June 4, 1938

THE NEW YORKER

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The Sun

NEW YORK

THE NEWSPAPER YOU SHOULD READ



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

BACHELOR BORN—This time, instead of three bachelors and one girl, it is one bachelor and three girls—all in a boys' school. Good, clean British fun. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

THE CIRCLE—Somerset Maugham's detached view of adultery is probably not as striking as it was in 1921, but still definitely something to be seen. Tallulah Bankhead and Grace George head a smooth and competent cast. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

GOLDEN BOY—Clifford Odets' tale of the prize ring, involving a fighter who would rather be playing the violin. Luther Adler, Frances Farmer, and a Group Theatre cast. Last three days. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Closes Sat., June 4.)

HEARTBREAK HOUSE—The Mercury Theatre and George Bernard Shaw pay their acid respects to the British leisure classes. First-rate production, with Orson Welles, Mady Christians, Vincent Price, George Coulouris, and others. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. 8:20 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

ON BORROWED TIME—Delightful fantasy with delightful performances by Dudley Digges and one of the best child actors in the theatre. The two give Death a run for his money. (Longacre, 48, W. CIrcle 6-6454. 8:45 P.M.)

OUR TOWN—Life, love, and death in a New Hampshire town, shown on a bare stage and with no trimmings except Thornton Wilder's beautiful dialogue. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, John Craven, and others. This year's Pulitzer Prizewinner. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

ROOM SERVICE—Very funny exposition of the anxieties and heartbreak in the life of a shoestring producer. Second year. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE—The Church Intellectual versus Faith, as exemplified by a dignitary and a serving maid in one of the plays that have made the New York season worth while. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Julie Haydon, Sara Allgood, and others. (Golden, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6740.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Rachel Crothers' very funny comedy about a lady Buchmanite and her effort to uplift her little circle. Gertrude Lawrence is superb. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. Closes Fri., June 10.)

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

WHAT A LIFE—Typical George Abbott comedy about a high-school boy who could tell Job a lot about suffering. Not as funny as Mr. Abbott's "Room Service" but funny enough. The cast includes Ezra Stone, Betty Field, and Joyce Arling. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

WHITEOAKS—Ethel Barrymore and a combination of "Jalna" characters, all waiting for the old lady to die. Miss Barrymore is the old lady and immense. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. No performances Sat.; Mats. Tues., Wed., and Thurs.)

THE WOMEN—Just what the title implies—a lot of women in snappy gossip, which is always an entertaining thing to hear. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Don't tell us you haven't seen this family of nuts. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—Charming is probably the word for this musical fantasy about strange doings in Budapest. Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart wrote it, and the cast includes Vera Zorina, Dennis King, Vivienne Segal, Walter Slezak, Audrey Christie, and Charles Walters. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—George M. Cohan in what amounts to a Gridiron Club show kidding the administration to Rodgers and Hart music, with Kaufman and Hart jokes. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue which was started as a satiric diversion for the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and which turned into a Broadway hit because of its score and its good-natured spoofing of everybody. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BRyant 9-1163.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE TWO BOUQUETS—A musical play by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, staged by Marc Connelly, with Leo Carroll, Viola Roache, Leslie French, Gabrielle Brune, Robert Chisholm, and Marcy Wescott. (Windsor, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:30 P.M.)

MISCELLANY

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Prologue to Glory," the youth of Lincoln in New Salem, Illinois, during his courtship of Ann Rutledge. A good, honest dramatization of not particularly dramatic material. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.) ... "Haiti," a red-hot melodrama about Toussaint L'Ouverture, with Negroes in the cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.) ... "One-Third of a Nation," an effective Living Newspaper presentation of the housing problem. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—WPA production of "Treasure Island": Sat. Afts., June 4 and 11, at 2:30 (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. MUrray Hill 2-6900.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 11. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—A cool and attractive room, with Arthur Herbert and his orchestra. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—The Roof opens June 9, with Horace Heidt and his orchestra.

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

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Richard Himber and his orchestra in this room which opens out on Central Park.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—Billy Swanson's orchestra and La Conga 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 play for dancing.

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

PARK LANE GARDENS, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—This dinner-and-supper spot forty floors up features Emil Coleman and his orchestra, and dances by Medrano and Donna. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Pancho and his orchestra, and dances by the comical Hartmans. Dress optional.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The new summer bill here includes John Hoysradt, Jack Cole and his Balinese Dancers, Al Donahue's orchestra, and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Dress optional.... Ben Cutler's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill; dances by Marlynn and Michael.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's orchestra and dances by Collette and Barry.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—This gay and attractive room features Joseph Rines' orchestra, Raul and Eva Reyes, rumba dancers, and the Carl Hemmer Dancers. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Magic by Russell Swann.

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

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Songs by Gloria Grafton; music by Paul Starr's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers Xavier Cugat's orchestra, songs by Corinna Mura, and dances by Nena Sandoval, at dinner and supper. Dress preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS—Rudy Vallée and his band are at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (CIrcle 6-6000).... The Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000), has Kay Kyser and his orchestra.... The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Ran Wilde's orchestra and an ice show featuring Baptie and Lamb.... The Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAin 4-8100), is worth the trip for the harbor view; Bill McCune's orchestra.... Hughie Barrett's orchestra plays at the Tavern-on-the-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIV, No. 16, June 4, 1938. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.



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FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTIETH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Green, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BUtterfield 8-3954); open until midnight only.... Claremont Inn and Gardens, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MOnument 2-8600), Will Hollander's orchestra.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), has an elaborate skating revue, "International Ice Frolics."... Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), features Frank Fay, Irene Bordoni, Hal LeRoy, Blanche Ring, Fritzi Scheff, Charles King, and others; Vincent Lopez's and Louis Prima's orchestras.... The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080), has a brisk and colorful show.... Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

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

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has entertainment by Blue and Garun, Lucile Jarrot, and others.... 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 Edgar Hayes' 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: El Bongó, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); and Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way at 51 (CIrcle 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra.... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-0873); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (ELdorado 5-9623).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

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JUST OUT-OF-TOWN—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (KIngsbridge 6-2000), with Irving Conn's orchestra.... Ben Marden's Riviera, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000), with Enric Madriguera's orchestra and a show called "Life Goes to a Party," featuring Sophie Tucker.... Glen Island Casino, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480), with Larry Clinton's orchestra.... Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SHeepshead 3-1000), with Arthur Davy's orchestra.... Chanticler, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377), with Mace Irish's orchestra and songs by Bigelow and Lee.... Frank Ford's Embassy Club, 111 Prospect Ave., West Orange, N.J. (Orange 3-1171), with Charlie Murray's orchestra.... Perona Farm, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600), with Vincent Howard's orchestra.... Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), has dance music Sat. Eves. only.

ART

ARTISTS OF ALOOFNESS—Prints by mystics, abstractionists, and fantastics from Callot to Klee, in a random but voluminous collection: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

THE CLOISTERS—The new building housing the collection of medieval art is now open: 698 Ft. Washington Ave., Fort Tryon Park. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. (Take 5 Ave. Bus No. 4; 8 Ave. subway to 190 St.-Overlook Terrace Sta.—exit by elevator to Ft. Washington Ave.; or B'way subway to Dyckman St.)

GROUP SHOWS—Paintings by the gallery's artists: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30....

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"Art for the Summer Home": Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 17.... "The New York Group": A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 4.... Summer retrospective exhibition: 8th Street Playhouse Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open daily 12 noon to 11 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

HASSAM AND ZORN—Pleasant if somewhat dated prints by two Impressionists: Mayer, 41 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

HOLTY—Abstractions, somewhat in the Miró manner, many of them well planned and quite attractive: Nierendorf, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 20.

HOMER—Small but interesting group of water colors and early oils by Winslow Homer, from the estate of Mrs. Charles Savage Homer and other sources: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 15.

KOLLWITZ—Lithographs and etchings by the great German master of black-and-white: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

MELTSNER—Paintings of farm life and landscapes: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 10.

MODERN MUSEUM—"Masters of Popular Painting," a big and remarkably effective exhibition of modern primitives of Europe and America: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 27.

MUNICIPAL—Seasonal retrospective, containing selections from all the groups exhibited through the year: Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67. Open daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15.

PARIS PRIMITIVES—Naïve paintings—many of them quite charming—by a bus-driver, a mailman, and others: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 4.

PIZZITOLA—Large and moodily mystical flower and figure studies, with some smaller and much more effective city scenes: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

TOLEGIAN—Sharply detailed and expressive oils, mainly of New England scenes. Also, water colors by Joe Cannon: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 3.

WPA MURALS—Informative and interesting show, covering the season's accomplishments: Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; Wed. 7:30 to 11 P.M.; through June 15.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Drawings of ships by Cliff Parkhurst, Sr.: Architectural League, 115 E. 40; through June 4.... Paintings by Charles J. McLoughlin: Morton, 130 W. 57; through June 20.... Drawings by Sidney Lazarus: Arista, 30 Lexington; through June 30.... Annual Revolving Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; June 6-Sept. 5.... Water colors by Kenneth Sedgwick: Kohn, 608 5 Ave.; through June 24.... Summer exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters & Sculptors: Argent, 42 W. 57; through July 1.... Works by twenty-two young American artists: Vendome, 339 W. 57; through June 10.... Paintings of city scenes, "for the summer visitors": Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57; through July 16.... Photographic studies, "The Girl Outdoors," by Toni Frissell: Arden, 460 Park; through June 10.... Annual exhibition by the Museum of Costume Art: La Maison Française, 610 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 6.

MUSIC

JULES BLEDSOE—Song recital: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., June 5, at 8:30.

WPA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting; Henri Deering, piano soloist: Sun. Aft., June 5, at 1:30.... Federal Symphony, Wagner program, with soloists, Balendonck conducting: Sun. Eve., June 5, at 8:45.... "Martha" in concert form, Greenwich Orchestra, chorus, and soloists, Littau conducting: Wed. Eve., June 8, at 8:45.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. and Fri., June 2-3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sat. through Mon., June 4-6; Yankees vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs., June 7-9; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. through Sun., June 10-12. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOWS—Greenwich Kennel Club, Port Chester, N.Y., Sat., June 4.... Long Shore Kennel Club, Westport, Conn., Sun., June 5.... North Westchester Kennel Club, Mt. Kisco, N.Y., Sat., June 11.

FENCING—Epées, Outdoor Championship, N.Y.A.C., Travers Island, N.Y., Sun. Morn., June 5, at 10:30.

GOLF—New Jersey Amateur Championship, Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J., through Sat., June 4.... Westchester Amateur Championship, Metropolis Country Club, White Plains, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., June 9-11.... Long Island Amateur Championship, Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs. through Sun., June 9-12.

HORSE SHOWS—Tuxedo Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 3-4.... West Point Horse Show, West Point, N.Y., Tues. and Wed., June 7-8.... Westchester County Horse Show, Blind Brook Turf & Polo Club, Port Chester, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 10-11.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, on the estate of Charles V. Hickox, near Roslyn, L.I., Sat. Aft., June 11, at 2:30.

POLO—Exhibition and practice games, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 4; Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30; weather permitting.... High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 3:30; weather permitting.... Intercollegiate Championship, first game, Harvard vs. West Point,

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DR. ROELIF HASBROUCK BROOKS,

who, as Rector of St. Thomas', will spend his thirteenth busy June officiating at our better weddings. Off duty, he's likely to be found in his study, surrounded by ecclesiastical books, a radio, and a Charlie McCarthy doll someone gave him. He listens to Charlie's broadcasts occasionally, but hasn't decided yet whether or not they're funny.

Burnt Mills Polo Club. Bedminster, N.J., Sat. Aft., June 11, at 4.

RACING—Belmont Park, L.I.: races daily at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 4. The Coaching Club American Oaks will be run Thurs., June 2; the Meadow Brook Steeplechase, the National Stallion Stakes, and The Belmont, Sat., June 4. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:20 to 1:50 P.M.) ... Aqueduct, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Mon., June 6. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:50 P.M.)

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. outdoor track and field championship finals: Randall's Island Stadium, Sat. Aft., June 4, at 2; preliminaries, Fri. Aft., June 3, at 4.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Knickerbocker Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., June 4; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., June 11.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—Sweet Pea and Rose Show of the Nassau Horticultural Society: Horticultural Society of N.Y., 598 Madison, Mon., June 6, 2 to 10 P.M.; and Tues., June 7, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

GREENTREE FAIR—Annual fair on Mrs. Payne Whitney's estate, Manhasset, L.I., for the benefit of the Baby Milk Funds of the Family Welfare Association of Nassau County and the New York Hospital, Fri., June 10, 2 to 7:30 P.M.

ROLLER-SKATING CARNIVAL—For the benefit of the Stage Relief Fund: Skateland, Park at 107, Thurs. through Sat., June 2-4, 2 to 5 P.M., and 7:30 to 12 midnight.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for June at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Exploring the Sun." Weekdays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The modern library of Robert Dunning Dripps, Germantown, Pa., first editions of American, English, and Irish poets, and other authors: Mon. through Thurs. Morns. and Afts., June 6-9.

At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—Period furniture, paintings and prints, tapestries, textiles, and Oriental rugs: Thurs. Morn. and Aft., June 2.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Address at the graduation exercises of the U.S. Naval Academy: Thurs., June 2, at 12 noon, WABC and WJZ.

RACING—The Oaks at Belmont Park: Thurs. Aft., June 2, at 4, WABC and WOR. The Belmont Stakes: Sat. Aft., June 4, at 4:15, WABC and WOR. The Queens County Handicap at Aqueduct: Mon. Aft., June 6. at 4, WABC.

GOLF—Descriptions of the Walker Cup matches at St. Andrews, Scotland: Fri. Morn., June 3, at 11; Sat. Aft., June 4, at 2; both WABC.

CYMBELINE—Shakespeare's play, with the fifth act rewritten by George Bernard Shaw: Fri. Aft., June 3, at 3, WJZ.

TRACK—Some of the main events in the Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. meet at Randall's Island: Sat. Aft., June 4, from 3 to 5, WEAF.

KATHRYN MEISLE—Singing with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Barbirolli conducting: Sun. Eve., June 5, at 9, WABC.

THE PLANETS—First presentation of Alfred Kreymborg's poetic drama written for radio: Mon. Eve., June 6, at 9, WEAF.

CARMEN—A special radio version of Bizet's opera, under the direction of Henry Weber: Mon. Eve., June 6, at 10:30, WOR.

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

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. March of Time, 8, WJZ. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8, WOR. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEAF. Toronto Promenade Symphony, Stewart conducting, 9, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. Pulitzer Prize plays series, 10, WJZ. "Music and Ballet," 10, WQXR. "Essays in Music," Bay conducting, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC, George Olsen, 9, WJZ. Bamberger Symphony, 10, WOR.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. "Voices of the Past," 3:30, WQXR. "Exploring Music," Herrmann conducting, 5, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Molinari conducting, 9, WEAF.



SUNDAY—Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. New York Civic Orchestra, 1:30, WNYC. Magic Key of R.C.A. hour, 2, WJZ. Gotham String Quartet, 2:15, WOR. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Tyrone Power, 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Herrmann conducting, 5, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Maxine Sullivan, 6:45, WABC. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. "Information Please," with Clifton Fadiman, 8:30, WJZ. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—"Keyboard Concerts," 5, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Ben Bernie, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Grace Moore, Deems Taylor, and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC. Boston Pop Concert, Fiedler conducting, 9:30, WJZ. Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonic Strings, 10, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—An alert and Technicolored version of the classic, with Tommy Kelly, Ann Gillis, and May Robson. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., June 7-9.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—W. C. Fields, stepping aside only once for Kirsten Flagstad, in a showy and bright affair. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., June 3-6. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. and Wed., June 7-8.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper looking their handsomest in a comedy of life abroad. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., June 3-5.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., June 4-6.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Stoddard, B'way at 90; and Olympia, B'way at 107; starting Thurs., June 9.)

IN OLD CHICAGO—Alice Brady, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and general excitement, including the Fire, of course. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Thurs., June 2.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., June 2-4.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Wed., June 3-8.... Trans-Lux, Madison at 85; starting Fri., June 10.)

JOY OF LIVING—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a good, rowdy farce. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Thurs., June 2.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., June 3.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Tues., June 3-7.)

KIDNAPPED—Long and full of all sorts of adventures. Principally for the kiddies. With Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Thurs., June 9.)

LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—What a lady learns while tracing the lives of the boys who wrote on her dance card at her first ball. (Belmont, 48, E. of B'way; Sat. at 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7, 9, and 11:05 P.M.; other days at 12:05, 2:10, 4:15, 6:10, 8:15, and 10:10 P.M.)

MAYERLING—Royal love in the eighties, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., June 4-6.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA—With Paderewski. The story is pretty slight, but the music is there; also, Marie Tempest. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; continuous from noon.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER—Underworld nonsense in harum-scarum burlesque, with Edward G. Robinson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sun. through Tues., June 5-7.)

STORM IN A TEACUP—A folksy English film of a Scottish town, with many, many dogs and a pleasant comedy touch. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., June 6-7.... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., June 7-8.)

THREE COMRADES—Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, and Franchot Tone, with almost no help from Robert Taylor, make Erich Maria Remarque's story of post-war Germany convincing and appealing. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Thurs., June 2.)

REVIVALS

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., June 9-11.)

LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—Fredric March and Charles Laughton. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 5-6.)

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON (1936)—Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., June 3-4.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Thurs., June 2.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., June 3-4.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Louis vs. Schmeling, heavyweight championship, Yankee Stadium, June 22.

CREW—Yale-Harvard, New London, Conn., June 24.... Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., June 27.... Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, Eng., June 29-July 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Amateur, Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J., June 15-18. ... British Open, Deal, Eng., July 6-8.... Sweetser Victory Tournament, Winged Foot Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y., July 8-9.... National P.G.A. Championship, Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., July 10-16.... Long Island Open, Rockville Country Club, Rockville Centre, L.I., July 11-14.... New York State Amateur, Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y., July 13-16.

HORSE SHOWS—Sands Point, N.Y., June 12. ... International Horse Show, Olympia, London, Eng., June 16-25.... Cedar Valley, Glen Head, L.I., June 18-19.... Bronxville, N.Y., June 18.... Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., June 24-25.... Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., June 30-July 2.... Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., July 8-10.... Monmouth County, Rumson, N.J., July 14-16.... Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, N.J., July 21-24.... Lenox, Stockbridge, Mass., July 22-23.

HUNT RACES—Rockaway Steeplechase Association, Cedarhurst, L.I., June 18.

MUSIC—Goldman Band, Central Pk., June 15-Aug. 15.... Stadium Concerts and Opera, Philharmonic Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, June 23-Aug. 17.

POLO—Intercollegiate Championships, Burnt Mills Polo Club, Bedminster, N.J., June 11, 14, and 18.... Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Westbury, L.I., June 18-July 30.

RACING—Aqueduct, L.I., June 6-29.... Royal Ascot Meeting, Eng., June 14-17.... Grand Prix de Paris, Longchamp, France, June 26. ... Empire City, Yonkers, June 30-July 23. ... Saratoga Springs, N.Y., July 25-Aug. 27.

TENNIS—All-England Championships, Wimbledon, Eng., June 20-July 2.... Invitation Tournament, Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I., June 30-July 3.... National Intercollegiates, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa., July 4-9.... Invitation Tournament, Bathing & Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J., July 12-17.

TRACK—Annual Invitation Meet, Palmer Stadium, Princeton, N.J., June 18.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit Meeting, Historic Track, Goshen, N.Y., July 12-16.

YACHTING—Long Island Sound Races: New Rochelle Yacht Club, June 18; Manhasset Bay, June 25; Horseshoe Harbor, July 1; American, July 2; Larchmont, July 4; Indian Harbor, July 9; Larchmont Race Week, July 16-23.... Bermuda Race, starts from Newport, R.I., June 21.... Intercollegiate Y.R.A. Regatta, Wianno, Mass., June 21-24.



AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JUNE 2, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8

[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 5, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (COlumbus 5-1250)—Opening Thurs., June 2: **"Three Comrades,"** Robert Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Young, Franchot Tone.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CIrcle 6-8600)—Thurs., June 2: "Gangs of New York," Charles Bickford. . . . From Fri., June 3: "The Sign of the Cross," revival, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CIrcle 6-0800)—Through Fri., June 3: "The Devil's Party," Victor McLaglen. . . . Opening Sat., June 4: "Swiss Miss," Laurel and Hardy.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CHickering 4-7022)—"You and Me," George Raft, Sylvia Sidney.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 6-4600)—Opening Thurs., June 2: "Vivacious Lady," Ginger Rogers, James Stewart.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WIsconsin 7-0206)—Through Fri., June 3: "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Opening Sat., June 4: "Swiss Miss," Laurel and Hardy.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6000)—**"Kidnapped,"** Warner Baxter, Freddie Bartholomew.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CIrcle 7-5900)—"Gold Diggers in Paris," Rudy Vallée, Rosemary Lane, and others.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way (BRyant 9-0156)—**"Life Dances On,"** French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (WIsconsin 7-1789)—Through Thurs. Aft., June 2: "U.S.S.R. in Newsreels," Soviet film. . . . Opening Thurs. Eve., June 2, at 8:30: "Country Bride," Soviet picture.

CONTINENTAL, B'way at 52 (COlumbus 5-6480)—"Three on a Week-End," British film, Margaret Lockwood, John Lodge.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (ALgonquin 4-7661)—"The Great John Ericsson," Swedish film, Victor Seastrom.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (COlumbus 5-0425)—"The Courier of Lyons," French film, Pierre Blanchar.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CIrcle 7-6591)—"They Were Five," French film, Jean Gabin, Charles Vanel.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-1294)—**"Moonlight Sonata,"** British film, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Marie Tempest.

EAST SIDE

JEFFERSON, 3 Ave. at 14 (GRamercy 7-6320)—Thurs., June 2: "The Gaiety Girls," Jack Hulbert, Patricia Ellis; also "When G-Men Step In," Don Terry, Jacqueline Wells; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 12. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 3-5: **"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,"** Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 6-7: "Rhumba," revival, George Raft, Carole Lombard; also "Hell in a Circus," revival, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams. . . . From Wed., June 8: "Making the Headlines," Jack Holt; also "The Wife of General Ling," Griffith Jones, Inkijinoff; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 13.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GRamercy 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., June 2-4: **"In Old Chicago,"** Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 5-6: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also **"Les Misérables,"** revival, Fredric March. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: **"The Big Broadcast of 1938,"** W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "The Charge of the Light Brigade," revival, Errol Flynn.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AShland 4-4865)—Thurs., June 2: **"Joy of Living,"** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 3-5: "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie; also "Start Cheering," Walter Connolly, Jimmy Durante. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 6-7: **"Storm in a Teacup,"** British film, Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Sara Allgood; also "Squadron of Honor," Don Terry. . . . From Wed., June 8: "Four Men and a Prayer," Loretta Young, Richard Greene; also "Rascals," Jane Withers.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PLaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sailing Along," Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting; also "The Invisible Enemy," Alan Marshall, Tala Birell.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PLaza 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., June 2-3: "Sally, Irene, and Mary," Fred Allen, Alice Faye, Tony Martin; also "Rain," revival, Joan Crawford, Walter Huston. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 4-6: **"Mayerling,"** French film, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "Action for Slander," Clive Brook. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "One More River," revival, Diana Wynyard, Colin Clive.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sinners in Paradise," John Boles, Madge Evans; also "Sergeant Murphy," Ronald Reagan; and March of Time.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320)—Through Fri., June 3: **"Joy of Living,"** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 4-6: **"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,"** Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (REgent 4-0302)—Thurs. through Sat., June 2-4: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple. . . . Sun. through Tues., June 5-7: **"A Slight Case of Murder,"** Edward G. Robinson. . . . From Wed., June 8: "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BUtterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sailing Along," Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting; also "The Invisible Enemy," Alan Marshall, Tala Birell.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BUtterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., June 2: "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne; also "Arsène Lupin Returns," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 3-4: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple; also "Love, Honor, and Behave," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 5-6: "Bordertown," revival, Paul Muni, Bette Davis; also "Moonlight and Pretzels," revival, Roger Pryor. . . . From Tues., June 7: **"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"** Tommy Kelly; also "Women Are Like That," Kay Francis, Pat O'Brien.

TRANS-LUX, Madison at 85 (BUtterfield 8-3180)—Thurs., June 2: "Amphitryon," French film, Henri Garat. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 3-6: "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne. . . . From Tues., June 7: "The Lower Depths," revival, French film, Jean Gabin.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (ATwater 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sinners in Paradise," John Boles, Madge Evans; also "Sergeant Murphy," Ronald Reagan; and March of Time.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., June 2-3: **"Joy of Living,"** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 4-6: **"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,"** Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart; also "Making the Headlines," Jack Holt.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie; also "Start Cheering," Walter Connolly, Jimmy Durante. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: **"Storm in a Teacup,"** British film, Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Sara Allgood; also "Squadron of Honor," Don Terry; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 14.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GRamercy 7-7874)—Through Fri., June 3: **"Joy of Living,"** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 4-6: "The Gaiety Girls," Jack Hulbert, Patricia Ellis. . . . From Tues., June 7: "Four Men and a Prayer," Loretta Young, Richard Greene.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie; also "Start Cheering," Walter Connolly, Jimmy Durante. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "The Charm of La Bohème," Viennese film, Jan Kiepura; also "Squadron of Honor," Don Terry; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 14.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-3350)—Thurs., June 2: "The Crime of Dr. Hallet," Ralph Bellamy; also **"The Private Life of Henry VIII,"** revival, Charles Laughton. . . . Fri. through Wed., June 3-8: **"In Old Chicago,"** Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CHelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., June 2: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 3-4: **"The Private Life of Henry VIII,"** revival, Charles Laughton; also **"One Rainy Afternoon,"** revival, Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino. . . . Sun. through Tues., June 5-7: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple; also "Love, Honor, and Behave," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane. . . . From Wed., June 8: "Women Are Like That," Kay Francis, Pat O'Brien; also "Walking Down Broadway," Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BRyant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., June 2-8: "Judge Hardy's Children," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BRyant 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., June 2-8: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "One Wild Night," June Lang.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CIrcle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sailing Along," Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (COlumbus 5-0485)—Thurs. through Sun., June 2-5: "Four Men and a Prayer," Loretta Young, Richard Greene; also "Rascals," Jane Withers. . . . Mon. through Wed., June 6-8: "The King of the Newsboys," Lew Ayres; also "He Couldn't Say No," Frank McHugh.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TRafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sinners in Paradise," John Boles, Madge Evans; also "Sergeant Murphy," Ronald Reagan; and March of Time.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TRafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., June 2-8: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SChuyler 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "The Girl of the Golden West," Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Dangerous to Know," Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "The Gaiety Girls," Jack Hulbert, Patricia Ellis; also "When G-Men Step In," Don Terry, Jacqueline Wells.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (ACademy 4-0750)—Thurs., June 2: **"In Old Chicago,"** Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 3-6: **"The Big Broadcast of 1938,"** W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne. . . . From Tues., June 7: "Battle of Broadway," Victor McLaglen, Louise Hovick; also "Island in the Sky," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (ACademy 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "The Girl of the Golden West," Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Dangerous to Know," Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "The Gaiety Girls," Jack Hulbert, Patricia Ellis; also "When G-Men Step In," Don Terry, Jacqueline Wells.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (EDgecombe 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sinners in Paradise," John Boles, Madge Evans; also "Sergeant Murphy," Ronald Reagan; and March of Time.

RIO, B'way at 161 (WAshington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., June 2: "Start Cheering," Walter Connolly, Jimmy Durante; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris. . . . Fri. through Tues., June 3-7: **"Joy of Living,"** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie. . . . From Wed., June 8: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Rascals," Jane Withers.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WAshington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "College Swing," Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope; also "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sailing Along," Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting; also "The Invisible Enemy," Alan Marshall, Tala Birell.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WAdsworth 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., June 2-6: "Kentucky Moonshine," Ritz Brothers; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward, Kay Sutton. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 7-8: "Sinners in Paradise," John Boles, Madge Evans; also "Sergeant Murphy," Ronald Reagan; and March of Time.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New England Telephone & Telegraph Company notified us last Tuesday that it would be possible to put a radiophone in our yacht so we could talk to people on shore. The advantages of this, they said, were apparent. Suppose, they said, we had been out cruising and were putting into port and one of our guests wanted a plane reservation—if there was a phone in our boat we could call up and make the reservation while still at sea. This situation, however progressive it seems to the phone company, seems of dubious merit to us. Anyway, we want to inform our friends that guest space in our yacht will continue to be reserved for persons wanting to catch flounders, not airplanes.

One thing we like about a boat is that when you are in it you don't have to talk to people on shore. There are, in fact, times when a phone might be considerable of a nuisance in a boat. Let's say you are trying to pick up the sound



of a bell in a fog, listening with all six ears. We're pretty sure that this would be the moment the phone would ring, and who would it be? It would be Gladys, wanting to know where you put the key to the car.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST: The Harvard Club is having the red furniture in its lounge done over in blue. . . . The gold braid that adorns the uniforms of officers of the armed services of the United States has to be imported from France. . . . The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has removed the spittoons from the women's lavatories on the Merchants Limited. . . . A six-year-old bull named Alice is taking part in artificial-breeding experiments at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

WHEN we were young and in our flower,
We got up with The Conning Tower.
This summer, quite the other way,
We'll go to bed with F.P.A.

WE'RE sorry to learn that the main dining room of the Gotham Hotel is being converted into quarters for stores. It used to be pleasant to walk by



and see the solid, English-looking people eating by the windows, a couple of feet lower and a trifle more accessible than the men in the University Club lounge next door. We doubt if we will ever be able to adjust ourselves comfortably to the march of progress, the passing of old landmarks. It is probably only a matter of months before the ground floor of the Vanderbilt house will be another Longchamps outpost and the back room of the Plaza a branch of Macy's. If anyone has definite information about these or other forward-looking projects, we don't wish to be told.

"I PLEDGE to work actively for the preservation and extension of democracy and peace, for the defeat of Fascism and all forms of national oppression, and for the establishment of Socialism," runs the new Communist oath.

"Unless Republican party chiefs override the clear preferences of their rank-and-file and nominate a right-wing Democrat, anti-New Deal Democrats will be faced with the choice of going along with the New Deal, attempting to nominate their own candidate, or crossing over to the Republican party," says the *Times*.

There can be little happiness for any party in these efforts to get complete coverage at the expense of political identity. In the old days, a Communist was simon-pure—a furious man, sworn to impose the Marxist philosophy on the world, let come what dreadful things might come. We cannot see him amiably swearing, presumably on a Bible, that he will work to extend a capitalist democracy in order to achieve Socialism. Nor can we see that much will be left in life for Democrats and Republicans, robbed of their old pastime of slinging mud and pointing to the record. Politics, in fact, seems to be degenerating into a confused game of ring-around-a-rosy, with everybody obliged to hold hands with the wrong people.

IT seems rather a pity that the journalistic duel, so fashionable in France, has failed to take hold in America. We have never had a challenge from even our angriest critic. Never has our receptionist announced, "A couple of seconds to see you, sir." We are embarrassed by the safe monotony of our days. There would be difficulties, of course. We would have to borrow a sword



from a Knight Templar or a Noble of the Mystic Shrine. Our insurance agent would unquestionably disapprove. And where would we go for our swordplay in the dawn? Central Park is the obvious place, although the children and the pigeons might be a false note. It is hard to picture cherubs and fat doves descending on the field of blood. But the hell with the difficulties. No one shall

say we have been traitor to the fuller, braver life. Monsieur the editor of *Time*, you are a camel, a head of veal, a rolling nastiness!

Chairman

YOU have probably seen William McChesney Martin, Jr., in the newsreels and sized him up as an earnest young man with the embarrassed air typical of sweepstakes winners. Mr. Martin is, of course, no sweepstakes winner but the new chairman of the board of governors and president pro tem of the New York Stock Exchange, aged thirty-one. His embarrassment was due to the fact that he had never faced a movie camera up to his election three weeks ago. "I got bewildered," he says. He regained his composure in time to invite the cameramen to take pictures of the Exchange floor in action, which in turn bewildered them and also drew hoarse cries of horror from the more conservative members, who never dreamed that such a thing would come to pass. They'll have to put up with him till next May 16th, however, no matter what happens; his term as chairman runs until then, although his presidential duties will end as soon as the board appoints its first salaried president. It is now Martin's job to greet distinguished visitors, formulate policies, and attend meetings of the Exchange's subcommittees, all of which has kept him terribly busy. At present he is comfortably installed in Room 629 of the Exchange Building, the president's quarters. Yes, that used to be Richard Whitney's office. It's a large, panelled chamber, with a ticker ticking merrily in one corner, a secretary trying to drive away people who've just dropped by to shake hands, and an armed guard stationed in the corridor outside, suspicious of all comers.

