"If that child corrects her elder sister, or you, in front of my face once again—" said Mr. Spiers.

"Be quiet, Daphne," said her mother. "Well, that was it, my dear. I dreamed you committed a murder, and you were hanged."

"Daddy hanged?" cried Mildred in the highest glee. "Oh, Mummy, who did he murder? Tell us all the grisly details."

"Well, it really was grisly," said her mother. "I woke up feeling quite depressed. It was poor Mr. Benskin."

"What?" said her husband.

"Yes, you murdered poor Mr. Benskin," said Mrs. Spiers. "Though why you should murder your own partner, I don't know."

"Because he insisted on looking at the books," said Mildred. "They always do, and get murdered. I knew it would be one or the other for Daddy—murdered or hung."

"*Hanged*," said little Daphne.

"Be *quiet!*" said her father. "These children will drive me mad."

"Well, my dear," said his wife, "there you were, with Mr. Benskin, late at night, and he was running you home in his car, and you were chatting about business—you know how



*"I'm sorry, Mr. Weinbaum. Since January fifth she's not been single."*

• •

people can dream the most difficult talk, about things they don't know anything about, and it sounds all right, and of course it's all nonsense. It's the same with jokes. You dream you made the best joke you ever heard, and when you wake up—"

"Go on," said Mr. Spiers firmly.

"Well, my dear, you were chatting, and you drove right into his garage, and it was so narrow that the doors of the car would only open on one side, and so you got out first, and you said to him, 'Wait a minute,' and you tilted up the front seat of that little Chevrolet of his, and you got in at the back where your coats and hats were. Did I say you were driving along without your overcoats on, because it was one of these mild nights we're having?"

"Go on," said Mr. Spiers.

"Well, there were your coats and hats on the back seat, and Mr. Benskin still sat at the wheel, and there was that dark overcoat he always wears, and your light cheviot you wore yesterday, and your silk mufflers, and your hats and everything, and you picked up one of the mufflers—they both had white polka dots on them—I think he was wearing one like yours last time he came to lunch on Sunday. Only his was dark blue. Well, you picked up the muffler, and you were talking to him, and you tied a knot in it, and all of a sudden you put it round his neck and strangled him."

"Because he'd asked to look at the books," said Mildred.

"Really it's—it's too much," said Mr. Spiers.

"It was nearly too much for me," said his spouse. "I was so upset, in my dream. You got a piece of rope, and tied it to the end of the scarf, and then to the bar across the top of the garage, so it looked as if he'd hanged himself."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Spiers.

"It was so vivid, I can't tell you," said his wife. "And then it all got mixed up, as dreams do, and I kept on seeing you with that muffler on, and it kept on twisting about your neck. And then you were being tried, and they brought in—the muffler. Only, seeing it by daylight, it was Mr. Benskin's, because it was dark blue. Only by the artificial light it looked black."

Mr. Spiers crumbled his bread. "Very extraordinary," he said.

"It's silly, of course," said his wife. "Only you *would* have me tell you."

"I wonder if it *is* so silly," said her husband. "As a matter of fact, I *did* ride home with Benskin last night. We had a very serious talk. Not to go into details, it happened I'd hit on something very odd at the office. Well, I had it out with him. We sat talking a long time. Maybe it *was* later than I thought when I got home. When I left him, do you know, I had the most horrible premonition. I thought, 'That fellow's going to make away with himself.' That's what I thought. I very nearly turned back. I felt like a—well, I felt responsible. It's a serious business. I spoke to him very forcefully."

"You don't say Mr. Benskin's a fraud?" cried Mrs. Spiers. "We're not ruined, Harry?"

"Not ruined," said her husband. "But there's been some pretty deep dipping."

"Are you sure it's him?" said Mrs. Spiers. "He—he seems so honest."

"Him or me," said her husband. "And it wasn't me."

"But you don't think he's—he's hanged himself," said Mrs. Spiers.

"Heaven forbid!" said her husband. "But considering that feeling I had—well, perhaps the dream came just from the feeling."

"It's true Rose Waterhouse dreamed of water when her brother was away sailing," said Mrs. Spiers, "but he wasn't drowned."

"There are thousands of such cases," said her husband. "They're generally wrong on all the details."

"I hope so, indeed!" cried Mrs. Spiers.

"For example," said her husband, "it happens we both wore our coats and mufflers all the time last night. The atmosphere was hardly intimate."

"I should say not," said Mrs. Spiers. "Who would have thought it of Mr. Benskin?"

"His wife, poor woman, would not have thought it," said Mr. Spiers gravely. "I have resolved to spare her. So, Mildred, children, whatever has happened or has not happened, not a word, not one word, is to be said about this to anyone. Do you hear? To anyone! You know nothing. A single word might lead to disgrace for the whole wretched family."

"You are quite right, my dear," said his wife. "I will see to the children."

"Morning, Mum," cried Fred, bursting into the room. "Morning, Guv'nor. No time for breakfast. I'll just get the train by the skin of my teeth, if I'm lucky. Whose muffler's this, by the way? It's not yours, is it, Dad? This is dark blue. Can I bag it? Why—what's the matter? What on earth's the matter?"

"Come in, Fred," said Mrs. Spiers. "Come in here and shut the door. Don't worry about your train."

—JOHN COLLIER

# PROFILES

## REVOLUTION'S NUMBER ONE BOY




CLIFFORD ODETS is thoroughly dissatisfied with the contemporary theatre. The poor scripts, the awkward direction, and what he calls the "lack of creativity" depress him, and he cannot stomach the rank commercialism of the actors. Therefore he rarely goes to any plays except his own. And although he takes a proper pride in being generally accepted as the most promising young playwright in the country, he is by no means certain that the drama is his best medium of expression. He is inclined to think that he should have been a composer all along. His interest in music dates back to his early childhood, when he used to listen to his father playing the pianola. Later on the family got a phonograph, and Odets can still remember how moved he was when he first heard the Sextet from "Lucia" on a Victor Red Seal. As a boy, Odets' favorite instrument was the harmonica. He was given piano lessons for a while, but he refused to practice. It wasn't until he was twenty-five that he began to regret his childish indolence. That was when he started to write a novel about a boy who was well on the way to becoming a great pianist until he lost his left hand in an accident. Odets has since destroyed the novel, but the theme recurs in "Golden Boy," his most recent play, which concerns itself with a brilliant young violinist who breaks his hand on an opponent's head while battling for the lightweight championship.

Odets' penthouse at 1 University Place is seldom empty of music. When his electric phonograph isn't playing record after record of Mozart, Tchaikovsky, and Beethoven, Odets is usually either singing or improvising chords on his Hammond organ. He sometimes interrupts a conversation with an aria. His singing voice is a rather uneasy baritone, but there is utter confidence in the sweeping gestures with which he dramatizes his delivery while coursing a melody.

Odets gesticulates constantly. His hands, which are extremely long and graceful, are never still. He likes to talk standing up because it gives him a chance to stride up and down, tossing his head, swelling his chest, and throwing his arms around. He often indulges in the second-balcony stare, the head back, the brows raised, the eyes opened wide behind heavy tortoiseshell glasses. He goes about his conversational histrionics with a great deal of intensity, for besides being a frustrated composer, he is a frustrated actor. Most of his acting career was spent playing stock in New York and Philadelphia, and doing bits for the Theatre Guild and Group Theatre. As an actor he was seldom more than adequate. "I was too tense," he is apt to explain. "I couldn't relax." Because of his bushy hair and prominent features, he was a highly unlikely juvenile. Usually he was cast in small character rôles, and he experienced one of his acutest disappointments the day his picture was displayed outside a theatre in Chester, Pennsylvania, with his face so shrouded in the whiskers required for his part that he could barely recognize himself. He has never been completely reconciled to the fact that he was not a great actor. The directors, he feels, were grievously unaware of his potentialities. His first rebuff as an actor was administered by the great Mamoulian when he was directing "R.U.R." for the Theatre Guild. Odets had been hired to do a walk-on, but in the course of the rehearsals Earle Larimore suggested that he be given a couple of lines. Mamoulian instantly bridled. "He is no good," he declared flatly. Odets has hated Mamoulian ever since. When Odets was in Hollywood last year, Mamoulian sent word that he would like to do a picture with him. "You tell that —— that he is the only director I loathe and won't work with," said Odets. The message was delivered verbatim to Mamoulian. He wasn't offended, though. He still insisted that he and Odets could do a wonderful picture.

Whatever his frustrations as an actor and a composer, Odets has been conspicuously successful as a playwright. Since his "Awake and Sing!" was presented in 1935, he has been compared to O'Neill, O'Casey, and Chekhov. At thirty-one, he has aroused more earnest and ecstatic discussion among the critics than any other dramatist who has appeared in the last decade. The prevailing critical opinion of Odets is summed up neatly in the following excerpt from some extended comments by Richard Watts, Jr.:

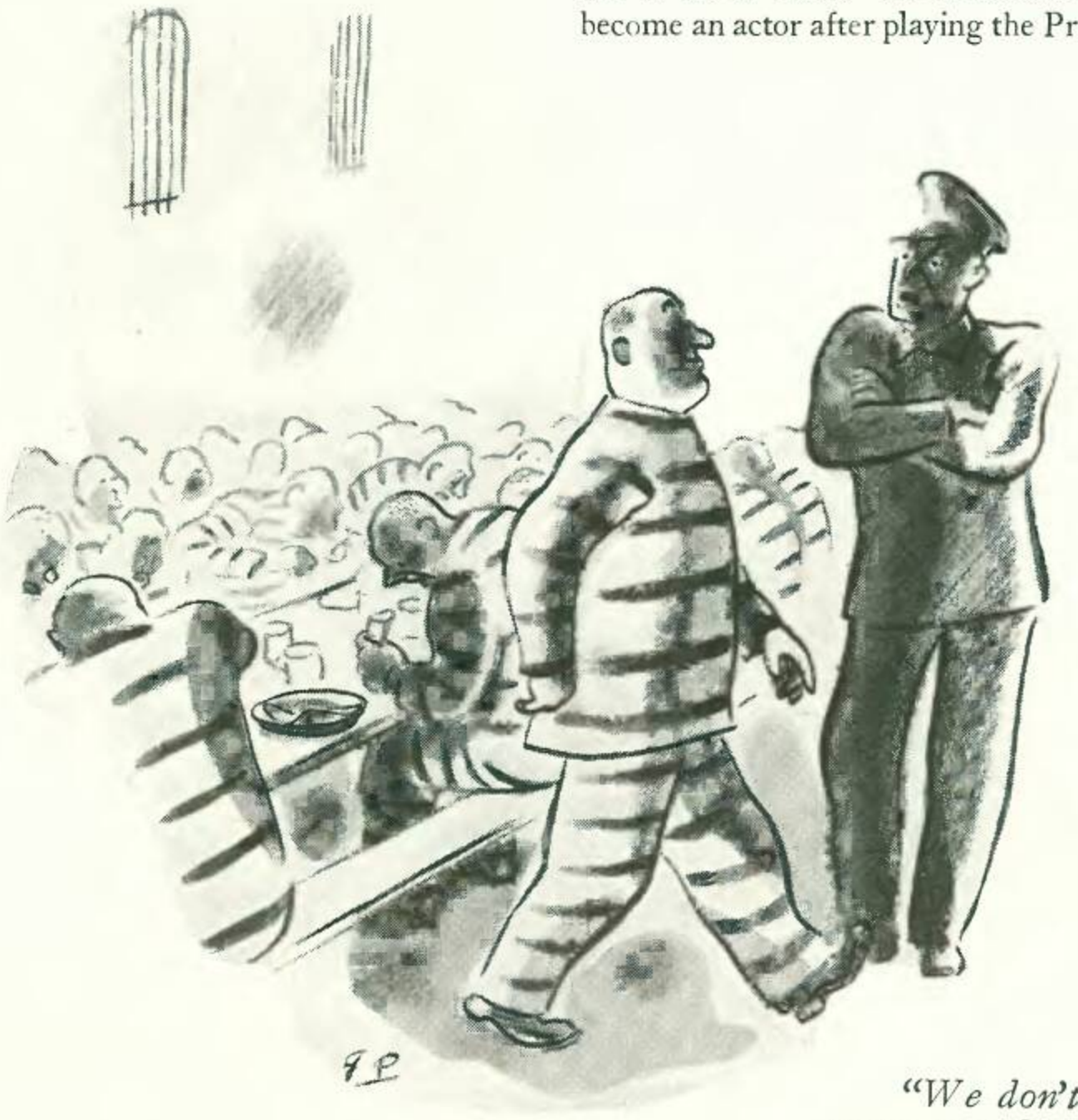
> It is pretty clear by now that Mr. Odets's talent for dramatic writing is the most exciting to appear in the American theatre since the flaming emergence of Eugene O'Neill as an author of one-act plays about the sea. Mr. Odets has fire and freshness and vast vitality. He has a shrewd sense of dramatic situation; his dialogue has power and pungency, and his characters, even those sketched briefly in cartoon form, invariably have the stuff of life in them.

Despite such high praise, however, Odets doesn't find Mr. Watts and his fellow-critics very helpful. "In 'Awake and Sing!,' " he points out, "they said I didn't have any plot. Then in 'Paradise Lost' they said I had too much plot. Now they say that it's too bad to submerge the characters of 'Golden Boy' in a plot." Apart from the plot question, Odets thinks that the critics were all wrong in their unanimous disapproval of "Paradise Lost," which he regards as his best and deepest play. He has an idea that they were influenced against it because he tried to explain it to them before it opened. Odets' explanation of the play, which was mailed to all the critics, emphasized the fact that the people of "Awake and Sing!" and "Paradise Lost" had a Chekhovian quality. The debate as to whether or not the benighted characters of "Paradise Lost" were Chekhovian lasted through a good part of the 1936 season, with Heywood Broun, Archibald MacLeish, and Theodore Dreiser, among others, upholding the affirmative. The play was a flop.

The real heroes and villains of Odets' plays are always invisible and always the same. No matter who the characters happen to be, they are incessantly badgered by the Capitalist System, and at the third-act curtain it is pretty apparent that only the Revolution can get them out of their unhappy predicament. Odets has never wavered in his grim faith in the efficacy of revolution. But since he surrendered to the gold of Hollywood during the run of "Paradise Lost," some of the more emphatic revolutionists of

the Communist Party have joined skeptical members of the bourgeoisie in accusing him of having sold out. Odets resents the accusation. Even though he likes to carry five-hundred-dollar bills around in his pocket and lives in a penthouse, he is unfailingly interested in the plight of the masses. His most celebrated exploit on behalf of the world proletariat was to lead a commission of fifteen liberals to Cuba during the summer of 1935 to investigate conditions under the Mendieta-Batista dictatorship. The commission didn't get very far. The members were arrested as soon as they arrived in Havana and deported the following day. Probably the most lamentable result of the investigation was the detention of a couple of New York school teachers, who were arrested in the general confusion although not members of the commission at all. Luckily, they were not deported with the others, and were able to continue to Mexico, where they had intended to go in the first place. On his return to New York, Odets, in the name of the commission, announced that Jefferson Caffery, then American Ambassador to Cuba, had a heart of sugar and that Vice-Consul Edgar of Havana was a fish. He also announced that another delegation would be sent to Cuba, but it hasn't been as yet. Since then his support of the proletariat has been mostly moral. Odets says that he is not and has never been a member of the Communist Party. He admits, however, that he is highly sympathetic with its aims. It helps, he points out, to keep the masses socially hopeful. Odets' concern for the masses was excited originally by Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which he read while he was living in the Bronx. That was nearly twenty years ago, long before he learned the dialectics of the class struggle.

Odets has a way of referring to himself in the third person. The habit manifests itself most persistently when he talks about his childhood in the Bronx. He is apt to get rather emotional, too, when the reminiscent mood is on him. "This boy," he said recently, "was a very ordinary middle-class boy, unconsciously ambitious, but with a kind of purity and unselfishness. He did typical things, for everything about him was typical, typical, so typical." Odets is continually astonished that there was nothing in his early years save a certain facility for writing English compositions to indicate that he would someday be a famous playwright. His steadfast ambition as a child was not to write plays but to act in them. He determined to become an actor after playing the Prince in "Cinderella" while he was in the first grade at P. S. 52. He gave the part everything he had and, as he recalls it, was terrific. His parents, though, didn't take his acting very seriously. They expected him to outgrow it. He was their only son and oldest child, and they were hopeful that he would enter a respectable profession.



*"We don't excuse ourselves here, Hogan. We wait for the others to finish."*

The Bronx that Odets depicted in "Awake and Sing!" was one of the gloomiest places in the world, but the Bronx he actually lived in was quite pleasant, full of trees and open fields, and his family got along fine there. Odets' parents came to the Bronx in 1908, when he was two years old. Up to that time they had been living in Philadelphia. Odets' father is a native of Philadelphia and for a number of years worked as a printer there for the Curtis Publishing Company; his mother, who died in 1935, came from Rumania. They moved from Philadelphia to the Bronx because Odets' father thought that he could establish himself more securely in New York City than he could anywhere else. Jewish, like the Bergers in "Awake and Sing!," the Odets family lived near the corner of Beck Street and Longwood Avenue, which was then a rather elegant section. Their apartment was in one of the three elevator buildings that the Bronx had to offer. They had a Maxwell when the possession of a car was a certain sign of affluence, and as he went onward and upward, Odets' father was able to send his wife on a couple of year-long visits to California for her health, accompanied by their two daughters. Both Odets' sisters are younger than he is. Florence, who is twenty-one, is studying dramatics, with Clifford's help, at the school of Madame Tamara Daykarhanova in Manhattan. Genevieve, who is twenty-eight, is married to a haberdasher named Howard Levy and lives in Philadelphia.

Odets *père* started out in the Bronx as a feeder in a small print shop. From feeder he progressed to pressman, which paid quite well, and it wasn't long before he had money enough to start a printing shop of his own. Since a good many of his customers were direct-mail advertisers who wanted him to arrange their copy and layouts, he hired a copy man and set himself up as a direct-mail advertising agent. By 1927, when he decided to take a job as vice-president and general sales manager of a boiler company in Philadelphia, he was functioning as a merchandising



## OUR MODERN GALLERY OF ANCIENT FAVORITES

*Venus Rising from the Waves*

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counsellor and was the owner of an agency that brought about $200,000 when he sold it. He retired a couple of years ago.

Clifford Odets rebelled against formal education when he finished his second year at Morris High School. Since Odets the elder was anxious to have his son learn the advertising business, he tried to train him to become a copywriter in his agency. But Clifford just sat around writing poetry, and finally his father, who thought anything would be better than that, told him to go ahead and be an actor. Odets started out with a little group of ardent amateurs known as the Drawing Room Players, who put on one-act plays at the Heckscher Theatre. Then he joined Harry Kemp's Poets' Theatre, which was a coöperative venture. The Poets' Theatre had its headquarters in the basement of a church at Fourth Street and Avenue A, where the poetic drama was glorified in all its variations, from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Harry Kemp. Odets liked the Poets' Theatre fine, even though his share of the coöperative's profits ran to less than twenty dollars in a year. Unfortunately, just when everybody had agreed that he was to be Don Juan in "The Don Juan Legend," the Poets' Theatre went broke. By this time, however, Odets had a group of his own, made up of former members of the Drawing Room Players. He had no theatre, so he offered his group to various radio stations, and on and off from 1925 to 1927 they performed as a sustaining program. In the same period, Odets functioned independently as the Roving Reciter, relying heavily on the works of Robert W. Service and Rudyard Kipling for his material. He didn't confine his roving reciting to the radio. He was often among the ringers sent out by the vaudeville chains to insure the success of their amateur nights. He received only a dollar a performance for appearing as an amateur, but his rendition of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" usually took one of the prizes, which brought him from three to seven dollars more. On the strength of his reputation as the Roving Reciter, Odets occasionally got a few weeks' work with one of the stock companies around New York. He made his most extended tour with a troupe that was sustaining itself on "Abie's Little Rose," a play whose theme had a lot in common with the Anne Nichols masterwork. As Abie, Odets played all through the coal fields of Pennsylvania. He made his last appearance in a town called Hawley. There the tour ended abruptly when the manager was thrown in jail as a dope fiend. To get

out of Hawley, Odets had to wire his father for money. Then he headed for Oak Lane, the Philadelphia suburb to which his family had moved after his father gave up his agency.

WHEN Odets returned to his birthplace he was twenty-one, and his parents were beginning to wonder whether he'd ever be able to support himself. "Their son," says Odets, "was not industrious. He had temperament. He was moody. In a word, he was artistic."

Among the works of the artist as a young man were a couple of short plays he wrote for the radio. One of them, entitled "Dawn," opened with a man dying (of natural causes) at sunrise and wound up with his being nursed back to health by a woman from his past. "Dawn" was never put on the air because Odets thought it needed a little revision. But "At the Waterline," his other radio play, was produced by three stations, two in New York and one in Philadelphia. In "At the Waterline," Odets himself appeared as the hero, Garfield Grimes, a blue-blooded stoker on a grain ship who discovers the woman he is trying to forget on top of a boiler just as the ship is going down. Amid the welter of coincidences in "At the Waterline," the high point of the dialogue is reached when Garfield Grimes suggests that it may be possible to escape from the sinking ship through the ash-ejector. It is then that Billy Buzz, Grimes' fellow-stoker, observes, with magnificent understatement, "He is a deep one." Odets made his farewell appearance on the radio when "At the Waterline" was performed over WIP in Philadelphia. For the next two years he was fairly regularly employed by Mae Desmond's Stock Company, which played West Philadelphia, Chester, and Camden, New Jersey. Mae Desmond's repertory was infinitely varied. It included practically everything, from "Way Down East" to "White Cargo." Odets' most memorable rôle was that of the overwrought lieutenant in "What Price Glory?" His interpretation of the part was so graphic that it stirred even Mae Desmond herself. "I want you to know," she told Odets, "that I think you have talent." She was a reticent woman, and that was the only comment she made on his acting during the two years he was with her company. In the spring of 1929, Odets left Philadelphia to appear on Broadway in a play called "Conflict," in which he understudied Spencer Tracy, who had the lead. Shortly afterward, Odets got a job with the Theatre Guild.

"THERE is no better way to measure your life," says Odets, "than to say 'I loved that girl then and she meant this or that to me.'" But it is a girl with whom he was not in love who stands out in his memories of Philadelphia. She was a girl he met and impressed while he was one of Philadelphia's little group of liberated thinkers. Odets remembers her with satisfaction because she was the author of this encouraging tribute: "Every girl should have one Cliff Odets in her life." The first girl to whom Odets became attached, however, didn't recognize him as a desideratum. She spurned his love for that of a chauffeur. This happened at Fishers Island, a few miles off New London, during the summer of 1925. Odets wanted to spend this summer, as he did several others, working as a dramatic counsellor at various camps for boys. But there weren't any openings at the camps, and he took a job running a laundry mangle at a hotel. It was his first and last attempt at manual labor. He recalls it with a distaste as keen as the pleasure with which he recalls his romance. The girl by whom Odets measures this phase of his career was a school teacher from Springfield, Massachusetts, who was waiting on table at the hotel where Odets was employed. "It was," says Odets, "one of those horrible, exquisite, adolescent affairs, with something of the Sorrows of Young Werther about it." The Sorrows set in when the girl, to whom he had been sending poems daily, advised Odets that the man she was going to marry had just arrived at the hotel, driving his boss's limousine. Odets thereupon determined that someday, when he was a famous man, he would go to Springfield and make a speech from the observation platform of his train. Then if the girl jumped out of the crowd to speak to him, he intended to tell her coldly that she had had her chance. He attributes a profound significance to the fact that although "Midnight," in which he had the juvenile lead, in 1930, was short-lived, it lasted long enough for him to appear in Springfield in his only starring rôle. "She might have been in the audience," he points out. "Ironical."



