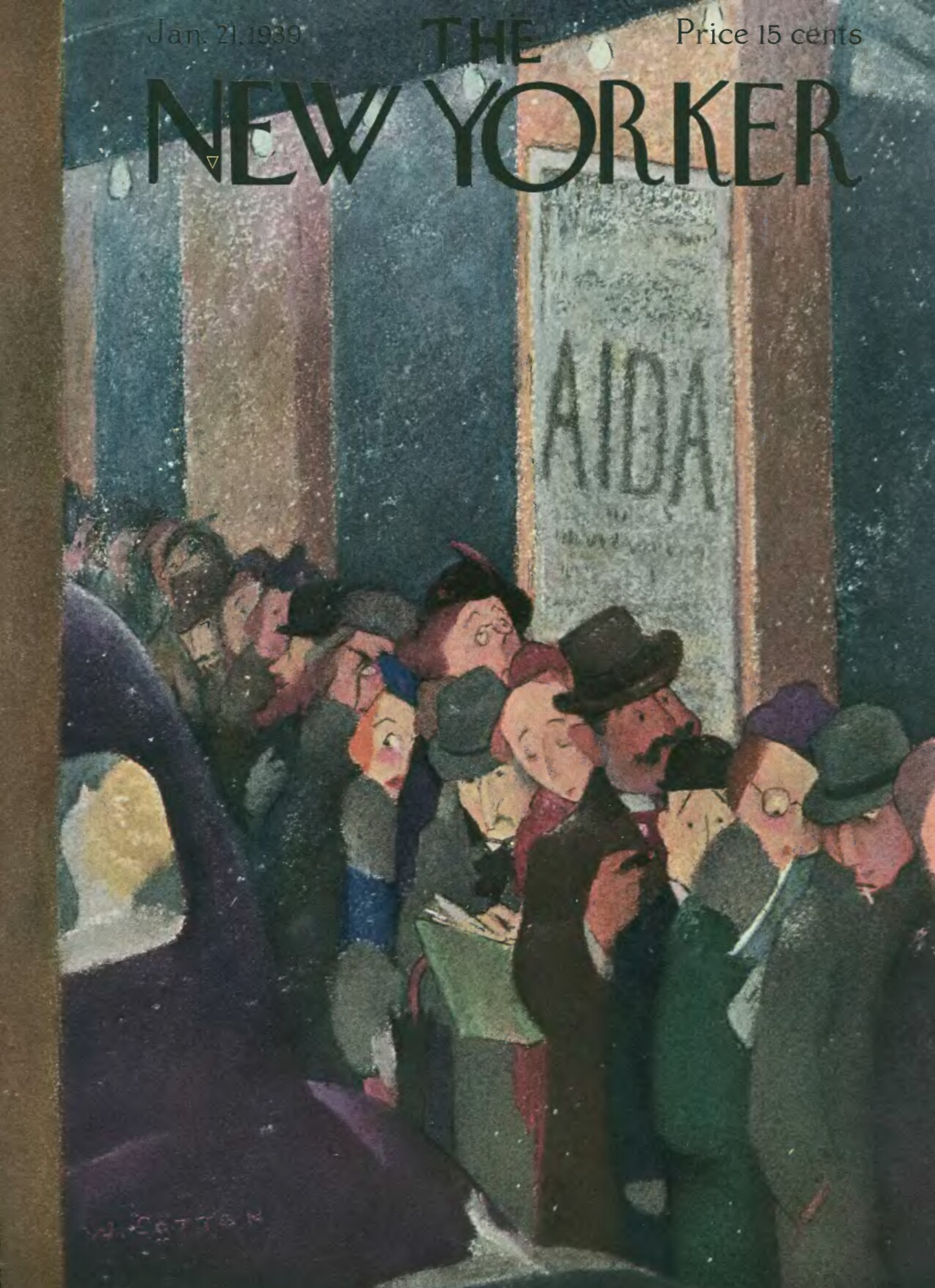
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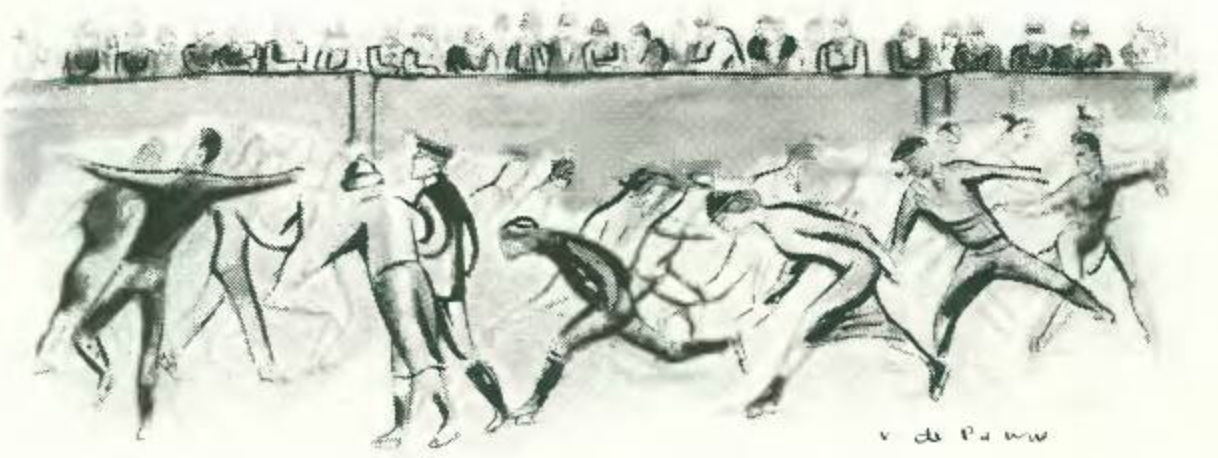
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GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 28.]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Robert E. Sherwood's honest and touching picture of a very great man, with Raymond Massey giving a magnificent performance. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

DEAR OCTOPUS—Another British family gets together for a reunion, with heart-warming results. Slow but sure. Lillian Gish, Lucile Watson, and Reginald Mason. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699.)

THE GENTLE PEOPLE—Two gentle people from Brooklyn successfully revolt against a racketeer, causing an assortment of situations which the Group Theatre company handles with skill. Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

HAMLET—The celebrated marathon version (6:30 to 11:15, with an hour out for dinner at 8:10), which may appeal to the specialist a little more than to the layman. Maurice Evans' Prince is impressive in several ways. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 6:30 P.M. Mat. Sat. only, 1 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 21.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—Philip Barry's honest and, at times, exciting essay on metaphysics among the vaudevillians. You may not understand it, but should like it. Eddie Dowling, Madge Evans, Leo Chalzel, and Russell Collins. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Scheduled to move to another theatre after Sat., Jan. 21. You'll have to check with the newspapers.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—A revival of Oscar Wilde's classic, with a fine cast which includes Clifton Webb, Estelle Winwood, Hope Williams, Derek Williams, and Florence McGee. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BR 9-0134. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE—Miss Clare Boothe, who wrote "The Women," now deals with bitches of both sexes. Helen Claire gives a remarkably vigorous performance as the Southern girl who wants to play in "Gone with the Wind." (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS—Ethel Waters finds herself as a first-rate actress in a play about a colored woman who gives her daughter everything she has, including her voice and her life. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540.)

THE MERCHANT OF YONKERS—Old-fashioned Viennese farce, with Yonkers as the locale instead of Vienna, which will give you some idea. Thornton Wilder wrote it in a gay moment, and Jane Cowl heads an excellent cast including June Walker and Percy Waram. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

OSCAR WILDE—The life of the great poseur traced with unusual wit and discretion. Robert Morley heads a cast which includes Harold Young, John Buckmaster, and Mark Dignam. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380.)

OUTWARD BOUND—An excellent revival of Sutton Vane's successful log of a trip to the Hereafter. Laurette Taylor, Florence Reed, Helen Chandler, Alexander Kirkland, Vincent Price, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628.)

THE PRIMROSE PATH—Life among the genially depraved element made into a bawdy and "uproarious" farce, with a lot of good people participating. Among them are Helen Westley, Betty Field, and Russell Hardie. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

ROCKET TO THE MOON—Love comes to a middle-aged dentist who already has a wife, and results in some fine moments of writing by Clifford Odets. Excellent acting. The cast includes Morris Carnovsky, Luther Adler, and Eleanor Lynn. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-0178.)

SPRING MEETING—A horsy Irish family portrayed in amiable machinations by an excellent English-Irish cast. Gladys Cooper, A. E. Matthews, and Jean Cadell. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

WHAT A LIFE—The George Abbott touch successfully applied to a comedy about love and confusion in Central High School. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640.)

THE WHITE STEED—By the author of "Shadow and Substance," again in the mood to pit religious intolerance against Irish love of life. A fine performance by Barry Fitzgerald and others. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—The music by Rodgers and (naturally) lyrics by Hart make this bouncing bit from Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors" something else again. Jimmy Savo, and others. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—"The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 19-21; "The Yeomen of the Guard," Mon. through Wed., Jan. 23-25; "Patience," Thurs., Jan. 26; "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Fri., Jan. 27; "The Mikado," Sat., Jan. 28. Presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:15 P.M.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Nice rough-and-tumble assortment of vaudeville acts, insanely supervised by a couple of men called Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart bring their pleasantest gifts to this cheerful musical fantasy. Vera Zorina, Vivienne Segal, Audrey Christie, Dennis King, Walter Slezak, and Charles Walters are in it. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—New York under Peter Stuyvesant, as seen by Maxwell Anderson. Some of Mr. Anderson's political thought is a little bothersome, but Kurt Weill's tunes are splendid and Walter Huston is expert with his silver leg. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

LEAVE IT TO ME!—If Victor Moore were appointed Ambassador to Russia and Sophie Tucker were his wife, William Gaxton would fix everything for them just like this. Cole Porter score. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue which 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. BR 9-1163.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

SET TO MUSIC—The Noel Coward revue, starring Beatrice Lillie. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

THE AMERICAN WAY—A spectacle in two acts and twenty-four scenes by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Heading a cast of 250 are Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and McKay Morris. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and Hassard Short. Produced by Sam H. Harris and Max Gordon. Opens Sat., Jan. 21. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474.)

MISCELLANY

ACTORS' FUND BENEFIT—Annual big show, with many prominent performers: Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:15. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presents "Cinderella," the first of a series of three plays under the auspices of the Save the Children Fund: Sat. Morn., Jan. 28, at 10:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

ELSIE JANIS—In a series of Sunday-evening performances, at 8:45. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company in Vildrac's "Paquebot Tenacity" and Prosper Mérimée's "L'Occasion": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 19-20, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 21, at 2:30. Luigi Pirandello's "Chacun Sa Vérité": Mon. through Fri. Eves., Jan. 23-27. Mats. Wed. and Sat. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

THE GIRL FROM WYOMING—A decent girl, a Harvard man, a villain, and so forth. You sit at a table while it's going on. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PL 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

MORDKIN BALLET—"Swan Lake," "Trepak," and "Voices of Spring": Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5582.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Big Blow," a dramatization of Theodore Pratt's novel, combined with Sam Goldwyn sound effects. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CH 4-5714. No performance Mon. Eve. Mat. Sat. only, 2:30 P.M.) . . . "Androcles and the Lion," Shaw's play, with an all-Negro cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TI 5-0920. 9 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve. Mat. Sat. only, 3 P.M.) . . . "Pinocchio," a dramatization of the book. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-1361. 8:15 P.M. No performance Mon. and Tues. Eves., Mat. Sat. only, 2:15 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing; Dick Gasparre's and Vincent Bragale's orchestras. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room presents Horace Heidt and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Small and generally gay; you can dance to the music of George Sterney's orchestra or just sit and listen to Anne Francine and the Tisdale Trio.

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

EL RIO, 130 E. 58 (EL 5-8489)—A rumba-ish kind of place with a nice Ferdinand-the-Bull sort of at-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mosphere. Music by Johnny Johnson's orchestra and the El Rio band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Manages to achieve an intimate atmosphere without the usual space restrictions. Music by Joseph Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—This little upstairs room is the nearest thing to a Parisian *boîte* in town. Elsie Houston and others entertain from 11 P.M. on. No dancing.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A great haunt of people who live in the Seventies, and many who don't. Music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and Rodriguez's rumba band.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Freddie Starr and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing in the Queen Elizabeth Room. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The perennial Persian Room has Eddy Duchin's orchestra, songs by Morton Downey, and dances by Maurice and Cordoba; through Wed., Jan. 25. A new show, which includes Jack Marshard's orchestra, Adelaide Moffett, and the Hartmans, opens the next night. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Up above the world so high, you'll find Mary Martin (singing at supper only) and other entertainers, including a mimic and even a trained crow. Ben Cutler's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's rumba music. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The McFarland Twins and their band play in the Rainbow Grill.

ROAD TO MANDALAY, Park at 59 (VO 5-2500)—Harry Richman's elegant place, with songs by Niela Goodelle and Mr. R.; music by Joseph Rines' orchestra.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room offers Charles Baum's orchestra, Don Marton's rumba band, and an attractive show called "Entertainment on Ice." Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, is full of nostalgia and Cossack uniforms, with Nicolas Mathey's tzigane orchestra completing the effect. Mr. Mathey also has a dance orchestra on hand. Yvonne Bouvier sings.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Mili Monti sings and Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis's and José Lopez's orchestras.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Songs by Sophie Tucker (through Wed., Jan. 25); music by Maximilian Bergère's and Panchito's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, through Sat., Jan. 21, Emil Coleman's orchestra plays and there are songs by Alice Marble, of all people. Must dress. . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band hold forth in the informal Empire Room (dinner and supper). . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant (supper only).

MISCELLANEOUS—The Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000), has Kay Kyser and his orchestra. . . . Jimmy Dorsey and his band are at the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000). . . . The Essex Casino, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300), has Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. . . . The St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800), features Basil Fomeen's music. . . . Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200). . . . You'll find Artie Shaw and his band in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500). . . . Zez Confrey and his orchestra play for dinner dancing in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AS 4-4000), and, on Sat. only, for supper. . . . The Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700), offers Vic Piemonte's orchestra. . . . Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-9800), has music by Charlie Murray's band and the Royal Lukawella Hawaiians. . . . Sammy Kaye and his orchestra play in the Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000). . . . Adrian Rollini and his trio, and Joe Venuti's orchestra are at the Glass Hat, in the Belmont-Plaza, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200). . . . Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55 (PL 3-8565), is a pleasant, rather easygoing downstairs spot under the American Music Hall.

Some places where you'll find swing music are: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WI 2-3619), with Jack Jenney's band and Dr. Sausage's noisy sextet; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's band, and Adele Girard at the harp; the Yacht Club, 150 W. 52 (CO 5-9811), with Fats Waller; the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543), with John Kirby's band; Nick's, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), with Bobby Hackett, Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and Zutty Singleton; and the newly-opened Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737), with Frank Newton's orchestra and those boogie-woogie pianists, Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 28.]

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE (all a matter of the mood you're in)—Billy Rose recently opened the Diamond Horseshoe, 46, W. of B'way (CI 6-6500), with a gay-nineties revue, and keeps right on offering a variety show at his Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (CO 5-7070.) . . . The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080), has a colorful show and Glen Miller's band. . . . N.T.G.'s The Midnight Sun, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50 (CI 5-8530), has Swedish décor and cuisine, Jack Melvin's orchestra, and a floor show. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (EL 5-9858).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), has Cab Calloway's orchestra and a show featuring the Nicholas Brothers, W. C. Handy, and the Berry Brothers. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment; music by Roy Durant's band. Better go late.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209), has entertainment by Nellie Paley, Angela Velez, Frank Carter, and Arthur Bowie. . . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot when you feel strong enough.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AU 3-9613), has a fast show and Skeets Talbert's band. . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Erskine Hawkins' orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (ED 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TI 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a lively little show. . . . Russian: Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); Queen Mary, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (EL 5-9623). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

ABSTRACTIONISTS—Representative show of paintings by three Americans outstanding in this field—Gallatin, Morris, and Shaw: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

AMERICANS—Five Sheelers, an excellent Marin, and works by O'Keeffe, Karfiol, and others: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan 21. . . . Selected paintings, including some by Eakins, Ryder, and Homer: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

AUGUSTAN ART—Sculpture, bas-reliefs, pottery, and glassware in a comprehensive showing of Roman art at the beginning of the Empire: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

BAUHAUS—Paintings by Klee, Kandinsky, and the rest of the Bauhaus group, plus sculpture, films, furniture, and so forth, in a big, thoroughgoing, though at times confusingly arranged, exposition of this important movement's aim: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

BURCHFIELD—Water colors, some of them rather too big for their content, but all of them strongly and capably handled: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

CHINESE JADE—From 1400 B.C. to the present, including some rare and lovely examples. For the benefit of the Civilian Chinese War Victims Fund: Arden, 460 Park. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

CLYMER—City scenes, strongly designed and solidly painted: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

CURRIER & IVES—Their prints, in a collection almost comprehensive enough to be definitive: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

DRAWINGS—Small but excellent collection of drawings by Claude Lorrain, Fragonard, Watteau, and others: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

FREEDLEY—Memorial show of his delicate, careful, and perhaps slightly malicious portraits: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

GAUGUIN—Two paintings, transitional in style, and nineteen exceptionally good woodcuts made in his early Tahitian years: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

GROUP SHOW—Varied exhibition of paintings, all on "social" themes, by Gropper, Ribak, Gottlieb, and other proletarian artists; A. C. A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

HENRI—Memorial show of paintings by the American realist. Worth seeing. Grand Central, 5 Ave. at 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Paintings by most of the masters, including three especially good Pissarros: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

LUCIONI—Impeccable and slightly uninspired landscapes and still-lifes: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

MEYER—Vermont landscapes and still-lifes, agreeably conventional in style: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

MODERN FRENCH—Early paintings by Chirico, Rouault, Matisse, and others now famous, showing their struggling and often uncertain beginnings: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB—Memorial show of painting and sculpture by former members. A good deal that is academic, but there are some interesting things by such artists as La Farge, Chase, and Bellows. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Open weekdays 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

NEWTON—Nicely handled paintings, mainly of Riviera subjects: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

PARIS PRIMITIVES—Paintings, precise in detail and exquisite in expression, by Louis Vivin: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28. . . . Well-selected show of paintings by Jean Eve: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

PASCIN AND DAVID—Water colors and drawings, in a well-selected show: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

PETROVIĆ—Thin but pleasant water colors and drawings of Mexican scenes: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

RENNE—Curiously sensitive, semi-Impressionistic water colors by an artist who has been painting the Palisades all his life: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

SCULPTURE—Works by members of the United American Sculptors, all vigorous and some really good: New School, 66 W. 12. Open Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Jan. 28. . . . Heads and figure studies, full of character and insight, by Dorothea Greenbaum: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

VIEWS OF PARIS—The city, as seen by many painters from Picasso all the way back to the seventeenth century. The show includes some really excellent pieces: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28.

VLAMINCK—Recent paintings, sombre and "atmospheric" as always: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

WHISTLER—Assorted lithographs and etchings: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MISCELLANEOUS—Water colors by Hyman Goldstein: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 21. . . . Water colors by Virginia Parker: Morton, 130 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4. . . . Portraits by Jere Wickwire: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Lithographs by Albert Hirschfeld: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . Paintings by Frances Maria David: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Membership show of water colors, black-and-whites, and sculpture: Pen and Brush Club, 16 E. 10. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . Paintings by Harry Shokler: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Jan. 23 through Feb. 4. . . . Paintings by Yvonne Pène duBois and Katherine Larkin: Argent, 42 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 28. . . . Oils by Jack Levine: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4. . . . Membership show of paintings by the Chicago Society of Artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 1 P.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 26. Oils by Shomer Zunser: Uptown, 249 W. End Ave. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 2. . . . Draw-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 28.]

ings by Earl Kerkam: Mercury, 4 E. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., and 2 P.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 21. . . . Paintings by Isabel Bishop: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

JOHN KIRKPATRICK—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20.
MISCHA ELMAN—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 21.
LEONORA CORTES—Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 21.
GLADYS SWARTHOUT—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 21.
BACH CIRCLE—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 21.
WALTER GIESEKING—Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 22.
YEHUDI MENUHIN—Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Jan. 24.
RICHARD TAUBER—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 25.
GUILA BUSTABO—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 27.
MYRA HESS—Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 28.
GERTRUDE PITZINGER—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 28.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 20, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 22, at 3. . . . Enesco conducting: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 27, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 28, at 8:45 (Soloists: Milstein, Jan. 19, 20, and 22; Menuhin, Jan. 26 and 27; Salmond, Jan. 28.) . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Jan. 28, at 11.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan 21 and 28, at 8.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Stiedry conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 22, at 5:30. (Soloist: Alexander Kipnis.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2:30. (Soloist: Rudolf Serkin, Jan. 28.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:45. (Soloist: Efrem Zimbalist.)

BRICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Miss Brico conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30. (Soloist: Simon Barer.)

WPA—At the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—Concerto Series, Greenwich Orchestra and soloists, Plotnikoff conducting: Thurs. Eves., at 8:45. . . . Beethoven Series, Federal Symphony and soloist, Schenkman conducting: Sun. Aft., Jan. 22, at 1:30. . . . New York Civic Orchestra and soloist, Mendoza conducting: Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Elektra" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:15; "Fidelio," Fri. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:30; "Simon Boccanegra," Sat. Aft., Jan. 21, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30; "Aida," Mon. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8; "Der Rosenkavalier," Wed. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8; "Orfeo ed Euridice," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:30; "Die Walküre," benefit for the Vassar College Club, Fri. Aft., Jan. 27, at 2; "Tosca," Fri. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:30; "Louise," Sat. Aft., Jan. 28, at 2; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Jan. 28, at 8. (PE 6-1210.)

HIPPODROME—Conventional repertoire on Sunday Eves.; sometimes Saturdays, too. Better check before you go. (MU 2-6901.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Long Island vs. Toledo, and St. John's vs. DePaul, Fri., Jan. 27, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. John Henry Lewis, heavyweight championship, Wed. Eve., Jan. 25; preliminaries at 8:30; main match about 10.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Jan. 22; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues., Jan. 24; Rangers vs. Americans, Thurs., Jan. 26. . . . Amateur games: Sun., Jan. 22, at 1:30 P.M.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 9:30 P.M.—Sat. Eve., Jan. 21: Governors Island vs. Squadron A. . . . Sat. Eve., Jan. 28: New York Athletic Club vs. Pegasus. Junior Division matches start at 7:30 P.M.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, at 9:30 P.M.—Sat. Eve., Jan. 21: Evergreen Farms vs. Winged Foot. Junior Division match at 7:30 P.M.; ladies' match at 8:30 P.M. . . . Sat. Eve., Jan. 28: Governors Island vs. Winged Foot. Junior Division match at 8:30 P.M.

JAI ALAI—At the Hippodrome, when nothing else is going on there. Better check by telephone. (MU 2-6901.)

OTHER EVENTS

MUSICIANS' EMERGENCY FUND BENEFIT—Dinner, followed by a musical playlet by Deems Taylor, with Lily Pons, Queena Mario, Martinelli, Tibbett, and Mrs. Vincent Astor in the cast: Waldorf-Astoria, Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8.

PUBLIC BALLS—"Night in Poland," for the benefit of the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20, at 9. . . . Blue Ridge Ball, for the benefit of the Blue Ridge Industrial School in Virginia: Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 27, at 10.

ICE CARNIVAL—Sonja Henie and her Hollywood Ice Revue: Madison Square Garden, through Sat., Jan. 21, at 8:30 P.M.

BURTON HOLMES—"The West Indies: Along the Spanish Main": Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:30; Mon. Aft., Jan. 23, at 2:30.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave. at 57—Furniture and decorations belonging to Mrs. August Franzén and to the estates of the late Emily F. Griggs and Annie L. Benjamin, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 20-21, at 2. . . . Eighteenth-century French furniture and early English silver, the property of Mrs. Dorsey Cullen and George L. Maxwell, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 27-28, at 2.

At the Plaza Art Galleries, 9 East 59—The Ernest Sturm collection of autograph letters, manuscripts, and first editions, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 19-20, at 8.

At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Barry-Hayes collection of historical relics, from the estates of Elizabeth Barry Hepburn and Lucy Leadbeater Stabler; also American furniture and decorations, the property of Alyce Marcia Goodall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 21, at 2. . . . The Cortlandt F. Bishop Library, Part IV, Mon. through Thurs. Afts., Jan. 23-26, at 2.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Simon Boccanegra," with Lawrence Tibbett, Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli, and Ezio Pinza: Sat. Aft., Jan. 21, at 1:55, WEAF.

MARCH OF DIMES—National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis benefit, with Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Orson Welles, Gladys Swarthout, Jascha Heifetz, Beniamino Gigli, and others: Sun. Eve., Jan. 22, at 11, WABC, WJZ; and, at 11:15, WOR.

JOSEPH SZIGETI—As guest of Benny Goodman on the band-leader's weekly swing program: Tues. Eve., Jan. 24, at 9:30, WABC.

BOXING—A blow-by-blow description of the heavyweight championship fight between Joe Louis and John Henry Lewis: Wed. Eve., Jan. 25, at 10, WEAF, WJZ.

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

THURSDAY—Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. "Good News of 1939," 9, WEAF. Music and Ballet, 9, WQXR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. André Kostelanetz and his orchestra, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Burns and Allen, 8:30, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, pianists, 9, WQXR. Orson Welles' Playhouse, 9, WABC.

SATURDAY—Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting, 11 A.M., WABC. "Moods for Moderns," 1:30, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 6:30, WABC. Fred Waring, 8:30, WEAF. "Your Hit Parade," 10, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ.

SUNDAY—Dr. Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. Music Hall Hour, 12 noon, WJZ. WPA Concert, 1:30, WNYC. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions, 5, WJZ. Ben Bernie, 5:30, WABC. Silver Theatre, 6, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Bach Cantata Series, Wallenstein directing, 7, WOR. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. "This Is New York," 8, WABC. Ford Symphony, 9, WABC. Robert Benchley, 10, WABC.

MONDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Lux Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Eddy Duchin, 9:30, WEAF. WOR Symphony, DeLamarter conducting, 9:30, WOR. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC. Columbia workshop, 10:30, WABC.

TUESDAY—Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Information Please, 8:30, WJZ.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Star Theatre, 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—From the slums to the chair. A Cagney saga, with Pat O'Brien as a good influence, and the "Dead End" children. (Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 23-25. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Thurs., Jan. 26.)

BALLERINA—Ballet people in some of their more tragic aspects. A finely done French piece, thanks to Mesdames Chauvire, Slavenska, and Janine Charrat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; daily at 12 noon, 1:40, 3:20, 5, 6:40, 8:20, and 10 P.M.; also Sat. at 12 midnight.)

THE BEACHCOMBER—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester, and South Sea life according to Somerset Maugham. Worthy of all concerned. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE CITADEL—How doctors go wrong. A solemn rendering of the popular novel, with Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 23-25.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper being agreeable enough in a slight, skittish bit. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 25-27.)

THE DAWN PATROL—A revision of the old Barthelmess war film, this time featuring Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone. The story holds up pretty well with the years. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 25-26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Thurs., Jan. 26.)

GRAND ILLUSION—The last war and its German prisons in a stirring French picture, with Eric von Stroheim. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:54, 4:48, 6:32, 8:26, and 10:20 P.M.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus, and Fernand Gravet, with the Strauss waltzes and romantic old Vienna. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Jan. 20. . . . Normandie, Park Ave. at 53; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 20-21. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23.)

JESSE JAMES—Not the real thriller it might have been, but still a colorful affair. With Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE LADY VANISHES—A beautiful thriller-and-killer piece from the Alfred Hitchcock files. Dame May Whitty is especially active in the big moments. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Thurs., Jan. 26.)

PYGMALION—Bernard Shaw's play on the screen; a delight all round. Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard exhibit their many graces. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 10 A.M.)

SOUTH RIDING—Edna Best and a number of other expert British actors in a sensible and good film of Yorkshire life. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Jan. 19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 20-21.)

SWEETHEARTS—The usual big, showy musical affair of the old school. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy just sing away. Pleasant for the Victor Herbert tunes. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART—Humorous business about some slick scamps and a kindly elderly lady. With Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23. . . . Loew's 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 21-24.)

ZAZA—The noble old hokum piece of our fathers' day, with Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. It's still noble. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Jan. 24.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO (1938)—Central American wild life. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20.)

ALGIERS (1938)—Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Thurs., Jan. 19.)

THE FIREFLY (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20.)

LIFE DANCES ON (1938)—French film, with Marie Bell. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 24-26.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 26-27.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25.)

THREE COMRADES (1938)—Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, and Robert Taylor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25.)

NOTE—"The River," Pare Lorentz's documentary film can be seen at these theatres: 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25.

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25

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

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**"Pygmalion,"** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., Jan. 19: "The Shining Hour," Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CI 6-8600)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25: "Disbarred," Otto Kruger, Gail Patrick.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**"The Lady Vanishes,"** Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., Jan. 24: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Wed., Jan. 25: "Paris Honeymoon," Bing Crosby, Franciska Gaal.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—From Thurs., Jan. 19: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also new March of Time.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Tues., Jan. 24: "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . From Wed., Jan. 25: not announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**"The Beachcomber,"** Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—**"Jesse James,"** Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Jan. 19: "Going Places," Dick Powell. . . . From Fri., Jan. 20: "They Made Me a Criminal," John Garfield, Dead End Kids.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—"Sable Cicada," Chinese film.

CAMEO, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"The Great Citizen," Soviet film.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—From Thurs., Jan. 19: "The Edge of the World," British film; also "The River," revival, Pare Lorentz's documentary film.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—**"Grand Illusion,"** French film, Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Dita Parlo.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—**"Ballerina,"** French film, Mia Slavenska, Yvette Chauvire, Janine Charrat.

WALDORF, 116 W. 50 (CI 7-6431)—"The Eagle," revival, Rudolph Valentino.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"Kreutzer Sonata," French film, Gaby Morlay, Pierre Renoir, Jan Yonnel; also "Dark Rapture," the Denis-Roosevelt African film.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 19-21: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "Girls' School," Anne Shirley. . . . Sun. through Wed., Jan. 22-25: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone; also "His Exciting Night," Charles Ruggles.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Jan. 19: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 20-22: "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown; also "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Alan Marshall, Paulette Goddard. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 23-24: "A Christmas Carol," Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart; also "I Stand Accused," Robert Cummings, Helen Mack. . . . From Wed., Jan. 25: **"Dawn Patrol,"** Errol Flynn; also "Swing, Sister, Swing," Ken Murray.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Ride a Crooked Mile," Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Spring Madness," Burgess Meredith; also "Convicted," Charles Quigley, Rita Hayworth.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20: **"South Riding,"** Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone. . . . From Tues., Jan. 24: "Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns.

NORMANDIE, Park Avenue at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Jan. 19: **"Algiers,"** revival, Charles Boyer. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 20-21: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 22-24: "Divorce of Lady X," revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier. . . . From Wed., Jan. 25: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland. . . . (Note—Sat., Jan. 21, at 10 A.M.: one-performance revival of the British film, "Old Curiosity Shop.")