Martin became a governor of the Exchange at the age of twenty-eight, breaking all precedent. He was a member of the liberal bloc of financiers that favored coöperation with the influential SEC and revolted against the haughty attitude of the Old Guard. The new chairman is anything but haughty; when we called at his office we found him a studious-looking fellow with a pleasant smile, dressed in a gray double-breasted suit and a brown tie. He's a bachelor, but his newsreel début didn't result in a single offer of marriage—probably an indication of the times. Another unusual thing about him is that he's been in New York only seven years. He was sent here by the firm of A. G. Edwards & Sons, having previously worked in the statistical department of their branch in St. Louis, his home town. They've given him a leave of absence this year, with pay. The chairmanship is a non-remunerative job.

Until Martin left college (Yale '28), he'd never studied the social sciences, but he began to investigate them at night school in St. Louis and continued straight through this February, taking courses at Columbia and the New School for Social Research. At college he majored in English literature, never getting closer to the social scene than the pictorial editorship of the Yale *News*. He has had a thorough classical education, including five years of Latin and three of Greek, but at heart, he says, he's a romanticist. Romantically, he has such a passionate love for the theatre that during the past seven years he hasn't missed more than a handful of shows that ran for two weeks or longer. One season he saw a hundred of them. More often than not he goes by himself, buying cut-rate tickets and sitting happily in the balcony. He is probably the first president of the Stock Exchange who ever sat in the balcony. All these things have led his fellow-brokers to look upon him with incredulous awe, and matters aren't helped any by the fact that he's easily the best tennis player among them, too. From 1932 through 1934 he entered the national singles championships at Forest Hills and managed to reach the second round each time. He took on Tilden once. That was in 1928, in a local tournament at a Chicago country club, and Big Bill won handily, losing only one game in three sets. "He massacred me," says the chairman, whose avowed platform is to hide nothing from the public.

Big Heart

A COP on one of the Village beats, a foine big broth of a fellow, was seen proceeding slowly along the street



one day last week, tearing down the red hearts put up to advertise the campaign of the Greater New York Fund, crumpling them up, and tossing them into the gutter. "Communist propaganda," he muttered as he worked. "Down they come, every last one of 'em."

Riker's

HAVING heard a number of people express worries about odors drifting over from the rubbish dumps of Riker's Island to the World's Fair site in Flushing, we instructed our Mr. Stanley to go out to Riker's and investigate the situation. He reports that there's nothing to worry about. In the first place, Riker's, although it's generally spoken of as if it were only a stone's throw from Flushing, is actually two miles away—quite a distance for a smell to travel. And anyway there won't be any smells by the time the Fair opens, because the Department of Sanitation is going to dump the rubbish somewhere else—probably in Jamaica Bay. Before leaving Riker's, the Sanitation folk will cover the freshly dumped rubbish with soil from the old dumps. The Parks Department will then plant trees, bushes, and grass around the parts of the island visible from Flushing Bay, leaving everything quite sanitary and cosy.

While he was on Riker's, Stanley investigated the new City Penitentiary, which has replaced the old Municipal Farm of Riker's and the Penitentiary and Workhouse of Welfare. The amalgamated pen has an average population of 2,500 prisoners (people serving three years or less) and 500 employees. The prisoners work here and there on the island, landscaping filled-in land, raising vegetables, and tending pigs. Riker's supplies all the pork and vegetables served in the penal institutions of Greater New York. The City Penitentiary is probably one of the country's nicest prisons. There are a thirty-piece band, weekly motion pictures, a magazine, a circulating library of 10,000 volumes, and facilities for boxing, baseball, tennis, handball, volleyball, basketball, quoits, miniature golf, and lawn bowls.

Stanley found Riker's pretty crowded. In addition to the prison population, there are 3,500 WPA workers, who are busy transferring soil from the island to the North Beach Municipal Airport, now well under construction. Crews are working day and night at

this, trucking "old fill," or the last decade's solidified rubbish, across a 1,900-foot temporary wooden trestle to the mainland. Dumping increased the size of Riker's from 62 acres in 1886 to 400 acres as of date of Stanley's visit, so it's only fair that some of it should now be taken away. Riker's used to be famous for its stupendous rat colony and the perpetual fires which burned in the dumps. Both are gone now, or at any rate practically gone, the accidental result of a new method of dumping. Rubbish used to be dragged by donkey engines up movable narrow-gauge tracks and dumped from the top of previously piled-up heaps. This produced a hilly terrain, with much of the light, inflammable material right on top, where it caught fire easily. Now the rubbish is dragged along by tractors and dumped in such a way that the surface is always level. This keeps the dump packed down, so it doesn't take fire easily. It also makes for few safe burrows for rats; the minute they get dug in, along comes a tractor with another layer of trash and they're trapped. They don't like it, and they're moving away.

Instructions

THE Japanese—the noncombatant ones, at least—remain a great little people. This was borne in on us recently when we read the instruction sheet that came with an inexpensive made-in-Tokio outfit for developing and printing film. The opening sentence would have done credit to a Faulkner or a Wolfe. It said, "Take the developer to the gloomiest place possible."

No. 15

IT was a big day in the glue-and-adhesive world when Benjamin K. Albrecht discovered a mixture which would make sheet metal stick to a plaster wall. This is not a thing which would have seemed of prime importance to you or to us, but interior decorators think differently. It was long a source of grief to them that all the available bonding materials (trade name for adhesives) allowed air bubbles to form under the metal sheeting, so that it eventually dropped off. The American Brass Company is said to have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for laboratory experiments, trying to open



"Cigars, cigarettes, vitamin capsules."

up the interior-decorating field to their products. Well, to get back to this Mr. Albrecht, who is a retired sandpaper salesman living in Rowayton, Connecticut. He's an amateur glue mixer, one of the very few amateur glue mixers in these parts, and he's the discoverer of No. 15, the formula for making metal stick. Just went down to his cellar laboratory and came up with the bonding material. This was more than a year ago, but we heard about it only recently, when somebody told us that it had enabled the Holland America Line to use metal panelling in the main companionways of their big new liner, the Nieuw Amsterdam. When we heard this, we deemed it likely that Grover Whalen had some in his World's Fair offices, and so he has.

Mr. Albrecht, a white-haired, kindly fellow with an innate enthusiasm for glue, was turned out of his salesman's job in 1930 by a merger of companies. Undaunted, he retired to Rowayton and was soon earning a tidy living by making Gelatex, another preparation of his own invention. This is a water-resisting cement used for patching holes in tarpaulins. The Yale Athletic Association uses it for the tarpaulin they put over the Bowl gridiron when it rains; the Brooklyn Dodgers use it on their home-grounds tarpaulin; and Barnum & Bailey use it on the big tent. No. 15, the metal stickum, contains about a dozen ingredients, Mr. Albrecht says, two of them in such minute quantities that they defy analysis. Six of the best commercial laboratories in the country have, at Mr. Albrecht's invitation, tried to analyze No. 15; they all reported that they could isolate certain elements but that the rest seemed to have evaporated. Mr. Albrecht just laughs. He says he isn't going to patent his formula, because there's no need to. He sells the stuff to people who ask for it and is now arranging to put ten-cent tubes of it in the Woolworth stores. As for forming his own company or releasing the secret to another company, he says he can't be bothered. Right now he's hard at work on a paint with a rubber base which is to defy water for eternity, or as near eternity as you could wish.

Afterthought

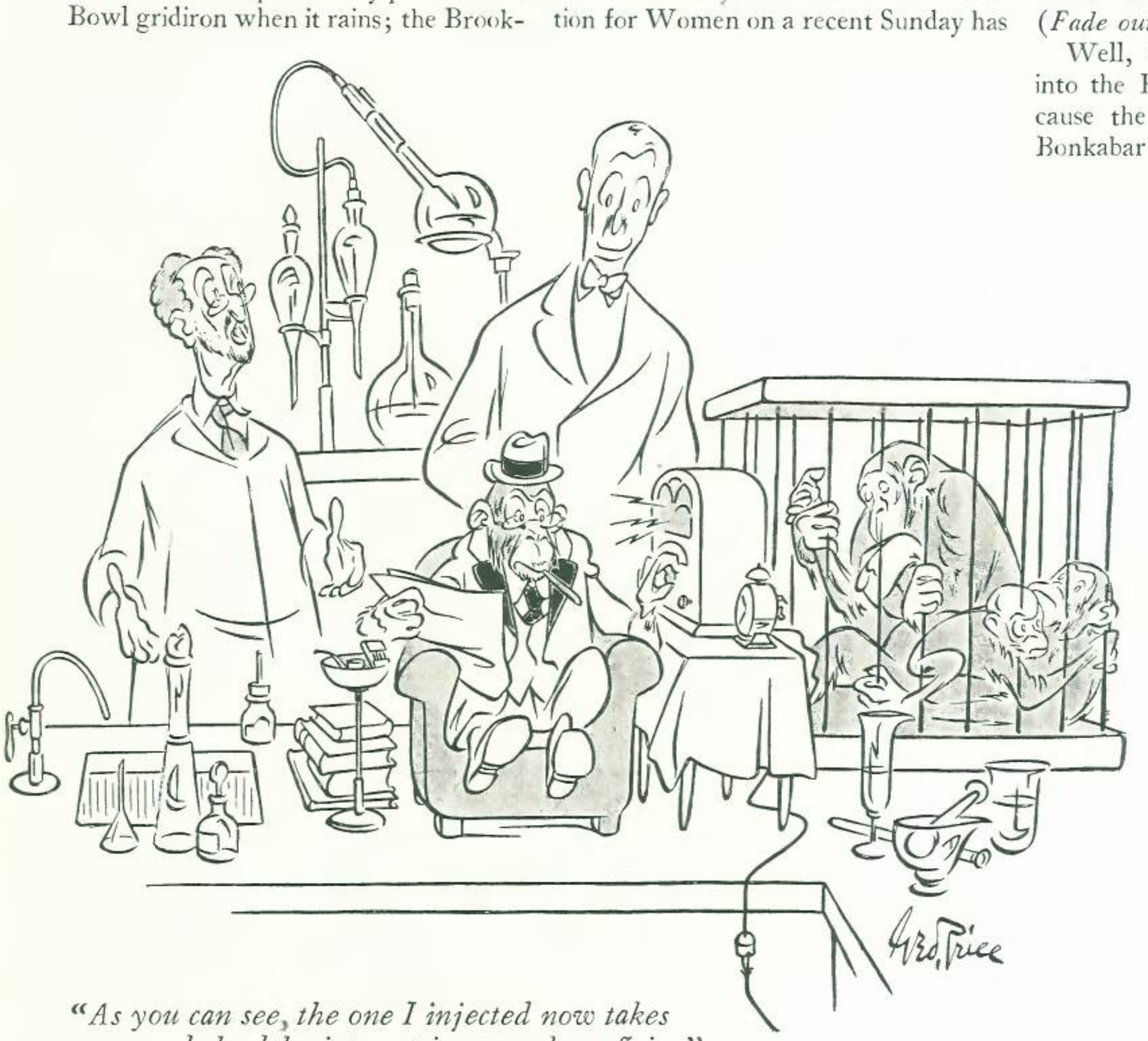
A SOCIAL-SERVICE worker who attended services conducted by the Salvation Army at the House of Detention for Women on a recent Sunday has told us of a minor happening. The chaplain announced that there would be a vocal solo called "Love's Demand." He started to retire from the pulpit, then wheeled about and added rather severely, "A *religious* song."

Miss Bonkabar

THE head of the cigarette girls at the Rainbow Room wasn't mentioned in an article in these pages some weeks back on the subject of hat-check and cigarette concessions in night clubs, so we'll take her up here, as a unique and exceptional figure in the situation. When she gets a tip, she can put it in her pocket and keep it. This is the case because the three cigarette girls working in the Rainbow Room in 1934 were bright little creatures. They—the Misses Lillian Karkruff, Irene La Bonte, and Irene Bartish—were dragging down $8 a week, plus nice, fat Rainbow Room tips, when they heard that they were to be sold down the river to a concessionaire. Miss Karkruff, a Williamsport, Pa., girl with snapping brown eyes, then went to a man she knew in the legal department of Rockefeller Center and asked his advice. (*Fade out on conference.*)

Well, the concessionaire didn't get into the Rainbow Room after all, because the girls formed a company—Bonkabar & Co., a name made up of the initial syllables of their names—scraped together a little capital, and successfully bid for the concession themselves. They signed papers before a notary, full of lovely words like "whereas" and "wherein," phrases like "gross and net assets and liabilities," and sentences like "No partner without written consent of the other two shall make, execute, deliver, endorse or guarantee any commercial paper nor agree to answer, or indemnify against, any act, debt, default, or miscarriage." (We've seen the papers, is how we know all this.) They were then their own bosses, and made a tidy bit more than when they had been working for Mr. Rockefeller.

Last year, Miss La Bonte left the company, the bride of a man who had



"As you can see, the one I injected now takes a normal, healthy interest in everyday affairs."

dropped in one night and asked for a panatela, and Miss Bartish departed a few months later because she found the height made her ears ring. This left Miss Karkruff, who now carries on as Bonkabar & Co. She employs her younger sister, Harriet, and a young lady named Alma Fagot. Miss Karkruff works a shift on the Rainbow Room floor, and also takes care of the bookkeeping, inventory, ordering, and whatnot, having one of the nicest little businesses in town.

Of Mice and Men

GETTING ready for some serious summer reading, a college girl went into Doubleday, Doran's the other day and asked for Plato's "Republic." "Plato?" said the salesgirl, wrinkling her brow. "Let's see—that would be in the children's department, with the Mickey Mouse books."

Reservoir Walkers

TOM DORGAN pilots as exclusive a craft as there is in local waters, a rowboat which is the only thing allowed afloat on the Central Park reservoir. We made his acquaintance early on a recent morning when we saw him standing up in his boat and using a landing net on a long pole to get something out of the water. The object he was after looked excitingly like a snub-nosed revolver as it came up, but proved to be a cap pistol, somewhat rusty. "Some kid probably threw it from a baby carriage and it went through the fence," Mr. Dorgan said. His job is to keep the reservoir clear of extraneous objects.

Mr. Dorgan told us that District Attorney Dewey has become one of the walkers around the reservoir. He usually gets there on Saturdays before ten o'clock. Mr. Dorgan considers the most notable group of regular walkers to consist of George M. Cohan, Bert Lytell, and "Bugs" Baer. They're known as the Three Musketeers to park employees and appear nearly every afternoon except matinée days. Mr. Dorgan has a standing joke with Cohan. "George is famous for having his birthday on the Fourth of July," Mr. Dorgan said, "so when he goes by and hollers 'Hello, Tom,' I yell back, 'You know they got to hang a flag for me too, George.' The idea is that I was born on Memorial Day and the flags are out then just as much as on the Fourth." Dorgan was fifty-nine this Memorial Day and Cohan will be sixty on the Fourth.

Mr. Dorgan told us that the distance around the reservoir is one and three-quarters miles. Some claim it's only one and five-eighths, but one and three-quarters is "official." As we talked, a heel-and-toe walker writhed by, wearing a sweater and slacks and seeming as ludicrous as his kind always does in the newsreels. "Fellow named George," Dorgan said. "He goes around in sixteen minutes." Dorgan said the man isn't a professional—"does it just for cups." The average walker, without too great exertion, circles the reservoir in twenty-two minutes. Mr. Baer has done it in a trifle under nineteen. A Wall Street man named Arthur Rode, although past sixty, has made the course in seventeen minutes. It's his custom to walk up from Wall Street and then go three times around the reservoir. The Water Department, not the Parks Department, has supervision over the walk, which is why there are no benches. Mr. Dorgan took us into Gatehouse No. 2, at the north end, and showed us a plaque which read: "Work commenced Aug. 6, 1856. Water introduced Aug. 19, 1862. Area 106 78/100 acres. Capacity, 1,000,000,000 U. S. gallons." The water is kept at an average depth of thirty-six feet, but on Mondays and Tuesdays it frequently goes down a little and Mr. Dorgan, or one of his superiors, has to call up Croton for more water. It goes down on account of the laundries' using more water on those days.



"Oops! Pardon, Messieurs!"

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Pin Money

THE fatherly president of one of the big publishing houses called one of his young men on the carpet the other day and gave him a lecture on extravagance. "You're dressing pretty expensively," he said, "and last night I saw you having supper at the Plaza. Don't you think that's flying too high for twenty-seven fifty a week?" "Oh, not at all," the young man said. "You see, I really make between fifty and sixty a week by raffling off my check to people in the office."

THE IMPORTANCE OF COCKTAILS

OR OIL FROM THE LAMPS OF LIN YUTANG

COCKTAILS were first invented by the scholar Fung in the reign of the great Emperor Ts'ang Yüan Pao in the H'o dynasty. It is written that the scholar Fung was pouring grain alcohol out of a silver hsü into a jade h'mü* when the moon goddess appeared to him in a vision. She was bearing a spray of juniper berries and she bade him squeeze these into the liquid and add three drops of lamp oil. This he did. Visions always made him thirsty and in his dreaminess he reached for his bowl of rice wine and picked up instead the h'mü** full of the magic liquid. Swallowing it in one gulp, he thought at first the vision had been a demon who had fed him hellfire, but in a moment he experienced sheer ecstasy. When he had sufficiently recovered, the scholar Fung presented his newly discovered drink to the Emperor Ts'ang Yüan Pao, who drank a gallon of it straight and made Fung his Chancellor. Next day the Emperor cancelled all his audiences and Fung was beheaded. Since that time people have learned to partake of the moon goddess's beverage with more discretion.

Cocktail feasts can be very pleasant. They should be held in small rooms with low ceilings. All air should be carefully removed and replaced by blue smoke. There need be few chairs, because at first guests will remain standing. After a while they will prefer to lie down, and by that time they won't care what they lie on. For guests it is well to have a mixture of friends, enemies, and concubines. Conversation must be loud, continuous, and of a sort that can be understood by no one. The poet Hshshs'i has celebrated the early cocktail festivals in his famous poem "One Hundred Grandfathers," and the beloved chronicler K'p'h gives the following charming account of the parties during the reign of the emperor Hung:

The guests come all bringing their pet crickets in little jade h'ings*. That is very nice. Some of them get their crickets drunk and put them down the backs of their concubines. That, too, is very nice. The noise the crickets make is called ch'in. The noise the concubines make is called d'in.

Huangbang, the epicure, has left a book of rules for cocktail feasts. In lavish detail he tells just what sort of Sssze** makes the best shakers and whether ice obtained from the fishmonger is superior to that obtained from the undertaker. In the matter of canapés much depends, he insists, on the quality of wood in the toothpick. Certain woods have a flavor that conflicts with the taste of small sausages; others have a consistency that makes them unfit for their proper and peculiar function. He suggests the correct arrangement of the room, ending with characteristic charm:

There should be butterflies circling about the heads of the guests. If there aren't any to begin with, there ought to be some later. These in turn may be pursued by small birds, but the guests need not be alarmed; the birds never catch up with the butterflies.

Huangbang lays great emphasis, too, on the proper times for serving certain drinks:

Old-Fashioneds should be drunk in the company of old men to the tune of a ch'in. There should be thistles in a pewter p't***.

Manhattans should be drunk in the company of concubines.

Alexanders should be drunk in the company of more concubines.

Stingers should be drunk in the company of Princeton scholars to the tune of a ukulele.

A White Lady should be drunk by the light of the moon.

Four White Ladies should be drunk by the light of two moons.

For his devotion to this monumental work, the Emperor Yu-Hu bestowed on Huangbang a rare dragon, so rare, indeed, that only the Emperor and Huangbang could ever see it and then only after several days of cocktail feasting.

Seeing a dragon, no matter how rare, after a cocktail feast is regarded with disfavor in the West. This is unaesthetic and stupid. But then, you Occidentals will never know anything whatsoever about the art of living.

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

*Translator's note: H'ings are cricket cages. They are sometimes used for pet snails.

**A Sssze is an early Hsia cocktail-shaker. They are made of old skulls. There are a few of these at Harvard.

***A p't is a pot.

*Translator's note: A hsü is a goblet and a h'mü is a goblet, only more so.

**See translator's note above.



"There must be something wrong. I'm sure I weigh more than two and a half pounds."



"Dr. Emerson! Please!"

PRESENTS IN THE BRONX

"AND now," said President Max Fine, looking squarely at Bella Gross, "we'll hear fomm the chairlady fomm the Wedding Committee."

The monthly meeting of the Excelsior Social Club was taking place in the living room of Miss Gross's apartment in the Bronx. The hostess, in response to the chairman's invitation, promptly bounced out of her squeaking rocker, fished into her handbag for several sheets of paper, arranged them in order, cleared her throat, and began to read:

"Being that Kitty Shapiro and Doc Rappaport are the first engaged couple since the forming up of our organization, and being their wedding is contemplated some time doong the near fewtcha, the Wedding Committee got busy and put their respective heads together last Wednesday night right here in my house.

"We discussed a tribute the club should pay to the engaged couple, something which should express our esteem and regard and still in all be appropriate to all parties concerned. Well, we argued pro and con the matter for at lease a good two hours without deriving a satisfactory conclusion. In fact, the discussion apropos the wedding present waxed so excited that it looked like the meeting would culminate in a veritable quarrel."

"Aha!" piped up Herman Spink. "Five-dollar words she's using!"

"You're out of order, Hermie," the President said, frowning his disapproval. "If there's any more uncalled-for outbursts, Hermie, fomm you or the resta the members, the Chair will be forced to indulge in handing out fines again. . . . Please resume, Billie. The report is very, very inarresting so far."



Bella smiled her thanks and returned to her notes. ". . . In a veritable quarrel. So what we did, we finey decided why not leave the matter up to the bunch, inasmuch as we might decide one thing which might conform entirely diffrint fomm what the other members might think should be the right thing. In other words, why should we wreck our brains on a present oney to have somebody say, 'A fine thing the Committee picked out! Where they must get such movvelous taste is beyond me'? Rather than we should risk such opinions, we voted to leave the entire issue up to the members.

"In conclusion I wanna say that I took down some notes of the articles involved doong the Committee meeting. If the President thinks I'm not too out of order, I'd like to read the suggestions I took down on the list. Might I, Mac?"

"Oh, certainey! By all means give out," said the President, smiling his consent.

"Well, the first thing involved was a sterling-silver creamer and sugar bowl, with silver tongs and a tray to match. It all comes in a set like. Well, folks, what about it?"

"Do I hear any comments?" asked Max, looking around the room. Fat Jennie Gershkorn, shifting in the bridge chair on which she sat, raised her hand and was recognized.

"It sounds to me like a very ideal present. A sterling-silver set like that comes in very practical, specially with company arounn the house, and still in all it makes a very nice token, you don't hafta be ashamed. I say we should get them the set."

"Are you saying that by way of a motion?" inquired the Chair.

"No, just by way of suggestion," replied Jennie, "so we can have some discussion to get the general sense of opinion."

"Mr. President!" an authoritative voice rang out.

"Mr. Leon Blatt," said the Chair, addressing a swarthy little man whose face seemed hidden behind a pair of thick-lensed glasses.

"The sterling-silver set was thoroughly discussed and thrown out at the Committee meeting on account it conflicted with the treasury, which I represent. I said then, and I hereby say it now, that the treasury will positively not warrant the expenditure of more than fifteen dollars—twenny at the outside. Now, I like Kitty and Doc as well as the next person here, but still in all you appointed me to keep watch over the treasury. O.K. So why exhaust our funds so that in case some emergency crops up, God fabbid, we are left high and dry and hafta resort to taxing individuals? Why not use the bean God gave us and do some serious thinking before we take dastrick steps the treasury will have to regret? That's all I'm saying!"

The sterling-silver set was immediately abandoned as being too costly. The next item under discussion was a dozen silver-plated bread-and-butter dishes. Again the eloquent Mr. Blatt took the floor to present arguments against the purchase of so extravagant a gift; the bread-and-butter dishes were discarded.

"Look, I gotta very wunnaful suggestion." All eyes turned to Tessie Aaronson, seated on a pillow on the floor. She uncrossed her legs and got to her feet with considerable difficulty. "A set of candlesticks, two in a pair, is something that's awways handy no matter when. Doong the daytime it's very ornamental on a table, and at night when you light up the candles it gives out a very chomming atmosphere. So I say—"

"Parm me," interrupted the dour Sarah Fineman, "but I must ast the privilege of the floor."

"It must be very important to warrant interruption," warned Mr. Fine.

"Oh, it's very important," Sarah solemnly assured him.

"O.K. Privilege granted. So what's it all about, Sarah?"

"Well," she said, "I'm not s'posed to say anything unless you take up the issue fomm candlesticks. Then Kitty told me I should say skip that present on account her Aunt Yetta is gonna give her a pair of very beyoodyful candlesticks fomm solid silver. So I hereby make the suggestion why duplicate candlesticks? What are we, dopes, we can't think of something else?"

"Suggestion accepted! Well, folks," said Max, glancing around the room, "anybody got some more idears on the matter?" A hand shot up and the Chair recognized Francey Frompkin.

"Howz about a trunk?" she said, and promptly sat down again.

"Very good, a trunk!" the President said. "Francey, will you make that in the form of a motion?"

"O.K.," said the member addressed. "I hereby make a motion, howz about a trunk?" Several members seconded her.

"Motion duly made and seconded, we—"

Max Fine didn't finish. "Hello, hello, hello!" a voice boomed out, and Pa Gross stood framed in the doorway.

Greetings were exchanged between the members and Mr. Gross, who explained his wife's absence by saying, "She's tukking on the stritt with a lady. Like a sobway is gung the tongue—tukk, tukk, tukk!"

"Please, Pa," said Bella, propelling him toward the other room, "we're right in the mist of a very important motion, so you simply must excuse yesself."

Order was restored and the discus-

sion resumed. Bella took the floor to express her approval of the motion. "I'm heartily in favor we should get Kitty and Doc the trunk on account its usefulness for two people on their honeymoon."

"So look who's tukking!" Mr. Gross followed his scornful declaration by returning to the living room. "So hommeny times you was on a honeymoon?" he asked of his embarrassed daughter. "Miss Single Lady, is no ring on her fingeh even, she knows awready fomm honeymoons! Listen," he said before Bella could summon a cutting reply, "save betteh the couple dolless! So comes beck the couple fomm vacation, guzz quick the trunk donnstairs in celleh. So is the trunk a present fa Kitty fa two wikks, udder fa the celleh donnstairs a whole yirr?"

"Folks," said President Fine, "I think Mr. Gross is right."

"Uf cuss I got right!" the old man vehemently declared.

"I got it! I got it!" shouted Jennie Gershkorn excitedly. "A bridge table with a leatherette top and four collapsible bridge chairs to match! That makes a very stunning present, a bridge set!"

"Britch-schmitch!" Pa Gross chanted derisively. "Docteh Reppeputt is a cott player udder a denttist? He needs a britch table like I need a hole in head! I need a hole in head?" he asked rhetorically.

"See here, Pa," said Bella, glaring at him. "This happens to be a meeting fomm my club and not fomm your lodge. I'll thank you to leave us go ahead with our meeting without any buttings in. Please!"

"So go 'head! I'm not letting you? I'm a fet policeman, I got a clob in hend? So tukk awready, Miss Spitch Maker! *Nu?*"

He made no attempt, however, to leave the room. There was an embarrassed silence, broken finally by Herman Spink. "Folks," he said, "howz about a nice vackyem cleaner for the house?"

"Veckyem clinners!" Mr. Gross slowly surveyed Herman, shaking his head in amazement. "Where comes a boy to veckyem clinners alluva sudden?"

"Pa!" roared Bella. "I think you should go to bed!"

"O.K., mine boss." The puzzled old man was taken aback at her display of anger. "So how I'm gung to bed when the memberkehs they sitting on mine bed?" He pointed to the group sprawled over the couch.

"Mr. Chairman," cried Leon Blatt, "I make a motion we hereby table the discussion till next week and that we hereby ajjoin the meeting on account the lateness of the hour." This motion was unanimously passed.

AS Mrs. Gross slowly puffed her way up the two flights of stairs she could hear voices raised in quarrel. She recognized at once her daughter's irate tones.

"A fine thing," Bella was screaming, "when a person can't have a meeting without their own father sticking in his



"Part of an executive's training, Mr. Ransome, is learning to delegate small tasks to subordinates."

two cents! How would you like if I came to your lodge and I started butting in my nose? You would just love that, huh?"

"So come awready to mine lotch! Believe me, if you give foist-cless advice the same like me, mine lotch brudders they gung to kiss you a hundritt pratz-cent!"

By this time Mrs. Gross was fully aware of the cause of the quarrel. "Mr. Dope!" she shouted as she entered the room. "Somebody esked you fa advice? Somebody came to you with a summons, you must right away stick in by you the nuzz?"

"She's home awready, mine head-ick!" Pa's face registered the contempt he felt. "She's finndished making spitch-es on the stritt and she's beck awready and is again gung by her the tongue, mine Mrs. Victrolleh!"

Now that her mother was home and was so eloquently defending her, Bella felt she could safely retire. She shut the bedroom door after her and started to undress.

As she sat on the bed peeling her stockings a thought flashed through her mind. What if *she* were getting married! (As a matter of fact, Max Fine had more than once asked her to be his wife, an offer she had declined because of "financial circumstances which hafta be rectified to warrant I should take such a serious step.") Well, what would she, as a prospective bride, consider an appropriate gift from her fellow-members? Suddenly she had it—the ideal present for Kitty and her fiancé, one certain to meet with instant approval. She would suggest it at the very next meeting. "Mr. President," she would say, "why should we buy something and then have the couple turn up their noses, maybe they don't like our taste? Why not give them a movvelous present which I hereby put in the form of a motion? Namely, I hereby make a motion we give Kitty and Doc the sum of fifteen dollars—in cash! Now, I know awready what some members are gonna say—it's too common to give cash. But I beg to differ!" She frowned; it was hard to concentrate because of the terrible row taking place in the next room. "With cash, the couple can look arounn their apartment after they are married, see what is missing, and they can go out and buy it and awways have a very nice remembrance of the club members and the token we all gave them."

Bella's face broke into a huge smile. Yes, she thought, it was the ideal present.

—ARTHUR KOBER

THE TOUCH OF GREATNESS

TO Dick Weatherbee, Hammond was the greatest of men. His admiration began on his first day, before he had even arrived at St. Peter's, when Hammond spoke to him kindly on board the train. From there on it grew, out of reasonable enough materials. Hammond was not only Major Prefect and football captain, he was also first-string catcher, with a deadly peg to second and a batting average of .329. He held the school record for the forward pass, had tied the discus record, and was a good half-miler. He played a fast game of hockey. He stood six feet one and three-quarters inches, weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds two ounces. He was born in Philadelphia, September 6, 1919, and planned to enter Harvard. His average mark (the mark sheet was posted monthly) for the first six months of his Sixth Form year, Weatherbee had calculated, was 79.326.

Hammond was a good guy. He always spoke pleasantly to kids, he was friendly with them, and he never soaked them a demerit unless he had to. It wasn't that he was easy or anything like that, only they trusted him. The other First Formers looked up to him, but not even Lansing shared Weatherbee's special feeling.

Dick didn't talk about it. It was all right to say that Hammond was a good guy, or to root hard for him when he came to bat, but you didn't want to sound all wet. There wasn't much that an ordinary kid could do to attract his attention, particularly if you weren't any kind of an athlete. Dick badly wanted the great man to notice him, but he couldn't figure how to go about it. It wasn't until after the Easter vacation that he hit on the idea of an autograph.



Of course it wouldn't do to let on that the only signature he wanted was the Major Prefect's. Anyhow, it might be a good idea to collect autographs, and if he had Hammond's that would be a swell start. Weatherbee got a small notebook and spent several hours fixing it with alphabetical headings, beginning with "Aviators," and so on. He put in a heading "Friends," and another, after some hesitation, "Masters," and when he got to "S," "St. Peter's Men." That was for Hammond, of course. He had it all done when he found he'd left out authors, so he put a heading for them on the odd page at the back, as "Writers." He cleaned up the ink spots and felt it was a good job. When he had it filled, it would be valuable.

He got Lansing and a couple of other fellows to sign up under "Friends." That made it look more real. Then he gathered his nerve to tackle Hammond one day after dinner, when the Major Prefect was going over to the gym to dress for baseball. He didn't have the face to go to Hammond's study, but waited around in the entrance hall. By great good luck, Hammond was alone.

"Hello, Dick," he said.

"Hello, Hammond. Say . . ."

The Major Prefect stopped and smiled. "What is it?"

"Well—look—I'm collecting autographs and if you don't think it's fresh . . ." Weatherbee broke down. Maybe it was fresh.

"You want my autograph?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"O.K." The voice was offhand, but Hammond looked pleased.

"I have a book." Weatherbee dug it out and fumbled with it. "Here, on this page."

Hammond took the book and examined it, showing mild amusement. It was a typical kid job. He read off one or two of the headings. Weatherbee was glad he had some other signatures in there already, under "Friends."

"Under 'St. Peter's Men,' eh?"

"Yes."

Hammond took out his pen and wrote.

"There you are. Got a blotter? Better dry it before you shut it. And make it snappy, or you'll be late for baseball."

"Thanks. I'm going right over."

Weatherbee went to his desk in the assembly room. There he allowed himself a minute of staring at the clear, round writing, "C. Browning Hammond," before he put the book away carefully and started for the gym.