While Odets was with the Theatre Guild, he lived in a cheap hotel on Sixtieth Street, where he was able to get credit during streaks of unemployment. The hotel was full of characters whose morality was as low as their funds often were. Odets had a room on the ground floor, and when he wasn't working he used to lie in bed all day listening to the chatter of the people outside his door. He brooded a great deal about the meaning of life, but his conclusions were always vague and unsatisfactory. Among his acquaintances at the hotel was an unemployed specialty dancer with whom he occasionally had a few drinks. She interested him because she seemed to be trying to escape from something. Odets was sympathetic with her, and eventually she confided her troubles to him. She had, it developed, been so terribly humiliated while performing at a Miami night club that she had lost faith in her ability as a dancer. Her anxiety had been caused by a drunk who had sportively dropped an olive on her navel as she back-somersaulted near his table. When Odets heard this, the conviction grew upon him that he was living in a strange, tragi-comic world. In fact, he says, it made him feel like a Dostoevski character. The feeling hung over him for the next few years. It culminated in 1932, when he was understudying Luther Adler in John Howard Lawson's "Success Story." By then he was so steeped in melancholy that he wanted to make himself as unattractive as possible in order to keep life at arm's length. This impelled him to shave off his hair, grow a beard, and adopt turtleneck sweaters as a distinguishing feature of his attire. Even though the Dostoevski mood has left him, Odets is still addicted to sweaters. He likes them because they are casual and convenient, and in keeping with the general air of informality that he diligently maintains in his dress. His sweaters cost from twenty to thirty dollars.

Odets was one of the original members of the Group Theatre. He was in "Roar China!," a production of the Guild Studio, the Theatre Guild's subsidiary from which the Group eventually evolved, and he sat in on the fervid meetings at which, during the winter of 1930, the future of the Group was plotted. While the Group was in



*"I want you to meet Mr. Hoyt—Paris Garters, you know."*

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the process of being organized, Odets, in the solitude of a furnished room on West Eighty-second Street, wrestled with his soul. He says he was trying to find out what was the matter with him. With eremitic zeal he would remain in his room for two and three days at a stretch, sustaining himself chiefly on canned herring with tomato sauce and shredded-wheat biscuits. When he took the room, Odets had intended to write, but he got too involved in studying himself to accomplish much on the creative side. Apart from some voluminous letters, his literary activity was restricted to making entries in his diary. The carbons of the letters are preserved in a correspondence file that Odets still maintains today. It contains duplicates of practically all the letters he has ever written. The carbons have been an invaluable aid to him in analyzing his development, and he makes a point of reading them over every now and then. But however helpful at present, the letters didn't do much good in 1930, and Odets was a gloomy fellow when he headed for Brookfield Center, Connecticut, the following summer to rehearse his bit in "The House of Connelly," the Group's first production.

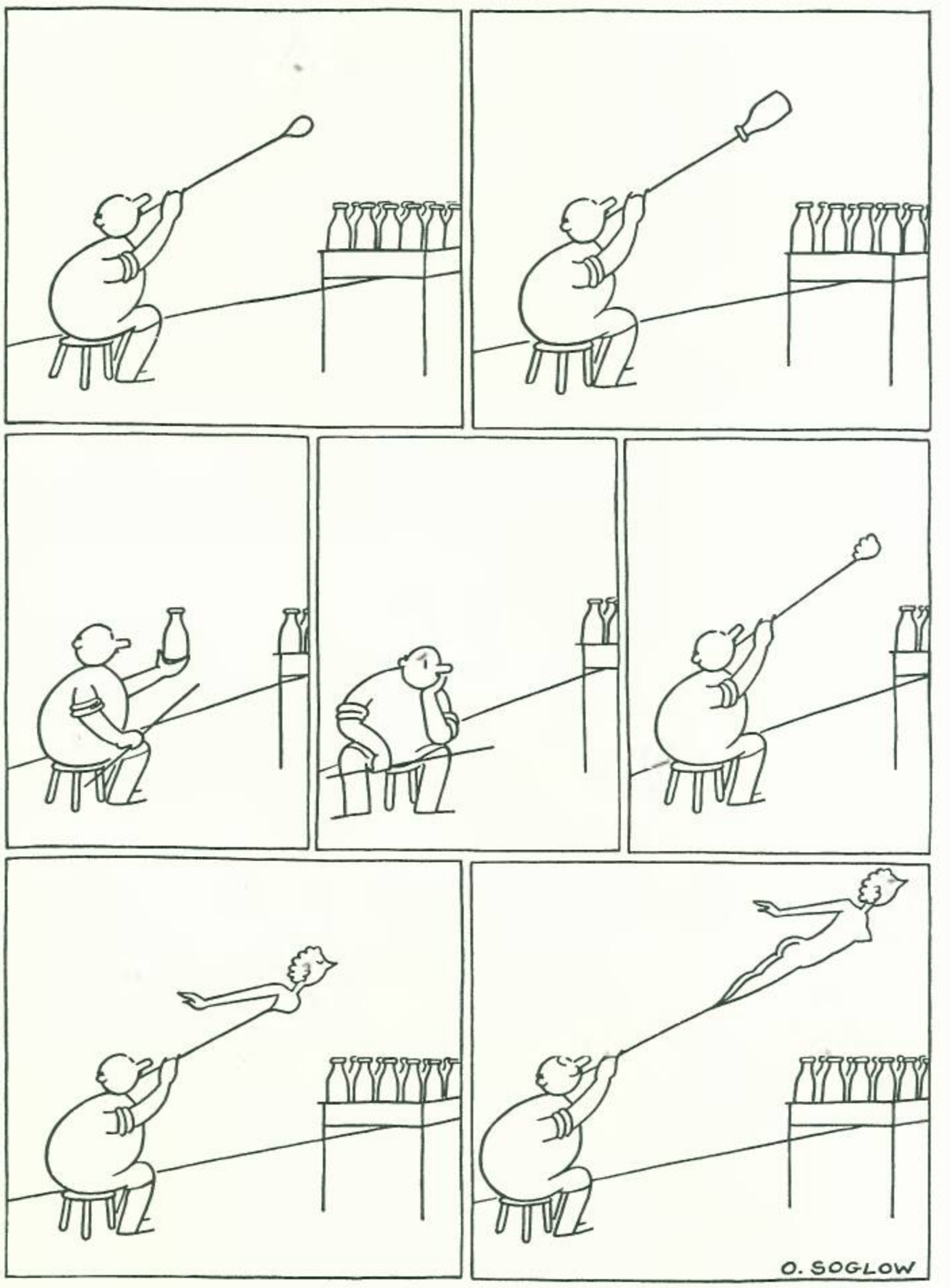
In his first two seasons with the Group, Odets wasn't particularly outstanding, and he was oppressed by the belief that nobody thought very much of his acting. He started to write a play called "9-10 Eden Street," which was about the intelligentsia of Philadelphia, but he put it aside before he finished it. Then, while the Group was holding summer rehearsals at Dover Furnace in Dutchess County, he worked on a play about Beethoven. His dissatisfaction with the Beethoven play is revealed pretty succinctly by his diary. "Now I see again in myself flight always flight," says the diary. "Here I am writing the Beethoven play, which when it is finished may not even be about Beethoven. Why not write something about the Greenberg family, something I know better, something that is closer to me?" Once he had made up his mind to write about the Greenberg family, Odets felt a lot more cheerful. A few days later he observed in his diary, "I look at the

baby that was me and rejoice." Odets started to write his new play in a cold-water flat on West Fifty-seventh Street, where he lived with some other Group members following the disastrous failure of Dawn Powell's "Big Night" in 1933. He finished it in Warrensburg, New York, while rehearsing in "Men in White," which the Group put on in 1933. When Odets submitted his play to the directors of the Group, none of them thought much of it. Harold Clurman admitted that it might have some merit, but doubted that it was actable. It wasn't until 1935 that they were willing to produce it. In the meantime the play had been held a year by one Frank Merlin, whose contribution to the 1934 season was a turkey called "False Dreams, Farewell." Odets' play was first called "I Got the Blues," but finally appeared as "Awake and Sing!" The Greenbergs of the diary wound up as a family called the Bergers.

"Awake and Sing!" emerged on Broadway when the great migration to the Left that marked the later years of the depression was at its peak. Since the play clearly suggested that things were going to be a whole lot better after the Revolution, the Leftists acclaimed Odets as a revolutionary oracle. Meanwhile the critics, who were more or less agreed that the revolutionary note was dragged in, saluted Odets as an infinitely promising playwright. In the midst of it all, the Group brought out "Waiting for Lefty," the one-act play with which Odets had won a *New Theatre-New Masses* play contest a couple of months before, together with "Till the Day I Die," an anti-Nazi companion piece. "Till the Day I Die" provoked little comment, but "Waiting for Lefty," which had had several New Theatre benefit performances at the Civic Repertory before the Group brought it uptown to the Longacre, added to Odets' reputation both as a playwright and as a prophet of the Left. It was a sympathetic description of the causes behind a taxi-drivers' strike. "Waiting for Lefty" was presented all over the country by little-theatre groups to which the New Theatre League, the radical group sponsoring the *New Theatre Magazine*, had released copies of the script, and was awarded the Yale Drama Prize for 1935. On various dubious pretexts, it was suppressed more often than any other play in the history of the American theatre. With three plays on Broadway and "Paradise Lost" already announced, Odets began to hear from Hollywood. Although the offers for his services ran as high as $4,000 a week, he refused to have anything to do with the movies until "Paradise Lost" proved unsuccessful. Then, to get money enough to save the show, Odets took a job in Hollywood. By that time the best offer was $2,500 a week. He sent $4,000 back to the Group before "Paradise Lost" finally failed. He hasn't put any money into the Group itself since. He and his wife, however, have a twenty-five-per-cent interest in "Golden Boy" which they acquired for $5,000.

In Hollywood, where the class struggle is a burning if academic issue, Odets was the hero of the studio Leftists. His advice on the methods the screen writers could use to contribute to the cause was listened to with eager interest. When he spoke at the Masonic Temple at a benefit for the *New Theatre Magazine*, the place was packed. Cocktail parties in his honor were events of moment. He was even threatened by a Fascist at the Brown Derby—the ultimate tribute. When, in January, 1937, he married Luise Rainer, who was then being shown in "The Great Ziegfeld," the publicity was awesome. Odets worked on three scripts while he was in Hollywood. For Paramount he wrote "The General Died at Dawn" and "Gettysburg," and for Walter Wanger "The River Is Blue." Of these, only "The General Died at Dawn" has been produced. Shooting on "Gettysburg" will start in the spring. "The River Is Blue," which has a French background, is being rewritten, Odets' version having been ideologically at odds with the Wanger preconception.

Odets sometimes talks like one of the more lyrical characters in his own plays. It is not at all unusual for him to break



into something like "How sweet and nice to get up in the morning to see the glitter of the day—like when you were a kid." He doesn't get up in the morning, though. He gets up around noon. While he has his coffee, he likes brasses, to a record full of brasses. The to listen he says, affect him like a cold shower. Odets is more sensitive to music now than ever. He thinks the sensitivity may be explained in part by the fact that his sense of smell is no longer acute. Before his nose went back on him, he could go into an empty room and tell who had been there simply by sniffing. Since he has a theory that nature never dulls one faculty without making another keener, he is convinced that his hearing improved as soon as his sense of smell declined. He is almost as proud of his hearing as he is of his looks. He admits frankly that he knows he is attractive. He is fairly tall and husky, and in profile vaguely resembles a pickerel. In his abstracted moments, he could easily be mistaken for one of the more earnest students of N.Y.U.

Odets returned from Hollywood last July, and aside from one brief visit back to the Coast has remained here ever since. When he is in New York, he doesn't get around town much. Concerts are his chief diversion. He prefers serious discussions to the hoopla of the night clubs. He drinks heavily about four or five times a year, and in his cups he tends to be truculent. During the first flush of his success, he spent a few weekends on Fire Island in the earthy company of Fannie Brice, Billy Rose, and Lou Holtz. He also stayed a while as a guest at Henry Varnum Poor's place in New City, where, in the mystical shadow of High Tor, he worked on "Paradise Lost." While he was staying at Poor's, he occasionally spent weekends with Charles MacArthur and his wife, Helen Hayes, whose place in Nyack is nearby. His friendship with the people of New City was never more than casual, and he doesn't see much of them any more. The same is true of his friendship with Ruth Gordon, Beatrice Lillie, and Tallulah Bankhead, whom he went around with for a while. Now his most frequent companions are actors in the Group. He is sure nobody really understands him, and that makes him feel lonely.

When he completed "Awake and Sing!" he decided that in comparison with the other playwrights in the country he was highly talented. He has seen no reason to alter that point of view. The only other playwrights whom he admires are John Howard Lawson, Sean O'Casey, and Denis Johnston, who wrote "The Moon in the Yellow River." When a show is in rehearsal, Odets is conscientious in his attendance during the first and last weeks. In the hectic middle period, he stays away as much as possible. With Harold Clurman, the director of the Group, he has frequent and violent disputes. He is always reluctant to change his lines, and he has positive ideas about the way his plays should be staged. During rehearsals he is constantly convulsed by the humor of his work.

ALONG with his penthouse at 1 University Place, Odets maintains a one-room apartment on another floor which serves as an office for his secretary. He himself works at a big modernistic desk in his living room, which also contains his Hammond organ and his phonograph. As inspirational aids, he has a mask of Lenin on one wall and a mask of Beethoven on another. On top of his bookcase, which runs the whole length of the room, there are a number of bright and pensive photographs of Luise Rainer. Miss Rainer, who has spent two eight-week vacations from Hollywood at his penthouse, does not like the place. She thinks it's too small and says that the furniture is too masculine. But Odets intends to keep the apartment until his wife comes to live in New York permanently, in 1942, when her contract with M-G-M runs out. He's going to write a play for her so that she'll have something to do after she leaves Hollywood. The Odetses are surcharged with temperament, and their home life is rarely placid. Their outbursts, however, are brief, and as artists they both regard their domestic turmoil as a healthy outlet. One of the traits they have in common is a love of ordinary people. They would both like to stand on the Library steps at Forty-first and Fifth Avenue and watch them go by. When they tried it, though, everybody stared at them, and they returned to their penthouse feeling sad and upset. In her sad moments as well as her glad moments, Mrs. Odets likes to sit on a window ledge and look up at the sky. Odets whistles, hums, or sings when he is happy, broods in fierce silence when he is mixed up emotionally.

He is never without his notebook. When he is working on a play, he jots down ideas whenever they come to him, no matter where he happens to be. When he overhears people talking, he makes a note of the striking characteristics of their speech. Later on, his secretary types out the notes and files them away. Odets also clips everything in the papers that might be of dramatic interest and cuts out any pictures that might be of help to him in visualizing his characters. He has sufficient material on hand, he says, to keep him busy for the next ten years. He'd like to sit at his desk until he completes all the plays he has in mind. Unfortunately, the $65,000 he made in Hollywood last year was cut into pretty deeply by the California state income tax, the federal tax, and his agent's commission. That's why he's going back to work in Hollywood again. He worries a lot about money. "When you get a little," he says, "there are all kinds of people out to gyp you." He has a hard time finding a restaurant in the Village where he can get a good meal at a reasonable price. He eats only one meal a day because he finds that a faint hunger stimulates his mind.

In whatever he does, Odets is anxious to convey to the masses a message of hope for the future. To reach the broadest possible audience, he would prefer to write for the movies. The trouble is that the studios censor his scripts so severely that it is only on the stage that he can relate his message without distortion. For that reason he hopes that the Federal Theatre will give his next play simultaneous productions throughout the country. The new play, which he intends to have ready for production any day now, will be called "The Silent Partner" and will reveal some further evils of the capitalist system. "It will," says Odets, "be the best labor play ever produced in this country or in any other country."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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## SNOW EFFECT

Men on whom the diamond snow
Has never fallen, cannot know
How the settling crystal flake
Thrusts a death-enduring ache
Underneath the heart and root
Of all septentrional fruit.

Snow, penetrating the pear and spruce,
Primes their wood with patient juice,
Tests the fire, attacks the stone,
Tempers stuff of love and bone,
And gives our stars, eyes, voice, and fur
Their hard and boreal character.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON




## ON GUARD!

ONE of the advantages of writing theatre reviews for a weekly magazine instead of a daily newspaper is that the reviewer can temper the wind to the shorn lamb, especially if the shorn lamb has shown signs of fight. Mr. Jack Kirkland, who made the stage adaptation of "Tortilla Flat," has shown fight to the extent of socking a reviewer who panned the show (just how he decided which reviewer to sock first is not clear), and I am taking no chances. All I dare say is that "Tortilla Flat" was definitely *not* good.

Mr. Kirkland, in a bedside interview the next day, said that what particularly enraged him in the review in question was the criticism of his actors. He didn't care what people said about him or his play, but his actors must be let alone. This was very loyal of Mr. Kirkland, but the fact remains that "Tortilla Flat" will go down as one of the worst cases of miscasting since I played a red-headed manicurist in the Hasty Pudding show of 1912.

John Steinbeck's mellow story was not destined to become a play, and it didn't. Mr. Kirkland was probably led into dramatizing it because it offered a chance to have real dirt that people could scuff through on the stage. He made money on the real dirt in "Tobacco Road" (now in its fifth year) and here was another chance to show poor people in squalor, with enough popular elements injected to give it a tang. The only trouble was that not enough popular elements were injected.

This department is notoriously soft-hearted about actors, but in this instance we must admit that Mr. Kirkland might have had the best play script in the world and it couldn't have come across the footlights with any degree of effectiveness under the ministrations of the cast which he assembled. It was not that they were bad actors necessarily, but that they suggested Mexicans about as much as a chorus of Welsh miners. It must have taken a long time to gather together so many un-Mexican people and it was a rather plucky thing to attempt. Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore gave a certain illusion of having been out in the sun, and a great deal of allure, but the rest labored under the handicap not only of having to act but of having to stay in the theatre from 8:40 until 11. If it is pointed out to you that I, personally, left the theatre long before 11, it was because I felt acutely embarrassed for them.

I understand that Mr. Kirkland is leaving for Florida today, which explains my bravado.

"STOP-OVER," on the other hand, is a play which owes a lot to its actors. Matt and Sam Taylor have written a




*"And to think that one word*
*spoken by the right person in the first act could have avoided all this."*




**SUMPTUOUS SOUP—LAVISH WITH MELTING-TENDER MUSHROOMS RICH WITH EXTRA-HEAVY CREAM**

THERE'S a grand and glorious feeling that goes with eating Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. The fragrance of young mushrooms drifts up to tease you. And the first spoonful delights you, it's so smooth with rich cream, so brimfull of exquisite mushroom flavor. And for good measure there are tender mushroom slices, a sumptuous plenty of them for each cup or plate.

Lavish is the word for Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. Lavishly Campbell's chefs have blended it, of specially cultivated mushrooms and fresh sweet cream, cream so thick it will hardly pour. And such a triumph of blending and cooking it is, that this soup might well be a *"spécialité"* of some renowned Parisian restaurant.

That is why folks trying it say "this is a soup for parties". It is. But soon they get to enjoying it all sorts of times, with guests or without. You'll find you'll often hanker for it, too—party or no!

Look for the Red-and-White Label

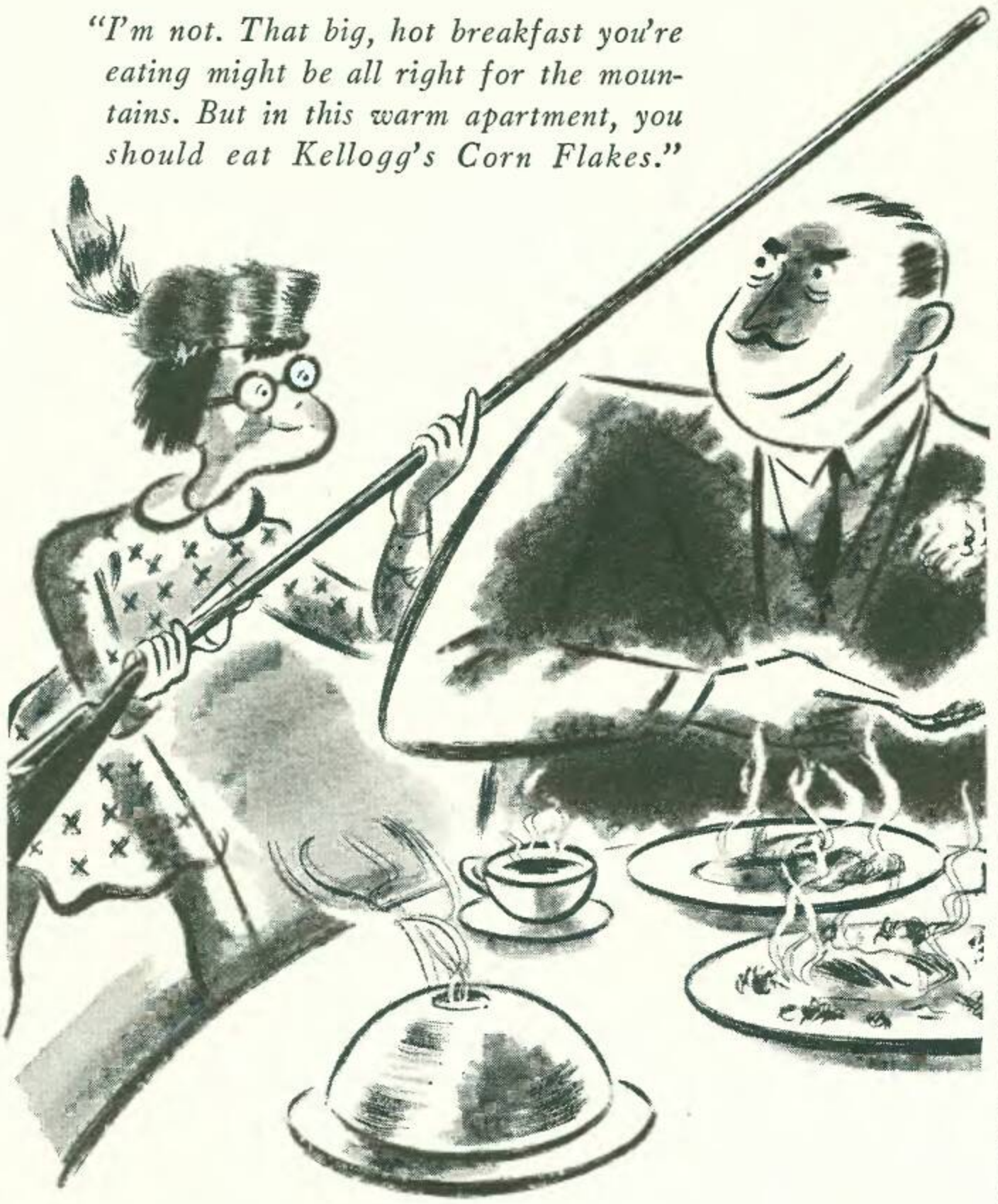
Campbell's

**CREAM OF MUSHROOM**

*"Goin' b'ar-huntin' this mawnin', Pappy?"*

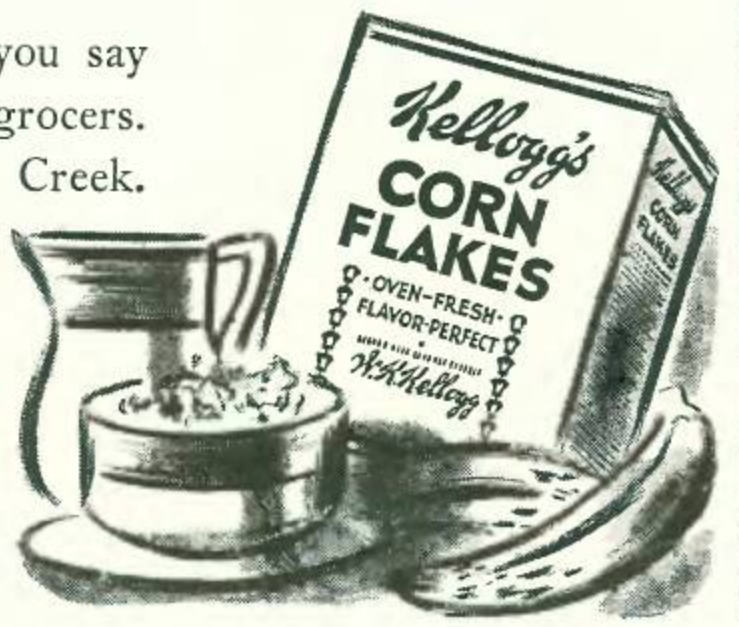
*"Don't be ridiculous, Genevieve!"*

*"I'm not. That big, hot breakfast you're eating might be all right for the mountains. But in this warm apartment, you should eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes."*



OF COURSE, Genevieve *is* irrepressible. But she's well-informed too. Hot, heavy breakfasts every day are a vestige of the red-flannel era. For tempting variety, moderns like a bowl of crisp, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. Always oven-fresh and ready to serve. In this age of heated houses and comfortable transportation, they supply as much energy as many hot foods, and never give you that overstuffed feeling.