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20: **"The Firefly,"** revival, Jeanette MacDonald; also **"The Adventures of Chico,"** revival, Mexican film. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus; also "Vacation from Love," Denis O'Keefe, Florence Rice. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: **"Three Comrades,"** revival, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Taylor; also "Hard to Get," Dick Powell, Olivia De Havilland.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan. . . . Sat. through Tues., Jan. 21-24: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard. . . . From Wed., Jan. 25: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., Jan. 19: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 20-23: "If I Were King," Ronald Colman, Frances Dee. . . . From Tues., Jan. 24: **"Life Dances On,"** revival, French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Ride a Crooked Mile," Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Spring Madness," Burgess Meredith; also "Convicted," Charles Quigley, Rita Hayworth.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BU 8-9009)—Thurs., Jan. 19: "King of Alcatraz," Gail Patrick, Lloyd Nolan; also "Breaking the Ice," Bobby Breen. . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 20-21: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn; also "Flirting with Fate," Joe E. Brown. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 22-23: "Men with Wings," Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland; also "Slander House," Adrianne Ames, Craig Reynolds. . . . From Tues., Jan. 24: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone; also "Meet the Mayor," Frank Fay.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Jan. 20: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23: "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: **"The 39 Steps,"** revival, Robert Donat.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "The Last Warning," Preston Foster; also "Orphans of the Street," Robert Livingston.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown; also "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Alan Marshall, Paulette Goddard. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "A Christmas Carol," Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart; also "I Stand Accused," Robert Cummings, Helen Mack.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 19-20: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 21-23: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown; also "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Alan Marshall, Paulette Goddard. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "A Christmas Carol," Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart; also "I Stand Accused," Robert Cummings, Helen Mack.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 19-22: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "Down on the Farm," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. . . . Mon. through Wed., Jan. 23-25: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also "Sharpshooters," Lynn Bari, Brian Donlevy.

RKO 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-2766)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-0960)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard; also "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: **"Storm in a Teacup,"** revival, Sara Allgood; also "Rhodes," revival, Walter Huston.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Gambling Ship," Robert Wilcox, Helen Mack.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Ride a Crooked Mile," Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Spring Madness," Burgess Meredith.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Dawn Patrol,"** Errol Flynn; also "Swing, Sister, Swing," Ken Murray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Secrets of a Nurse," Helen Mack, Edmund Lowe; also "Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus," Tommy Kelly.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 7-4396)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan; also "Heart of the North," Dick Foran. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Road Demon," Henry Armetta; also "Girls on Probation," Ronald Reagan, Jane Bryan.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Jan. 19-25: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Ride a Crooked Mile," Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"The Great Waltz,"** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus; also "Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Say It in French," Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna; also "Strange Faces," Frank Jenks, Dorothea Kent.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—From Thurs., Jan. 19: "The Edge of the World," British film; also "The River," revival, Pare Lorentz's documentary film.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-0750)—Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 19-22: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone; also "Storm Over Bengal," Richard Cromwell, Patric Knowles. . . . Mon. through Wed., Jan. 23-25: **"Angels with Dirty Faces,"** James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Down on the Farm," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Closed temporarily.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Angels with Dirty Faces,"** James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Alan Marshall, Paulette Goddard. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: **"Dawn Patrol,"** Errol Flynn; also "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: **"Sweethearts,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Ride a Crooked Mile," Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Spring Madness," Burgess Meredith; also "Convicted," Charles Quigley, Rita Hayworth.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Jan. 19-23: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 24-25: "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman; also "Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus," Tommy Kelly.

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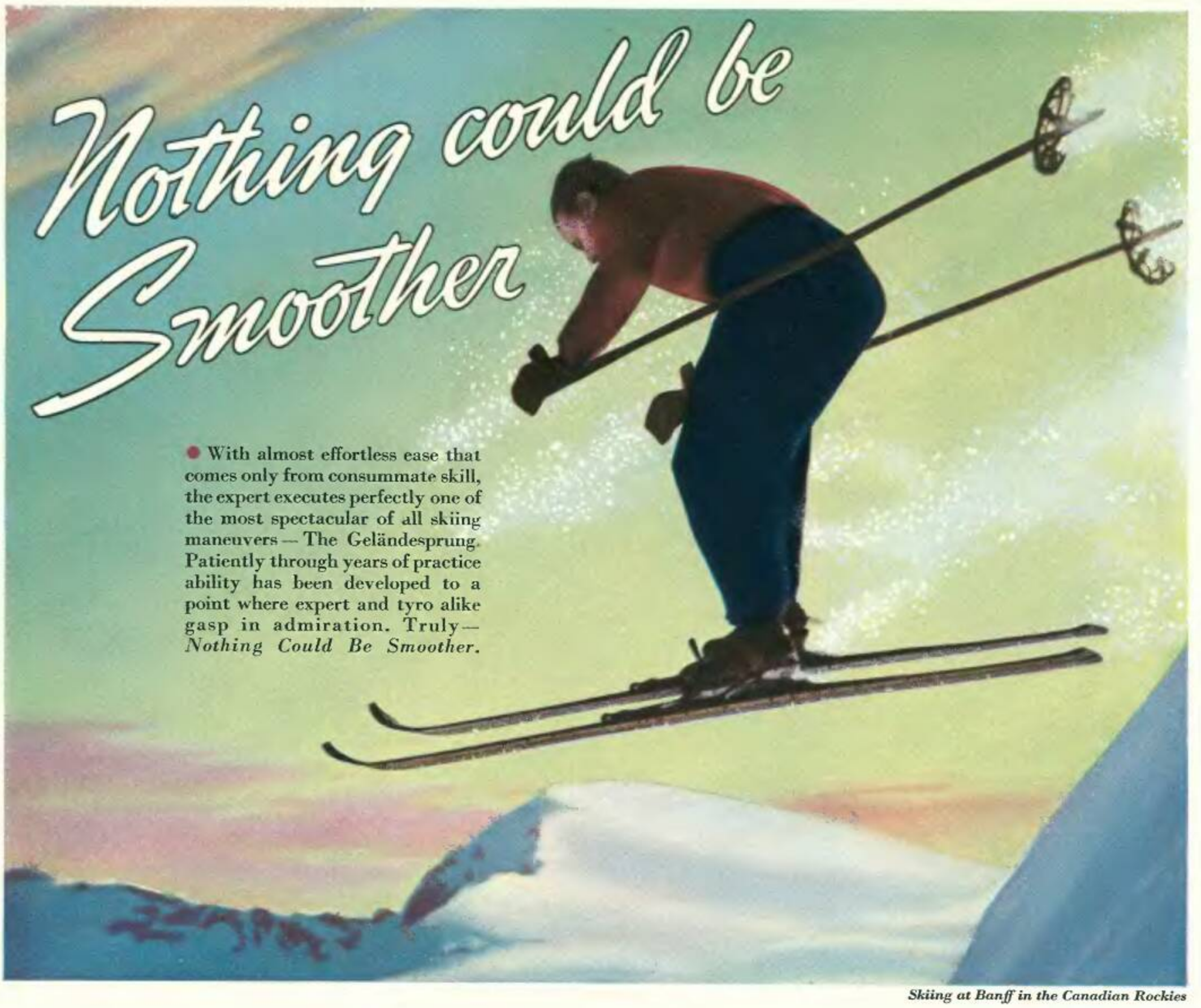
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HE . . . "Pardon the interruption . . . but Chrysler's a *man's* car. Men have an eye for beauty, too. But that swift, silent get-away . . . that never-say-die power . . . that romping, eager, mounting speed . . . were put there for the sterner sex. And a man's got room for his legs and his elbows . . . and room to relax in this he-man car. Of course, I can understand why women like the Chrysler, too. The point is, we're *both* right. This very modern Chrysler is everybody's car!"

BE MODERN *Buy Chrysler!*



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A costly whiskey by Calvert ... it's "Custom-Blended"

At your first taste of Lord Calvert, you will understand why the supply of Lord Calvert must necessarily be limited— why this whiskey must be expensive . . . in fact, the most expensive whiskey blended in America.

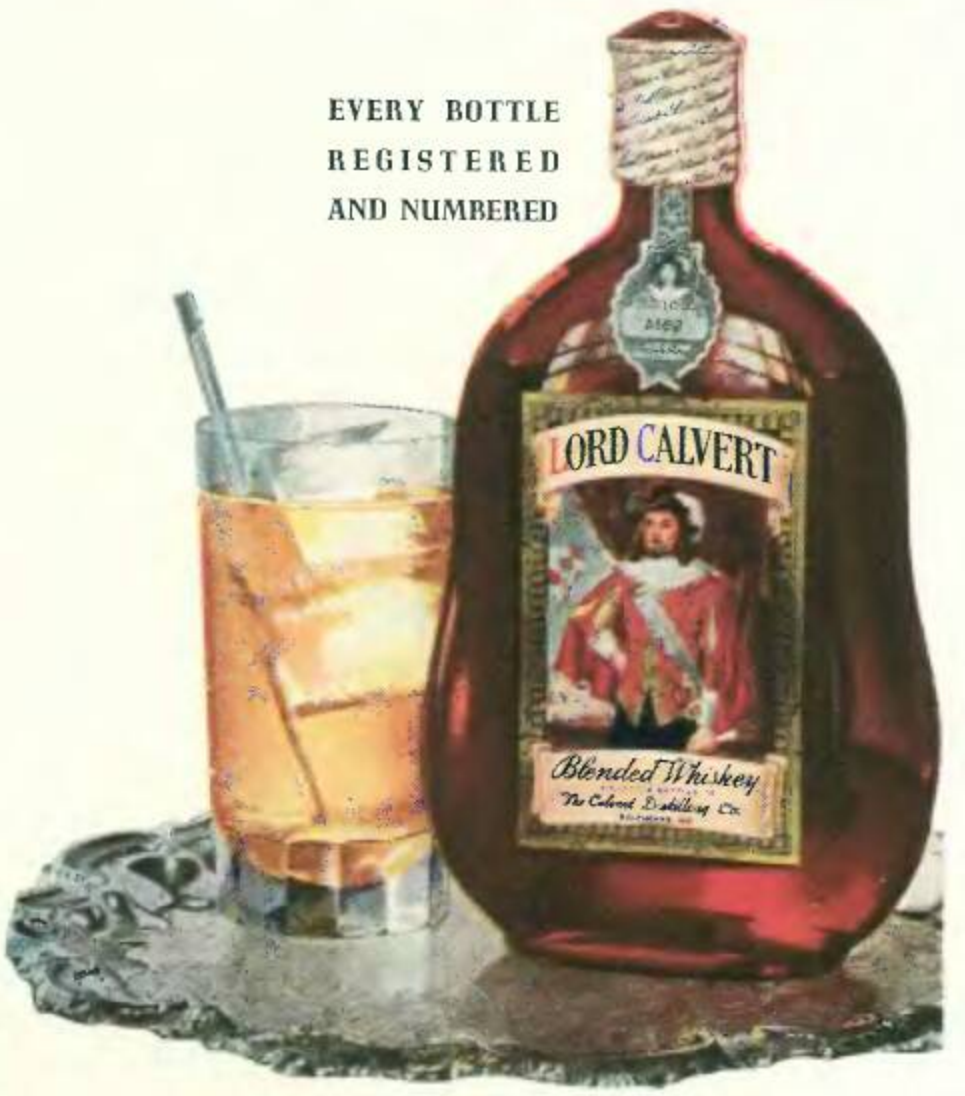
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More than a tourist spectacle . . . here is the full flowering of a people's joyous spirit, of tropic Nature's richest color! Floats and fabulous fetes, of course . . . masquerades and tournaments . . . but more, much more! Let the lovely eyes of a Puerto Rican señorita tell you how warm the welcome . . . houses and hearts thrown open to you . . . old-world romance mellowing the gayety of today. You'll thrill, any time, to the contrast of Puerto Rico's radiant beaches and verdant mountains . . . her lush plantations and picturesque old-Spanish streets. Winter and summer alike, her warm sun and cool trade winds combine in gentle caress. But at this season Puerto Rico surpasses herself! Every town will be ceremonially festive . . . every resort a courtly pageant . . . every passer-by a friend. This is the climax of the year . . . of any year, of any lifetime . . . the Carnival Ponce de León! See your travel agent . . . convenient sailings from New York and Miami, also direct air service. Or, write to the Government of Puerto Rico, Institute of Tourism, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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WHERE THE *Americas* MEET



midseason sunburst . . . a triumph of tucking. Note the gently flared skirt, the soft simplicity. In a quality crepe woven with North American rayon. Misses' sizes; beigetone, Capri blue, black, navy, 25.00 **third floor**

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

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMBASSADORS Kennedy and Bullitt foresee a European war within the year and their reasons are compelling and ominous. We see war too, read it clear as daylight in a little item we found in the *World-Telegram* about Chamberlain's visit to Rome. "The British Prime Minister will find his bedroom walled with rich tapestried silk," it said. "His bathroom is in black



marble. The bathtub, carved out of a single piece of pink marble, is in the shape of a huge seashell." There is only one explanation for a room and bath like that; they used to belong to a girl who knew the right people. The British will stand for a lot, but there are some things that really aren't done. Elderly British statesmen, for one thing, just do not bathe in pink marble seashells, and only a nation of the most awful cads and bounders would imagine they did.

A PSYCHIATRIST at Bellevue has announced the cure of a young woman who came in there explaining that she didn't exist. "There is neither time nor space where I am," she said. "There is no beginning and no end." The doctors gave her metrazol, a drug causing intolerable fear followed by convulsions, and now she's all right, or at any rate aware that she's alive. In its small way, we think, this story is symbolic, demonstrating how passionately science hates a vacuum and to what lengths it will go to fill one up. There was silence and ingenious men produced the radio; there was ignorance and they gave us the moving picture; there was a young woman who had attained what appeared to be a state of perfect tranquillity and they frightened her into convulsions.

MYSTERIOUS sounds came from the sky over Brooklyn, and Supreme Court judges, housewives, scientists, and cops hurried out into the street to read the portents. There were many rumors. It was an earthquake (Long Island slipping back under the sea); it was the Brooklyn Edison Company (conceivably engineering a merger); it was the mutter of the aurora borealis, or a tidal wave, or, according to a radio man, just "an oblate ellipsoidal sound shell, formed by colder temperatures in the higher atmosphere." None of these explanations stood up under investigation and the mystery, as we write, remains in pure form, with one man's guess as good as the next. We approve of this, having an old-fashioned taste for miracles and a passion for *not* having everything explained in a reasonable and orderly manner. The sound you heard that night, ladies and gentlemen, may have been the rumble of juggernaut or the drums of jeopardy. Or it may just have been God clearing his throat.

WE were astonished and a little dismayed to read that Harry Hopkins had admitted that he might have been mistaken in making political speeches while working for the WPA. Politicians to a great extent are like toothpaste and soup; they owe their



existence to advertising that never concedes less than the superlative. For an officeholder to say that he might have been wrong on a matter of policy is as disturbing as it would be if General Motors advertised that their new models might not be as good as the old ones, or were apt to fall apart on the hills. We think it is very important that our rulers preserve the legend of their infallibility, if only to keep up the standard of their campaigns. We can imagine the Democratic candidate in 1940 saying, "Baby, what a bust that NRA turned out to be," and his opponent answering genially, "That's nothing, brother. *We're* the boys who elected Warren G. Harding." It would be unusual, we suppose, but not very interesting.

THE enterprise of modern toy-makers sometimes seems almost excessive. Lewis & Conger, we learn, are selling something they call the G-Man-Detect-I-Phone, by means of which your child "can secretly pick up a



conversation 150 feet away." This year, little Philip can lie in bed with his headphones and take down what goes on over the highballs; next year, there's no reason to suppose he won't be able to put a tap on the old man's phone.

LEE EPHRAIM, a theatrical producer, wants to send all the New York dramatic critics over to London at his expense. He thinks it would be a nice idea if they'd take a look at a play he has running over there so that, if they don't like it, he could save the $100,000 it would cost him to produce it here. We have had quite a bit of experience with English comedies the last couple of years, and it may be that we can save Mr. Ephraim even the small cost of transporting a bunch of critics. If this play has a cockney butler in it, or a lovable father with a pipe, or a worldly

middle-aged woman just back from the Continent, or a juvenile who thinks he looks like Noel Coward, we would be very dubious about the whole proposition. If there is a family-dinner scene in it, or any point at which a bunch of supporting players run on the stage waving tennis racquets, it would be a waste of money to ship the second-string critic of the *Wall Street Journal* over by steerage.

Sideshow

WE know a girl who has spent the past three months having some very intricate bridgework installed. The last time she visited the dentist, for a final checkup, he told her, with a good deal of embarrassment, that he had a great favor to ask of her. Seems he was so proud of the job that he wanted to exhibit it at a dental clinic. The girl amiably agreed to appear, and says now that it was really lots of fun. She sat on a platform with three or four other dentally notable people, opening her mouth for all comers. "Do you mind?" they would say, and she'd say, "Not at all." Then they would produce pocket flashlights and peer in at her teeth, with little cries of admiration. This girl says she'd never had any other feeling just like it.

Inside Stuff

THIS week we give you Herbert Isenburger, president and chief technician of the St. John X-Ray Service, the only laboratory in town devoted entirely to industrial X-ray. Metal forgings, castings, and welded pieces can be examined for flaws by means of X-ray photographs, just as a surgeon can tell by the same means whether you have a broken arm. Mr. Isenburger's studio is the ground floor of a factory over in Long Island City. There are a couple of assistants and a brace of workmen for handling the big pieces of metal. Castings too large to be brought inside are left out back, on a railroad siding, where they are photographed with a portable apparatus. With this outfit Mr. Isenburger has travelled by trailer as far away as Omaha. Last spring he went down to Fourteenth Street, to pass on some steam pipes in the Edison plant.



Mr. Isenburger is German-born, tall, dark, and has been an expatriate since 1925. He lives up in Yorkville with his wife, who is an interior decorator. His firm name comes from another X-ray man, Ancel St. John, who started to operate with him but is now dormant. Ten years ago, Mr. Isenburger got his first big X-raying job, which was examining a manifold of the du Pont power plant in Wilmington. He got so winded trying to drag machinery about that he gave up smoking and hasn't smoked since. Mr. Isenburger is kept fairly busy, but not as busy as he thinks he ought to be. He points out that in Europe every airplane factory has portable X-ray equipment for searching out structural flaws in planes, while over here we have none.

Not all Mr. Isenburger's work is in the field of heavy industry. Once a country squire had him out to X-ray an elm suspected of having dry rot. He has also examined bathroom installations on the premises, the residents fearing to trust themselves to inferior fixtures. X-ray is a handy means of testing diamonds, and Mr. Isenburger has done this. He has also tested golf balls to see if they were off centre and oranges for frostbite. One of his clients was a food packer who feared that "foreign matter" had got into some of his canned goods; Mr. Isenburger unerringly separated the sheep from the goats. He has been commissioned by curators of museums to pass on the authenticity of objects of art. X-ray tells, for example, whether the internal carpentry of a supposed antique is ancient or modern. Mr. Isenburger was the pioneer in the field of X-raying paintings—he was called in ten years ago by the Fogg Museum at Harvard. He has contributed to the complexity of life by discovering that a certain picture by Gainsborough was painted right on top of another Gainsborough. In the legal field, he has appeared as a defence witness for a contractor who was being sued by the city for breaking a water main on Eighth Avenue. Mr. Isenburger proved that the mains, installed in 1886, were on their last legs anyway, and the city lost its case.

Away from It All

THIS department being a clearing-house for unclassified and useless information, it becomes our duty to report that Mrs. Edlin, superintendent of the Lakeview Home for unmarried mothers at Arrochar, Staten Island, took a vacation last month. She went on a cruise to the Virgin Islands.

Chornya

IN the rush to acclaim Ethel Waters in her first dramatic rôle, in "Mamba's Daughters," it was generally overlooked that Georgette Harvey, who plays Mamba, has done a good bit of singing in her day, too. Most people didn't know this because her success was largely in prewar Russia. Eleven years ago, when she applied for a job in "Porgy," she had a hard time convincing the management that she could act; now, she told us in her dressing room the other evening, people who see her as Mamba have no idea she can sing. Twenty-five years ago her low baritone voice was impressive enough to cause Rasputin to cry "*Bravo, chornya*" when he heard her at the Villa Rodé, one of his favorite cabarets in St. Petersburg. "*Chornya*" simply means "black girl."

Miss Harvey, now in her fifties, hails from St. Louis, where her mother was a laundress. Her grandmother was a slave who once cooked Christmas dinner for General Lee and escaped from her master by rubbing garlic on her shoes, thereby discouraging the bloodhounds who pursued her. Georgette herself had a dramatic escape in her youth when a cyclone struck St. Louis and demolished the house she lived in. She survived only because she got under a sturdy marble-topped table. She started singing in a church choir. Ernest Hogan, a comedian who was planning an all-colored revue, "Rufus Rastus," in New York happened to hear her and persuaded her to come East. That was in 1905. She appeared as a member of a quartet billed as the Creole Belles, and after the show closed they made a European tour. It was a big success, though the girls were terrified in London by the first revolving stage they'd ever seen and were mildly annoyed by incredulous Continentals who would rub their skin to see whether or



"Mr. Cornish says that three-quarters of the world is covered with water."

• •

not the color was real. The quartet broke up in St. Petersburg, where the girls were playing an extended engagement, when one of them married an Italian acrobat. Miss Harvey didn't mind; she had learned Russian and had many offers to appear alone. She sang American songs and Russian gipsy tunes in theatres and cabarets, and became a great favorite, making a lot of friends, including Ollie Burgoyne, who is now acting in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" but was then running a lingerie shop; an American Indian couple named Prince and Princess White Bear; and assorted Russian nobility. She was in Kiev when the war broke out and left that place hurriedly because the government asked her to spy on the influential people she knew. She was in St. Petersburg when the revolution came and got out on the last train for Harbin, Manchuria, by bribing a ticket-seller. She had plenty of rubles with her but found they were practically worthless, so she became interpreter for a fleeing billiard-ball manufacturer who was equipped with non-Russian currency. She finally got home in 1920, via Japan.

Miss Harvey's life today is quiet, for her. She's finishing up a book of reminiscences to be called "From Soapsuds to Champagne." In her apartment on Manhattan Avenue she gives occasional cocktail parties, which have been attended by DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Ethel Waters, Guthrie McClintic, Carl Van Vechten, Paul Robeson, and Tallulah Bankhead. She has appeared in a number of shows since her return to this country, among them "Five Star Final" and "Stevedore." She was the only member of the "Porgy" cast also to be in "Porgy and Bess." Gershwin revised his score to accommodate her low-range voice. She has been in a couple of movies and a year ago was given a screen test for a part in "Gone with the Wind."

Abstract Discussion

LAST Saturday a Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were window-shopping in the Promenade in front of the R.C.A. Building. Mrs. Fraser stopped to look at a gown, and the next thing she knew, her husband had got away from her and was having an argument with a cop. With the old what's-he-up-to-now feeling, she joined them. They were standing in front of a jewelry shop and Mr. Fraser was saying, "It wouldn't work, Officer. You'd hear it half a mile away." "Don't try to tell *me*, Mister!" cried the cop. "I *know*. All you have to do is get a rock about the size of a golf ball. Then you wrap it up in newspaper or rags until it's as big as a baseball and put a couple of rubber bands on to keep it together. You could throw that through the window and I wouldn't hear a sound, even if I was right around the corner on the Avenue."

Mother, Inc.

SO far as we have been able to learn to date, Lamont, Corliss & Co., makers of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Nestlé's Chocolate, have the strongest corporate maternal instinct of any firm in the city. A couple of years ago an official in the offices of the company, on the sixteenth floor at 60 Hudson Street, got the conviction that the organization should provide rubbers for its 175 female employees on rainy days, and since then it has done so, with a rather firm hand. Originally a monitor was assigned to pass through the offices and equip the girls when the weather was inclement. She had an assortment of sturdy, high-sided rubbers that could have stocked a shoe store. It was her duty to make certain that the girls were wearing the rubbers when they ventured out and to check them back in when they returned to work. Now the firm has placed the girls on the honor system and the attendant merely goes through the girls' lockers on fair days to see that the rubbers are there. Lamont, Corliss & Co. haven't kept statistics on the amount of illness among the girls before and after but are confident that the rubbers have paid for themselves many times over in fewer colds, and hence higher efficiency and less absence from duty. The male employees of Lamont, Corliss & Co. don't have to wear company rubbers, but annually a physical examination is

offered them free, to see that this liberty is not having a deleterious effect.

Checkup

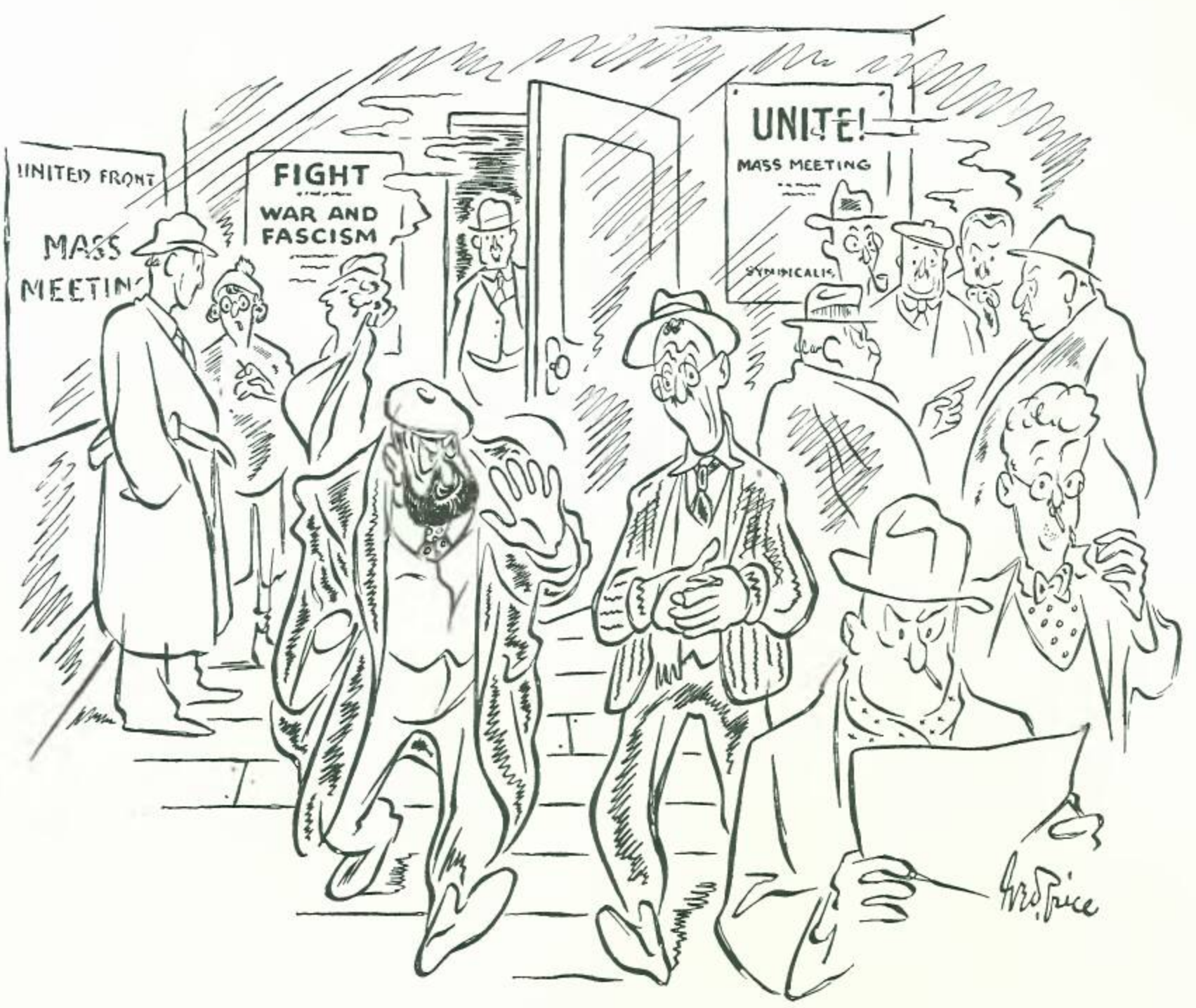
AT one of the Metropolitan's concerts, a music-lover was disturbed by an alien, reedy sound that kept chiming in with the final note of each number. He finally spotted its source as a small, dark man on the aisle and, as soon as he got a chance, demanded an explanation. "I'm a professional myself," the man said, "checking up on the pitch." He was using a circular harmonica, two inches in diameter, with the pitch of the note marked over each hole, and he said the singer, fellow named Gigli, was doing fine.

Shouter

THE gentleman who does all the hollering at tugboats from the twenty-fifth floor of the Whitehall Building at the Battery and whom everybody downtown talks about every so often is Captain Daniel F. Anglim. Turns out that the shouting, while showy, is the smallest part of his job. He is thirty-eight, has master's papers, although he's never actually commanded a boat at sea, and is chief dispatcher of the Moran Towing & Transportation Co.'s twenty-four $100,000 tugboats (called "towboats" only by the finicky). It's up to him to see that they go about their brawny business with precision and effectiveness. He mostly directs them by telephone, the understanding being that all Moran captains must call in for orders when they've completed an assignment. Reinforcing this system is a complicated arrangement of lights on the balcony outside Captain Anglim's office, which will call any Moran boat in sight and signal it what dock to go to. It's really simpler to grab a megaphone and shout than use this, though, when a boat is close enough.

Usually two or three Moran boats are waiting around in the river off the Whitehall Building, and all Moran captains are instructed to watch the signals when they are anywhere in downtown waters. Captain Anglim generally uses the lights only to call a boat over within hailing distance. In his office, where he works with several assistants and a big chart of the harbor, he'll turn a switch and a green light will pop on on the balcony. The Alice M. Moran, for example, hurries over for orders. Captain Anglim steps out on the balcony, and as she approaches blows three long and two short blasts on a whistle. This is operated by lung power but amplified by a small megaphone. The Alice M. indicates she's heard the signal by replying with three long and two short blasts of *her* whistle. That's an old Moran signal. Liaison now established, Captain Anglim puts the megaphone, which is four feet long, to his mouth and does his stuff. Suppose the Alice M. has been interrupted while en route to pick up the S. S. Texas and tow her from one pier to another. Captain Anglim, shouting the words clearly and with a good pause between, says, "Never . . . mind . . . Texas. . . . Go . . . to . . . Twenty-ninth . . . Street . . . Brooklyn. . . . Anniston . . . City . . . docking." The Alice M. blows a long, short, and long, meaning "Aye, aye, sir" or "O.K.," and churns for Brooklyn.