Of course you wouldn't expect Hammond to be excited by having a First Former ask for his signature. He'd been kind of amused. Dick had to admit that the book was messy in spots. It hadn't quite worked out the way he'd imagined it would, although he was glad to have that name written there, where he could take it out and look at it from time to time. And anyway, something was

bound to turn up in the long course of the spring term.

THEN suddenly May was coming to an end and the hot weather starting, and Weatherbee realized that pretty soon Hammond would leave St. Peter's for good. Weatherbee was in just as much of a hurry as anyone else for the summer vacation, but he wished that he could figure out some way to attract Hammond's notice while there was still time.

He wasn't the only one who was startled by June coming up so fast. Eddie Lansing felt it, for different reasons. The School had a manual-training shop with workbenches such as you could never have at home, and he was putting in all his spare time perfecting a model glider. Dick, who had elected printing, used to watch him sometimes. Eddie explained that this wasn't just a toy, it was an invention.

He got the idea from thinking of catapults on warships. Why couldn't a catapult glider be made which could be sent up from level ground? Ever since the loss of the Samoan Clipper he'd been working on a device for dumping gasoline safely. Now he had hold of something really good, so he dropped the other business and went to it. It was difficult, because you couldn't just copy an established type. You had to have more weight in order to make a good projectile, and the balance had to be just right. He and Dick talked about it a lot. Now it was almost June, and still Lansing hadn't been able to begin on the catapult itself. That was going to be a problem; he needed something strong, much stronger than his arm.

On the first Sunday in June, almost at the end of term, he was just finishing the model glider when Hammond drifted into the shop to pick up a knife he'd left there. He said "Hello, Eddie" in his usual way as he went by. Lansing answered abstractedly. He was holding down the last corner of cloth, waiting for the glue to dry.

Coming back, Hammond paused. "About finished, aren't you?" He looked at it carefully. He was a bug on aviation himself. "What is it?"

"It's a glider." Lansing took his hand away. The glue had set.

"That's a funny fuselage for a glider. Sort of deep, isn't it?"

"Well, you see, it has to be heavy."

Hammond smiled. "Gliders are generally supposed to be as light as possible."



"Wouldn't it be easier, dear, just to plant another tree?"

• •

"Well—you see, this is sort of different."

"Oh? What's the idea?"

Lansing squirmed slightly and got red. "Well—you see—you know how they launch planes off battleships with a catapult?"

"Sure."

"Well, I thought maybe you could sort of throw a glider that way, so that it would take off from level ground."

"Catapult glider, eh? It's an idea." Hammond picked up the model and hefted it. It felt easy in his hand. "About as heavy as a wet football. Is it set to go now?"

"Yeah. I call it the projectile glider."

"You going to try it out?"

Lansing had an inspiration. "I dunno. You see, I haven't got the arm for it. I'd like to get someone who really can throw."

Hammond stared at the model. The wings were three feet across, it was a handsome job. The idea might be goofy, or it might work, at least in a model. He could see sending it across the Triangle, a high flight clear over the top of the big oak in the middle. He was hesitant about playing with a little kid's toy, but he had nothing to do, and had been bored idling in the warm afternoon.

"Would you like me to throw it for you?"

"Gee. Yeah, that would be fine."

"All right, come on."

The workshop was in the Schoolhouse, which stood a little more than the length of a football field from Marby, across the Triangle. Standing on the steps, Hammond hefted the glider again. It was sweetly balanced.

"You're supposed to drive it from the tail," Lansing told him.

"Yeah. I get it."

He aimed straight across the Triangle, to one side of the oak. This would be just a test flight, without trying for

full distance. He threw with moderate force. The glider didn't mount as rapidly as it should have, and came to earth in a rather steep dive about twenty yards short of Marby's main entrance.

"You need to adjust the ailerons," Hammond said. "Let's see if she's hurt. She certainly can fly, if we get it right."

They walked over rapidly. Lansing didn't run because he was with Hammond, Hammond because he was with a kid. They picked up the model undamaged, and, taking it onto Marby's steps, bent together over the ailerons, discussing just how to set them.

Boys had gathered round the glider when it landed. Others joined them at the steps, most of them wanting to fiddle with it themselves but keeping quiet in Hammond's presence. By the time Weatherbee came drifting along there was quite a crowd; he had to work his way in before he could see the Major Prefect, MacAlpin, and Reynolds, all in close confab with Eddie.

He wished he'd made something interesting like that. He'd been in on the idea from the beginning, he'd had a kind of a share in it. He wished Eddie would say something to him about it; if he himself spoke first it would look pushing, even fresh. He didn't really expect Eddie would. It wasn't as if he'd actually helped. But he had had something to do with it. He stood as close as he could, watching with fixed intensity.

Lansing was enjoying his position, but at the same time he had a wistful feeling that the model had ceased to be his. The big boys had taken it over, and he was just tagging along.

Hammond said, "There, that ought to do it."

Rising to his feet, he stepped forward to the edge of the top step. He balanced for a moment on his right foot, with his left arm raised before him. Having the feel of the thing now, he was going to give it a good one.

Weatherbee stood right next him on his left, looking up. He'd bet Hammond would send it clear over the big oak, and maybe all the way to the Schoolhouse. He was the fellow who could really make it fly. Weatherbee watched the characteristic pursing of the Major Prefect's lips as he drew back his long arm, just as when he went to forward-pass.

Now Hammond's body hid his arm and the model from Weatherbee's view. The kid turned, looking forward, so as to see it the instant it was in flight. Then suddenly a terrific blow smote his head and left eye and he was shut into total darkness, against which masses of small stars like the ones thrown off by sparklers leapt before him. He found himself sitting down, holding his head and feeling dizzy. Hammond stood looking at him in consternation.

"Gee, kid, I didn't know you were there!"

Even in his slowly clearing daze, Weatherbee was aware of Hammond's deep concern.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get in the way."

Someone called, "Say, look at where it landed!"

Hammond turned briefly, then told Lansing, "You better go shack it, Eddie. It works all right." He stooped over Weatherbee. "How do you feel?"

The boy got up. His head had stopped swimming and it didn't hurt much. "I'm all right."

Hammond bent over him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Feel kind of knocked out, eh? Want to go up to the infirmary?"

"No, I'm all right," Weatherbee said emphatically. He had a clear sense of power, and of being generous.

He did seem all right, now his color came back. He was positively cheerful. A good kid, Hammond thought, a better kid than he'd have expected.

"You got a handkerchief?"

"Yes." Weatherbee pulled it out. It was reasonably clean.

"Well, look. Soak it in the drinking fountain and put it on your eye, see? When it begins to feel warm, soak it again."

"All right."

Hammond repeated, "I'm awfully sorry."

"That's all right. It doesn't hurt."

Weatherbee went to the fountain. The cold handkerchief did help. He was going to have a whale of a shiner, one that would last for days. He was utterly happy. He got bored soaking his eye and went back to the group on the steps. Everyone gave Hammond lots of room for his next throw. Just after that the outside bell rang, warning to get ready for supper.

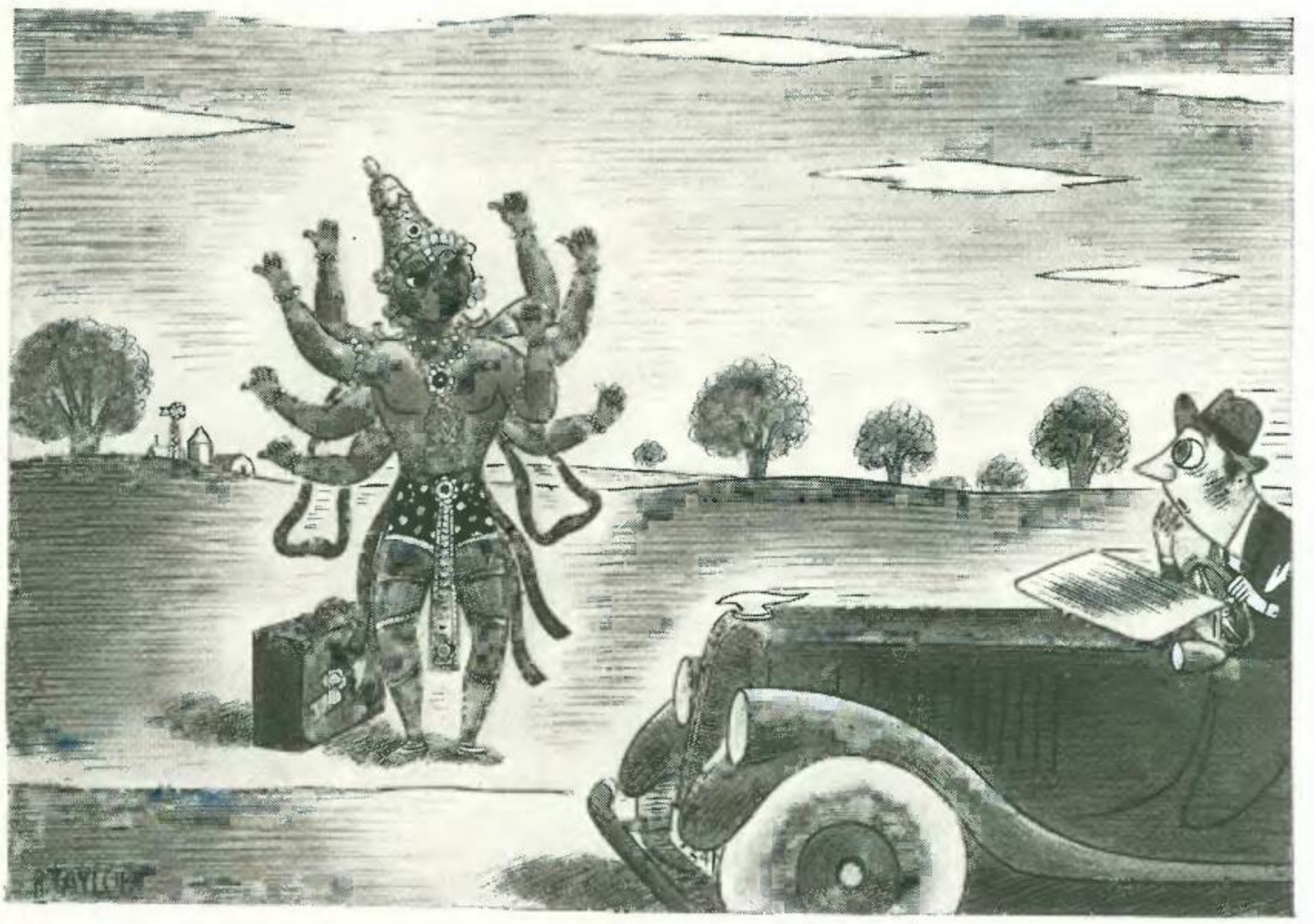
Weatherbee came into the assembly room about a minute before time for the last bell. Hammond was at the High Desk, watch in hand. Half the school was already seated.

Hammond said, "How's the eye, Dick?"

"O.K., thanks."

Hammond nodded and smiled. Weatherbee floated to his desk and sat there, his hands clasped in front of him, gazing steadily at the greatest of men.

—Oliver La Farge



PROFILES

WORDS AND MUSIC—II

THE first meeting between Rodgers and Hart occurred on an afternoon in 1919, when Herbert Fields took Rodgers to the brownstone house where Hart lived, on the upper West Side. Fields pushed the doorbell and Rodgers waited, smoothing his tie a little, adjusting the brim of his hat; he was a stylish dresser even then, at the age of sixteen, and he was unprepared for the vision that greeted him when Hart opened the door. Mr. Hart, also a very young man, was wearing an undershirt, a checked jacket, dress trousers, and carpet slippers. However, when he led his guests into the parlor and started talking about lyrics, Rodgers, who had written several songs without any cash profit, forgot his host's unusual appearance and listened devoutly. Hart had not sold any lyrics at that time, but he spoke freely of such mysteries as exterior and interior rhymes, and male and female rhymes. A male rhyme is generally exterior and accents the ultimate syllable, a female rhyme accents the penultimate syllable and is usually interior, and both are illustrated by the lyric of a song Rodgers and Hart were to write some years later:

Thou swell! thou witty! thou sweet! thou grand!
Would'st kiss me pretty? Would'st hold my hand?
Both thine eyes are cute too; what they do to me.
Hear me holler I choose a
Sweet lollapaloosa
In thee....

Here, the first two lines are male and exterior, the fourth and fifth female and interior. Hart says nowadays that he has never known much about such things. He has never studied versification, he will tell you, and he has always rejected rhyming dictionaries with the comment that it is more trouble to look up a rhyme than to think up one. Occasionally stirred to some heat by people who try to make a scholar out of him, Larry will wave his cigar dangerously, pull at his explosively patterned necktie, and yell, "Why, I don't even know what onomatopoeia is, or a trope!"



Rodgers and Hart

RODGERS and Hart have come to be regarded in their profession as musical dramatists rather than as songwriters. The radio and the phonograph long ago proved equally disastrous to the sale of sheet music and to composers who could turn out single ballads suitable to the sheet-music counters but who were not trained to write an entire score. With a few freakish exceptions such as "The Dipsy Doodle" and "Ti-Pi-Tin," most song hits now come from musical comedies or moving pictures, and since their first success, "The Garrick Gaieties," Rodgers and Hart have been identified with the theatre and with Hollywood. One of their specialties is rhythmic dialogue, which is a considerable feature of "I Married an Angel," the new Rodgers and Hart show. In one scene, for example, the Angel says to a visiting sister angel:

Excuse my lack of hospitality.
Won't you—sit down?

The dialogue that follows is spoken in a conversational tone to an engaging and allusive musical accompaniment, and it drifts into song only when a plump angel with overtones of a blonde cutie melodiously refers to her archangelic beau:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty
Gabriel, blow your rootie tootie!

Faithful to their belief that a musical comedy should be as well constructed as a straight drama, Rodgers and Hart also like their songs centred around a situation in the plot. In the fifteen shows for which they wrote the music and lyrics in the five years following "The Garrick Gaieties"—including "Dearest Enemy," "The Girl Friend," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Spring Is Here," and "Heads Up"—they were seldom able to achieve this ideal; most authors of musical-comedy books and most producers had a theory that any sentence implying the presence of the moon, the month of June, or a feeling of frustration was a sufficient cue for a boy and a girl to walk into a spotlight and sing about love. When Rodgers and Hart wrote the book for "On Your Toes," with the assistance of George Abbott, they came nearer to a reasonable combination of plot and song, but it was not until last year, when the two alone wrote the book, music, and lyrics of "Babes in Arms," that they were able to turn out a show in which, as they like to recall, every number was a "plot" number, including the hit song, "The Lady Is a Tramp." Audiences in general, pleased by the song and by the way Mitzi Green sang it, did not think of it as a "plot" song, but Larry and Dick felt that Mitzi had roamed through the play long enough without any explanation, and they are convinced that audiences would have been confused about her if she hadn't sung the song.

Rodgers and Hart wrote "The Lady Is a Tramp" in one day, when they decided that "Babes in Arms" needed it. Several years ago they wrote "Ten Cents a Dance" in less than two hours, and this season they completed the score for "I'd Rather Be Right" in three weeks. Perhaps the fastest long-distance work they ever did was in connection with a Bing Crosby picture, "Mississippi," several years ago. They finished the score of "Mississippi" on the Coast, and came East to start work on "Babes in Arms," arriving in New York slightly in advance of a telegram from Paramount frenziedly announcing that the picture needed another song for Crosby right away. Rodgers and Hart turned out the song the day they got the telegram, but then they hesitated. "If we send the manuscript," Hart said, "somebody out there will play it and sing it the way we don't want it." Rodgers said, "If we send a record, they'll play it in some executive's office with the doors banging and the telephones ringing and nobody paying any attention." For a moment the two were baffled by the hellish intricacies of Hollywood art, but at length they brightened and sauntered over to the Paramount Studios on Broadway. With Rodgers at the piano and a radio singer to give the



"Hear ye! Hear ye! I passed English History!"

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number the sales quality which the composer's small singing voice could never have instilled into it, they made a sound film and rushed it, special-delivery air-mail, to Hollywood, where they knew that Crosby and the Paramount producers would have no way of hearing it except in the hushed darkness of a projection room. The song, "It's Easy to Remember," was remembered by a good many people after "Mississippi" was forgotten.

RODGERS, the composer, is more methodical in his work and calmer in his attitude toward it than Hart, the lyric writer. He starts about eleven in the morning. If the collaborators have arranged to work that day in Rodgers' apartment, he puts in a series of telephone calls to Hart, beginning around ten o'clock. Mary, the Negro maid in the Hart household, answers these calls and dutifully rouses her employer, who goes back to sleep again like a little child. Mary is a patient woman up to a certain point, when she becomes picturesque. Once, after the third or fourth telephone call, she was heard to slam down the receiver and yell heartily into the bedroom, "Mr. Larry, it's goddam time to get the hell *up!*" Most nights there is an impromptu party at Larry's, with old friends pounding the piano, shouting songs, and screaming amiably at each other; Mrs. Frieda Hart, Larry's mother, mingles happily with the guests on these occasions until she feels sleepy, and then goes quietly to bed. Late one evening Dorothy Rodgers, Richard's wife, went into Mrs. Hart's room to say good night and found her in bed, reading. "Doesn't that noise in the living room ever bother you?" Mrs. Rodgers inquired sympathetically. Mrs. Hart shook her head and smiled. "No," she said, "it has never bothered me." She reflected a moment, and added gently, "Except, maybe, that night Paul Whiteman's band came in."

Whatever revelry enlivens the evening, Larry Hart generally begins work the next morning while he is dressing, sorting out the crumpled fragments of paper which his mother periodically removes from his coat pockets and places on his bureau. These contain lyrics written the day before, or perhaps a week earlier, and the probability is that Larry has composed them in a traffic jam, or in a Turkish bath, or while waiting for an elevator somewhere. Those that he likes on reading them over go back into the pockets of whatever suit he puts on before setting forth for a day's toil at the Rodgers apartment. By the time he arrives, Rodgers may have polished up one of the songs for the show they are working on, or he may have decided whether another should be written in three-four, four-four, or six-eight time to fit a certain situation. If Hart bursts in with a totally different idea about the same situation, there is no friction between them; that, they point out, is where collaboration comes in. When they have roughly completed the score they separate until the show is ready to go into rehearsal, and their collaboration then becomes, for each man, a matter of grim and solitary labor. Hart takes the first version of the book and lyrics and goes to Atlantic City, the Shangri-La of most authors and playwrights. Rodgers puts on a torn brown sweater buttoned up the front, to which he has become attached, and shuts himself in his study to write the music. Several copies of the original manuscript are made after the show is in its final form; one goes to Hans Spialek (a volatile Czechoslovakian known to the boys as the Bouncing Czech), who orchestrates it for the show; another is sent to the Rodgers and Hart publishers, Chappell & Co., where one "Doc" Szirmai simplifies it for sheet music; and a third goes to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, for eventual re-

lease to the public, and to radio, night-club, and other orchestras. Arrangements for popular orchestras are approved by Rodgers before release, but this is a fairly hollow gesture. With the growth of individualism among orchestra leaders, any successful dance orchestra has come to be known as a "name band," and the melody it offers is increasingly less important than the manner in which the leader swings it, or "schmalzes" it. Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, and Wayne King, for instance, play the same tune so differently that it has little relation to what the composer had in mind, and their respective fans worship the maestro rather than the music. For this reason, Rodgers sometimes releases a pet tune exclusively to an orchestra which he knows will play it the way he wrote it. A few years ago he gave Rudy Vallée a monopoly on "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," from "Jumbo," and the song, plugged on the Vallée radio hour, became popular throughout the country before any other name band could legitimately play it.

THE long life of Rodgers and Hart songs, and the fact that they are continually putting out new ones, have helped to establish them in the AA class of songwriters with the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. AA writers and composers in the Society include Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Ira Gershwin, and other men who are known in the trade as "smart" songwriters, meaning that their work is subtle enough to please the carriage trade and sufficiently engaging to satisfy everybody. The ASCAP grading (from AA to D) is based on the popularity and lifetime of a tune and on the money it has earned, which makes Irving Berlin, although he is not a polysyllabic songwriter, an AA member; the late George Gershwin is still listed in the AA class and will remain there as long as his music is played. Proprietors who engage dance orchestras must pay ASCAP from $30 to $2,400 a year—depending on whether the orchestra is a piano, a fiddle, and a saxophone in a beer joint or a name band in a fashionable café—for the privilege of playing numbers written by ASCAP members. At the end of the year, the Society adds up the fees earned by each member and after deducting its own expenses, sends half of the remainder to the composers and authors, half to the publishers. Rodgers and Hart's annual income from ASCAP is about $20,000 apiece. Besides this they get six cents on every copy of their sheet music sold and fifty per cent of the royalties on phonograph records. When they collaborate with one or more authors on a show, their combined royalty is six per cent of the gross box-office receipts—a smaller percentage than they receive for writing an entire show; six per cent is frequently adequate, however, as in the case of "I'd Rather Be Right," which took in $24,000 during Holy Week, when nobody, allegedly, goes to the theatre. Moving-picture companies pay Rodgers and Hart from $50,000 to $60,000 to write the music and lyrics for a film, generally over a period of five weeks. All money paid to them jointly is divided on a fifty-



LINES COMPOSED WHILE DRIFTING THROUGH LLOYD'S REGISTER OF AMERICAN YACHTS

Ahoy *Hy-Ball*, *Martini*, *Absinthe*, and *Apple Jack! Tipler III*, here's
mud in your eye!
Phooey to *Bone Dry!*

And to *Water Wagon*, phooey! Yachting would be ruined by the likes
of you.
But, boys, a cheer for *Last Drop!* And a tear for *Hangover II!*

Personally, I'm afraid I wouldn't name a boat *Skunk*
Unless I were pretty drunk.

And here are ships for he-sailormen: *Hoyden* and *Hussy*, *Naughty Lady*
and *Pirate Wench*, *Blonde*, *Babe*, and *Barmaid*; and let all who
think them vicious
Go on to sea with *Patsylamb* or *Mumsey* or *Lovey* or *Dee Dee* or
Twee Too or *Delishious*;

Or let them go on *Yap-Yap III*, *Brat* or *Mutt Chum*,
Unless they would be happier on *Kiddie Ship*, which, I assume, is
loaded to the gunwales with candy and gum.

The nice thing about sailing is that it gets you Away from It All;
that's why I feel
That I wouldn't care much about sailing on *Maiden Depreshun*,
Swastika, or *New Deal*.

I think I could have a good time on *Laze Daze*, *Lethargy*, or *Why
Hurry*, because I always fit right into a tired crew,
But I wouldn't do on *Whew*.

I rate *Reality* below *Day Dream*, *Heart's Desire*, *Rapture*, and
7th Heaven,
And *Provident* below *7-11*.

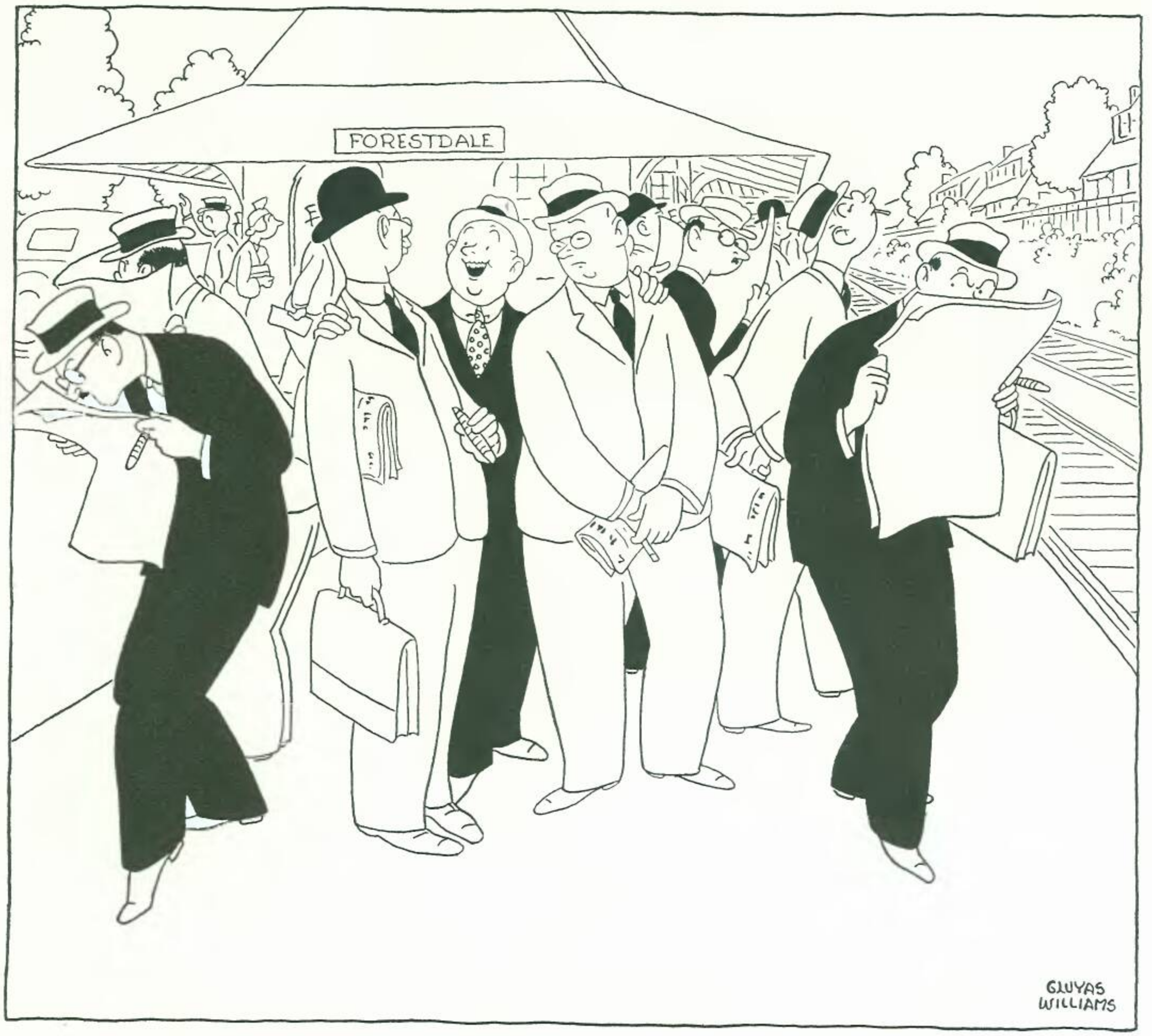
I have no particular objection to *Psammyad* or *Alg* or *Wif* or
Fyrvaeplingen IV or *Shoodle* or *Goon* or *Phween*,
But I wish somebody would tell me what they mean.

And which is right, *Golliwog* or *Golliwogg?* I don't know.
But I know that I like *Yo Ho Ho* better than just plain *Yoho*.

I like *Whiz Fish II* and *Lion's Whelp*; I don't much care for *Funny
Face* or *Yelper*; I'm neutral about *Wu-Yuen*;
And for some reason which I can't explain, I'm extremely fond of
Malabar and *Malabar II* and *Malabar III* and *Malabar IV* and
Malabar V and *Malabar VI* and *Malabar VII* and *Malabar VIII*
and, there not being any *Malabar IX*, *Malabar X*.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

• •



RACONTEURS

"Well, what do you suppose that little tyke of mine said <u>this</u> morning? We were eating breakfast, and I ought to explain that we've had a new cook at the house for about a week, and the little fellow spoke up and . . ."

• •

fifty basis; there has never been a written contract between them.

ONE of their biggest song hits was kicked about for a long time through the whims of a Hollywood producer who saw no merit in it. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Rodgers and Hart in 1934 to write the score for a Jean Harlow picture. One song, "Oh, Lord, Why Won't You Make Me a Star?," was yanked out of the picture at the last minute; Hart thought up a new title, "The Bad in Every Man," and Metro tried it in another film. Once more it was quietly removed when the rushes were shown. Back in New York, Rodgers and Hart could do nothing with the song through Harms, Inc., who at that time published their work, because, good or bad, the song belonged to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Always reluctant to let any number of theirs gather dust, Rodgers and Hart took it to the New York office of Jack Robbins, music publisher for Metro. Mr. Robbins listened and spoke. "Boys," he said, "you've got a beautiful melody there, and I have faith in your song. But boys, boys, give me a title! Something with romance," he pleaded, adding, after a moment's reverie, "like 'The Blue Hour,' maybe, or 'The Hour of Parting.'" Next day the boys came back with the title, "Blue Moon;" Robbins published it as a popular number unrelated to any stage show or movie, and it sold 175,000 copies—their largest sheet-music sale to date.

The romantic Mr. Robbins is also publishing the score of "I Married an Angel," since the screen rights to the Viennese play from which Larry Hart adapted it were secured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Auditions for "I Married an Angel" started late last winter, while Larry Hart was still at work on the first act. Rodgers attends every audition and he will listen to almost anybody who shows even the first stirrings of talent or personality, but he suffers on these occasions, chiefly because it is his task to say at the end of every number, no matter how deplorable, "Thank you very much"—that polite and fatal phrase which so frequently shattered him in his own early days of trying to sell songs. Sometimes an aspiring act turns out to be so painful that its conclusion leaves Rodgers in a kind of coma, in which he can only grasp at Dwight Wiman, or whoever happens to be sitting next to him, and mutter, "Say something nice, for God's sake." Mr. Wiman, or whoever, then raises his voice toward the stage and says clearly, "Thank you very much." Boys and girls trying out for the chorus are observed with particular care, since all of the principal rôles in Rodgers and Hart shows are understudied by the chorus; Rodgers once saw a performance of "On Your Toes" played entirely by members of the ensemble, and he says it was fine. Mme. Abarbanell, assistant to Dwight Wiman, is usually surrounded at auditions by clamorous young people begging for an appointment with her. She answers them all cheerfully—since no producer, author, or composer can afford to overlook the one potential star who may be somewhere in the crowd—and adds, "You had better write down my name; it is a rather difficult one." They write it down dutifully as she spells it out, because it means to them a possible job in a Wiman production; she realizes they have no reason to know that, twenty-eight years ago, Lina Abarbanell was the star of "Madame Sherry."

At rehearsals, Rodgers and Hart are quiet or waggish, according to the pressure or comparative relief from the strain which naturally devours them. One time during rehearsal, a leading man announced his decision that the second act was a disaster to which he declined to lend his presence. "You know why, don't you?" Rodgers said to Hart after the actor had passed by with a fearful frown. "He's only got one number in the second act." Hart was reminded of the story about another actor, who, receiving his part, weighed it in his hand and, finding that his arm sagged beneath its burden, exclaimed, "Ah! An excellent play!" At their own opening nights, however, the false calm which traditionally supports authors, composers, and members of the cast during rehearsals and tryouts temporarily deserts Rodgers and Hart. Rodgers sits with his wife in the last row, on the aisle, so that he can get out into the stage-door alley when the tension threatens to tear him apart. Hart wanders around the lobby in a frenzy; if the show seems to be getting across, he rubs his hands together and passes them wildly over his head, his arms, even his back. Of this habit Rodgers says, "Success starts his blood circulating again, and he begins to itch all over."

RODGERS, an educated and honest musician, goes habitually to the opera and to concerts, and his appearance in the front row at Carnegie Hall is generally a signal for the musicians, who have been tuning up their instruments and glancing idly over the audience, to drop briefly what they are doing and come down to the footlights to shake hands with him. Musicians who are proficient enough to play in symphony orchestras can play any kind of music, and a good many such men have often worked between concert seasons in the orchestra pit at Rodgers and Hart shows. Another connection between Rodgers and Hart and the more intellectual realms of entertainment is George Balanchine, recently ballet director for the Metropolitan Opera Company, who has staged all of the Rodgers and Hart ballets since "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," Ray Bolger's memorable dance in "On Your Toes." The boys, however, have a knack of mingling their artistic and popular achievements so that the result is pleasing to all customers. The orchestra assembled by Rodgers for "I Married an Angel" includes Casper Reardon, the swing harpist, who, accustomed to solo performances in a spotlight, now sits contentedly in the pit; and one of the most ambitious Rodgers and Hart numbers, "All Points West," introduced at a Paul Whiteman concert in December, 1936, later became a feature of Rudy Vallée's floor show on the Astor Roof. Mrs. Rodgers suggested the title "All Points West" to her husband, in return for the name he had given her for the profitable business she conducts: Repairs, Inc. Under the direction of Mrs. Rodgers, a slight and graceful blonde, Repairs, Inc., mends everything it is possible for the human hand, the elements, or time itself to break.