Say "Kellogg's" before you say "Corn Flakes." Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.




show which contains practically everything in the category of comedy-melodrama deriving from "Seven Keys to Baldpate." A stage full of assorted citizens, held prisoners by a man with a gun in what was supposed to be a lonely house, has seldom failed as a means of light entertainment, and I don't think that "Stop-Over" fails. Just how anybody ever happened to think up several of the items in the story, including its philosophical meanderings, will be a mystery as long as anyone cares to ponder it, but on the whole the evening passes agreeably and the Messrs. Taylor have devised some humorous lines, not to mention "son of a bitch" and "bastard," which give the effect of smartness.

It is to the cast, however, that "Stop-Over" owes its chief success. Any cast with Arthur Byron in it is naturally the making of a show, and Sidney Blackmer has come back from Hollywood to give a really humorous performance as the man who tries to be alone in a melodrama. Muriel Kirkland, too, lends comedy to a rôle which could not have had it before she took it over.

There is no sense in pretending that "Stop-Over" is any great shakes, but it has its points. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

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## PIGEON ENGLISH

The plump, the pompous-bosomed bird
Perches upon the steepled roof.
He wears a look of mild reproof
And speaks in accents soft and blurred.
One pessimistic theme is his:
"And the difficulty is . . . and the difficulty is . . ."

His neighbor sits and cocks an eye
Upon the busy street below.
He sees the people come and go,
He feels Time's feathered wing brush by,
Nods his head sagely, and says he,
"Indubitably . . . indubitably . . ."

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

•

Mrs. Ernest R. Graham and her sister, Miss Anna Fitzu wore handsome chinchilla coats. Mrs. Graham's gown was white and Miss Fitzu's was a stunning one of pale salmon pink with a fringed scarf and gloves of a deeper pink. In her hair and at her breast were lavender orchids, the gift no doubt of a favorite friend, for they hardly were the color she would have chosen to complement her costume.—*Chicago Tribune.*

After all, there's nothing more precious than friendship.

# First Pre-view of Summer *Fashions*



*Notice that the new dresses have* **Talon** *placket fasteners . . . they're essential to today's tightly moulded silhouette*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Quilting is used to outline the V neck, and run in double bands down the front of a classically simple resort dress. Contrasting chiffon scarf and belt. *Talon* slide fastener concealed in the side placket.

Fashion hails the return of the shirtwaist type of dress. Here exemplified in a crepe dress with tucked bosom and pockets, grosgrain bow and belt. *Talon* slide fastener keeps the side placket trim.




*Burdine's "Sunshine Fashions"... forecast of what you'll wear this coming season . . . feature the seam-smooth TALON fastener in all dress plackets.*

THIS YEAR, the close-fitting silhouette is all-important. That's why Burdine's, of Miami and Miami Beach, Florida, is featuring the Talon slide fastener in their "Sunshine Fashions" . . . it keeps plackets as smooth and trim as a seam . . . allows not the tiniest gap or ripple to appear! Be sure to ask for the Talon slide fastener in all your dresses. Enjoy the convenience of its extra ease and speed. And remember . . . the smooth-sliding Talon fastener always works perfectly . . . even after washing, pressing and dry-cleaning!

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.



*Talon* fastener, properly applied, is entirely invisible when closed.

*The dresses on this page are creations registered with the Fashion Originators Guild. Available in sizes 12 to 20.*

**TALON SLIDE FASTENER FOR DRESS PLACKETS**

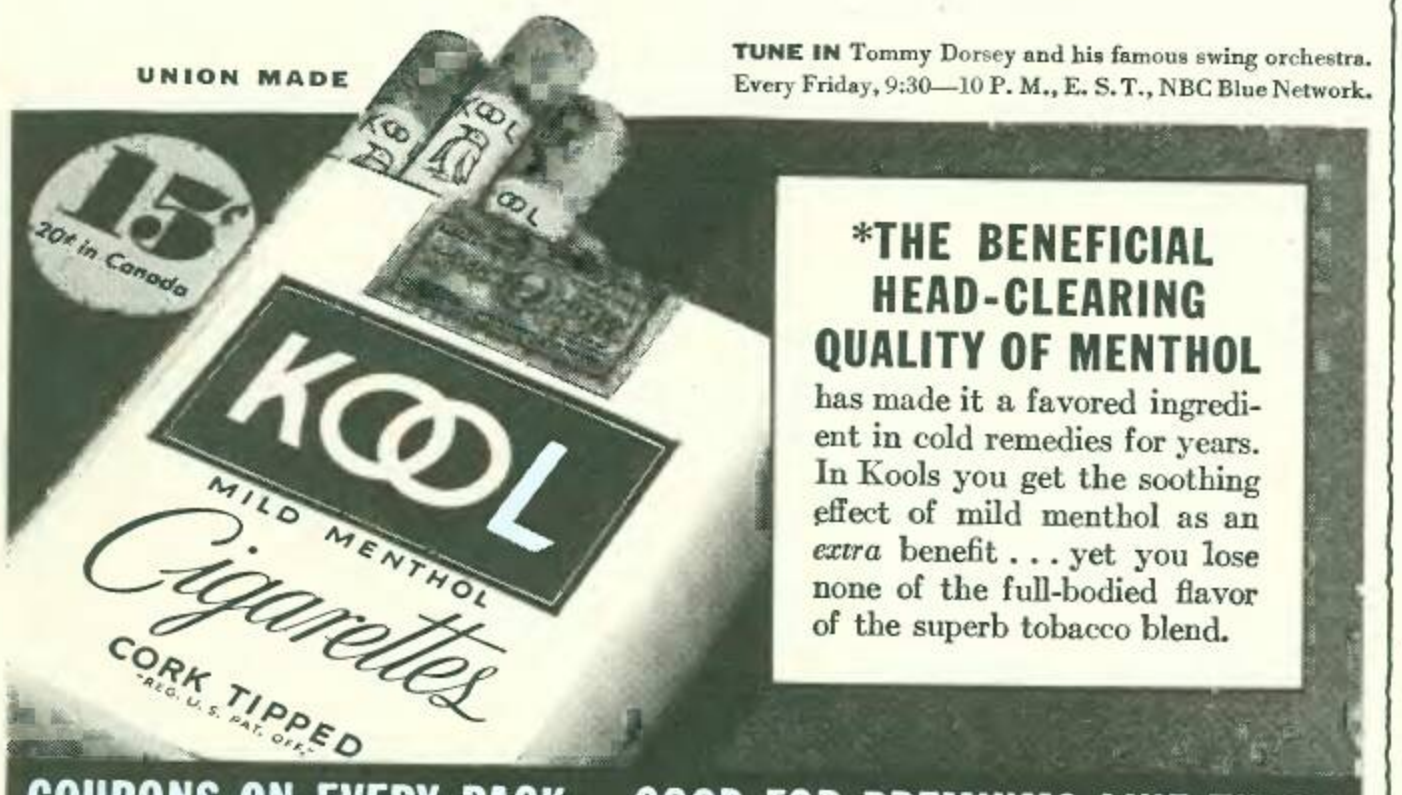
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.




ALL the signs seem to point to a tough winter: cold, ice, chills and sniffles. Why not play safe and smoke KOOLS, a fine Turkish-Domestic blend with just enough menthol added to soothe your throat and refresh your mouth . . . yet *not* enough to hurt the hearty rich flavor of the tobacco. Also remember . . . valuable coupons come with KOOLS, good in the United States for attractive, practical premiums.

UNION MADE

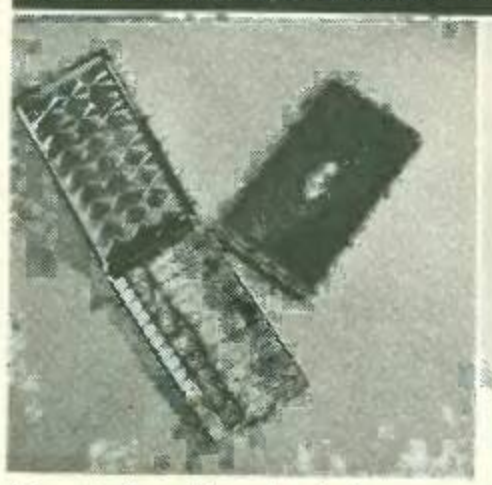
**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his famous swing orchestra. Every Friday, 9:30—10 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Blue Network.




***THE BENEFICIAL HEAD-CLEARING QUALITY OF MENTHOL**

has made it a favored ingredient in cold remedies for years. In Kools you get the soothing effect of mild menthol as an *extra* benefit . . . yet you lose none of the full-bodied flavor of the superb tobacco blend.

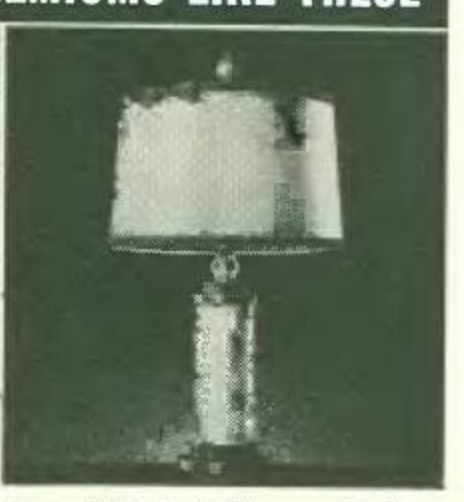
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Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver nickel; choice of five colors. 100 coupons.




**FREE.** Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Lamp, 20" high. White porcelain base, linen parchment shade . . . 400 coupons

**RALEIGH AND VICEROY CIGARETTES ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS**

# OF ALL THINGS

STANLEY REED is generally regarded in Washington as a moderate liberal. As a Justice of the Supreme Court, he would be able to take his Constitution or let it alone.

•

There seems to be almost no opposition on the part of the press to the staggering new appropriation for the Army and Navy. Apparently that chatter about budget-balancing was just one of the Follies of 1937.

•

George E. Sokolsky, the newspaper writer, declared at a luncheon here that the Republican Party must be uncompromisingly conservative. Only thus can the G.O.P. hope to carry Maine, Vermont, and Sokolsky.

•

It is ironical that one of the last acts of Governor Hoffman was to distribute the prize money for the conviction of Hauptmann. His handling of that case will go down in New Jersey history as what made him go down in public esteem.

•

Here is something for Mayor Hague to worry about: The Red scientists, who were planted on the North Pole ice last May, have drifted a thousand miles toward Jersey City.

•

That Mae West affair calls attention to a situation of extreme gravity. The radio, which once dealt with matters of human interest, now confines itself largely to the doings of Hollywood.

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If Mr. Roosevelt thinks he has Congress trouble, he ought to consider the President of France. "Papa" Lebrun has had twelve cabinets shot out from under him since he took the job.

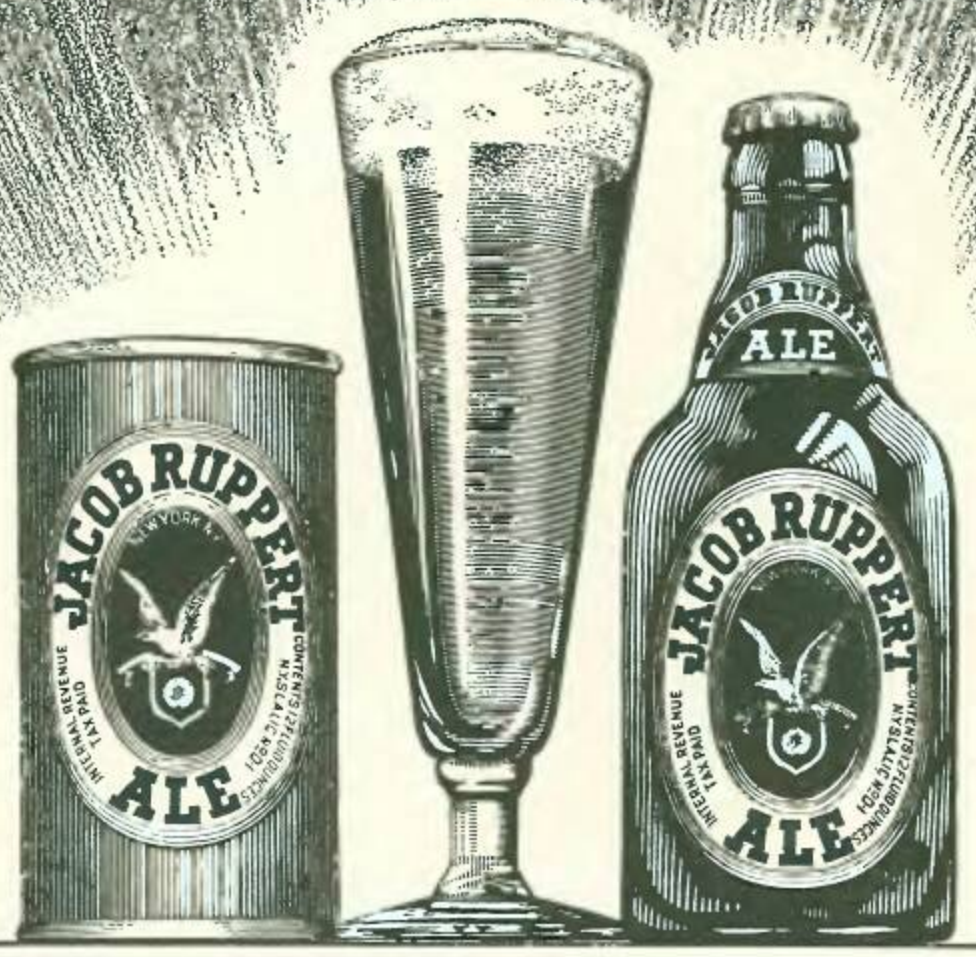
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There has been a meeting of the Japanese Imperial Council, indicating a grave crisis. Probably Tokio heard that American college girls were burning their silk stockings.

•

Mark Sullivan fears that the G.O.P. must look to the conservative Democrats for Presidential timber. In this dark hour, the situation calls for a man whose past is untainted with Republicanism. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

# An Instant Success . . . and No Wonder!




Jacob Ruppert Ale introduces a delightful new blend of malty body, robust hoppy tang and friendly mellowness ...It brings you all the traditional goodness of ale, with the crowning touch of special flavor . . . It is produced in a *separate* Ruppert brewery to safeguard its distinctive quality and taste...You are sure of extra enjoyment when you call for

# ALE

**Worthy of the Name**

# JACOB RUPPERT

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COMPLETE SERVICE AT
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## ON TO THE PERSIAN ROOM

THE lady from abroad had planned the evening, and there had been hell in her heart as she started the ball rolling. "I could die here," she said aloud, though she was alone. She could sit here and die for all her friends would care, or the management either, as long as the matter could be hushed up and they could find another poor soul for the room and bath, with windows on the Avenue, another poor soul to pay a dollar and a half to have a nightgown washed. And the maid, she was sure, thought her a spy, and read Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco between the lines of her letter to Elsie, which she'd left lying about unmailed. "Dear Elsie," it read, "I can't spend Easter with you, as I shall sail by the end of February at the latest. My stay is brief, but how beautiful to be back. . . . Love, Fanny." That, of course, would seem just a code to the maid. Doubtless Washington already had an eye on Elsie, and the Secret Service by now had poked in her dahlia beds. Better a spy, though, than a forgotten woman in a hotel room beyond her means. That maid, with her scared look and her sneaking about, reading letters on the sly, was nevertheless a comfort, and the wicked thoughts in her ugly noddle added zip to the deplorable routine of the days. With a spy's poise, one could cross the lobby, go past the desk, through the swinging door, out into the night, and sense the whispering conjecture behind the desk: "On her trunk is the label of every resort in Europe, and the address she gave is just over the mountains from Spain." To go out into the night, however, one must go somewhere, not just around the block, and since there were no plots, no conferences and secret meetings, one must make a stab at pleasure, and pleasure not with confederates but with friends.

The lives people led these days were a revelation. One's friends were so washed-out and so cautious, so canny about the odd penny, so eager to stay home in their slippers. Or a convulsion would seize them for no reason at all, and in herds they would crowd bars and night places that had no reason in them either, and after such excursions they would seem glad to be ill for days and days. It wasn't that they were old, she thought, as she telephoned one friend after another whom she was lining up for her evening, for the Lord knows she had seen some of them come to town as fresh young things long af-

# IT HAS A RICH BOUQUET

An aroma that wells up from its velvety blackness with all the exciting intensity of a Puerto Rican night. It is Café Rico's heritage of cool dew, tropic sun, mountain soil, and the trade winds of the Caribbean Sea.



# ITS FLAVOR IS EXOTIC, PIQUANT, GLOWING!

At first sip, taste sensations, new to you in coffee, linger against your palate like those of vintage wines or brandy decades old. Café Rico is truly a *liqueur* coffee. A subtle blend of bold and delicate flavors.

# IT ISN'T AT ALL LIKE OTHER COFFEES

Consider Café Rico only in the light of an after-dinner coffee..to be served always black ..always in the formal demi-tasse. A coffee for occasions, never an occasional coffee.




**Café Rico**

**The after dinner Coffee of Royalty**

*Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico. The Paton Corp., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City, sole U. S. distributor.*

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GREATER

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**Fulfilling our destiny as "America's Largest Source of Fine Modern Home Furnishings", we present to you the greater Modernage...infinitely enlarged in display rooms, broadened in decorator-service, enhanced in every phase of Modern! New furniture and rug designs, brilliantly executed new model interiors, new inspirational ideas for gracious living (mindful of moderate budgets)...await your inspection. Ever a leader in the modern movement, we believe our present showing is a prophesy of future design in home furnishings!**

*MME. MAJESKA*
*Consultant Decorator*

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.

**Open Mon., Wed. till 8, Sat. 6**

ter she herself had first been established here; and now it was she who had to drive them together for a brief interlude of civilized enjoyment. It had been sensible, more sensible than she had realized at the time, to pull up her roots here and retain her integrity, her morale, and her civilization in the Old World. The series of telephone calls she had to make before she could arouse the group she had picked for the occasion inspirited her as nothing else had since her return. The miserable wheezings she heard over the line made her laugh like a girl, and the problems her enterprise met with at every turn were ludicrous beyond anything she had yet found.

Not one of the poor things had any idea where to go. It was up to her, who had lived years abroad, to tell them what to see in their own city. Of course she was ready with the name of just the right place. During those long evenings in the Basque country she had made lists of things she must see and do when she was back again in her own land. "I want to see that boy dance," she would say over the telephone, again and again, "and I am shocked that you haven't already been to see him a hundred times. Why, the talk of him in Paris . . ."

The expense of the party she had to deal with, and that she was quick about. Each, of course, would pay his own way. "I know the men have no money any more, but it won't be much." Oh, those pennies! Yet she had seen her dear friends, during those convulsions of theirs, splash cash across bars. It had been barbaric. This particular evening, at least, would be civilized, and she felt as if it were really her mission to dispense light and culture. Pitiful friends, they needed her, and she realized she was generous to bother with them. "After all," she reflected as she put on her handsomest dress for the evening, "I could have managed without them. I could have gone alone to see the boy dance. I could sit with dignity at a small table, rather to the side,




...and America's

GREATEST

February Sale!

MODERN

furniture and floor coverings

DISCOUNTS 10-40%



**A new and exciting kind of sale! Everything in our vast display of Modern Home Furnishings . . including the bedroom, living room and dining room furniture featured in the new "House of the Modern Age". . is offered you at attractive discounts! Buy the most advanced designs . . NOW . . in our greatest Sale!**

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# REALSILK "STEADIES"



for the 8 hour hosiery day

COSTUMES BY BERGDORF GOODMAN. PHOTO BY TONI FRISSELL



## *LARGEST SELLING DAYTIME HOSIERY IN AMERICA*

There is one particular style of Realsilk stockings which has taken women by storm.

We call them "Steadies" (Style 94). They are not the sheerest hose we make but considering their filmy looks they are the staunchest stockings made. Actually they have more glamor than any such "regular fellow" has a right to.

They are *fresh* silk stockings. They come in Personal Fit—selected by your ankle, calf and top measurements—your length and footsize.

We have made 5,000,000 pairs of Steadies so far—and have put into them every discovery we've made in beauty and wear—Grenine twist, ringless knitting, triple fast dyes, point of wear reinforcements.

The Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory tried them out against all other comparable national brands and found their wear is 86.6% longer than the average.

They're smart enough to step out in for lunch or downtown shopping, for day-long office wear and the after-office date. They take the brunt of your hosiery wear—with style.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.



**HE CALLS ON YOU**
The Realsilk Representative who calls on you will be sure to tell you about "Steadies" because they're the staunchest stocking friend a woman can have. They are for the eight-hour day on a moderate budget with a high style demand.

**The Wardrobe System** of buying hosiery plots out just how many pairs of "Steadies" you need and in what colors. The Realsilk Representative can explain. He'll help you select hosiery for the eight-hour day, for the glamorous evening and for an entire season—in colors that go best with your own wardrobe and your own skin tones. It's the Realsilk way to greater style for less money.

REAL SILK

*Shop-at-Home Service*




with my lemon juice in front of me, and be a woman of mystery."

AN hour later, though, as they sat at the dinner which one of the bachelors had braced himself to give in his flat, she decided that her friends actually did her credit. In their best clothes, they really looked like people of character, and the notion prompted her to a bright laugh, crystalline indeed. Yet she was quick to see that she must not relax, that it was not the moment even then to let things take their course. They finished dinner and it was only half past nine, and the dancer didn't dance until half past twelve. There were three hours before them. For an instant real panic seemed in the offing. Eyes went blank, there was a slump in faces, something frantic lurched into voices, and it was up to her again to salvage their frozen spirits.