Captain Anglim's chart tells him where every one of the Moran boats is, or ought to be, at all times. A Western Union ticker tells him about the ships coming into the harbor, and he can plan for them pretty well ahead. For long spells things go smoothly and the Captain's megaphone lies idle. Then there will be a fog, a fire at a pier somewhere, and a lot of changed plans all at once, and he'll be out on the balcony shouting for hours on end. His voice is frequently heard two thousand feet from shore, which is halfway across the Hudson at the Battery, but he tells us that vocal training is unnecessary for his job. Seamen naturally get loud voices from talking against the wind. Nor has he ever had a touch of stagefright. Here, too, marine training was good, for it's accustomed him to giving orders before audiences. His seagoing career began in 1916, when he shipped as a cabin boy, and ended when he was chief officer of the San Lorenzo of the Porto Rico Line. He joined the Moran outfit in 1926 as mate of the tug Claire Moran, later going to the dispatcher's office one day when an assistant dispatcher was sick. He's been there ever since. He lives well away from the water, in Queens Village, and never does any boating or sailing when off duty. Bowling



"We were doing all right until those cooler heads prevailed."

and golfing are his recreations. They say his cry of "Fore" never clears less than four fairways.

Street Scene

STROLLING along Fifty-ninth Street early one evening last week, a gentleman saw two dignified old ladies hovering near the entrance to Childs bar, engaged in a discussion. Tenderly amused by the picture of the pair apparently trying to whip up their courage to enter a bar, he loitered in front of a nearby show window and eavesdropped a bit. "Come on, Jane," one of the old ladies was saying. "Let's go in." Jane hung back stubbornly, shaking her head. "No," she said. "Let's skip this one."

Two Kampfs

AS you may have read in the newspapers, there are soon to be two new editions of Hitler's autobiography, "Mein Kampf"—the unexpurgated edition and the unauthorized edition, which is also unexpurgated. Stackpole Sons are the proud sponsors of the unauthorized translation and intend to base their sales campaign on the fact that Hitler won't receive a penny in royalties. On the other side are Reynal & Hitchcock, who intend to pay royalties. Houghton Mifflin, the present copyright holders, will be paid by Reynal & Hitchcock and will in turn make a payment to Curtis Brown, Ltd., literary agents, who will pay the German publisher, Franz Eher, who will, presumably, pay Hitler. Reynal & Hitchcock don't like Hitler any better than the rest of us do, but they think everybody ought to abide by the international copyright laws. Their edition will sell for $3 and Hitler will get seven and a half per cent, or 22½ cents a copy. Probably they'll try to get an injunction against Stackpole Sons.

Stackpole think their lawyers have found legal backing for their publication of the autobiography. The Constitution says the purpose of the copyright laws is to promote, not restrict, the arts and sciences, and they consider the present setup to be a restriction. When this country and Germany made a copyright treaty in 1892, it was reciprocal, the same rules being in force here and in Germany. Now, while any German can publish almost anything he wants to over here, the German censorship doesn't leave much of an opening for American writers. The Stackpole legal staff holds that this invalidates the whole treaty. They have another iron in the fire, too. Hitler's two American copyrights, filed in 1925 and 1927, respectively, describe him in the first instance as a "*staatenloser Deutscher*," a stateless German, and in the second as an Austrian. The lawyers are going to try to prove that a *staatenloser Deutscher* would have no standing under the copyright agreement. As to the later copyright, they plan to establish that when he entered the German Army in 1914 he lost his Austrian citizenship. They have found an exiled Austrian, a lawyer who helped draw up the last Austrian legal code, and he is prepared to testify that Hitler wasn't an Austrian citizen in 1927.

Stackpole are going to turn over some of their profits to a fund for German refugees. So are Reynal & Hitchcock; both say they'll give five per cent at least, and possibly more if they don't have to spend a lot on lawyers.



Dark Rhetoric

A RECENT piece on a neighboring page about a word-coining colored cook reminded one of our readers of a colored shoeshine boy who works in his office building. One day the boy came in with the news that a porter in the building had broken his leg. "The fellow that washes the windows?" somebody asked him. "No, suh," said the lad, "the fellow that washes the windows' brothuh."



"Let's all go someplace and get a nightcap."

FABLES FOR OUR TIME—I

ONCE upon a Sunday there was a city mouse who went to visit a country mouse. He hid away on a train the country mouse had told him to take, only to find that on Sundays it did not stop at Beddington. Hence the city mouse could not get off at Beddington and catch a bus for Sibert's Junction, where he was to be met by the country mouse. The city mouse, in fact, was carried on to Middleburg, where he waited three hours for a train to take him back. When he got back to Beddington he found that the last bus for Sibert's Junction had just left, so he ran and he ran and he ran and he finally caught the bus and crept aboard, only to find that it was not the bus for Sibert's Junction at all, but was going in the opposite direction through Pell's Hollow and Grumm to a place called Wimberby. When the bus finally stopped, the city mouse got out into a heavy rain and found that there were no more buses that night going anywhere. "To the hell with it," said the city mouse, and he walked back to the city.

Moral: Stay where you are, you're sitting pretty.

ONE afternoon a big wolf waited in a dark forest for a little girl to come along carrying a basket of food to her grandmother. Finally a little girl did come along and she was carrying a basket of food. "Are you carrying that basket to your grandmother?" asked the wolf. The little girl said yes, she was. So the wolf asked her where her grandmother lived and the little girl told him and he disappeared into the wood.

When the little girl opened the door of her grandmother's house she saw that there was somebody in bed with a nightcap and nightgown on. She had approached no nearer than twenty-five feet from the bed when she saw that it was not her grandmother but the wolf, for even in a nightcap a wolf does not look any more like your grandmother than the Metro-Goldwyn lion looks like Calvin Coolidge. So the little girl took an automatic out of her basket and shot the wolf dead.

Moral: It is not so easy to fool little girls nowadays as it used to be.

ONCE upon a time there were two turkeys, an old turkey and a young turkey. The old turkey had been cock of the walk for many years and the



young turkey wanted to take his place. "I'll knock that old buzzard cold one of these days," the young turkey told his friends. "Sure you will, Joe, sure you will," his friends said, for Joe was treating them to some corn he had found. Then the friends went and told the old turkey what the young turkey had said. "Why, I'll have his gizzard!" said the old turkey, setting out some corn for his visitors. "Sure you will, Doc, sure you will," said the visitors.

One day the young turkey walked over to where the old turkey was telling tales of his prowess in battle. "I'll bat your teeth into your crop," said the young turkey. "You and who else?" said the old turkey. So they began to circle around each other, sparring for an opening. Just then the farmer who owned the turkeys swept up the young one and carried him off and wrung his neck.

Moral: Youth will be served, frequently stuffed with chestnuts.

ONCE upon a time there was a tiger who escaped from a zoo in the United States and made his way back to the jungle. During his captivity the tiger had learned a great deal about how men do things and he thought he would apply their methods to life in the jungle. The first day he was home he met a leopard and he said, "There's no use in you and me hunting for food; we'll make the other animals bring it to us." "How will we do that?" asked the leopard. "Easy," said the tiger, "you and I will tell everybody that we are going to put on a fight and that every animal will have to bring a freshly killed boar in order to get in and see the fight. Then we will just spar around and not hurt each other. Later you can say you broke a bone in your paw during the second round and I will say I broke a bone in my paw during the first round. Then we will announce a return engagement and they'll have to bring us more wild boars." "I don't think this will work," said the leopard. "Oh, yes it will," said the tiger. "You just go around saying that you can't help winning because I am a big palooka and I will go around saying I can't lose because you are a big palooka, and everybody will want to come and see the fight."

So the leopard went around telling everybody that he couldn't help winning because the tiger was a big palooka and the tiger went around telling everybody he couldn't lose because the leopard was a big palooka. The night of the fight came and the tiger and the leopard were very hungry because they hadn't gone out and done any hunting at all; they wanted to get the fight over as soon as possible and eat some of the freshly killed wild boars which all the animals would bring to the fight. But when the hour of the combat came none of the animals at all showed up. "The way I look at it," a fox had told them, "is this: if the leopard can't help winning and the tiger can't lose, it will be a draw and a draw is a very dull thing to watch, particularly when fought by fighters who are both big palookas." The animals all saw the logic of this and stayed away from the arena. When it got to be midnight and it was obvious that none of the animals would appear and that there wouldn't be any wild-boar meat to devour, the tiger and the leopard fell upon each other in a rage. They were both injured so badly and they were both so worn out by hunger that a couple of wild boars who came wandering along attacked them and killed them easily.

Moral: Imitating the ways of the human being will get you nowhere fast.

—JAMES THURBER

THE GIRL WHO HAD TO GET MARRIED

JANUARY was an idiotic time of the year to leave California, but I had to get to Denver. I felt it was up to me to keep Marjorie from getting married. Yet all the way from Stockton I knew she was going to get married in spite of anything I might say, short of proposing. And if I did propose, one or the other of us would have to borrow the two dollars or whatever licences cost in Colorado. I wished I had a car or a motorcycle or any means of locomotion other than those damned Western Pacific freight drags. January was no time of the year to do a thousand-odd miles by freight.

As it turned out, I got pretty good breaks as far as Grand Junction. There the temperature dipped well below zero. I hung around the local Salvation Army and the waiting room for several hours before an old bindle stiff came and said a drag full of empties was making up to pull out before dark. He claimed the brakie said there wouldn't be another until the following noon. I made the bindle stiff swear he had seen the empties with his own eyes. All I would have needed that night was a ride on the rods.

The old man seemed hurt by my incredulity (all these road-crazy old stiffs are proud as hell of the way they have with brakies), and he accompanied me to the west side of the yards just to prove he'd been right. Around the west bend we found two more fellows waiting, a cowboy with an extra pair of boots hanging from his shoulder and a well-dressed young man who smoked ready-made cigarettes. I helped them make a fire. With sundown it was getting even colder, and none of us felt like talking.

Pretty soon Beau Brummell called our attention to the sing in the rails. Sure enough, the drag came around the bend, slow and easy to hop. We let about a dozen cars go past before an open empty rolled up. Brummell jumped in first, then the cowboy and I together, and we had some difficulty pulling the old bindle stiff after us. He could have made one of the other empties easy, but I guess he wanted company. Once he was in, though, he unrolled his bindle and lay down. The cowboy placed his extra boots in a corner and began walking back and forth to keep warm.

At night we ran into the Grand Mesa. Some of the cliffs seemed no more than fifty yards from the track and loomed white in the moonlight. A coyote began running alongside the drag and kept up with us for a good three miles. The mesquite got thicker as we went further up the grade. The moon seemed to get larger, too, and all the stars ever seen in Colorado were out. Cold as it was, we kept the door open. The wind couldn't hit our half of the car anyway. The three of us walked up and down in the cold; only the old trambo lay bundled in his blankets.

Then it got colder. The moisture on my lips froze and my fingers were numb even after I held them in my mouth, one after the other. I was sorry I ever left California, and I hated sweet Marjorie. I had to have fire. I would have burned all the pages of a Gutenberg Bible. It must have been thirty below. It was so cold it took me three hours to remember that the entire car was lined with the stiff paper used when grain is shipped. I tore off a few strips and lit them. As soon as there was a fire, all three of us began ripping paper off the walls and burning it and coughing in the smoke. The bindle stiff slept quietly.

Smoke and all, it was a splendid fire. The cowboy brought his boots over and almost smiled.

Beau Brummell examined the boots and then, pointing at his own new shoes, he said, "Where do you think I got these?"

"Where?" I said.

"At the Utah University chapter of Beta Theta Pi," he said. "It's a racket I work. Walk into a frat house and pass myself off as a brother from some other state and say I'm in line for a job with a firm in town and I need a decent suit of clothes or a pair of shoes to apply in. Generally they find something for you. Then you beat it. Of course you got to know passwords, handshakes, and all that."

"My father used to be in the Masons," I said. "They had a handshake."

"There's a racket that's got this one beat hollow, if you work it good," Brummell said. "Look up the obituary column in the local paper and if a guy about your own age has just hopped the twig, find out a few things about him and go around to his folks and make out you were a friend of his, down on your luck. Generally you end up with most of his clothes and a few dollars maybe."

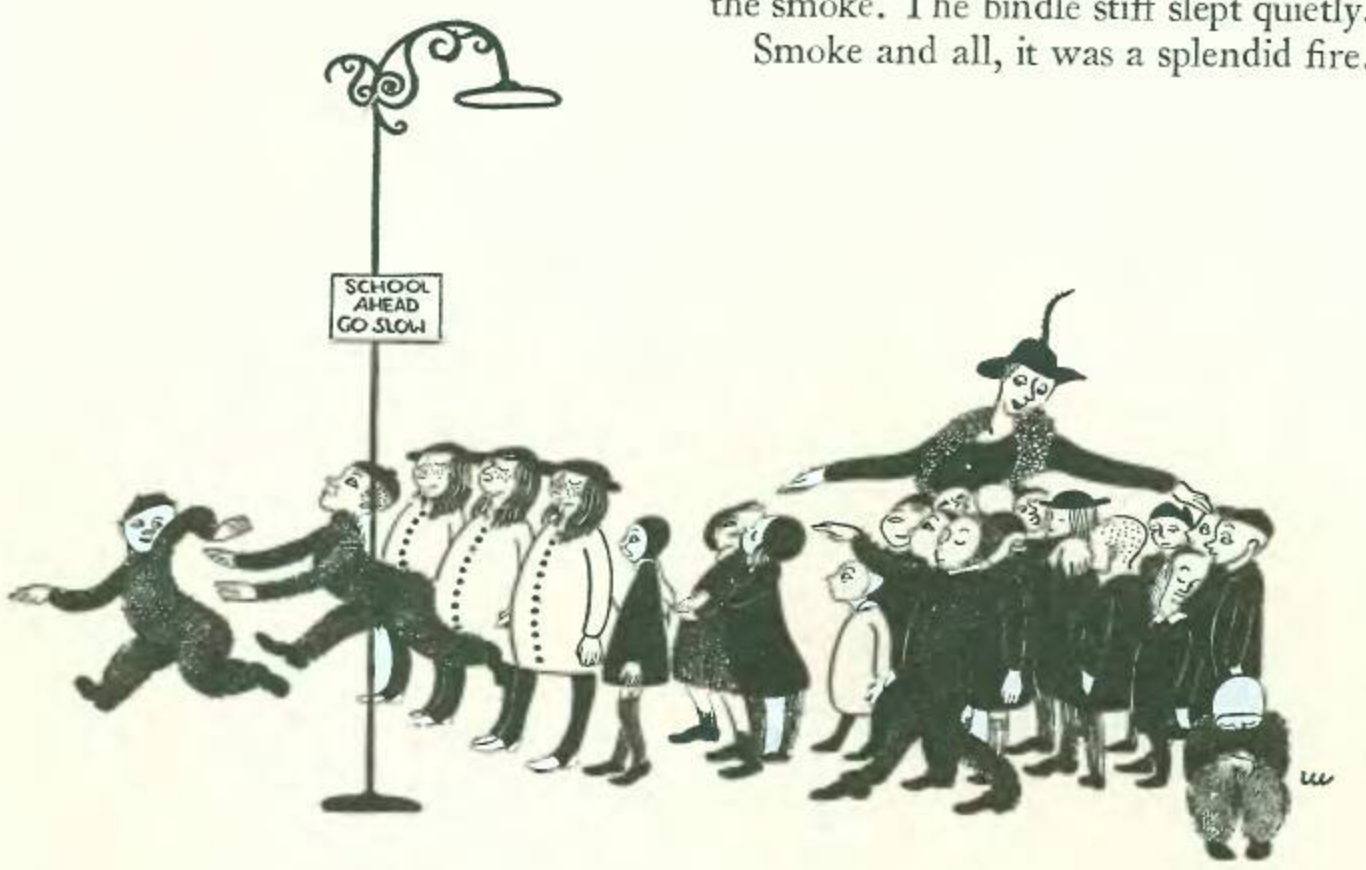
"That's a hell of a racket," the cowboy said.

"All the good rackets are shot," said Brummell. "In the old days you could circularize a sucker list and promise to send them a beautiful engraving of George Washington for a quarter in coins and then mail them two-cent stamps in exchange. The law got on to that one."

We looked in the fire to see what made it burn so bright. Some of the floor boards had caught, and we got scared and stamped the fire out. The smoke had been making our eyes smart anyway. After that we suffered not only from the cold but the memory of the heat and the thought of what the crew would have done to us if the car had caught fire. The three of us went back to stalking up and down. I could see two ends of cigarettes in the dark.

After mesa country came the hills and snow. I wondered if I would give a year of my life to be riding the plush then, and finally I concluded I wouldn't. There was too much you could do in a year. By the time we reached the Divide I thought my brains were frozen.

WHEN we neared the Big Hump, the engineer started going crazy with signals. We pulled up in the yards





"If you don't want to look for shells, what do you want to do?"

to pick up an extra locomotive. Some of these fruit drags needed as many as three on a climb. We heard the sound of steam and went to the door with only one thing in mind—get warmed up by the engine and the hell with the crew. They couldn't refuse a rattlesnake on a night like that. I bent down to shake the sleeping old guy, and the minute I touched him I was pretty sure he was dead. I shook him over and over. I dragged him where the light hit his face and he wasn't breathing visibly. The cowboy had already jumped off and he came back to see what was up. Beau Brummell was standing there in the car watching me.

"There's something wrong with him," I said. "Maybe he's dead. Help me carry him to the sandhouse."

"He's dead all right," Brummell said. "I wouldn't touch him with a walking stick. How the hell do I know what he died of?"

"You wouldn't touch him?" the cowboy said.

"No."

The cowboy helped me wrap the old man and carry him to the sandhouse. We found an Italian there, shovelling hot sand high around the stove. He stripped the old man's chest bare and examined him.

"Froze dead," he said. "I see plenty of them in the Italian army."

"You got a doctor around here?" I asked.

"No, but he don't need no doctor. He need a priest to bury him in the ground."

I could hear the engines getting ready. "We have to leave him here," I said. "Our drag is pulling out. See if he has anything on him and do whatever there is to be done, will you, buddy?"

"You don't know nothing about him?"

"We picked him up in Grand Junction, that's all we know."

"All right," the Italian said. "It is sad. Maybe he got a daughter someplace. You leave him here. I take care."

"Thanks," I said.

We walked back toward our empty.

"What do they heat that sand for?" the cowboy said.

"They use it on the rails to keep the wheels from sliding."

"We couldn't have done that old boy any good by staying with him."

"No."

"I'm in a hurry. I got to be in Cheyenne by tomorrow."

"I got to be in Denver."

"Too bad about the old boy."

"It's lousy," I said.

The train was beginning to move when we reached our empty. Brummell was already inside. "Dead?" he said.

"Yes."

"So you wouldn't touch him?" the cowboy said.

"Not with a walking stick. How did I know what he died of?"

"You're no good," the cowboy said.

Both engines gave the highball and we jerked ahead. The door slammed shut. None of us took the trouble to open it. The train started to climb and we began walking up and down again in the darkness. The cold may have relented some. I don't know. It was at least half an hour before one of us spoke.

"Say, friend," the cowboy said to Brummell, "will you open the door?"

Brummell slid the door open. As he



"Well—he made it!"

• •

stood there, the cowboy came up behind him and pushed him off the train. If the fellow screamed, I didn't hear him.

"What did you do that for?" I said. "The guy might have got killed. Even if he landed O.K., it's a fifteen-mile walk back to the yards."

"That'll give him a chance to use them new shoes," the cowboy said. "I don't give a hoot in hell. I got no use for a guy like that. This ought to teach him a lesson. Next time, he'll show more kindness to his fellow-men."

"I don't think so."

"Well, I'm picky about my bunkies." He closed the door again because a wind had started up from the north.

We stuck together as far as the Denver yards. There we parted, and I went to a phone booth to call my sister. She told me that Marjorie had already got married and that the bridegroom was this fellow who owned the garage on the corner of Morgan and Elm. The whole Marjorie affair didn't seem nearly as important as it had back in Stockton, where she was the only girl I could think of. There in Denver I knew plenty of them, just as good as Marjorie, and better perhaps.

—Edward Newhouse

WAR PROPHYLAXIS

A Compilation of Fascinatingly Unorthodox Proposals to Mollify the World's Belligerent Tendencies, as Reported in the News Columns

Locale	Proposer	Proposal
Albany	Col. Ernest K. Coulter	That teaching children kindness to animals would make them hate war when they grow up.
Hamilton, New York	Raymond "Ducky" Pond	That American football be introduced in European countries as a substitute for the bellicose spirit that starts wars.
Bombay	Nand Kavi	That a worldwide vegetable diet be adopted.
Pittsburgh	M. T. Zarotschenzeff	That a worldwide meat diet be adopted.
New York	Dame Sybil Thorndike	That artists be put in charge of all governments.
London	Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton	That the rank and file of the world meet now and then and drink a glass of beer together.
White Sulphur Springs	Mary Pickford	That whenever war threatens, all women stage an immediate sitdown strike.
San Salvador	Joaquin Leiva	That a hymn of peace be sung every day by all school children.

—W. E. Farbstein

PROFILES

KNIGHT WITH THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE



Lloyd Paul Stryker

NOT so long ago—it was some years after the house of cards fell down in 1929—a widow with a grievance came on from St. Louis in quest of a champion. Fortified with a letter of introduction from the old family lawyer, she gained access even to a hushed and innermost sanctum in one of the more imposing of our law firms. A multitude of clerks, young law-school graduates, and stenographers milled and murmured on the outer ramparts. But this was the office of a partner. It was a sympathetic and silver-haired member of the New York bar who received her and who, for the purposes of this cautious narrative, shall be known as Mr. A. To Mr. A she told her story.

It seems that when her husband died, a life-long friend of his had volunteered to help her with all the vexing little problems of investment which had so suddenly and so frighteningly overwhelmed her. A banker chap, this friend was privy to such mysteries. Besides, he had been poor, dear John's roommate at Williams and best man at their wedding. Why, he had even stood up as godfather when Junior was christened. Yet now it began to look as if Junior might be unable to finish *his* course at Williams, for, under Godpapa's tender fiduciary care, the family fortune had dwindled to nothing.

Furthermore, all the available data tended to suggest that Godpapa had invested this widow's mite in securities belonging to his firm and with a neat little profit to the firm at that. Dear, dear, that was naughty of Godpapa. Did she have any remedy at law? Yes, an action would lie. And Mr. A would take her case? No—this with genuine regret—no, that would be impossible.

It was not without some pensive pacing of the thick beige carpet that Mr. A told her why. You see, one of his many partners happened to have this very banking house of Godpapa's for a client and even if there were not this complicating coincidence, he himself was retained annually by several private bankers who, and not unreasonably, would resent his taking the intimate knowledge of banking practice he had thereby acquired and using it for the discomfiture of a neighbor. Indeed, he could think of no considerable law firm in all the city which, while recognizing the justice of her grievance, would not feel, for one reason or another, a similar embarrassment.

The widow from St. Louis grew acrid. Was there no such thing in New York as an independent lawyer? Apparently she must go looking for one who had no partners and no clients. Yes, Mr. A agreed, and furthermore a lawyer of such experience and standing that he could take on a formidable antagonist. With heavy St. Louis sarcasm the widow said she assumed Mr. A could name her a dozen such to choose from. No, but he could name her one. For the life of him he couldn't think of two. Just one. For her convenience he wrote out the name and address of that one on a slip of paper—Lloyd Paul Stryker, 40 Wall Street.

"If you can get Stryker interested," Mr. A explained, as he escorted his visitor to the door, "he'll take your case and enjoy it. You see, he likes fights and has a distaste for bankers." The visitor brightened up at the prospect of meeting someone after her own heart. "Has he been swindled, too?" she asked hopefully. "No," said Mr. A with a reminiscent smile, "he just dislikes bankers instinctively."

By the way, Mr. Stryker did take that case, putting on for the purpose a first-rate imitation of a dragon-slayer, and won it hands down—even unto the Court of Appeals. But that is another story. *This* story is merely an attempt at a likeness of one who is a curious mixture of Clarence Darrow, Demosthenes, the late Abe Levy, St. George, William Sylvanus Baxter, Jr., and a bull of Bashan. It will be read the more charitably by those who recall that a profile is a portrait with some of the features only half visible and some of them not visible at all.

SOME glimpses of this fabulous mixture in action will be available to sightseers next week in the Court of General Sessions. Come early and bring your lunch. Also, in case counsel for the defence really gets going, bring some cotton wool to put in your ears. For on Monday, if the schedule is adhered to, one James J. Hines must, for the second time, stand his trial under a conspiracy indictment which, in effect, charges him with having been the broker through whom the scoundrels of the policy racket bought their immunity from prosecution. And once again Lloyd Stryker will defend him.

It will be remembered that the first attempt to lay this district leader by the heels was halted midway one day in September when, despite several stern admonitions from the bench, the District Attorney so persisted in a certain line of questioning that Justice Pecora declared a mistrial. This ruling evoked from the laity (editorial writers included) an extraordinary amount of unenlightened comment. But none of it revealed so befuddled an understanding of the very theory of the law as did the widespread wonder that a lawyer of Mr. Stryker's standing had been willing to appear in such a cause at all. Among the people with whom he grew up and in all the better golf clubs where, with unflagging ardor, he swings an indifferent niblick, he must have been conscious of raised eyebrows and even, in extreme cases, of a few rather pointed shudders. An illuminating instance of just such behavior is examined in that part of the new biography of Elihu Root where Professor Jessup deals with the trial of a somewhat earlier Tammany chieftain named Tweed. It is a familiar American attitude which always puzzles the English, who, whenever a barrister has come majestically to the defence in enough gaudy murder cases, are quite likely to give him a knighthood. The contrary disposition in this country, in so far as it makes any sense at all, would seem to imply that

whereas even a Bruno Hauptmann, when on trial for his life, is entitled to the services of a lawyer, he is surely not entitled to the services of a good one. As a healthful exercise in self-examination, it is hereby suggested to the aforesaid shudderers that they look into their hearts and ask themselves whether they would even have winced if, instead of representing Hines, Mr. Stryker had gone into court in behalf of Richard Whitney.

However, the whole point of raising this ethical question here is for the opportunity of saying that in this instance it is purely academic. In the trial about to reëngage his attention, Mr. Stryker believes absolutely in the stainless innocence of his snow-white client. Anyone who has known Mr. Stryker well could tell you that. There is no doubt about it whatever. You see, Lloyd Stryker always does believe in the innocence of his clients.

The cynical will too hastily assume that such faith must be a purchasable article. But Mr. Stryker need not take any case unless he is genuinely interested and, whatever his preliminary doubts, once he plunges in, his client not only can do no wrong but never could have done any. Wherefore it is safe to assume that by this time the aforesaid Hines in his lawyer's eyes (and possibly to his own surprise) is not only innocent of the specific crime of which he stands accused and a cruelly wronged citizen but so rare a blend of all the virtues as to be almost indistinguishable from St. Francis of Assisi.

WHAT is really at work here in behalf of Hines is a unique capacity for violent partisanship. That capacity was in full flower when, a few years ago, Mr. Stryker devoted no small part of his prodigious energy to writing the life of Andrew Johnson. His vivid and engrossing biography of that luckless man is 824 pages of passionate special pleading in which Stanton and Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Butler all appear as such slimy, black-hearted villains that any reader reared on the old saying about there being two sides to every question instinctively hurries to the nearest reference library for a little sobering corrective.

In 1929, President Coolidge named Stryker to a judgeship and those to whom he is dear must be glad that, through a freakish prank of fate, the nomination miscarried. No doubt Stryker would have brought sound learning, ripe experience, and incorruptible honor to the Federal Court. Probably he would even have striven to be judicial. But this uncongenial effort would, it is certain, have led to his early death from apoplexy —right there on the bench, in the climax of some trial.

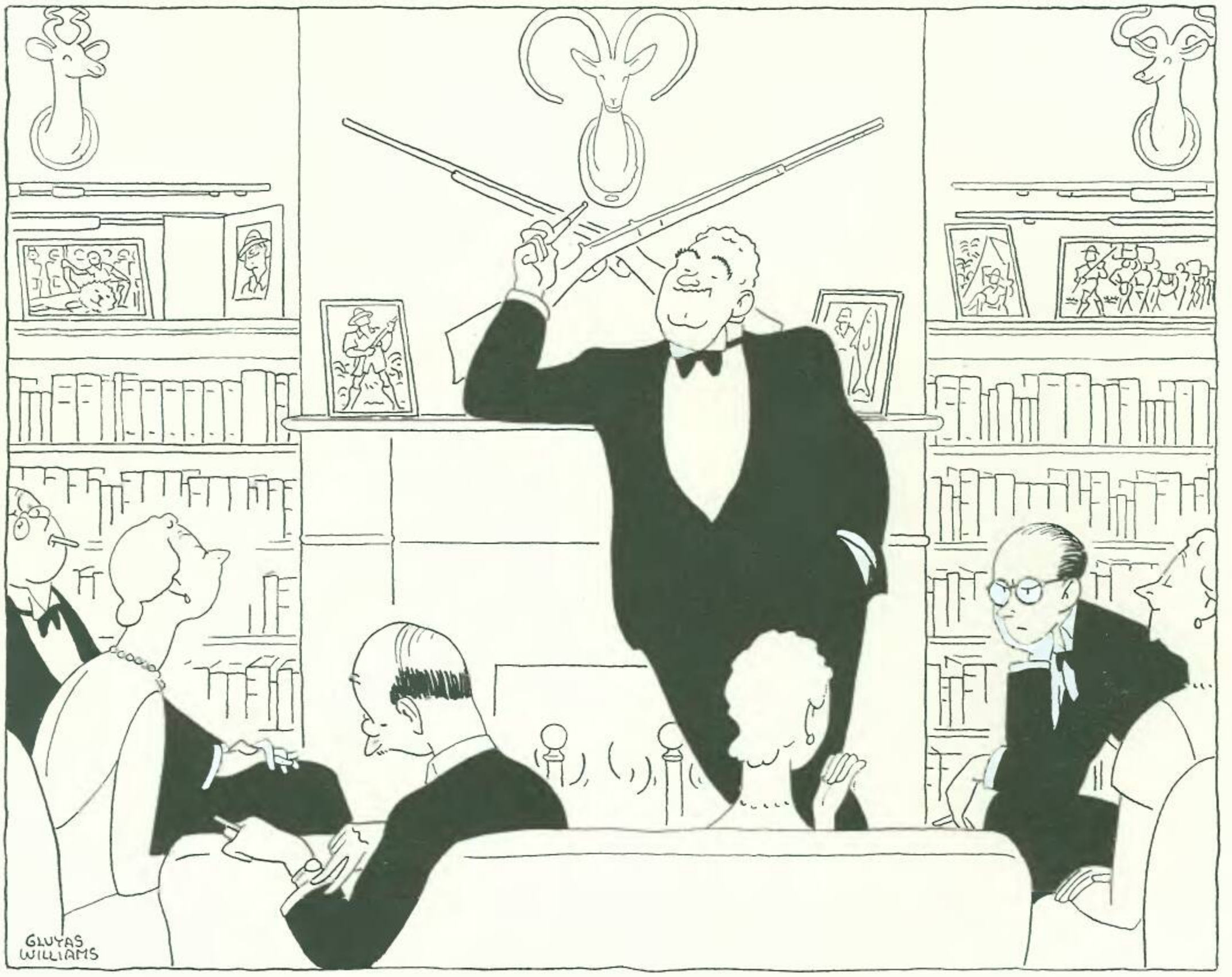
His ardor of championship derives from a genuine relish for combat as such. Lloyd Stryker might be identified as that member of the New York bar who not only has no partners and (in the sense that he is not a kept lawyer) no clients but who, all things being equal, would rather go to trial than not. In these days such a one is a rare bird. The practice of settling out of court has so gained ground of late that many a noted lawyer can hardly remember when last he underwent the disconcerting experience of trying a case before a jury. Furthermore, it may be guessed that among the many excellent reasons which dictate a settlement in any case is the unconfessed one that, for personal reasons, the counsel involved would a little rather not submit to ordeal by combat. Once down in that dusty and unpredictable arena, the most disturbing things might happen to them. It is too much like running for office. Much pleasanter to be appointed to something. But Stryker has no such reluctance. While, in the interest of his client, he often does settle out of court, the fact that in his heart of hearts he would rather not gives him a tremendous advantage when it comes to bargaining.