No successful songwriter can long escape public insinuations that his tunes sound like somebody else's. Some years ago, Gilbert Gabriel, reviewing "Dearest Enemy," with music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, wrote that the song "Here in My Arms" strikingly resembled the Negro spiritual "Nobody Knows de Trouble I Seen." Last season another purist remarked that "Where or When," from "Babes in Arms," was remarkably like certain passages in "La Bohème." Both Rodgers and Hart are more interested than distressed by such accusations. They are apt to point out, in the happy discussion which follows, that the army bugle call for assembly is extremely suggestive of the Ride of the Valkyries in Wagner's Ring, but mostly they are content to explain to skeptics how easy it is for any songwriter who wants to write songs the easiest way to think up a melody without treading on sacred ground. Their favorite method of explanation is the telephone stunt, which consists of asking the heckler's telephone number and then, substituting the note C for 1, D for 2, and so on, rapidly transposing it into a tune. The telephone stunt can be elaborated, for purposes of relaxation, by using the letters of the exchange as well, taking them from the number with which they appear on the dial. The telephone number which now engages Rodgers and Hart in their hours of ease is Sp 7-3100 (Police Headquarters), which turns out to be a waltz.—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(This is the second of two articles on Messrs. Rodgers and Hart.)

THE KIND OLD BLONDE

I WAS in Shine's, an Irish restaurant near the Pennsylvania Station, eating bluefish. A man and a woman came in and took the table opposite mine. While they were getting settled at the table, the man told the waiter they had just come in from the Belmont track. The waiter seemed pleased to see them. The man was bald and red-faced and substantial. He looked like a contractor, or maybe he had something to do with the horses. The woman was a big, sound, well-dressed blonde. She might have been the co-leader of a Tammany club, or an old vaudeville actress who had saved her money or perhaps married well. The waiter passed out menus and the man began to study his at once, but the woman ordered an Old-Fashioned before she opened hers. The man kept running a finger under his stiff blue collar and twisting his head from side to side. When the waiter placed the cocktail in front of the woman, the man looked at it sullenly.

"That's the only way I know to get ten cents for a little piece of orange peel," he said, staring at the cocktail. "Same amount of whiskey you get in a quarter drink. They stick in a strip of orange peel and charge you thirty-fi' cents."

"I like it," said the blonde.

"Rather take mine straight," he said.

She was considering clams and planked shad. He said he thought he would have some spaghetti. He spoke without enthusiasm.

"I'm going to have another cocktail before I order," she said.

"Go right ahead," said the man.

The way he said it made her look up from her menu. She closed it and looked at him.

"You not drinking, Jim?"

"No."

"That why you been so gloomy all day?"

"I guess so. I'm sorry."

"Is there something wrong, Jim?"

"I don't know. I haven't had a drink for three days. I went up to see my doctor, Doctor Phillips. I got orders to lay off the stuff. He told me I been digging my grave with cigars and booze. I been worried. It worried me."

The waiter came up and the woman told him she wanted another cocktail and a dozen clams. She reached in her handbag and took out her cigarettes. The man held a match for her. She took a deep breath; then she let the smoke out through her nostrils.

"Had a friend used to like spaghetti," said the blonde, settling her fat elbows on the tablecloth. "I bet he weighed three hundred pounds. Big as a horse. He was a handicapper. Used to kill a quart a day, and in the summer he'd take ten, fifteen beers at one sitting."

The man grunted.

"He was an Eyetalian fellow, name of Al," said the blonde, "but he never took wine. One fall he got shooting pains. Doctor told him he better lay off the booze. He wasn't no good after that; had to quit operating. He was up to my place for dinner one night and I told him, 'Al,' I said, 'your system's like a machine. It's got to have erl to operate. You taking the erl away and it's killing you.' I was right. Year and a half later I was to his funeral. Been here now if he'd a gone ahead and drank with some moderation. In my humble opinion he was murdered by the doctor."

"I guess it was a shock to his heart," said the man.

"What I told him," said the blonde. "I said to him, 'Al, it's a strain on your heart. Your heart can't stand it.' "

"How old a man was he?"

"He was fifty-some-odd, Jim. He was about your age, Jim. He thought he'd live to be ninety if he gave up the booze. He said all the men in his family lived to hit ninety. Poor old Al. In a year and a half he was dead and gone. Died broke. Left hardly enough to take care of the funeral."

They were silent for a little while, and then the man sat up in his chair.

"Well, it just goes to show," he said.

The waiter brought the woman's second cocktail and the plate of clams. She looked at them critically.

"If you don't mind," she said to the waiter, "these clams are mighty small. I'd like to have the cherrystones. If you don't mind."

The waiter picked up the plate of littlenecks.

"Jim, please," she said to the man. "If I was you, I'd have a drink."

When the waiter was about six steps from the kitchen the man called him back.

"I want a drink of rye," he said. "Let me have a drink of rye."

"You want soda or ginger ale?"

"Rye and plain water," said the man.

WHEN the waiter brought the cherrystones, the blonde looked at them and said, "Now, that's more like it." She picked up the little fork and went to work on the clams. The man poured the rye into the plain water and stirred it. Drinking it, he took his time.

"Tell you what," he said to the blonde, "I think I'll change my mind. Think I'll have some shad roe and bacon. Before you know it the season for shad roe will be over and gone."

She had a cherrystone halfway to her mouth.

"Personally, Jim, I always liked the shad better than the roe," she said, smiling at him. "You feel better now, don't you, darling?" —JOSEPH MITCHELL



•

SEDALIA, Mo. (AP)—Girl triplets, born here last night to Mrs. L—— H——, wife of an attorney by a Caesarian operation, were reported in good condition today.—*Newark Evening News.*

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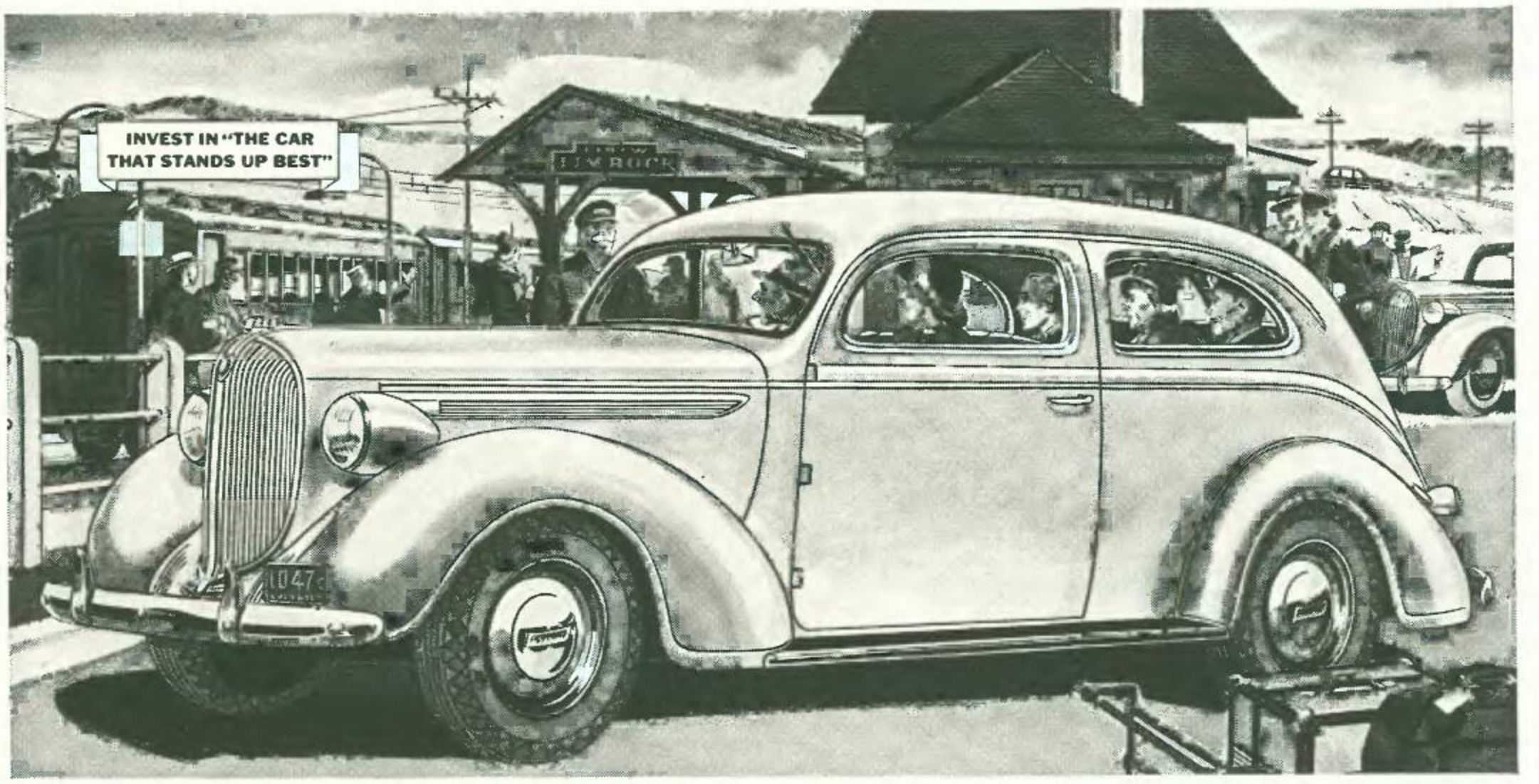
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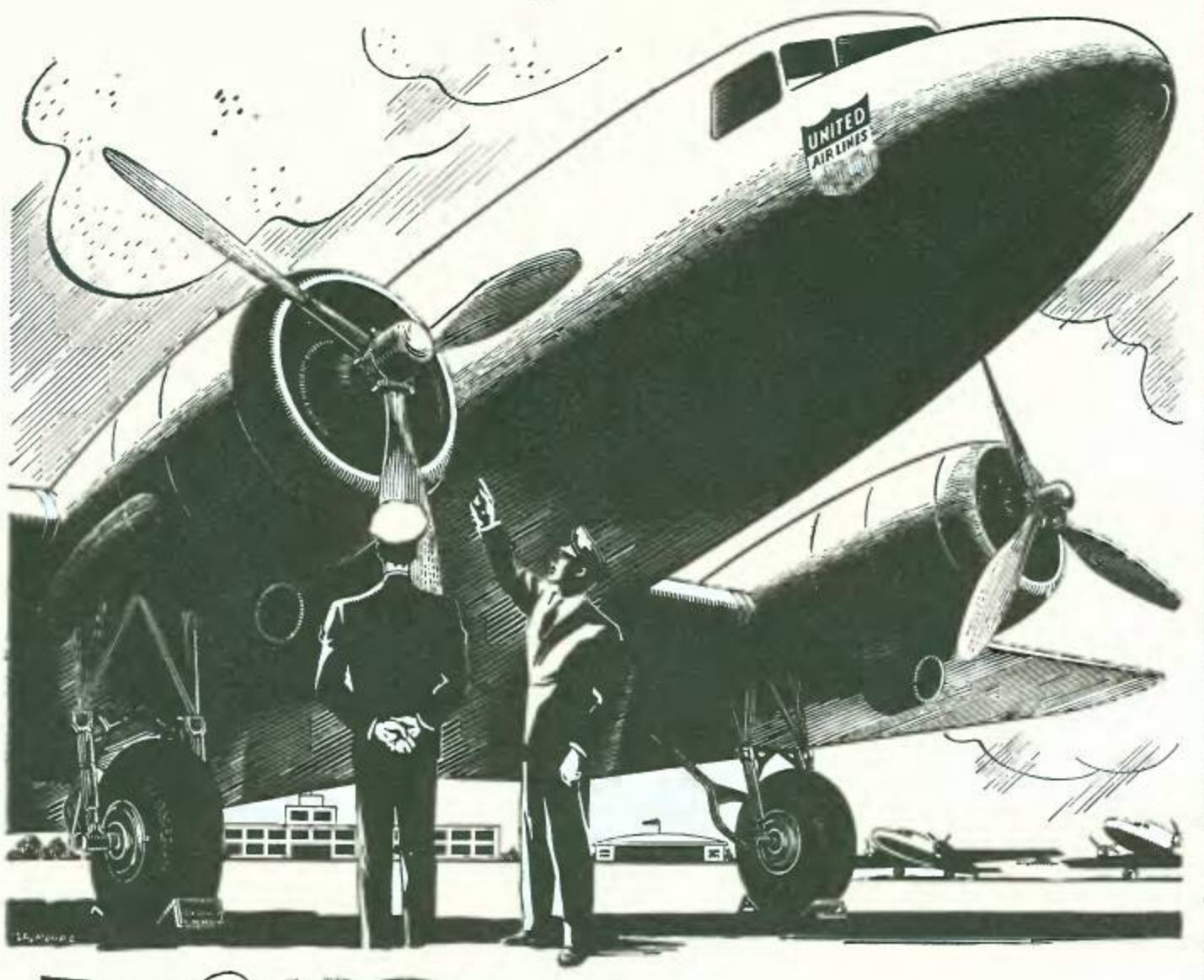
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OF ALL THINGS

A NATIONWIDE survey shows that the President's popularity has declined only slightly since 1936. This is the pitiful story told by *Fortune*, its costly frame racked by sobs.

•

At this writing the Czechoslovakian situation is a little less tense. But the world is still jittery from the shock of seeing British cabinet members giving up their weekends.

•

The powerful Tammany leader, James J. Hines, is to be tried on the charge of being a fixer for the Dutch Schultz policy racket. This enterprise was founded upon the great truth that every Harlem brother can spare a dime.

•

Friends of District Attorney Dewey are not baffled by his announcement that he is not a candidate for governor. They say he has left a loophole plenty big enough to let him feel a draft.

•

The bumper crop of wheat has sent the price down to a five-year low. Sometimes we have a discouraged feeling that the farmer can never be cured of this vicious habit of raising things to eat.

•

At last the consumer is getting a break. Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, is prepared to discover galaxies at a cost of $52 a hundred and will furnish new variable stars for $9 apiece, F.O.B. Cambridge.

•

The Brooklyn Dodgers are going to try their luck with night games. The management believes that if the lights are dim enough, the boys might easily be mistaken for ballplayers.

•

Some congressmen are cooking up a bill to put a curb on the writing of books and articles by government officials. Would literature gain or lose, and how much?

•

The 325th birthday of Broadway was celebrated here last week. Everybody agreed that the famous street looked hardly more than twice its age.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THAT WAS NEW YORK AND SUBURBS

MODERN TIMES, L. I.

PASSENGERS on the Greenport line of the Long Island Railroad in the eighteen-fifties dozed their way through Hicksville, Farmingdale, and Deer Park. They were then likely to rouse a little as the conductor announced, with a politely sarcastic inflection, the station of Modern Times. Ill-bred travellers were heard to add, aloud, "Where no child knows his own father."

The passengers stared through grimy windows at the bleak station, set in the midst of scrub oak (or shrub oak, as they said in the fifties), and the dreary waste levels of Long Island sumac and barberry stretching afar. Peering abroad, they were rewarded by a glimpse of the notorious philosophers, lean men, with the long hair that was then the badge of progress, the pride of the intellectual Samson. Or, lucky enough to espy the philosophers' ladies, they nudged and clucked at the lascivious bloomer, at skirts which flaunted the ankle's shame. There was one May Day when the children of Modern Times greeted the train by forming a tableau on the station platform beneath a defiant banner, which read, "We are Individuals."

Some of the passengers were aware that Modern Times was a community of idealists, who pretended to nothing less than a regeneration of the human spirit in a better world. Their one essential doctrine was that of Individual Sovereignty, or philosophical anarchy; their common enemy, the moral and social restrictions of organized society. Having abolished tradition, they were able to reorganize human life on a basis of pure reason. Money was discarded, and with it the woes that money makes. Their economics was founded on labor; their currency represented labor hours. Every man sought his own salvation, and the world's, in his own way. Some found it in religion, in Swedenborgianism, Comtism, spiritualism, mesmerism; some in women's rights, coeducation, equality for women in political suffrage and in costume; some in pacifism; some in the Water Cure, or drenching of the body, externally and internally, with healing floods; some in abstinence from alcohol and tobacco; some in vegetarianism and the bread of Dr. Sylvester Graham. One woman was so constant in her dietary faith as to die after a year's exclusive regime of beans without salt. One colonist advocated plurality of wives; one, nudity; many, freedom of the affections and the abolition of marriage. And, such is the quality of the human mind, the doctrine of Free Love (or Free Lust, as snorting editors rephrased it) captured the imagination of the outside world to the exclusion of the doctrines in politics, economics, and religion. Even today the mention of Modern Times arouses only the connotation of Free Love among those who dwell upon its ruins, in the smiling village of Brentwood, L. I.

THE village of Modern Times was the creation of Josiah Warren, one of those early-nineteenth-century Yankees who united idealism, ingenuity, and more than a touch of genius. Born in Boston in 1798, he removed to Cincinnati about 1818, and gained local fame as an orchestra leader. He invented and manufactured with much success a lamp which burned lard instead of tallow. In 1824 he met the social reformer Robert Owen. A ready convert to Owen's Communism, he sold his lamp factory and joined his mentor's community at New Harmony, Indiana. Communism he soon found uncongenial, because of its suppression of individuality, initiative, and personal responsibility. He concluded that all future reform must be based on individual liberty.

Warren returned to Cincinnati, where he established a Time Store, the model for the Time Store we shall find in operation in Modern Times. He was busy also with inventions in the field of stereotyping and printing. He built the first cylinder press, antedating the Hoe press by five years. His machine used a continuous roll of paper, a device commonly credited to Bullock in 1865. Warren's press was used to print the Evansville, Indiana, *South-Western Sentinel* in 1840, but the printers, recognizing its menace to their employment, repeatedly damaged it, until Warren, in a fury, destroyed it without having obtained a patent. The stone



"Giant baby panda, baby giant panda—what do they call that damn thing?"

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press bed was in 1906 the doorstep of a house in New Harmony.

Warren established the villages of Equity and Utopia in Ohio, and developed in practice his theories of the Equity Movement. He came to New York in 1850, and soon gained support among the city's advanced thinkers for his project of an ideal community. He was described at this period as a short, thick-set man, with a bright, restless blue eye and nervous gestures. He was fluent and eager in conversation, and entirely absorbed in his social ideas. But one of the Modern Times colonists admits that Warren was a poor speaker, and so sensitive that after a public wrangle he would retire to his house for as much as six weeks.

His doctrines were social and economic. He held that all government is evil, as it suppresses the individual, and the individual must be sovereign. He wanted no laws and no police. Men might unite for defence or common enterprises, but such combinations must be voluntary. The law of supply and demand would impel individuals to organize water and gas systems, asylums, and all the services of civilization. Religion and morals are the individual's affair. But no free man has the right to interfere with another's freedom, and all his actions are performed at his own cost. He cannot lay any of his own responsibility on society. And no one has the right to determine another's conduct unless he must bear the cost of the other's conduct.

Warren's economic theories begin with a thorough condemnation of the money system. Profit is taking something without giving an equivalent, interest is only plunder, and wealth an organized system of robbery. Money is a convention, a mere document. We are accustomed to setting a price on a commodity by calculating its value to the purchaser. But this is the transfer of the principle of war and conquest to the commercial world. By making value the governor of price, we make falsehood and hypocrisy the basis of trade, we make the rich richer and the poor poorer, we create trade for trade's sake and augment the number of non-producers, whose support is chargeable to labor; we degrade the dignity of labor, we prevent the scientific adjustment of supply to demand, we render competition destructive and desperate, and make the introduction of new machinery a calamity instead of a blessing.

"Cost the limit of price" was the slogan of Modern Times. Warren defined "cost" as all the sacrifices entailed



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in the production of a commodity, measured by the time and the repugnance of the labor involved. He would prove by experience that the substitution of cost price for value price would cure all the economic ills and injustices of the world.

Clearly, the new world would require a method of measuring labor and a circulating medium. Warren chose for Modern Times the production of corn as a standard, reckoning sixteen pounds of corn the normal equivalent of an hour's labor. On this basis he issued labor notes, promises to pay in personal service. These notes became the money, or circulating medium, of the village. Some of them are preserved, with other interesting memorials of Modern Times, by the Suffolk County Historical Society.

The financial and commercial centre of Modern Times was the Time Store. The goods were marked at the cost price in American money, plus four per cent for overhead. The wholesalers' bills were publicly displayed to confound the suspicious. Conspicuous on the wall hung a large clock, and beneath the clock a dial, lettered with the day's hours and minutes. A customer entered and fingered, perhaps, the pile of Kentucky blue jeans. The storekeeper, on addressing the customer, set the dial according to the clock. He showed the goods, displayed their virtues, and provided sales talk and local news as required. The sale completed, he consulted clock and dial, and found that the customer had consumed, perhaps, fifteen minutes of his time. He charged the customer the cost of the goods in money, plus four per cent for overhead, plus fifteen minutes in labor notes. He was ready to make change in his own promises to pay with his own labor or in the promises of others, which had accumulated in his till. These labor notes did not all have the same value in corn. The blacksmith's notes, for instance, had a higher purchasing value than the doctor's, for the blacksmith plied the more arduous and less interesting trade. The accumulation of negotiable labor notes made the Time Store a labor market. The notes of some, notoriously laggard and shiftless, depreciated in value and were finally refused, while others commanded a premium.

Clustering about the Time Store stood the village of Modern Times. Visitors described it as a pleasing settlement of a hundred modest cottages, painted a cheerful green and white, and surrounded by thriving vegetable gar-

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PARK AVE. AT 57TH ST.

NEW YORK

dens and abundant flowers. The sandy soil had responded well to cultivation and care. A certain bleakness of aspect was due to the absence of trees. But today the saplings planted in Modern Times opulently shade the homes of Brentwood.

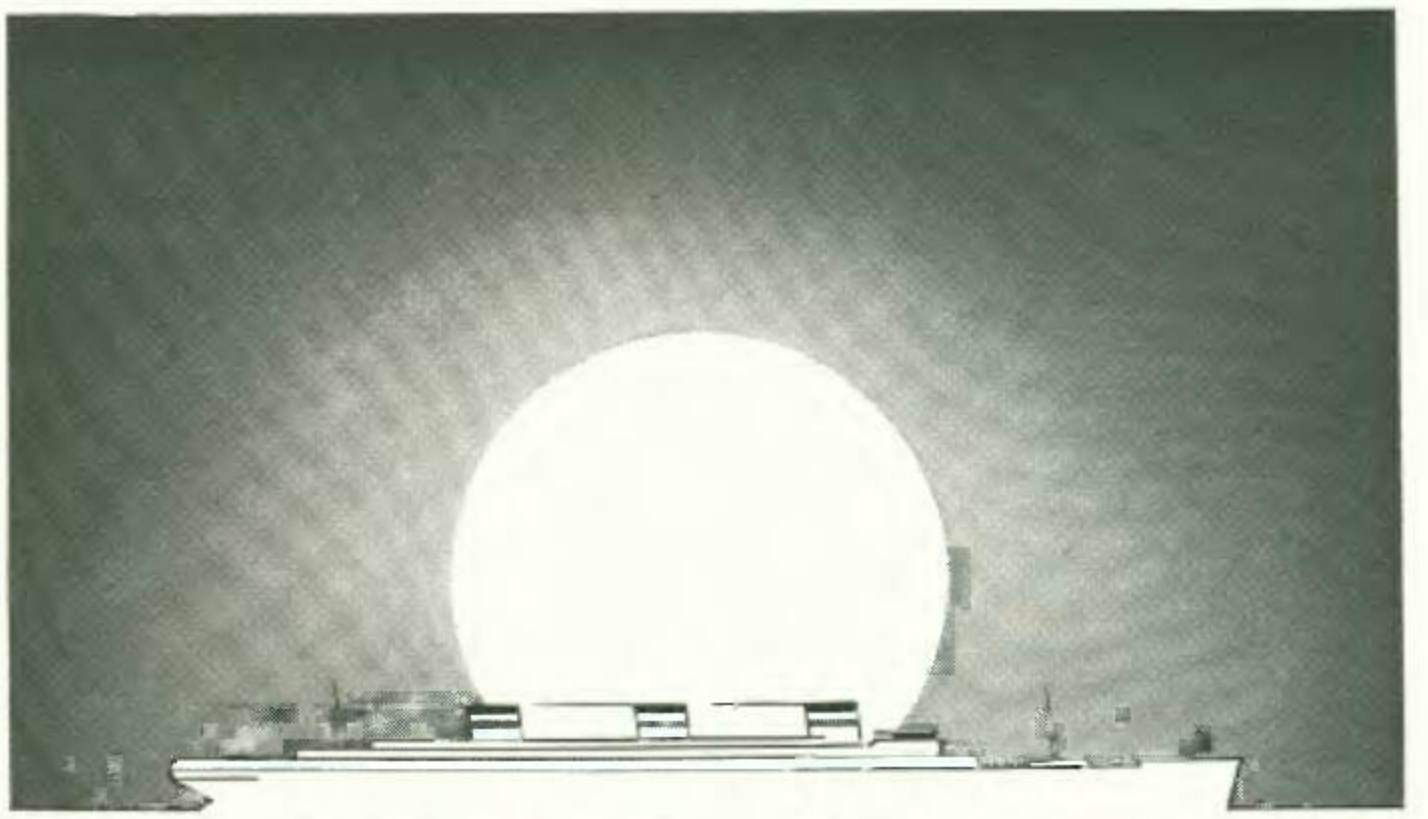
No church spire rose above the village. Churches can hardly thrive where every man is a preacher and few will be the congregation. There was, for instance, Mr. Henry Edger, a composer, director of the glee club, and leader of the orchestra. He preached Positivism, or Comtism, or the Religion of Humanity of Auguste Comte, and celebrated Positive Festivals in a lecture room adjoining his log cabin. One of his printed sermons is dated the 24th Gutenberg, 75; the Comtists reformed the calendar with the faith. He seems to have made only two converts in the course of his ministry. Mr. Josiah Warren harbored the darkest of suspicions against him, believing him to be a Jesuit detailed to work against his Equity movement.

Sunday assemblies of a dimly religious character were held in the meeting house. Such a service began with the singing of "There's a good time coming," after which came readings from the Bible and from Emerson's Essays, a prayer of the Great Spirit, a hymn ("When the Might with the Right/ And the Truth Shall Be"), and a sermon on the eventual enthronement of science.

Plays were presented fortnightly in this meeting house, and concerts frequently. The hall served also for dancing, to which the colonists were much given, and for gymnastics. The more beautiful and graceful sports were in vogue; a football game was once essayed, but was abandoned as too violent for philosophers.

Education was, as always, the concern of radical thinkers. It was proposed to educate children according to their special aptitudes, to train the emotions and passions for good, to establish coeducation of the sexes. An imposing Educational Institute was planned, and a roofless and windowless building christened "The College." The vaulting dreams took concrete form only in an elementary school and in a Mechanical College, in which Mr. Warren, the faculty, taught printing, stereotyping, brickmaking, bricklaying, carpentry, and music.

The principle of individual sovereignty found its richest application in the women's costumes. Some wore bloomers, some the outright pantaloon. More



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LUCIEN LELONG

chose the dress of operatic peasants—the bouffant skirt to the knee, and white stockings. The men showed less originality. One, indeed, advocated the total abolition of clothing and, under the rules of individual freedom, publicly practiced his faith. But he was looked at, it seems, askance. There was none who, like a member of the North American Phalanx at Red Bank, N. J., emerged from his earth bath to don a squeaky suit of tin.

Where thought and action are free, it is natural that the marriage bond should be subject to severe strains and torques. Some of the colonists had found refuge from unhappy unions in the tolerance of Modern Times. Others were led to a scorn of marriage by purely rational processes. While the majority lived according to a respectable domestic routine, all were trained to a large benevolence. "Folks ask no questions," said a villager. "We do not believe in life partnerships when the partners live unhappily. Everyone knows his own interest best. We don't interfere. The individual is sovereign and independent." A visitor reports that it was not thought polite to inquire about the parentage of newly born children, or to ask about the husband or wife of an individual. Temporarily married couples wore a red string around the finger in place of a ring. The disappearance of the string served as the ceremony and publication of divorce.

It is not, perhaps, commonly remembered today that in the Puritan mid-century the doctrine and practice of Free Love had many devotees. The movement had its colonies, its public advocates, its philosophers, and its martyrs. I find significant a convert's memory of his vows, shouted above the amorous thunders of Niagara Falls: "At the foot of Niagara's reef of rainbows, baptized by the mists of heaven, we pledged ourselves to unite our destinies, and work together for human welfare,



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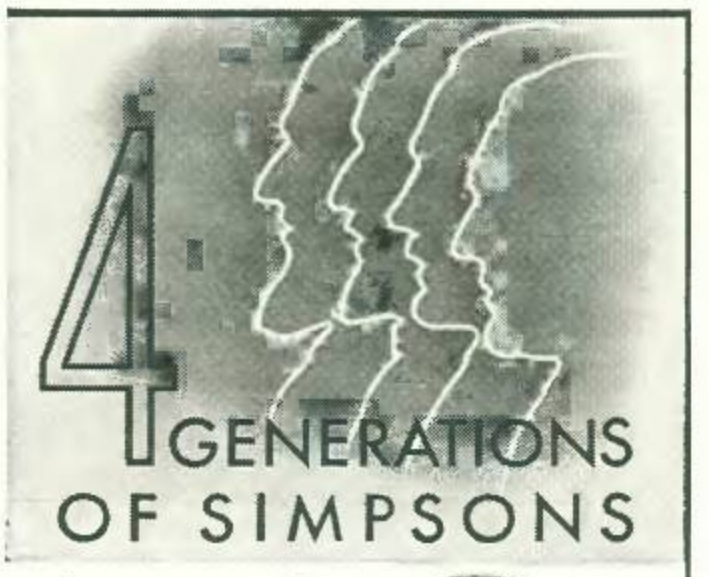
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and His Ensemble

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so long as it was mutually agreeable." A disgruntled colonist of Modern Times, who had lost his money and his wife to his fellow-philosophers, warned the New York *Tribune* that a large circle of Free Lovers in New York City were covertly proselytizing, and preparing to throw off the mask of secrecy and defy public opinion.

Though Warren himself disapproved of mingling sex with economics, two of his lieutenants advocated freedom of the affections. Dr. Thomas Low Nichols, proprietor of a water cure in Port Chester and an author of much merit, printed in his "Esoteric Anthropology" (1853) a catalogue of names for the reciprocal use of affinity-hunters all over the country. His removal from Port Chester to Modern Times was hastened by the accusation that he was putting esoteric anthropology in practice in his American Hydropathic Institute. "This is the philosophy of the brothel!" wrote an angry Port Chesterian to the New York *Tribune*.

More moderate in his views was Josiah Warren's principal backer, Stephen Pearl Andrews. This remarkable man had led a remarkable career, fighting slavery in Louisiana and Texas at the risk of his life, intriguing to involve Great Britain in slavery abolition in Texas, introducing Pitman's shorthand to America, writing books on the Chinese language, devising a universal language, Alwato, and erecting an inexplicable explanation of everything, which he named "Universology." His Order of Recreation held its meetings in a loft at 555 Broadway in New York until outraged public opinion forced the police to a spectacular raid. But visitors to this primitive love nest testify that the proceedings were entirely respectable. An inquisitive Frenchman noted that the women wore trousers, short skirts, tippets, and round hats. "All the women I met there were thin, ugly, old, and endowed with detestably shrill voices. They love to expatiate, and enjoy disparaging married men and marriage. But, in the matter of marriage, one must always be cautious of the opinions of thin, ugly, shrill old maids."

Mr. Andrews later rented four brownstone fronts on East Fourteenth Street and established a Unitary Home, or Pantarchy, of which he was naturally the Great Pantarch. Mr. Warren's economic principles were there put into practice, with such success that the current costs of board and room were cut in half. Edmund Clarence Stedman, famous, not long ago, as a poet, lived in the Pantarchy, and in old age remem-

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Should Not Be Static

No one, having in mind his descendants, can foresee the events or changed conditions of the future . . . the birth or death of an heir . . . the remarriage of interested parties. ¶ Therefore, a will should be periodically reviewed and amended to fit altered circumstances. If such changes have produced a question in your mind, a Trust Company with its long experience in dealing with such eventualities may give you practical help and guidance in solving your problems. ¶ Your *lawyer's* professional knowledge and skill are essential to the proper drawing and revising of your will. And . . . because of its century of practice . . . choice of the City Bank Farmers Trust Company as executor predicts scrupulous performance of the provisions of the instrument.

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New York's Original Cold Jellied Consommé—From Coast to Coast White Rose Consommé Madrilène has become America's favorite first course. Its sparkling color gives meals new gaiety. Its refreshing flavor gives appetites new zest. Just chill and serve. This is the consommé that always jells perfectly and serves beautifully. Equally delicious served hot.

Also, for variety, you can now get White Rose Consommé Arctique, the beef consommé, and White Rose Chicken Consommé. All jell perfectly—*every time.*

Jellied Salads—No cooking—no fussing—no failures when you make them with White Rose Consommé Madrilène. Try this recipe for Jellied Ham Salad. Mix ¼ lb. of boiled ham, finely ground, with 3 or 4 stuffed olives, sliced, and contents of a can of *White Rose Consommé Madrilène.* Chill until set. Serve on salad greens with mayonnaise.

Ask your grocer for White Rose Consommé Madrilène today. Keep several tins in your refrigerator.

SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

bered with affection his bizarre fellow-boarders and the two-cent soups, the five-cent roasts, the three-cent desserts.