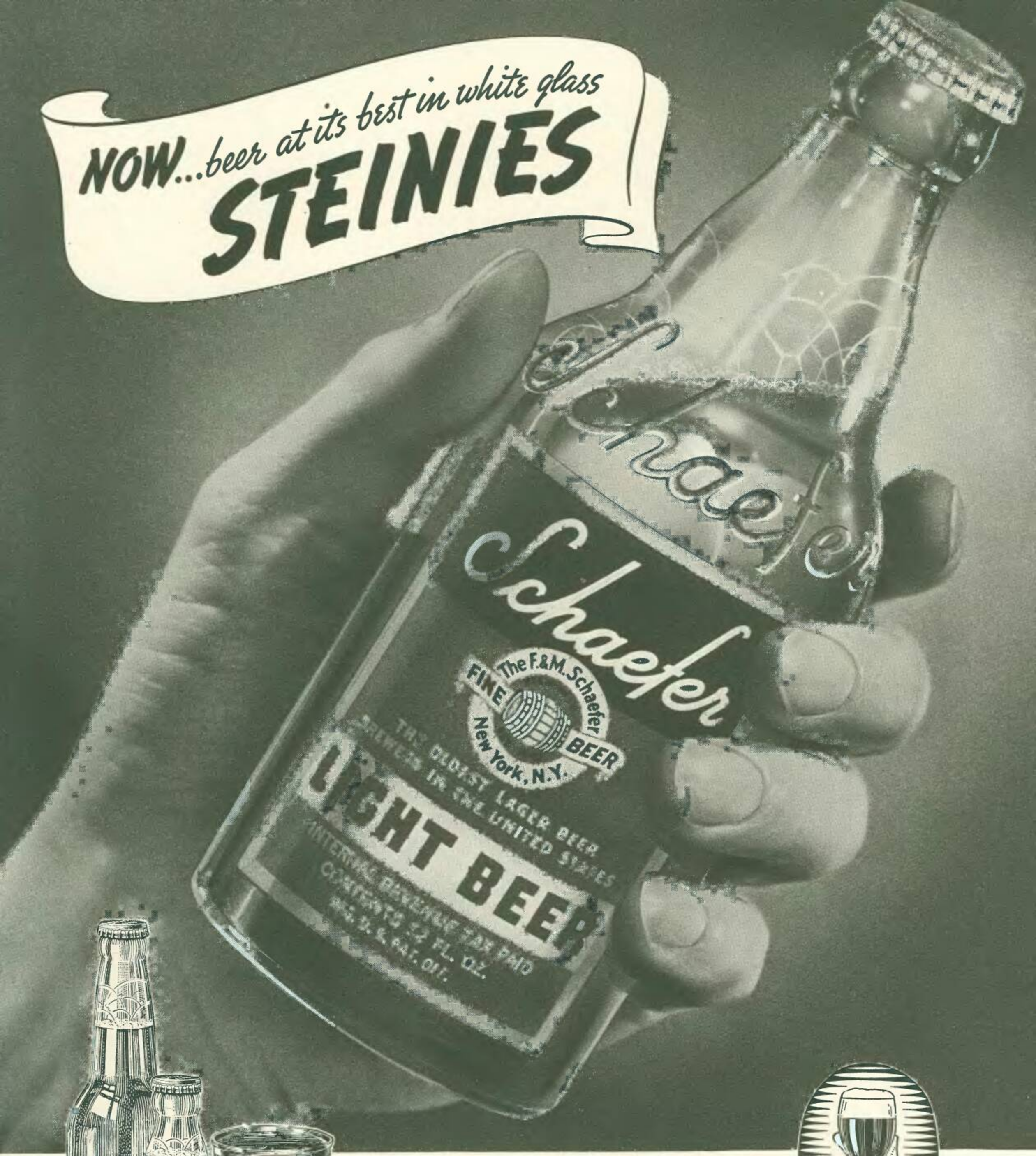
She it was who knew of a place, a "*boîte*," where a girl was singing, a black girl, and she was quick enough, when the Southern lady of the party started to speak her mind, to steer her off instead into some vague, innocuous childhood memories of the mammy who used to chant spirituals in her bedroom. The "*boîte*" was the solution, and the entrance of the party was impressive as it was guided to the front through numerous tables of young people, all making love. The young people were a problem, and had to be hushed and rebuked over and over again with stern and authoritative glances as the black girl sang "Annie Laurie" and "Loch Lomond." Hoodlums they were, with their twitters and squeals; and by the time those immediately around had been subdued and were casting the furtive looks of persons whose evening has been spoiled, it was the moment for the parade out and on to the purpose of the night.

To be sure, in the transit the party lost one of the men. The slippery article vanished somehow, somewhere, and that meant, of course, that when their group arrived at its destination there was one woman too many, and not one of the other women had any intention of retiring. The whole situation was an agony. She could herself withdraw, but it was her evening, her own scheme, and she saw herself all at once as a sad victim, a martyred guest of honor.

Her smile was gracious but tinged with sadness, and she would order nothing but her lemon juice. When the dancer came on and danced, she was happy and leaned across the napery to see each turn and swing he made, but

NOW...beer at its best in white glass

# STEINIES







Schaefer




**TUNE IN...WEAF 7:30 P.M.**
*every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue featuring Leo Reisman and Company.*

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING COMPANY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK . . . MEMBER BREWERS' BOARD OF TRADE, INC.




A pinkish mauve that's delicately different. Men will like it! Chic with grays, blues, black . . . One of 5 orchidaceous new shades in the sensational new Peggy Sage Polish that will wear for 10 days without a mar! At her newly redecorated Salon (Elsie de Wolfe did it), Miss Sage herself will show you the new tricks of application. She's just back from her London and Paris salons! Pedicure, $2; Manicure, $1.

PEGGY SAGE SALON 50 EAST 57TH STREET NEW YORK CITY




when others danced she shook her head. Indeed, only when the band played a waltz did any member of the party rise and move about the floor. The affair now was even pleasurable for the mature and the expert, and for a moment she tasted the reward of her persistence. It touched her that these dear friends of hers might, thanks to her, step out of their dismal daily program for once at least. Had it not been for her zeal, they would at this instant, she had no doubt, have been either forlorn or silly. This was a correct evening of pleasure, and the people about them were correct and beautiful. Beautiful. No hoodlums here! Her eyes strayed to the youth around them, who did not need to be hushed and who couldn't be abashed. The young people here were not looking at them, with their gray hairs. Yes, everybody in their party had gray hair. Odd that she hadn't noticed it before, or at least thought anything about it. All these women with gray hair, and one man missing, one woman too many. They must look like trippers on a holiday from the suburbs, clubwomen on a spree, a branch of the Parent-Teacher organization out for a night of social investigation. She felt her heart curl right up inside of her. She saw herself anew—she taught the third grade and had saved up all year for this outing, and she was having the time of her life.

"Isn't it," she said, looking about the table, "getting just a bit late?"

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Charles Scribner's Sons have received a card from Neill James, author of "Petticoat Vagabond," from Inari, Lapland, 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle. She traveled to Inari in a pulkka (a boatlike sled, in case you don't know), driving her own reindeer, and is living in a one-room shack with fifteen Lapps and three dogs. She has not seen the sun for more than two months. The presumption is that she is going to write a travel book.—*The Times Book Section.*

Presumption? We'd bet a month's salary on it.

•

**BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.**

[*From the Junior League Magazine*]

Entranced, I walked from room to room, feeling as if I had stepped into fairyland. Later I was to learn that Mr. Bedaux had become an American citizen. Coming to this country as a penniless boy, he had worked in a factory and invented the Bedaux clock, which measures the amount of work a man can do in a given time. One could tell by his kind and yet strong face that he was a self-made man, a man of great understanding, with a love of beauty.

*Invitation to a brilliant opening on Monday, January 24th:*

# MACY'S

## "LIVING LIBRARY"

*of*

## CORRECT INTERIORS

★

**A FIRST EDITION**

*illustrated with great imagination by*

## ELEVEN DISTINGUISHED NEW ROOMS




Monday, January 24, Macy's Midwinter Furniture Show will open with more than usual interest. Its chief spectacle will be an ingenious "Living Library" of Correct Interiors, in which you actually walk *through* giant volumes on furniture design, *into* eleven actual rooms executed in lively and livable taste.

50 MORE DECORATED ROOMS

beckon to you on the same floor, to stimulate the antennae of your tastes: Forward House 1938 with some 13 rooms including a penthouse unfolding a new *kind* of modern . . . a slender, elegant modern in unusual woods like teak, rosewood, bleached maple. A *new* modern created by our own designer who returned from Europe some months ago with new ideas *singing* in his head . . . You will see 10 rooms in Guilford House with 61 reproductions of documentary maple . . . and American Ancestor House with its urbane and distinguished mahogany . . . and sofas and chairs in a Victorian mood. And more and more . . . fresh, inspiring . . . *Macy's 9th Floor.*

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT



IT is a flustered tone that you encounter in the shops at this time of year. Customers wander speculatively among the racks of sales clothes. Among the personnel, nothing much in the way of creative activity happens, but everybody bustles, aimlessly pulling out a new sweater here, a string of shell beads there, or a new head ornament that tops all previous efforts to be silly.

At Lord & Taylor, they are willing to admit that there are a few people who don't go on cruises in the winter, but they are ready to equip the ninety-eight per cent of the population who supposedly do. With white dresses, they love a fitted blazer jacket of knit with short sleeves and a cap with a tiny visor. From their own design studio come bicycling dresses of heavy linen with shorts to match, the dresses little more than knee-length fitted princesse, and zipped from the neckline downward. These can be had in plain colors or, surprisingly enough, with the front and back in contrasting hues. Then there is a dark-blue linen with white letters embroidered topsy-turvy all over it. This makes a circular skirt and a reversible bolero (plain white linen inside or out, as the case may be) and you can wear either a plain white tailored shirt or a blue one with it. For the beach, Sandeze (unbleached muslin going grand on its old friends, just because it has been to California) makes brown slacks with braided suspenders, a yellow blouse, and a zipped green box jacket. And, like everybody else, Lord & Taylor go for those infinitesimal puckered bathing suits that look as if they had been made for a one-year-old child and stretched to fit normal adults. These have been much improved in design this year; they really Do Things for the figure. In striped cottons, they are $5.95; in plain satin, $7.95.

The Young New Yorker Shop at Lord & Taylor has a great deal of monkey fun designing dizzy fashions for youthful people (who love them, incidentally). Like a green linen skirt with flowered suspenders over a white shirt ($14.95 in various colors), or an enchanting blue linen evening dress, fitted tight through the body and wide at the hem, with vast red chintz roses applied here and there ($22.95, and too lovely).

HODGEPODGE: Among the new tricks at the Macy Accessory Shop are some belts, for either summer or winter clothes, at $1.83 which consist of strands and strands of bright-colored yarn held together at the front by, say, Italian hand-blocked paper cylinders or metallic paper beads, with knots in between them, just like the things you used to make in kindergarten. There are also strings of small copper-colored bells which you can run around your waist or use as necklaces or hatbands. All right, I just told you to relieve the general tedium. . . . Practical folk may already know about B. Nelson, of 10 East 39th Street. He is the man who can make your old shoes absolutely like new. What with dyeing, whole-soleing, or making them longer, he'll do anything to rejuvenate a beloved pair of shoes that anyone can. Moreover, a retail customer is as welcome as an order from a large shop, and is received with the same pleasure.

For many years the products of Scandia Jourde were especially loved by smart and charming women. Then they disappeared from New York for a while, to be mourned more sincerely than is usually the lot of cosmetics in this changeable age. They are now available again, at Jay-Thorpe and Saks-Fifth Avenue. The Crème Rose, which smells of strawberries and is as lovely an all-round face cream as you can find, is the most noted product;




*"Now stop frowning,*
*Mrs. Yates, or I'll have to take that magazine away from you."*

# Old Pinch-Penny Celebrates a Wedding



**1. You could have knocked me over** with a broom straw when Pinch-Penny Baker and his wife blew into the swank Ritz-Copley to celebrate their 50th anniversary. Why, the old miser is so tight-fisted he hoards his old shoe laces.



**2. But that's only the beginning.** He ordered the best dinner on the menu without batting an eye. Was even chummy with the cute blond waitress, too . . . until she made the mistake of serving him coffee.



**3. Right then,** old man Baker blew up like a volcano with acute indigestion. "Take that coffee away!" he sputtered. "Just because I love coffee, do you have to tempt me into losing a night's sleep?"



**4. He didn't frighten her.** "This is Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free. Can't keep you awake. I think you'll find it's the best coffee you ever tasted." So what do you know! He drank it! And here's the pay-off!



**5. Next morning** the old Midas was so tickled that he bought the waitress—what do you think—a bowl of goldfish! Said Sanka was the world's most delicious coffee... and he hadn't slept better since he was a boy.

SANKA COFFEE is *real* coffee...rich, friendly, and *dee-licious!*

And—97% of its caffein is removed. So, even if you're one of those affected by caffein, Sanka Coffee can't interfere with your sleep nor upset your nerves.

Make Sanka Coffee strong—the way all good coffee should be made. Use a heaping tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for every cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few *extra* minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a General Foods Product.




## SANKA COFFEE

*REAL COFFEE, 97% CAFFEIN-FREE, DRINK IT AND SLEEP*

**"WE, THE PEOPLE" SPEAK**

What's the best way to throw a rolling pin at your husband? Mrs. Frank Christian answered this droll question when she appeared recently as one of the cast on radio's most novel program—"We, The People."

Every week, "We, The People" brings you real people—*not* actors—telling their own thrilling, hilarious, and pathetic experiences. Nothing else like it on the air.

**LISTEN IN!** "We, The People" comes to you each Thursday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System. See your paper for time and station.




*Every woman can achieve*

*the* **Elizabeth Arden** *look*

*with daily care*

The phenomenal allegiance of women all over the world to Elizabeth Arden's preparations is based on the fact that they accomplish exactly what Miss Arden says they will. She has taught women, everywhere, the fundamental principle of all beauty... the skin must be Cleansed, Toned and Soothed daily, morning and night, to retain its softness and freshness. First, cleanse thoroughly with feathery light Ardena Cleansing Cream . . . to stimulate the circulation, tone with Ardena Skin Tonic, and Special Astringent . . . finally, to keep the skin soft, soothe with delicate Velva Cream, or Orange Skin Cream.

Do you live in perpetual dread of middle-age wrinkles, flabby contours, lines around the eyes, furrows on your forehead? Whether lines have just begun to develop or are deeply in evidence, the importance of using Elizabeth Arden's Joie de Vivre Gland Cream, cannot be over-emphasized. This extraordinary preparation has revitalizing qualities which are absorbed by the skin and should be used nightly, and left on overnight to achieve the greatest benefit. Joie de Vivre Gland Cream is Miss Arden's most important contribution to beauty . . . after a few weeks' nightly use, all fears of future, disfiguring wrinkles will be banished.

*Ardena Cleansing Cream $1.00 to $6.00 • Ardena Skin Tonic 85c to $15.00*
*Special Astringent $2.25 to $10.00 • Velva Cream $1.00 to $6.00*
*Orange Skin Cream $1.00 to $8.00 • La Joie de Vivre Gland Cream $7.50 and $15.00*

**On Sale at all Smart Shops and at Elizabeth Arden Salons in**

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • WASHINGTON • LOS ANGELES
PALM BEACH • MIAMI BEACH • PALM SPRINGS

the Champagne Scandia, to tone up and freshen your skin, is a close second. And there are passionate admirers of Crème pour le Bain, which you apply on the rough spots of your skin *before* the bath, and which leaves it smooth and sweetly scented. It's nice to see them again. . . . For years, Louis Philippe has been famous for his Angelus lipstick, to which the most fickle women remain loyal. (I don't count occasional straying if it is due only to curiosity.) His face powder, however, is new—and swell. The first time you apply it, you know that it is your friend, because face powders have definite personalities. It goes on smoothly, but has a body that makes it cling unusually long, and it costs but a dollar for a liberal box. . . . Martin from Vienna, my idea of an exceptional hairdresser (and his Ruby is a girl who has a special knack with complexions and makeup besides), is now located in sunny quarters on the sixth floor of 6 East 53rd Street. Among other things, you can get the new manicure there—they apply two coats of wax to the nail, then their liquid polish. It stays on and on and on, without chipping. After I had it done, my typewriter keys for the first time didn't have the last laugh at the manicurist. . . . Lanvin's Spanish Geranium Eau de Cologne (at Jay-Thorpe) is not a new scent, but my "discovery" of it was a delight, and there is a chance that it might be unknown to you, too. It is geranium all right, and has the freshness and challenge of the flower without being too pungent. There are times when only débutante lingo conveys an idea. It's di*vine*. —L. L.

•

The ads of the amusing "First Lady" flicker, which is at the Strand, contain the White House dome. This must be confusing to readers, who know the dome is the trademark of the Capitol Theatre.
—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror.*

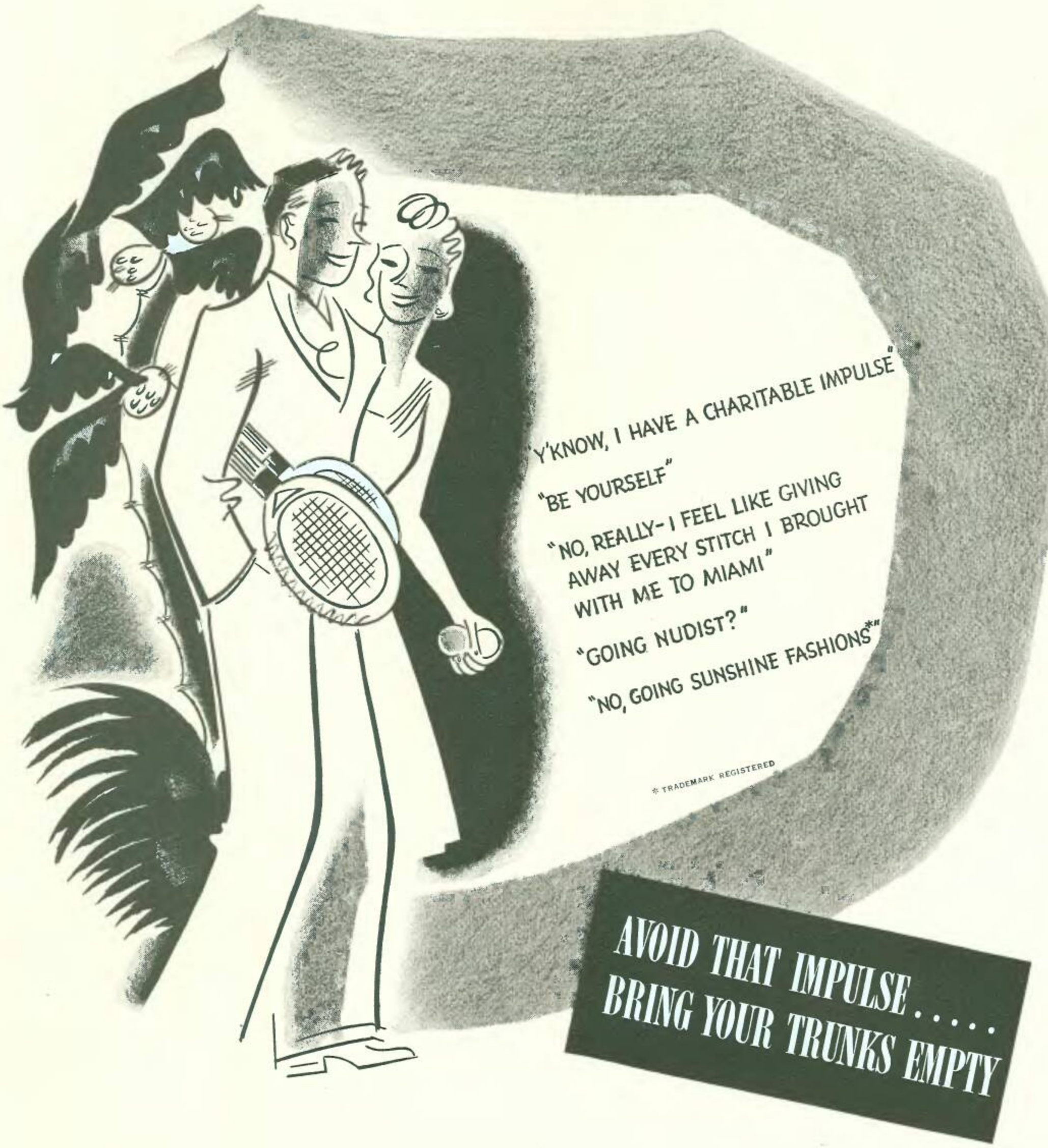
And faintly confusing to those of us who always thought it was the Capitol and not the White House which had a dome.

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### PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From "First Aid for the Ailing House" in the Sun*]

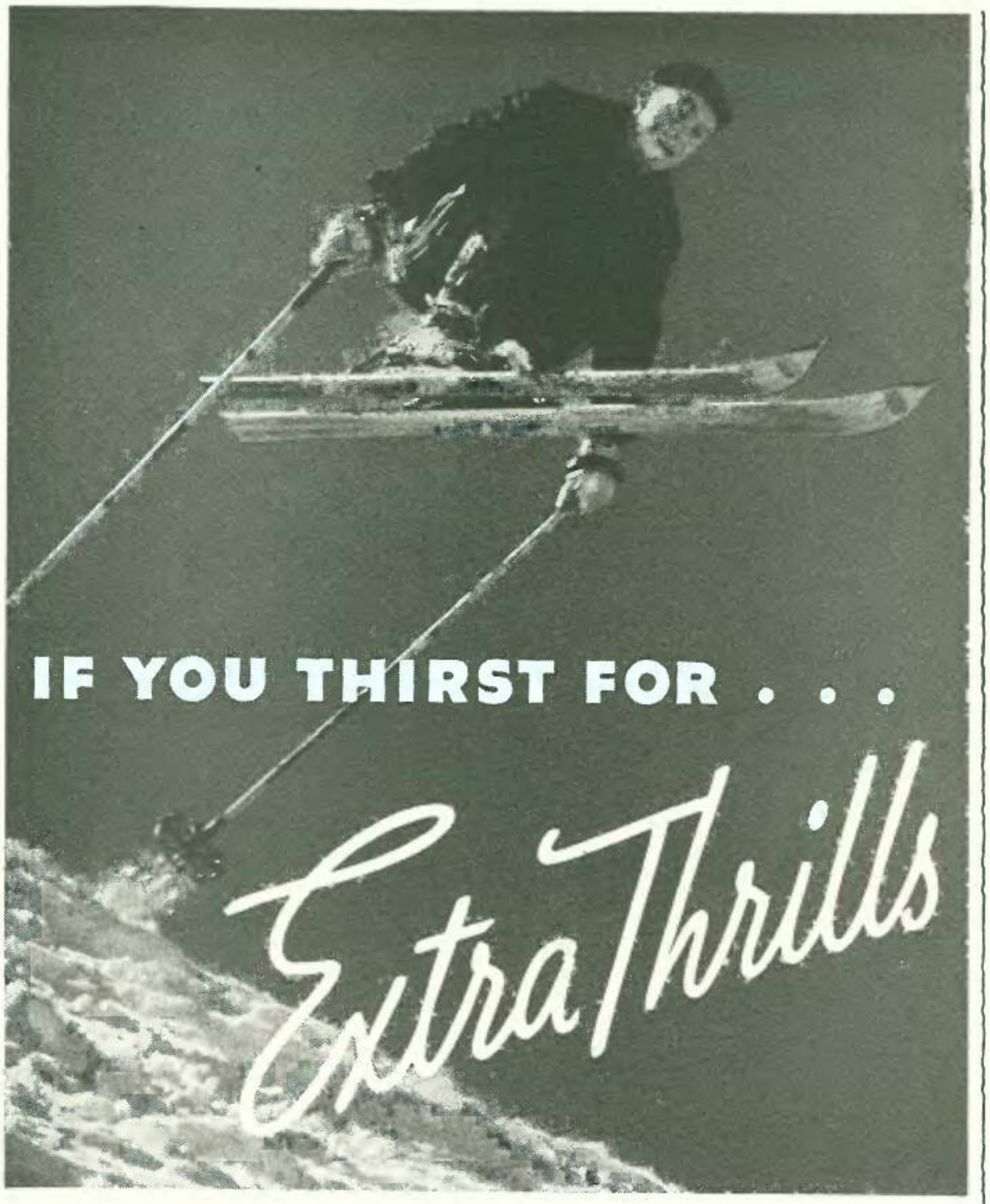
The insect specimens sent by P.I., Brooklyn, are food weevils, which breed in packages of dried foods of all kinds. When they are found in a store closet, any package that has been opened or that is cracked and broken can be suspected. All such should be thrown out and replaced. Shelves should be scrubbed with hot suds of strong soap. This also applies to Mrs. J. L., Brooklyn.