A GOOD trial lawyer, says Francis Wellman in his classic work on cross-examination, is the outcome of a generation of witnesses, and Lloyd Stryker owes his present eminence to thirty years of courtroom experience. Thirty years of facing men in groups of twelve. First he faced them in this county as a young and fuming assistant on the staff of District Attorney Whitman—fuming with impatience because his daily chore of prosecuting the obscenities which the late Anthony Comstock used to round up so happily was just marking time for one who meant to be Chief Justice or something. These thirty years of trial work were not even altogether interrupted by the war, because, both at Camp Upton when the 77th Division was in training and later in France, where he served as a lieutenant in the artillery, he defended many an officer in court-martial proceedings. Indeed, on one occasion in the Baccarat sector, the charges of negligence against one exhausted young shavetail were hastily withdrawn by command of divisional headquarters when the rumor ran along the grapevine about the disquieting defence Lieutenant Stryker had thought up for him. Then, after the war, he faced juries in every county of this commonwealth when, as a member of Whiteside & Stryker (which firm represented the Medical Society of the State of New York), he so far conquered his distaste for the physical as to master the mysteries of anatomy. Thus equipped, he ranged from Owego to Oswego, from Ballston Spa to Batavia, defending such local medicos as might be sued for malpractice.

His flood of trial work has increased rather than diminished ever since—in 1930—he decided to give up being a Republican (he who had been brought up in the shadow of Elihu Root and James Schoolcraft Sherman and who had once been secretary of the Union League Club) and while he was in this mood for a *vita nuova* decided also to chuck all retainers, refuse all partners, and go it alone. Sometimes a case of his gets into the newspapers—the defence of District Attorney Geoghan of Brooklyn in the hearing at Albany, for example; or that abortive relief investigation which at least enriched the language with the word "boon-doggling;" or his immensely enjoyable encounter with the New York County Medical Society in its brush with that genius in orthopedic surgery, Dr. Fred H. Albee. But the general reader, of course, hears nothing of the run-of-the-mill cases which tax Stryker most.



OUT of his adventures in medical jurisprudence he compiled his "Courts and Doctors," a unique and indispensable textbook, but compared with his cherished life of Johnson he sets no store by it because, you see, it was born of his everyday activities and on those it is characteristic of him to look with disfavor, whatever they may be.



RACONTEURS

"And another bit of capital sport was the time I bagged this fellow here. That was in '25, and we had been trekking for days . . ."

• •

Here—or somewhere near here—is the key to the rueful countenance which is this knight's habitual expression. Here, perhaps, is the answer to the conundrum presented by a man who, to the mystification of his neighbors, manages somehow to combine an infectiously melancholy manner with an insatiable and glowing zest for living. It may seem fanciful to suggest that the melancholy is born of the zest. Yet consider an episode of which the scene is Weimar and the time a day in 1897. With his mother and sisters, Master Lloyd was being exposed to a cultural year in Germany. As a great treat he was taken through the stables of the Crown Prince, from which adventure he came back to the *pension* weeping bitterly. It took some time to find out why. Yes, the stables were wonderful. *Und die Pferde? Ja, sie waren grossartig.* Then what was the trouble? Well, it had just been borne in on him that he could never be Crown Prince.

Even now kindred realizations fill with rue the days of one who—in addition to his present career and all at the same time, mind you—would so like to be an English country gentleman and a really good historian such as the late George Otto Trevelyan and Senator from New York and principal tenor at the Metropolitan. It is literally true that when Lloyd Stryker saw "Libel" he came away from the theatre in a state of fathomless gloom because he had not written it. Sometimes an observer, catching him at lunch at the University Club and noting on his face an expression of utter despair, has reported around town that some case of Stryker's must be going wrong, when the chances are that the great counsellor's thoughts had really been preoccupied by the Blue Hill Troupe. That club of amateurs would be reviving "The Pirates of Penzance" this winter. Just his luck to end up in the chorus again when, if there were any justice in this world, they would give him the rôle of Frederic, of whom, it will be remembered, the Pirates, as the curtain rises, are warbling thus:

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures.

IF Stryker likes to sing and, whenever possible, to sing at the top of his lungs, it is only one of the many respects in

which he endearingly recalls his father, the late Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, a colorful and endlessly surprising divine, who, in 1892, was called from a Presbyterian pulpit in Chicago to the presidency of Hamilton College. Dr. Stryker was a really superb speaker and it was among his grimmer determinations to make a speaker of this, his younger son, if it killed him (the said son). In the big barn behind the presidential mansion on College Hill, Lloyd in his high-school days was drilled and drilled until he wept from irritation and exhaustion. Even before he entered Hamilton, therefore, he had rung most of the welkins in Oneida County.

There is now no more effective speaker at the New York bar—resourceful, various, dramatic. In his opening speech at the first Hines trial he gave a good account of himself. It may be recalled that the ventilator in the courtroom kept up a competitive rattle which sometimes rendered Mr. Dewey inaudible to everyone except the jurors, who were, after all, the listeners that mattered. Next day, after its vivid report of Stryker's opening, the New York *Times* said:

> When he stopped talking the court-room crowd once more became aware of the whirring and buzzing of the air-conditioning apparatus which drowned out Mr. Dewey's words for those in the back rows. No one was conscious of the droning sound while Mr. Stryker was speaking.

That would have pleased his father.

Since he has always had enough vitality for ten men—and still has, despite the fact that he is now a grandfather of several years' standing—it is one of Stryker's weaknesses as a speaker that he sometimes lets his feelings run away with him and indulges in sonorous periods which can be heard for blocks. When the fit is on him he would, were he speaking in Madison Square Garden, brush aside the amplifier as a crutch needed only by weaklings.

One day last month, in the course of an argument before the Circuit Court of Appeals, even the bench protested. The argument was in the Weiss case, wherein the prosecution in the lower court had relied on evidence obtained by wire-tapping, a detective process which the late Justice Holmes in a dissenting opinion had once characterized as "dirty business." Mr. Stryker quoted that dissent with approval. "Dirty, dirty business," he said, and, finding the phrase sweet to his lips, he kept repeating it with mounting enthusiasm until the courthouse shook and one of the judges, managing somehow to make himself heard, called down, "Don't make so much noise; I can hear you."

This rebuff was followed by one of those moments of aching silence during which no one in the courtroom breathed. Then, ever so quietly, Mr. Stryker made answer, thereby having the last word. Let him also have it here.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that the tone of my voice should have been such as to annoy Your Honor. I regret it. Perhaps my fault lies in the fact that I have never yet been able to encounter outrage with complacence. Nor have I yet attained that poise which would enable me to speak in the quiet tones of equanimity about an effort to strip an American citizen of his liberty by perjured testimony. And yet I have one consolation. As I think back to that little Boston State House in February, 1761, when James Otis before a hostile court thundered against the Writs of Assistance, I am satisfied that he too on that occasion raised his voice."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



"Don't cordials ever have a price war?"

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It is little-known that polo, a European pastime was originated by a Chinese woman.—*Piedmont (Calif.) Highlander.*

It's getting better and better known every minute, anyway.

BAD NEWS FROM PERU

THE new year started drearily for me, because I was depressed by something that had happened to a New York *Times* correspondent named John W. White. Mr. White went to Lima last month, to write about the Pan-American Conference. That's the way I like to see a *Times* man occupied. I have more or less lost faith in international conferences, but I still believe in keeping up appearances; I think international conferences should be held and I think a man should be sent to write about them for the *Times*.

Right up to the morning of January 2nd I would have said, if I had thought about it at all, that Mr. White was probably having a fine time in Peru, dropping in at the conference hall to listen to professions of international amity, sending off his daily cable to the *Times*, and working in the evening on his memoirs. On the morning of January 2nd, however, Mr. White's cable shook me out of this false security. It was dated from Arica, Chile, and headlined, on the front page, "Peru Tried to Color News and Spied on U. S. at Lima. Eighth Pan-American Conference Functioned Under the Dictatorial Benavides Regime of Censorship, Intimidation, and Espionage."

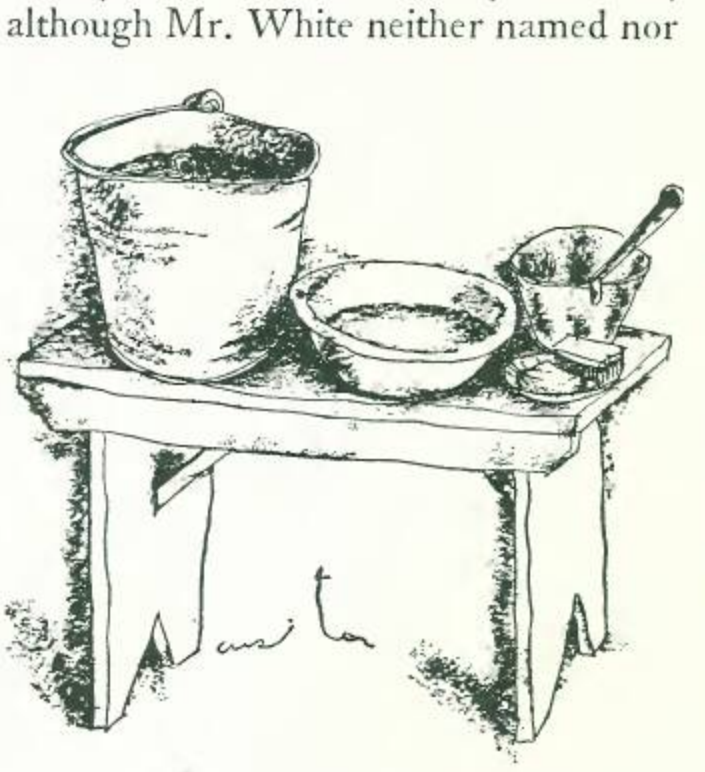
Mr. White, in a low, quivering voice, explained, "Two members of the American secretarial staff, seeking the draft of a document that had to be prepared for the next day, surprised two Peruvian detectives searching the files and desks in the office of Green H. Hackworth and Dr. Ben M. Cherrington on the sixth floor of the Hotel Bolivar."

Well, that—if Mr. White will allow me to step into the discussion from this distance and at this late date—is a picture which combines pathos and comedy, but it's not in the least sinister. I'm as loyal an American as the next man, I suppose, but I can't get worked up at the thought of those two Peruvian detectives searching Mr. Hackworth's and Dr. Cherrington's desks. You know, and I know, and everybody but Mr. White and the government of Peru knows that nothing of international significance is going to turn up among the personal papers of a delegate to a Pan-American Conference. An old copy of the Monroe Doctrine, maybe; nothing more.

Mr. White again: "Many chauffeurs of automobiles assigned to the delegates were known to be in the employ of the secret police with instructions to keep their ears open for snatches of conversation. There were from two to five mestizo detectives in the entry hall of the Hotel Bolivar day and night and the delegates could not come or go without passing in review." Those were pretty improbable-sounding instructions the chauffeurs got, even coming from the secret police. "Keep your ears open for snatches of conversation." "O.K., Chief." It just doesn't ring true. And any delegate who babbles secrets (even Pan-American secrets) in the presence of an alert native chauffeur surely isn't deserving of Mr. White's sympathy. We're men of the world, aren't we? I believe firmly in the mestizo detectives, however. There are detectives in hotels wherever you go, Mr. White, in London or Paris or Lima or New York. I recently made several late-evening calls on an insomniac who was living in the Waldorf, and I always had to pass in review before several mestizo detectives. Sometimes, if I hung around the cigar counter or the house telephone too long, there would be a mestizo assistant manager in a cutaway.

THE most alarming part of Mr. White's dispatch, the story of an agent provocateur, I believe I can explain satisfactorily. He says that an agent provocateur frequented a club where all the correspondents used to go, and that he twice sat down at his, Mr. White's, table and asked him if he wanted to meet Señor Haya de la Torre, the out-of-office leader of the party opposed to President Benavides. "This correspondent," says Mr. White, meaning himself, "declined, but the agent reported that the correspondent had been trying to see Señor Haya de la Torre." As I said, I believe I can find a less alarming explanation of this. The little, dark man (I think of him as a little, dark man, although Mr. White neither named nor described him) was not an agent provocateur; he was that infinitely more touching type, the man who knows only one celebrity. I have known several of that sort. They frequent public bars and late at night they suggest to mere drinking acquaintances that they all go to see old So-and-So. I used to know a man who wanted to call up Clifton Webb. "Cliff will give us a drink," he would say with pathetic gaiety. "He'll give us a drink and scramble us some eggs." I never believed for a minute that he knew Webb that well. Occasionally he would say, "I was up at Cliff's last night. Geez, what a swell time!" I never believed he had been.

The case of the little, dark man in Lima is more pathetic, because naturally few people would want to call on the opposition leader. It's my idea that he seized on the *Times* man as a presumable neutral and a man of enough personal charm to warrant an introduction to Señor Haya de la Torre. After his rebuff, he tried to salve his injured pride by pretending that the *Times* man had wanted to meet Señor Haya de la Torre, but that he, the little, dark man, hadn't been able to make it. "He was kind of cut-up when he found out I couldn't make it," I can imagine this man telling an incurious group at some bar. "Said he didn't know who else could do it if *I* couldn't." Mr. White reports that the same agent provocateur (only now we all know he *wasn't* one) tried to persuade Alfred M. Landon to meet Señor Haya de la Torre. Well, for God's sake, of course he did. Señor Haya de la Torre was the defeated opposition leader in Peru and Alfred M. Landon was the defeated opposition leader in the United States. I can see far into the minds of that sort of people and I know that the little, dark man was looking forward to the moment at Señor Haya de la Torre's hacienda when the three would have cocktails put before them. He saw himself raising his glass and gracefully proposing a toast—something to the effect that better days were coming for opposition leaders. And Mr. White took this harmless, lovable little man for an agent provocateur!



AFTER April 30th I plan to frequent the Peruvian pavilion at the World's Fair. If a small, dark stranger asks me to come and have a drink with Señor Haya de la Torre, I shall go with him. The Richard Harding Davis tradition still lives, Mr. White. As for danger—pouf! What is life without danger?

—RUSSELL MALONEY

MY EXPERIENCES ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

FROM my first appearance in the theatre (as the little Pansy in the annual May festival at St. Andrews), I moved under a dark star. It was indubitably a vigorous dance to which we entered chorusing, "With hearts so light and gay, we greet our Queen of May," yet no one else popped two buttons off her underwaist, permitting several inches of drawer leg with Hamburg edging to show beneath her petals.

This cloud of fatality pursued me through school, through college, and straight into the arms of the Little Theatre. Things happened to me, unpredictable things, continually.

Take, for instance, St. Francis and the birds. Every year our Little Theatre gave a period ball which opened with a pageant. That was the Renaissance year, and I was a Seller of Birds. "A few cheap birds," we had said to the prop man. "Cheap canaries or something. In a basket." So there I sat in the market place, and St. Francis came up and rebuked me for my line of work.

"Their wings are not clipped," he cried. "Let them go free. Let them fly up to God."

He flung up his hands to show me how, and in the background Lorenzo the Magnificent, Pietro Aretino, and friends smiled in tender approval. I was moved. With a beautiful gesture I threw open the hamper and waited. Nothing happened. I looked down, swallowed, and gave the hamper a gentle kick. Over the side, in two deliberate flops, came a pair of elderly, asthmatic, dismally shabby pigeons. They squatted unhappily at my feet and blinked at the lights.

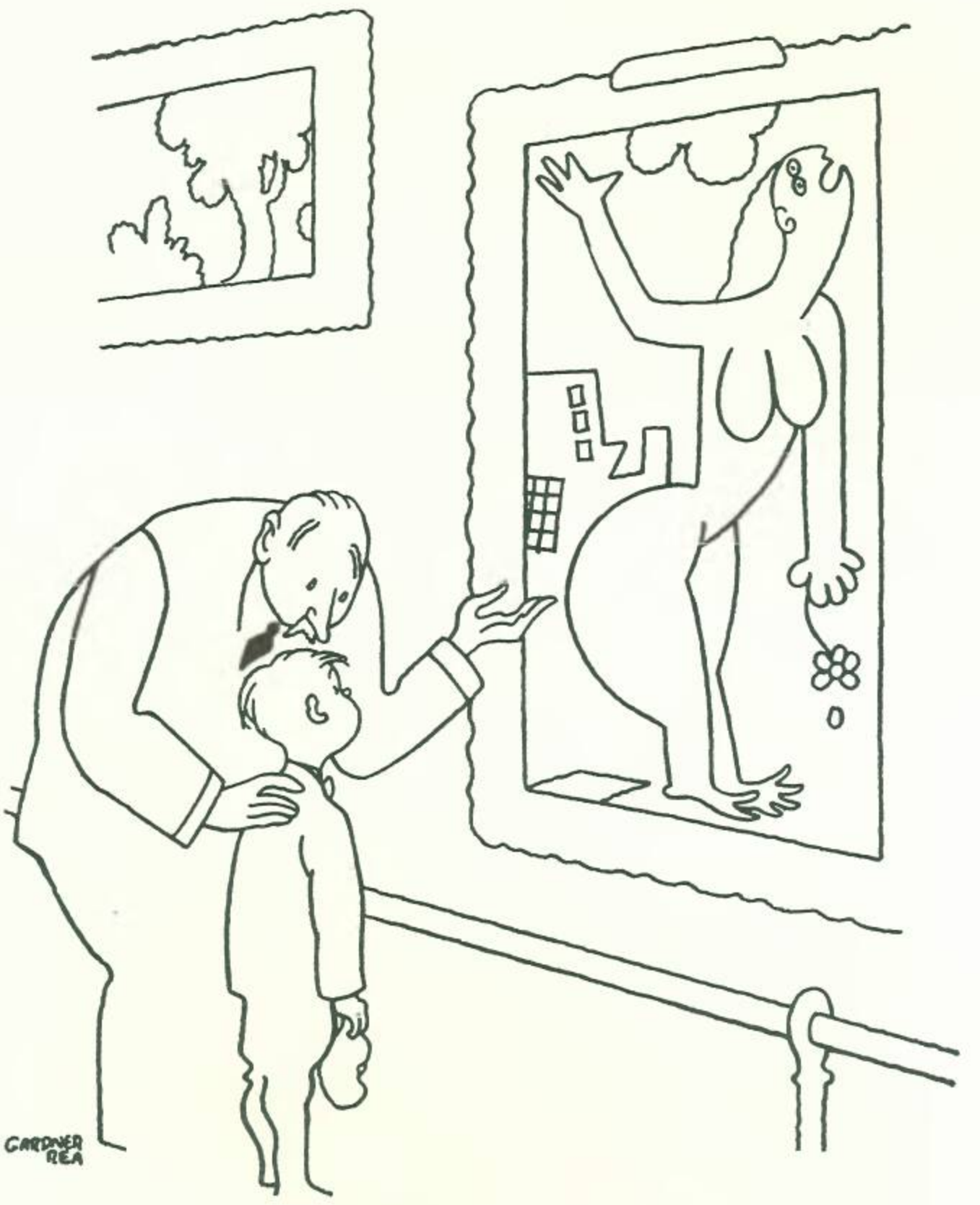
"Let them fly up to God," said St. Francis again, but he said it feebly. I should have let bad enough alone, but on an impulse of confused despair I picked up my skirts, flapped them, and said "Shoo!" The pigeons took heavily to wing, blundered out across the lights, and perched on the chandelier in the centre of the auditorium. Only those who were seated on the side aisles and in the extreme front rows saw or heard any more of the performance.

I CAN'T, though, hold the fates entirely responsible for my remarkable reading of Beatrice in "Much Ado." Everything would have been all right, maybe, if I had not taken to worrying because my voice has no body. It is clear enough and pleasant enough, but you could orchestrate it with a piccolo. And seeing that what I really wanted was to play, sometime, a good lush part like Iris March, I got to taking it pretty much to heart.

I confided in a kindly woman of the company, an elderly unemployed actress with a voice like the Music Hall organ. It was all a matter, she told me, of using the mechanism correctly. She taught me to intone "mn-ha" to make my sinuses (resonance chambers, she called them) vibrate, and "br-la" to loosen my jaw, and I heard a lot about the column of air on which my syllables were to bob like balls in the stream of a fountain. And every day the janitor let me into the vacant apartment next door, to practice my art in secret.

My friends, I thought happily, were due for a big surprise. So, as a matter of fact, was I when, after some time, the new voice began to come through. It was a large, deep voice, curiously like Greta Garbo saying her prayers in a swimming pool. And it was rich. Dear heaven, it was rich! I decided to keep it under cover during rehearsals and spring it at the opening.

THEY had done themselves well on my costume—a silvered, blue-green brocade weighing about a ton without the ruff and petticoats. The bodice was not made of steel, in the historic tradition, but it felt as if it were. Layer after layer of good stiff buckram had gone into the foundation, and I still blench, remembering how it was boned. I had in those days a twenty-three-inch waist, unbound and with all muscles sagging, and the sight of it must have gone to the costumer's head. With that anachronism to work on, he felt, apparently, that there was no limit to what could be done with a little corseting. The costume was devastating. It billowed below, closed in to within a few inches of the vanishing point at the waist, and continued to hug with the constricting strength of



"There. Does that answer your question?"

a good healthy python, right up for a space of four ribs.

Opening night I came to the theatre in a nervous thrill of anticipation like nothing I had felt since I became too old to recite "The Chambered Nautilus" for aunts and uncles on Sunday afternoons. As I stood ready to walk on I was shaking with excitement and several people in the wings stopped to squeeze my hand and tell me I was going to be fine. I looked at them with a secret smile under the grease paint. How little they knew!

I was in the opening scene. I stood, left centre, by a stone bench, getting the feel of a big, full "mn-ha," and when my cue came I lifted my chin, turned my head sidewise, and said, with a negligent gesture, "I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?"

Half the audience and all the actors jumped, and even I realized that the acoustics of a small, empty room were not like these. When the echoes had died away, the messenger, a lean, timid boy making his first appearance, began, "I know none of that name, Lady," but he seemed only to whisper.

Leonato spoke, and Hero, and I began again, pitching my new voice softer but still letting its full and singular richness throb and flow: "He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight . . ." It is a longish speech, and almost from the first word I was haunted by a feeling of coming disaster. I struggled against it, but it was no use. I had got only so far as "subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt" when hell broke loose. The most tortured imagination can hardly conceive of so catastrophic a fit of hiccoughs as my diaphragm produced. The curtain was rung down and someone brought me a glass of water.

At the first lull I told them to raise the curtain again. The situation was heartbreakingly clear. I had to choose between that voice and that bodice. Actually, of course, there wasn't a choice. I had to keep the bodice because I couldn't be the only member of the cast to play in modern dress. So, breathing with the utmost caution, I began again—this time in my normal voice. A little gasp of astonishment went up from the audience, chiefly, I suppose, from those who had never heard my voice at all before that evening. I had small time, however, to bother about that. I was all right now, I kept telling myself over and over, all right now. Unfortunately, every time I uttered a phrase I could feel the mounting tension.

It was in the scene in which Beatrice, insolent and sweet, sweeps in to say to Benedick, "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner," that I got them again. God knows that I had been too scared to lift my voice after the first cataclysm, but my diaphragm had taken such a lot of punishment by now that it was all set to be outraged by so much as a whisper.

As Benedick and I stood there waiting for the curtain to be rung down again, the messenger rushed onto the stage, dropped on one knee before me, and, saying roundly, "A stoup of wine, good lady, with health and appetite from them that bide within," thrust into my hand a paper drinking cup. Between gulp and paroxysm I answered, "Our thanks, good clown, and bid them wait no longer on our pleasure."



From then on the performance, as a performance, was saved, although the content of the play was wonderfully changed. It became the story of an unregenerate lady drunk whose friends, seeing that nothing did any good anyway, had decided that they had better just overlook her weakness. During the first intermission someone ran out to his club and came back with a large loving cup. This, to our disturbed minds, seemed to be vaguely more suitable to the period than a paper drinking cup and I carried it around with me for the rest of the evening, prefacing every line with a deep, Falstaffian swig. A profound calm, more lunatic than any hysteria, overcame me.

This calm, by a merciful dispensation, descended on the entire cast. We went through the whole odd story with a sort of peaceful deliberation. It held right up to the final curtain, at which Benedick, looking at me with humorous tenderness, said, "Peace! I will stop your mouth," and I, lifting one warning hand, whispered "Wait," upped the flagon, took ten quick swallows without breathing, laid it aside, and drooped into his arms.

The next day I went on the wagon for the duration of the run. The other actors forgave me. They said that it was not my fault. But somehow I knew I was stopped. I shall never play Iris March now. I shall never, for that matter, play Millamant, or Miranda, or Mrs. Malaprop, or anyone else. It's no use pushing destiny single-handed. It took me a long time to learn it, but I know when I'm licked. —Victoria Lincoln

THE WORKER

What sins did he remember,
What penance did he vow?
What evil in the old days
Left him so lawful now?

Three laws, of his own making,
Lived in the grizzled head:
That he get up at dayrise;
Go with the sun to bed;

And that each lighted moment—
Long be the day or short—
Be full, lest time put questions,
And the past years retort.

His windows all were cobwebbed
Lest the wide world come in;
His now the narrow chamber,
And the pale spider's skin.

His now those shuttle fingers,
Learned in a hundred tools—
Slim bits and polished handles,
And the bright brass of rules;

And the slow lathe that turned him
Many a spindled shape,
Hung row on row around him,
Barring the mind's escape.

But there were curious boxes,
With lids not made to rise;
Ironical the hinges;
Most plausible their lies.

Within them only darkness—
Time in its proper place.
For that the hasp and padlock,
For that the wakeful face.

If then the sun descended,
He slept; but when it rose,
Here were the narrow chisels,
And a new day to close.

—Mark Van Doren

THE THEATRE

MIXED GREEN SALAD

TO criticize "Dear Octopus" for being slow in spots would be as antisocial as to complain of one's own clan gatherings at Thanksgiving or Christmas for occasionally lapsing into a slight tedium. All right—so it's antisocial.

"Dear Octopus" suffers from that same 3 P.M. drag that afflicts any other family reunion. It starts out being lots of fun, with everyone glad to see everyone else and making amusing observations about the old days, and then gradually ennui strikes in and the first train back to town seems none too soon. We are all dear people and we all love each other very much, but we are all talked out. "Dear Octopus" talks itself out along about 10:15.

The Octopus in question, in case it is worrying you, is the Family as an institution, the Family which draws in its members from all directions with its tentacles of loyalty and affection and will not let them go. In spite of the slightly unpleasant implication of undersea horror in the figure, the sentiment is a warming one and Miss Dodie Smith, as she did in "Call It a Day," has given us a family that *is* a family. It is a bit difficult to get them all straight at first, as they filter in for the old folks' golden wedding, but gradually you get to know them and to like them, and to wish that they would talk just a little less or say something a little bit more amusing.

It is this constant hovering on the brink of being delightful and never quite ringing the bell that makes "Dear Octopus" seem slow. Remembering "Call It a Day," and seeing such names as Lucile Watson, Lillian Gish, Reginald Mason, and Margaret Dale in the lineup, we have a right to expect a gem of light entertainment, with now and then a muffled sob. "Dear Octopus" is light entertainment and has now and then a muffled sob, but it is not a gem like "Call It a Day." I think that Miss Smith has pulled her punches on the comedy dialogue.

There certainly can be no disappointment in the acting. Miss Watson is as delightful as ever as the grandmother, and all the rest are as expert as we know them to be. Jack Hawkins furnishes a virility which comes in very handy during some of the exceedingly distaff scenes, and Rose Hobart, as the daughter who has been naughty in Paris, brings an almost welcome note of sin into the proceedings. The author has written lines for Phyllis Povah and Phyllis Joyce which more nearly approach what we had expected to laugh at, especially those indicating Miss Joyce's phobias against shutting flies in books and leaving bathroom taps running. Ivy Troutman, too, is refreshingly bitchy.

The fault, dear Octopus, lies not in ourselves but in the fact that as a family, even an English family, we can't keep going from 8:45 until 11:15 and hold the attention of other families.



"MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS"

José Ferrer doesn't seem to care what Ethel Waters does to Willie Bryant—and why should he? At the Empire.

WITH "Shadow and Substance" in the bag, and "The White Steed" as his new offering on Broadway, Paul Vincent Carroll may be put down as a top-notch playwright. "The White Steed" deals with much the same problem as "Shadow and Substance," but deals with it in a more down-to-earth manner and with considerably more gusto, thanks to that gusty actor, Barry Fitzgerald. Just as one could never tire of seeing him as Fluther in "The Plough and the Stars," his Canon Matt Lavelle in "The White Steed" bids fair to become a veritable darlin' in the eyes of the public.

I must admit that, as the years roll by, I find myself becoming less and less concerned with the problem of the relationship of the Church to the Irish people. This is a provincial point of view, I know, and is just what might be expected of an apostate Unitarian who hasn't worried about his preacher for a long time. However, if the subject can bring forth such solid theatrical fare as "Shadow and Substance" and "The White Steed," then more power to it as a controversy and more power to Mr. Carroll. I still have a feeling, though, that the Irish don't *have* to talk so Irish. (Duck, boys! Here come the letters!)

Along with Mr. Fitzgerald, we have such excellent actors as George

Family or Formal—
This Soup strikes a happy note!

"VERSATILE" describes Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. Smooth as a silken symphony, welcome as an oft-repeated thematic melody, it is equally popular for parties and for the family's regular meals, guests or not.

When it comes to the table, wisps rising from its fragrant depths, there is no denying its regal appearance. It has the look of luxury. Your spoon confirms bright expectations, and you murmur, for want of a better word, "Delicious!"

Into farm-sweet cream, so thick that it will hardly pour, go lots of tender, tasty mushrooms to impart their distinctive flavor. Dainty slices are then added, to give the final touch to as gay a dish as you could hope to see. Here is truly royal fare. Why not have this soup soon for luncheon or dinner?



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM



Coulouris, Ralph Cullinan, and, as an added attraction (using "attraction" in its broadest sense), Miss Jessica Tandy. The whole evening is a satisfactory one from every point of view.

THERE is no sense in going into the merits of "The Importance of Being Earnest," as they have been gone into. They have not only been gone into, but have been lifted and introduced into other comedies for forty years, until they have practically no shock value left. At this late date, the only news about a performance of Wilde's work can deal with the acting.