One of the Modern Times settlers, Dr. Edward Newberry, the colony's dentist, homeopathic physician, and phrenologist, held views at the opposite extreme from Free Love. These opinions he inherited from his father, who must have been one of the first Eugenists. The father, an Englishman, developed his theories of eugenics, then found a mate to fit his principles of breeding. By her he sired eighteen children. When she died, wrote a member of Modern Times in his unpublished memorials, "he sought just such another, who continued the good work so well begun." She gave her husband nineteen more children and, having exceeded the record of her predecessor, died content. Edward was the first of the second series of children. At the age of five he had a vision, revealing his motto throughout life: "Be ye perfect." Docile to revelation, he pursued perfection for himself and for the human race. He believed in the improvement of humanity by scientific cross-fertilization. Scorning the blind impulse called "falling in love," he proposed the union of the sexes by temperamental opposites, by an authoritative matching of the blond with the brunette, the muscular temperament with the nervous, the bilious with the locomotive. It would seem that he gained few adherents.

With such representatives of varied convictions, the chief product of Modern Times was evidently conversation. The accounts of intelligent visitors make clear that a lush crop of ideas flourished on the Long Island sands. Many of the ideas were exactly those which we complacently regard as modern. The proud name of the village was not ill chosen, after all.

MODERN TIMES failed, like most experimental machines in a world lubricated by habit. It failed economically because the village had no industry but agriculture, and it needed more imports than it could pay for with exports. (A converted cigarmaker was forbidden to ply his noxious trade.) Modern Times failed socially because humanity has not virtue to meet the high demands of anarchy. One of the philosophers, a foe to all regulation, abandoned his faith when he was appointed to the New York police force. Others were tempted away by opportunities for profit in the contemptible currency of the United States. Dr. Nichols confesses sadly, "It was very well to teach that profit was

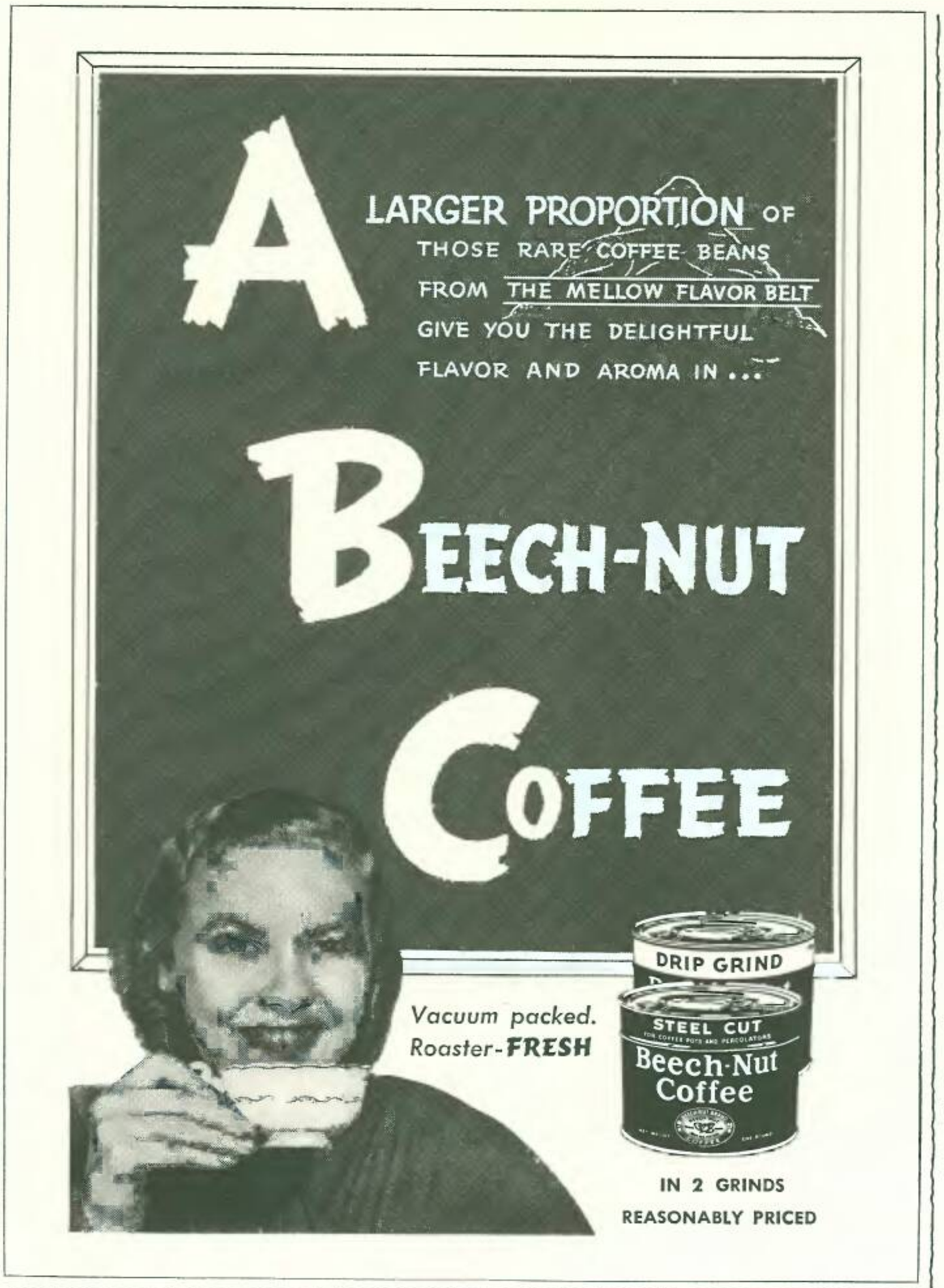
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ON YOUR WAY HOME buy the World-Telegram, tonight. Check its news, features, columns, cartoons and comics. Then *(be careful!)* keep it from your family . . . else you'll all become regular, every-evening readers of the *featureful* World-Telegram! A pleasant fate!

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER





plunder, and that to be rich only gave the power to rob others with impunity, that marriage was legalized adultery, and families petty despotisms. There were few who could resist the temptations to live upon the labor of others, and to preside over a despotism that society has stamped with respectability and power."

The anti-free-love agitation, the crisis of 1857, and the outbreak of the Civil War dealt successive blows to the community's health. Most of the founders departed to seek their salvations elsewhere. By 1862 the bloomers of Modern Times were shrouded in the petticoats of Brentwood.

Today, in the green avenues of Brentwood, the mention of Modern Times evokes the dimpled smile or the knowing leer. "Sure! It was a free-love colony" is the villagers' response. Forgotten is all the idealism, the purpose of economic and social deliverance; remembered is the old bucolic envy which made of Modern Times the dreamland of its own wantonness. "I used to sneak downstairs and listen to my father and the section foreman," said a venerable resident of Brentwood. "And the section foreman, he told my father that when those Modern Timesers was going out a-huckleberrying, one of them would say to the other, 'You take my wife and I'll take yours!' Hih, hih, hih! 'You take my wife and I'll take yours!' That's what he says! 'You take my wife and I'll take yours!' " He gobbled with ancient glee.

—Morris Bishop

•

Mrs. Lillian Tracy conducted a meeting on "Folding Without Wrinkles" at the Gouldsboro Farm Bureau Saturday.
—*Ellsworth (Maine) American.*

She ought to attract a few Broadway producers, with their deep-lined faces.

•

Lost—Four black pigs, eight weeks old, between Staunton stockyard and Fairfield. Kindly advise if they have, or are visiting your home. C. H. Crafton.—*Adv. in Staunton (Va.) Leader.*

This Southern-hospitality stuff makes us sick.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Ken*]

In 1913 Kemal was appointed military attaché to Bulgaria. He took to Sofia the same careless manners, arrogance toward the female sex, and casualness which marked his military life in Constantinople. To drinking, gambling, and lechery, he added ballroom dancing.



How big is a "Packard income"?

DOES a "Packard income" suggest butlers, town houses and yachts to you? It shouldn't!

For it is literally true that if a man's income will let him buy and run almost any of the popularly-priced new cars, it will let him buy and run a Packard!

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Usually, a 1938 Packard Six can be had without any cash outlay. For, if your old car is of average value, it will probably cover the down payment.

The *monthly* payments on a Packard Six now usually run not over $2 to $6 a month more than those on several *smaller* cars. And this is figuring on the popular 18-month basis, after minimum required down payment has been made.

The *operating* costs on a Packard are low. In fact, the big new 122-inch wheelbase, 100 horsepower Packard can challenge almost *any* car for rock-bottom operating economy!

And *service* costs on your new Packard will be actually *less* than on just about any other car you can name—and you can get proof of this statement from owners, and from any Packard dealer.

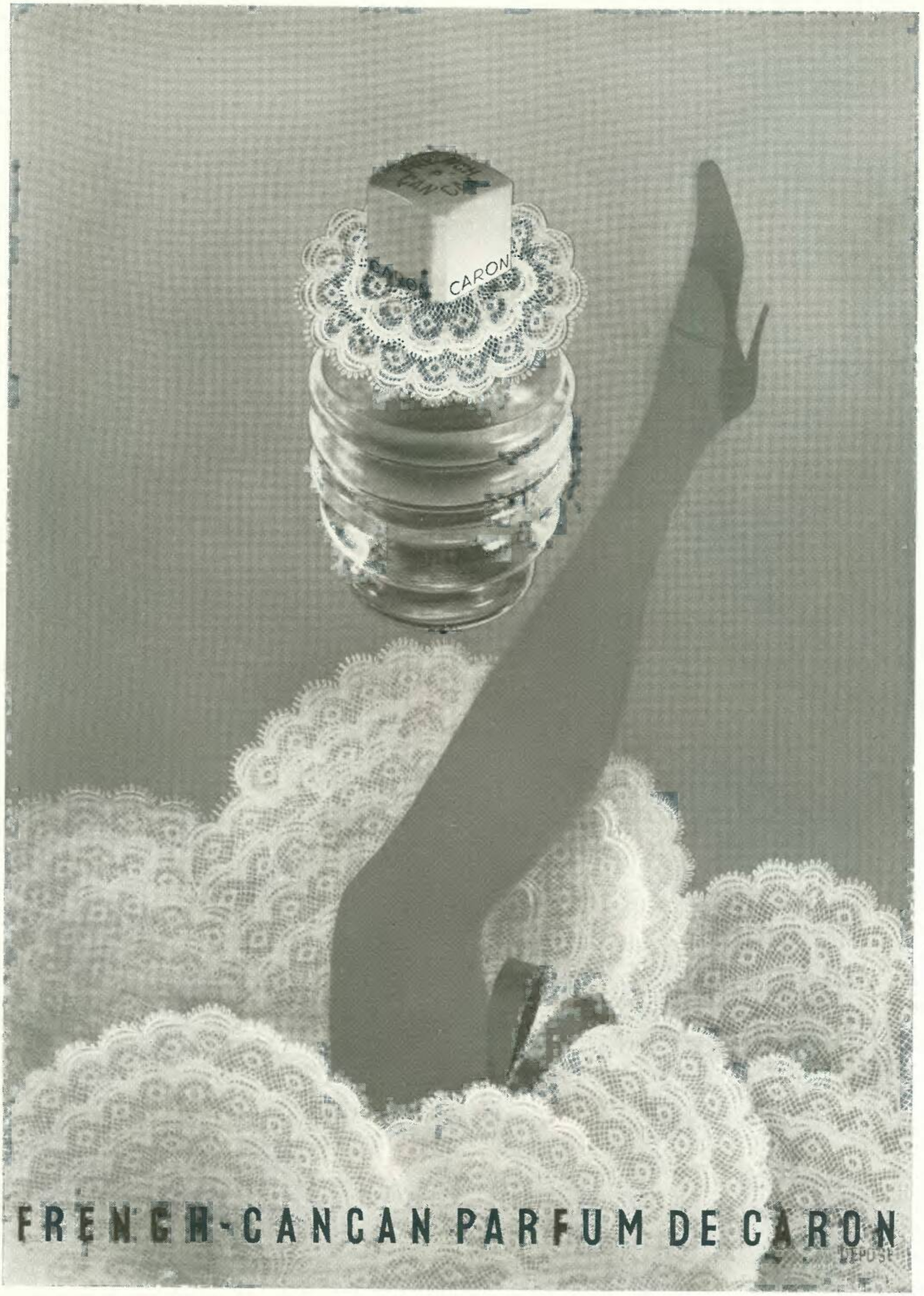
"You are paying for a Packard —why not own one?" Why not get the car with the finest name, the longest style life, and the greatest reputation for all-around excellence, in motoring? Why not own the car you have always *wanted?*

Moral: Get the facts—they'll lead you to a Packard.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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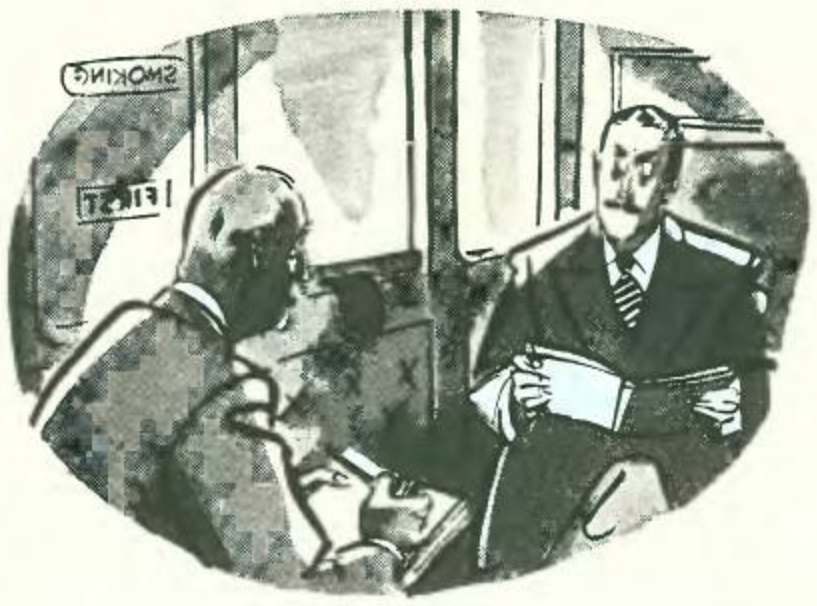
BIRD'S-EYE ON BUCHAREST

BUCHAREST, the capital of Rumania, is a city of nearly 700,000 people. Its effect is a curious mixture of the Oriental and Occidental. It was formerly a city of one-story houses, except for the business sections, but postwar architecture has added rank on rank of five- and six-story apartment "blockhouses" and shops in the severe modern manner, and one skyscraper, which looks like a miniature Radio City. The old-style domestic architecture is rococo, in white stone or plaster. The two modes fail to hit it off, to put it mildly. Yet one of the loveliest buildings I've ever seen is in Bucharest: the new Tourist Bureau, of creamy rough marble, which has a plain façade, neither "modern" nor "antique," exquisitely proportioned, above delicate arches. It is unlikely, however, that the Bureau will get a rush of business until the price of the Rumanian visa is reduced. It now costs $17.37.

My wife and I attended a wedding a few evenings after our arrival in Bucharest. The invitations read for nine. We got to the church at about a quarter past, somewhat ahead of the bridegroom, a thin, good-looking young man, who wandered in and chatted with friends. By the time the bride arrived the church had filled and she had to push her way through the crowd to the chancel to kiss the ikons. Presently six priests in beards and gorgeous vestments came in and the ceremony began. There are no pews in Orthodox churches, and the ceremony takes place out in the middle of the floor. The congregation, in jewels and full evening dress, stood about chatting, gossiping, kissing hands, occasionally strolling over to watch the wedding. The ceremony lasted about an hour. The priests chanted, censers swung, the bride and groom wore little gold crowns on their heads and at one point linked hands with their parents and the six priests and did a sort of solemn ring-around-a-rosy. Near the end, a photographer pushed through the priests and exploded his bulb under the bride's very nose without in the least disturbing her perfect self-possession.

Of the twenty-three thousand or so automobiles in Rumania, most were made in America, and none is permitted to sound its horn within the city limits of Bucharest. The taxis look like private cars and the drivers, who wear ordinary street clothes, are polite but seem steeped in melancholy—perhaps because the custom of tipping them has never been

FIRST CLASS TIP



"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Subdues hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

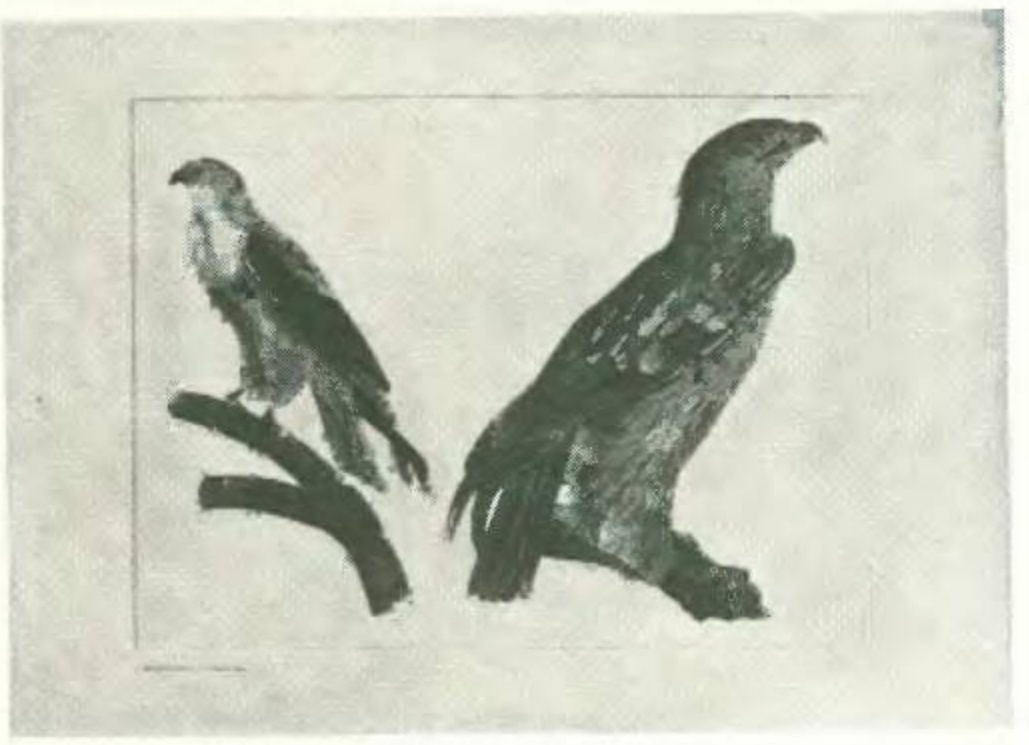
"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

Note to Americans: The genuine Rose's Lime Juice in bottles, sweetened or unsweetened (add sugar to taste), is now obtainable in New York. Rose's Gimlet: 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, 2 parts Gin and Ice, add dash or two Orange Bitters. Rose's Rickey—add Soda.

THE LOUVRE COMES TO AMERICA



Sloane's new Salon du Louvre is open, and in it you'll find a wealth of solutions to the perennial June wedding gift problem. For the first time in history, here are authentic reproductions of objets d'art from the Musée du Louvre and the Musées Nationaux... each with the seal of the Musées Nationaux and a certificate of authenticity. They include etchings, aquarelles, engravings, aquatints, plaster and bronze figures. Illustrated above is a bird print, taken from the original plate and hand-colored. Unframed, $10.

Salon du Louvre, Third Floor

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The Intimate, Informal
RAINBOW
★ GRILL ★

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

introduced. There are many victorias operating as taxis, each drawn by two skinny, sad-looking horses.

The Oriental flavor of the city is expressed in the strolling pace of pedestrians, in the tall black *cachoulas* or sheepskin hats worn by the men, in the vivid gipsy women selling flowers in the sunny squares, and in the ragamuffin legions of street peddlers with their shallow baskets slung on shoulder yokes, selling apples and oranges, shoes, nougat, vegetables, bread, cheese, and everything else imaginable.

Oriental, too, are the meal hours. The men go to their offices at nine, come home for lunch, sleep until teatime, and at four or five go back to work until nine or so. Dinner may be at almost any hour after that. One evening we dined at eleven, another evening at twelve, after the theatre, which began at nine-thirty. It's hard to get used to such erratic dinner hours and also to the domestic custom (I don't know whether it's general) of having the maid stand behind your chair and, leaning over, take away your used plate with her right hand while putting down the fresh one with her left. During this maneuver you are momentarily clasped in a respectful embrace.

Caviar is expensive even in its native region. The pink kind is beaten up into a paste and served icy cold, and very good it is. We had marvellous cheese-and-pastry and egg dishes, and the desserts of cake and pastries are the best of their kind in Europe. The white bread is disappointing, but the corn bread makes up for it—they grow a lot of corn in Rumania.

Rumanian vintners are protected by a tariff high enough virtually to exclude all foreign wines. Among the native varieties is an excellent white wine of the Alsatian type, a fair claret, and a poorish champagne. Scotch whiskey costs about the same as in the United States. There's a satisfactory Rumanian gin, but served more generally than



Let's drive out for a grand Sunday Dinner

IT will refresh you no end to have this weekend treat—enjoy the quiet, the flowering countryside and the truly delicious food served at

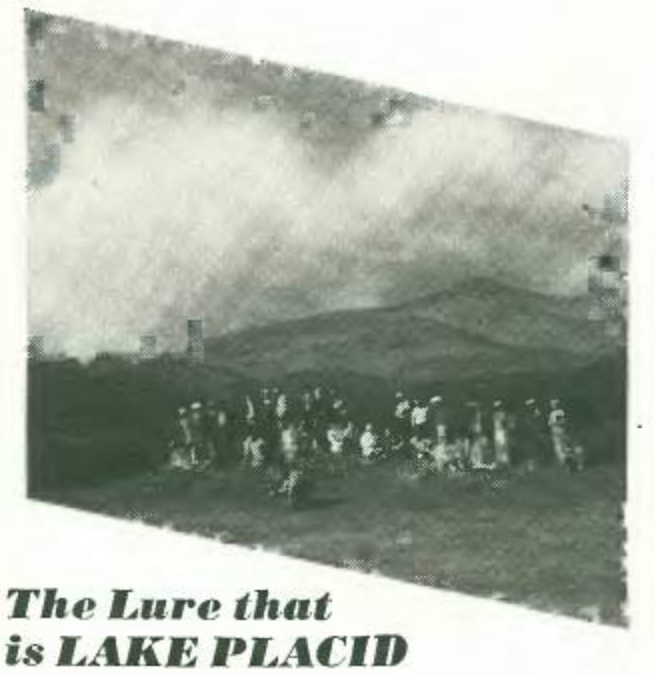
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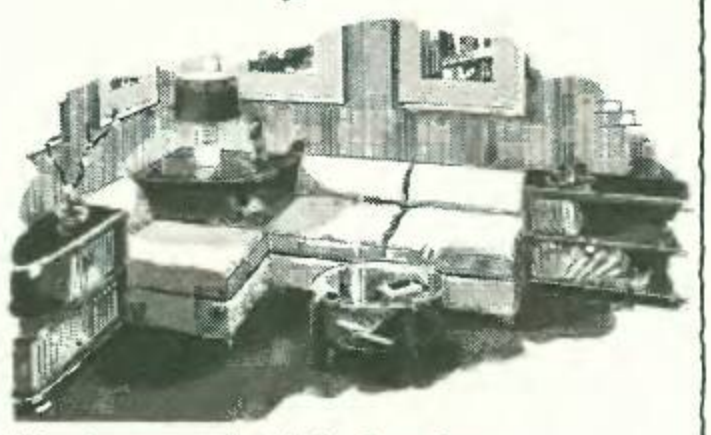
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East Orange: 594 Central Ave.
Washington: 1215 Connecticut Ave.
Also in Southampton

cocktails is a colorless liquid called tuica, which is milder than gin and has a flavor somewhere between vodka and Italian grappa. We got very much attached to it, more so than to one of the canapés customarily served with it—raw bacon cut in thin strips or little cubes.

American cigarettes cost seventy-five cents a package. You smoke a domestic product, near-Turkish, which is gone in three puffs. The winter price of a dozen roses is about ten dollars: they come from Holland, packed in ice. . . . There's been a counterfeiting ring active in Rumania lately, with the result that it is fashionable to hurl your change on the counter piece by piece, to test its genuineness. In banks you hear a constant bell-like tinkle. . . . Dial phones are an old story in Bucharest. They've had the kind with the bell in the base, like those that are now being installed in New York, for a long time. . . . Newspapers are dated a day ahead, for some mysterious Oriental reason that escaped me. . . . Divorce, we were told, is easy and not at all uncommon. . . . A fair proportion of the educated classes speak English, but in a mixed group the customary medium is French. You need Rumanian for shopping, taxis, servants, and it is a language apart—as the Rumanians are a race apart, not to be confused with their neighbors. —D. M.

•

In the hand shown today South discarded a low diamond and put the heart king in his own hand. In the play, through the fact that he wished to save one of dummy's trumps for a possible ruff of a losing eagle, he made six odd, as the eagle finesse proved to be right, the trump queen dropped and the hearts broke.—*Bridge column in the World-Telegram.*

Come, come! It's only a game.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

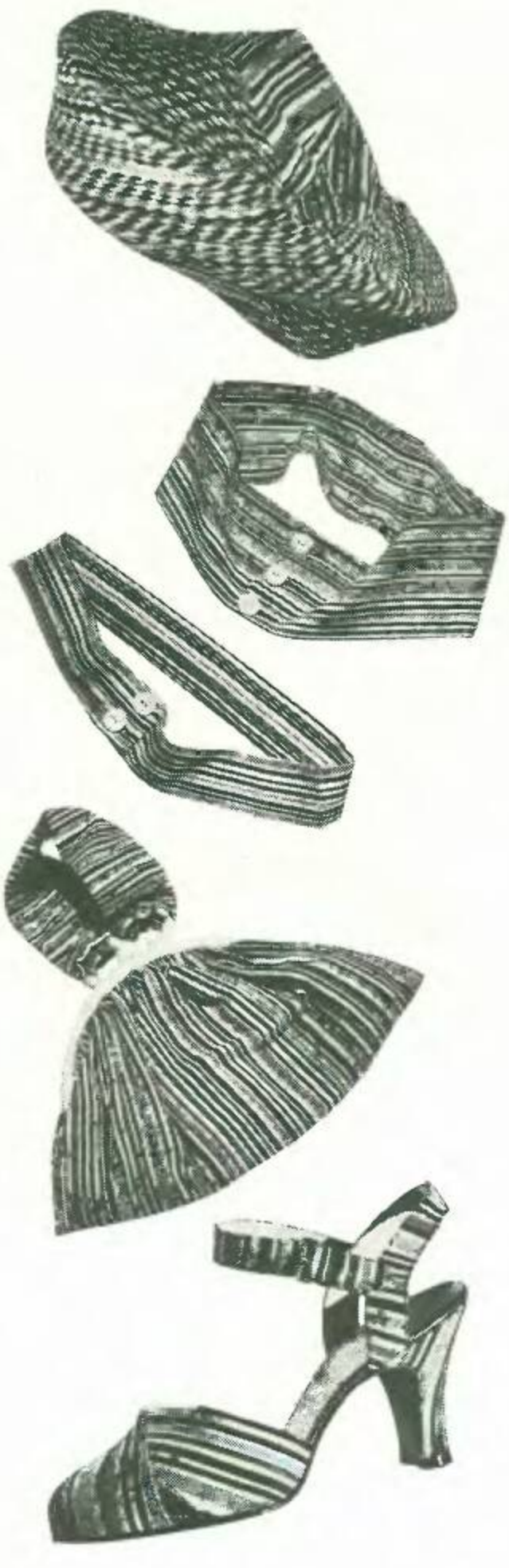
[*Publicity release from the World's Fair*]

Water, fire, color and sound—in almost incredible proportions—will be combined for the first time in extravaganzas of beauty and fury for nightly spectacles at the New York World's Fair 1939, it was disclosed today (Thurs.) by Grover A. Whalen, president of the corporation, when he issued details of plans worked out in months of experimentation.

"The so-called impossible," he said, "has been achieved."

One of the spectacles will feature the play of super-fountains and flames, synchronized with color effects and special music and sound. Another, depicted in blueprints and drawings made public, will be the nearest approach to chaos that man can contrive for purposes of sheer entertainment.

ROMAN STRIPES
for your Summer accessories



Stripes are news; and these gaily striped accessories, perfectly matched in rayon bengaline, are equally smart in town or country.

TURBAN . . . 2.95
BELTS . . . ea. 1.00
BAG 2.95
SANDAL . . . 5.95

Mail orders filled

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Fifth Avenue at 35th

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



I HATE to believe it, but the experts at Jay-Thorpe tell me that those vague, sensitive darlings of the press, the glamour girls, are by no means unconscious mopes, for they have a canny, scheming technique of their own. Early in the spring they want prints, so they can give their audience a relief from the established monotony of blacks and browns; once their tan gets golden, they connive to set it off with dazzling white or soft pastel colorings. For the first purpose, Jay-Thorpe shows two models that appear in daytime and evening versions. One has a printed skirt which is all vast godets, and a printed scarf at the throat to heighten the tight-sweater effect of the plain, dark top. The other comes in a black-and-white vine-leaf print with a square neck, high diaphragm, and circular skirt; the evening version has black velvet ribbon outlining the modest décolletage. This sort of unfairness to ordinary women reaches its peak in the plain, lovely evening dresses for golden skins: pale satins, slithering down figures that look well in bathing suits; white organdie combined with black velvet ribbon, so that the smoothest man-about-town will forget that what he wanted in Woman was an understanding pal. There is a dress of white organdie, all graduated tucks to a slightly circular hemline, with narrow black velvet ribbon encircling the bodice and the waistline, that should be prohibited by law. Another is of white chiffon with a square neck and black velvet bows on the shoulders. For monkey fun, there is a beach dinner dress derived from bathing fashions: a white sharkskin skirt that is all gores, and a short-sleeved dotted print top, tied across the back to reveal a good diamond of flesh and precariously held together between the breasts with two ties. The negligee department offers a little jewel that you will also go out to dinner in—coin-dotted gray crêpe with a deep white frill around the square neckline. It's $25 and has Everything.

For the great outdoors, Jay-Thorpe meditatively looked at that Molyneux suit of last season and did it over—gray flannel slacks, mustard whipcord bolero, backless red-dotted surah top buttoned primly down the front. Then there are playsuits of pin-striped flannel with skirts that zip most of the way down. Fine for golf courses or for those chill days at the beach. A bathing suit that is gathered a bit up the ribs to do the most for your figure is made of Hindushan, which looks like a closely woven shantung, and has a wide-sleeved, straight-hanging coat over it. And there is the best-looking terry-cloth robe you'll see in many a day. It has vast, rounded shoulders and those dulcet seams through the waistline. In wine color, it is my ideal.

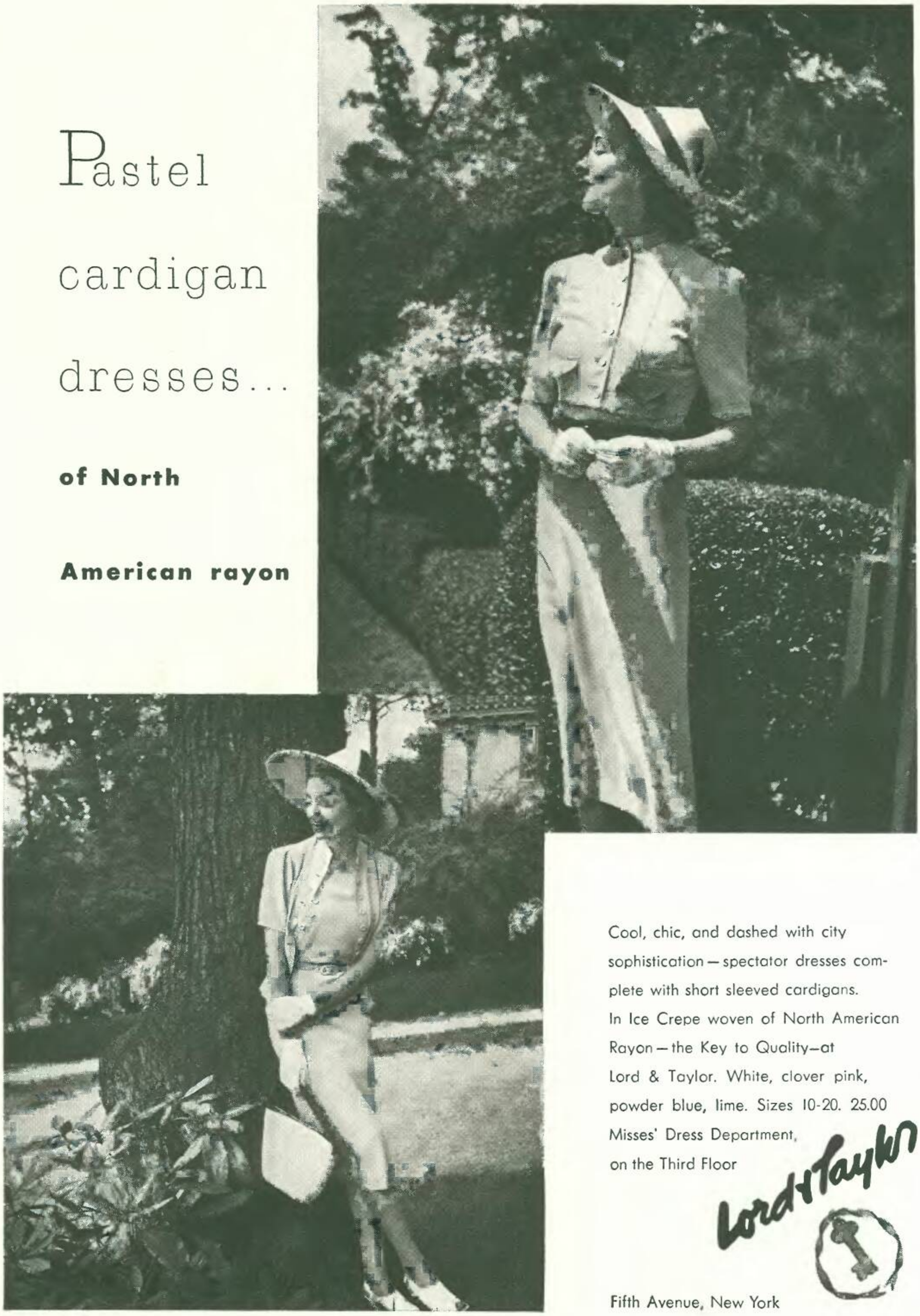
STRAUSS-MARSH, that little haven of the unexpected at 50 West 57th Street, offers new and inexpensive temptations for your offhand moments —separate dirndl skirts of hand-blocked linen, for example, very high-waisted and pleated down over the diaphragm. They wrap around and have three ties on one hip; $6.95. Here, too, you will find excellent cotton gabardine slacks with French linen shirts, and finely ribbed corduroy ones with English piqué shirts, beautifully tailored; $12.95 a set. There are rough-and-tumble slacks of bedticking with cotton shirts to top them off ($8.95) and more formal ones of natural rough silk. Cotton dresses, priced from $5.95 up, abound—look at a printed dirndl and cap trimmed with rickrack—and there are all kinds of bathing suits. . . . Knox, at 452 Fifth Avenue (40th), has a new millinery budget shop on the mezzanine, where tailored classics of linen, felt, leghorn, and panama appear in abundance. They've also gone in for sweaters and



"A strand of pearls will take the curse off it."