● Accumulate your resort wardrobe during the season as Burdine's Sunshine Fashions* create the mode for Winter in the South and Summer everywhere.

*Burdine's* SUNSHINE FASHIONS

MIAMI AND MIAMI BEACH




SEEK NEW SENSATIONS IN

**Dubonnet**

*(Say Doo-bo-nay)*

Fine French wines are deftly blended to give Dubonnet the *extra thrills* that pleasure experts seek. The bitter-sweet tang of this French appetizer will delight you before meals. It wakens your taste sense.






THE FRENCH WAY... *Dubonnet straight, well-chilled... no fuss, no bother, very smart!*

THE AMERICAN WAY... *the Dubonnet Cocktail, half gin, half Dubonnet... suave, delicious, sophisticated!*

A. M. Cassandre

Schenley IMPORT

EITHER WAY . . . TRY DUBONNET . . . TODAY

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Alcohol 18% by volume


# THE RACE TRACK

## *Hialeah Opening*



AFTER Gayset brought off a 30–1 chance at Miami last week, someone asked Mrs. Dodge Sloane if she had backed her old horse. "No," she replied, "and I'm not going to bet on Clocks in the Inaugural Handicap, either. He would probably lose if I did. Perhaps I should bet on him anyhow, but after all I can't bet on every horse I used to own." So Clocks, whose legs had been in ice packs all morning because he has weak ankles or something, won the Hialeah Inaugural Handicap and paid $61 in the tote. Mrs. Sloane said nothing about that. She merely advised her trainer to sell another horse to L. E. Ogle, who owns Clocks.

The best thing about the Hialeah Inaugural Handicap was the way Clocks skipped off in front and never was headed, though he had to be ridden hard at the end to beat Rollin Home, who was the biggest two-year-old in Kentucky three seasons ago, and hasn't grown or done much since. Otherwise the race was disappointing. The start was bad, and the favorites didn't have much chance in the scramble that followed. It all boils down to the fact that big fields of horses don't behave when they're running for a $5,000 purse, even if the stall gates *are* newly painted.

Opening week at Hialeah brought with it an outburst of long shots for which the starting wasn't always to blame. Nobody dreamed that Stocks and Caballero II would finish unplaced behind Corinto in the Fort Dallas Park Handicap, but they did, after getting in each other's way throughout the first half of the race. Caballero II looked jaded, which is unusual for one of Hirsch Jacobs' horses.

Don't be disappointed in Bourbon King, who was beaten rather easily by Isaroma in a sprint for three-year-olds. He needed winding up, and I fancy he'll go better if he runs for the Hialeah Stakes this week.

THE track is becoming cluttered with important horses. Price Headley's Menow, who ran faster and won more prize money than any other two-year-old last season, arrived the other day. Menow has grown and filled

# This Burns Us Up

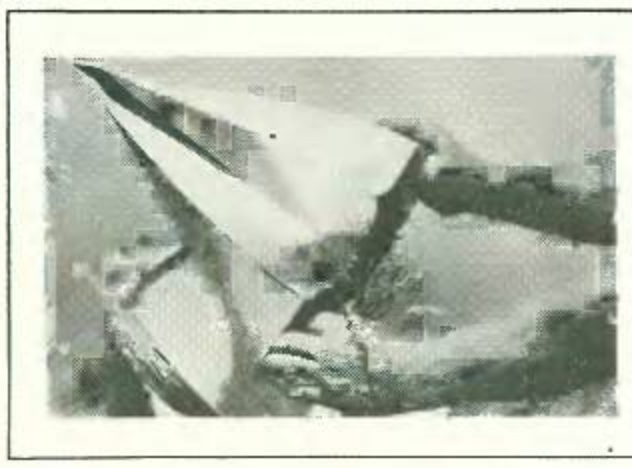
***. . . . to think that after all the trouble we've gone to, you are not always getting what you ask for. For your own protection, read this message about substitution on a famous brand of corn.***

It's this matter of Niblets Brand Corn.

We think most of you know it—most of you like it—and most of you want it.

But the trouble is, it has grown so popular that some people are taking advantage of its good name to sell you other brands when you think you're getting Niblets Brand.

Here's the story. In 1928 we found we could cut the kernels off the cob and by handling in a special way pack them in vacuum so they tasted just like fresh corn. That fall we put



it on the market. Honestly, it was a sensation. For the past seven years we have been advertising it to you in this and other national magazines. This year, more than 25,000,000 cans of Niblets Brand Corn are being eaten by the families of America.

The idea has spread to Canada—and now to England.

But like all good ideas, it has been imitated. There are now some 34 packers selling whole kernel corn in vacuum, under hundreds of different labels.

We don't care about that—the more the merrier. But what we do object to—and what we know you must resent—is to have you get one of these other brands when you ask for Niblets Brand.

A lot of this substitution is now going on. Much of it, of course, is innocent or careless, but some of it is deliberate.

These substitutes are not Niblets Brand and we don't like to have them palmed off as our product.

In our experimental farms up in Minnesota we have spent many years and a lot of money developing the seed for this brand, to get just the right flavor, the right color, the right tenderness.

**The breed, known in our laboratory as D-138, is the result of the breeding and cross-breeding of 45 selected families of corn, chosen from 2200 original types. It has unusually tall kernels on a very small cob. This is what gives the whole corn meat without any of the tough cob fibers.**



**We wish every woman could come to Le Sueur and see how we cover the tassels with paper sacks to prevent haphazard breeding; how we keep the moisture content of the kernels right at 70% to 71% so they'll be firm, not mushy—tender, not tough.**

But all we can do is to put on a label which guarantees this care.

We have nothing to say about people who don't ask for Niblets—who just want a brand of corn—but it burns us up to have people ask for Niblets Brand and get a brand which does not represent this kind of breeding and growing on which we've spent our lives and of which we're profoundly proud.

Yet some grocers, who may be overstocked with other brands, or temporarily out of Niblets Brand or confused in their own minds offer these other brands when Niblets Brand is asked for.

If you happen to want Niblets Brand, we would appreciate your insisting on getting it. To these people we say: "Look for the name 'Niblets' and the big Green Giant on the label."

Niblets Brand Corn is packed only by the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minn. and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Also packers of these brands: Green Giant Peas, Del Maiz Cream Style Corn, Niblets Mexicorn and Niblet-Ears.




*Note—In addition to the above label we are packing genuine Niblets Brand Corn for a few distributors under special labels—but for your protection they all carry the words "Niblets Brand."* "NIBLETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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**...utmost VALUE...bring seasoned travelers back to these ships time and again.**

## THE MANHATTAN AND WASHINGTON

are two of the most popular liners afloat, not only for the very real hospitality and friendliness they offer but because they have, to a surprising degree, retained all the charm and informality of the more leisurely methods of ocean travel. The Manhattan and Washington offer six-day schedules and every up-to-the-minute comfort and luxury. The grand food—thoughtful details of service—reflect a long experience in the art of "knowing how." No designer can build these things into a ship, but they mean real enjoyment—greater value.

## WEEKLY SAILINGS TO ALL EUROPE

There's a sailing every Wednesday at noon by one of the famous United States Liners direct to Ireland, England, France and Germany. Cabin Class accommodations on the Manhattan and Washington, only $186 up. Tourist Cabin, $127 up. Cabin Class on the Pres. Harding and Pres. Roosevelt, $141 up. "American One Class" liners sail every Friday direct to London for only $105 up.



**Dining rooms are scientifically air-conditioned for your added enjoyment.**



**The Manhattan and Washington—America's largest, fastest, finest liners.**

For 47 years, this American Eagle "houseflag" has stood for well-run ships and fine seamanship—an ocean "trademark" to be proud of.

*Ask your TRAVEL AGENT for complete details.*

# UNITED STATES LINES

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK • OFFICES IN OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES


out, and looks very well, if you like roly-poly horses. He won't run at Miami, but will do his early training there for the Kentucky Derby. Ed Bradley says Menow will be the early future-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, but he won't predict beyond that.

Footnote to the Recession: Bradley, who used to lay 5–1 that you couldn't name a starter in the Kentucky Derby two months before the race, has cut his odds to even money.

NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's tip on the Derby Stakes this year is that he hopes to saddle the winner himself—either Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Portmarnoch, who was top weight in the Free Handicap in England last season, or Joe Widener's Unbreakable.... Alfred Vanderbilt is having the hill removed from the infield at Pimlico so that all of the backstretch can be seen from any seat in the grandstand. Incidentally, the steeplechase course will have to be dug up in places, so it's unlikely that jumping races can be held over it at the spring meeting.... Lester Doctor suggests a coat of red paint for the gold ball that pops up on the odds board as the pay-off signal.... Joe Widener was delighted with his opening-day crowd. ... Hirsch Jacobs is training his new Chilean Derby winner.... Colonel Martingale says that some of the jockeys must have read the big sign at the clubhouse gate—"No Horseback Riding on These Grounds." —AUDAX MINOR

•

The column which Westbrook Pegler prepared for today's issue consists solely of the words "Dear Teacher," and the sentence, "I must not mix champagne, whisky and gin," repeated fifty times. The Inquirer does not wish to take up its readers' time or its own valuable space with needless repetition.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

All right, but you're going to feel mighty silly when the Pulitzer Prizes are announced.

•

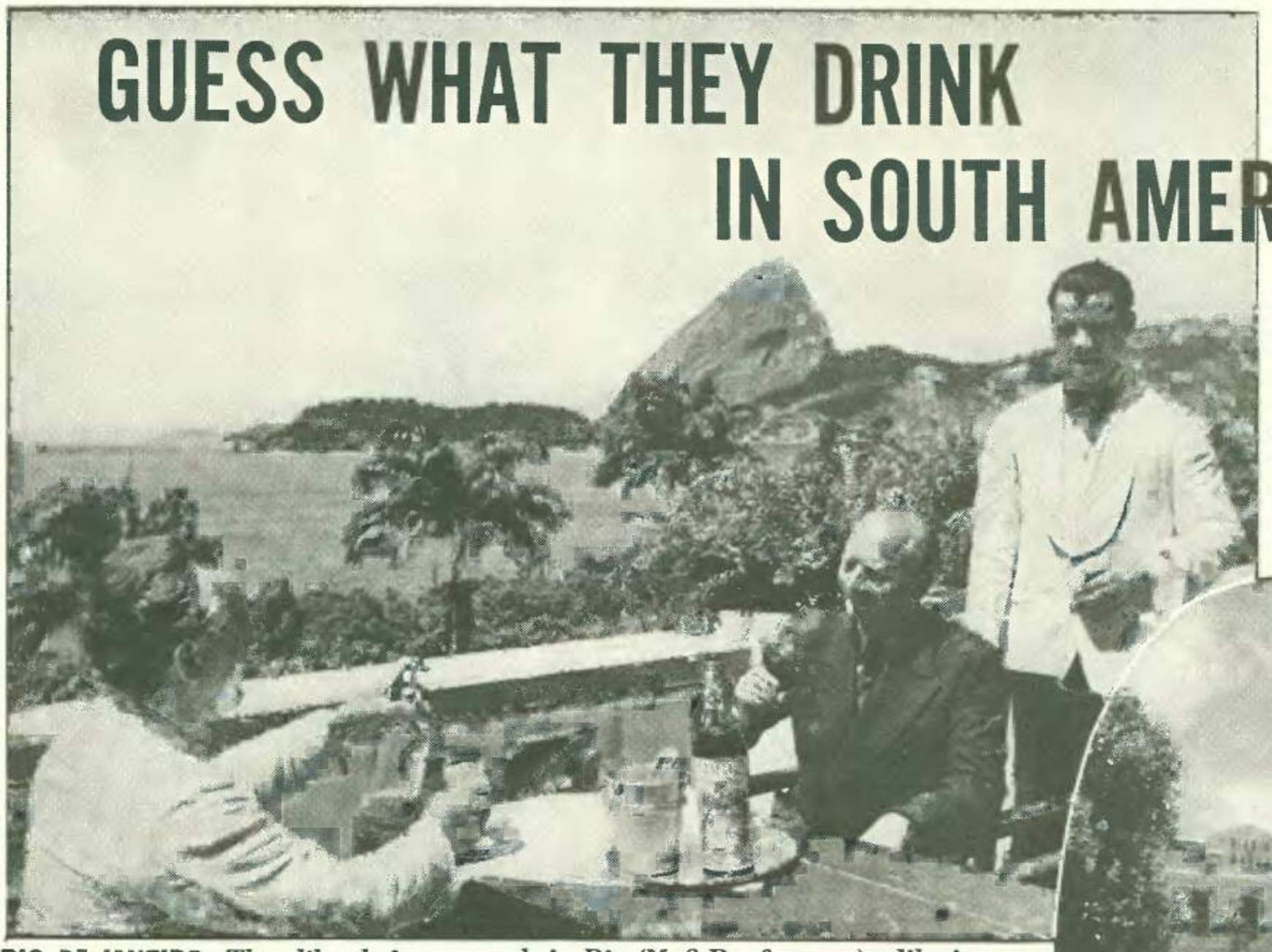
### NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

**(SPECIAL SPRINT FOR THE MAX EASTMAN TROPHY)**

[*From "To Have and Have Not," by Ernest Hemingway*]

If he had not felt to be cracking up, with that instinct for feeling something wrong with a member of the pack and healthy desire to turn him out, if it is impossible to destroy him, which characterizes the rich; he would not have been reduced to accepting the hospitality of Wallace Johnston.

# GUESS WHAT THEY DRINK IN SOUTH AMERICA!



**RIO DE JANEIRO:** They like their vermouth in Rio (M. & R. of course)—like it so well they call a "matinee" a "vermouth." These men are enjoying their M.&R. on the terrace of the Gloria Hotel, with the famous Sugar Loaf as a background.



**BAHIA:** Martini & Rossi is what they call for at Bobby's Bar, shown here, a well known meeting place for tourists.



**MAR DEL PLATA:** M.&R. is delicious at a quiet table here in front of the Rambla, the building housing all the large shops. But then M.&R. is delicious anywhere.



## JUST AS THEY DO IN NEW YORK

These men at a well known hotel on 44th Street believe that the best prelude to a dinner is a Manhattan or a Martini made of M. & R. They're right, of course.




Alco. by Vol. 15.95%

Alco. by Vol. 18%

*The sun never sets on*

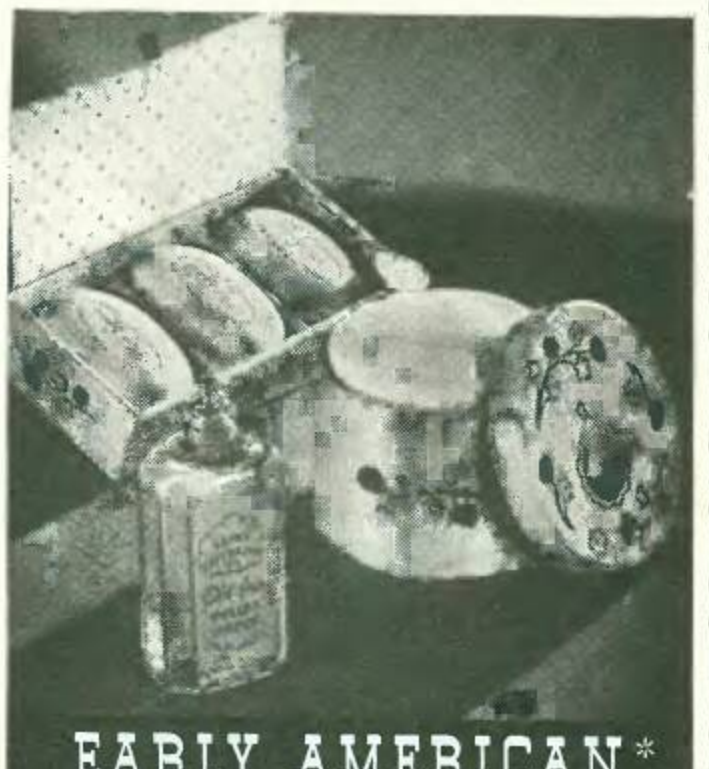
# MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A., W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK



HUNG!
*as a witch—*

***Much too much for the Puritans of Salem—***
***Her charming witchery quite overcame them,***
***"Enchantress of Satan," they said, "Ah me!"***
***And hung the lass to a sycamore tree.***



EARLY AMERICAN* TOILETRIES
*scented with Old Spice**

**Times change . . . now, fair ladies would rather be hung than do without the radiant charm that baffled our Founding Fathers. Early American Toiletries interpret this old-time glamour . . . in Old Spice, a rare, tangy fragrance compounded of rose petals and spices . . . in picturesque, treasure-type containers . . . in fine toilette accessories you'll want immediately to accent your own special brand of witchery!**

***The Shulton Early American Assemblage includes:***

***Guest Soap, 6 cakes . . . 1.00. Toilet Soap (as illustrated), 3 cakes . . . 1.00. Bath Soap, 3 cakes . . . 1.50. Toilet Water, 4 oz. (as illustrated) . . . 1.00. Dusting Powder, round box (as illustrated) . . . 1.00. Dusting Powder, oval box . . . 1.50. Keepsake Box, complete . . . 2.00. Vanity Box, complete . . . 3.50. Toilet Water, hand-decorated bottle . . . 5.00. Perfume, hand-decorated bottle . . . 7.00.***

*Trade Mark Applied For By
SHULTON INC., 358 FIFTH AVENUE
New York City, N.Y.


# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

## THE ÉVACUÉS

IN Shanghai, on August 13th, as everybody knows, several hundred Americans were going about their business, working in banks, selling insurance or oil, being housewives or stenographers or singing in night clubs, and within the week or so, after the first bombs had fallen, most of them were on their way back home, glad to be out of China but not very sure of what they were going to do next or where they were going to settle once they got back to the United States. I can't consider myself one of the refugees, or "évacués," as they prefer to be called, but I am a stranded Shanghailander. I was society editor of the British *North China Daily News*, and in July the directors had told me to take my biennial three-month leave. A couple of weeks later all hell broke loose. My leave was graciously extended for a while and then, quite reasonably, it was decided that for an indefinite period there wouldn't be any use in my going back. I wasn't greatly surprised, but I soon became bored. I wanted to talk about Shanghai, and one can talk only so long about what is going on in China to people who have never been there. Recession, federal housing, Thomas E. Dewey meant nothing to me. As for this man LaGuardia, I was more interested in O. K. Yui.

It was at a cocktail party one weekend in Washington that I found the first of my évacués. This was William L. Painter, or Bill. He was leaving when I arrived—had a train to catch—but he asked me to call him up when I got back to New York, and wrote his address on his business card. Bill is the man who had volunteered to brave snipers and had slithered through barbed-wire entanglements into the no man's land of the Hongkew section to rescue the last American family in that locality. The family—Filipinos—had gone out an hour ahead of Bill's dangerous and somewhat foolhardy trip, but cables about his heroic attempt had made front-page news here. He hadn't seen the stories, I found out. Bill is the kind of hero who wouldn't have seen the stories, I guess.

In New York I found Bill in a big office high in Rockefeller Center. It was almost like being back in Shanghai, seeing "Graham & Painter" on the door. He seemed busy. His desk was littered with drawings, papers, and things essential to the work of an architect and engineer. Bill had arrived in Shanghai about four years ago on a freighter out of Seattle and with hardly enough money to pay his first month's board and room. But luck was with him. He found a good partner and built bridges and buildings. It was Bill who constructed Mayor Wu Teh-Chen's prized model tenement villages in Chapei to replace the hovels razed by Japanese bombings in 1932. Among other things, he designed Ciro's, the swankiest night club in Shanghai. Young, aggressive, and what matrons in Shanghai actually call an "eligible bachelor," Bill played polo well and won his "pink" in no time after joining the Paper Hunt Club. People liked him. He had a noisy laugh that made a cocktail party or a dinner seem gay to many people even when it wasn't.

Bill said he was glad to see me and asked if I would have a drink. We went to a nearby bar (it looked something like the modernistic red-and-white bar in Ciro's) and we talked about Shanghai.

Bill had left on September 13th and had travelled home by way of Siberia. It wasn't the war but lack of activity that drove him out. "It got so that the American Troop of the Volunteer Corps had nothing to do, and business was bad," he said. He lost everything, of course. I asked him if he liked New York. He said it would be O.K. if he were a millionaire. He resented the fact that his favorite sport, polo, cost so much. "Why," he said, "it takes more money to keep polo ponies around New York than it did to run an entire bachelor establishment and a stable in Shanghai." Anyway, business was almost as bad here, he said. In fact, it was lousy and he thought maybe he'd go to Seattle, where the firm had another office.



He didn't let loose his famous laugh. Not once. It was sort of depressing not hearing it. We lifted our glasses in a frankly sentimental toast to the old Shanghai and the people we knew there. We tried to be gay, but we were not very gay.

"Look," said Bill, as we were leav-

ing. "Have you any cash with you? You can't sign chits in New York bars, you know."

AT the end of a ride to Pelham I found the home of Carl Crow. Carl—who wrote that best-seller, "Four Hundred Million Customers"—and his wife, Helen (one of Shanghai's best bridge, mah-jongg, and poker players) arrived in New York about September 20th, having left on one of the first refugee ships. They had no definite plans and went direct to Pelham, where for a short time they shared the apartment of the Ted Thackreys, friends of Shanghai days. There was a vacant apartment in the same building, and so they rented it and settled down there.

Carl wasn't at home when I arrived. It's hard to change the working habits of a quarter-century and he had taken a room a few blocks from the apartment. He calls the room his office. He goes there at 8:30 every morning, returns home for tiffin and a nap at noon, and then goes back to the office for three hours' more work. I found him at his desk, writing and smoking a pipe, and being slow and calm, the same as ever. He said it was just like Shanghai, only there weren't any big cocktail parties.

He seemed happy when I saw him, but said he wasn't getting much work done. For the first month he was, so he said, "pushed around like a chit-coolie by Harper & Brothers, the publishers, and forced to make quite a number of speeches at book fairs in Toronto, Boston, and New York." He is determined never to make another speech. "Not making speeches is very satisfactory to me and I don't care whether or not it satisfies anyone else," he said cheerfully.

He says that the success of "Four Hundred Million Customers" surprised him. Its popularity continues in America, and the day I visited him he had just received news that the German edition, published in Vienna, is a best-seller in Germany. It has been published also in Swedish and Danish. "I have no idea why," he said.