Miss Estelle Winwood is a delight to me whenever she comes on the stage. She has the knack of making me laugh with a "yes" or a "no," so I was in a benign mood during the current production whenever Lady Bracknell was near. Clifton Webb also, with any assistance from an author (which he certainly has here), is a comedian who can lift me out of a depression. So I was perfectly happy at the Vanderbilt, with Hope Williams in her all-too-short scenes as Miss Prism and Helen Trenholme and Florence McGee as the decorative items. I was perfectly happy, but, on the other hand, I was perfectly willing to go home when it was over. I am afraid that the next revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" will find me indisposed.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

To liquidate these balances Rumania had to buy many thousands of typewriters, Greece bought mouth organs by the hundred thousand, and Yugoslavia was compelled to take huge quantities of aspirin.

—*The Times.*

It probably had a slight headache, anyway.

•

FULLER (MEANING MORE COMPLETE) EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Weidberg charged that the Mayor, in referring to him, said: "They (meaning the police and ushers) are throwing the bum (meaning the plaintiff and intending to charge the plaintiff with being a vagrant and debauchee and in the habit of using spirituous liquors to excess) out. The politicians (meaning certain persons primarily interested in political offices or the profits from them as a source of private gain) are not acquainted with these really fine audiences and they pick a bum (meaning the plaintiff) in a ginmill (meaning a place, house or hangout wherein intoxicating liquors are distributed) and send him (meaning the plaintiff) over here to break up this audience."

Seems every day more New Yorkers say . . .

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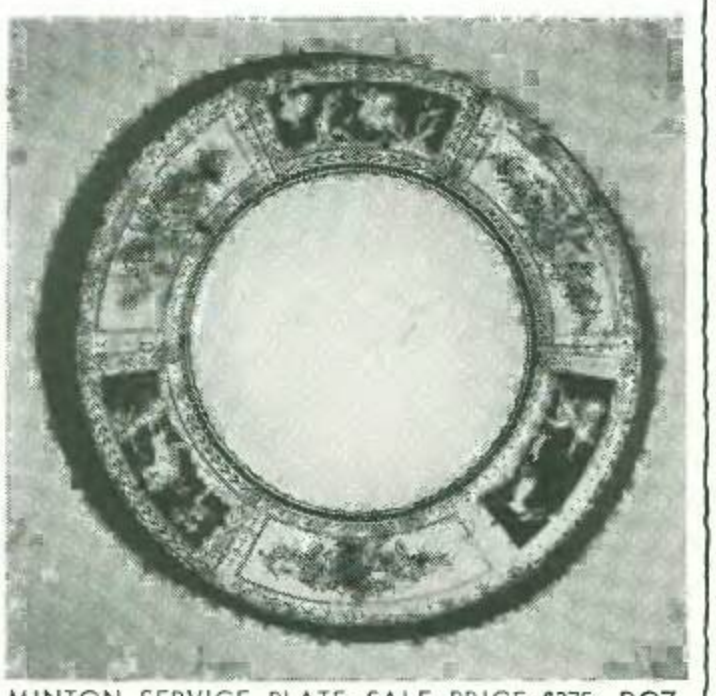
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ANY SUGGESTIONS?

Willard Fibson, the cleverest young man of the senior interviewing staff in the Personnel Department at Leibmann's, was informed that he would be in charge of the Employees' Suggestion Contest as soon as the fourteenth floor decided there would be an Employees' Suggestion Contest. Mr. Noel Leibmann, the younger and more active of the Leibmann brothers, talked it over with Mr. Fibson.

"My brother," he said, "seems to have a thought that the store can get, and should get, smarter merchandising ideas right off the floor. So we're going to offer about twenty prizes, ranging from a thousand dollars grand prize and working down. It's a swell idea and I told Milton Leibmann you could handle the details. How about it?"

Mr. Fibson was divided between pleasure and regret—pleasure that he had been chosen to run the contest, regret that he could not, in the circumstances, compete and win a thousand dollars. Of the new assignment he had learned a full day earlier, by grapevine telegraph from the fourteenth floor. A pang had riven him. His idea, the Selective Shop, the scheme he had cherished so long while awaiting the most advantageous time to offer it, would now have to be indefinitely put off. The Selective Shop was to have been operated within the store by a very chic staff of Vassar and Smith girls who would help blundering men choose exquisite gifts for women. Here man, the giver, would be spared the pink intimacy of the Lingerie and the danger of being sprayed with the undoing odors of Perfumes and Lotions. And since it was Willard Fibson's idea, he naturally would have to be put in charge of the Selective Shop. That went without saying.

"Do you mean the whole store to be in the contest, employees and executives too?" inquired Mr. Fibson, just to be sure.

Mr. Noel—the brothers Leibmann were known as Mr. Noel and Mr. Milton—nodded with vigor. "From the boys on parcel service to the girls wiping tables in the lunchroom. One smashing big contest. Night watchmen. Girls giving out circulars. Even buyers out of town. They all have ideas. Actually, Mr. Fibson, every person employed by this store, excepting only Milton Leibmann and myself."

It was a moment when lightly, as though in jest, Mr. Fibson might have inquired whether the director of the contest could take part as well. He felt certain, however, that Mr. Noel would reply, "Certainly, if you insist, Mr. Fibson, only then we have to give the contest to somebody else, don't we?" And then the choice would fall on some other big shot in Personnel, the hustling Miss MacMurray, probably, and it wasn't hard to guess how much chance Mr. Fibson's Selective Shop would stand with Miss MacMurray judging it. No, the only out for Mr. Fibson was to accept the contest as an honor and a responsibility, use it for what it was worth to get him ahead, and simply keep the idea of the Selective Shop to himself until, say, next year about this time.

The contest was officially announced at the Store-Wide Party, the dancing being stopped and the lights dimmed for Mr. Noel to make the revelation in the full beam of a balcony searchlight. The applause was thunderous, definitely stronger than that which had greeted the announcement of a lost lady's wristwatch a little earlier.

"There is *always* a suggestion contest going on at Leibmann's, a contest of responsibility for those who are ready to go higher," Mr. Noel said. "We want more than anything to stimulate that permanent contest, the whole thing being intended to make Leibmann's more than ever Brooklyn's superlative store."

Following Mr. Noel's speech, Mr. Fibson, with an appropriate air of detachment, explained the prizes, at whose amounts a delighted, gasping "O-o-o-h" ran among the dancers. Mr. Noel smiled, but Mr. Fibson took no notice, as became the director of the contest. He simply requested that contestants use only one side of the paper.



Nearly a hundred suggestions came in the first week, most of them from the sub-executive personnel. A girl in Hosiery suggested that stockings returned for refund should be given to the package girls, whose $12 a week, she claimed, was less than enough to live in virtue. It seemed to Mr. Fibson that the purpose of the contest had been almost fantastically misunderstood. Only two letters, in fact, seemed to approach being practical: an elaborate plan for saving all the information-booth space on the street floor, and a suggestion about the maintenance of a Dog Shop, with adjoining kennel for visiting hounds, in the Seeds, Plants, and Bulbs corner of the basement. "These would have to be adapted, of

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NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE THE SUCCESS SCHOOL in making a new woman of you, physically, beautifully and...psychologically. So whether you are in need of a complete rehabilitation — as Mrs. Marks was — or feel the urge to live your life on a more satisfying plane — come to the Richard Hudnut Success School!

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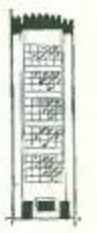
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TO QUOTE VOGUE: In the January 15th issue, Vogue says of the Success School..."You learn the things to do for yourself, so that you will know them always, and preserve your looks as well as improve them. You learn what you should eat and why, so that your food regime seems an intelligible procedure, not just a blind rule. You emerge not only beautiful, but with a complete new understanding of beauty in relation to yourself."

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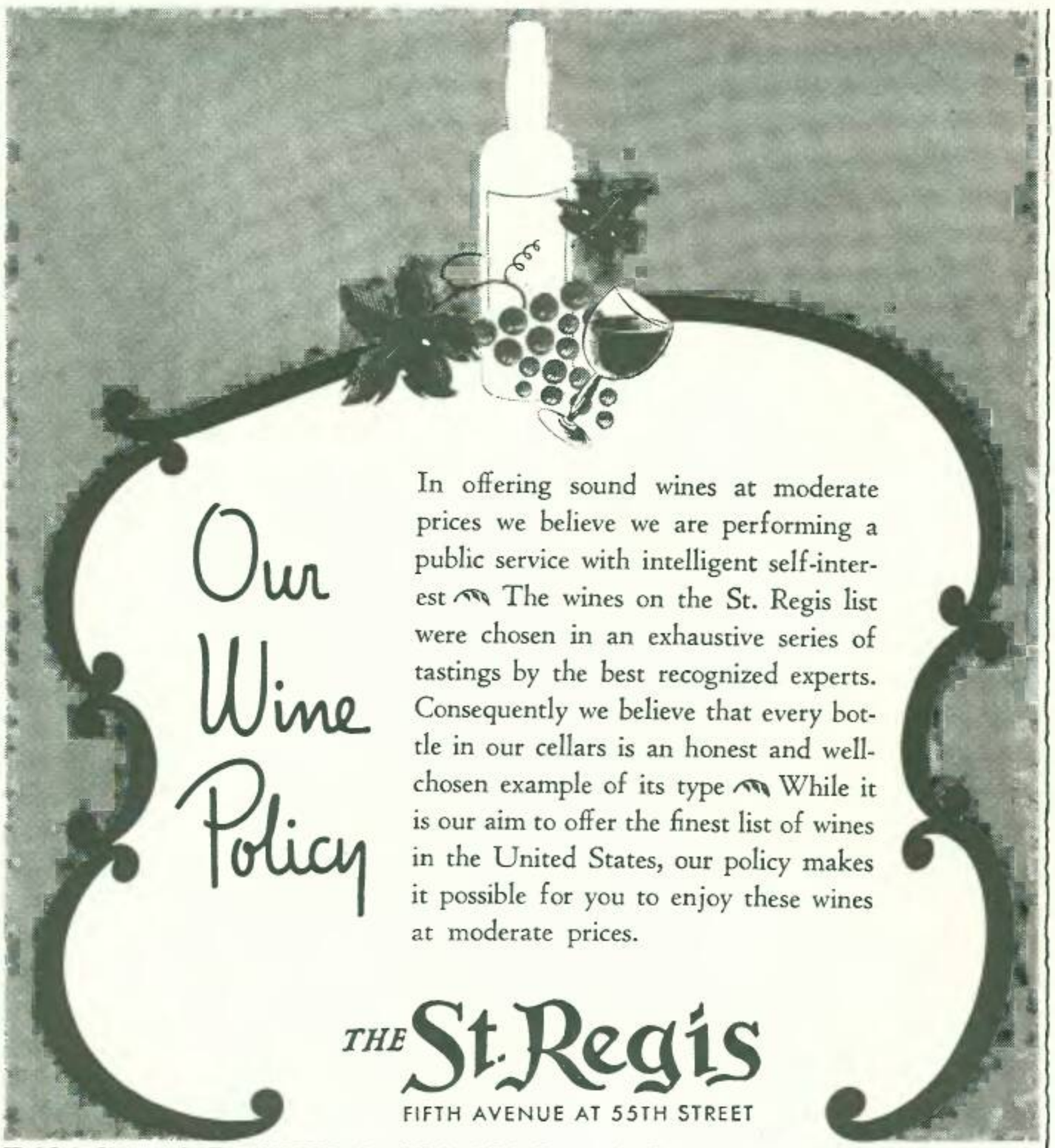


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One of our "data hounds" has figured out that two days'servings(eachcakeisthree-eighthsofaninchthick) would make a stack as high as the Empire State Building. Have *you* had any Childs Griddle Cakes lately?

Childs

53 NEW YORK RESTAURANTS • 35 WITH BARS

course," he said in submitting them to Mr. Noel. "We can wait until we start hearing from the contestants among the executive personnel."

"We certainly *will* wait," said Mr. Noel, shaking his head with dubiety. "We can't take this kind of thing to my brother. One thousand dollars just to tear down the floor plan he built up himself after Easter last year? Or a thousand dollars just to sell a few dog collars and have a lot of hounds barking our basement clientele deaf? Maybe you could show such ideas to Milton Leibmann, Mr. Fibson. Me, I couldn't."

The contest's second week was brightened by a fight in Handbags, the first tussle, complete with hair-pulling and scratching, that had occurred during store hours since the depression. A counter girl named Kelly claimed that a woman buyer, to whom she had taken a drawing of a street bag shaped like a Pomeranian to inquire whether it would win a thousand dollars, had doubted the design's ingenuity but secretly given the idea to the Leibmann manufacturer. The accused, with a buyer's oath, said Kelly was crazy. After being discharged by Mr. Noel himself, Kelly threatened to picket unless she received an extra week's pay. Mr. Noel gave her the pay, minus social-security payment, and reduced the twentieth prize in the contest from $50 to $25 to make up the deficit.

Shortly before the deadline the papers of executives, showing the correct Leibmann fusion of modishness and madness, began to fall upon Mr. Fibson's desk. A few were promising. A section manager in Woollen Yard Goods suggested that Toyland next Christmas be done over as Norway, Denmark, and Sweden instead of the Arctic, emphasizing his hope that a vogue in Scandinavian adult winter apparel might develop. A gray-haired veteran woman bookkeeper, in Freight, Incoming, caused Mr. Fibson's eyebrows to lift with a suggestion that when the ski jump was dismantled, a Pompeian swimming pool, with model naiads in Leibmann Satinized Suits, should take its place.

Before Mr. Fibson reached the last of the contestants' letters, however, he received an especially disagreeable shock. There was a long, neat letter, with carbons and diagrams, from Miss MacMurray, suggesting the establishment of a new shop to assist distressed ladies in selecting manly gifts for men. It was to be staffed wholly by good-looking graduates of the Big Three, and it would be nice, Miss MacMurray thought, to

This is mixed...





This is Blended...

IF YOU'RE satisfied to wind up head-over-heels in a snowdrift, that's okay with us. But if it's happy landings you're headed for, you've got to add perfect timing, skill and dexterity to the impulse that shoves you off the ski-jump!

That's how it is with cocktails, too. If you take all the ingredients of a Manhattan or an Old-Fashioned except Angostura and just *mix* them together, you'll get an ordinary drink. But if you add a generous dash or two of Angostura, you'll be *blending* a perfect cocktail. For Angostura brings out the best there is from the standpoint of flavor, in each one of the ingredients—and *blends* them all together into a delicious, harmonious whole, instead of just a *mixture* of taste sensations...

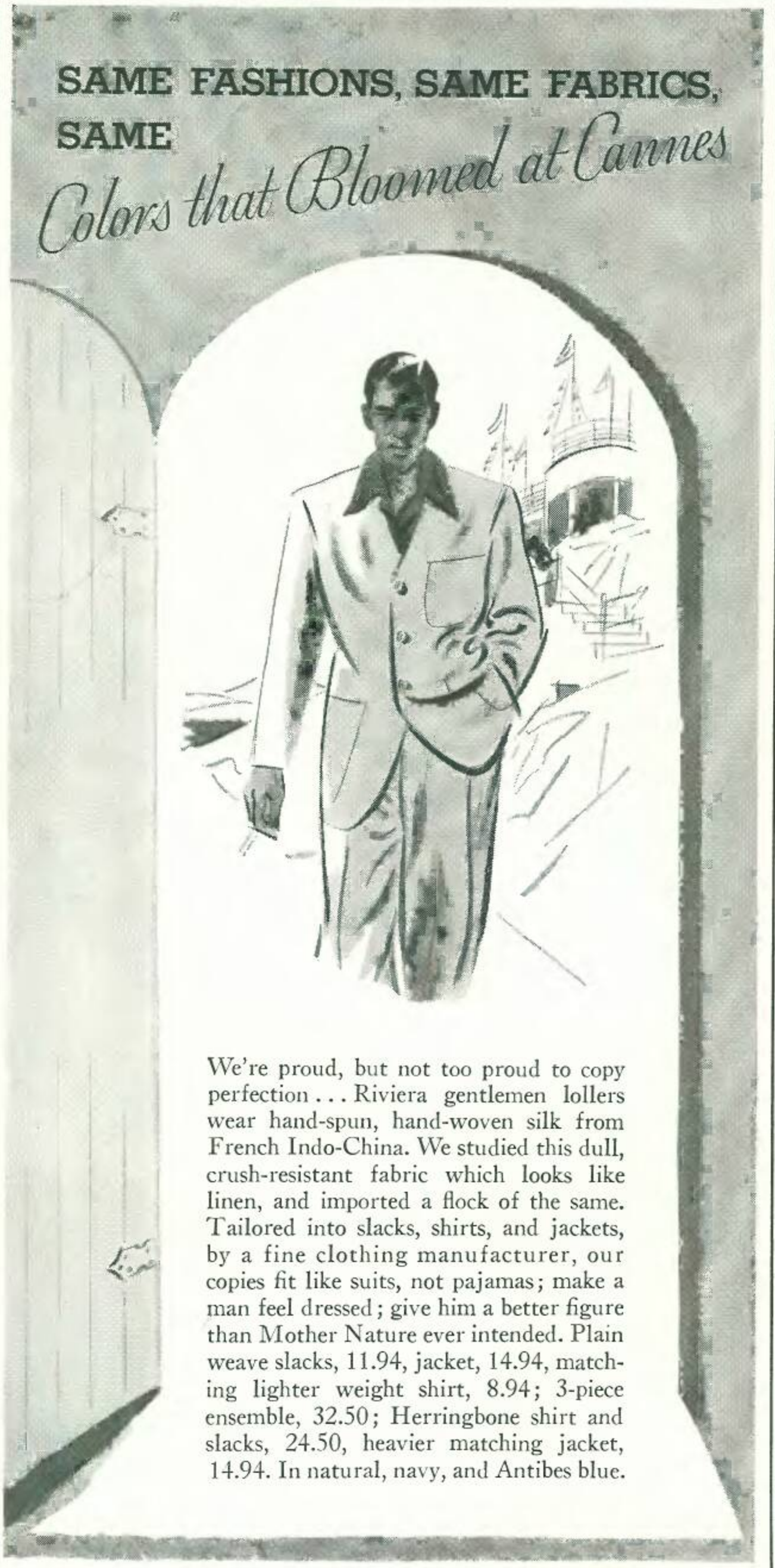
Try it yourself—it's as easy as sliding down a slope. Just mix two Manhattans—one with Angostura, and the other without. Then taste the difference!... From that time on, you'll always say:

"MAKE MINE WITH ANGOSTURA BITTERS!"



ANGOSTURA
Since 1824
THE *Mixing* LINK

BY APPOINTMENT



call the result The Masculine Mood.

The success of the brothers Leibmann, Mr. Fibson had recognized long ago, was largely due to their habit of taking every fresh idea they heard, turning it around backward, and seeing whether it would operate that way. For either Noel or Milton it would be an effortless, almost unconscious mental maneuver to derive Mr. Fibson's Selective Shop from Miss MacMurray's Masculine Mood; in fact, what would require cogitation in either Mr. Fibson or Miss MacMurray would be almost a reflex for the Leibmanns. The possibility that Miss MacMurray was to win a thousand dollars alarmed Mr. Fibson, but the prospect that he, the inventor of the Selective Shop, would never be known to the brothers Leibmann as such was too much to bear.

As he placed the final batch of suggestions upon Mr. Noel's desk, Mr. Fibson ventured to light a cigarette and talk a bit. "Mr. Leibmann," he said, "I hope you're not counting on me to help judge this contest."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Noel absently, without looking up.

Mr. Fibson made a large, fanciful circle in the air with his cigarette, then another. "Oh, merely that I had something in mind before the contest that I think is way ahead of these letters," he said negligently.

Mr. Noel looked up sharply. "What was stopping you from letting us know about it, then? Not *modesty*, I hope."

"Well, you did give me the contest to run," said Mr. Fibson, looking at the end of the cigarette.

"But my God, should that keep you from using your *brains?*" asked Mr. Noel encouragingly, getting up. "Go ahead, tell us *your* idea."

"Only it's so similar to another that came in from Personnel that I hesitate to mention it," said Mr. Fibson. "What I mean is, even a disinterested party might think I borrowed mine from hers, which wasn't the case at all." Mr. Noel looked more keenly at him but made no comment. "Of course," said Mr. Fibson, holding his cigarette a long way off, "I had intended to turn my idea over to the store anyway, as soon as I'd worked it out at home." And then, with hardly any urging, he told Mr. Leibmann all about the Selective Shop.

FOR a week after the contest's close nothing was heard from the fourteenth floor. Mr. Fibson returned to regular personnel work, and tried very hard to take an interest in it and to pretend that it was not merely tem-



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1. Be gay—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2. Be moderate—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
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porary. Whenever girlish voices from Kitchenware or Stationery plagued him with "Say, who won that contest, anyway? Where's my thousand dollars?" he shrugged his shoulders and replied with a mysterious grin, pointing upward. His colleague Miss MacMurray addressed him only through curt, typewritten memorandums, which made him think that a premature hint of the Selective Shop had filtered down from fourteen. One day, however, she contrived suddenly to meet him alone in the narrow green corridor back of the files. She was a large, mooselike maiden, ruddy and outspoken. "That was a fast one you pulled, Fibson," she said. "Lots of my friends thought you were pretty smart."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Fibson demanded. He pressed back against the wall as she strode past. "You're way off, MacMurray," he said anxiously after her. "Our suggestions just *happened* to run alike. Ask them upstairs."

Two days later, and for the first time since he had been in the store's employ, Mr. Fibson was summoned to the office of Mr. Milton Leibmann. The senior partner resembled his brother, who was standing in the background, but he was balder and leaner, with more the look of a beagle, and his voice was nearly an octave deeper.

"We find ourselves," he said, seeming to speak almost as much to his brother as to Mr. Fibson, "in something of a situation with regard to the contest." He took a white handkerchief from his lapel pocket and suspended it loosely at his side, as though intending to wave it. "Your suggestion and that of Miss MacMurray are worth considering. The rest—pretty disappointing."

"We'd like to give both ideas a trial first," put in Mr. Noel, more intimately than his brother. "Yours first, then perhaps Miss MacMurray's." Mr. Fibson's heart leaped up to glory. In his mind he was already receiving general congratulations and turning them modestly aside.

Mr. Milton did not seem to have heard his brother. He passed a thin hand over his eyes and went on. "The suggestion contest *as a whole* has been a *failure*," he stated, looking deeply into Mr. Fibson's eyes. "Miss MacMurray's suggestion was of course the best. But your own"—he covered his mouth rapidly with his handkerchief and spoke behind it—"which we understand was submitted simply for our information"—he took away the handkerchief again—"was even better. Any case, the two suggestions are so nearly identical

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that we can't see why *hers* alone should be eligible for a prize."

"But naturally," said his brother, "we hate to disappoint any people in the store." He looked at Mr. Milton.

"Oh, we want to go through on the thing," said Mr. Milton, and his voice checked suddenly. In the subsequent extended silence it was borne gradually in upon Mr. Fibson that the Leibmann brothers were waiting for him to show them a way out.

"I'm sorry about the contest," he faltered.

"It isn't the money at all," said Mr. Noel, looking out of the window.

"The money is there," said Mr. Milton positively. "All we have to consider now is whether pouring out prizes for ideas we don't use wouldn't be doing our morale a lot of real harm. Other words, getting an *opposite* effect."

Inspiration rose upward in Mr. Fibson, bursting like a lovely rocket. "Why don't we just let the contest ride for a while?" he said. "Without awarding any prizes, I mean. Don't even mention it. Just let time take its course."

Mr. Noel nodded. "You have an idea there," he said, and then, turning to his brother, "Mr. Fibson has a very good idea. Meanwhile we could try out his Selective Shop. Then, should we get results"—Mr. Milton was nodding over and over again as he listened—"we could use Miss MacMurray's idea too. Only we could tell her that it was just another twist of Mr. Fibson's idea." Mr. Noel spoke quickly and yet with a shade of uncertainty, as if what he said had just popped into his mind. But Mr. Fibson's heart fell away from him. Looking at the faces of the brothers Leibmann, he felt sure that such a solution must have occurred to them long beforehand. It was all so neat.

"We could tell her," Mr. Noel was saying, "that it's really Mr. Fibson's idea and that he isn't getting any money for it outside his salary. She can't very well object. And I really don't believe that she will, do you, Mr. Fibson? Especially when she finds out that she's to be in charge of the Selective Shop."

At his climax, Mr. Noel threw a bright, comradely glance at Mr. Fibson, and Mr. Fibson, though he felt that matters had got far, far away from him, smiled loyally back.

—GEORGE WELLER

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From an adv. in The New Yorker*]

A cold wind blows out of the North, and the still air warns of snow.



THE
IRIDIUM ROOM
presents
DOROTHY LEWIS
and a new
ENTERTAINMENT ON ICE
with
Margaret and Mary Simpson
Jane Nicholson • Earle Reiter
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE KIDS

THE first time I ever particularly noticed the Gae Foster Girls was one night several months ago when I went to the Roxy Theatre to see a picture I have long since forgotten, and twenty-four chorus girls pedalled madly out of the wings on bicycles, spread all over the stage in an intricate routine, and rode off again. I remember applauding as much as I ever have for a motion-picture-house stage show, which is not much. Some weeks later I dropped in again and found the Gae Foster Girls going through their paces on roller skates —forty-eight wheel-bearing legs on a stage seventy feet wide by sixty deep, flirting with the wings and the edge of the orchestra pit. For my third visit the girls had cooked up something less strenuous but equally spectacular. They played "Ti-pi-tin" on twenty-four small white pianos, each apparently taking a different part and all together producing sounds that were recognizable, if musically inartistic. From that day on I have been one of the probably few people who go to the Roxy just to see the chorus. I understand, though, that some people are fond of the girls over at the Radio City Music Hall. The two choruses are sometimes confused, and I had better explain how they differ. The Radio City girls, or Rockettes, are regimented dolls who can really only do one thing: precision kicking. They do it undeniably well and as a result they are photographed a lot and sometimes sent to Europe. The Gae Foster Girls, on the other hand, are a happy combination of dancer, acrobat, and trained animal. It's a dull week for them if they are not in, under, or on skis, or bouncing balls, or rolling hoops, or skipping ropes. They tie bells, each tuned to a different note, to their feet and step out popular songs. They dance on stilts, Pogo sticks, unicycles, large wooden balls, and ladders. I think they are the most talented girls in the world, and I love them.

It was some time after my heart warmed to them that I met Gae Foster and asked her how she did it. She is an attractive lady of thirty-six, whose coal-black hair is flecked with gray, and after I got to know her better, I decided she was lucky to have any black hair at all. Her office, on the fifth floor of the Roxy building, is usually the centre of that kind of hysterical, informal turmoil that marks a theatrical producer's office. At approximately the same time, she is likely to be examining this week's costumes and the sketches for next week's, humming a song over the telephone to an arranger, and outlining a routine with one of her assistants. She was doing all of those things when I first saw her, and she stopped to ask if I'd like to see how one of her novelty, or prop, numbers originated. I said yes, I would. On the floor above, we entered a room containing thirty accordions, a piano, a brown-haired man in a white shirt and a pair of dirty white flannels, several perspiring girls in halters and shorts, and half a dozen ladders. I gathered after watching for a couple of minutes that the general idea was for the girls to be aloft on the ladders, walking on them as though they were stilts, and that the young man was to help them get there and stay there. "Just climb right on and walk," he was urging them. He clambered to the top of one himself and swayed on it, holding his balance by throwing his stomach back and forth. "Come on up," he said. "It's easiest on the top."

These were not stepladders, the kind of ladders you have around a house. They were simply two pieces of wood, or legs, seven feet long, with eight rungs connecting the two legs for the first four and a half feet. They were not meant to walk on; I know because I tried. To Gae Foster, however, no prop is too outlandish for her girls—or kids, as she calls them. The kids repay this confidence by learning patiently to balance themselves on the most improbable things, no matter how giddy the height, how unstable the prop, or how many bruises they pick up while trying. No more than two girls were allowed to practice at once on the ladders because it was largely a matter of guesswork where they would hit the floor. Nobody doubted for a moment that they would fall, and they did fall. Each girl had her own way of walking and her own way of tumbling down. Genevieve, a tall brunette in blue shorts and a flowery halter, stood stiffly erect on her ladder and moved forward, when she could, with uncertain steps; Betty, a sleek blonde in red silk, travelled at high speed, trying to cover as much ground as possible before the inevitable flop. Ethel, in a loose-fitting wrapper, punctuated her wavering progress with shrill screams. "My goodness, I'm marvellous!" she would say with honest self-appraisal. Then she



"Did you call me, dear?"



"Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present."

From Macaulay's History of England
Volume I, Chapter 1

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would count her steps. "One—two—three—four—five—*six*—*seven*—ooh!—gosh!" The "gosh" always came just after she hit the floor.

Ethel's hazardous journey was indicative, with individual variations, of the primary education of the other twenty-three girls. As qualified Masters of Ladder-walking, they appeared on the stage some weeks ago. Until the girls finally came to an understanding with their unruly props, there wasn't much that Miss Foster or anyone else could do. It was up to the kids themselves: Greta, Rita, Jo, Edna, Frances, Elaine, Natalie, and the other lovely creatures. They had to figure out, by the trial-and-error method, how to stay on top of their ladders, and, to their own surprise and mine, they did. They received some advice, but it was mostly their problem to determine how far they should throw their bodies to nullify the back-to-earth tendencies of their ladders and how, when recovery was out of the question, they could get to the floor with the least amount of injury to themselves and others nearby.

As a rule they don't work with Miss Foster herself except at the last rehearsals. She has several assistants who nurse a number through its preliminary steps: Alice Sullivan, Flo Kelly, Anolyn Arden, and Beth Mitchell—all promoted from the ranks—and Hal Beckett, until recently only an accompanist, but now an instructor as well. He was the fellow in the dirty white pants. Up to a couple of years ago he had never done anything more acrobatic than play the piano at rehearsals. He began to experiment with new props as fast as they were delivered, however, and became so expert that the girls looked to him for help. They now accept his advice faithfully, no matter how suicidal it seems. "I'm just one of those crazy people who never grow up," he will tell you, which may explain why he perches himself on the seat of a unicycle or the top rung of a ladder when he could be sitting on a piano stool. He got the biggest thrill of his perennial adolescence when he taught the girls to play the piano. Only a handful of them could so much as tell a clef from a staff, but he crowded twenty-four pianos into one rehearsal room and managed ultimately to produce "Ti-pi-tin." He divided the girls into groups, entrusting the most proficient ones with the melody and runs. Another lot were given two basic chords or a trill and ordered to pound away at them no matter what happened. The Class C girls, for whom he held little hope, were put on the afterbeat, given two keys to strike in order, and told sternly never to let their attention stray for a moment. The act was good enough, in time, to get into the newsreels, which is more than a lot of excellent pianists have ever done. Pleased with this success, Miss Foster now has the girls learning to play accordions, which they'll have to carry around with them. The accordions weigh thirty pounds apiece.