Pastel cardigan dresses...

of North American rayon

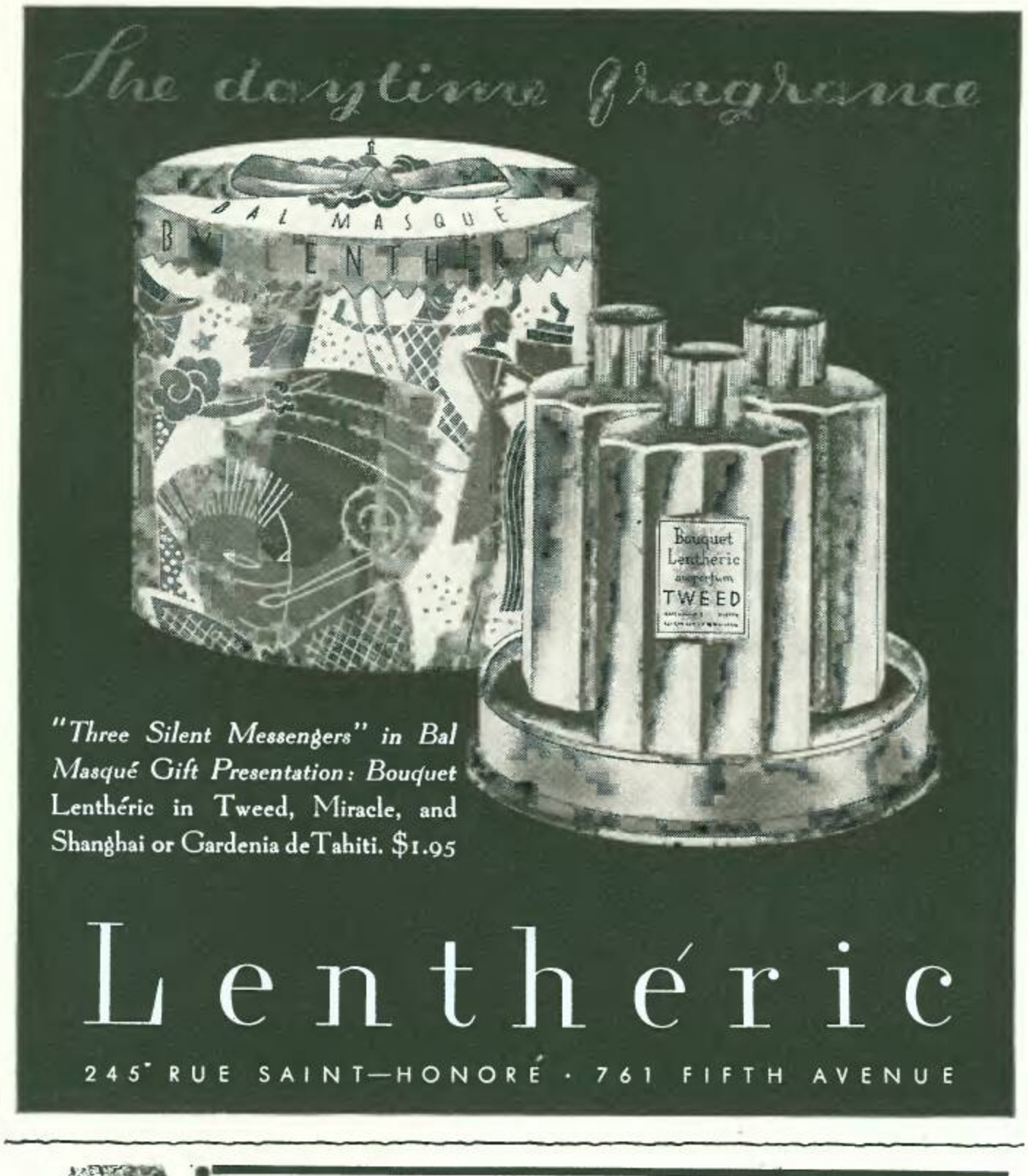


Cool, chic, and dashed with city sophistication — spectator dresses complete with short sleeved cardigans. In Ice Crepe woven of North American Rayon — the Key to Quality — at Lord & Taylor. White, clover pink, powder blue, lime. Sizes 10-20. 25.00

Misses' Dress Department, on the Third Floor

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue, New York



"Three Silent Messengers" in Bal Masqué Gift Presentation: Bouquet Lenthéric in Tweed, Miracle, and Shanghai or Gardenia de Tahiti. $1.95

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Bookings and information from any office of Cunard White Star Ltd. who are General Agents for Imperial Airways in the U.S.A., or any travel agent

Stuarts

playsuits adapted to the purses of people who want to spend as little as $3.95.

SWEET IS THE WORD FOR YOU: The Prince George of Russia eaux de colognes—Aqua Rex for boys, Aqua Regina for girls—have a murky, romantic appeal. Her Majesty's Lilac is also in the regal tradition. It's authentic and lovely, and recommended to lovers of lilac scents, a restless and experimental breed.... Dedon offers Happy Landing—a gay suitcase containing a face-powder jar with a screw top that keeps the powder from spilling, and no nonsense. The powder itself is good, too. At Saks-Fifth Avenue.... For the giddy young, Martha Sleeper has designed Jitterbugs—cockeyed little wooden bugs with bright-colored skirts and wire legs in all the abandoned attitudes beloved by Benny Goodman's followers. You wear them on the lapels of your coat; $1 at Best. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Long-Felt Wants Filled Here



RECENT events support my old contention that nobody knows the public mind better than American manufacturers. You have only to wait a bit, I always say, and some one of them is sure to produce the very thing you had in mind, ready-cut and beautiful as your dream. Small use getting in a lather and spending a fortune on special orders in the meantime.

To be sure, people have waited somewhat more than a bit for box-spring-plus-headboard beds, with the headboard planned specifically for slipcovering. Hale, at 420 Madison (48th), has them now, though, and they are fine. The unit, headboard with attached bedspring on feet, costs $44.50. You complete it with your own mattress or choose one at Hale to match.

The headboard is upholstered, but covered only with ticking. You have your choice of three shapes. So you get yourself a length of fabric and have it delivered at Hale, where seamstresses will snip and stitch it into a slipcover for the headboard you choose, and a tailored or ruffled spread to match. The store supplies linings and labor free of charge, an arrangement that seems eminently fair.

Because, I think, of an unfortunate choice of fabrics, the sample beds set up at Hale are not as impressive as they might be, but the headboard shapes and the slipcover tailoring are excellent, and

you'll be choosing your own materials anyway.

THERE must be numbers of people, too, who have thought longingly of being able to buy good reproductions of the earlier type of Aubusson rug, the kind now so rare they have become prohibitively costly, as well as so old and fragile most would be far better under glass than under foot. Whitbread & Ulmer, 12 East 52nd Street, are wizards at producing just such reproduction Aubussons—copies of rare old ones, if your taste runs to authenticity, or adaptations using less pattern but duplicating all the incomparably soft Aubusson coloring and texture. If your yearning for an Aubusson rug is not a collector's passion, but merely that of a layman who would rather have bare floors than own any other kind of carpeting, these custom copies may suit your purpose even better than an original. They'll last longer, for one thing, and cost far less, for another—about $7.50 a square foot—and you can order your own size and combination of colors.

A reproduction Aubusson takes three months, in case you want one in time for next fall's redecorating. That will give you the whole summer in which to hoard for it, too. If you are anybody I know you'll need every minute of it.

IT won't mean a thing to city slickers that reflector markers for driveways can now be found on store counters, but to suburban folk the things should be still another dream come true. Lewis & Conger sell them for $7.50 a dozen—little ruby glass discs exactly like standard New York State automobile rear-end reflectors, mounted on spikes which you drive into the ground along the curves of your drive. At once people stop running their cars up on your lawn at night and gouging divots out of the edges. Maybe the markers aren't any more efficient than whitewashed stones, but they are a lot less conspicuous; they scarcely show until they pick up the flash of approaching headlights.

It can't be only the I-told-you-so spirit in me that makes me think all these unrelated things are such good news.

THIS city is a wonderful place for procrastinators. You can wait right up to the last minute (or Now) before starting to look for June-wedding presents, and it's all right, because there is always Tiffany.

It can hardly be news to you enlightened people that the one perfect



Bound for the beach?

Then bring something to the beach besides what the beach brings to you! Something such as an air raft for surf-riding ($10.00); or beach hi-li, for the thorough workout (doubles set for four people $10.00), or a fifteen inch health ball, that builds a new appetite ($2.25). And for resting, the Beach Dugout, a bright colored sailcloth shelter that folds up ($22.50), or a Suntan Pad ($5.75).

We have a whole floor of bright ideas that will keep you from being bored outdoors anywhere, and add a lot of pleasure to anybody's summer. Come in and get acquainted with them!

Ho-Hum Mattress (*Illustrated*)—Substantial, safe and steady float, air filled, easily carried **$12.00**

Touch Ball Game—Ingenious, exciting, played in small space, offering plenty of action **$10.00**

Rubber Animals—Horses, swans, fish, etc., of heavy rubber; they float when inflated . . . . . **$1.25 to $14.50**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

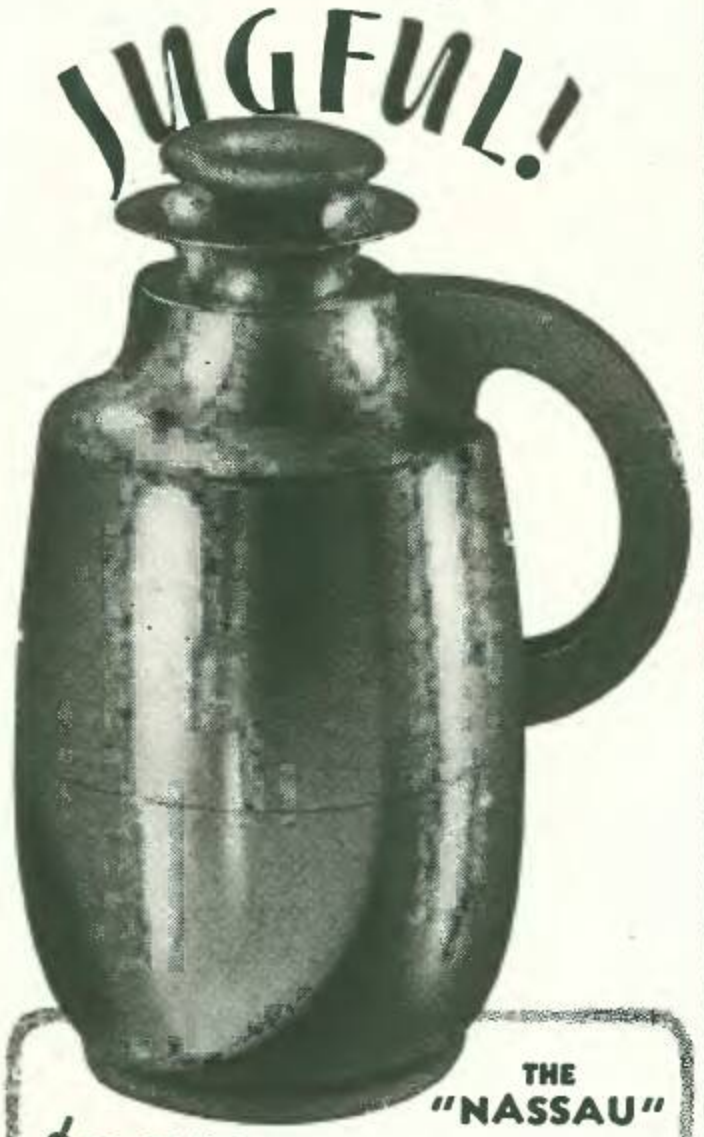
Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York



Our "Play Hours" Booklet lists games, furniture, accessories, apparel for summer. Free on request.







THE "NASSAU"

$8.95* It's a "find" at the price because this smart, quart-size vacuum jug is regularly $10! Keep one at your elbow in the office, in the bedroom or on the porch for a long drink during the hot days ahead. Beautiful, lustrous chromium that never tarnishes. Handle and knob genuine walnut. Dripless pouring lip, air-tight stopper. Keeps contents cold 48 hours. hot 24 hours. An ideal wedding gift.

Meet the "WEEKENDER"



A vacuum-insulated ice container that will keep 20 cubes healthy for 48 hours, if your parties last that long! Or let it grace your buffet, serve soup, chowder, cereals piping hot. Chromium plate, rich ivory trimmings, $15. Brides will like it!

Featured by leading stores

MANNING-BOWMAN

MERIDEN . . . CONNECTICUT

**Slightly higher price west of the Rockies*

gift for any bride must be lurking somewhere in this vast storehouse, where the china, glass, and silver collections stagger you with their scope. Probably it *will* be news, though, that at Tiffany you can buy a dozen liqueur glasses, tiny crystal miniatures of brandy snifters, for $3.50, although bargain hunting here seems all but sacrilegious.

Shopping for Tiffany wedding silver reminds you that nowhere else can you find lovelier lines in absolutely plain, unengraved, unadorned tableware. The Tiffany touch in such silver pieces is rare and unmistakable. You notice it in the most formidable tea services and in a little after-dinner coffee set ($92) that is a thorough darling. The same note is present in flatware, and in those wonderful square service plates that are the pride of the establishment, and in the bowls, tiny to enormous, with that incredible satin polish that makes you reach out to stroke their smooth, round sides, braving the suspicions of possible house detectives. The plain surfaces of these things are naturally the finest of backgrounds for spectacular monograms, but such trimmings can add nothing except a certain sentimental value to silver so chastely beautiful.

LATE shoppers should remember that there is always William H. Plummer, too. The Plummer people, satisfied that their collection of traditional treasures is beyond reproach, have been working like mad, and with notable success, over fresh ideas in glass and china for the June Bride season. One fancy result is the tallest-stemmed liqueur glasses you ever saw. They stand easily a foot high, and have cups large enough for a short before-dinner sherry. In plain crystal with hexagon-cut stems that flash like diamonds, these are $39 a dozen. For $60 you can have them with fox-hunting subjects done in enamel on the glass.

They are almost fanatic about enamel decorations at Plummer, and go to all kinds of pains to produce that lovely jewel-like color and glow which are their special talent. Most of the figures are done in a kind of high, rounded relief; the little fish and game birds look as if you could pluck them right off the glass. These relief enamel creatures, authentic down to the last feather and scale, go on heavy crystal cigarette boxes and ashtrays, for casual gifts, and on all kinds of drinking equipment—shakers, decanters, cocktail glasses, and truly enormous whiskey-and-sodas. The last are $72 a dozen.

In gentler vein, Plummer has worked

YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

at Big Indian, N. Y., the highest most untamed mountain region around New York City. Here in a 1,000 acre preserve, surrounded by the State Forest, is the ideal spot for a mountain home. A brook at your doorstep descending from the slopes of the rugged peak in the background adds to the charm, while below the Club's lodge is faintly visible. As a guest you stay there enjoying the excellent hotel service and perhaps some of the sporting facilities available. From here numerous scenic trails can easily be reached as can the icy-cold trout streams for which this country, along with its hunting, is famous. Our Club is just as attractive to the women, for pleasure, comfort, rest and safety, as to the men and children. It is not a speculative real estate development but for 50 years the summer and week-end estate of the Cruickshank family of New York who alone are responsible for the Club and its management. One of the objects is to keep ownership from being expensive and troublesome and another to have a congenial but not social atmosphere. We would be pleased to send you further information or arrange for a visit to the Club. It is desirable that an interview be arranged before your visit. Mr. J. H. Cruickshank, Jr., is the only person who does this.

Big Indian Association

BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

N. Y. Office: 25 West 45th St.

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EXCITING BON VOYAGE CHEST

A Surprise for Each Day

CANDIES — BISCUITS

CIGARETTES — MAGAZINES

Baskets 5.50 up — Packages 3.50 up

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Specialists in Care of Fine Homes & Offices

Established 1878

O. Charles Meyer & Co., Inc.

Repairs & refinishing paneled rooms, furniture. Houseworkers & general renovators, modernization. Carpets, draperies, taken up stored for the summer. Estimates for town and country.

Manufacturing — Furniture

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Decorators — Cabinet Work

37 & 39 W. 8th St. — STuyvesant 9-5727

out lush and beautiful flower bouquet decorations and applied them to practically everything needed for an outdoor dining table—plates, demitasses, glass tumblers and stemware, even hurricane globes for candles. Grouped in the store, these things are vivid enough to blind you at first glance, but you can tell how handsome they would be out in the open on a glass-topped wrought-iron table. To get the intended lavish effect you really ought to use all the things together, so if it's a present, better give both glass and china, and throw in a pair of the hurricane lights.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS CORNER: An old-fashioned rite, delayed somewhat by a cool spring, is being performed now in all well-run households. Heavy window draperies are being vacuumed and perhaps spot-cleaned on their rods, then encased in long bags, ruffled at the top—in short, summer slipcovers for curtains. This sort of thing has been going on annually for a long, long time, usually with a houseworker from O. Charles Meyer, 37 West 8th Street, doing the vacuuming and Meyer seamstresses providing the slipcovers. This reminder is thrown in for the sake of spring brides whose mothers never explained about slipcovering curtains. The reason this method is a good idea—a little better, even, than having two sets of curtains, one for winter and one for summer—is that the slipcovers eliminate summer storage problems, minimize the moth hazard, and save taking down and rehanging. The bags needn't look like dust covers. O. Charles Meyer does them in washable chintz or slipcover cottons and they're as pretty as any summer curtain you ever owned. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

For Your Game's Sake

FEW contraptions for improving one's tennis game have fascinated us as much as a mechanical player being shown by Abercrombie & Fitch and similar shops around town. It's called the Tennis Robot, and was invented by Edmund H. Serrano, a former tournament player. He thought up the idea while he was living near the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills. The thing looks something like a trench mortar, is electrically operated, and holds sixty balls. A small gut-string racket bats the balls at you as they emerge from a hole in the side of the barrel. They are batted at intervals of four and a half seconds, which is just about as long

Zeus

in a Glamorous New Setting



● The world's most practical smoking idea is made into a work of art . . . priced at $5 to $500 . . . ready to step out with you to the smartest places!

● Like its more plebeian brothers, the Zeus Aristocrat eliminates 70% nicotine and tar! . . . Lets you smoke all you like . . . like all you smoke.

● Introduced a fortnight ago, at one of the season's most brilliant parties, the Zeus Aristocrat has become the talk of fashionable Park Avenue. Here is the world-famous Zeus Filter-holder idea in aristocratic guise . . . beautifully ornamented by Ciner, at $5 to $15 . . . exquisitely jewelled in precious metals and stones by Cartier, at $30 to $500. Flatteringly long and sleek—*and in your favorite color!* In Empire Green, Ebony, Capri Blue, Jonquil Yellow, Sienna Brown, Aluminum Moderne. Gentlemen's models as well as ladies' • *A Happy Gift Idea.* as a Zeus and its owner are inseparable . . . a constant reminder of your care and esteem. Zeus Corporation, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Zeus Aristocrat

● Introduced this month in such New York stores as Bonwit Teller, Jay Thorpe, Lord & Taylor, and other leading stores throughout the country.



In days of old, the husband bold
His bride across the threshold carried,
For if she stumbled,
Alas, fate grumbled . . . and
Made them sorry they were married

SO-o-o...they lived
HAPPILY EVER AFTER!



EARLY AMERICAN* TOILETRIES
scented with Old Spice

What probably added considerably to their happiness, we suspect, were the jars filled with the tangy essence of rose petals and spice, blended by the bride. This is the fragrance that gives Early American Toiletries such unforgettable charm—this, and the picturesque Early American containers in which they are packaged. So...why not add a dash of "rose petals and spice" to life, with these refreshing accessories to your toilette.

The Shulton Early American Assemblage includes:

Talc (as illustrated, 50c) . . . Toilet Water (as illustrated, 4 oz., 1.00) . . . Bath Powder (as illustrated, oval box, 1.50) . . . Guest Soap . . . Toilet Soap . . . Bath Soap . . . Sachet . . . Bath Salts . . . Keepsake Box . . . Vanity Box . . . Perfume

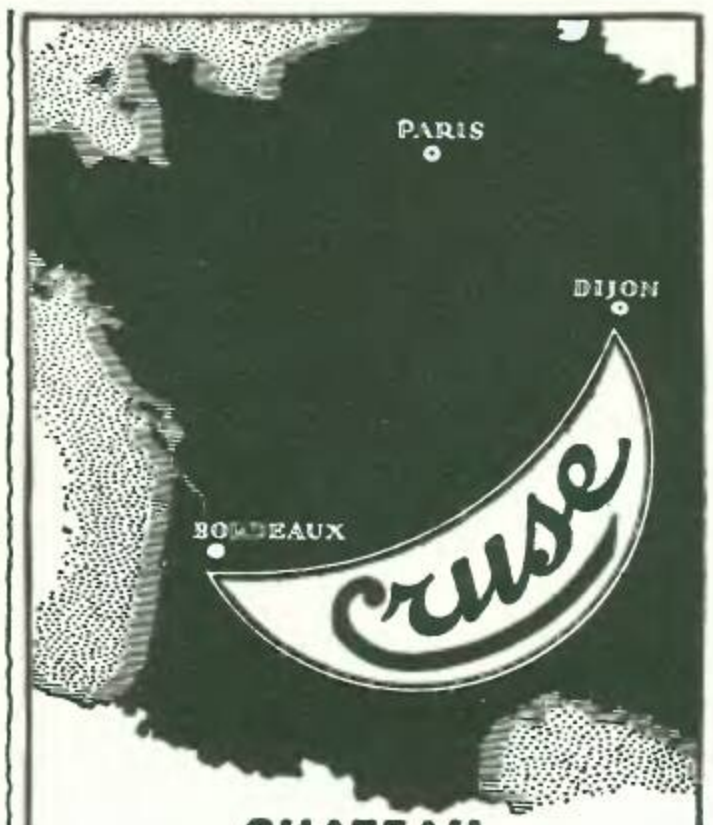
*Trade Mark Applied For By
SHULTON, INC., 358 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

as it takes an opponent to return your shot. The machine can be adjusted to deliver, at various speeds, any kind of ball you want to practice on—serve, volley, lob, either to forehand or backhand; or, if you prefer, it will mix up the shots and hit to all parts of the court. It won't pick up the balls for you, but if you turn a knob it will clean them and brush up the nap, too, before it pops them out. The Robot costs around $400.

For golfers, Hillerich & Bradsby of Louisville have brought out something called a swing putter, which has a very heavy head shaped like a claw hammer. At the top of the grip is a knob that you hold between the first and second fingers of your left hand, so you can oscillate the club in Leo Diegel's best pendulum style. The establishment has another putter with a handle like a polo mallet, as well as one with a perfectly square grip. Incidentally, Hillerich & Bradsby make first-class sets of matched woods and irons. The woods cost from $7 to $12.50 each, and the irons from $3.50 to $8. The matched wooden clubs designed by Walter Hagen and made by the L. A. Young Golf Company of Detroit are the most expensive we've run across. They are $15 each. A set of ten irons costs $90.

FOR amateur photographers who believe that miniature cameras are too complicated, Carl Zeiss, 485 Fifth Avenue (42nd), has something called the Super Ikonta B, which takes pictures on standard 2¼-by-3¼ roll film and is exceptionally simple to operate. Among its features are a device that prevents accidental double exposures and a combined range- and view-finder. The camera is fitted with an *f*. 2.8 lens, and the shutter can be set at a maximum speed of 1/400th of a second —about as fast as anyone needs. Zeiss also has solved a problem for candid-camera owners who delight in carrying around lots of extra equipment. The solution is a good-looking bag of stout, soft brown leather with a sling strap and a zipper fastener that locks. The bag has compartments or pockets for a camera and additional lenses, and there is plenty of room for film supplies and all sorts of accessories. Reasonable, we thought, at $12.

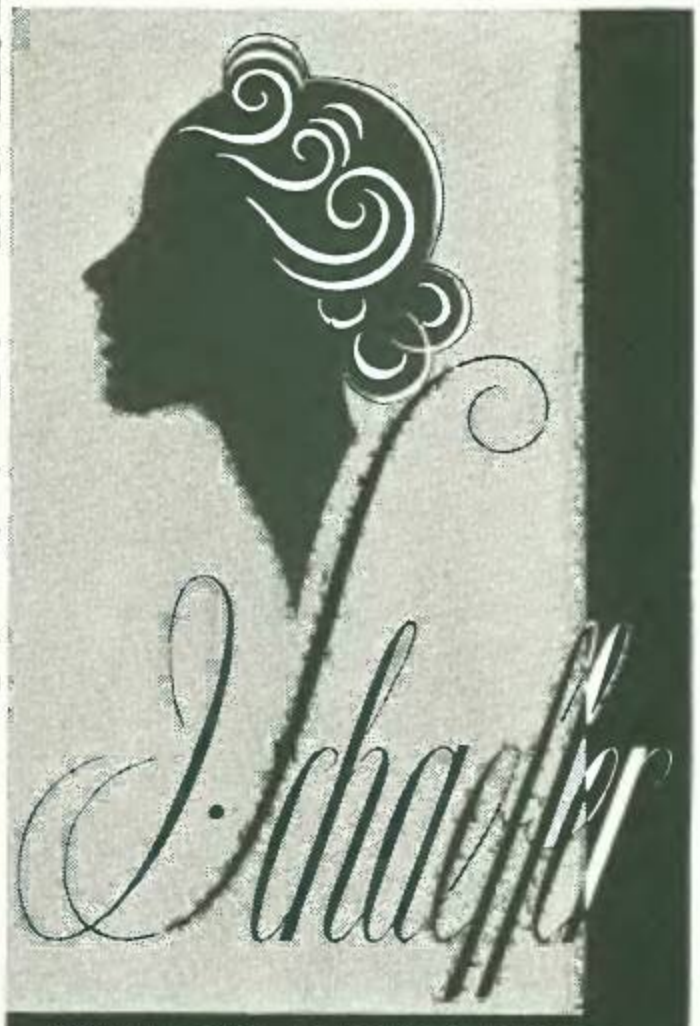
IT'S by no means too early to think of swimming. Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (British Empire Building), has well-cut Celanese trunks that can be worn as shorts, and others of knitted wool that are re-



CHATEAU
PONTET CANET
BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETOR
ONLY WHEN
IT BEARS THE CRESCENT OF
CRUSE
BORDEAUX WINES
and BURGUNDIES

IT IS SMART TO SERVE
CLICQUOT
CHAMPAGNES
AGENTS, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N. Y. C.

● *Air Conditioned Salons!*



CUSTOM PERMANENT
Waves
590 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

versible. We liked them especially in combinations of red and blue, and green and brown. This shop is proud of some new cork-soled sandals with adjustable uppers of terry cloth or twill, as well as of gabardine. Sulka, stylish as usual, has high-cut, fine-knitted trunks with graduated stripes. There are beach slippers to match the colors and also bathing-suit tops (if men want them, and some decidedly should) in the same attractive designs. We liked Sulka's cabaña suits of hand-blocked and hand-woven Irish linen and the taffeta flannel house suits for the hot days to come. Abercrombie & Fitch have a terry-cloth beach jacket dotted with anchors (there's an oiled-silk pocket with a button flap for cigarettes and matches), and a beach shirt of the same material with three big pockets like those in a cobbler's apron. We noticed some snug-fitting knitted wool trunks from Switzerland in interesting colors, and trunks of a new cloth that is a mixture of linen and rayon and dries more quickly than wool. There are slacks made of the same fabric, and also, to be different, of sail cloth. Tripler fancies swimming trunks of straw-colored poplin, Angora-wool pullovers, and handmade leather beach shoes from Maine. Dudley Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, has trunks of lightweight cravenetted wool in five colors, with tops to match, and at Brooks you can get those India-print shorts in the gayest of designs.

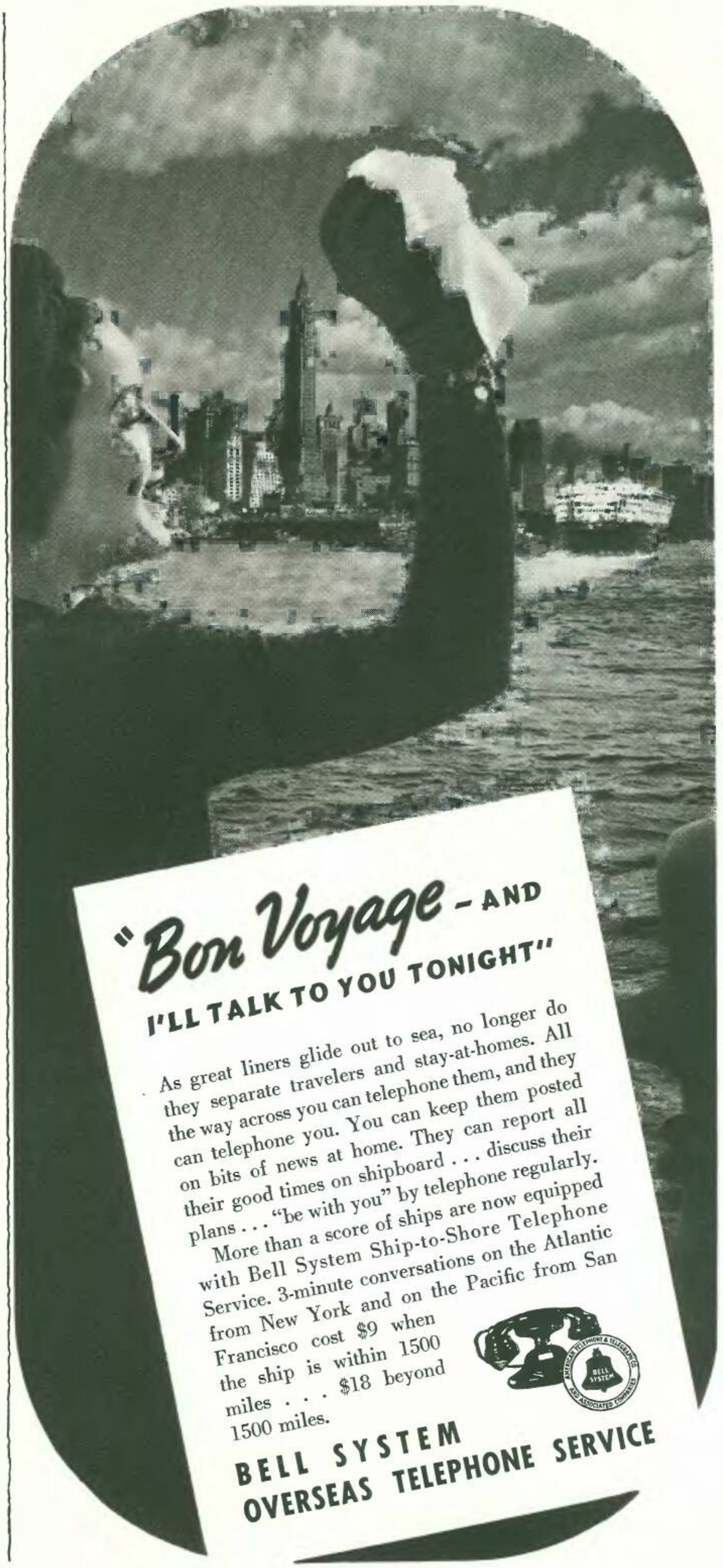
ODDS AND ENDS: At Tripler, hand-knitted woollen covers for your favorite wooden golf clubs, $1 each; also an English linen wristwatch strap to replace the leather one in hot weather, half a dollar. . . . At Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue and 60th Street, a wristwatch strap of black patent leather for evening wear, $2.50. . . . At Spalding, a waterproof watch in a rectangular case, the first we've seen, for $27.50; an adjustable British seat-stick for $8.50; and a flameless cigarette lighter, which carries a four-month supply of fuel, $5 and $7.50. . . . Dudley Eldridge's sets of ties and handkerchiefs come in new and very handsome designs and colors. —E. K.

•

TCH TCHK DEPARTMENT

[*From the Caldwell (N. J.) Progress*]

Leslie Hannah of Wootton Road left yesterday by airplane for San Francisco from where he will sail tomorrow on the Lurline for Honlulu. Mr. Hannah has secured a lulu.





"It Belongs"
Society decrees

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THE OARSMEN

Amateurs at Henley—Mallards on Cayuga

THIS week the Yale and Harvard 150-pound crews entered in the Royal Regatta at Henley are jettisoning their professional coaches and turning for instruction to someone like, let's say, last year's coxswain, who has perhaps entered the bond business and so remained an undefiled amateur. Henley rules stipulate that no competing eight may receive professional training for at least a month before the event, which is always held around the first of July. The American boats will arrive in England a fortnight beforehand with their professional coaches skulking in the background, reduced to the status of riggers. The crews will join other gentlemen-coached groups on the Thames for conditioning spins and never, never listen to a word their riggers say.



This is the centennial anniversary of the Henley regatta, and besides the Yale and Harvard 'fifties, Kent School will be represented by a crew, making the delegation from the States the largest ever to attend. The regatta has come a long way since the first race was held one afternoon in shells that had been left out all night on lawns in front of village inns. It was refereed by a mounted official who galloped up and down the towpath. As those who have seen the regatta know, it is possibly the greatest and certainly the most English rowing meet in the world, and it is watched by thousands. The upper Thames, flowing through the sleepy little town of Henley, is wide enough at this point for only two crews. Races are run off in heats over the mile and five-sixteenths course, which has come to be known as "the Henley distance." To win one of the half-dozen or so trophies at stake, a crew must come out ahead in each of its daily heats during the four days that the meet is held. It is a trying task. All the American crews are entered for the Thames Challenge Cup, a prize rowed for by crews of a rather junior rating. Along the river bank and in the Stewards' Enclosure, nobody pays much attention to the crews except at the moment they pass by. Old Oxford and Cambridge Blues gather with their families, the awards are examined, tea is served; it's a lovely English party.

THOSE four Fifth Avenue buses engaged to trundle along the Speedway with spectators during the Harvard-Columbia race on the Harlem last Saturday started us thinking about that rarely mentioned subject, crew receipts. Although seats on top of the double-deckers sold for $1.50 apiece, Mr. Benson, who is graduate manager of athletics at Columbia, was pessimistic when we spoke to him about the matter. He told us that the athletic association would be lucky to break even after subtracting bus hire, which amounts to sixty or seventy dollars a vehicle, from the fees charged for the seats. The notion that crews make profits, he assured us, was a laughing matter. At Harvard, crew receipts amount to about three hundred dollars a year, mostly from the sale of programs for the Yale-Harvard race. The outlay for the season runs well over fifteen thousand. Yale, which has the most elaborate rowing equipment in the country, spends forty thousand a year on crew and there is practically no income. This discourages schools like Southern California from taking up the sport.

ON the Cornell boathouse sign, put up two years ago, the possessive "its" appears as "it's," and this has become a source of secret pain to one of the varsity men, a strict grammarian. He always means to walk under it with eyes averted, and if he chances to look up and see it on his way to the shell, he just can't row.

Another thing bothering Cornell, which now is preparing for its race with California, is the behavior of mallards frequenting the boathouse inlet on Lake Cayuga. The regatta with California will be held the eighteenth of this month, a week before Poughkeepsie, and the rowers at Ithaca are in active training. They have to use the inlet for practice when the lake is rough and the simple mallards refuse to give the shells right of way. Three birds have been hit thus far, and one shell has been attacked by a drake. The Cornell crewmen are waiting for the hunting season.—Bow

•

NEW YORK, May 18 (AP).—Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, daughter-in-law of John D. Rockefeller Jr., gave birth to twins today, a goy and a girl. Each baby weighed just under six pounds.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Enough already!

CONTEST

ON Sunday, May 15th, I happened to turn on my radio, and heard an odd but interesting announcement. The Nationwide Talking Parrot Contest was about to begin, I was told. Mr. Will Cuppy then gave a little talk while the nation's microphones were being hitched up in the scattered vicinities of the nation's parrots. We went first to Massachusetts, where a Mrs. Brown's Lulu, of Boston, was, the announcer said, ready to sing "The Sidewalks of New York." After an awkward moment of dead silence, Mrs. Brown herself began to sing it, and sang it clear through to the end, not very well. Lulu would have no part in the business at any time.

We were rather hastily transferred to Chicago, where three Midwest contestants—Mickey Green, Georgie, and Pollyanna—were to address us. Mickey, after prolonged verbal encouragement from her mistress and the announcer, emitted a Bronx cheer. Georgie said nothing. Pollyanna listened reverently while her owner persuasively repeated "Polly wants a cracker" many times. The owner gave a fair imitation of a parrot, but not good enough to arouse Pollyanna's coöperation.

At Seattle, a parrot named Polly listened for some time without comment to the wild chatter of her mistress, then suddenly broke into repeated peals of the best laughter I've ever heard. Her mistress wasn't satisfied with this, and kept talking to Polly, trying to make her talk back. The announcer was begging the owner not to interfere, because Polly was doing fine, and in the midst of this bedlam, Polly, without warning, went into an imitation of a siren—the kind on ambulances—and the last I heard was the announcer shouting in a harassed voice that we must now go to California.

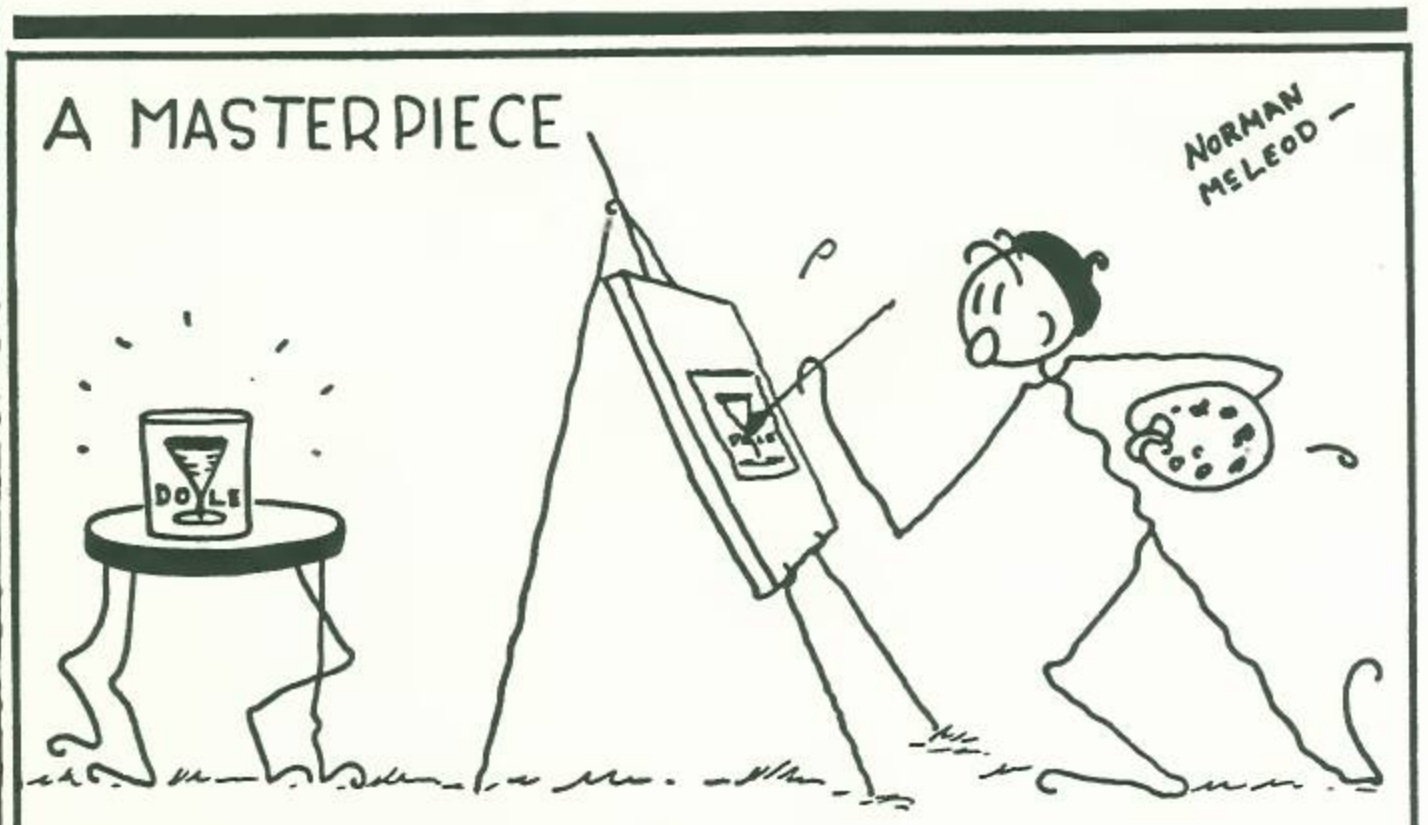
San Francisco's Loretta was to give us a cat-and-dog fight, but instead it was rendered, very realistically, by her owner. Then the owner gave us Loretta beating on a drum, singing, and crowing like a rooster. At the end Loretta uttered a faint hurray, but that was all. They carried out the owner and put Penelope on. Silence. Penelope was owned by a college boy, who eventually explained that Penelope never *would* talk unless she was on the campus, which now obviously she wasn't.

Billy of Hollywood joined in occasionally, at wide intervals, while his owner played "I'm Forever Blowing

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Bubbles" on the piano. The owner had the best voice of any owner so far, but toward the end got rather disheartened and fell off in tone.

"Now," said the announcer, "we have Bobby Breen, that well-known young screen star, and his parrot, Mr. Green." Bobby started right in talking rapidly to Mr. Green in a brisk, professional manner but he didn't get far, because some lady who was with him kept interrupting, urging Bobby to let *her* talk to Mr. Green instead, and quite a long argument followed. Mr. Green just let them fight it out, and said nothing. The announcer, audibly wiping the sweat from his brow, offered numerous good suggestions, to which no one paid any attention, and then we went to Philadelphia.

Doodle-Do, of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, made an effort to uphold the honor of that institution. After a series of vague parrot noises, he broke into a snatch of song—some song I'd never heard before. I think he meant well from the start, but his keeper sang so loudly that Doodle-Do got discouraged and gave up trying to make himself heard.

Pollywog and his Philadelphia owner broke all records. *Neither* of them made a sound. After that a talking crow got into the contest somehow and emitted one frantic yelp before it was hustled off.

In Washington, D.C., a lady from Virginia said that her Goldie would whistle and say "Come on!" but Goldie did neither.

And so to New York City. Chili Bean, after repeated prodding, gave a weak grunt. The announcer seemed to have had hopes of Chili Bean and kept trying. After a while the announcer said dejectedly, "Well, I just wish you could *see* Chili Bean. He's sure looking awfully pretty." Baby came next. He was described as a beautiful African gray, and the owner added that the type was extremely rare. Faro was the last entry. His owner rendered a song called "Pretty Polly," the words and music of which had been composed for the occasion, but Faro listened unmoved. "As a matter of fact," the owner explained, "Faro is tongue-tied. It's a peculiarity of New York City parrots—they're almost all that way."

"*New York City parrots* my hat," I thought, wondering which bird could possibly be said to have won the contest. It was finally settled in favor of Seattle's Polly—the one that had laughed so long and heartily at the whole business.

—WINIFRED WILLIS



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Three Comrades"



THE best picture of the week is a dramatization of Erich Maria Remarque's "Three Comrades," a moderately realistic story about young people in post-war Germany. The novel has been adapted, in a thoughtful and literate way, by F. Post-War Fitzgerald, and offers some really affecting moments. Since the studio had promised the Robert Taylor fan clubs that their hero would play a real he-man rôle in "Three Comrades," it has some perfectly god-awful moments, too. Taking one thing with another, however, the picture unquestionably rates a good, solid B-plus. Mr. Taylor isn't bad all the time, and the other leading players—Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, and Robert Young—are uniformly good. The story is a simple one, dealing, as you Womrath subscribers needn't be told, with the unhappily terminated love affair of an ex-soldier and a consumptive girl in a city disrupted by poverty and the first tentative outbreaks of Fascism. Fascism is touched upon lightly, very lightly indeed; but the fact that it is mentioned at all indicates that even movie producers are getting thoughtful. As a job of production, "Three Comrades" is more than creditable; as an opportunity to look at Miss Sullavan, it is even better.

YOU tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, as a colored girl I know used to say, but Darryl Zanuck will be in Scotland afore any of us. You never saw anything so Scottish as his production of "Kidnapped." I don't want to see or hear any more Scots for quite a long while, thank you. The Scots wha hae wi' Zanuck bled must include every able-bodied character actor in Hollywood; it's really astonishing. Equally astonishing is the ingenuity of the four script-writers who were given the job of imparting love interest to Robert Louis Stevenson's essentially ascetic little tale; they have succeeded so well that "Kidnapped" as you will see it has practically nothing *but* love interest. Well, it's a different age we live in. For the records: Freddie Bartholomew as David Balfour, Warner

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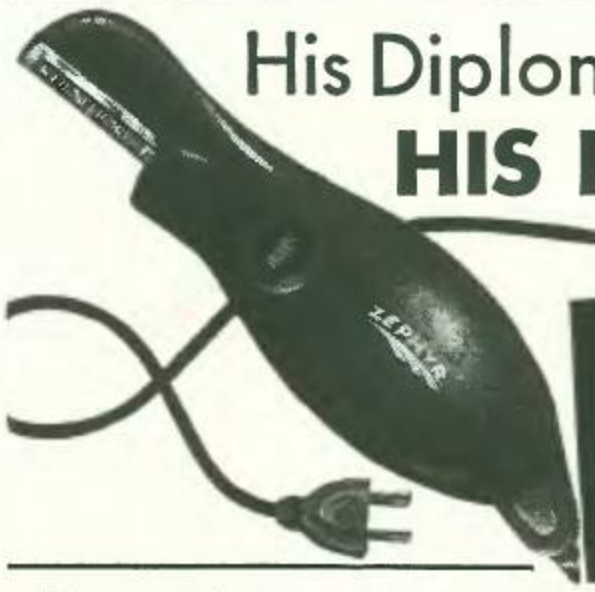
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Baxter as Alan Breck, and one Arleen Whelan as Miss Scotland.

IT is a safe bet that the cinematic output of any given week will include these two scenes: people who have been arrested saying to policemen, "But you don't understand. There must be some mistake;" and a victim, male or female, of a lovers' misunderstanding beating on a locked door and crying, "Please let me explain!" It is mildly interesting when they both occur in the same picture, which is about the only reason I have for mentioning "Gold Diggers in Paris." I must report that there isn't a single laugh in it. The story—and what a long, involved story it is—is all about dancing, but there is no good dancing to be seen. The innocuously pleasant talents of Rudy Vallée are thrown away in an endless series of those comedy scenes which substitute good, honest sweat for inspiration. It's the worst picture of the year, folks, but don't forget that this is only June.

It is possible that in one of your trips to the double-feature neighborhood houses, you may bump into a Gaumont-British import called "Girl in the Street." This will do you no harm, and no good. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

PARTITION

The man goes to his sleep,
The man's breath goes to air:
The bones are buried deep,
But breath is everywhere,

Blowing, the world around,
A grace that bends the wheat,
A heavy sound, a light sound
In winter woods, in street,

Ruffling the feathered bird,
Shifting the cloud—
But only in the word
Man writ or spoke aloud,

The breath, being shapely, now,
And signatured, atones
For the dismantled brow,
For the anonymous bones.

—DAVID MORTON

•

"The 'Biscuit is good right now, better than I've ever seen him. You can tell when you know and like a horse, as Trainer Tom Smith and I do, how that horse is feeling. You know when he's ready for a race and ready to do his best. I think ole 'Biscuit fools a lot of people."—*Jockey Red Pollard quoted in the Post.*

Yes, sir, ole 'Biscuit fools *quite* a lot of people.

LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 24

APPARENTLY weekends were invented by the English so they could get away from London. Certainly the hegiras are approved by the government, since the House of Commons never meets on Saturday, thus leaving all members free to flee town Friday evening. As peers seem to do things more slowly, the House of Lords gets ready for its weekends, which last till Tuesday, by rising on Thursday at tea. The two extra days were originally needed for the coach-and-four drive to and from the ancestral country mansions which many lords, alas, have since lost; however, they still possess those two precious idle days. Weekending, as a powerful English institution, is more important than ever this year because of the recent un-English goings-on in Europe. As if to demonstrate their three great traditional talents—for playing politics, for accumulating wealth, and for designing lovely landscapes—the English work best at the first two against a background developed by the third. For generations most of what has happened to mortals and money in London, and often what has happened to Europe, has first been planned in the talk of prominent Englishmen weekending with a purpose among the green trees and fields of some beautiful bucolic shire. For the last few months the purpose and weekends have been intense. So important were the supposedly pro-German weekends at Cliveden that Cliveden's host, Lord Astor, wrote a letter to the *Times* in protest at being called a Fascist, leaving to his American-born politician wife the more ticklish job of writing a second denial to Labour's *Daily Herald*. The truculent weekends of pro-British Winston Churchill have nearly singlehanded weakened the Chamberlain government into reshuffling its Cabinet and retiring its heckled Air Minister. As the dissatisfaction over army enrollment, taxation, and foreign relations continues, worried weekending politicians land in private airplanes on Georgian estates' golf links, Hitler and Henlein are discussed in Adam drawing rooms, pilots and secretaries with last-minute dossiers are housed in the Queen Anne wing. Hostesses order what are officially called long dinners—lengthy repasts beginning with hothouse melon and supposedly ending in grave discussion—instead of jolly short dinners, which start with scandal and end with bridge. Hosts are bringing out their best *goût-anglais* brandies (less sweet than for the French) and producing their great ports. Male or female, Parliamentarian or private taxpayer, high up in big houses or low and loyal in cottages, the English are worried about their present state and future history. Everyone knows, including the Germans, what they're worrying about: Will the Germans really provoke war (or provoke others to provoke it), and if so, when, how, where? Will the English be ready, with whom, by what means, and for what? On such topics people could talk all night, as alarmed governing weekenders, awkwardly loaded with an easily attacked island, an empire, and the last bulwarks of European democracy, do indeed converse. Yet the simple situation can be put in a few awful words.



Or, as the Home Office prefers, the situation can be put in lots of words. According to a recent official announcement, the English can expect enemy bombers upon hearing, as an air-raid alarm, "a fluctuating or warbling signal of varying pitch in which the frequency is not less than ten per cent above and below the mean pitch, the complete cycle of each fluctuation to extend over a period of two to five seconds."

ONE better change for many people's lives has been made law here; two more may follow. The first is Labour M.P. Miss Ellen Wilkinson's installment-plan bill, which will prevent what's called "the snatch-back;" i.e., people's losing what they've nearly paid for, as well as all they've paid in, because of one defaulted installment. Her law prevents seizure, except by legal action, if one-third has been paid. As in both urban and rural communities everything, from cribs to cows, can be purchased on the installment system, the Wilkinson bill will be a life-and-animal saver for many English poor. The second betterment bill really deals with transport workers' wages but contains a cunning clause to provide holidays with pay which may affect even servants, and definitely marks the first entry into English legislation of this modern Socialist idea. The third improvement would affect everyone in England, since it's a plan to establish a fixed Easter and stagger summer holidays from the second Sunday in April to October, instead of sending all holiday-makers off at once



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in August to have a good time in overcrowded hotels which the rest of the year are empty. A fourth agreeable feature of life is the cheerful way the English are taking the Australian cricket team's constant triumphs over the English players in the matches being played at the Oval and Lord's. An added sports item is the news that at King's College, Somerset, Haile Selassie's little grandson, Desta, won the hundred-yard dash for boys under ten. This is signally the first victory England has allowed any member of this family since Abyssinia began to be heard of.

It's noteworthy that English weather records have been officially kept only since 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, when the French lost through being unexpectedly stuck in the rain and mud. Nevertheless, private documents exist to declare that 1938's drought is the worst since 1785. Potatoes are twice their proper price and salmon, through their inability to leap up the shallow streams to wed, are so scarce in their usual haunts that anglers figure each fish caught will cost around £65 all told, after lodge rent, riparian rights, etc., have been taken care of. Dried grass on the race courses, now in their money-making season, has made the entries of valuable horses rare. In Scotland, St. Andrew's famous golf course has closed to save the greens. Certainly it's not often that nature punishes Heaven itself; this year's drought has dried church organs till they're off pitch. While parish ladies with teakettles and steam have swelled the little village pipes to normal, in the great Gothic cathedrals, as the mammoth organs peal forth, God is praised out of tune.

—GENÊT

•

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. S. O'Hara, who have been living in Toledo, will move back to Maumee next week and will occupy their home at 209 Harrison. The James Addison family, who rented the O'Hara house, will move next door into the house owned by Mrs. Alta Richardson. Mrs. Richardson will occupy her house at the rear of the Colonial Flower Shop and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cavanaugh, who have been living there, are still undecided where they will go.—*Toledo News-Bee.*

Have they considered the old O'Hara place?

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Trimmed with two bands of gold embroidery, her dress started at the waistline and curved over her hips.

28 MINUTES FROM GRAND CENTRAL

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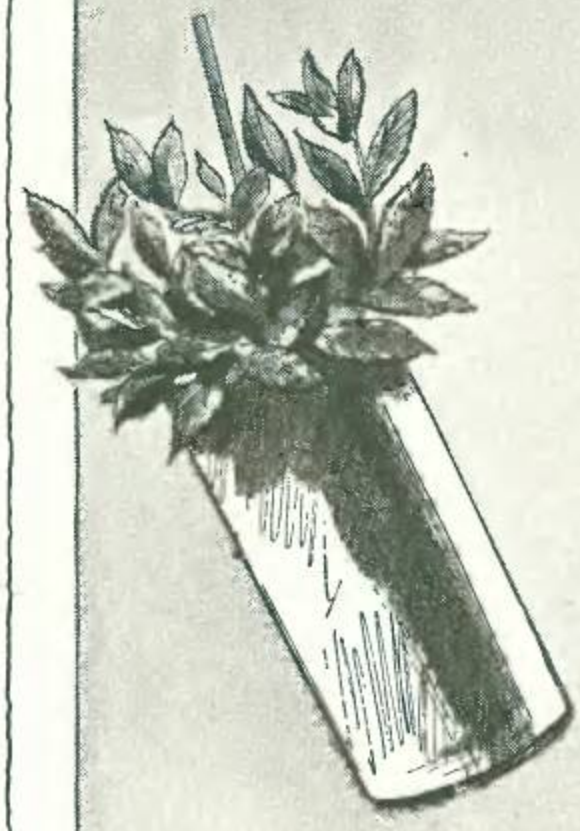
ANYONE with a hankering for French popular songs can have himself a field day—and a field night, too—with Columbia's recent repressings of discs by Mistinguett, Lucienne Boyer, Tino Rossi, Jean Clément, and other recorders *français*. The Rossi output is an awesome stack, so I'll suggest only one disc: "Il Existe une Blonde" and "Paname Ville d'Amour" (Columbia 4189-M). Both songs are "slow foxes," as they say in French recording circles, and both have possibilities as song hits over here. Rossi tosses them off smartly and musically, as usual. There are other good offerings in his huge catalogue, and if you have a *goût de Rossi*, your dealer undoubtedly will be glad to put you in a booth with a machine and the discs so you can pick your own. It'll take several hours.

La Mistinguett has a couple of airs from a film, "Rigolboche" (Columbia 4179-M). One of them, "Oui, Je Suis de Paris," is, believe the label, a "6/8 One-Step Marche," and just about what you'd expect from the title. There aren't many good lively ditties around just now, and don't be surprised if this one acquires American circulation. Mistinguett is, of course, a crack at this sort of thing. She insinuates "Au Fond de Tes Yeux" (a "slow-fox berceuse," no less) just as expertly. Lucienne Boyer, who usually has wistful wisps to sing, goes unwontedly gay in "Mon Rendez-Vous" (Columbia 327-M) and does it as well as anyone could wish, or better. The other side is "C'est Toujours la Même Chanson," a title that invites an obvious comment. I wouldn't promise, however, that this tune won't click over here.

Jean Clément is a new voice for me, and an agreeable one, used without affectation. Clément seems to have more distinction than his songs, "Il Est Tard, Mon Amour" and "A Minuit sur la Plage" (Columbia 330-M).

A BRACE of melodies from the Hollywood "Girl of the Golden West" receive the effective attention of Nelson Eddy on Victor 4388. "Who Are We to Say?" and "Sun-Up to Sundown" are the *opera*, and the notable

Cool!



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Eddy voice is transcribed truthfully. From Hollywood also comes an oddity by Jerry Colonna, who does "Sonny Boy" and "On the Road to Mandalay" (with references to "Boots" and "Gunga Din") in the composite manner of the world's eight worst singers (Vocalion 4056) intentionally and uproariously. These songs never will sound the same again after you've heard Mr. Colonna having his gracefully malicious fling at them. There are properly quirky accompaniments by an excellent orchestra named, I regret to report, Fud and his Fuddy-Bears.

A ONE-MAN waltz revival is staged by Harry Horlick in Decca album set 5, containing ten Johann Strauss items played for dancing. The absence of languishing retards doesn't interfere with the listener's pleasure, the orchestra is expert, and the arrangements are properly schmalzy. No swing. For swing, consult the titles marked with an asterisk in this list:

I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW and GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK—Gene Krupa and his Orchestra.* The Krupa drumming stands out for his admirers in snappily played swingerees which somehow retain the original tunes. (*Brunswick 8124*)

SPRING IS HERE and I'LL TELL THE MAN IN THE STREET—Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. Two hits from "I Married an Angel," offered with the customary Reisman finesse. (*Victor 25842*)

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN and MALADY IN F MINOR—Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra.* Amusing mistreatment of a close-harmony classic and a modified jam session, or doesn't the title say that? (*Decca 1755*)

I LOVE TO WHISTLE and LOST AND FOUND—Bert Block and his Bell Music. Unusually attractive sweeties, with clean, crisp rhythms. (*Vocalion 4059*)

I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART and ROCK IT FOR ME—"Hot Lips" Page and his Orchestra.* Socky heat, featuring terrific tootles from a triumphant trumpet. (*Bluebird B-7567*)

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT SWELL? and MOONSHINE OVER KENTUCKY—Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. Sleek performances, with much neat pianism from Mr. Duchin. The songs, both of them bright, are from "Kentucky Moonshine." (*Brunswick 8115*)

I'LL DREAM TONIGHT and COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. A touch of swing in "Cowboy from Brooklyn," but not a swing disc; Dorsey is as handy in melodious business as in jamming. Picture tunes, from "Cowboy from Brooklyn," and excellent. (*Victor 25832*)

LITTLE LADY MAKE-BELIEVE and SIXTY SECONDS GOT TOGETHER—George Olsen and his Music. Interesting suggestion of march rhythm behind these smartly played fox trots. (*Decca 1786*) —POP

•

YOUR HOME-TOWN PAPER, SIR

Illmo (Mo.) *Jimplicute.*
Bartley (Neb.) *Inter-Ocean.*
Schulenburg (Tex.) *Sticker.*

MR. NORTH IS FANNED

IT was a fine, sunny morning and the idea of taking the afternoon off and going to a ball game popped suddenly into Mr. North's head. It was a thing which happened to him about once a year, and always surprised him, because normally his interest in baseball was muted.

But the more he thought of it this time the finer the idea seemed, and for a moment he played with the notion of taking Mrs. North along. He gave the notion to Mrs. North to play with, too, and she dropped it with clean finality.

"I'm doing some other things," she said. "A lot of other things. But you go."

Mr. North felt that on the whole it was just as well. He remembered how he had taken Mrs. North once to see the Yankees play and how the only thing about the game which seemed to impress her at all was the little hole in the ground in which the umpire kept spare balls. Her interest even in that ran out after the second inning. It had been a trying afternoon. Mr. North said he guessed he would go alone, and he did.

It was fine when he got to the Stadium. The Yankees were finishing their practice and almost everybody was already in. The crowd was just about the right size and smelled just to the right degree of peanuts. A couple of seats away there was a small boy with his father, and the small boy was eating a hot dog and yelling with his mouth full.

"You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn door!" the small boy yelled, to nobody in particular, and when Mr. North looked over, the boy's father was smiling. Mr. North smiled too. It was all very friendly. He remembered how, when he was a small boy, his father would occasionally take an afternoon off and go to a ball game with him and how exciting it was, even if it was only a minor-league game. It must, Mr. North thought, be fine to be a small boy and be seeing the Yankees play the —Mr. North glanced quickly at the scoreboard—the St. Louis Browns. Mr. North was not even dashed by its being the Browns.

The game started briskly. The first two Browns hit singles and each time the Yankee catcher was left with his hands outstretched, waiting for the ball that didn't come. Watching him, Mr. North suddenly realized he knew how it felt to be left waiting like that, because he had been a catcher, and quite a good

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one, when he was about ten. "I could never hit, though," Mr. North said to himself. "I couldn't hit the broad side of a barn door." But he could remember holding his hands ready to receive the pitch and the odd feeling of emptiness which remained when the ball was hit before it reached them.

The Browns lost momentum after those first two hits and their half of the inning ended without a score. The Yankee lead-off man hit a hard grounder and the shortstop just managed to stop it with one hand, but had no chance for a play. Mr. North thought it was a pretty good stop.

"What would you call that?" a voice behind him said. "Hit or error?"

Mr. North looked around. The voice was coming from a chunky, pleasant-looking man in a chauffeur's cap. Mr. North liked him and liked being spoken to. He was flattered, too, and said he thought it was a hit. "He didn't have a chance for a play," Mr. North said. "It was moving right along."

The man in the cap looked at him doubtfully and then shook his head. "It was an error, I guess," he said. "He got his hands on it. If they get their hands on it, it's an error."

Mr. North felt a little dashed. It occurred to him that he didn't know whether the man was right or not and that the man saw he didn't. And he felt, obscurely, that he had disappointed the man. "Well, I guess you're right," he said.

"If they get their hands on it," the man said firmly. "That's the rule."

"Well," Mr. North said. "Well . . ."

He missed several plays while he felt sheepish, and was distracted for the better part of an inning because he wondered if the man behind was going to





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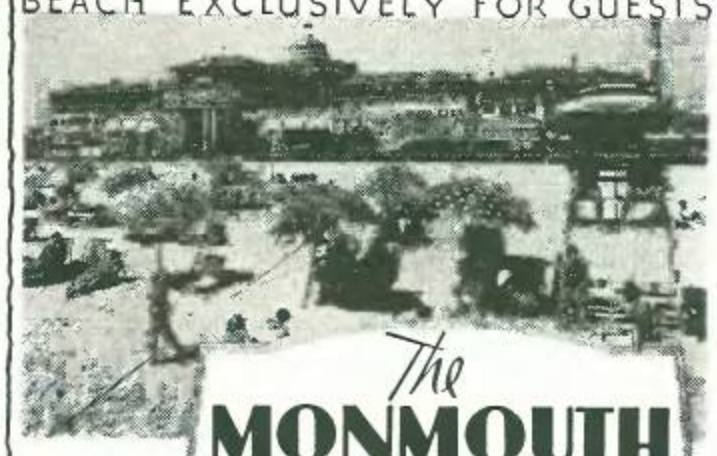
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speak to him again. The man didn't. He said "Wow!" once, and "Come on, Lou," apparently to the batter, another time. But he had, it seemed, given Mr. North up.

IT was in the last of the third that another man came in, rather breathlessly, and crawled across Mr. North and sat next to him. This man was a crisp, brokerish person with a clipped mustache. He looked at the scoreboard, swept his eyes across the diamond, and turned to Mr. North. "How did they make three in the second?" he said.

Mr. North looked hurriedly at the scoreboard and saw the Yanks had made three in the second, apparently while he had been distracted. He had seen it, however, and he tried to remember.