BILL PAINTER had mentioned a few other acquaintances he'd heard were in New York. I looked up Steve Clark, another polo player, paper hunter, and young man about Shanghai, in the general sales office of the Richard Hudnut Company at 113 West Eighteenth Street. He had been with that company in Shanghai. He and Bill


11⁰⁰ P.M. in LONDON



SHE dined aboard ship
at Southampton—yet this evening
she dances at the Mayfair. Exquisitely dressed . . . perfectly poised . . . faultlessly groomed—as though she had been here a month. All quite understandable. She's *equipped* for smart travel . . . with Hartmann trunks and luggage.

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FINE TRAVEL GOODS FOR 60 YEARS

There's a Hartmann made for every travel purpose, whether it's a week-end or around-the-world—each designed for the maximum in smart, carefree travel.

had shared both an apartment and a stable of polo ponies.

Steve stopped being efficient with orders and things long enough to assure me that being a refugee made no difference to him. He was glad to be in New York. He'd gone on a long leave just before things started happening, and was on his way back to China when his firm wired him to return to New York. "I'm doing the same work here that I did over there and I'm having a visit with my family for the first time in years," he said. Steve is staying with his folks on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. Even living in Brooklyn didn't bother him, he said, talking rather fast. He began to slow down finally, and we chatted about Shanghai. Before long we were doing what all we stranded Shanghailanders do—recalling irrelevant and totally unimportant incidents of what inevitably seems to us a glamorous past. He talked about his houseboy, his ponies, and told a story I hadn't heard before about what happened one night in the bar of the Shanghai Club when an Australian brought a goat in on a leash. I left with a feeling that he was waiting anxiously for a cable from his Shanghai boss, Frank Cleary, saying it would be all right to start out for China.

SOMEONE, I forget who, told me that Billie Smith was in town. Billie had been the Belle of Shanghai and no one had ever thought of questioning her right to that title. She is American, but the French and the Danes and even the British were forever after her with invitations. She was always gay and never tired. You saw her out with Bright Young People and also with Older Groups. She dined with diplomats, and next day ate hot dogs and played tennis at the Columbia Country Club with good-looking junior clerks from the National City Bank.

I didn't expect to find Billie at home. As I walked to the apartment building on East Fifty-second Street where Billie and her mother were visiting until they could get located, I thought most likely she would be out tea-dancing, the centre of a crowd of Yale or Princeton men, or beaming brightly on some duffer over cocktails. I thought I would just talk to her mother.

But Billie was at home and she was tired. It seems that she had been job-hunting for days and it had taken her a long time to get around because she didn't know about subways and her taxis were always getting stuck in cross-town traffic jams. She had finally found




ALICE MARBLE
OF CALIFORNIA – introduces
the new long-jacket
gabardine suit . 29.95

Some girls are like thermometers—look at them and you know what to wear. If you look like Alice Marble, the typical American girl—tall, slim, long of leg—your rangy figure will be proportioned to new chic by the longer molded hipline, the sculptured bustline of this English drape jacket suit. Navy, light blue, brown, gray. 10 to 20.

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AN ENCHANTING NEW APARTMENT HOTEL

Unfurnished or furnished suites by the year or season . . . with kitchens or serving pantries, plus perfect hotel service.

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LEO REISMAN
and His Famous Orchestra
•
Songs by
EVE SYMINGTON
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GOWER
AND JEANNE
America's Loveliest Dancers
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XAVIER CUGAT
The Tango-Rumba King
•
DINNER-DANCING SUPPER-DANCING
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Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

The Waldorf-Astoria




a job selling Christmas novelties at Bonwit Teller's. The job was only temporary—the Christmas rush, of course—and it had been a dreary business.

Although she usually is too weary to go out much, she likes New York. She's been dancing only once since she arrived here. She much prefers bars—the Merry-Go-Round, the Weylin, the Plaza, and others where she can sit, have a quiet drink, and rest her feet. A big problem for her is clothes. She doesn't know what she is going to do with all her evening gowns. She'd be willing to trade four of them in for one of those adorable little cocktail dresses, which she could really use.

Billie and her mother were among the September refugees. They weathered most of the war, and at that they weren't frightened away by bombings and stray shrapnel. They left simply because they were running out of money. Mrs. Smith, who was Shanghai representative for a rug company that had its headquarters in Tientsin, was out of a job early in the war when all communications between the two cities broke down.

IF I hadn't decided at the very last minute to send Christmas greetings to a few friends I knew were braving conditions in Shanghai, I never in the world would have run into Rosamond Walker, whom I had known in a casual sort of way in Shanghai. Nobody I had seen had heard anything about her. I found her, quite by accident, behind the greeting-card counter at McCreery's. She told me her lunch hour was at 4:30, so we arranged to meet again that afternoon. We went across the street from the store to a quick-lunch counter, where we could talk in comparative quiet. I ordered coffee but Rosamond took the dinner, explaining that if she didn't eat then she'd be starved before she reached home at ten o'clock that night. She told me that for the present she was living with her father and mother in South Orange, New Jersey. Sometimes, when she's too worn out from work to make the trip or has a date, she stays in town with her brother and sister-in-law, up on the West Side. She sleeps on the day bed in their living room.

Rosamond isn't happy about being back. Previous visits to New York had been fun, but the Christmas frenzy of department-store crowds was something of a shock after the leisurely living of the Orient. Rosamond was born in China. Her father, H. W. Livingston, had been with the Standard Vacuum

Do you mind
if we
query you? You
own a lot of
valuable things . . .
furs, jewelry,
fine arts . . .
maybe even a
yacht. Wouldn't you
be interested
to know about
insurance of
unquestioned security
which offers a
share in profits . . .
and your own broker
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and GAIN." It's
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after the pearls
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*the long fitted sweater*

*15.95*

**Here's Mainbocher's prophetic long waistline . . in a sweater of tomato red cashmere—and —wool jersey . . snug fitting . . zipped from throat to hem. Wear it as a tunic with your best black skirt. Wear it down South with shorts or slacks. Sizes 12 to 18.**

**Mail orders filled**

**Best & Co.**

**Fifth Avenue at 35th St.**

Oil Company there. She married Richard Walker, son of the late W. B. Walker, president of the Standard Oil Company, and stayed on. She and Walker were divorced three years ago. She was a little worried about the future and didn't know what she was going to do when her temporary job was over. She said she couldn't live in New York on a salesgirl's salary—not after Shanghai—and it's too wearing working here and sleeping in South Orange.

When the Trouble began in Shanghai, Rosamond's attitude toward the war situation was one of nonchalance. She had been living at Broadway Mansions, an apartment hotel later taken over by the Japs as a barrack. All residents had been warned to evacuate, but it was hot that day and Rosamond was tired, and so she didn't take the warning seriously and didn't bother about packing her things. Then all of a sudden the soldiers were there, and it was too late. She had to leave with only a few of her belongings in an overnight case. She put up at the Park Hotel, which was terribly expensive. Her job selling underwear to tourists at the Sea Captain's Shop ended when the first bombs came down. She had just enough saved for a ticket to New York and a new outfit, which she bought ten minutes after the boat docked in San Francisco.

If she had plenty of money, Rosamond thinks, she might like New York.

DR. GEORGE SELLETT, a former District Attorney for the United States Court for China and more recently liquidator of the defunct American-Oriental Banking Corporation, was at the Waldorf-Astoria. I found him a little more cheerful, he said, than I would have if I had come a few days earlier. "At last," he explained, "I have more than one suit. My luggage, after months of wandering about the Pacific, has come to my arms." Dr. Sellett left Shanghai by Pan American Clipper just a few days before the affair of the Marco Polo Bridge, which started the Trouble. He had come to New York in the interests of one of the aviation companies, bringing along only one bag, and his suits, all but one, were of summer stuff. Each night for weeks, on retiring, he






*pastel doeskin jacket*

*12.95*

**dusty pink . . light blue . . yellow . . white . . also in natural chamois**

**For campus or country, mid-south or Bermuda, you'll find a jacket like this indispensable. Its soft chamois (fully lined with rayon) is a joy to wear. Its luscious colors are a pleasure to behold. And it looks much more expensive than its modest price would indicate. Sizes 14 to 20.**

**Mail orders filled**

**Best & Co.**

**Fifth Avenue at 35th St.**

would send this one to be pressed and each day he would wait expectantly for his wardrobe trunk. After months of this it came. "I was so happy," Dr. Sellett said, "that I went out immediately and ordered a *new* suit."

It annoys Dr. Sellett to be called a refugee or even an évacué. He points out with legal logic that he is just here on a business trip—a trip that was extended from six weeks to six months simply because the Japanese decided to move in on China.

It was good to see Dr. Sellett again.

FOR many years Dr. Anne Walter Fearn ruled Shanghai as the Dowager Duchess. She gave diplomatic dinners and got up large charity balls and bazaars. She had gone out East at the age of eighteen to practice medicine for a year. She married a missionary doctor and stayed fifty. Even after her husband's death and her retirement from active practice of medicine she preferred to make her home in China rather than in her own country. All her friends and interests were there.

I heard that she was in New York and I wondered how she was getting along without all the adulation that was hers in Shanghai. (The Minister of Finance always sent his private launch to meet her when she returned from trips, and she was never bothered by customs.) She was visiting a sister at 277 Park Avenue and when I arrived was holding a smallish court, surrounded by friends she'd made on various trips. She had been ill. "Worrying," her sister told me, "about her Chinese and American friends and her poor Shanghai." Over sherry and biscuits Dr. Fearn and I talked about people we knew. She said she was going visiting—nieces and nephews in St. Louis and in Berkeley, California, and her old home in Mississippi.

She did not talk with any enthusiasm whatever.

I TELEPHONED a man I used to know in Shanghai to see if he could add another évacué to my list.

"Ted," I said, "this is Frances and I'm looking for war refugees who left Shanghai on the run. Do you know any?"

"I know where one is," he said, without any hesitation.

"Who? Where?"

"William Sipprell. And he's in jail!"

It seemed that Bill Sipprell and his brand-new bride were in New York doing the town when Bill decided to clean up on the police force. He'd been booked








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**FAMOUS GUIDES**
*...add Taylor*
**THERMO-GUIDES**
*and* **HUMIDI-GUIDES**







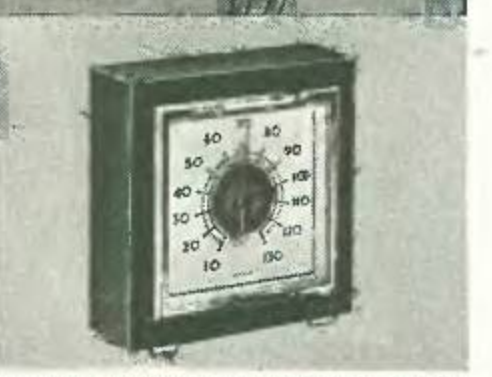
EVERYBODY knows the guides pictured above. And many will recognize especially the standard guide to good conduct applied by parental force to little Tommy's britches.

Men and women are adding other guides to the list—smart modern aids to indoor health and comfort. Taylor Thermoguides (dial thermometers to you) and Taylor Humidiguides are entering thousands of homes as trusted, accurate friends. Taylor Thermoguides help to end arguments over indoor temperatures. They guard and guide the family's health by making it easier to maintain the even temperatures that mean fewer colds and less sickness. And they look well anywhere.

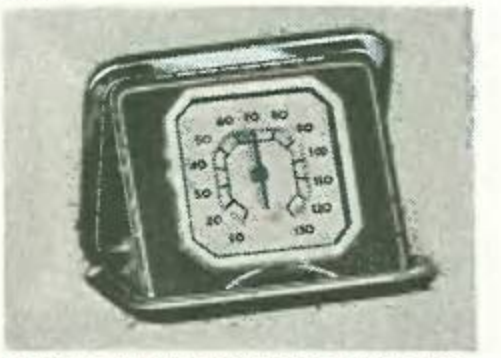
Taylor Humidiguides indicate the moisture content of the indoor air. They are especially important in winter. When artificial heat is on, they warn of air that is too dry for health and comfort and for the good of household furnishings. They guide you to the proper balance of temperature and humidity.

See these aids to better indoor living at leading stores in your city. If any store happens to be out of stock, don't despair. Send direct to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

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**FAIRWAY THERMOGUIDE.** Black Bakelite case with chromium finish. $5.00*



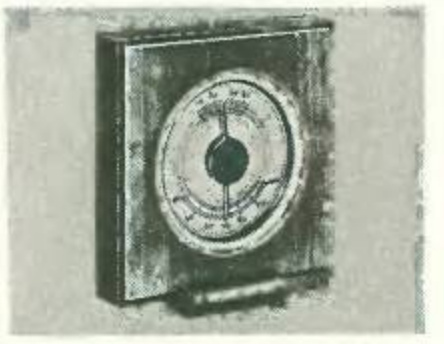
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**ULTRA HUMIDIGUIDE.** Direct-reading hygrometer. Dial thermometer, too. Walnut case. $10.00*

*Taylor*
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**IN INDUSTRY,** other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.





on two counts for felonious assault. It was all in the morning papers. I bought one and read the headlines on page 2:

SHANGHAI BRIDEGROOM JAILED
FOR RESTAURANT BATTLE HERE

Underneath was the story of Bill's battle. It disclosed, among other things, that the Sipprells were registered at the Blackstone Hotel. Later in the evening I telephoned and found Bill there. He cut short condolences and invited me to come and meet his bride and have a drink.

Bill's story was slightly different from the newspaper version. There had been an argument about payment for dinner and drinks. In the general confusion someone stepped on Mrs. Sipprell's foot, and that was when Bill, who is six feet three, started slugging. The police took him to a precinct station.

Bill had a black eye and a swollen ear.

"It would have been all right," he told me, "except for Shanghai. At the police station I was all calmed down and sorry for everything and ready to act nice, and then the sergeant said, 'Where you from, anyway?' and I said, 'China.' The sergeant looked at me, and then looked at the three cops that had brought me in and nodded back at me again, and they jumped me. That was how I got these," he said, meaning the black eye and the swollen ear.

Bill told me that as soon as the grand jury had decided what to do about him he was going back to China—fly across maybe, because his boss, William P. Hunt, a big American businessman who has been buying up the Chinese merchant marine and practically all the other businesses in Shanghai for a dime a dozen, needs him. Bill hasn't minded being a refugee (he sailed away just as the Japanese army was moving in) because he's been so busy attending to his firm's affairs and getting married.

New York police, he thinks, should learn that some people actually do come from China. —FRANCES RUSSELL

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Even R. Potter has become an account executive with M. H. Hackett, Inc.—*From "Advertising News" in the World-Telegram.*

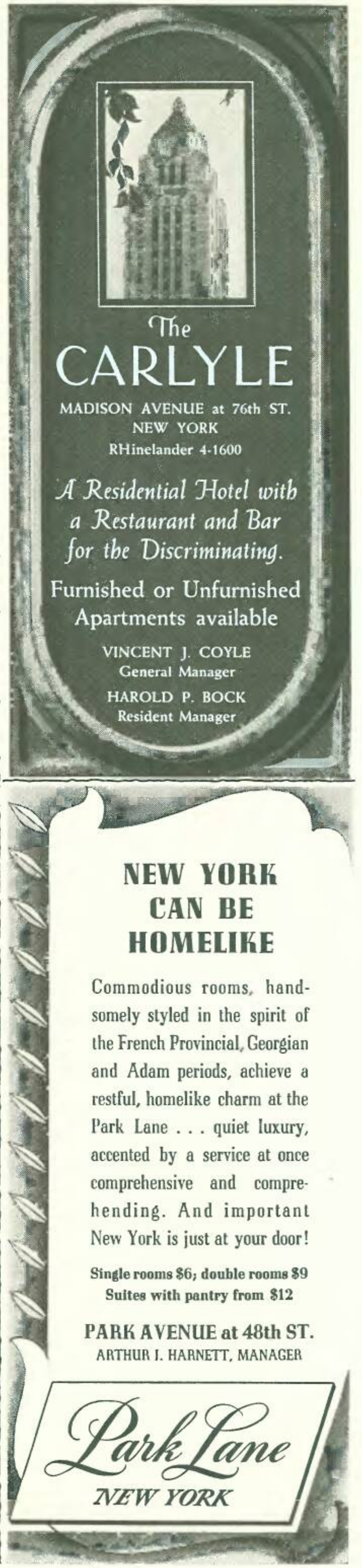
Don't be supercilious!

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**DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY**

[*From the Montclair (N.J.) Times*]

Here is a recipe that probably few have heard of just like the Californians eat avacado sandwiches which easterners usually look at in disgust but such is life.

# OUT OF TOWN

*Stop, Look, and Listen*



ONE by one the railroads, faced with the triple competition of automobiles, buses, and planes, are installing modern, comfortable, and for the most part streamlined equipment. They are doing everything they can think of to make their cars roomy and colorful, and if streamlining doesn't actually add a second to a train's speed, it at least gives the impression that it does, and so the roads satisfy the public's apparent longing to have all vehicles look as fishlike as possible. There will be at least two new streamliners in the East this winter, and those familiar standbys, the New York Central's Twentieth Century and the Pennsylvania's Broadway Limited, are to be done over before long. The Central and the Pennsylvania, though nominally rivals so far as their crack Chicago trains are concerned, are in this case acting in unison. The cars which the Pullman Company is building for both will be identical —steel, of course, air-conditioned, and lighted and decorated modernistically. In accord with the new fashion, the cars will wear metal skirts, which will conceal the lighting, heating, and air-conditioning apparatus; the steps will roll up and disappear, the vestibules will be merged, and the trains will look very much like metal tubes. Both lines expect to have the new equipment in operation before spring is over.

The most beautiful train serving New York, and the only one of stainless steel that comes near it, is the Reading Railroad's brand-new streamliner, which runs between Jersey City and Philadelphia. The interior is done in striking but restful colors; all the seats have reclining backs and are so swivelled that they can be turned to face the particularly wide windows; each coach has its own smoking lounge (vastly unlike the green-curtained, stuffy compartment of the old-style Pullman), and there's a diner, a cocktail lounge, and an observation car. In spite of all this glitter and luxury, it isn't an extra-fare train; you don't even have to pay "first-class" rates or seat surcharges. For the basic rate of two cents a mile, the whole train is yours. It makes two round trips a day, except Sunday, when it doesn't run at all.

Another new streamliner out of Jer-


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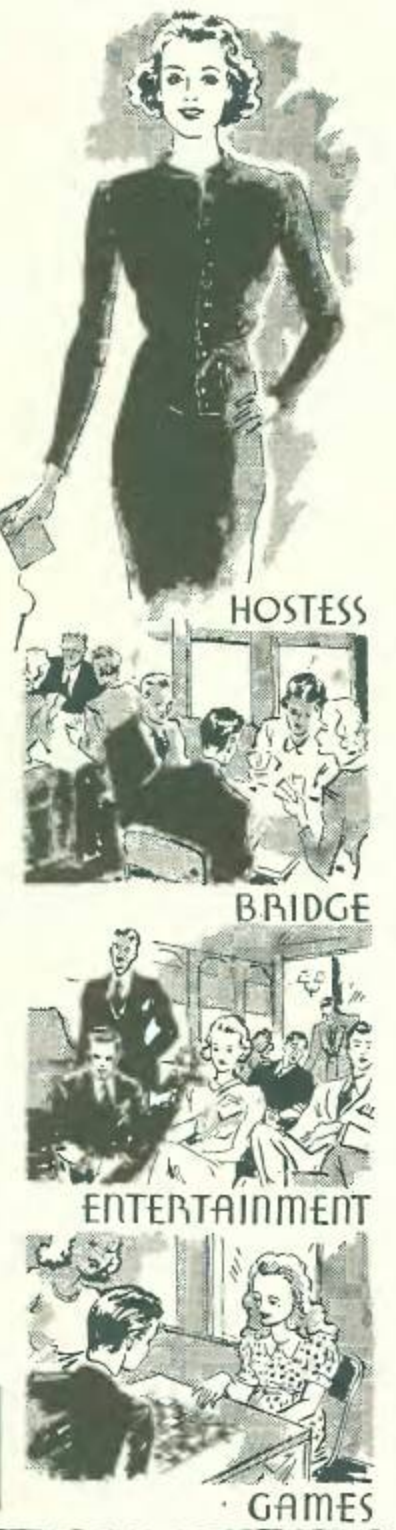
| | |
|---|---|
| Lv. New York | 1:15 P.M. |
| Ar. Jacksonville | 9:10 A.M. |
| Ar. St. Augustine | 10:10 A.M. |
| Ar. Daytona Beach | 11:13 A.M. |
| Ar. West Palm Beach | 3:12 P.M. |
| Ar. Miami | 4:55 P.M. |

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sey City is the Baltimore & Ohio's Royal Blue, which runs to Washington. Unlike the Reading train, which is entirely new, this is a job of refurbishing (and a good one) done in the B. & O.'s own shops. It is up-to-date and comfortable to ride in, and has the popular divan type of cocktail and observation lounges. It has been teamed with the New Columbian, the road's other modern train on the Washington run. B. & O. buses, as you know, leave for each train from various convenient spots around town and do away with the necessity of getting to Jersey City on your own.

OF the new trains which do not come to New York, the City of Los Angeles is certainly the most spectacular. This train, which is jointly owned by the Union Pacific and the Chicago & North Western, is those roads' answer to the Santa Fe's stunning Super Chief, which went into operation last May. Like the latter, it is an extra-fare train and makes the trip from Chicago to Los Angeles in thirty-nine and three-quarters hours. It and its sister, the City of San Francisco, are the largest streamliners ever constructed. The City of Los Angeles is nearly a quarter of a mile long, and although its yellow, brown, and red exterior lacks the excitement of gleaming stainless steel, it is thoroughly impressive. Its Diesel locomotive is so powerful it is divided into three units. Behind them there is a car for the auxiliary motor and the crew's dormitory, and after that there are two coaches, two diners, a bar car, a car of double bedrooms, an ordinary sleeper, a car of compartments and drawing rooms, a car of the new "roomettes" (with disappearing beds), one of bedrooms and compartments, one of enclosed sections, one of the new duplex berths (upstairs and downstairs sleeping accommodations), and an observation car. The décor, which is primarily modern, unfortunately isn't quite as successful in this train as in some others. The bar car, the exception to the modernity, is extraordinary. Called the Little Nugget, it represents a Western



hotel bar of the bonanza days. It has sprigged wallpaper, hand-embroidered lace curtains, pink upholstery, photos of hippy beauties of the period, a handle-bar-mustached bartender, and a mechanical canary in a gilded cage. One doubts that it indicates a trend in railroading. The train now makes a weekly run to Los Angeles. At the end of next month it will alternate with its predecessor, the former City of Los Angeles (now off the rails for reconditioning), in an increased service between Chicago and Los Angeles, leaving every third day.

At the same time the Santa Fe will supplement its Super Chief with another train of the same name, and the two will set up a semi-weekly schedule, leaving Chicago Tuesdays and Saturdays. The new train is not a duplicate of the first, but it, too, will have Southwestern Indian motifs in its decoration. In a week or so the Santa Fe will bring out the new equipment for the Chief, its daily Chicago-Los Angeles train. Each of the six trains which comprise the Chief will have twelve streamlined stainless-steel cars, hauled by steam. (The Super Chief is Diesel.) And next month the Santa Fe will put on two stainless-steel trains of coaches pulled by Diesel power, which will follow the thirty-nine-and-three-quarters-hour schedule of the big fellows. These will be called El Capitan and will leave Chicago Tuesdays and Saturdays; Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays.

Meanwhile the Budd Manufacturing Company, which built six complete trains for the Rock Island during the past year, is constructing a fleet of cars for the Burlington Railroad's Zephyrs. All over the country the railroad people are busy these days. —S. R. W.