THIS is Gae Foster's sixth year at the Roxy and some of the girls have been with her almost that long. Once a girl shows the proper willingness to defy the laws of balance, she's likely to remain there permanently unless distracted by the cares of housekeeping or the prospect of an easier and better-paid life at the Music Hall. There is little chance of her attaining that caviar-and-champagne happiness that awaits the chorus girl in movie plots. The Roxy is hardly an intimate playhouse and few stage-door Johnnies spring from its customers' ranks. When you are trying to stand erect on a heavy, rolling sphere that may at any moment "kiss" the next ones to it, like a billiard ball, and send you and half a dozen of your favorite girl friends sprawling on a hard wooden floor, you just haven't time to answer the appealing look of that gold-toothed man in the second row centre.

It grieves the girls sometimes to observe their audiences' reactions. The average Roxy patron, they have sorrowfully concluded, gauges the difficulty of a number in direct proportion to the size of the prop. Bicycles, therefore, generally receive a more rousing reception than unicycles. "Two wheels here," the enthusiastic man in the mezzanine evidently figures to himself, "and that other dingus had only one." This sort of thing distresses the girls. After one of their performances on the single-wheeled contraption was greeted apathetically, they appointed a spokesman, who stepped to the apron of the stage and suggested pleasantly that if any member of the audience thought riding a unicycle was easy, why didn't he just step backstage and try it? One brash youth accepted the challenge, and the girls look back on the ensuing two hours as the happiest of their lives. They gathered in a rehearsal room, in a bitter, mocking semicircle, and watched the unhappy novice struggle wildly in a corner, bouncing from wall to wall but making no actual progress, until he finally withdrew, battered and apologetic. Another time, when the girls were being interviewed backstage, one of their visitors noticed a big wooden ball

and asked what it was used for. "They dance on those," said the Roxy's press agent. "Looks kind of easy," remarked the interviewer. With a man steadying him on either side, he climbed up, and as soon as they let go, he fell flat on his face. The girls liked that.

THE day's work is hard and long and not very remunerative, but then their prime objective is to make a living. They get thirty-five dollars a week (thirty until they've had twelve weeks' experience, and I mean *experience*). Their work week has seven days in it. They get every seventh week off. Frequently they start rehearsing at nine in the morning or even earlier and their last show ends at eleven at night. They usually make three appearances a performance: first in a walk-on; then as a feminine background, with a little ballet dancing thrown in, while some singer or dance team holds the spotlight; and finally, to close the show, in their novelty act. Between performances they have one ten- and one fifteen-minute rest period, and between those they rehearse and have costumes fitted. They spend the rest periods in their dressing rooms, reading, doing crossword puzzles, eating sandwiches, drinking Coca-Colas, and listening to the radio or victrola. Some of the married girls knit. Children and husbands are not allowed backstage; it wouldn't do at all to have them hanging around watching Mamma almost break her neck. About a fourth of the girls are married. They don't belong to any union, but the American Federation of Actors has been trying to persuade them to organize.

To perfect the ladder number, which was more difficult than anything they had tried before except the unicycles, the girls each put in about twenty hours of practice. They were adjudged ready to perform when eighteen of them managed to stay aloft for four minutes, which was the length of the routine. At the start, some were a little timid about trying it, there being more doubts than usual to overcome because when the number was first considered one of the girls crashed into a wall, doing considerable damage to her own teeth and the other girls' morale. Injuries, however, are not often serious. In practicing on a ladder, one girl hurt her shoulder and, upon recovering from that, sprained her ankle. Another bruised her knee while practicing on the wooden balls and then hit it again on the same spot when she slipped in a roller-skating routine. She wouldn't wear a bandage at performances, though,



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on the ground that the audience would think the routines were too hard and be apprehensive instead of appreciative.

ZERO hour at the Roxy is Friday morning at eight-thirty, when all hands turn out for one last rehearsal before the new show goes on. The house lights glow dimly; electricians and stagehands scurry around tugging and hammering at things; the orchestra sits sleepily in its pit, in shirtsleeves; Miss Foster's assistant producers pace the stage hoping to detect any flaws as the girls and the other acts run through their routines; a photographer sets up his camera on a platform thrown across half a dozen orchestra seats and takes publicity stills. The assistants all carry large pads of yellow paper, on which they scribble notes about lights and costumes and cues, and Miss Foster, who has a pad too, stations herself on the edge of a seat in the tenth row of the orchestra—a large board in front of her bearing a chart of lights, a rough, mimeographed outline of the show at her left hand, a chromium microphone at her right, and a wad of gum moving restlessly in her cheek. Through the mike she gives orders to the orchestra leader, the electricians, and the girls, and in between everybody asks her questions. From eight-thirty to ten-thirty, when the house manager rushes down and asks to have the theatre because the people waiting outside for the first showing of the movie are getting impatient, she sits there and checks every detail of the show, from the way the girls bend their wrists in a ballet number to the spots that will be thrown on a pair of comedians if and when they are called from the wings to take a bow. Then she climbs to the stage, where the girls are waiting in a heavily breathing knot, adjusting the straps on their costumes and leaning on their props. "Don't be nervous, kids. Go out there and do your best. We know you're trying," she tells them in the manner of a football coach before the game.

Two hours later, when the kids are out there doing their best, Miss Foster is high up in a box on the left-hand side of the house, above the top row of balcony seats, peering down through opera glasses, taking more notes, still giving instructions through a microphone to the men in the light booth, and even talking to the girls on the stage through another microphone. Her voice isn't amplified strongly enough to carry to the audience, of course. When a difficult stunt has its première, her staff joins her, and everybody waits tensely and anxiously for the

girls to finish their routine in safety. When the girls first performed on bicycles, one assistant who had seen the number done successfully in dozens of rehearsals became so excited that she burst out crying and had to be led away.

WHEN the Gae Foster Girls are not precipitating emotional crises by doing these outlandish things on the stage, they are a perfectly nice, normal bunch, a little better-looking than a Junior League committee. They come from all over the country. Miriam Norris, who seems typical, is from Owensboro, Kentucky. She is a small brunette (112 pounds and just short of five feet four) of the Sylvia Sidney type, with a soft voice and big, brown, liquid eyes. Miriam has spent exactly a third of her twenty-one years in chorus work. Seven years ago she left Owensboro to join a travelling outfit that played two- or three-night stands in the South. In 1936 she came to New York with another girl and applied for a job at the Roxy. They were promptly introduced to a pair of wooden balls. They picked up the knack fast enough to walk the balls on the stage six days later. Miriam lives in a three-room apartment on West Fifty-first Street with three other Foster girls and the grandmother of one of them. Miriam gets along on five or six hours of sleep a night—sleep often troubled, she says, by visions of huge wooden balls rolling crazily or ladders inching their way across the room and then falling on her bed. She goes to the midnight showings at other movie houses and dedicates Saturday morning to shopping—unless the chorus still happens to be rehearsing the show that opened the day before. Barring this not unusual occurrence, the girls have Saturday morning off. Miriam's ambition is to be a singer.

The only quality Miss Foster insists on in her girls is intelligence, of which they gave unexpected proof some months ago when the Roxy's press agent conspired to have five of them compete against five N.Y.U. freshmen in a spelling bee over the air. He was a little scared because none of the girls had been to college, and everybody knows how bright N.Y.U. boys are supposed to be. His fears were unwarranted; the girls took not only first but second prize as well. Rhea Keene was the winner, earning twenty-five dollars on the word "cyclamen" after having danced lightly through "eleemosynary." It was unfair to the boys; they should have been warned that Rhea spends her spare



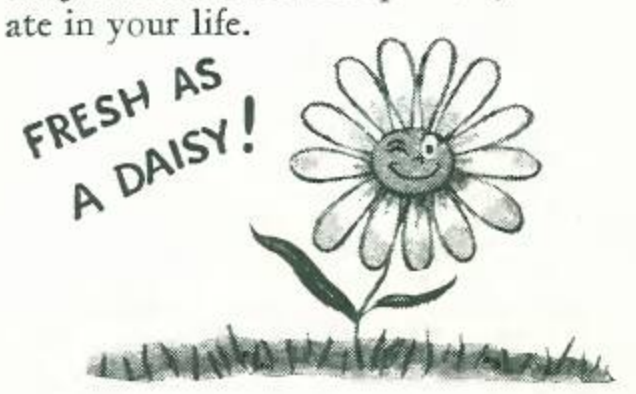
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time browsing in dictionaries and that last year, while the boys were frittering away their time at the Roxy, probably, she was at home, laid up for four months with a back injury received from experimenting with an uncoöperative prop, studying mathematics, history, and philosophy. Rhea didn't finish high school, and neither, for that matter, did her boss. Gae Foster never even went to high school. At the age of sixteen, not at all worried by her lack of formal education, she got a job in Los Angeles operating a comptometer and at night took dancing lessons. This surprised her father, a linotype operator, who had expected his daughter to be a business woman and had never noticed any signs of theatrical talent in either his or his wife's family. After a brief fling in New York, where she studied and danced in Fokine's "Aphrodite," Gae returned to California and won a place in an Albertina Rasch line, subsequently joining up with Fanchon and Marco, who control the vaudeville bookings at the Roxy. First as a dancer, and later as a producer, she has been working with them for the last sixteen years. It was about ten years ago, in October of 1928, that she produced her first novelty number, a dance on stilts by Gae's Sweet Sixteen, as her girls were known on the Coast. That was at the Manchester Theatre in Hollywood. Since then she has thought up acts utilizing practically every object that a girl can hold or that can hold a girl.

To date, the biggest and hardest routine was the one that accompanied "Alexander's Ragtime Band" a while ago. That picture contained a large collection of Irving Berlin's tunes, and Miss Foster, entering into the spirit of the occasion, put on a little roundup of her own. She added twelve girls to the usual two dozen—girls who would normally have been on vacation at the time and others around town who had had previous experiences with her. During the picture's five-week run they handled nine kinds of prop in each show: megaphones, illuminated hoops, drums, bicycles, unicycles, roller skates, foils, bouncing balls, and wooden balls. I'd like to see the famous Rockettes try *that*.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

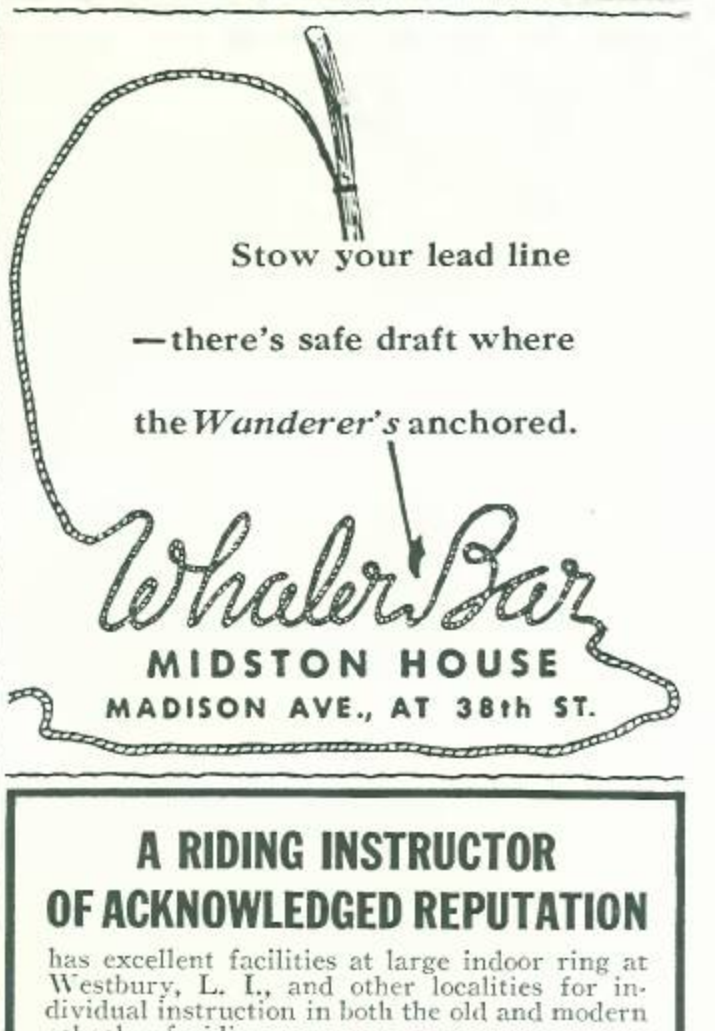
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A NOVELTY LETTER

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THE RACE TRACK

Hialeah Opening—Ascot Stands—A Tip on the Derby

IT is hard to tell just when racing at Miami stops being fun and gets to be routine, but it is safe to say that neither George Odom nor Don Meade nor Joe Widener was bored by it last week. Odom brought off a 20–1 chance in the Hialeah Park Inaugural Handicap when Early Delivery, a colt he has trained for Mrs. Plunket Stewart, led all the way, beating Wise Prince, whose old legs didn't bother him as much as usual, and ten other runners. Odom was even more pleased over the performance the next day of Marshall Field's Sir Damion, whom he has also trained. Sir Damion hadn't run since the Kentucky Derby of 1937, when Pompoon kicked him so badly that he hobbled about for weeks. After that, he suffered all sorts of mishaps. Even at the last moment, Odom had reason to worry a bit when Sir Damion became wildly excited about a white pony standing in the paddock. Horses sometimes act up when they see white ponies; nobody seems to know why. It didn't affect Sir Damion's speed, however, and he won by lengths. He's decidedly worth remembering in races up to a mile, but he isn't as fast as Pasteurized.



Particularly gratifying to some of us, even if rather embarrassing to the officials who suspended him two years ago, was the riding of Meade. It took him about a fortnight to get going after being reinstated (he had only thirteen winners to Arcaro's twenty-six at Tropical Park) but he has acquired such a following that the odds on anything he rides are a point or two shorter than they would be if the horse were ridden by anyone else. It is profitable to back his mounts, too. He rode three winners—one was Early Delivery—on the first day at Hialeah, two on the second afternoon, and two more on the third.

What pleased the crowd most was that Joe Widener, who thinks of everything, closed the mile chute, which was unpopular because nobody could see the starts of the races there. Now people probably will complain about the starts they can see. Everyone also liked the little wooden stands arranged around the walking ring in the paddock so that more people can watch the horses parade. Mr. Widener borrowed the idea from Ascot, but his stands are wider and easier to climb onto than those at the royal race course. I daresay we'll have something like them in the paddock at Belmont Park this season. Another innovation at Hialeah is the use of yellowish-tan saddlecloths with big, black figures on them. This helps horse-players to whom thoroughbreds are just numbers.

THE hottest tip of the week was Belair Stud's Joharie in a six-and-a-half-furlong race for three-year-olds. However, Joharie got away badly and finished third—lengths behind the winner, Ed Bradley's Balmy Spring. We'll know more about the form of these colts when and if they meet again, as I fancy they will, in the Hialeah Stakes this weekend.

The best-looking two-year-old out so far at Hialeah is a brown filly from the Valdina Farm Stable—Valdina Gold, by Bull Dog. She finished second to Rancho's Girl on the opening day (I suspect that she wasn't quite wound up that afternoon), but she won easily enough last Saturday.

CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT gave me his annual tip on the Derby Stakes the other day. "I hope to win it myself with Foxborough," he said. "He's really a first-class colt." Foxborough, as you ought to know, is a brother of Gallant Fox, belongs to William Woodward, was bred in Kentucky, and was the best two-year-old in England last season. Although he ran, and won, only twice, he was top weight in the Free Handicap, the semi-official rating for juveniles over there. He won the Middle Park Stakes and so, as is customary, became the winter-book favorite for the Derby. In the last call-over of the odds I heard, he was 7–1. Incidentally, if you're thinking of going to England, the Derby will be run on May 24th. For longer than anyone can remember, the race has been run on the first Wednesday in June, but this year it has been moved forward to Empire Day.

NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: Townsend Martin flying down from New York to see Galapas run, and flying right back. . . . Winston Guest looking for a tip. . . . Senator Dunnigan having a flutter on Sir Damion. . . . Ben Bernie trying his new system—betting to win on three horses in the same race. . . . Colonel Martingale figuring up the service charge on losing wagers.

—AUDAX MINOR

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● There'll be a through Phoenix-Pullman from Chicago on the famous *Chief* — *daily* this season from December 15th — and improved service between Phoenix and Los Angeles.

● Your nearest Santa Fe representative will give you full details.

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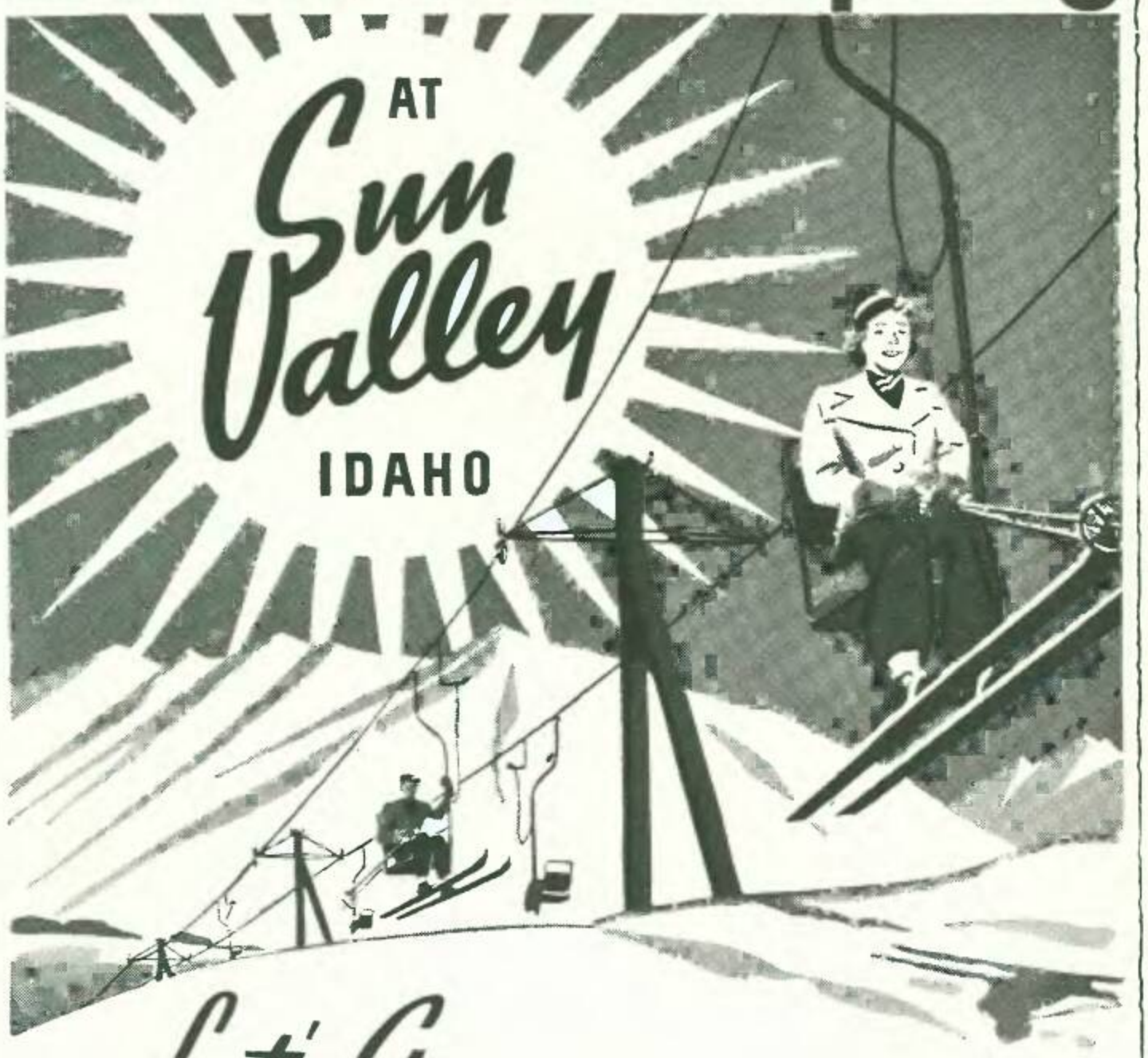
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AT

Sun Valley

IDAHO



Let's Go — to this delightful winter vacationland where all members of the family will enjoy healthful recreation . . . where the air is dry and invigorating, the sun radiates a surprising warmth and there's an informal, friendly western atmosphere.

More Skiing for your Time and Money In addition to "powder" snow which lasts until late spring—and long timber-free slopes, one of Sun Valley's big attractions are the chair ski-lifts which carry skiers to the top of the slopes and make it possible to enjoy an amazing number of downhill runs in an hour's time. For beginners there are practice slopes and a Ski School staffed by experts who also instruct in racing technique.

AND MANY OTHER SPORTS

—including skating, sleighing, and swimming in an outdoor warm-water pool. During the evening hours, music, dancing and first-run movies may be enjoyed.

• • • •

Sun Valley Lodge is the finest hostelry of its kind and the picturesque Challenger Inn features attractive double rooms at $4 per day up. Both Lodge and Inn are "European plan" . . . Write for schedule of special winter-spring events.

●



For information or reservations, write or wire

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General Manager
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Pass'r Traffic Manager
Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.



THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

TREAT

ONE of the women was holding money in her hand. "You don't have to do this, Hazel," she said.

"Oh, but I want to," the other one said, rooting in her purse.

"Please let me do it," the taller, more smartly dressed one said.

"Oh no."

"But there will be other times. You can do it some other time, you know."

"But I phoned you. *I* asked *you* to lunch. . . . Oh, Miss, Miss," Hazel called at a passing waitress, who paid no attention to her.

The two women were still a little flushed from their cocktails. Before them stood two silver dishes, and in each dish a cigarette end was drinking up the dregs of sherbet.

"Now please let me," the taller woman said. "After all, Freddy drove us to the depot and I owe you for that. I really owe you taxi fare."

Their waitress appeared suddenly, tore two checks from her pad, and slipped them under a sugar bowl. The smaller woman seized them. "We won't talk any more about it," she said.

"I really owe you taxi fare to the station, Hazel."

"But it isn't as if my husband were running a taxi," the other one said.

"Oh, of course not. But let me do it just this once. You know Elliot's salary has been raised and we have a little more than we need. Please let me do this."

"No, oh no, oh no, oh no," the other one said quickly. She waved a ten-dollar bill and the two checks in the air.

"Pay at the desk," the waitress said.

"I wouldn't have ordered a second cocktail, Hazel, if I had known you intended to pay."

"Why, that's ridiculous. I wanted another myself."

"I know. But I suggested them. And I have the money right here."

"What difference does that make?" the smaller one asked sharply.

"Oh, no difference, only—"

"We haven't a great deal of money now that Freddy's not working. But I have enough to buy my friends luncheons in restaurants like this."

"Of course, my dear."

"It's ridiculous. It's perfectly ridiculous. I won't have people buying my luncheons and feeling sorry for me. I won't have people talking about it."

"Well, no one is talking about it."

"They do talk about it. If Freddy wears the same necktie twice, they talk about it. Helen Hildebrandt thinks that I let Vida go because I can't afford to

keep a maid. Yes she does, too. Perhaps we're not living as foolishly as we used to. Perhaps we're not doing as much entertaining. I let Vida go because she was unsatisfactory, not because I can't afford to keep a servant. I've had more servants in my day than Helen Hildebrandt."

"Please, Hazel, people are looking at you."

"I let Vida go because she was incompetent and because she stole. I can't stand a maid who steals. When she was going out Thursday, I asked her where the square tin was. The one I use for biscuits. She said she didn't know where it was, and after she'd left I looked in her room and I found it in her suitcase, full of fudge. That's why I let her go. Not because I can't afford to keep her. And what if I can't afford to keep her? What if we do have to buy coal by the ton? What if we can't afford a maid? What of it, what of it, what of it? Who does it concern but me?" And then her face fell and the tears began streaming down her cheeks. She got up quickly from the table, paid the cashier, and went out.

The other woman left a tip and hurried after her through the crowd. She ran a little in her high heels, daintily and insecurely, as if she were running on a glaze of ice, calling softly after her friend, "Hazel. Hazel, dear. Please, Hazel."

—JOHN CHEEVER

• •

THE FURTHER OFF FROM ENGLAND . . .

GRACE MOORE SAYS CONTROVERSY RAGES IN CANNES OVER HER CURTSY TO THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR WITH THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, ETIQUETTE AUTHORITY, LEADING THE OPPOSITION.—*Headline in the Post.*

"Will you move a little faster?" said the Diva to the Duke.
"There's a Countess close behind me and she's dealing out rebuke.
Won't you please persuade your Family to employ the final mercy,
For the Côte d'Azur is crackling in the flames of Controversy.
Your lady's name is ancient,
  But her blood is somewhat newer.
So shall we, shan't we, shall we, shan't we,
  Shall we curtsy to her?

"I bowed to you, I bowed to her, I bent the full degree.
I sent a chilling shudder through the British Colony.
A Peeress sought her pallet and a Peer got indigestion,
And Cannes is split in twain about a Very Vital Question.
Casinos hum with gossip,
  And villas surge with strife,
For can we, can't we, can we, can't we
  Recognize your wife?

"In other lands and countries, on less amazing shores,
They talk of pacts and politics and armaments and wars.
They babble over treaties or vilify the Debt,
But on the Riviera we are torn by Etiquette.
All furrowed are our foreheads,
  Considering the case
Of may we, might we, may we, might we
  Curtsy to Her Grace."

"Ah, well the earth may tremble and well the world may rock,"
Said the Singer to reporters when they met her at the dock.
"For who can eat his caviar and who can slumber sound
When the matter to be settled is a question so profound?
Along the golden beaches,
  Beside the colored sea,
Some range themselves with Pembroke
  And some line up with me.
But from no burning bush or
  Incendiary palm
Has come the ultimate answer,
  Pontifical and calm,
To 'Does she, could she, shall she, should she
  Rate the Royal Salaam?' "

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



BEACH ROBE
of Special Design French Ratiné
Price : $42.50

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Fine Shirtmaker
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GERRY MORTON
and his
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DANCING Daily, Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



ONE of the most infantile aspects of that supposedly brilliant merchandising which New York shops brag about is the way they make the customer forage so violently to find clothes for the weather that is immediately upon her. You are sneered at if, by the first of November, when it is still more or less balmy, you have not already purchased wool dresses and other warm gear; if you want bathing suits or informal summer clothes, you have to get them by the middle of June, despite the fact that summer wardrobes have a way of needing replenishing at frequent intervals and that bathing suits are pretty faded by the weekend of July 15th.

To make matters more maddening, experience proves that people who want pretty and unusual clothes for the summer should darn well get them now from the various cruise shops about town. The most attractive things disappear without a trace around the middle of February, never to show up again. So, even if you have no cruise in the offing, you might want to do some prowling, in a forehanded and resentful way.

Lord & Taylor are making much of their own designer, Brigance, a fellow with a gaga Victorian point of view that extends to bathing suits. I couldn't take my eyes off one sleek, princesse rubber affair with a cluster of rubber flowers between the breasts. Rubber frills, simulating embroidered eyelet ruffles, edge the décolletage (which has shoulder straps) and the skirt. The same sort of ruffly edges appear on wool suits—some that are slim, one-piece affairs, flaring slightly toward the hem; others that consist of brassières, shorts, skirts, and waist-length sweaters like hug-me-tight bed jackets. You may prefer Brigance's polka-dot surah brassière and skirt, outlined with white piqué pleated ruffles, or his sharkskin, which has the eyelet effect on the tunic top as well as on the panties beneath. Brigance has designed a silk-rayon bowknot print that makes a bathing suit in which plain linen outlines the evening-dress top. His crêpe dresses, either plain or printed and suitable for resorts or for immediate use with short fur jackets, are commendable, too. They are belted, but so designed that there is no break around what manufacturers laughingly call the waist, which usually hits me high on the diaphragm. One simple, fitted affair ($25) of crêpe has inset panels of pleating down the front and on the short sleeves; it suggests Patou in his heyday.

YOU will find the products of the Cape Cod Fish Net Industries everywhere, the most desirable being a multitude of turbans which are decorative, keep your locks from tousling when you're outdoors, and have the advantage of being cool to boot. Many of the turbans are already made up, with twisted or braided edges; among them are baby bonnets with sharp points behind the ears, and an exceptional visor on a net headband. Getting two- and three-color arrangements with long scarf ends to wrap as you like is more fun, however, because the coloring of the nets is so lovely that combining them is a joy in itself. The nets have a faded look; you can get them in cranberry reds, mauves, sand yellows, soft greens, and exceptional blues, ranging from navy to soft turquoise. All told, there are fourteen colors. Turbans of these, with long matching net scarves that twist around your waistline, will liven up any plain summer dress. There are wide belts that button in front, corselet style; belts held by wooden-circle buckles; and belts with cork buttons. More fancy are vast net beach skirts and peasant blouses. Lord & Taylor have a large assortment



"Why should Madam be afraid? Schiaparelli isn't."

"Once there was a little boy ...30 years old"



1. Listen, Tommy, while mummy tells you a story about a great big man. Most of the time he acted like a man. But every night at supper-time he used to behave like a child. All because he was one of those people who are affected by coffee.



2. Of course, he loved coffee very, very much. But the caffein in it always kept him awake. Every night his wife would say: "You simply mustn't drink any coffee tonight!" And every night he'd drink his coffee, just the same.



3. So finally his wife became so discouraged she asked a wise neighbor what to do. The neighbor said: "Give him Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free. And *only* the caffein comes out ... the flavor *stays in!*"



4. That night the wife made her husband some Sanka Coffee. "My stars," he said, "this is the best coffee I've had in years!" Then she said: "It's Sanka Coffee and can't keep you awake."



5. Yes, dear, of course, the man was daddy. And that's why he drinks Sanka Coffee every night, and never, never loses any sleep. And (here's the wonderful part of it) that's why daddy isn't cross in the morning any more!



6. "But, Mummy—who told the wise neighbor about Sanka?" Her doctor told her that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee is forbidden."



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Prices in Debutante Hat Shop

5.00 5.75 7.50 10.50

Main Floor, 56th Street



of these; so do other places where summer sports clothes are available.

JANE ENGEL, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), is unique, as far as I know, in having thin woollen dresses, many of them in pastels, that you can wear either in the South or on New York's wintry streets. There is one of lavender rose, with vertical bands of tucking down the front and bone buttons from neck to hem. A sheer turquoise wool affair with a collarless V neckline has vertical tucks and shirring on each side of the blouse ($16.95). It is also refreshing to be able to find, at this time of year, nice black crêpe dresses with detachable lingerie touches at the neck and on the short sleeves ($16.95 and up). There are soutache-trimmed black dresses, too, with the soutache writhing over the bolero jackets. In the room devoted to sports clothes, my eye was taken by the yellow offerings—yellow-and-white striped blouses with yellow skirts of thin wool ($10.95), and one-piece collarless linen dresses with floral printed cardigans bound with yellow linen ($16.95). Among the slacks is a weekend costume of thin greige wool which includes a collarless blouse, a pleated skirt, and straight, well-cut slacks. All this is $19.95, and mighty handy.