"Oh, somebody tripled," he said. "It was Gehrig, I think. He hit it into—"

There was an interrupting snort from the man in the chauffeur's cap. "It was DiMaggio," the man said. "Gehrig!" There was something about the way he said "Gehrig!" that made Mr. North turn red. The man who had come in late twisted around to talk to the man behind Mr. North.

"What did Gehrig do?" he said.

"Popped," said the man in the cap. "Just popped. Remember how he used to lean on 'em?"

The new man said he sure did. Mr. North could feel them remembering, in democratic unison, how Gehrig used to lean on 'em. It occurred to him that he was left out of these memories, and suddenly he felt that the whole crowd was united by memories, and a perception of fine technical points, from which he was excluded. The man behind him and the man beside him continued to talk diagonally over Mr. North and he felt more and more as if he was in the way. He felt diminished, but not diminished enough.

They kept on talking around Mr. North as the game continued and once got into a brisk argument as to whether the centre fielder had had a play at second he didn't make. The man in the cap thought he had and explained why, and the man beside Mr. North thought not. It was a discussion without rancor, however, and carried on with mutual respect, as between scholars of equal learning. For a moment, when it seemed they could never agree, Mr. North thought they might ask him in as arbiter and hurriedly wondered what he would say if they did. He thought of saying some final word, as an expert, and of the looks of surprised respect with which they would regard him. But

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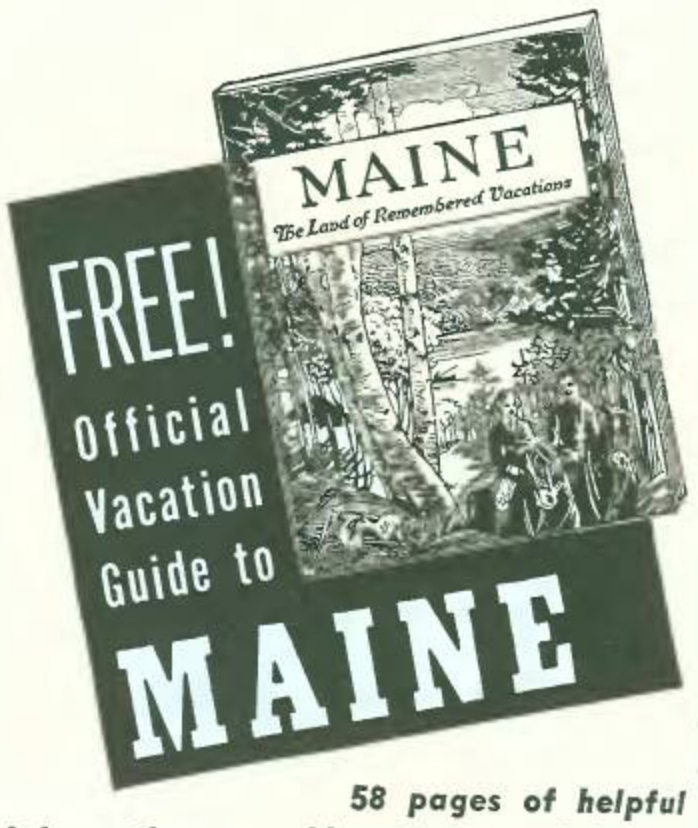
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he couldn't think of any final word, and then he knew they would never ask him. He didn't count at all; he was just an outsider, a little in the way, who did not even know the names of the players; who was not, and Mr. North realized it with a start, even keeping score. Mr. North looked around and everybody he could see was keeping score like mad, marking down hits and errors and things in ruled spaces. Mr. North took a glance at the card of the man next to him and couldn't understand it at all.

The game wasn't, he found, being as much fun as he had expected. It wasn't at all the way it had been at first. He looked at the father of the small boy, but the father was keeping score, too, with a kind of religious intensity, and Mr. North began to feel isolated and terribly in the way of the men who talked across the back of his neck.

When everybody stood up in the seventh, Mr. North decided to move his seat and get out of the way. But once he was started, he kept right on going and walked down the ramp and out of the Stadium. Mr. North felt better outside and as if life had got a lot simpler. On the way to the subway he saw some boys playing ball in a vacant lot and stopped to watch them. He watched them for several minutes, and enjoyed it very much.

—Richard Lockridge

•

"We are witnessing momentous events on the continent of Europe," added the Prime Minister, "and momentous events on the continent of Asia. Canada is part of the continent of North America."

—*The Times.*

He seems to have a pretty firm grasp of the fundamentals, doesn't he?

•

While many Knapp policies are basic, Mr. Shotwell revealed that perhaps the most basic of its fundamentals is that of keeping an ear to the ground and both feet on it.—*Women's Wear Daily.*

Any firm that does that ten times a day will never have to worry about its figure.

•

NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

Detroit Optimists Wednesday heard facts of geography and history rattled speedily off the childish tongue of four-year-old George Lovett, Jr., at a luncheon at the Hotel Book-Cadillac.

The black-eyed child, in a demonstration of mind reading, also played several tunes on a bazooka.



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THE RACE TRACK

Disappointment—Handicapper



LOTS of uninformed people will always insist that Seabiscuit could have run against War Admiral just as well as not. And they'll be wrong. Seabiscuit's sore knees probably didn't hurt any more than the bad legs of several favorites who have been beaten at Belmont Park recently, but he wasn't training at all well. The track was too soft for him. Usually it's the other way around when thoroughbreds have such ailments—it's a hard track that affects them. Charlie Howard, who owns Seabiscuit, became so worried that a conference was held and everyone present looked acutely unhappy. Finally the $100,000 race was called off.

Thanks are due to Howard, Sonny Whitney of the Westchester Racing Association, and Herbert Swope of the Racing Commission for averting another unsatisfactory two-horse race. Oh well, thoroughbreds always have been unpredictable; nothing else can let you down so completely. They go lame unexpectedly, and sometimes recover just as quickly. Howard hopes that his horse will be all right again in a month. Perhaps. Anyhow, Seabiscuit has gone to Boston because the track at Suffolk Downs agrees with him. It's pretty futile to speculate as to where and when he will meet War Admiral. My guess —I have made a number of bad ones lately—is that he won't.

THE member of Belmont Park's official family least upset when they called off the War Admiral-Seabiscuit race was Jack Campbell, the racing secretary and handicapper, who takes things easily. Campbell is big, genial, and slightly deaf (he says that being hard of hearing helps him in his business) and he arranges the distances, weights, and conditions of all flat races on The Jockey Club's tracks so they'll make interesting contests. Most handicappers are mysterious about their methods. Campbell says that he just guesses the weights. If he does, he's a good guesser, for his handicaps are first class.

Campbell hails from Black River, Louisiana, and came into racing quite casually. He was out of a job in the winter of 1905, and a friend sent him to Ed Corrigan, who was running City Park track in New Orleans. Corrigan gave him a job as clerk of the scales. Since then Campbell has worked as everything except starter at almost all the tracks in the country. These include many half-milers, which he says are really the most fun. Officials aren't supposed to bet, and Campbell doesn't now; but once he ran up a remarkable parlay. That was years ago in New Orleans when things were going so badly that one morning he had only fifteen cents. He bought a glass of beer for a dime in the Southern Wheelmen's Club and dropped the remaining nickel in a slot machine, hitting a five-dollar jackpot. Then, while waiting until it was time to go to the track, he played a game of pool for the five dollars and won that. Campbell doesn't remember what horses he bet on that afternoon, but he does know that he came back with fifteen hundred dollars.

Campbell has always been an enthusiastic yachtsman. He misses his favorite boat, which he owned when he was a member of the Southern Yacht Club. It was a twenty-seven-foot inland-lake type called a sandbagger and carried a crew of nine: one at the tiller, one to trim sheet, and the rest to shift the sandbags used for ballast. Campbell is an expert cook, too, specializing in such New Orleans dishes as court bouillon, jambalaya, and his favorite—eggs scrambled with onion tops.

WELL, Belmont Park closes this weekend after an uncommonly cold and rainy meeting. Anyone who may be thinking of a likely double, though the odds won't be fabulous, might try Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Handcuff in the Coaching Club American Oaks and Willie du Pont's Dauber in the Belmont Stakes. Dauber ought to have things his own way even though many people are excited over Cravat's wind-up gallop in preparation for the Belmont the other day.

Louie Beard says that Sonny Whitney gets more of a thrill out of the success of the horses he's sold than he used to get out of owning them. Handcuff, Dauber, and Cravat are worth rooting for.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

The Editor of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIR:

IN your edition of May 14th you carried a very clever and interesting story on my activities, eposodes, and adventures as a humantarium devoting her life to under-privileged cats, dogs, and horses. However there are a few statements written, no doubt, without bias, to which I object, and I respectfully ask your co-operation in correcting them. My first complaint is about my age. I am not 37. I am 32 years old; and I have no "middle age spread" to belie the truth of this. Now, as I have a keen sense of humor I will pass along on some other statements in which you polked fun at me and I come to where you say I have "obsessions, compulsions, and peculiaraties." As these show a mild form of insanity in my opinion, I want it clearly understood I suffer from none of them. The reason I am so long at the work is because I am overwhelmed with calls from an admiring public. They would rather have *me* remove their pets than a society, as I am more gentle and sincere in my work than any man could be! Just let Jake Shubert or Earl Carroll give me a contract and you'd see how little of an obsession this work of mine is!

My "deceptive meekness" in court is not an act, tho Mr. Hurley of *Variety* is going to book me as a "new act" if I raise Cain in your office when you don't correct my complaints! My meekness in court is just knowing the value of good court room manners, and showing respect? for His Honor the Judge. (Ha!) and another (Ha)

I do *not* sleep in a room full of cats. The ones I rescue late at night I place, with food and milk in our garage, tho, if I had to make a choice I'd rather sleep with cats than with a man.

I resent my Tibby-Wibby-Simpson-Ross being called an "antique." He—I mean it—is only four years old. It was born a deaf mute. It's teeth gave way because I am such an adoring mother that I gave him—I mean it—such dainty food to eat, the teeth had no exercise. At the present time I am having bridge work done on its mouth. Poor Tibby isn't very strong. He—it, I mean—was never a breast baby, only a bottle raised Tibby.

In conclusion let me add to my pet

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dislikes, besides Judges who are too lenient in cruelty to animal cases; I hate hunters who kill for "sport;" I hate with all the fury of a woman scorned, doctors who practice on live animals and wish they'd try cutting each other up instead; I hate stores that sell poor lobsters and crabs to be cooked alive, and I hate people who wont contribute to the good work I do to alleviate suffering among cats and dogs, as the allowance I have is inadequate.

Yours, for the best,
RITA ROSS

P.S. Because of *The New Yorker*, the postmaster or someone had my mail sent to the right place. The letters simply read Miss Rita Ross—*Variety*—N.Y.C. No pencilling in of the street either. They simply reached me correctly.

•

COUNTERPOINT

I

It is better to die of hunger, but in a state of freedom from grief and fear, than to live in plenty, but troubled in mind.
—*Epictetus.*

Check. But not necessarily
Must we eschew the gravied roast.
Oh tell me not serenity
Is based upon unbuttered toast!

A peaceful death, an anxious life—
The choice is limited, and frail. . . .
Who's mournful or afraid? My knife
And fork, Lucullus. Pass the quail!

II

Reading is sometimes an ingenious device for avoiding thought.—*Sir Arthur Helps in "Friends in Council."*

When I am worried over bills
Or in fell circumstance's clutch,
Lifting mine eyes unto the hills
Has never helped me very much.

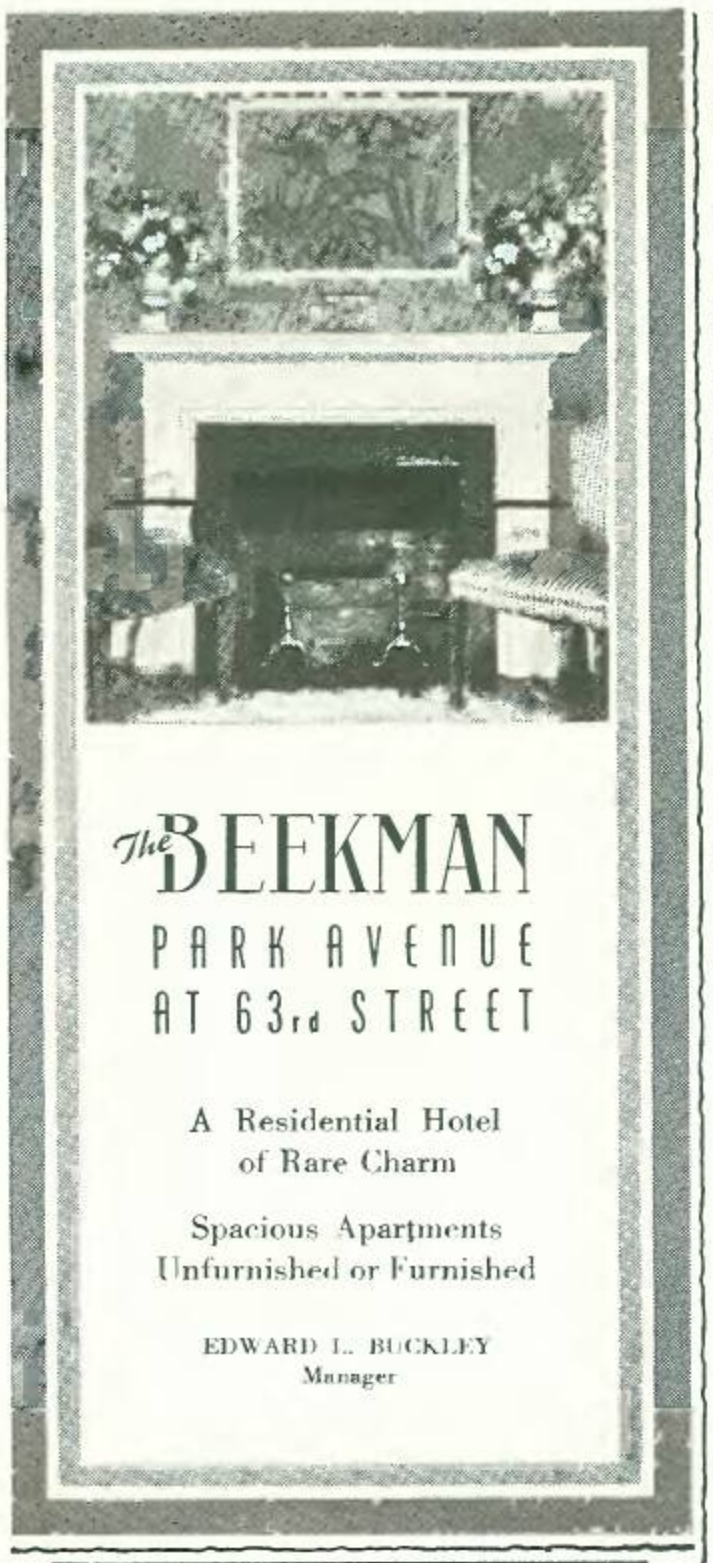
In fact, when I am in a spot
And wish for some hypnotic charm,
Give me a gory murder plot—
One I can view with wild alarm.

III

Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies. —*Spenser.*

Some damsels like their flowers wild,
Some go for pinks and phloxes,
But give this strictly urban child
The flowers in florists' boxes.

—BAIRD LEONARD



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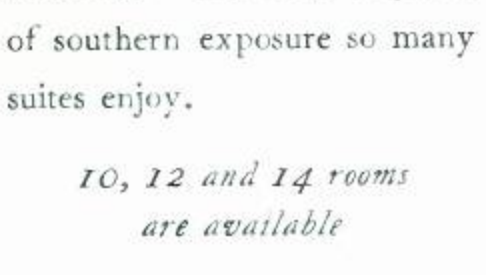
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BOOKS

Cap Over the Windmill



LET'S put it this way: Dorothy Baker's "Young Man with a Horn" is the most satisfying first novel I've read since Ralph Bates' "Lean Men" and Frederic Prokosch's "The Asiatics," both dated 1935. I know it's no masterpiece. I know that, dealing almost exclusively with the life and death of a swing trumpeter, it's bound to be limited in scope. I know it's spang in the groove of our own time and place and won't carry much emotion a decade from now. I know it's so special in theme and feeling that you can't predict one thing about Mrs. Baker's future. And now that we've got that all nicely said and we've added a neat column of critical pros and cons, suppose we draw a fine big black line through the sum and step right up and announce clear and loud that "Young Man with a Horn" is practically perfect.

Rick Martin was the young man with a horn and he loved what he was doing so much that at last it up and killed him. Rick didn't know much as a kid, or ever, and he wasn't any good in school. But he had a funny kind of head in which rhythm was continually coiling and beating around, and this rhythm had to come out somehow. He learned to play piano by picking out "Adeste Fideles" on a battered upright in a mission house. Then Smoke Jordan, a Negro, a fine friend and a first-rate drummer (Smoke could never learn to use a broom, because the rhythm of sweeping just didn't have any meaning to it), introduced him to Jeff Williams' band. Rick found that the trumpet, not the piano, was his instrument —"seems like it's closer up to your head somehow"—and from then on it was just a matter of time. Rick got to New York and became the greatest trumpeter in the business. He met a perverse hussy named Amy North. Amy did something to him, and he started for the gin and stayed with it. But he didn't die because of Amy or the gin, though they helped. He died—it sounds like hoke, but Mrs. Baker makes it as true and clear and transparent as a pane of glass or one of Rick's own high ones—because he was, in a small field, a great artist. Because he couldn't make all of what he was come out of a little metal horn. Because he pushed the music too far and cracked. Because he was searching around for that final beautiful utterance Christopher Marlowe made up a lot of blank verse about. It wasn't there for Kit Marlowe and it wasn't there for Rick Martin. Maybe both died at the right time.

Now, don't imagine that this book, because it deals with the fantastic people who make swing music, is a coterie affair. Mrs. Baker uses a minimum of jam-session slang. She is not arty. She knows quite well that Kreisler is a greater genius than Louis Armstrong. You don't have to have spent your life in the Onyx Club to feel, and feel deeply, the atmosphere she describes, the music Rick and his friends make, the fanatic devotion of artists who, completely unclassical and unserene, can't take their music or leave it but must take it and take it hard. To those fever-eyed folk for whom swing is a religion, "Young Man with a Horn" may appear superficial and, for all I know, full of errors. But the book, though the pulse of swing is in every clean, simple, American sentence, is not about swing itself so much as about "the gap between the man's musical ability and his ability to fit it to his own life," about "the difference between the demands of expression and the demands of life here below."

"Young Man with a Horn" is a short novel. Nevertheless, it manages to get all the above said, and plenty more. For instance, its Negroes are extraordinary, done without dialect, cheap comedy, or cheaper rhapsodizing. They stand up as people, not "characters." Amy North, Rick's fatal woman, who could so easily have turned out a stock neurotic, burns her way through the sad, tense final section straight into your memory. And between the lines Mrs. Baker somehow gets a great many true things said about American life, its tempo, its elements of frustration, its unique and unquestioning vitality.

All in all, you may consider that I am recommending "Young Man with a Horn."

ON the other hand, I'll bet Clyde Brion Davis's "'The Great American Novel—'" (the single quotes are satire) will outsell "Young Man" twenty to one, because it sounds like a more important book. Mr. Davis has put between covers the practical life, the intellectual life, and the dream life of one Homer Zigler, average American. Homer has in him a little of George Brush (the simple-hearted hero of Thornton Wilder's "Heaven's My Destination"), a little of Mencken's *boobus Americanus*, a little of George



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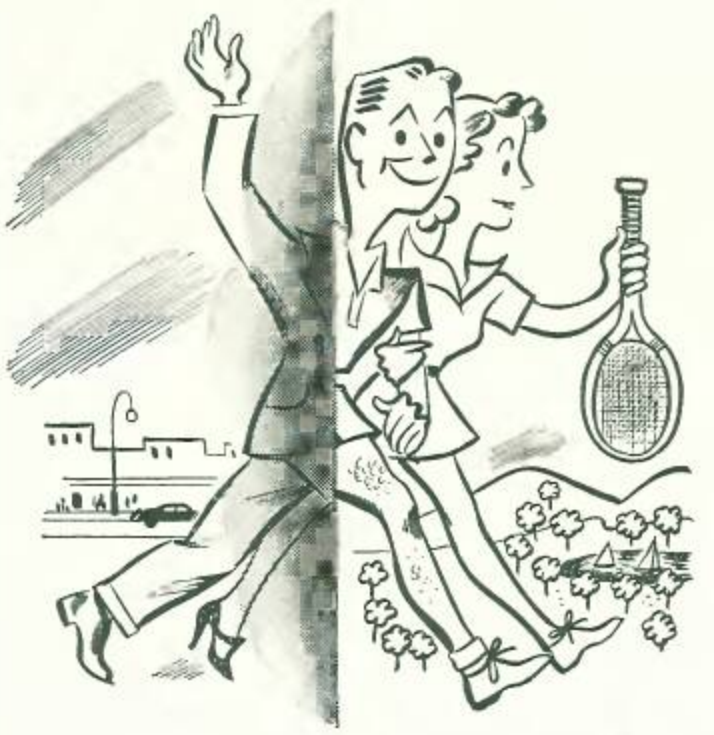
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F. Babbitt, a little of Charlie Chaplin, a little of Bud Fisher's Mutt, a little of Harold Teen. He is Joe Zilch itching to be more than Joe Zilch. He is the eternally hopeful, lovable, pathetic, fooled, vaguely dreaming American, not without sense but without the energy to put that sense to work. Homer is not so much a man as a reflector. He passes his whole life in an optimistic vision of better things to come, without once realizing that he and millions like him (and us) are the footballs of history.

Homer is a newspaperman whose wanderings take him to Buffalo, Cleveland, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Denver. His journal, which forms the novel, covers in desultory fashion the last twenty-five years of American history. Through all the tiny futilities of his bewildered life Homer cherishes two dreams. One is about the girl back home he should have married, the other has to do with the Great American Novel he's going to do someday, when he's fully prepared for it.

Mr. Davis writes with tenderness and humor, and there's no doubt that he pins down for us the Homer Zigler type and what he stands for. But once you get the idea, you get the idea. Some people, of course, are going to like the fact that the book goes on and on, making itself clearer and clearer, just as children like to repeat practical jokes ad infinitum. For myself, I couldn't help having the furtive feeling that Ring Lardner would have clicked it off in thirty pages and then figured he'd overwritten the thing.

THE American motorist who draws up before a Shell pump and buys Shell oil and gas is, with that casual gesture, supporting the "permanent interests" of the British Empire, subsidizing and expanding the Third Reich, fighting against democratic forces everywhere in the world, driving another nail into that coffin in which Soviet Russia has so frequently been buried, reducing the power of Standard Oil and of American business in general, and contributing his mite to the fortune of Sir Henri Deterding. Deterding may not be "The Most Powerful Man in the World," as Glyn Roberts calls him in his biography of that name, but there is little doubt that what he thinks and does affects every one of us, however remotely. The struggle for power in which nations and masses will be engaged for the next fifty years or so is in large part a struggle for oil. When one says oil (at least anywhere in Europe) one says Royal Dutch-Shell. When one says



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Royal Dutch-Shell one says Deterding.

Roberts' book, lively, not too well constructed, leaning heavily on the solider researches of Louis Fischer, Antoine Zischka, Francis Delaisi, and John T. Flynn's life of Rockefeller, is a frankly Socialist interpretation of Deterding's extraordinary career. The book remains interesting whether or not you share its Left Wing bias. As much a history of oil imperialism as it is of Deterding himself, it involves such seemingly disparate men and matters as the burning of the Reichstag, Zaharoff, the house of Rothschild, the rise of Hitler, Walter Teagle, the mysterious Gulbenkian, the tieup between Holland and Great Britain, and the anti-Soviet alliance. It is almost exclusively an industrial-commercial-political record. Deterding's character—he moralizes like a Chadband when he is not frothing like a neurotic—is of no great moment beside the story of his rise to incredible power, his successful challenging of Standard Oil in its own back yard, his development as an ally of British Imperialism (though technically he is a Dutch subject), his sympathetic interest in Hitlerism, and his determination to use his part control of a basic commodity as a lever wherewith to mold human beings and national states to his will. A fascinating career.

Admiral Fisher, who had good reason for playing along with Deterding, called him "Napoleonic in daring and Cromwellian in thoroughness." That's one estimate. If you want another you may form it yourself by reflecting on Deterding's most frequently quoted public statement: "If I were dictator of the world—and please, Mr. Printer, set this in larger type—I WOULD SHOOT ALL IDLERS AT SIGHT."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AMERICAN YEARS, by Harold Sinclair. First-rate local history, the story of Bloomington, Illinois (which Mr. Sinclair calls Everton), from 1830, when it was a group of frontier cabins, to 1861, when its friend and neighbor Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the United States. Mr. Sinclair has no central plot and his hero is the American land of the Middle West. His story proceeds by means of short case histories that make up this tale of combined heroism and rascality, growth and graft, the opening of a rich country and its exploitation.

DEATH IS SO FAIR, by Louis Lynch

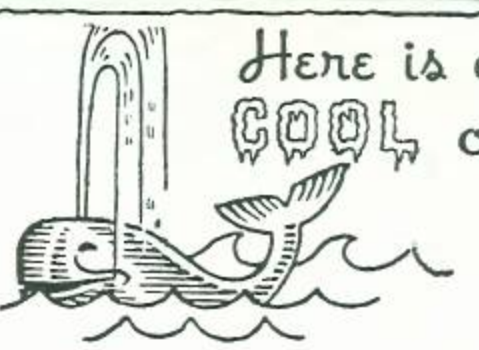


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SUMMER HALF, by Angela Thirkell. Inconsequential doings of a pleasant upper-class English family and their friends. Written with such good humor and sly wit that it seems more important than it really is.

GENERAL

WE TOO ARE THE PEOPLE, by Louise V. Armstrong. An exceptional book. For three years Mrs. Armstrong was an FERA administrator in a stricken county in northern Michigan. Her jurisdiction over about fifteen thousand bewildered Americans went far beyond the cold gestures of charity, and her book is similarly warm and dramatic. Has much of the value of "Middletown." Its documentation is less scientific but more interesting.

COUNTY FAIR, by Phil Stong, photographs by Josephine von Miklos and others. Text flavorous and funny, all about trotting horses and horseshoe-pitching and such, helped out by non-arty photographs that get right to the core of the old rural fair spirit.

THE SINGIN' FIDDLER OF LOST HOPE HOLLOW, by Jean Thomas. Research among the mountain whites of Kentucky, who speak Elizabethan English and know all the old ballads. Sympathetically told and written with a quaint dignity.

WALT WHITMAN AND THE SPRINGS OF COURAGE, by Haniel Long. Interesting study, based mainly on the prose and correspondence, of the factors that gave Whitman his confidence in himself and his message.

TARNISHED WARRIOR, by James Ripley Jacobs. Traces the career of Major General James Wilkinson, a dubiously efficient soldier and an unquestionably efficient opportunist, who had his not entirely clean finger in most of the political pies baked during the first three Presidential administrations. Illustrated.

ARIZONA COWBOYS, by Dane Coolidge. The author, whose Western stuff is simon-pure, recalls some stories of the old days about forty years ago, when the independent Arizona cattlemen were fighting a losing battle against the big-business sheepmen. Photographs by the author.

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NEW YORK'S CENTRAL RESIDENTIAL ZONE



by Helen Follett. Quiet, homely, slightly sentimentalized adventures in an idyllic retreat in the Black Forest, far from the madding Nazis. Distinctive decorations by Richard Floethe.

LIVING ABROAD, by Norval Richardson. Chatty stuff, amiable enough, about the small adventures of an American family who have had fun living in France, England, Italy, and Switzerland. Gertrude Stein gabbles her way through one chapter.

WILLIAM GROPPER, with a foreword by Herman Baron. Contains ten paintings and fifty-odd drawings and cartoons by this unquestioned master of politico-social commentary, together with an informally informative introductory article. The drawings, which are well selected, are also extremely well reproduced; the paintings a little less so.

VERSE

SELECTED POEMS, by John Gould Fletcher. Fletcher's early poems continue to have some worth as examples of American Imagism.

MYSTERIES

DEATH WALKS THE POST, by Virginia Hanson. Adam Drew, acting commanding officer, uses psychology to catch a murderer at an army post in the corn belt. Miss Hanson's first mystery. Pleasantly reminiscent of Mrs. Rinehart's earlier books.

THE MAN FROM TIBET, by Clyde B. Clason. Complicated sleuthing by Theocritus Lucius Westborough and an ingenious plot, cleverly worked out. All right if you don't mind too much book larnin'.

WHY IT HAPPENED, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Polite, thin little story which doesn't prove anything except that purity can flourish in the haut monde. Suitable for Mrs. Lowndes' more whole-hearted admirers.

•

DEAR JUDITH MERRILL:

About one year ago I noticed that I was developing a mustache on my upper lip. As I found this very annoying, I shaved it off. Naturally, the hairs grew back in and I shaved it off again. Now I am constantly plucking or shaving bristly hairs from my upper lip. Will you please advise me what to do about this situation? —L. T.

ANSWER: I will be only too glad to advise you what to do about eliminating the growth on your upper lip, if you will send men your address.—*Los Angeles (Calif.) Examiner.*

You drive a hard bargain, Miss Merrill.

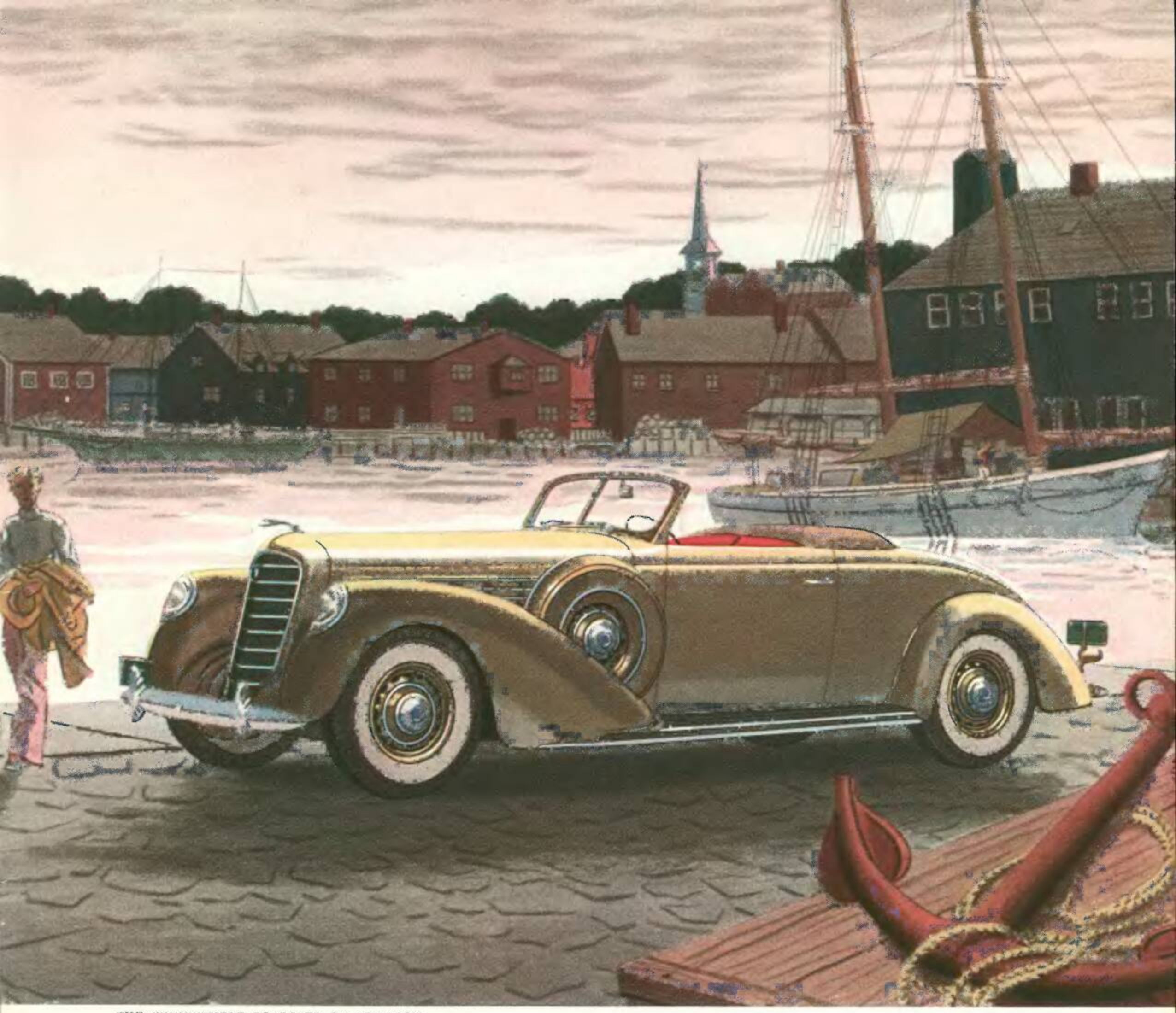
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