•

## DEPARTMENT OF LITERARY REDRESS

Walter Savage Landor
Never used and/or.
*—M. C. in The New Yorker, January 1, 1938.*

But *I* used and/or
With Walter S. Landor;
And after I'd minted it,
F. P. A. printed it*,
Praised be the Lord!
Now you've invented it,
I've not resented it.
Yours without dander
Or sauce from the gander,
DAVID MCCORD.

*The Conning Tower, March 13, 1936.


*Winter takes a Lido holiday*



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*The Thermometer Tells the Story! . . .*
69° is a fairly normal noon temperature on a typical Southern Route crossing . . . though it may be freezing at home. Ask your Travel Agent for our illustrated weather-map booklet giving comparative statistics.

WINTER goes a-summering on the Southern Route! Though the calendar wears a frosty look, it knows no power to change the bright skies, the blue waters, the friendly temperatures . . . as your Italian liner approaches mid-ocean, skirts the Azores, pauses at Gibraltar and moves serenely on into the placid Mediterranean.

"Lido" takes command! Thanks to the beneficent weather . . . and thanks many times over to the design and construction of Lido ships . . . your Winter crossing is transformed into a beach-revel of warmth and sunshine. For this is the *open-air* way to all Europe, especially in the cold months. Board the great Rex, the gyro-stabilized Conte di Savoia or the charming Roma, for an express voyage. Or treat yourself to the leisurely nine or ten port itinerary of the popular Vulcania or Saturnia . . . if you can afford the time to *see more* on your way to Europe.

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# THE ART GALLERIES

*Photography, "Press" and "Art"—And Some Painters*

WHEN the Hindenburg came in to the field at Lakehurst on May 6th of last year, it was nearly dusk and the news cameramen who were there presumably had their lens apertures, shutter timing, and so on set for that meagre light. As all the world knows, the huge Zeppelin blew up and burned almost literally in their faces and what had been expected to be merely a routine assignment turned out to be one of the major news events of the year and perhaps the closest view of catastrophe in the history of journalism.



Now, I don't want to stress the Gallagheresque get-the-story side of things too much, because everyone knows, or thinks he knows, that news cameramen are dumb and illiterate creatures and people stay as far away as possible from them at bars. But I would like to point out one fact that occurred to me, belatedly, as I looked over the prints on view at the annual exhibition of the Press Photographers Association, now current at the Maison Française in Rockefeller Center. This is that the cameramen had not only to remember to aim their cameras and snap their shutters when the explosion came (most of us, I imagine, would have been away from there on the instant and probably out of the county ten seconds later); they also, in that split second of doom, had to reset their shutters to allow for the added light that great flare of burning hydrogen had suddenly cast down on the scene.

Not all of them did so, as a matter of fact, and in consequence a number of the pictures that appeared in the newspapers next day seemed overexposed, with only blank skies and dark shapes surrounding the central conflagration.

But that most of them remembered is evidence of that peculiar mental discipline, combined with instant reaction to the unforeseen, which is the unheralded stock in trade of the press photographer. In view of all this, the plate which won first prize in the spot-news class of the show, "Hindenburg Explosion," by Charles Hoff of the *Daily News*, is a remarkable performance. The sky is a little dark, to be sure, but except for that the detail and even the textures—of the mooring mast and the people scattered around it, and the airship itself slowly settling beneath the pyrotechnic gush of fire rushing up from its stern—could hardly have been clearer or more precise, or the whole picture better composed, if Mr. Hoff had had all the time in the world to arrange his subject for the camera.

It is this discipline, appearing again and again in the photographs on view, which gives the show its value. For contrast, one has only to go a block up the Avenue to the International Building, where another photographic exhibition, sponsored by Leica and about evenly divided between amateur and commercial work, is running. One notes a fundamental difference immediately. It is as if the latter groups, from having more leisure to ponder their subjects, had come to think in the same patterns: one sees repeated over and over the same "camera angles," the same effects involving deceptive reflections, odd lighting, and so on; the same genre studies.

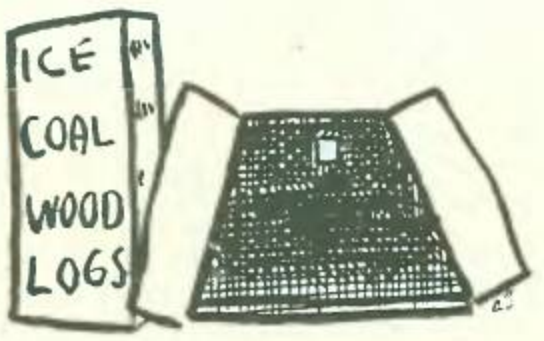
The press photographer, on the other hand, forced to work with unstudied and unpredictable material, has developed an extraordinary capacity to seize action at the precise moment when it settles into the lines of inevitability. This is a discipline, it might be noted, which closely parallels that of all great art, and it is through its practice, I think, that even in their non-action shots the news cameramen, by and large, show definite superiority. Certainly such prints as Jimmy Sileo's "Concert," with its beautifully textured row of boxes at the Opera, or Alan Fisher's unpretentiously titled "Riker's Island Mess" (which aligns the white-shirted backs of a roomful of eating men in a pattern as precise as the lines of modern architecture) reveal an imaginativeness and a strength of design unmatched by anything in the Leica exhibition. And there are a dozen others equally as good. I must admit that personally I'm pleased. I've long felt that news photography has a definite art value—a "folk" one, if you will, but one deriving directly from the speeds and stresses of modern life—which far surpasses the offerings of "art" photography. I've never seen better proof of it than in the two shows just mentioned. The Leica exhibition, incidentally, closes this Sunday, the other on the same day.

MUCH has been happening in the galleries. I found the exhibition of Boris Grigoriev's recent paintings at

the Lilienfeld Galleries to be among the most interesting, partly because of the changes that have come over this artist in recent years and partly because of the general excellence of the work itself.

The show falls into two groups, sharply divided as to technique, comprising some thirty-odd gouaches done in South America a year or so ago and a dozen oils painted in southern France more recently. Of the oils I thought the figure studies, chiefly of *Arlésiennes* in lacy embroidered caps, the least successful. The landscapes, on the other hand—notably the two hillside views of Cagnes—are done with so full a brush that the colors seem to swim one within the other, and they show a strong feeling for the lushness and ripe growth of the Mediterranean. The South American sketches are less pretentious. These too are chiefly landscapes, but here the blueness of atmosphere and the clarity of view the tropics afford seem most to have fascinated the artist, with the result that frequently snow-clad mountains hang in the sky, remote and disconnected, over palm-fringed seascapes or jungle villages, and there is a general flatness of perspective so directly reminiscent of the Japanese as to be disconcerting. There's also, however, a kind of picked-out treatment of foreground detail that carries along the general mood very well, and I thought the whole show well worth seeing.

I can't say quite as much for all of the rest. The Reinhardt Galleries are showing works by the young Spanish painter, Hipolito Hidalgo de Caviedes, whose "Eliva and Tiberio" won first prize at the Carnegie International in 1935. This is a cleverly stylized picture of a Negro girl and man seated primly on an old-fashioned sofa, and I'm afraid Mr. de Caviedes' present work still shows a tendency toward cleverness instead of sincerity, stylization rather than true insight. This is not to say that his canvases are unattractive. Painted with a strong feeling for harmonious design, and with something of Sorolla's emphasis on warmth and luminosity, they are uniformly colorful, highly decorative, and somehow inconsequential. There are a few,





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(*From a letter by* Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)



I USED TO BE A "TERROR" WHEN I HAD A COLD, WITH MY NOSE SO SORE AND RED. "SINCE KLEENEX"—HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN! (*From a letter by* Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)




I WAS IN THE DOGHOUSE, PLENTY ..WHEN MY LITTLE WOMAN CAUGHT ME CUTTING TOWELS AS I DRIED MY RAZOR. THANKS, KLEENEX, OLD PAL!

(*From a letter by* Mr. E. L. M., Dayton, Ohio)

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BROTHER RAT
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National Thea. W. 41ST ST.—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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In the New Musical Hit
HOORAY FOR WHAT!
with PAUL HAAKON
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Adapted by S. N. BEHRMAN
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though, that go beyond this last limitation—notably an interestingly handled nude called "Model's Repose" and "Spanish Still Life" (No. 10), a really glowing arrangement of oddly angled vases and bright flowers. . . . I was disappointed both in Knoedler's exhibition called "Holland Indoors and Outdoors" and in the selection of French paintings from the Dikran Kelekian Collection now showing at the Marie Harriman Gallery. The first is one of those "idea" shows (the idea in this case being to reveal what Dutch life in the seventeenth century was like), in which the thesis eventually comes to take precedence over the paintings chosen for display. Things are not helped in this instance, either, by the fact that in the sixteen-hundreds Dutch painting (with the notable exception of Rembrandt, of course) was entering on its decline. As it works out, anyway, the few "great names" in the shows—the de Hooches, the Ruysdaels, the de Heems, and so on—are not particularly remarkable examples, and the others in general redound neither to the advantage of Dutch life nor of Dutch painting. There are, however, two Gerard Terborchs, a Cuyp hunting scene, and a small painting by Nicolaes Berchem called "The Ford" that quite outshine the rest. . . . At the Marie Harriman Gallery, the situation is reversed. Here there are great names in abundance, from Delacroix and Corot on down through Renoir, Bonnard, Degas, and so on, to Rouault and Derain. The Renoirs, though, are mainly representative of his worst period, and apart from a small flower piece by Vuillard and an interesting dark landscape by Derain, few seem to be quite up to the signatures they carry.

But there's no use going on with my disappointments—John Carroll's paintings at the Rehn Galleries, which are lightly lascivious, slightly poetic as usual, but somehow too large for their subject matter; John Steuart Curry's show at the Walker Galleries, which contains among other things a rainbow-encircled "View of Madison" and a birdies-in-the-trees "Kansas Sunrise," and which seemed to me just plain bad. Maybe I was just in the wrong mood.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

"When I first went to Hollywood, I thought for a time I was living in a well-ordered insane asylum, but after a while I found this isn't true."—*John Barrymore, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

Well, *nothing* is completely well ordered.

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Heroines and Hoodlums*



EVERYBODY is handsome, beautiful, and well-dressed, if not quite bright, in both "Man-Proof" and "Mannequin," a couple of big, slick films being shown around these days. Joan Crawford displays herself as a Hester Street product in "Mannequin," which doesn't mean, you know, that the clothes you see her in came off a pushcart. As a matter of fact, the heroine of this piece doesn't stay in Hester Street, but steers her way soon enough to this penthouse and that one, and even works in a trip to Europe. This activity might suggest that she was bright, but somehow the film manages to dim that possibility with emotional conflicts which could readily have been adjusted with a mere breath of common sense. She's a great talker in the film, with a leaning toward poetic imagery. "All bubbles and stars," the girl is likely to announce, in reference, as I recall, to life and love. Again and again a simple statement of some truths on her part would solve all her problems and everybody would be happy; but then, I suppose, there wouldn't be any story. Frank Borzage poetizes, too, in his tenement scene, doing wonders with a shaky electric-light bulb on a stairway, a garbage can, and a dish towel, but is more perfunctory when the scene turns rich. The major male to complicate the lyric girl's moods is Spencer Tracy, and a certain Alan Curtis seems plausible as a youth of her innocent girlhood days, one without either morals or appreciation of beautiful thoughts, a corner loafer with a mean slant to his fedora. Spencer Tracy is a local boy who has made good in the shipping business and has trouble with labor organizations. The labor problems, incidentally, seem as fuzzy as the heroine's lyrical flights, and just make for a lot more talk.

The talk in "Man-Proof" is all love, love, love. Nothing new is revealed, however. The ladies here don't go in for poetry. They are the brisk, fashionable species, and express sorrow simply by passing out at bars. Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell are busy with an exhibition of such passions as jealousy, disillusionment, triumph, and awaken-

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ing of love, as one might expect in a story that has delighted readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Scenes include a wedding, a prizefight, a newspaper office, those bars, of course, suburban cottages, and costly apartments. Walter Pidgeon and Franchot Tone have a good deal to say themselves throughout, but the ladies seemed to me the best of the talkers. Tireless heroines, each with a nobility of motive that is impressive.

LEAVING ladies and escorts, we get far from furbelows in "Boy of the Streets." Jackie Cooper, now around fifteen and mature and competent, seems healthy and happy as another Dead End hoodlum. The sketch in general is a rather usual concoction dosed with a good spoonful of Uplift, which may make you nervous. The plot-writers haven't managed anything novel, but the tenement types, especially Marjorie Main, that *mater dolorosa* of the sink and the range, inject occasional spasms of vitality into the activities. Jackie himself puts up a good and human appearance, and I suppose one must look upon him, even in this tough segment, as started off on the actor's long trek toward Hamlet.

The latest Tarzan ("Tarzan's Revenge") isn't causing much of a rumpus, probably because neither Miss Eleanor Holm nor Mr. Glenn Morris are quite the spectacular figures on the screen that they have been in other phases of their careers. "I Met My Love Again" studies the case of some simple lovers, plain small-town folk, who part and suffer and meet again. The plain folk are Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda, and the effect is somewhat unhinged. —JOHN MOSHER

•

ON THIS SPOT

In October 1626 are said to have landed Roger Conant and his followers.

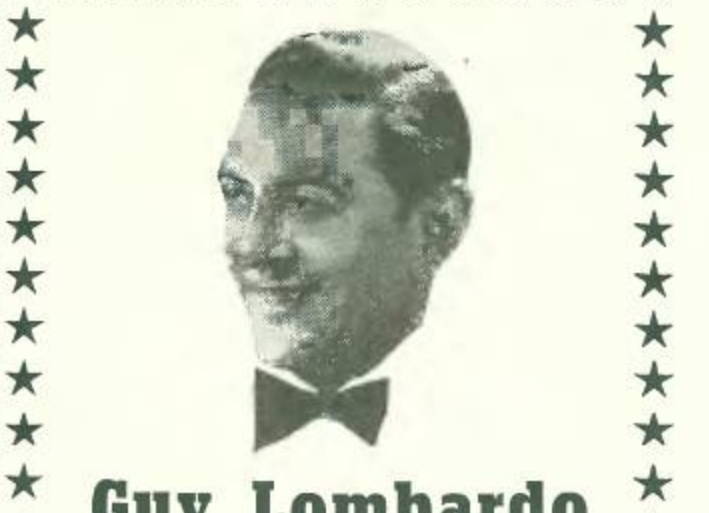
Long, long before this, in the year 1,000, the hardy Norseman Leif Ericson, son of the great adventurer and Viking, Eric the Red, visited New England.

Early traditions would seem to indicate that he visited this shore (Vinland) during his epoch making cruise.

Earlier still, back in the days of the cave men, the last of the glaciers ground and tore its thundering way over these very rocks fighting the breaking day as the glorious sun rose in triumph over the blackness of the night and losing its fight, in a last mighty struggle, flung its icy battalions into the sea and vanished.

This is the history of Stromberg's Landing.—*Excerpt from the menu of Stromberg's Restaurant, Salem, Mass.*

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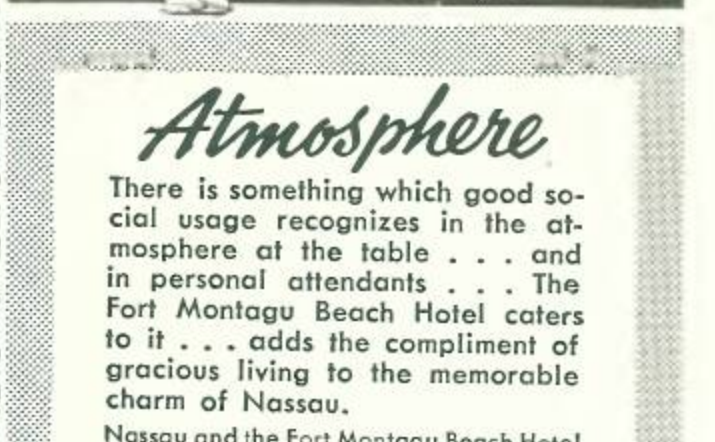
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

*Swing and Other Drawing Cards*



SOME will say that a report on Benny Goodman's concert in Carnegie Hall doesn't belong in "Musical Events," because swing hasn't much to do with music. Set against the usual goings-on in Carnegie Hall, swing may be negligible enough (except that Mr. Goodman and his colleagues have a higher standard of performance than most serious concert-givers), but there are thousands to whom swing not only is music but is the only music. Take it for what it is, swing—as the title of a swingola has it—is here, and Benny Goodman's swing is the thing.

As Irving Kolodin explained in his encyclopedically helpful program notes, "swing *is* performance." Musically, it's improvisation or improvisational arranging against a firm dance rhythm. At least that's what I gather from the writings of the swing literati, and that's what Benny Goodman's troupe was demonstrating. Instrumentalists, including visiting cats (a perfectly respectful term for licenced swingers), went to town all evening, and managed to get back for an uproarious rideout, this being the swing designation for a finale. The tunes and their adventures may have been neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good blues herring, but the playing was consistently brilliant, not only when individuals were getting in their licks but in ensembles that often matched the finesse of well-played chamber music.

One of the requisites of a swinger is that he must be forever keeping time with his feet (Mr. Goodman cheated a bit, I thought, by using only one foot, gently), and the audience was as proficient in this fundamental as the players. It was a yowling, whistling, thigh-slapping, camera-snapping turnout—a rare concert gathering, because it enjoyed itself without having to convince itself that it was all right to have a good time. By it everything was *schön*, and that about describes the party. I don't know what the usual Carnegie Hall audience thought; it wasn't there.

SWING music, however, has been only one of the novelties that Carnegie Hall has harbored lately. Wednesday evening the Schola Cantorum offered a world première of Vladimir Dukelsky's "The End of St. Petersburg" and a first New York hearing of Frederick Delius's "A Mass of Life," both handsomely sung under the excellent direction of Hugh Ross. Mr. Dukelsky's cantata traces impressions of a city from its early majesty to its political or metaphorical finish, the text being an ingenious anthology of Russian poetry from the eighteenth-century Lomonosov to the Soviet Mayakovsky.

The early sections of the music are competent and uneventful, with touches of the modern idiom, but when the cantata arrives at about 1914, the score comes to life, and the finale has conviction and power. As you must know, Mr. Dukelsky also operates as Vernon Duke in writing graceful and successful revue music, but he has maintained his Dukelsky identity in "The End of St. Petersburg," and the absence of Ducal influences is evidence of his sincerity.

The Delius Mass is based on Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and it was a surprise to those who had associated Delius principally with charming, sensitive, and soberly contemplative orchestral pastorales. Not that the customary Delius moods were absent, but there was a solidly affirmative quality in the brilliant choruses that started and completed the work. There are vague moments, yet the Mass is one of the most important choral compositions of our century, and Mr. Ross deserves a special award for his enterprise in producing it, along with bows for his conducting. All of the evening's soloists—the Misses Julia Peters and Lilian Knowles, and the Messrs. William Hain and Robert Nicholson—should have paragraphs for themselves.

Earlier in the week, the Helsinki University Chorus, which had collected unanimous "*Skoals*" (or the Finnish equivalent) for their collaboration with the Boston Symphony, gave a concert in Carnegie Hall and convinced the assembly that this is the best male choir which has been heard hereabouts since the Don Cossacks first appeared.

IT isn't often that music by Debussy goes plop, but it happened Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall, when Georges Enesco directed an orchestral version of the ballet "Jeux." The ballet—it has to do with a tennis player and two adoring ladies—may, as one commentator has remarked, have been "completely devoid either of common sense or artistic value" when it was




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staged by Nijinsky a quarter of a century ago. This wouldn't apply to the music, which is clever but weary Debussy. Still, I don't think that we'll be hearing it again.

Mr. Enesco's direction of the almost unapplauded score was a masterpiece, even if "Jeux" wasn't. The Philharmonic-Symphony is doing some of its best playing for him, and if you haven't got around to his concerts, there still is about a week and a half to catch up with this fine and versatile musician.

The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts for young people have a new conductor, Rudolph Ganz, who proved that he knows how to entertain the young and also to make music. My special reporter on such events says that the concert was too long, but she wouldn't leave before it was over. Continuing a tradition, Mr. Ganz is known to his subscribers as "Uncle Rudy." If this avuncular business with conductors spreads further, children will have to clarify family relationships by addressing their own uncles as "Maestro."

THE Metropolitan's latest tenor importation is Bruno Landi, who sang last week in "Rigoletto" and "La Bohème." He's a likable personality with a small voice that does pleasant things until it reaches for high, emphatic tones, and then it spreads into a quiver. "La Bohème" had the box-office and artistic blessings of the presence of Miss Grace Moore, whose singing has advanced from a promise to an achievement. It was an unusually lively "La Bohème," some of the snap coming from an unprogrammed notable, Désiré Defrère, the stage director, who tucked a practically white apron under his coat and went on as the proprietor of the Café Momus in the second act. That café had the best service in town on Saturday afternoon.

Another Metropolitan director—Fausto Cleva, chorus master for Italian and French operas—turned up as a composer in the Town Hall when Miss Colette d'Arville sang his "White in the Moon," a tunefully direct ditty. Miss d'Arville had twenty-one songs on her program, demonstrating musicianship and versatility as well as charm.

A benefit "Meistersinger," in which the stars were the orchestra and Mr. Bodanzky, introduced a new Beckmesser—Adolph Vogel, who sang so well and acted so benignly that Beckmesser wasn't at all the satire of a music critic that Wagner intended. It was comfortingly flattering to reviewers, but not quite Beckmesser.—ROBERT A. SIMON


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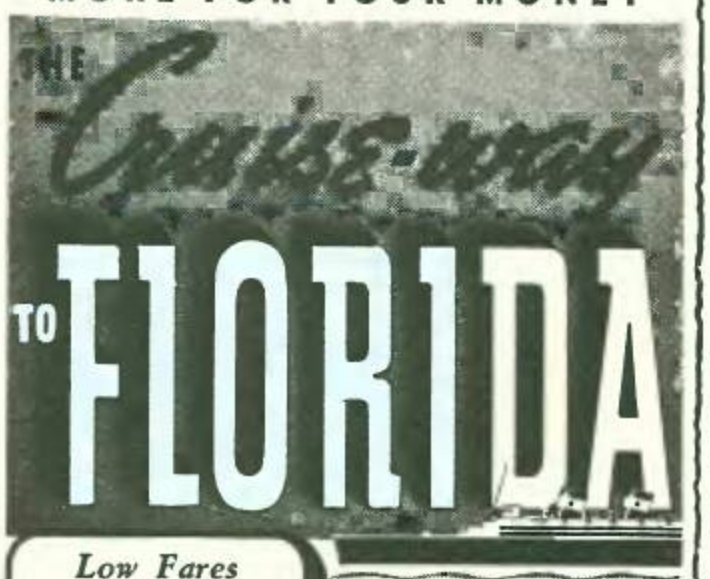
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# COURT GAMES

## *The Correspondence of Mr. Sieverman*



THE Clyde Martin squash-tennis tournament at the Yale Club was distinguished by a record entry list of sixty-three, overflowing galleries, practically no upsets (seven out of the eight seeded players got to the quarter-finals), and the participation of Frank A. Sieverman, Jr., who probably has written more letters to the newspapers than any other squash player in the world. Mr. Sieverman's friends sometimes think that his prodigious correspondence will cut down his practice time and harm his game, but his more than respectable showing in the Clyde Martin against Harry Wolf, from whom he won twelve points, indicates that such fears are groundless.

Sieverman's letters ordinarily deal with topics of the day, ranging from inflation and the social-security tax to the labor policies of Henry Ford, and often contain references to squash. While developing some economic thesis, he will cite his squash expenses at the Bayside Tennis or the New York Athletic Club. His talent for self-expression has long been stimulated by the fact that he objects to editors and political writers who claim to speak for cross-sections of the community. When Mr. Sieverman, as a member of a cross-section, disagrees with them, he is severe, and that happens several hundred times a year. The objects of his displeasure have included Mark Sullivan, George Sokolsky, Arthur Krock, William Allen White, Dorothy Thompson, Lewis Gannett, Walter Lippmann, Raymond Moley, Isabel Paterson, and Herbert Hoover. Except for Lippmann and Hoover, all have written him in reply. Miss Thompson usually acknowledges his rather numerous letters amiably and appreciatively, even though he once wrote to her, "How your conservative allies must snicker up their sleeves at your absurdities!" When, however, he accused Isabel Paterson of "Pattersonian malace," she tartly rebuked him for the double misspelling. Mr. Sieverman is a New Dealer, and his letters, about one-third of which get published, are especially unbending when directed to the *Sun* and the *Herald Tribune*. "Couldn't we do without such misrepresentation?" he


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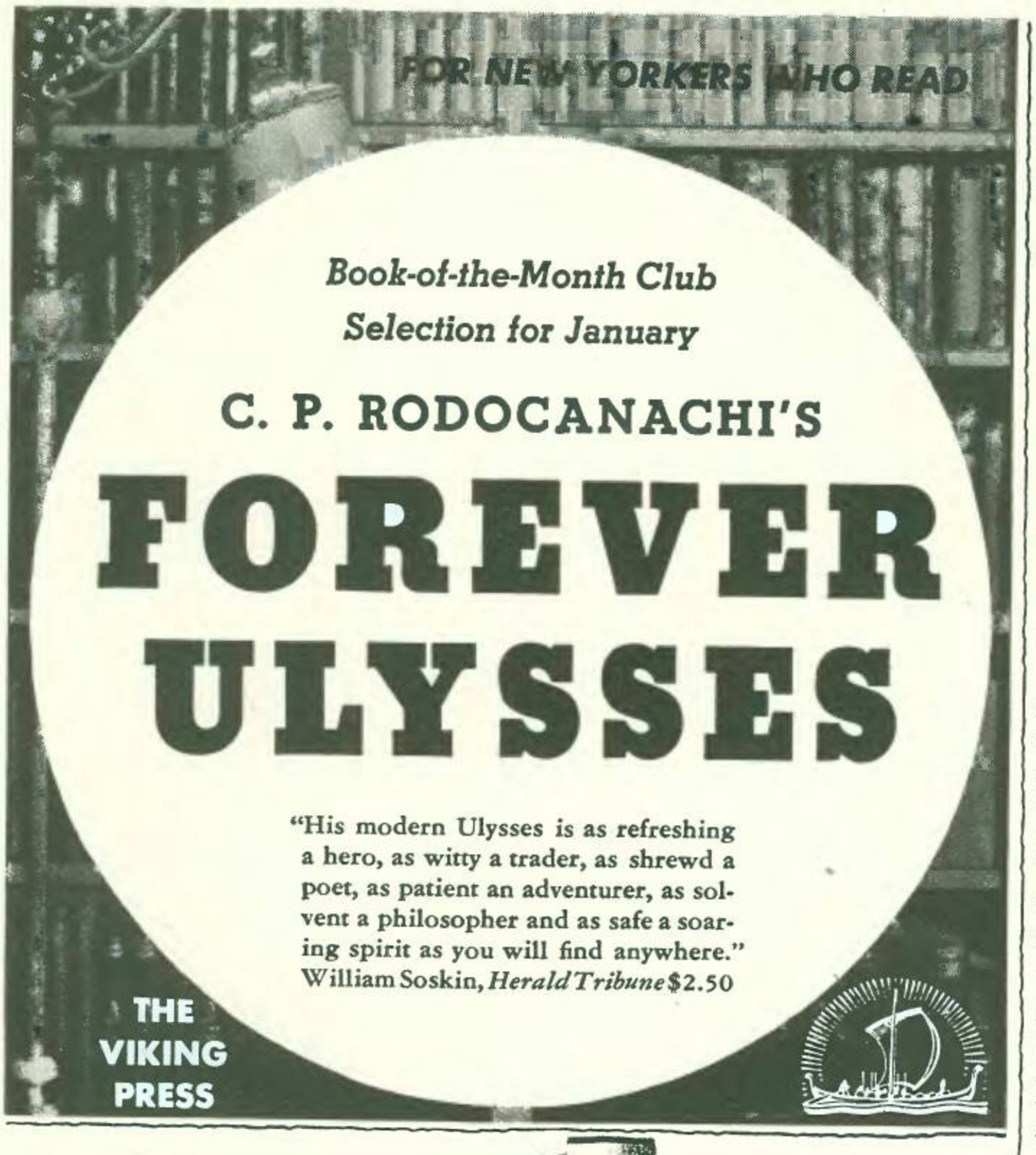
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wrote the *Tribune* in criticism of one of its editorials on taxation. Sometimes he sends letters to several newspapers on the same day. He started writing to the papers around 1914, when he was twenty-two, and shows no signs of weakening, either in this or in squash.

After beating Sieverman, Harry Wolf defeated E. G. McLaughlin of the Columbia Club in a quarter-final marked by long rallies and a grade of play on McLaughlin's part which might have been effective against almost anyone except Wolf. In the other quarter-finals, A. H. Marckwald, Jr., upset Rowland Haines in a match which the latter took a little too casually at first; Barry Ryan, Jr., beat W. K. Rice in a seesaw encounter marked by the symmetrical score of 15–12, 15–12 and highly unsymmetrical runs of points; and Fillmore Hyde lost to Frank Hanson in two games notable for Hyde's exclamations of despair. Though he moves rather like a slow-motion picture of a horse, Hyde still has deceptive speed and crafty strokes. Some of his rallies with Hanson, an excellent player who never lets up, were spectacular; in fact, Tom Coward, who had been watching, later said it was the prettiest squash he'd ever seen in the club.

Odds and Ends: Norman Torrance, president of the Squash Tennis Association, came back from Bermuda especially to enter the Clyde Martin tournament. He was squeezed out by Haines 18–16, 17–16, and so maintained his reputation for losing to high-ranking players by very close scores. . . . Lewis Ballato, who was formerly at the Union Club, is now the Junior League's pro. The swimming pool has been built over and the members are using it for battleboard tennis, a sort of condensed-space, tennis-like game introduced by Mary K. Browne. . . . Neither Robert Grant III nor Huntington Sheldon were in the racquets tournament which ended this week at the Racquet Club. Sheldon is still suffering from an old back injury and Grant recently threw his arm out playing softball. Ogden Phipps, recovered from the attack of flu which postponed his New Year's Day world-championship court-tennis match with Pierre Etchebaster, took Rex Fincke to five games. Etchebaster, incidentally, declined to accept the default to which he was entitled, and the match is now scheduled for Washington's Birthday.

—G. T. H.

# BOOKS

## *Sinclair Lewis Sets 'Em Up and Knocks 'Em Down*



I THINK Sinclair Lewis is the most important novelist now working in America. "The Prodigal Parents" gives you a notion of what can happen when such a novelist stops working. It seems to me just one of his off books, like "Work of Art" or "Mantrap." It has little of the thought-through quality of "Babbitt" or "Arrowsmith." Everybody will read it, but I don't think Mr. Lewis's great and deserved reputation is going to be enhanced by it. And to be frank, I don't much enjoy coming to that conclusion.

"The Prodigal Parents" is "Dodsworth" rewritten as a *Saturday Evening Post* serial, with a large admixture of Red-baiting to give it a fillip. The jacket says that it deals with "the revolt of the parents against the revolt of youth." Now, when Mr. Lewis wrote "Main Street" he was handling something real. It existed and it was important. Ditto for "Babbitt." Ditto for "It Can't Happen Here." Ditto for "Arrowsmith." Ditto even for "Elmer Gantry," with all its exaggeration. But I am not convinced either from my own experience (that of an average observant American) or from Mr. Lewis's novel that there is such a thing as a current "revolt of youth." Mr. Lewis's thesis seems to me invented; the theses in his other books definitely were not. In "The Prodigal Parents" he does a careful job of taxidermy on the Younger Generation and then proceeds to knock the stuffing out of it. Both the setup and the knockdown are conducted with energy and thoroughness, but one is aware all the time that the whole business is in Mr. Lewis's own mind and not in the America that in the past he has shown himself so knowledgeable about.

Frederick William Cornplow, motor dealer of Sachem Falls, New York, is an amiable, apparently unimaginative, commercially shrewd, conservative businessman. As a character he is to Dodsworth and Babbitt what gruel is to nourishment. Mr. Cornplow has a son, Howard, who is dumb, handsome, and a parlor pink. He has a daughter, Sara, who is a bluestocking and a parlor pink. These two little squirts have only contempt for their hard-working father and his conservative outlook. But they are quite content to live on his earnings. At last the worm turns. Mr. Cornplow washes his hands of his youngsters and goes off with his wife to have a good time. In the end, however, the family is reconciled. Howard forswears his Communist friend and settles down to be a good car salesman. Sara marries well—why am I telling you all this?

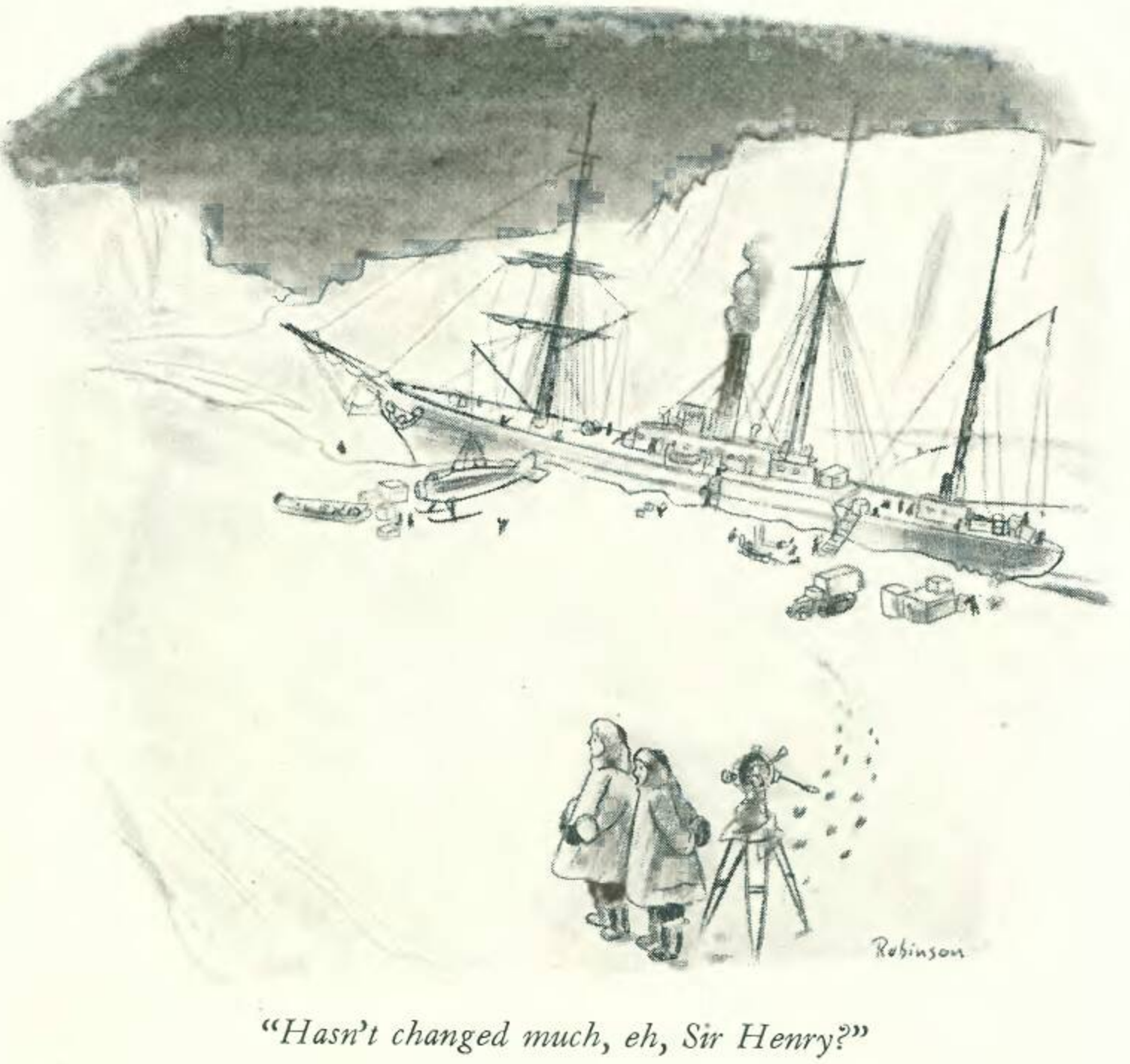
The fact is that Howard is just a witless fool and so is his sister. If they represent more than an unimportant one-tenth of one per cent of the younger generation, then the thousands of kids looking for jobs, the thousands of kids in the CCC camps, the thousands of kids in the WPA, all are figments of the imagination. Mr. Lewis invents a couple of young imbeciles and then gets indignant at them. He invents an improbable young Communist who picks pockets and talks a revolutionary jargon so absurd that he would be laughed out of a high-school Social Problems Club, and then gets indignant at him. He invents a psychiatrist who wouldn't pass in a comic strip, and then gets indignant at him. Finally, he invents Mr. and Mrs. Cornplow, shows us—by comparison—their sterling virtues, and falls in love with them.

There are some lively passages in "The Prodigal Parents," a half-dozen sharply defined minor characters, and some pleasant touches of sentiment and humor. The rest is an agile piece of shadow-boxing, windmill-tilting, and general knocking about of men of straw.

Mr. Lewis remains a first-rate writer. Let's just sit this one out.

STUART CHASE has already been sufficiently kidded about his wild-eyed discovery that there is such a science as semantics, which deals with the meaning of words, the use of symbols, and the technique of communication. He might retort that the New World may have been old stuff to the natives of San Salvador but it was probably quite a revelation to Christopher Columbus. And so there's not much use in pointing out that semantics was a well-worked field even before Jeremy Bentham, which is where Mr. Chase came in; that, in fact, the trivium of the Middle Ages, dealing with grammar, rhetoric, and logic, was the semantics of its time.

The important point is that we commonly use words and particularly high-order abstractions (such as Fascism, Communism, liberty, democracy, individualism) either without knowing in




*"Hasn't changed much, eh, Sir Henry?"*

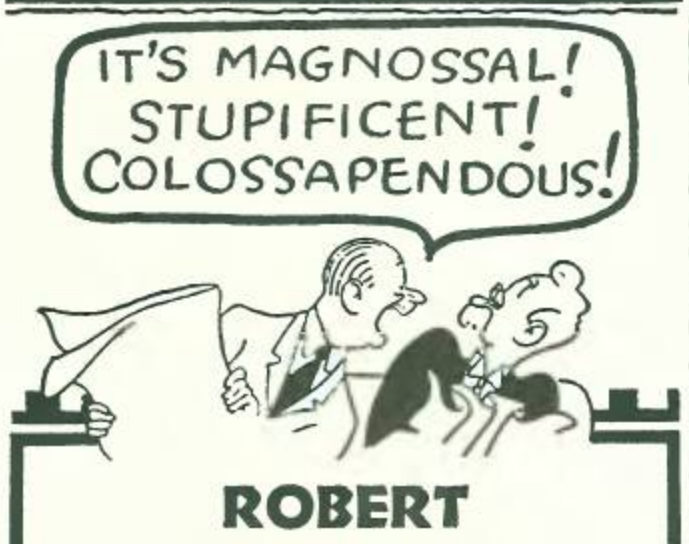


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HARPERS

MR. BRICKELL REGRETS—"Among the many magazines that lie piled on my desk the Virginia Quarterly Review is one that invariably arouses in me the wish that my job left me time to read other things than books, at least occasionally," says Herschel Brickell. We accept, with thanks, Mr. Brickell's bread-and-butter excuse. Have you an equally good one? If not, pick up a copy at Brentano's or write directly to

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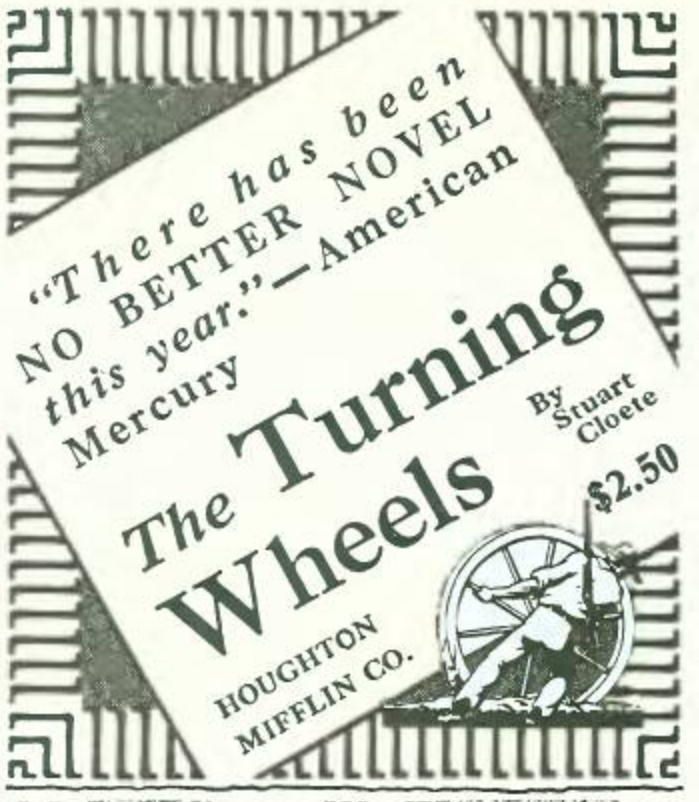


the least what they mean or else meaning something quite dissimilar to what the other fellow means. That is the burden of Mr. Chase's "The Tyranny of Words," a valuable, stimulating, but confessedly superficial book, written with all of Mr. Chase's familiar mastery of the technique of popularization. In his search for the meaning of meaning Mr. Chase draws upon modern anthropology, the theories of Count Korzybski, the work of Ogden and Richards, relativity physics, and Bridgman's logic of operations. He gives a dressing-down to the philosophers, the logicians, the economists of the Right and Left, the jurists, and the statesmen. It's a briskly conducted tour and should leave you with a greater desire to check up on whether you really mean something when you say anything. In general, it does with journalistic smartness what Thurman W. Arnold does more fundamentally in "The Folklore of Capitalism."

A certain innocence, ascribable, I think, to the warmth of Mr. Chase's heart, runs through the book. He actually seems to believe that many of the troubles of our current society are due to "an unconscious misuse of man's most human attributes—thinking and its tool, language." He believes that his book, therefore, ought to benefit editorial writers, government and Big Business apologists, radio speakers, professors, divines. He seems to forget that these gentlemen, with few exceptions, are not misusing language unconsciously but quite consciously. The ability to hide the referent is part of their stock in trade. They know perfectly well what they mean; it's just that they don't want to tell us.

A minor matter: In a book that comes out so hotly for precision, it is unsettling to find many small errors, presumably typographical. For instance, it should be Minkowski, not Menkowski; Cortés, not Cortès; Radhakrishnan, not Radhakishnan; "The Folklore of Capitalism," not "The Folkways of Capitalism;" etc.

MR. LEWIS and Mr. Chase, of course, provide the week's proper and respectable reading. But if you feel like going off the reservation and trying something that will not do you the least good, you'll get much more fun out of Joseph Mitchell's "My Ears Are Bent." Mr. Mitchell does interviews for the *World-Telegram*. I guess he must be about the best interviewer in the world, though on the surface it seems he does nothing but let people talk.


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Every Joe Mitchell story I have ever read has been—in its own way—a work of art, a fact of which the author is doubtless perfectly unaware.

Here you will find the classic description of Dick's Bar and Grill, with its account of Mr. Friedman, who declared "I drank thirty-two beers tonight," and died. You will learn what "cheese-cake" is and absorb the subtleties dividing fast, hot, and sweet stripping. You will meet your old friend Sally Rand, not to speak of Miss Marsh, who puts *on* clothes instead of taking them off. Mr. Mitchell will note for you the influence of Mr. Lawrence Sittenberg, fan manufacturer, on American culture. He will introduce you to Countess Jeanne Vina La Mar, the female pug ("I am just a ball of fire," says the Countess); to Mr. Jack Pfefer, who imports wrestlers; to marihuana smokers and conjure-bag salesmen and Harlem voodoo practitioners; to the elusive Daniel Finn, County Clerk, for whom Mr. Mitchell once spent seven days searching; and to Mr. Smulowitz, 109 years of age, who has to be paid a dollar for every bath he takes. "My Ears Are Bent" is the saga of side-show New York, written by the angel of the odd or the imp of the perverse, as you prefer. It should rank as the best and funniest job of its sort since the books of Stanley Walker, under whom, by the way, its author trained. Mr. Mitchell is a wonderful man, and I refuse to argue.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

STRANGE WEEK-END, by Mary Borden. Complicated doings at an English country house over Christmas and Boxing Day. Tends to show that for the British aristocracy all is lost save honor, and after a few glasses of brandy, honor can't be counted on either. A lively marital tangle with political trimmings.

MY INVINCIBLE AUNT, by Dorothea Brande. Mild satire on Uplift in the United States just before the World War. Mrs. Brande's aunt, a combination of Elizabeth Arden and Aimee Semple MacPherson, invents a face cream to make women beautiful and a spiritual message to make them happy. She is enormously successful because she believes it all her-






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self. In "Wake Up and Live," was Mrs. Brande by any chance pulling our collective leg?

### GENERAL

A SON OF SCOTLAND, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. The autobiographical story of an end-of-the-century boyhood in Scotland, by the author of "British Agent." A clear and charming picture emerges of his family, his friends, and of Scotland itself.

LEAVES FROM A SURGEON'S CASE-BOOK, by James Harpole. Interesting stories about diseases—tetanus, haemophilia, cancer, tuberculosis, influenza, diabetes, poliomyelitis, dyspepsia—and the progress toward their amelioration made in the last quarter-century. Like all such doctors' books, this will keep you avidly turning the pages.

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE, by Sir John Squire. Unconventional, Barrie-like reminiscences by the most respectable literary critic in England. Sir John wades knee-deep in nostalgia for his youth and the good old days. There are some charming pages, however.

BEYOND HORIZONS, by Lincoln Ellsworth. An honest, simply written, unusually interesting record of the life of an outstanding explorer. Perfect for anyone who goes for Arctic and Antarctic adventure. Illustrated.

ITALY AGAINST THE WORLD, by George Martelli. Billed as "the first complete and impartial account of Italy's repudiation of the League and her conquest of Abyssinia." The author, a correspondent of the late London *Morning Post*, hands out some surprising behind-the-scenes stuff. Illustrated.

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE, by Gilbert Seldes. An appeal to the middle classes to defend their position against what Mr. Seldes believes to be encroachments from both Left and Right.

•

What about putting your head into a bag of gold net? What about pinning roses from your great-aunt's hat all over your cherry-coloured velvet evening jacket, and cutting white kid leggings above the knees, to go as a garden boy? What about taking all your coloured handkerchiefs and bandaging your entire body? Or, with a necklace of thread spools, going as a *gitane?* What about hanging a gold frame around your shoulders and calling yourself a portrait? What about taking last year's tulle ball dress and singeing it?—*Cecil Beaton in Vogue.*

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***Philadelphia...* Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr.**

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"

***New York...* Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.**

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane...takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

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