THE Cotton Shop, recently moved into more spacious quarters at 543 Madison Avenue (55th), has a particularly well-selected group of resort clothes that you should snag now against the time when the city's pavements begin to steam. There are charming cotton dresses of a Tootal fabric called Holy Joe (because it has tiny eyelets scattered all over it—see?). Sheer pastel Irish linens are stitched down the front and fastened with bone buttons, and heavier, darker linens (to wear in town or country with a large hat) have sharp revers and zipper fly fronts. The latter are $16.95. There are always good playsuits at this place; one is a three-piece Celanese (Crêpe Amazing, they modestly call it) with a tailored blouse (notched collar and patch pockets), a knee-length skirt with stitched-down pleats, and shorts. There is also a two-piece version of this in which the shorts are very successfully cut to resemble a skirt. The Cotton Shop has nice evening dresses, such as blue-and-white embroidered starched chiffon affairs with full skirts, and red-and-white crêpe things with red calf corselets. The Shop, too, is a haven for knockabout denims, at $2.50 and $2.95 each, with a selection, of slacks, shorts, tailored shirts, middy

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blouses, and pea jackets, trimmed with metal rustproof buttons and very gay in their matter-of-factness.

If you want denims de luxe, tailored like your spring *trotteur*, Abercrombie & Fitch have some beauties, very thin and light in weight. These come not only in the traditional blue but in a wonderful rose and a soft green. A three-piece outfit with a tuck-in blouse, shorts, and a buttoned-down skirt is exceptionally shipshape ($16.75); a princesse dress that is buttoned down the front with natural-wood buttons costs $13.75. Abercrombie is delighted with its washable capeskin hats for people who still insist on brims for sports. These come in white or a color, and they're decorated with stitching, or with a pheasant feather pointing up the peaked crown, or with feathers around the band. They start at $12.75. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Open Fires for All

THEY are bleak, chill weeks that lie ahead, and appalling numbers of people must be steeling themselves to live through them without the solace of an open fire to sit by. So it seems an ideal moment for spreading a little sly Franklin-stove propaganda, a project which has lurked in the back of my mind these many months.

Championing Ben Franklin's portable iron fireplace at this stage of the game, of course, is more or less a matter of climbing on an established band wagon. Not only has this Early American institution got along fine for nearly two centuries without any help from me, but it is enjoying a revival as a stylish accessory for the parlor, and all the decorators in town are working themselves up over its rediscovered merits. They love it for its forthright homeliness, which fits so well into present-day eighteenth- and nineteenth-century rooms; they dote on it because it is a complete fireplace, with its own little iron hearth, but can be set up as simply as an ordinary pot-bellied stove wherever there is an accessible opening into a flue.

Franklins will function with the smallest of flues. If you have bought an old brownstone and are depressed because your newly reopened flues are parlor-stove size, totally inadequate for the roaring log fires of your dreams, open-front Franklins may save the day. If the room has no fireplace, the Franklin can be set right out in the room like a parlor stove, and it will give the effect of a fireplace because of its open front. Furthermore, you can go ahead and in-

make-up and... *Click*

Don't let a powder-smeared and hair-strewn frock spoil your chances with the man in your life. Slip a Playtex* Make-up Cape over your shoulders when powdering and combing. It's a time and dress saver! Made of that amazing material, satiny liquid latex, sheer as lingerie, with a saucy swing pocket for puff, tissue, lipstick, and hairpins. In shell pink, heavenly blue, and gardenia white. Delightfully gift-packaged for bridge prizes, birthdays, and other gift occasions. A dressing table necessity that saves you cleaning bills. $1.00



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* Reg. U S. Pat. Off.

ALSO AT GARDEN CITY AND BROOKLYN

stall that beautiful marble-columned Regency mantel you bought at an auction, hoping someday to have a house to use it in; a Franklin stove will fit right inside it, look wonderful, and work like a charm, burning cannel coal, regular stove coal, small logs—in fact, anything that will go in its little maw.

The Franklin-stove public is not, of course, by any means confined to town. Small summer country places have been made habitable in freezing weather by the installation of Franklin stoves in their fireplaces, for almost any Franklin will get going faster, and heat a room more efficiently, than the hottest log fire a cottage fireplace will hold.

You can haunt the auction rooms and East Side second-hand furniture shops and come home with fine old original Franklins (often enough, unhappily, lacking some vital part that will take time and money to replace), or you can go to a good fireplace-equipment house and buy faithful reproductions, new and perfect and ready to become family heirlooms. Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th, specializes in reproduction Franklin stoves and offers a collection that really runs the gamut. It starts with the Hamilton, a tiny stove of great and simple charm (for around $25), and runs through innumerable styles and sizes to a Greek Revival beauty that looks like a model of the Parthenon and must be made up to your order. You may have it in plain iron for $100, or in dazzling white enamel, like the porcelain finish of a Nürnberg stove, for $150.

Any Franklin stove at Jackson's can be equipped with a grate for coal or with andirons for logs. Or both, if you like. Jackson recommends the use of asbestos mats under Franklins that are set upon a plain wood floor in a room with no fireplace, merely because the heat may eventually blister the varnish, not because there's any actual danger.

PROBABLY the most satisfactory of Franklin fuels is cannel coal. For that matter, cannel coal is making converts among the most hidebound of log-fire admirers, largely because of its warm, steady glow, its rapid response to kindling, and its undemanding nature. A cannel-coal fire will burn for hours without the coddling and coaxing you have to lavish upon the best of logs. You must have a good draft in your fireplace, though, for the stuff smokes like mad until the fire is well under way; and of course you must have a grate to burn it in.

If your local wood man can't supply cannel coal, get in touch with the Char-



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Illustrated Catalogue
One Dollar

ity Organization Woodyard, 516 West 28th; Benjamin E. Weeks, Inc., 412 East 31st; or Clark & Wilkins Co., 47 West 34th. Clark & Wilkins sell cannel coal only by the bag ($1.75), but if you have a cellar you'll do better to buy in larger quantities. The first two houses will send a full ton for $21 and $20 respectively; half a ton at $12.50, or 500 pounds for $7.50. All three places also sell wood—hickory at $33 a cord in standard lengths up to two feet; mixed hardwood at $26. Kindling also is $26 a cord. The Charity Organization Woodyard puts up handy two-bushel cardboard cartons of kindling for $1.25, or $1 with an order of logs. Logs cut to any specified length, by the way, can be ordered from Lewis & Conger, at $20 a cord, with enough hardwood in the mixture to assure a good, lasting fire. It's a fine idea to have some stick kindling on hand even if you use modernized kindlers like the Dixie or Volcano briquettes (Lewis & Conger; Abercrombie; etc.); someday you may want to start a really *big* log.

THE other morning I got around to seeing the plate-glass bedroom furniture at Altman, which is indeed spectacular. Great sheets of clear, inch-thick glass make the head- and footboards of the bed; tiers of wooden drawers with opaque glass fronts are placed, with weird effect, between clear glass sidepieces to form chests and cabinets; the dressing-table chair is a solid sheet of curved glass. You can't help but be impressed, but you can't help feeling, too, that it would all look a lot more at home in a World of Tomorrow exhibit than in your own bedroom. For my part, until a plate-glass bed can be made to sell for considerably less than $895, I'll take mahogany. I like chairs I can move from here to there all by myself, too. Glass furniture weighs tons.

A thing I did like, though, at Altman, was Pequot's index-tabbed sheets. The tabs, in different colors for different sizes and marked to indicate the bed the sheet fits, stick out like little flags from the bottom hems, so you can thumb through them rapidly, finding what you need without language and tears, as the sheets lie folded on your shelves. That is the sort of thing I call progress.—B. B.

•

EX-CONVENT GIRL
KILLS 3 JAGUARS
—Headline in the Sun.

Part of the worldwide religious trouble, perhaps.

IN NEW YORK: *RITZ-CARLTON, RITZ TOWER, BARCLAY, PLAZA HOTELS.* IN BOSTON: *RITZ-CARLTON*



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A Word to the Wives

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OF ALL THINGS

THE House of Representatives has cut $150,000,000 from the President's relief budget. This shows what the Tweedledums and Tweedledees can do if they work together.

•

If our citizens really want to get the Treasury out of the red, they will elect Mr. Farley President. Jim would make everybody come to dinner at $100 a plate.

•

The best that Chamberlain could get at Rome was a scoreless tie. The French refused to make a sacrifice hit.

•

The people of England, we hear, would like to have Windsor come home and be a Deputy King. He is a bear at inspecting the lower classes and he lays a wicked cornerstone.

•

Hitler has a new retreat on the top of a Bavarian peak. He sits there and looks down upon the world and considers what to do to it next.

•

The auditors who worked on the McKesson & Robbins books looked on the brighter side of things and had faith in their fellow-man. We need more of that spirit in this hostile and skeptical world.

•

Our costly defence program is designed to show the dictators that America cannot be trifled with. We hope they have not heard that our current fiction favorite is a pacifist bull named Ferdinand.

•

Representatives of the hat industry met in New York last week and issued a discouraging edict. Any man who does not own twelve kinds of hat is practically naked.

•

The selection of an English actress to play Scarlett O'Hara is, of course, an affront to Southern womanhood. It can only mean that Dixie will secede from Selznick International.

•

Business is off to a good start in 1939. Now we can all go ahead and enjoy the recovery from the recession from the recovery from the depression.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Heavy and Light—Again, Goodman—Pianos for Two

TEAMING up the tragic "Elektra" and the giddy "Amelia Goes to the Ball" may seem like combining a memorial service with Screeno, but the double bill at the Metropolitan last week obviously pleased most of the subscribers who heard it. "Elektra," with Mme. Rose Pauly and Mme. Kerstin Thorborg performing valiantly in the two principal rôles, is the most impressive sort of operatic excitement. To sing and act Elektra is an endurance test as well as a musical and theatrical feat, and Mme. Pauly accomplished it with so much vitality that she no doubt could have done it all over again the same evening. Mme. Thorborg's Klytemnestra remains a masterful impersonation, and sometimes it was hard to believe that this poisonous old wreck was being played by the same artist who does so nobly as Orfeo.



Artur Bodanzky conducts a great score brilliantly, and the production as a whole is an able exhibition. The arty posing of the chorus isn't so intrusive as it was last year, and in 1939–1940 it may be eliminated entirely, let's hope.

"Amelia Goes to the Ball" gets what it deserves—a bright, intelligible demonstration—from Miss Muriel Dickson, John Brownlee, Mario Chamlee, and Norman Cordon. Ettore Panizza, the conductor, might, however, put a little more fizz in the goings-on.

VERDI's "Simon Boccanegra," an unkeyed crossword puzzle of a libretto with some magnificent music, returned to the Metropolitan repertoire as one of the best-sung operas on the company's list. Lawrence Tibbett's Boccanegra is a classic, Ezio Pinza's Fiesco is remarkable, and there are handsome contributions from Mme. Maria Caniglia, whose voice is much steadier than it was earlier in the season, and from the ever-reliable Giovanni Martinelli. Leonard Warren, whose Metropolitan career up to this revival had been a series of Sunday-night concerts, made a competent weekday début as Paolo. The direction of Mr. Panizza is first-rate, and the staging of Désiré Defrère is agreeably simple.

The Metropolitan has taken fine care of the sound of "Simon Boccanegra." Much of the sense will have to take care of itself, because here is an opera with an almost irremediable case of "book trouble."

THERE'S no getting away from Benny Goodman—and who wants to? The celebrated swingumbob appeared as guest artist at Joseph Szigeti's violin recital in Carnegie Hall, and collaborated with Mr. Szigeti and the pianist, Endre Petri, in a new Rhapsody by Bela Bartok. Mr. Goodman's virtuosity is so great that he probably could play the Beethoven violin concerto convincingly on his licorice stick (jitterbug for clarinet), and he flung off the Bartok music as if it were no more exertion than a chorus of "Sweet Sue."

Mr. Szigeti tore into his assignment with such energy that he broke a string; after repairs, he resumed operations a couple of pages before the accident, so the second part of the Rhapsody, which was encored, had something like two and a half hearings. The second part is delightful, and the first isn't. This report shouldn't overlook the notable playing of Mr. Szigeti all evening—or the swell pianism of Mr. Petri.

ANNIVERSARY concerts usually have to do only with the time that has elapsed since the artist's début. Josef and Rosina Lhevinne added a domestic touch by celebrating forty years of marriage and two-piano playing simultaneously at their Carnegie Hall session with the Juilliard Orchestra. Mrs. Lhevinne, who hadn't previously been heard hereabouts as a soloist, made a hit on her own with Chopin's E-minor concerto, and Mr. Lhevinne set even other pianists cheering him by his rousing performance of the first Tchaikovsky concerto. Mozart's E-flat two-piano concerto and a short, unscheduled, supplementary group of other two-piano music made it a large and joyful afternoon.

The alert young orchestra was conducted expertly by Albert Stoessel and Ernest Hutcheson, who was making his Carnegie Hall début as a maestro. One might enlarge on the various superb details of the Lhevinnes' offerings, but the whole situation may be summed up with "Many happy returns."

A WORD about the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which is doing Gilbert and Sullivan at the Martin Beck Theatre: Go! —ROBERT A. SIMON

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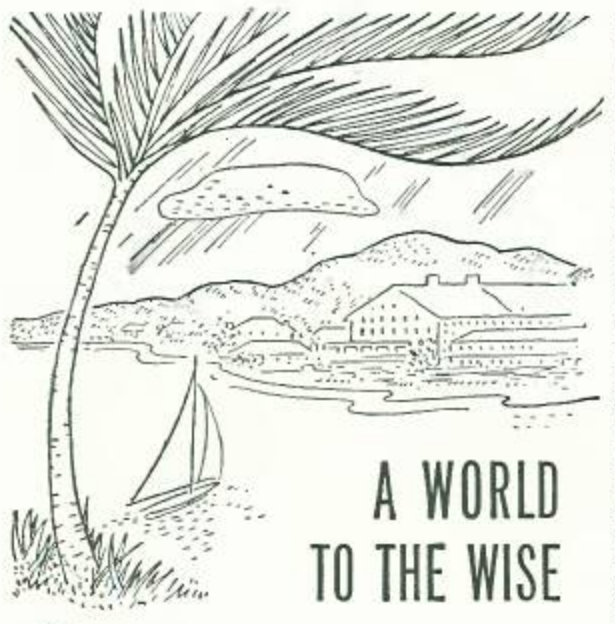
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THE MIRROR

LADIES, flushed and bright-eyed with excitement, sat in gilt chairs, watching the auctioneer. He handed his assistant an oil painting that had just been knocked down at twenty-two dollars and placed the next item on the easel. It was a mirror with a light-blue frame. Pink wild roses clambered across the glass and three swallows flew at tasteful intervals.

"Now what am I offered?" the auctioneer shouted. "What am I offered for this hand-painted nineteenth-century mirror? I'll start it at ten dollars. Ten-fifty? Eleven . . . eleven, do I hear . . ." His voice dimmed out of my consciousness as I stared dumfounded at the mirror.

It seemed incredible, but I knew this must be the very mirror that Aunt Lottie had painted—swallows, unwholesome wild roses, and all. Surely there had never been another like it. It used to hang in the sewing room on the third floor of my grandmother's outrageous house in Scarsdale and my grandmother must have sold it after my Great-Aunt Lottie died.

Aunt Lottie's height, a scant four feet, brought her nothing but misery. Six inches less might have given her the glamorous life of the Big Top. As it was, she was just Grandmamma's undersized sister, the runt of the family, who lived in a hot room high up under the cupola.

She seldom came downstairs or out in the yard, where we children romped in the green grass of Grandmamma's two acres. She was particularly wary of the yard the year my friends and I were ardent Girl Scouts and trying to learn the fireman's lift. Sue, my sister, and I weren't very good subjects—we were too heavy—but Aunt Lottie was just right. As soon as she stepped outdoors, Sue and I would run and catch her by her waist. As we swung her off the ground, her black boots would wave ridiculously in the air and she'd make shrill noises of protest and fright. The other children enjoyed watching us and used to say it was just like a circus.

The mirror was Aunt Lottie's most ambitious work of art, but she also painted forget-me-nots and pansies on the insides of sea shells, bureau drawers, and handkerchief boxes. She used to work in her third-floor bedroom at a mission table which Grandmamma had provided. The room was dominated by an enormous bed, a monstrous thing of tarnished brass which stood a good four feet from the floor. How Aunt Lottie ever got into it was a matter for an engineer to ponder, but I suppose she used the forlorn-looking rocking chair which stood near by.

I didn't get up to the third floor often, but once when I was there Aunt Lottie suggested that I try on one of her dresses. "You know I can't do much for you children," she said. "It ought to fit exactly." I was just seven years old and a lady's dress of light-blue sprigged silk with a high boned-net collar, loose sleeves, and tight net cuffs was a dream indeed. I ran into the sewing room and pirouetted before the mirror. Then, dragging Aunt Lottie with me, I raced downstairs to show it to Grandmamma. She was sitting before the dressing table in her huge bathroom, whose golden-oak tub and washstand were floridly carved with water lilies. Twisting around, she gave one quick look at me in the blue flowered dress and said, "How ridiculous! Take it off at once!" Then, turning back to the dressing table, she dabbed a chamois in a tin of Hudnut's Violettes de Parme and resumed her powdering.

AUNT LOTTIE's greatest adventure was, I suppose, her trip to Rochester. She had a friend there who used to send her postcards. I remember that when we'd see one of these cards lying on the hall table we would shout in derisive singsong, "Aunt Lottie's got a postcard! Aunt Lottie's got a postcard!" Sometimes my brother Jim would snatch the card and run upstairs with it and Aunt Lottie would run after him on her short legs, panting and scolding until he gave it to her. It must have been one of those cards that brought the invitation to Rochester.



When she came back, Aunt Lottie was a little more daring. She had always, before she went away, tried to avoid the first-floor rooms of that great house, where we children and our uncles and Grandpa and his wife roamed at will, but after the Rochester trip she came down a little more often.

We were playing hide and seek in the music room one afternoon when Aunt Lottie came in. It was dark in there, but a few rays of light filtered in through the stained-glass dome in the roof. Jim and I were hiding behind

great Japanese rattan chairs with flaring backs. Aunt Lottie moved across the room to the pianola and, with some difficulty, mounted the high stool. We could hear her breathing hard when she finally settled herself and leaned over to examine the title on the roll someone had left in the piano. The light from the dome played across the top of her head in stripes of topaz and emerald, and a bit of ruby blazed in the centre of her little circlet of gray braids. Jim tittered. Aunt Lottie heard the sound and looked around sharply in the bird-like way she had. Seeing no one, she turned back to the piano, fastened the flap on the roll, and stretched out her legs. From the floor where I lay I could see her feet flapping wildly, inches short of the pedals.

It seemed terribly funny to me and I couldn't be quiet any longer. "Aunt Lottie," I yelled, "they'll have to get you a baby's piano!"

Aunt Lottie jumped down off the piano stool. "Oh!" she gasped, and started out of the room. My grandmother was standing in the doorway. "*Lottie!*" Nana said. "What are you doing here? You must know *you* can't play that piano." Aunt Lottie fled past her and up the stairs.

"That Lottie!" Grandmamma said.

After Aunt Lottie had gone, I got up on the stool, adjusted the roll, and began to pump out the tune with my triumphant, long seven-year-old legs. The swollen harmonies of "Pomp and Circumstance" rang through the house, powerful and strong—probably way up to the third floor.

"SOLD!" The strident finality of the auctioneer's voice jarred me back to present realities. "Sold to the lady on the centre aisle."

A boy brought the mirror down the aisle to a woman who was seated near me. She held it up for a friend to admire. "Isn't it perfect for my Victorian room?" she said. "Whoever did that had the soul of an artist."

I got up and went out to lunch. "That Lottie," I was thinking.

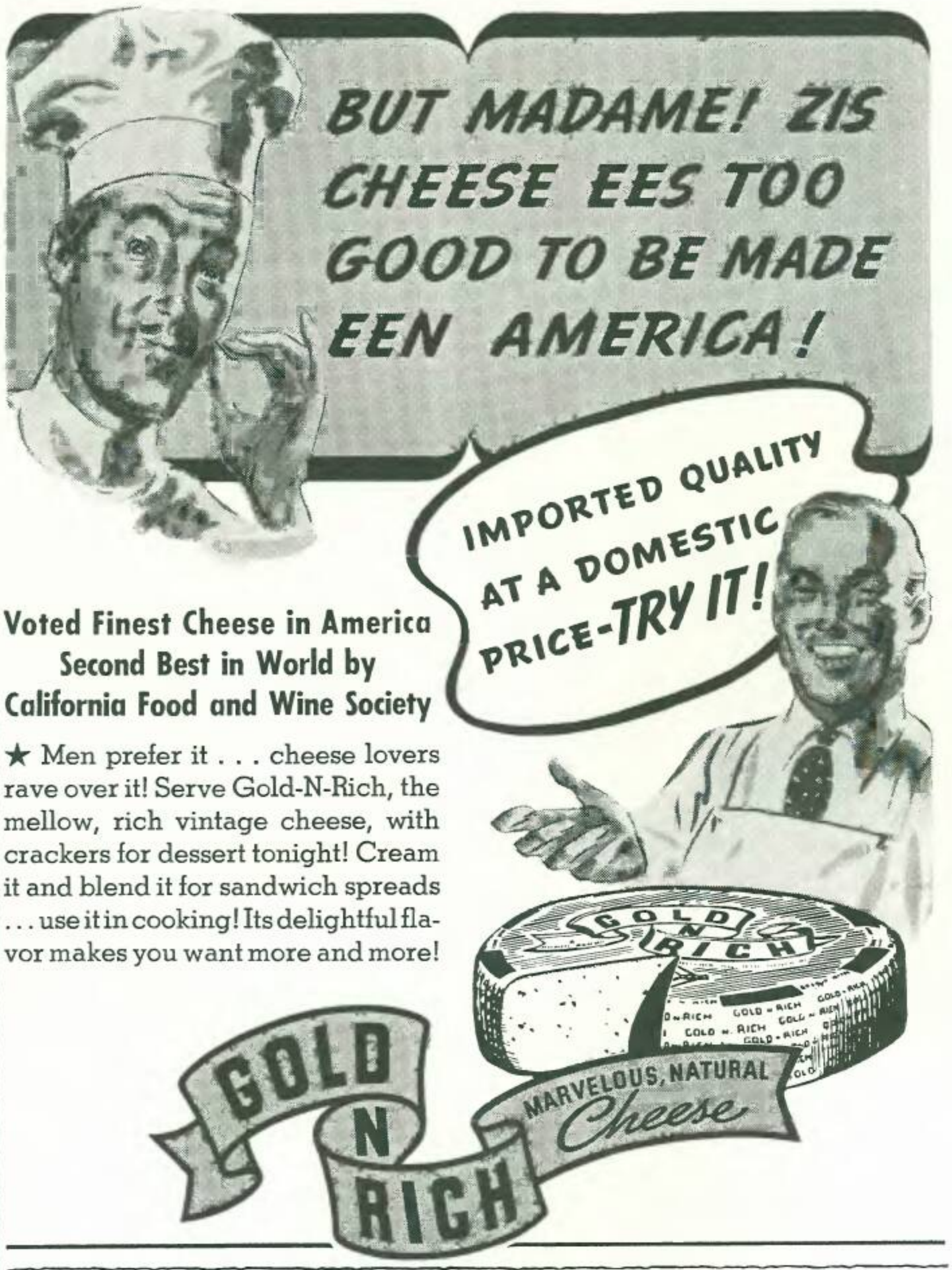
—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

CATABOLISM, the name applied in biology to the process of building up organic tissues, in contradistinction to anabolism (*q.v.*), the process of breaking them down. —*Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, Vol. V, page 14.*

ANABOLISM, the biological term for the building up in an organism of more complex from simpler substances, constructive metabolism.—*Ibid., Vol. I, page 858.*



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● Sport critics are a contentious lot as a rule, but if you asked them to name the greatest badminton player in the world, they would unanimously say Jack Purcell, and if you asked Purcell to name the finest badminton string he would, with equal positiveness, tell you JOHNSON'S Four Bar Brand. The moral is obvious, isn't it?
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COURT GAMES

Vigorous Age and Unpredictable Youth



THE Clyde Martin squash-tennis tournament at the Yale Club produced the usual informality in the early rounds, with aged gaffers making their annual appearance on the courts, and an increasing seriousness as the affair proceeded and veterans whose interest was largely sentimental ended up in the galleries or the lounge. Charles M. Bull, who was runner-up for the national championship more than a decade ago, gave Dr. Constantine J. MacGuire, Yale 1907, a spirited fight in a match in which, by MacGuire's own computation, 108 years were represented on the court. Dr. MacGuire, who won, announced that in point of collective age this was the record match of the tournament—a statement which caused thoughtful onlookers to call attention to the Norman Torrance–Edward McLaughlin encounter as a possible rival. Both Torrance and McLaughlin are senior officers of the National Squash Tennis Association, but since Mr. Torrance's age is a mystery, the point couldn't be cleared up. The Bull-MacGuire match was notable for skillful play and for the complete unwillingness of both men to chase the ball. Following his triumph, Dr. MacGuire defaulted to his next-round opponent, a much younger man, on the theory that one match a year is plenty.

To the delight of the gallery, five of the eleven third-round matches were upsets. Thus Arthur M. Moody, a Class C man, beat Norman Forster, a good Class B player; Edward A. Mays, Jr., Class B, defeated an experienced Class A man, Lester Strasser; Walter D. Hoag, who ranks No. 22, was successful against Edward L. Kemble, who ranks No. 11; N. H. Aronsohn, unranked, beat Sefton Tranter, who is No. 13; and William P. Hoffman, No. 28, won his match with Frank A. Sieverman III, who rates No. 12. The greatest upsetter of the tournament, however, was Frank Iannicelli, whose surprising quarter-final defeat of Joe Lordi was accomplished with a newly acquired confidence and with a fast style of play obviously patterned after that of his brother, Tom, the open champion. In the first game, Lordi attempted to outsmash Iannicelli with powerful up-and-down-the-court drives; then, as Iannicelli continued to retrieve these, Lordi, in the second game, began to employ more corner shots, and came closer to winning. Iannicelli, who plays at the New York A. C., is only twenty, and may now be considered, like William E. Coyle and Thomas D. Flynn, one of the ultimate contenders for Harry Wolf's traditional title.

THE showing made last week by amateurs in the invitation open squash-racquets tournament at the Downtown A. C. was better than it was a year ago, when all four semi-finalists were professionals. This year, among the amateurs, Bernard Ridder and Stanley Galowin made the semi-final grade before losing to two pros—Al Ramsey of Cleveland and Lester Cummings of the Union Club. Incidentally, Cummings' quarter-final victory over Tom Iannicelli produced the tournament's most exciting minutes when, after trailing at one game to two and 7–14 in the fourth game, Cummings proceeded to run up seventeen successive points. "I don't understand it," a man in the gallery said to us. "Between two evenly matched players like these, such a thing seems mathematically impossible."

ODDS AND ENDS: Mrs. A. J. Lamme, Jr., of Apawamis won the Women's Metropolitan Squash Racquets Championship for the third year in a row in a tournament marked by thirty-one entries and only three defaults.... The recent Ogden Phipps–J. H. Van Alen final in the Gold Racquet Court Tennis Tournament at Tuxedo was marred by a reprehensible rustling in the gallery, created by late arrivals and quieted by severe glances from both players. Similar rustlings, which occurred later in the day during the exhibition match between Pierre Etchebaster, the world champion, and Bunny Gannon, the Tuxedo pro, went unrebuked, and the quality of play was even better. —G. T. H.

•

Dear Miss Blake: I love a girl who lives in Philadelphia. Do you think that my going to see her over the holidays by bicycle is true love? Steve.—*The News.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 12

OWING to the super-instability of European affairs and the super-sensitivity of Europeans just now, the Suez Canal and Hollywood are suddenly in trouble. Italy is demanding more Italian directors for the Canal, and France and England are protesting against the Darryl Zanuck film, "Suez." The London *Daily Telegraph* complains that Hollywood has taken an important chapter from Empire history and "treated it as if it were a fictitious story of a job of large-scale plumbing." The French weekly *Match* acidly asks if *cinéastes* can thus travesty reality, pointing out that when de Lesseps was twenty-five (about Tyrone Power's age), the future Empress Eugénie was a tot of four, hardly ripe to rouse romance. Furthermore, it wasn't Emperor Napoleon who sent de Lesseps to Egypt, but King Louis Philippe. And what is worse, as the many de Lesseps descendants cry, their distinguished ancestor, far from being in love with the Empress, was happily married twice, had seventeen children by his two devoted wives, and was sixty-four when he and Her Highness met—to open a canal, not to conclude a flirtation. By the de Lesseps clan here the film is considered "an offence to the memory of a great man"—and to a big family, since it puts de Lesseps' children in the awkward position of apparently never having been born.



In London, an indignant cinema critic wrote: "What would Americans think of a British film of old Kentucky, with Lincoln as a plantation owner courting Harriet Beecher Stowe to the theme-song of 'Alexander's Ragtime Band'?" Lots of Americans would probably think it was grand.

THE *jazz hots* are rather disgusted with their cult leader, Hugues Panassié, for having hobnobbed, during his recent New York visit, with Paul Whiteman, whom he has for years denounced to his French disciples as being commercial-minded and artistically impure. French swing fans are a hoity-toity, brainy lot, act like the *fin-de-siècle* poets, quote Valéry, Bergson, or St. Thomas Aquinas to support their contentions about scat, and accept none but what they call *les purs*—swing artists who refuse to vulgarize their muse. The movement started when Panassié, bedridden after an attack of infantile paralysis, listened for three long years to American jazz records. His father, a rich engineer, left him millions—which, however, are still tied up by a legal tangle—and the family castle, the medieval Château de la Gironde in the Aveyron. It wasn't till 1932 that Panassié gave startled France its first news of swing, in a manifesto published among works by Gertrude Stein, Blaise Cendrars, Picabia, and Hans Arp in Jacques Lévesque's rarefied intellectual quarterly, *Orbes*. This article was later amplified by Panassié into his famous book, "Le Jazz Hot," and is still the basis for the doctrines expounded in his bilingual magazine, *La Revue Internationale de la Musique de Jazz*, which sells as heavily in New York as here and is the official organ of the Fédération Internationale des Hot Clubs, which has thousands of members in Czecho-Slovakia, Holland, England, France, and Germany. Panassié's organization has just purchased an *hôtel particulier* for its new Paris office, where it makes records, arranges concerts, manages musicians, and does its publishing.

French fans are mostly between eighteen and twenty-one years old and are usually students of the Centrale, the Ecole Normale, or the Polytechnique. Minor poets are falling off as followers. The public jam sessions are held once a month at the Ecole Normale de Musique. For private jam sessions, the players meet at a strange little Montmartre bar called Swing. Outsiders may come if invited; drinks cost five francs; a good Sunday meeting begins at 4 A.M. and lasts till early afternoon. The most popular local records—always of American numbers, since the French compose nothing hot—are made by resident Americans like Eddie South, Kaiser Marshall, and Bill Coleman, who sometimes work with a fine French trumpeter named Philip Braun and a gipsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt, who ranks here as the best on earth, or with the Jazz Hot Quintette, an over-scholarly group. The trade name of Panassié's records is Swing. "Swing No. 18," one of the few non-Broadway selections, is a recording by South, Reinhardt, and Stéphane Grappelly of the first movement of Bach's Concerto in D-minor.

LEONIDE is one of the rare younger painters of Paris whose expositions can be steadily looked forward to—and back upon. Whereas the recent Par-



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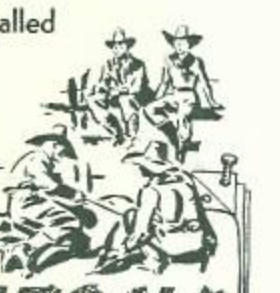
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JANE COWL *in*
MAX REINHARDT'S PRODUCTION *of*
THE MERCHANT OF YONKERS
THORNTON WILDER'S *new farce*
GUILD THEA., 52nd St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40
MATINEES THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 2:40

is art movements have bent boringly toward historicity, intellectualism, or neurosis, Leonide's only inclination is toward his particular mixture of poetry, nature, and marine commerce. His most frequent topics are the oyster beds, boats, dredges, and nets by which Bretons gain their bread. The pale, melancholy blue that dominates the pattern of their lives also dominates the new Leonide canvases, on which the properties of these fishermen lie with the grace of objects seen under shallow water.

NO one knows if Daladier is intelligent and strong-minded or just lucky and obstinate. In any case, the military flourish which surrounded his trip to Corsica and Tunis, as a gesture of non-appeasement to Mussolini, delighted the French nation, skeptical of an umbrella's ever again looking as powerful as a cannon.

Paris is becoming more than ever a refugee camp. The post office has installed a service by which telegrams in German, English, Italian, or Spanish, but not French, can be given over the phone to *les opératrices polyglottes*. The new identity card for all foreigners must carry a profile photograph of the bearer, showing his or her right ear. In special cases, fingerprints are required, too. Lots of ladies would as soon be fingerprinted as submit to the new high hair-do. —GENÊT

•

LINES TO JANUARY 23RD

(WHEN THE SUN SETS AT 5:01)

When January's zero breezes
Precipitate sore throats and sneezes,
It's pleasant to reflect that Spring
Is definitely on the wing
And heading north. My frozen fingers
Start thawing out as daylight lingers.

One minute more of sun at five
Convinces me I'm still alive
And kindles confidence that May
And June will come again someday,
Complete with flowering apple trees,
While attics bloom with skates and skis.
—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

Some time ago an article in your column told me about shoe dye poisoning. You said the danger lay chiefly in wearing shoes before the dye had dried out or in having shoe dye applied to the shoes on the feet. I have worn dyed shoes for nearly a year and my feet have become numb up to my waist.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

Better lay off dyed hats, just in case.

GROUP THEATRE PRODUCTIONS
THE GENTLE PEOPLE
A Comedy by IRWIN SHAW
with Franchot TONE · Sylvia SIDNEY · Sam JAFFE
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by CLIFFORD ODETS

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Kiss The Boys Goodbye
A new comedy by Clare Boothe
Directed by Antoinette Perry
3 MATS. WEEKLY: Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Mat. Lincoln's B'day Feb. 13
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43 St. Evgs. 8:30


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HAMLET
LAST perf. Sat., Jan. 21
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OPENS Monday Jan. 30
For 4 Weeks only
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with SOPHIE TUCKER *and* TAMARA
Play by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
IMPERIAL THEA. W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30. CO. 5-7889
Mats. Wednesday & Saturday at 2:30

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outlaws and Low People

NOW that the years have gone on, and Jesse James has become a legend and a hero, Missouri's Robin Hood, the studios have done their duty and screened his story. Washing the film in the richest and showiest dyes of Technicolor, casting the wispy Tyrone Power as the great bad man and the amiable Henry Fonda as his brother, inserting Nancy Kelly as the exponent of a good woman's love, the movie people have produced a rather dreamy sketch of outlawry and frontier customs. Curiously, for a story of such violence, Nunnally Johnson has managed an irrelevant gentleness, something quite tender, in his general approach and made it a nice and courteous study of such crude folk. To be sure, Mr. Power is often shown unshaved, and in the early sequences Mr. Fonda is seen to spit, yet even these audacious innovations don't disturb the handsome polish of the piece. Of course there is shooting, with the due amount of killing, and there are some pretty good scraps of various kinds, but we are accustomed, and hence calloused, to such doings. They must be surprising and inventive now, or else hardened moviegoers will look upon the whole film as something misty as moonlight and gentle as petals. I, for instance, found myself a little irked that there was only one train robbery. That seemed to me a bit skimpy, especially as there was talk about so many others. The particular holdup given us is very nice, so neatly turned that one wants more. In fact, I think the movie people might have given us further details in the one they do show. Holding up trains was, I believe, this Mr. James's special hobby and he devoted a good many years of his active life to the enterprise, to the persistent annoyance of the railroads. It seems to me that more of this theme would have given the film a distinction, an outstanding point of difference from the average Western, which it needs. I didn't get another surprise until someone jumped a horse over a cliff. That did take me aback. I was also taken aback, not to stress the adverb too much, by the final funeral scene and the glimpse of the tombstone, which is one of Missouri's proudest monuments. Perhaps altogether this "Jesse James" is more funereal than desperate. It's a rather heartening memorial for relations who might have been mortified by unkind gossip.



NOT as an outlaw, but as a mere social outcast, John Barrymore gives a crisp, easy, and offhand account of himself in "The Great Man Votes." He has an air, too, of quite consciously and serenely handing over the big moments in the picture to a couple of children. One of the children being that unusual little Peter Holden, of "On Borrowed Time," and the other being talented Virginia Weidler, he seems to be showing proper respect to the cradle. Master Holden's grave and sober elucidation of childhood's sombre problems has all the charm that it had upon the stage. Mr. Barrymore is a wastrel father here, a Harvard professor and a scholar even, who talks Latin and knows exactly what it is that takes the ablative; and he is also the one registered voter in a certain precinct of a city, which political position gives him power in the final crisis. All this makes for the mildest sort of comedy, but it's the kind to tide you over a bad afternoon hour.

CHOLERA gets rampant in the engine room in "Pacific Liner," and Victor McLaglen, as chief engineer, and Chester Morris, as ship's doctor, have to fight it and keep any rumor of its presence away from giddy passengers above. As a nurse aboard, Wendy Barrie can see to it that romance is not entirely lacking even under such forbidding auspices. There is occasional excitement in the thing. The engine-room gang seem a lot tougher than the James boys and their associates in that other film. Victor McLaglen is hefty enough, too. I suppose one might say that Mr. Morris represents the intellectual content.

"Arrest Bulldog Drummond," which you may stumble in on someday, decided me on one thing about that series. There is nothing else to be done about it. Someone has got to shoot Algy.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Letter from a Philadelphia valet service*]

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BOOKS

Mississippi Frankenstein—Matthew Arnold



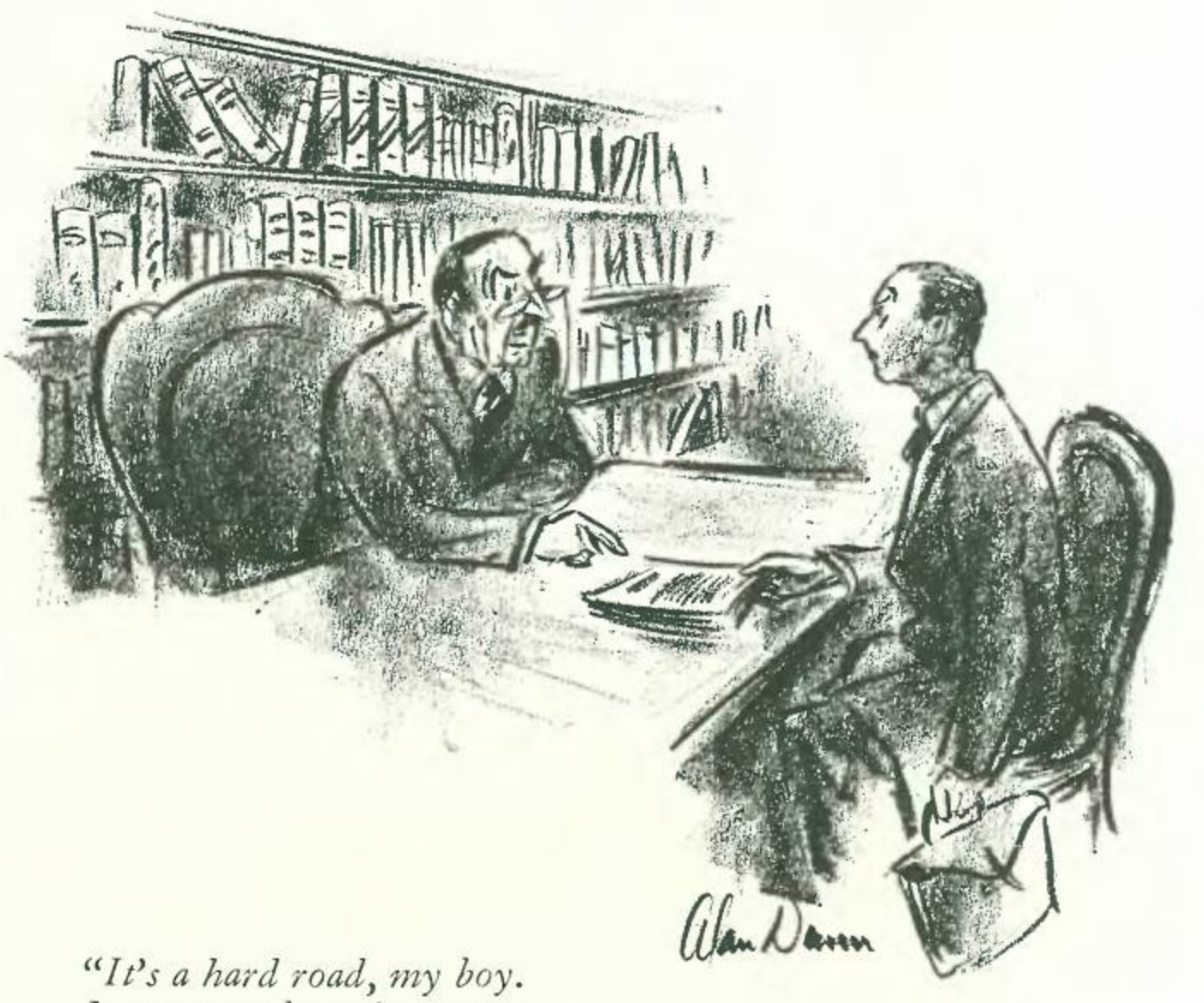
WILLIAM FAULKNER, who provides monsters for all literate American homes, is back again with another tale of terror, "The Wild Palms." The reader will detect no soft alteration in Mr. Faulkner's Gorgon's-eye view of human existence. In its very first chapter, "The Wild Palms" offers for your consideration a maddened woman bleeding to death as the result of an abortion performed by her doctor lover. Mr. Faulkner sustains this mood throughout the book. Item: an engaging moron who, armed only with an eight-inch knife, rips up alligators in a Louisiana swamp. Item: a hill woman who, lying on an islet of viscous mud, gives birth to a baby, her only help consisting of the aforesaid moron, who cuts the umbilical cord with the jagged edge of an empty tomato can. Item—but no, it's not fair to give Mr. Faulkner's horrors away in advance, after he's worked so hard over them, too. I need merely say, to reassure his many admirers, that "The Wild Palms" strengthens his unchallenged position as the one living writer who could retell "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" using for characters only Grumpy and the Witch.

Mr. Faulkner's interest in formal effects (friendly critics speak of this as a mastery of form) has led him, in "The Wild Palms," to tell two stories instead of one. One is called "Wild Palms," the other "Old Man." They alternate like an endless sandwich: a slice of "Wild Palms," a slice of "Old Man," a slice of "Wild Palms," etc. "Old Man" takes place in 1927, during the worst weeks of a Mississippi flood, whereas the action of "Wild Palms" runs through several months of 1938. The characters are quite distinct, as are the settings. Superficially, then, the two stories have nothing to do with each other. The publishers' blurb, however, invites us to believe that the book as a whole is a kind of exercise in counterpoint, with all kinds of subtle correspondences linking the alternating narratives. Those who like guessing games will be eager to trace these profound parallels and will doubtless succeed in doing so, which does not alter the fact that solving a puzzle and reading a novel are separate mental activities.

The theme of "Wild Palms" is flight: the flight of Charlotte and Harry, a sex-chained couple, from the conventions of a society which seeks to weaken and destroy their grim sexual absorption. On the other hand, the theme of "Old Man" is refuge (opposite of flight —neat pattern, eh?). A convict, sent out to labor on the levees during a flood, is swept away, forced to rescue a woman whom he does not want to be saddled with, compelled to undergo some of Mr. Faulkner's most ingeniously contrived special patented tortures, when all the time what he desires most in the world is simply to get back to the safe, comfortable convict farm. Charlotte and Harry are punished for wanting freedom. The convict is punished for not wanting it. Heads I win, tails you lose; doomed either way, by arrangement with William Faulkner.

It would be silly to deny that there are extraordinary pages in this book—you'll discover them for yourself—but the net effect seems to me remarkably unmemorable. I am not convinced by the story of Charlotte and Harry that the modern world (I gather this is the moral) holds no place for love, nor am I convinced by the tribulations of Charlotte and Harry that love and suffering can be equated. Mr. Faulkner's Dostoevskian nymphomaniac (I hope that wasn't you I heard muttering "Charlotte russe") and his naïve young doctor, who has apparently never heard of ergot, are such a special pair of lunatics that their passion ceases to have any application to the world of general human nature. As for the love=suffering formula, it is simply an inversion of the traditional love=bliss equation, and no less absurd. If love=bliss is the wish dream of childish optimism, love=suffering is the wish dream of morbid pessimism. A ladies'-magazine serial is manic; Mr. Faulkner is depressive. Put them together and you get a complete psychosis.

The Charlotte-Harry story, however, is superior to the convict-flood-woman-in-labor narrative, because in the first you know what effect Faulkner is trying to create, whereas in the second you are never sure whether the mood is supposed to be one of grim hilarity or grim horror. The idea of a dim-witted convict forced into a freedom he doesn't want has its humorous side; the woman whom he is compelled to stick to and whose life he regretfully has to save may also seem funny to some. But whatever humor lies in this situation could and should be exhausted in twenty pages, not one hundred and fifty; and besides it is obscured by the atmos-



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to become even a moderately successful author."

phere of brutal physical suffering in which the whole story is plunged. After a while this brutality becomes merely ludicrous; one begins to feel not only that Mr. Faulkner is trying his darnedest to see how much misery he can make his characters stand but also that he is trying to see how much misery he can make his readers stand. It's an interesting game, but nearer to old-fashioned melodrama than to literature.

The publishers may have had an inkling of this, for the blurb tells us that " 'The Wild Palms' contains the most spectacular situations yet created by William Faulkner." This is true. But a novel that has to be praised for its "spectacular situations" rather than for its power to mirror human nature truly and movingly has, to my mind, two strikes on it. Not meaning to be either paradoxical or frivolous, I think there is something feeble about a creative imagination that, before it can deal with human beings, must call to its aid a flood, two abortions, various extremes of physical suffering, near-madness, a woman in labor, quantities of blood (Mr. Faulkner's convict, for example, simply *has* to have hemophilia), and human degeneracy ad libitum. Mr. Faulkner's mastery of certain limited technical effects is indisputable, as is his knowledge of certain sub-human types. But for his creative power in general one reserves the same severely qualified enthusiasm that one has for the transient vitality that follows a shot of adrenalin.

It's more than possible, of course, that my inability to see in Mr. Faulkner what my respected colleagues see is simply a demonstration of certain stupidities or imaginative disabilities in myself. Sometimes the best will in the world cannot produce sympathy or perhaps even understanding. I say this because I would not wish my readers to believe that I am counselling them to avoid "The Wild Palms." On the contrary, please read it. If Mr. Faulkner can do more for you than set your teeth on edge, make your flesh creep, or merely make you snicker—my sincerest felicitations.

FOR men of my craft, who have airily abandoned their lives to the endless production of snap verdicts on ephemeral writing, it is salutary and sobering to read a book like Lionel Trilling's admirable "Matthew Arnold." Arnold was what the literary critic today—not to mention the mere book-reviewer—so seldom is: a man with both the will and the capacity to take his job with high seriousness. Our lit-



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erary criticism tends to be either impressionistic or dogmatic, to rest on nothing or to rest on a single fixed point, usually a political program. What Arnold had was what every great critic has—a sense, constantly at work, of intellectual connection. I mean simply that for him a judgment on a work of literature necessarily involved judgments on religion, morality, and politics. He had a large and organic conception of culture, viewing books, ideas, people, and politics from the elevated vantage point of one who had successfully assimilated the best of our Western European tradition. Sometimes this classical attitude of mind led him into priggishness and solemnity, but just as often it led him into nobility. Today our criticism is not priggish, nor is it solemn. Nor is it noble.

Mr. Trilling's biography of an intellect is a first-rate job. For us, perhaps its paramount value lies in its subtle demonstration that the chief issues which agitated Arnold agitate us today, and that the method—eclectic and dialectical—which he used to solve them remains a fruitful one. The relation of the individual to the State, the manner in which the State may be utilized as a disinterested and ethical value-creating authority, the dangers attaching to an uncultivated or culture-hating middle class—these Arnoldian problems are with us still.

Mr. Trilling performs another useful service. His fresh examination forces us to abandon that easy misunderstanding of Arnold based on the notion that he was an excessively dignified and whiskery old fellow who thought that everybody should know Greek and portentously went about distributing sweetness and light. Arnold emerges





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—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE YOUNGER VENUS, by Naomi Royde Smith. A pleasantly decorated light novel. The heroine looks like one of the three Graces in Botticelli's "Primavera." The hero is interested in (a) Botticelli and (b) antique jewels and manuscripts. So is the villain, who is the heroine's mother's first husband. Getting mixed up? It doesn't matter, because Miss Smith straightens it all out very prettily.

YOKE OF STARS, by Frances Frost. Miss Frost's heroine is a successful composer, also a wife and mother, with rather an impressive talent for not being annoyed by children. Although the writing is a little too staccato in spots, Miss Frost is both earnest and intelligent, and the result is more convincing than stories about artists are likely to be.

DANGER SIGNAL, by Phyllis Bottome. A skillfully done psychological novel about murder. A young girl thinks she hates her former lover enough to kill him. Conversations with a psychiatrist convince her that she really hates only herself. Read it if you enjoy fictionalized psychoanalysis.

GENERAL

THE SEA GULL, by Anton Chekhov, translated by Stark Young. The Lunt-Fontanne "Sea Gull," equipped with a long and intensely interesting essay by the translator, in which, courteously but incontrovertibly, he demonstrates that all previous translations have not given us the real Chekhov. This preface is a lucid essay on style and a classic exposition of the proper principles of translation. As for Mr. Young's version itself, it is both literature and actable, as Chekhov must be in the original.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND THE HELL WITH IT, by Whit Burnett. The genial co-editor of *Story* gossips, and gossips well, about and around the literary life, which, as a matter of fact, he likes much better than his title indicates. Mr. Burnett's easy discourses cover the origin of *Story*, what writers like to read, literary chaps as nature-lovers, humorists he

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BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

has met and some he hasn't, pre-Hitler Vienna, conversations with Gertrude Stein—and so it goes. Agreeably odd drawings by Bemelmans.

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS: Volume VII, by Ray Stannard Baker. This volume is the most important to date, covering, largely through the inclusion of copious correspondence and official documents, Wilson's war leadership from April 6, 1917, to February 28, 1918. Facsimiles and photographs.

THE FORGOTTEN PEACE, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. The full story, never before told, of Brest Litovsk, a treaty more ruthless than that of Versailles and, the author thinks, no less important in determining the tragedy of postwar European history. A solid job. Illustrated.

THE LAST OF THE SERIS, by Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge. Informal, interesting account of an almost extinct tribe of Indians, now living off the Mexican west coast, who are probably of Mayan descent. Photographs and curious native drawings.

THE MIRACLE OF HAWORTH: A BRONTË STUDY, by W. Bertram White. Genteel biography, notable for its defence of Papa Brontë against the attacks of his detractors, from Mrs. Gaskell on. Illustrated.

•

The Metropolitan Opera's gold proscenium arch hasn't been dusted off in 55 years because dirt is good for the acoustics and Whitford Kane, First Gravedigger in Maurice Evans' "Hamlet" says Katherine Locke is one of the finest Ophelias he's ever buried.—*Boston Traveler.*

You can dust *us* off now.

•

SYDNEY, Nov. 14—In the middle of a field hockey game, P. Douglass, wing player, suddenly disappeared. Investigation developed the fact that the ground had given away and dropped him into a six-foot hole. The players filled the cavity with stone and finished the game.—*San Francisco News.*

Just like that.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Esquire*]

Very few modern women either like or desire marriage, especially after the ceremony has once been performed. Primarily, women wish attention and affection. Matrimony is something they accept when there is no alternative. Really, it is a waste of time, and hazardous, to marry them.



WASH YOUR SINS AWAY WITH ONION SOUP

EVER tried the Continental way of topping off a large night? You do it by drinking your fill of onion soup. And now you can enjoy this pleasant custom in your own home. For Hormel brings you onion soup in cans — the authentic French kind with its rich beef stock, sauteed onions and genuine Parmesan cheese. Tonight — before you bed down, try a bowl of Hormel Onion Soup. Tomorrow you'll be glad you did—and so will your friends!



HORMEL
French Style
ONION SOUP

Trencher

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JANUARY

SALE

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FOUR NEW FLOORS
DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO
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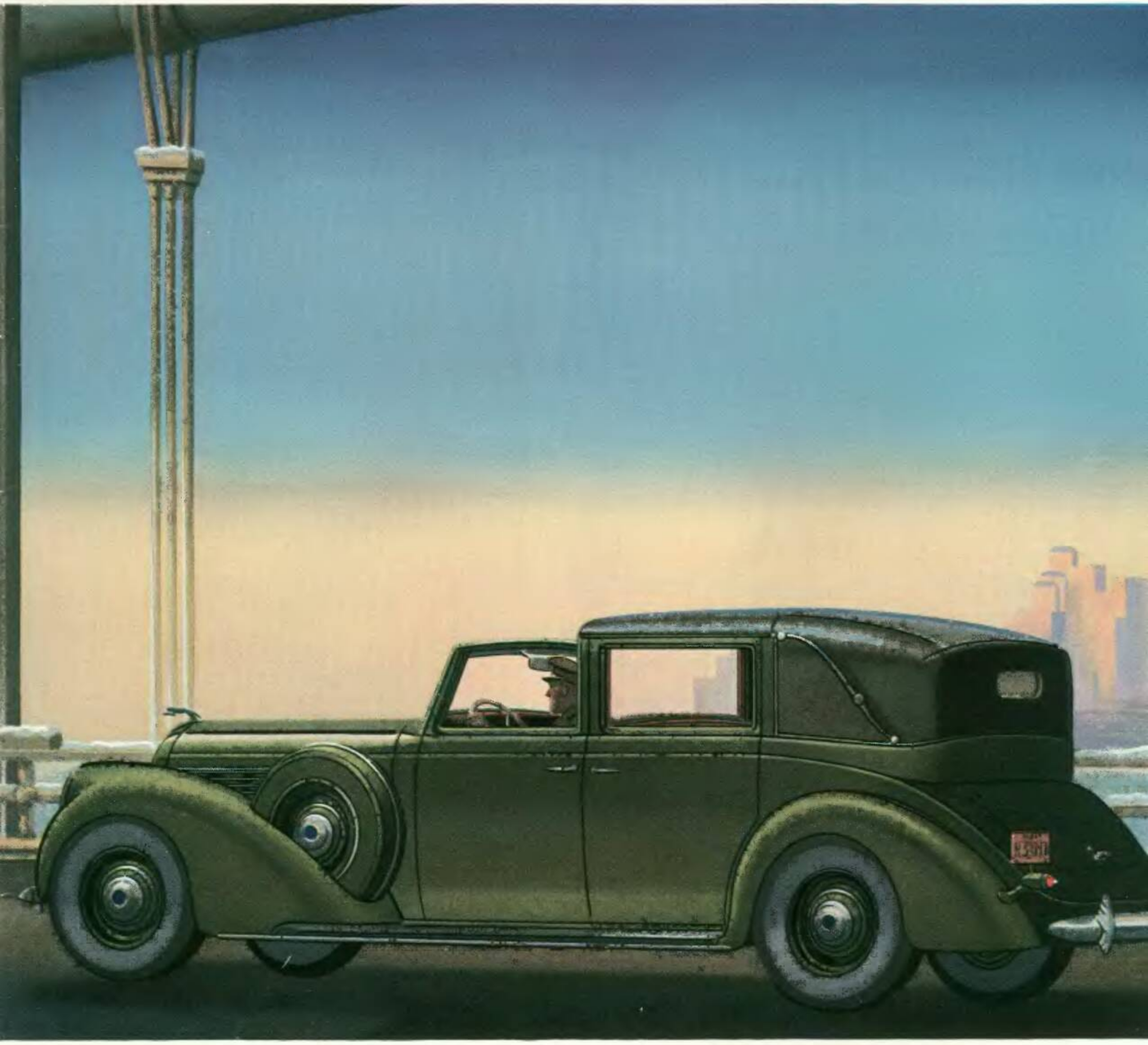
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"Swing out the News"

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New Yorker
2500 Rooms from
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The Lincoln V-12



In the Lincoln tradition there is no compromise with quality in design, or in choice of materials. The Lincoln way of building is thorough, patient and expensive. It contributes to ease of operation and control, to comfort and safety of passengers throughout the car's long life. The powerful twelve-cylinder engine — precision-built, incredibly accurate, finely adjusted — merits and receives the respect of automotive men throughout the world. In the strict sense, the Lincoln must be regarded as an investment in lasting and luxurious transportation. In the hands of many original owners, the second hundred thousand miles blends imperceptibly with the first. A wide range of body types includes many of custom design. Lincoln Motor Company — division of Ford Motor Company, builders of Lincoln, Lincoln-Zephyr, Mercury and Ford motor cars.

YOUR NERVES CAN STAND SO MUCH —AND NO MORE!



BOSTON TERRIER—A cross between the English bulldog and white English terrier, but this gentle, lovable house pet is strictly an American product. First bred in Boston some 60 years ago. Once called the "Roundhead," today he is the "American Gentleman" of dog-dom. The phrase "Boston terrier expression" is almost a synonym for intelligence in dogs.

A DOG'S nervous system resembles our own. But when a dog's nerves tire, he obeys his instincts—*he relaxes.* Do we? Experience shows that we are more likely to let the nerve-tensing activities of our lives all but "drown out" the warnings of instinct to ease nervous tension.

Pride in our work—home-making, business. profession—may all too often prod us to *keep on...keep on...* until our nerves are strained and tense!

And yet every hour of the day can be more pleasant...*easier!*... when you avoid ragged nerves. So learn what a pleasure it is to let up—light up a Camel! Camels are mild and rich-tasting—a supremely enjoyable cigarette. As for nerve protection—smokers find that Camel's *costlier* tobaccos are soothing to the nerves!



This home-maker is easing her nerves by letting up and lighting up a Camel! The frequent enjoyment of Camels can help *you* take life more calmly too. Smokers find Camel's *costlier* tobaccos soothing to the nerves.

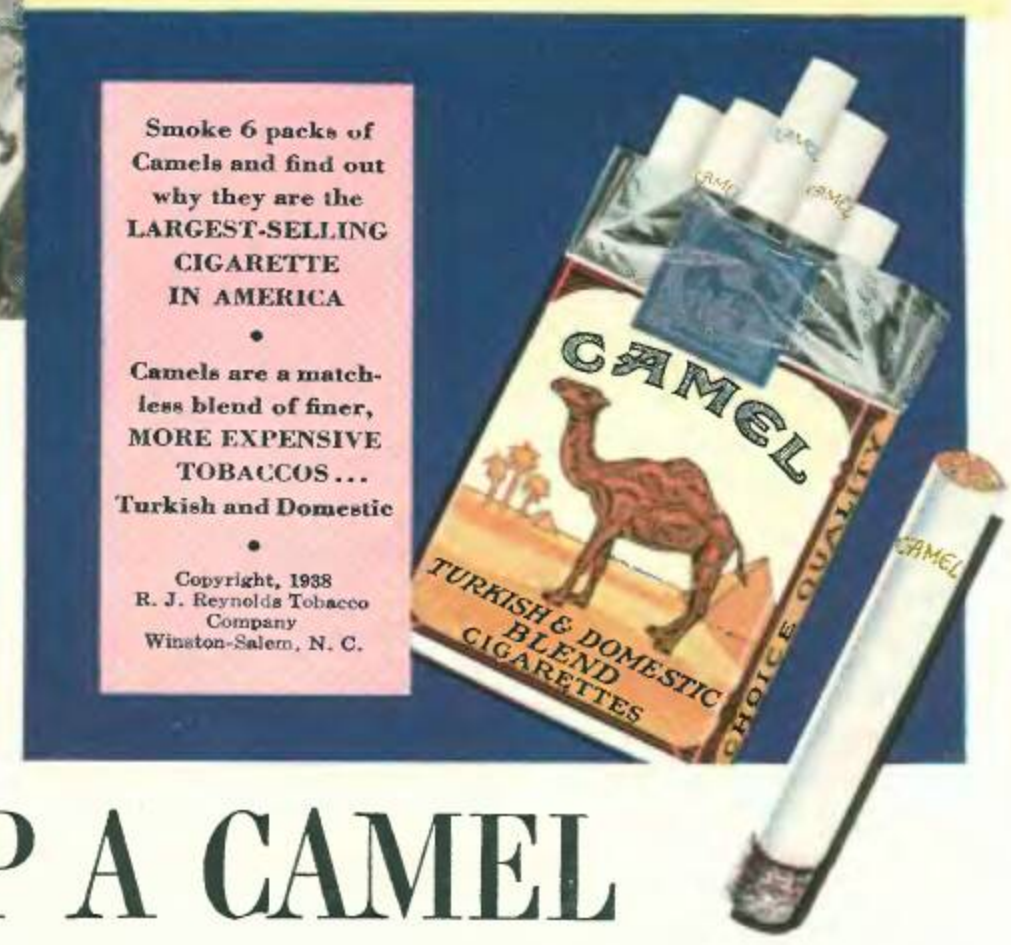
These people with work to do break nerve tension by Letting Up —and Lighting Up Camels



Running an adding machine is Elsie Ferril's job. It could be nerve-wracking, but it *isn't!* "When I feel nerve tension coming on," Miss Ferril says, "I do a very simple, pleasant thing. I let up—and light up a Camel. That's my way of avoiding nerve strain."



Long hours of concentration over charts and technical equipment put a strain on Louis S. Lojas, hard-working astronomer. "No matter how absorbing my work is," he says, "I prevent nerve tension. I let up and light up a Camel. And I find Camels really soothing to the nerves."



LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES