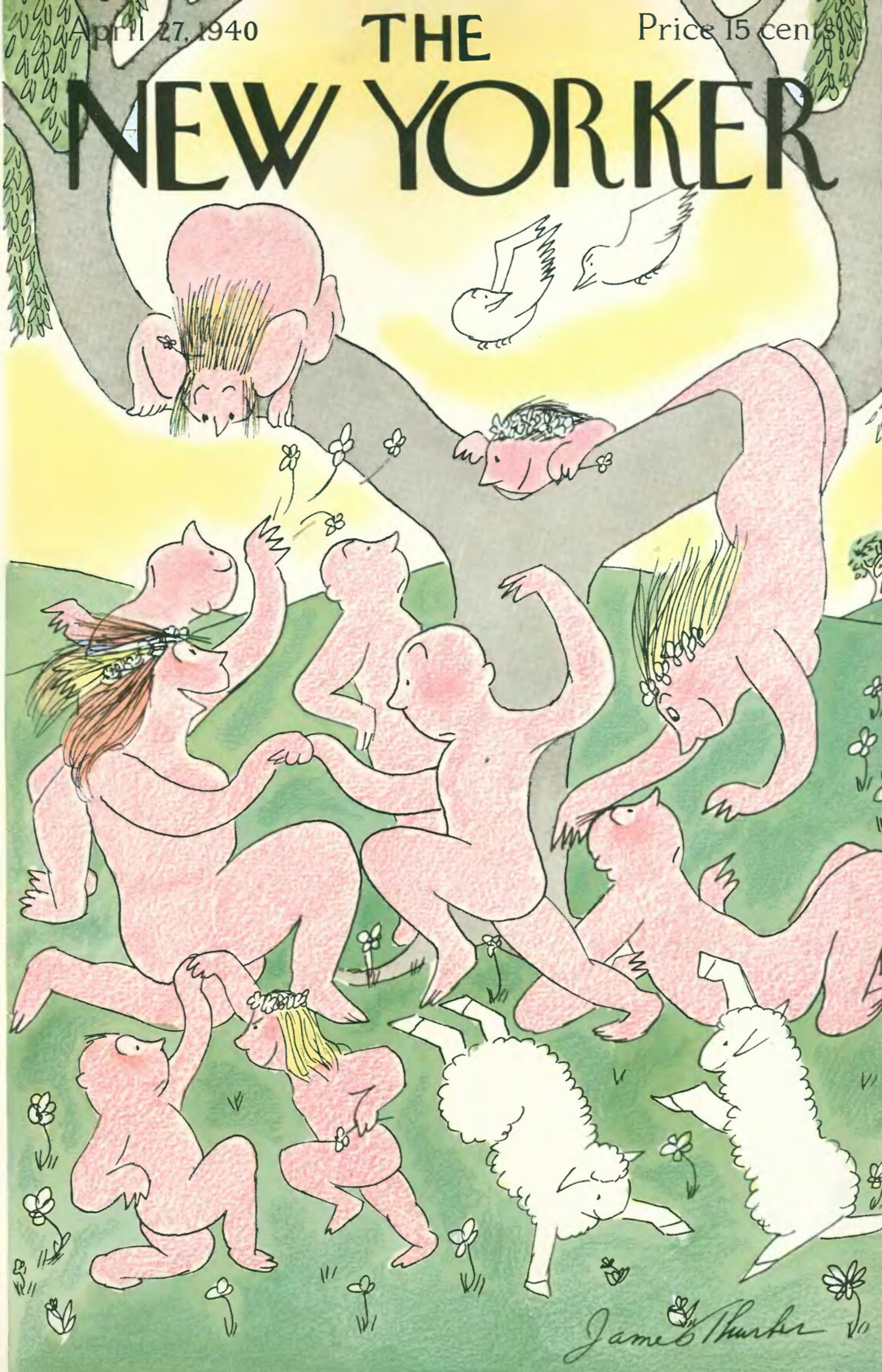
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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Column—Ernest Hemingway's story of the struggle against Fascism is still an honest and moving one in spite of what Benjamin Glazer and the Theatre Guild have done to purify the heroine. Franchot Tone's counter-espionage agent is excellent. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

King Richard II—Maurice Evans back for the third time in the Shakespeare tragedy. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat. Closes Sat., April 27.)

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood and winds up in her own oven. Gilbert Miller's production of one of the best English melodramas in years is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Lady in Waiting—This adaptation of "The Nutmeg Tree" would be rather thin without Gladys George's high-spirited comedy, and it may be a little thin anyway. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the late Clarence Day's memories of his family into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Liliom—The Molnár fantasy revived successfully, thanks to Vinton Freedley and an excellent cast headed by Burgess Meredith and including Ingrid Bergman and Elia Kazan. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Academic freedom made the subject of a real comedy which is more free than academic, thanks to James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, heads a gifted cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., April 28, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part, and John Hoysradt, Carol Goodner, and Edith Atwater are very helpful, too. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—The villainous German consul gets himself murdered, and it is up to you to figure out who did it. Expert performances by Otto Preminger and Sam Levene make you care more than you might otherwise. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Medicine Show—A violent indictment of the American Medical Association that is half lecture, half play. Go for instruction rather than entertainment. Martin Gabel is the principal speaker. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-2737. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Morning Star—Molly Picon in her first full-length play in English, which is certainly a break for Broadway. The play itself, however, is a little too sentimental and naïve. With Joseph Buloff and Sidney Lumet. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Dear Children—There wouldn't be much to this somewhat tiresome comedy if John Barrymore weren't around to kid it, and there's not so terribly much to it anyway. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., April 26, for the Actor's Fund.)

Skylark—Samson Raphaelson's comedy about a man who can't figure out whether he loves his wife better than the advertising business. Chiefly remarkable for Gertrude Lawrence's spirited portrayal of the wife. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Suspect—Pauline Lord is supposed to combine the worst features of Lizzie Borden and Madeline Smith, but they aren't quite bad enough. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr—at their best—and Cole Porter's music making the old Petit Trianon at Versailles a new place. Don't ask your children what some of the jokes mean. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—You'd better just forget about the involved plot of this musical comedy and listen to the Rodgers and Hart score and look at the pretty girls. Sharkey the Seal heads a competent cast which includes Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 4. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.

New Hellz-a-Poppin—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Pins and Needles—A few of the old hits have been retained in this refurbished version of the town's most intelligent revue, put on by the Labor Stage. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Reunion in New York—An attractive and touching revue by the Viennese refugees who did "From Vienna" last year. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 4.)

Too Many Girls—All about building up the football team at old Pottawatomie, but don't let that discourage you. Rodgers and Hart did the songs, George Abbott directed, and everything is very funny and gay. Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy are a few of those you may have seen before. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—The same people who got up "One for the Money" last year have put on another bright, pleasant, and unassuming revue with sketches by Nancy Hamilton. Although the author doesn't appear this time, Brenda Forbes, Eve Arden, Richard Haydn, and all the rest very nearly make up for it. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

There Shall Be No Night—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by Robert E. Sherwood. Staged by Mr. Lunt and produced by the Playwrights' Company, the Theatre Guild, and John C. Wilson. Opens Mon., April 29. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Out from Under—A comedy by John Walter Kelly, with Ruth Weston, John Alexander, and Margaret Douglass. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Wed., May 1. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Love's Old Sweet Song—Another play by William Saroyan, with Walter Huston and Jessie Royce Landis. Staged by Mr. Saroyan and Eddie Dowling and produced by the Theatre Guild and Mr. Dowling. Opens Thurs., May 2. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Grey Farm—A melodrama by Terence Rattigan and Hector Bolitho, with Oscar Homolka and Adrienne Morrison. Opens Fri., May 3. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—In a benefit production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 25-26, at 8:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545; after 5 P.M., LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Vincent Bragale's and Larry Siry's orchestras are in the Trianon Room. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall and his orchestra provide the music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Anne Francine, the Tisdale Trio, and two orchestras—Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's—provide entertainment enough for so small a spot.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of café society's cafés. The De Marcos are here, and so are Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Fefé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's and Ray Morton's orchestras. Dress required.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Danny Kaye and, through Tues., April 30, Betty Hutton head the show here. Pancho's orchestra will be replaced by Val Olman's on Wed., May 1.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A rumba band and a quintet play for dancing.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Gay and sprightly, and designed primarily to please the younger set. Charlie Murray's and, through Wed., May 1, Sonny Kendis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Joe Marinaro's orchestra plays in the Tapestry Room, one of the spaciousest places you've ever seen.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jane Pickens, Paul Haakon (filling in during Paul Draper's illness), and Eddy Duchin and his orchestra are in the perennial Persian Room. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Eddie Le Baron's band and a show are in this stratospheric spot. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10.... Marlynn and Michael are now in their third year in the informal Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's an ice show in the stately Iridium Room, and Charles Baum's orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress—at least if you plan to dance. Closes Sat., April 27.... The Roof opens on Fri., May 3, with Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is in the Café Lounge, singing those songs. Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side concoction, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Songs by Harry Richman and music for dancing by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra will be in the informal Empire Room until it closes on Mon., April 29. The following night, they'll move upstairs for the opening of the Starlight Roof.... Nat Brandwynne's orchestra continues to play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and South American songs by Elsie Houston.... **Algonquin**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller singing Viennese songs and John Buckmaster acting like people he isn't.... **Brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): an excellent guitarist and an attractive young couple who play two-piano numbers.... **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway,

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Henri Bendel
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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 4. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.

with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert; it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall, but there is non-classical music by Nicholas Matthey's orchestra. . . . POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): a refugee venture and a good one, with a Polish orchestra that plays for dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): William Scotti's orchestra and a mite of a dance floor. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Al Donahue's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra, through Sat., April 27. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . GLASS HAT, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's band and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): fun in the Mauve Decade as Billy Rose thinks it was. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Seas setting and John Kirby's orchestra (to be replaced by Sonny Kendis's on Thurs., May 2). . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): a new one, half Broadway, half tropical, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and South American entertainment, with Diosa Costello at the supper hour. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, 1650 B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): another of those Latin shows. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. . . . COTTON CLUB, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Louis Armstrong's band at the head of a fast Negro revue.

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Stuff Smith's orchestra will be replaced by John Kirby's on Thurs., May 2. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown swing centre, with, except Mon., Zutty Singleton and his band and, except Tues., Sidney Bechet's Trio. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar nook, with some Calypso singers and Clarence Profit's Trio.

HARLEM—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: SAVOY BALLROOM, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Benny Carter's and Erskine Hawkins' bands; and GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Teddy Wilson's band (closed Mon.).

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Three Viennese places started by refugees, who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: ALT WIEN, 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE, B'way at 77 (TR 4-6711); and WIENER FIAKER, 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

ART

AMERICANS—A small, well-selected show that covers a hundred years of painting (1820 to 1920) and includes a fine John Kane and an excellent Maurice Prendergast: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

ARTISTS' CONGRESS—Fourth annual show of paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites—as big, varied, and rambunctious as ever: Sixth floor, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

BLANCH—Paintings of the backlands of the West and South. Detail sometimes gets in the way of design, but they're honestly observed and recorded: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

BRITISH PORTRAITS—An exhibition of forty paintings by Van Dyck, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough, and other seventeenth- and eighteenth-century masters, for the benefit of the Greater New York Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

CHAGALL—A group of attractive new gouaches, together with his big symbolic painting, "The Flight of the Rabbi": Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

CORBINO—Circus subjects, among others, strikingly dramatic if a little lush, in a show of recent oils and drawings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

DERAIN—A kind of rich Dutch heartiness seems to be his present mood, and it shows up best in several big, food-laden still lifes. A benefit for the American Friends of France: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

DICKINSON—Landscapes that are unemphatic, hazy, and very romantic, but appealing: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 27.

DOVE—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 14.

EPSTEIN—His huge, controversial "Adam," together with a group of strongly stylized portrait heads: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Wed. and Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other days 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

FLOWER PAINTINGS—Works by European and American artists, ranging from Bonnard to van Gogh and from J. Alden Weir to Max Weber. For once, the Americans come out well on top: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

GOTTLIEB—Oils, soft-toned, simply handled, gently mysterious in mood: Artists', 33 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through April 30.

INDEPENDENTS—The big annual get-together, including everything from the painfullest Sunday painting to the usual few "discoveries": Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Wed. and Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other days 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 12.

JARVIS—Centennial show of portraits by a New York artist who painted almost everyone of consequence in his era. Interesting historically: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2.

LONDON—Whimsical still-life arrangements, rococo in style and tender in feeling: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

MODERN GERMAN—Paul Klee, Ernst Barlach, Karl Hofer, and others in a representative collection of paintings and sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Prints by Shakaru, an eighteenth-century Japanese satirist; through April 30. . . . Selected paintings by WPA artists; through April 30. . . . Black-and-whites entered in a contest called "Artist as Reporter," sponsored by *P.M.*, the yet to be published newspaper; through May 7. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

NORDFELDT—Low-keyed, boldly outlined, sombrely effective landscapes and other subjects: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

PERSIAN ART—Sixty centuries and some $10,000,000 worth of it, including rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and just about everything else: 1 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 22.

SCULPTURE—At the CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8: José de Creeft, Paul Manship, and others in a pleasantly diversified group. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 4. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: French eighteenth-century sculpture from the David-Weill collection in a show that thoroughly typifies the romantic exuberance and the occasional sharp beauty of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

SELF-PORTRAITS—Benefit exhibition of works by masters from Rembrandt and Rubens to Gauguin and Cézanne, with a number of rare ones among them: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

JACOB GETLAR SMITH—Water colors, done with this artist's fine feeling for the rustic scene, plus a number of ably executed drawings: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

SOUTINE—Small, well-selected retrospective (1916 to 1939), including some of the best examples of this crudely powerful Expressionist painter's work to be seen here in a long time: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

THREE SPANIARDS—Paintings by Picasso, Miró, and Gris, including some lively Middle Period pieces by the first: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

TSCHACBASOV—Oils which, beneath their arabesqued outlines, are often subtly ironic social commentaries: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Works by some two hundred sculptors in a big show sponsored by the National Sculpture Society. Unfortunately, only the academic side of things is featured. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 2.

WHORF—Water colors, mostly of sea scenes that are expertly stormy, but the artist glances inland occasionally: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS, 128 E. 63: thirty-eighth annual exhibition. Thurs. and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; other days 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: sale and exhibition of Chinese water colors and scroll paintings sent over by Mme. Sun Yat-sen to raise relief funds. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 27. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings by David Lax. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27. . . . MORGAN, 37 W. 57: oils by I. Abramofsky. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 27. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: portraits by Baron Kurt von Pantz. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 15 E. 57: oils by Matta and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 6.

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H. V. KALTENBORN,

the suave Voice of Doom, who will sail for Europe next week on the Washington, from which he will broadcast four times over N.B.C. He is a graduate of Harvard, the Spanish-American War, and the Brooklyn Eagle, never uses a prepared script, and during a crisis subsists on onion soup prepared and brought to the studio by his wife. He was born sixty-one years ago in Milwaukee, and is technically a baron, the Kaltenborns having been nobility since 1352. The "V." is for the titular "von."

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 25, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 26, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 27, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., April 28, at 3; Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., May 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., May 4, at 8:45. (Soloists: Serkin, April 25-26, and May 4; Corigliano, April 27.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., May 4, at 11.

METROPOLITAN OPERA FUND BENEFIT—Grace Moore, Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, and others appearing with the Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting: Metropolitan Opera House (PE 6-1210), Fri. Eve., April 26, at 8:15.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Lemay conducting the Music Project orchestra in a series of programs sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., April 28, at 8:45.

ORCHESTRETTE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., April 29, at 8:30.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Glee Club, Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 3, at 8:30.

OPERA

Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55—The Salmaggi company presenting "Faust," Sat. Eve., April 27; "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., April 28; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., May 4; at 8:15. (CI 5-9757.)

DANCE RECITALS

Katherine Dunham—Appearing in the final program of a series based on Negro dance forms: Windsor Theatre, 48, E. of B'way (BR 9-3824), Sun. Eve., April 28, at 8:35.

Asadata Dafora—Assisted by his troupe of African dancers and singers in "Zunguru," a dramatic dance production: Chanin Auditorium, 50th floor, Chanin Bldg., Lexington at 42 (MU 4-9839). Eves. at 8:45; Mat. Sat., at 2:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., April 30-May 2, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 3, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 4, at 3. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., April 25-26, at 3:15; Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 27-28, at 3.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Buddy Baer vs. Nathan Mann, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., May 3; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (12 rounds) at about 10.

Crew—Columbia-Navy, Annapolis, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Syracuse-Boston, Cambridge, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3:30; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. . . . Rutgers-Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30. . . . Blackwell Cup, Columbia-Yale-Penn, Harlem River, Sat. Aft., May 4: freshman at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6. . . . Compton Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Princeton, Princeton, Sat. Aft., May 4: freshman at 4, 4:30, and 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis, Sat. Aft., May 4: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4.

Horse Show—Squadron A Spring Show, Armory, Park at 94: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 2-4, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., May 4, at 2.

Hunt Races—Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Sat. Aft., April 27, at 4. . . . Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Sat. Aft., May 4, at 3.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:30 P.M.; through May 11. Wood Memorial, Sat., April 27. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:30 and 1:55 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:35 and 1:55 P.M. on other weekdays.) . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 4. (Special trains: from Penn. Station, Wed. through Fri. Afts., May 1-3, at 4:55, arriving at Louisville the following morning at 10:30 C.S.T.; from Louisville, Sat. Eve. at 9:15 C.S.T., arriving at New York, Sun. Eve. at 6:55. Regular planes leave LaGuardia Field at 1 and 3:30 P.M., arriving at Louisville at 5:16 and 7:41 P.M., C.S.T.)

Fencing—National Championships, Fencers Club, 320 E. 53: women's foil (team), Fri. Eve., May 3, at 7:30; men's foil (individual), Sat. Eve., May 4, at 7:30.

Skeet—Metropolitan Open Championship, Meadow Park Gun Club, Carlstadt, N.J., Sat. and Sun., April 27-28, at 10 A.M.

Track—Penn Relay Carnival, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., April 26, at 2, and Sat. Morn., April 27, at 10.

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—The big Ringling show is back again: Madison Square Garden; performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Flower Show—Annual Narcissus Show of the Westbury Horticultural Society: Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison, at 57; Mon., April 29, 2 to 10 P.M., and Tues., April 30, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Public Balls—Tip Top Ball: Plaza, Fri. Eve., April 26, at 10. . . . Bal de Printemps, a benefit for the Finch Day Nursery: Pierre, Sat. Eve., April 27, at 10. . . . Candlelight Supper Dance, a benefit for the New York Foundling Hospital: Sherry's, Sun. Eve., April 28, at 7. . . . Musicians Emergency Fund benefit dinner dance: St. Regis, Wed. Eve., May 1, at 9. . . . Russian Easter Ball: Plaza, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 11. . . . Silver Spoon Dinner Dance, a benefit for the Spence Adoption Nursery: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 9.

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries,** 30 E. 57—Furniture and decorations, collected by the late Louis Rorimer: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 25-27, at 2. . . . The architectural library of Whitney Warren: Wed. Aft., May 1, at 2. . . . Chinese snuff bottles, carvings, porcelains, paintings on silk, furniture, and bronzes, belonging to Seth B. Robinson and others; also etchings and engravings, collected by the late Frederick W. Lehmann and others: Thurs. Aft., May 2, at 2.

kende galleries, 730 5 Ave., at 56—English and American furniture, and paintings by Eastman Johnson: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 1-2, at 2.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 4. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.

ON THE AIR

Racing—The Wood Memorial, at Jamaica: Sat. Aft., April 27, at 4:30, WOR. . . . The Kentucky Derby: Sat. Aft., May 4, at 6:30, WABC.

News Commentators—Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves, at 6:05, WABC. . . . Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves., at 7:45, and Sun. Afts., at 3:45, WEAF. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Television—The circus, at Madison Square Garden: Thurs. Eve., April 25, at 8:30, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade" 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ. . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Philharmonic-Symphony Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. . . . "Pursuit of Happiness," 4:30, WABC. . . . Ella Fitzgerald and John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 7:30, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Ford Symphony, 9, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . Guy Lombardo 10, WABC. . . . WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 10:30, WOR.

TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

The Baker's Wife—Very French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—A curious Robert Montgomery item that has a sort of gloomy interest. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., April 27-29. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., April 27-30. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., April 30-May 4.)

The Fight for Life—From the maternal-welfare chapters of De Kruif's book, the whole subject being handled with distinction and force by Pare Lorentz. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Gone with the Wind—The first half is the better, but there are some high moments toward the end of the second one, too. You might just as well go. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., May 1; weekdays, at 10 A.M., and 2 and 8:15 P.M.; Sun., at 12 noon, and 4 and 8:15 P.M.)

The Grapes of Wrath—The finest of the lot. A superb screening of the Steinbeck book, and essential for everyone. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., April 25. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Tues., April 25-30. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., April 27-30.)

His Girl Friday—By some miracle, this is "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as Hildy Johnson, and it's all still very amusing. Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy are also involved. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., April 27-29.)



Lights Out in Europe—An hour's account of last summer abroad, by the group that made "Crisis." Mostly London and Danzig. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

My Little Chickadee—Mae West and W. C. Fields, of all people, in an old-school Western with novel trimmings. Funny. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29.)

Ninotchka—Mme. Garbo's comedy—a delicious tidbit. Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas help, and the whole affair is one of the real pleasures of the season. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3.)

Of Mice and Men—Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Betty Field in an expert version of Steinbeck's story of two ranch hands. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Thurs., April 30-May 2.)

Rebecca—The moody, grim novel conscientiously directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock. With Judith Anderson, Joan Fontaine, and Laurence Olivier. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Very gentle, and in its way a soothing, romantic comedy. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., April 26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 27-29.)

Sidewalks of London—Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton in a British film of stage people. Somewhat on the trivial side. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., April 26-28. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., April 26-29.)

The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet—Edward G. Robinson giving one of his finest performances in an able, sensible biographical sketch of the discoverer of salvarsan. Maria Ouspenskaya and Ruth Gordon also appear. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., April 25-28. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., May 1-3.)

That They May Live—A phantasmagoria of the dead of the last war who come to life to protest this new one. A French film of definite pictorial force. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., April 25-27.)

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., April 30-May 2.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., April 29-May 1.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 27-29.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—French, with Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., April 25.)

I'll Take Romance (1937)—Grace Moore and Melvyn Douglas. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., April 25-27.)

In Name Only (1939)—Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, and Kay Francis. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., April 28-29.)

Love Affair (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., April 26-29.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., April 26-29.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—With Claudette Colbert. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1.)

Stage Door (1937)—Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 28-29.)

Stand-In (1937)—Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 25.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 1-2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, will exhibit the following shorts through Sun., April 28: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Eleanora Duse. Beginning Mon., April 29, seven issues of The March of Time (1936-1939) will be shown. Programs weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.



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THURSDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MAY 1

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)—**GONE WITH THE WIND**, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh; at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., April 25: "Strange Cargo," Joan Crawford, Clark Gable.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—From Thurs., April 25: "Two Girls on Broadway," Lana Turner, Joan Blondell.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Buck Benny Rides Again," Jack Benny.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—**REBECCA**, Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Fri., April 26: "It's a Date," Deanna Durbin. . . . From Sat., April 27: "French Without Tears," Ellen Drew, Ray Milland.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., April 25: "Johnny Apollo," Dorothy Lamour, Tyrone Power. . . . From Fri., April 26: "One Million B.C.," Carole Landis, Victor Mature.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"'Til We Meet Again," Merle Oberon, George Brent.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—**THE FIGHT FOR LIFE**, Pare Lorentz film.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—"Harvest" (French).

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—"The Mayor's Dilemma" (French), Charpin, Annie Vernay.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—**LIGHTS OUT IN EUROPE**, documentary film.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Overture to Glory" (Yiddish), Moishe Oysher. . . . From Tues., April 30: "The Human Beast" (French), Simone Simon, Jean Gabin.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), Raimu.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Fri., April 26: "Remember the Night," Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also "The Man from Dakota," Wallace Beery. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 27-30: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold; also "Henry Goes Arizona," Frank Morgan, Virginia Weidler. . . . From Wed., May 1: **THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET**, Edward G. Robinson; also "Three Cheers for the Irish," Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., April 25: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari. . . . Fri. through Sun., April 26-28: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Mon. and Tues., April 29-30: "Village Barn Dance," Doris Day, Richard Cromwell; also "Emergency Squad," Louise Campbell, William Henry. . . . From Wed., May 1: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26: "They Came by Night," Will Fyffe. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 27-29: "The Lost Patrol," revival, Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Louise" (French musical), Grace Moore.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Revivals—Thurs., April 25: **STAND-IN**, Joan Blondell, Leslie Howard. . . . Fri. through Sun., April 26-28: "Star of Midnight," Ginger Rogers, William Powell. . . . Mon. and Tues., April 29-30: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda. . . . From Wed., May 1: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES**, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26: "Champs Elysées" (French), revival, Sacha Guitry; also "A Child Is Born," Geraldine Fitzgerald, Jeffrey Lynn. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 27-29: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "Congo Maisie," Ann Sothern, John Carroll. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: **IN NAME ONLY**, revival, Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis; also **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**, revival, Claudette Colbert.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., April 26: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 27-30: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda. . . . From Wed., May 1: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Revivals—Thurs., April 25: **GRAND ILLUSION** (French), Jean Gabin, Eric von Stroheim; also "Peg of Old Drury," Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . Fri. through Mon., April 26-29: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard; also **NOTHING SACRED**, Carole Lombard, Fredric March. . . . From Tues., April 30: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (French); also "The Good Companions," Jessie Matthews.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., April 25: "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," Peggy Moran, Tom Brown; also "The Man from Dakota," Wallace Beery. . . . Fri. and Sat., April 26-27: "Star of Midnight," revival, Ginger Rogers, William Powell; also "Girl of the Streets," revival, Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati. . . . Sun. and Mon., April 28-29: **JOY OF LIVING**, revival, Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Janosik" (French), revival. . . . From Tues., April 30: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold; also "Henry Goes Arizona," Frank Morgan, Virginia Weidler.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26: "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Lloyd Nolan. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 27-29: **ESCAPE ME NEVER**, revival, Elisabeth Bergner. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 27-29: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart; also "Geronimo," Ellen Drew, Preston Foster. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "The Days of Jesse James," Roy Rogers; also "Mercy Plane," James Dunn.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Village Barn Dance," Doris Day, Richard Cromwell; also "Emergency Squad," Louise Campbell, William Henry.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Tues., April 25-30: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda. . . . From Wed., May 1: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Village Barn Dance," Doris Day, Richard Cromwell; also "Emergency Squad," Louise Campbell, William Henry.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs. and Fri., April 25-26: "Remember the Night," Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also "British Intelligence," Margaret Lindsay, Boris Karloff. . . . Sat. and Sun., April 27-28: "Three Cheers for the Irish," Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell; also "The Blue Bird," Shirley Temple. . . . Mon. through Wed., April 29-May 1: **DARK VICTORY**, revival, Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald; also "Love Is News," revival, Loretta Young, Tyrone Power.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Fri., April 26: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER** Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart; also "Geronimo," Ellen Drew, Preston Foster. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 27-29: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold; also "Henry Goes Arizona," Frank Morgan, Virginia Weidler. . . . From Tues., April 30: **OF MICE AND MEN**, Betty Field, Burgess Meredith; also "I Take This Woman," Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., April 25-May 1: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., April 25-May 1: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me," Constance Moore, Tom Brown.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Shooting High," Jane Withers, Gene Autry; also "Honeymoon Deferred," Margaret Lindsay, Edmund Lowe.

ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Thurs. through Sat., April 25-27: **THAT THEY MAY LIVE** (French), Victor Francen; also **I'LL TAKE ROMANCE**, revival, Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sun. and Mon., April 28-29: **STAGE DOOR**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers; also "Café Society," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES**, revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also "The Blue Bird," Shirley Temple.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: **LOVE AFFAIR**, revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also "The Lost Patrol," revival, Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., April 25-May 1: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **OF MICE AND MEN**, Betty Field, Burgess Meredith; also "I Take This Woman," Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Our Neighbors, the Carters," Fay Bainter, Frank Craven; also "Konga, the Wild Stallion," Fred Stone, Rochelle Hudson.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., April 25-28: **THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET**, Edward G. Robinson; also "Three Cheers for the Irish," Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell. . . . Mon. through Wed., April 29-May 1: "Remember the Night," Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also "The Man from Dakota," Wallace Beery.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield; and "Information Please." . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., April 25: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari. . . . Fri. through Mon., April 26-29: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Tues., April 30: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., April 25-29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 30-May 1: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."

Something more than ice
makes your fountain drink colder today

Perhaps you have noticed that your hand feels the coldness of your drink *faster* these days at the soda fountain. Want to know why? It's because your drink *is colder!*

No heavy, thick, old-fashioned glasses cradle your fountain drink today, melting the ice, robbing the beverage of zest and sparkle. Instead, a marvel of thin glass, a mere shell of crystal clarity, is used by nearly all fountains now.

These are the kind of glasses that once could be used only on rare occasions in the homes of the wealthy . . . *except* for one thing: the Libbey Safedge, which makes your fountain glass even better. For this fire-toughened drinking edge resists chipping and makes it practical for the fountain proprietor to use the thin glass that everybody likes. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo. *Subsidiary, Owens-Illinois Glass Company.*



From its beginnings more than one hundred years ago, the soda fountain has accurately reflected changes in the American scene, in our national mood, in our native tastes. Rendezvous for friends, oasis for refreshment, the pleasure of stopping at the soda fountain is enhanced today by service in practical thin-blown glassware by Libbey.

Libbey
GLASS WARE
with the Safedge





***Feel It*...The Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety smooth, never looks "sawed-off." Because it's kind to your lips, resists chipping, the restaurateurs...hotelmen...barmen ...club managers...all who play host to you, hail the Safedge as the most significant development in glassware for more than a century.**

Look for the Libbey (L) on the bottom.

IDENTIFIED WITH GRACIOUS LIVING FOR 120 YEARS

Prime Young Prints with bright baby-sized flowers



Gay daisy rayon print
stitched yoke, blue, grey or pink ... 17.95
Rayon print with self frilling. Blue
aqua and pink ... 17.95 ... Sizes 10 to 18. Seventh Floor
Also Chicago and Beverly Hills

California Sunees* .... for play and relaxation



(top to bottom)



● **HANKY–White fabric with blue and white polka dots; yellow with rust and white; red with blue and red, 4.95.**

● **AVALON–Brown pigtex with green; blue with wine; red with blue; green or white with tan; yellow with brown, 5.95.**



● **CAPRI–Of fabric . . . black with wine; yellow with tan; red or white with blue, 4.95.**

● **SABOT–Pimento or blue fabric with white, 4.95.**

● **PICNIC–White fabric with multi-color sole; also pimento or rust with blue sole, 4.95.**

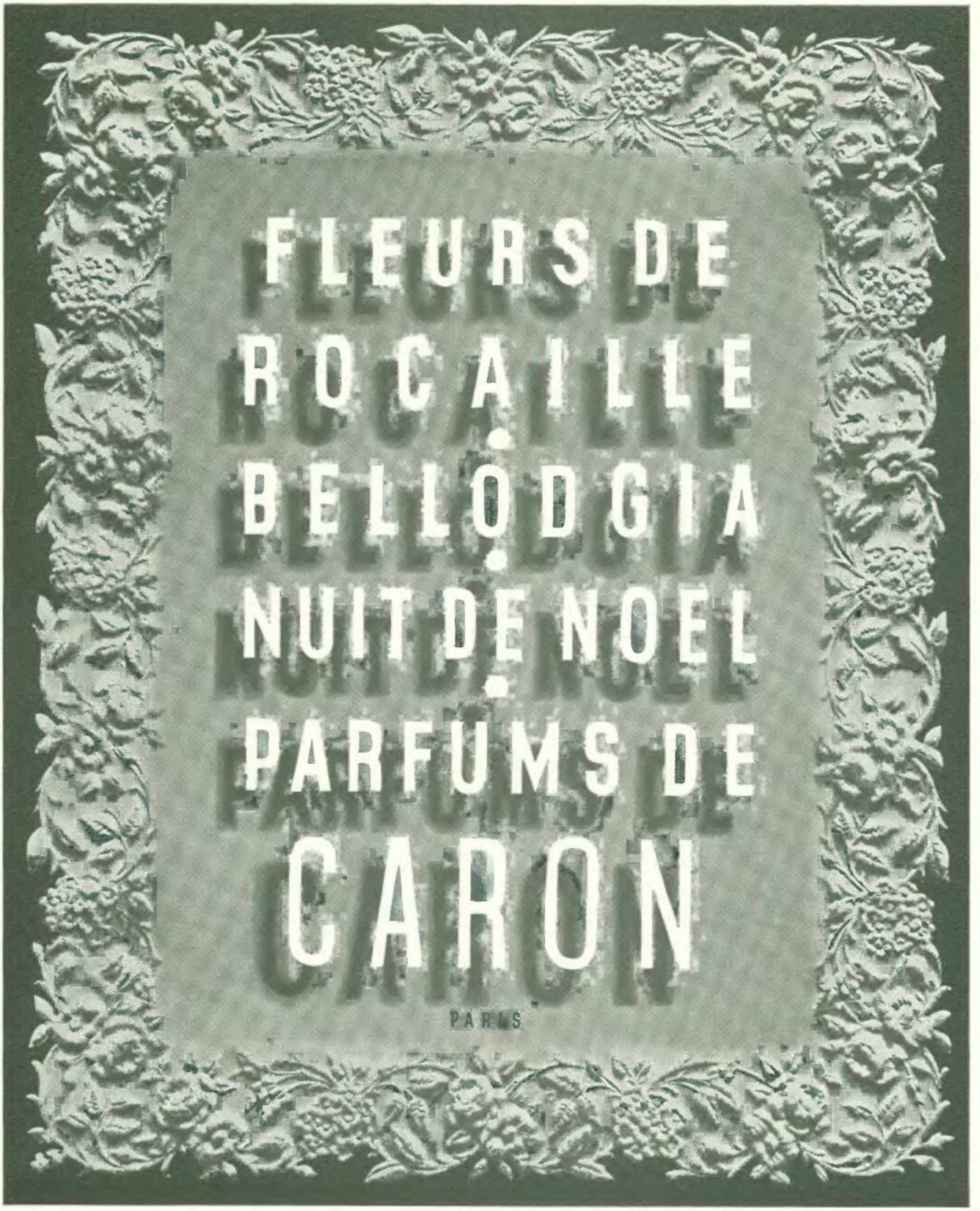


● **SEASIDE–Red or white pigtex with blue; also blue with white, 5.95. Fourth Floor. Also Chicago and Beverly Hills.**





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE ice has melted, and they are roller-skating now in Rockefeller Plaza. "Society's pets will have a chance to crack their heads," says Nancy Randolph, society editor of the *News*, listing Dolly de Milhau, Patricia Suydam, Josi Johnson, and Mrs. Lois Schieffelin as a few of those who like to



dart and glide in the sunken rink. Almost any day now we shall probably be shaking a wheel with the people we see at the Stork Club and the Colony, listening to the happy squeals of the Suydams and the Schieffelins as they collide in the golden afternoon. It sounds like fun, but on sociological grounds we're not so sure it's a good thing. Rockefeller Plaza is too visible from the street, too accessible to the multitude. These are bad days for the nation's leaders to be bumping and floundering in the public eye. It will certainly breed a lack of confidence, if not contempt and dark resolve. Society these days, we think, should look sure of itself, poised and competent. If the *News* wants to maintain the *status quo*, it had better try to keep society on its feet, or picture it on a zebra skin, coddling a drink.

THE opening of the baseball season last week brought up a little puzzle that has been on our mind for quite a while. When we were young, and a man called Mathewson was working for the Giants, a curve-ball pitcher threw "ins" and "outs," clear and sensible descriptions of what the ball did when it got to the batter. It is years since we have heard these terms. Today a pitcher just has a "hook." There is nothing to indicate which way it breaks and, in fact, all the sports news we read suggests that it always breaks the *same* way; that is, a hook thrown by a right-handed pitcher breaks away from a right-handed batter. Does this mean that the incurve is a lost art, along with riding a high-wheel bicycle? If it does, we have an almost priceless secret. We are prepared to go to work for anybody, except possibly Philadelphia.

WE know for certain now that summer is practically upon us. Two dozen dogs who were also actors of a sort were hurriedly stuffed into evening dress and put down in front-row seats at a movie première in Albany, Georgia. Back in California at about the same time a small bug, which was described as a 125-year-old specialist in removing cinders from the eye, was stealing the limelight in a divorce trial in San Jose. For some reason, this is the time of year, just before the heat strikes, when editors feel it important to call attention to the peculiar behavior and personal abnormalities of birds, animals, and even insects. It is the season of journalistic whimsy, when nothing in fur or feathers is safe. We should like to take this occasion to extend our sympathy to everything that crawls, walks on four legs, flies, or simply shudders in its sleep from time to time. We don't mention fishes because we have no feeling about them one way or the other.

ONE of the things that make these hard times harder is the fact that intellectuals jump around so, slipping out of the categories in which we'd got them safely tucked away into something new and strange. T. S. Eliot used to annoy the Leftists by announcing that he was a classicist in literature, an Anglo-Catholic in religion, and a royalist in politics. Now he refuses to publish his poetry in the *New Republic*, calling that journal "too respectable." James T. Farrell, of Chicago, who led the singing of the "Internationale" at the American Writers' Congress not so long ago, will now hammer hell out of Stalin at the drop of a sickle. Most disturbing of all, Professor Walter B. Pitkin has changed his mind about life beginning at forty. His current series of articles is addressed to embryos in their twenties and is full of advice about how they can make careers for themselves. Professor Pitkin tells of one child who got ahead because he could draw funny faces on windowpanes with a piece of soap, and another who whittled designs in wood, but he adds that gifts like these are not absolutely necessary. "I know a man," he writes, "who rose fast chiefly because he told a funny yarn that brought a laugh from his boss on a day when the boss was blue." We pass this along for the benefit of struggling youth everywhere. If you catch the old industrialist in a sulky mood, just walk in, slap him on the back, and ask him if he's heard the one about T. S. Eliot and the *New Republic*.

WE didn't like the look of an item we saw a while ago about the Master of Arts from the Royal Technical College in Glasgow who has just become a bartender in this city. The thought that this may give other scholars



ideas makes us nervous and resentful. As often as not we go to a bar to get away from people whose names trail degrees; we just like to sit there looking at the pretty girls and thinking our own primitive and undergraduate thoughts. When we do feel in a conversational mood, we want to talk to Joe or Charlie or Dominick about whether Demp-

sey could have beaten Louis—we don't want to be batting golden balls of repartee across the bar, and especially we don't want to get arguing with a man who is better informed about everything than we are. When we go to a bar, we go to try and find a special sort of lazy glow that doesn't exist anywhere else. We're wondering now if we're going to be driven to solitary drinking.

Clock Man

ONE of the very busiest men in town this coming weekend will be Jacob Bachtold, who is in charge of time in this vicinity for the New York Central. He superintends a thousand clocks, and twice a year, when daylight saving comes and goes, he must see that six hundred of them are moved up or back an hour. The four hundred that aren't changed are "railroad clocks," mostly used by people concerned with the trains, as opposed to clocks in certain offices in Grand Central Terminal, the New York Central Building on Lexington Avenue, and *the* New York Central Building, which straddles Park Avenue. Nearly eight hundred of Bachtold's clocks are synchronized electrically, but, like other clocks, when it comes to a whole hour, these must be changed by hand. Normally, Bachtold, who is known to fellow-workmen as Jake the Clock Man, keeps his thousand clocks under control in a comfortable working day, but on daylight-saving weekends he is aided by half a dozen Central electricians. They all begin at noon on Saturday, on clocks in offices that have closed for the day; knock off around six; and resume at 7 A.M. Sunday. Usually, they finish about noon.

One of Jake's most important clocks is the one on the south side of Grand Central, visible from the Park Avenue ramp. This is fourteen feet in diameter, and its hands weigh over a hundred pounds each. For reasons known to the Central, this is considered a railroad clock and it won't be changed this weekend, but if it were to be changed, it wouldn't be much work. The hands are so nearly perfectly balanced that they can be moved by a little wheel in the works, which are inside the building. Occasionally, Bachtold has to do something to the face of this clock, in which event he emerges through a door about three feet square at numeral VI and works either sitting on the doorway or standing on the stone coping beneath the clock, in either case appreciably slowing down northbound motor traffic. Bachtold checks up on this clock first thing every morning and then hurries to the four-faced one atop the upper-level information booth. Eventually, after worrying over twelve time clocks used daily by Central employees, he gets around to a grandfather's clock in the office of Frederick E. Williamson, president of the railroad, on the thirty-second floor of the Park Avenue building. Mr. Williamson's clock, along with another grandfather's belonging to a vice-president, kept him hopping during the '38 hurricane. Most of the afternoon he dashed from one to the other, restoring them to accuracy after their pendulums had been thrown off by vibrations caused by the strong winds. In regulating all clocks, Jake depends on a twenty-year-old Hamilton watch. He checks this every morning with a master clock in the train dispatcher's office, which is checked twice a day with the Naval Observatory in Washington.

After he has finished his tour of inspection, Bachtold retires to his office on the fourth floor of the Terminal and repairs faulty clockworks, having previously installed temporary works in all ailing timepieces. He regards clocks as personalities and can tell in advance how they'll go wrong. He can't always tell when, though, so he lives on Fortieth Street, near the station, available for any night emergencies. Clocks have been his life since, as a boy, he was apprenticed to a clockmaker in Switzerland, where he was born. He's sixty-three now, and estimates that he has walked thirty thousand miles inspecting clocks since he went to work for the Central, in 1903. He had only fifty clocks to look after then. Twenty of these are still in use.



It Was an Outrage

THE census, for most of us, is now a matter of history—rather peculiar history, in some cases, we have gathered. There was, for example, a prosperous stockbroker who was interviewed at his country place. In response to questions, he told the enumerator that he had fifteen acres, that all he raised was hay, and that he did not sell the hay but gave it away to his neighbors. He was marked down as an unemployed farmer. "Fifteen acres makes you a farmer, and if you don't sell your produce, you're unemployed," the man explained.

A lady who lives by herself in a hotel received the census man cordially, and answered all the questions. After asking "Have you a bathtub?" and "Have you a radio?," the enumerator, in the same official tone, asked, "Have you a pair of manicure scissors?" Making a mental resolution to vote Republican in November, the lady said "Yes," and waited for the next question. "Well, could I borrow them?" he asked. "There's a hangnail been driving me nuts all day."

Two prosperous men, lunching together in Schrafft's, were overheard discussing the census. One of them said that, considered purely as a tricky and difficult project, it deserved praise, even from Republicans. "Think of the trouble they went to, counting those Bowery bums," he said. The other looked startled and displeased. "Did they really count *them*?" he asked.

Martial Music

"BEAUTY" is still as good a rhyme for "duty" as it was twenty-three years ago, and Tin Pan Alley faces unafraid the possibility of this nation's entering the war. In a survey (run off at a Gallup) of the local publishers of popular music, which we felt we ought to make at this time, we found that while most of them don't want this country to go to war, only two refuse to publish war songs. This dissenting pair, if any of you are keeping an honor roll, are the Edward B. Marks Music Corporation and a new firm called Mercer & Morris. The peace-through-preparedness bloc is led by Mills Music, Inc., who have up their sleeve an English ditty called "I'm Sending You the Siegfried Line to Hang Your Washing On" (not to be confused with "We're Gonna Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line," the American rights of which are controlled by another firm, Shapiro, Bernstein). Mills controls a number of war songs, serious and jocular, which could be published overnight. Mr. Jack Mills, the executive mind, told us sturdily, "If the President said 'Boo' about America going to war, we'd back him with an avalanche of patriotic tunes." Among them—some published, some held in readiness—are the current English favorite, "Even Hitler Had a Mother;" "Run, Rabbit, Run" (sung "Run, Hitler, Run" in England), "The Girl Who Loves a Soldier" ("Is the girl who adores a parade"), "I'll Pray for You," "Bon Voyage, Chéri," and "We Must All Stick Together." This last is now being used by Ozzie Nelson's band as a



"I really had it finished at Brooklyn Bridge, but I don't get off till Flatbush Avenue."

• •

general good-fellowship, let's-have-another-drink number, but the verse is definitely warlike: "We must keep on to the finish if we want a lasting Peace."

The Shapiro, Bernstein "We're Gonna Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line" is, incidentally, the work of the two Irishmen who wrote "South of the Border." It hasn't been published here, and won't be unless we declare war on somebody, but of course "South of the Border" isn't covered by the rules of civilized warfare. Also available in the Bernstein arsenal are "Oh! Ain't It Grand to Be in the Navy!" ("'Cause in the navy you get the gravy"), "The Tears of an Angel" (the angel in question being Mother, who during the last war waved goodbye to Dad, and now is waving goodbye to their Lad), and "Somewhere in France" (pointing out to the soldier that his wife is faithful to him). "Beer Barrel Polka," a Shapiro, Bernstein item, is being used as a marching song by the British troops.

The Leeds Music Corporation is banking on an unpublished number by Hughie Prince and Don Raye, who composed "The Yodelin' Jive." It's called "We're Back Again," and can be furnished with both English and American choruses. Leeds is also planning to strike a note of international amity by changing the current "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street" to "Between Montmartre and Michel on Sebastapol Street." Irving Berlin is going to stand pat with "God Bless America," which Kate Smith has already made popular and which doesn't commit us to any sort of aggression. Harms, Remick, and Witmark, functioning together as the Music Publishers Holding Corporation, have a song by Gus Edwards' brother Leo, "Then, Now, Forever," a general statement of American supremacy in the air, on the land, on the sea. Of all the possibilities, our favorite war song is one that Stuff Smith plays at the Hickory House but has not yet placed with a publisher. It's called "Stop That War—Them Cats Is Killin' Themselves."

Revivals of World War songs would be numerous: "My Buddy," "Madelon," "Hinky Dinky Parley-Voo," "Long Boy," "Joan of Arc," "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?," etc. The publishers of "Strike Up the Band" assured us cheerfully that in the event of war the number could be reissued with new lyrics praising war instead of kidding it. Looks like we're all set.

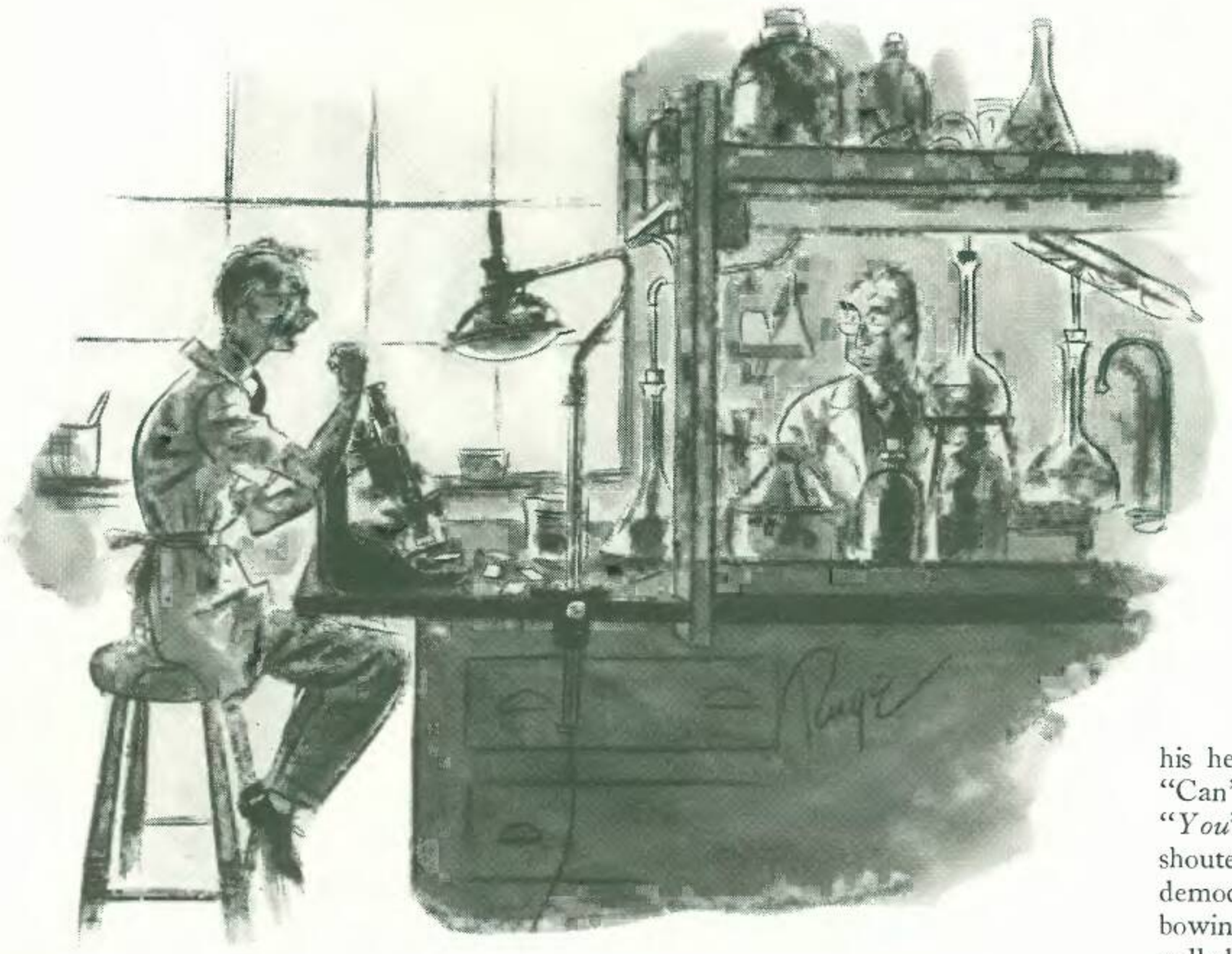
Buffet

IN case the management of the new Holland House Taverne, in Rockefeller Center, has been puzzled by the number of people who come in and ask where the lunch counters are, we can explain. It was their advertisement in the *Sun*, announcing the opening of New York's "newest, notable restaurant." The break at the end of a line came in the middle of "notable," making it read (to a certain inflexible type of person) "no-table."

Absentee Landlords

SOME prank, the prank that was played on the Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn by two jovial attorneys of Manhattan, the Messrs. Martin Auslander and Julius Freilicher! You may have read about it. These men were, until January, joint owners of a rather crummy four-story brick tenement at 541 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, on which the Dime Savings Bank held a mortgage of $3,300. Well, the payments had lapsed and the bank was about to foreclose when Auslander and Freilicher, by a deed of gift, turned the building over to Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin. This procedure, though eccentric, was legally airtight; the law permits you to give a man something without his knowing anything about it. This left the bank with a problem: the mortgage, of course, was still effective, but they couldn't foreclose without making what the law calls a reasonable effort to locate the new owners and find out if they meant to pay up. Having learned this much from the newspapers, we determined to follow up the case and see exactly what had been done.

We found that the Dime Savings Bank had turned the whole mess over to the legal firm of Hutton & Holahan, of



"Sometimes I feel I'd like to get right in there and fight!"

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Brooklyn. Mr. Hutton, who took charge of the case, first wrote to the Soviet and German Consulates in New York, and a Mr. Recht, who is some sort of New York representative of the Russians. Hutton's letters all asked, straight legal deadpan, if the addressee knew anything about Stalin's and Hitler's having been given a tenement in Brooklyn; all the replies said no. Mr. Recht, in particular, so far dissociated himself from the affair that he returned unused the self-addressed, stamped envelope which Mr. Hutton had enclosed in his letter. Next, Mr. Hutton sent out Joseph Carboy, his most relentless process-server, with a summons and complaint to be served on Stalin and Hitler. Carboy went first to 541 Clinton Street, where he found the door broken in by neighborhood toughs, but neither Hitler nor Stalin inside. There was nobody inside. He then made a little tour of the neighborhood, the way all process-servers do, asking for his men. The neighbors just stared. Carboy also called on Mr. Recht and the Russian and German Consuls, but (you guessed it) without success.

Mr. Hutton's next move was to ask the State Supreme Court if it would be satisfactory, the attempt to serve Hitler and Stalin personally having failed, to notify them by letter and advertisements. The Court said yes, so Mr. Hutton sent copies of the summons, together with copies of various pertinent court orders and the notice of foreclosure, to Hitler and Stalin. Four copies were addressed to Hitler, at Clinton Street, % the German Consul, % the German Ambassador, and at Berchtesgaden, Germany. Stalin was addressed at his consulate and embassy, % Mr. Recht, and at the Kremlin, Red Square, Moscow. The advertisements have been appearing in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* and the Brooklyn *Citizen* for several weeks, and will continue until April 26th. If Hitler or Stalin doesn't appear within three weeks after the last appearance of the advertisements, the bank can foreclose, a move which, according to Mr. Hutton, they anticipate with no pleasure. "The place is going to wrack and ruin," he told us, gloomily.

As for Auslander and Freilicher, their whimsy has cost them exactly $439.53, a figure which includes postage, Mr. Carboy's fee, various legal expenses, space in the *Eagle* and the *Citizen*, water rates and taxes for the period during which the property was tied up, and interest. When they gave Hitler and Stalin a foothold in Brooklyn, they never thought it would cost them $439.53. When they were haled before Justice Lockwood of the Supreme Court, Freilicher (appearing for both of them) was asked how long he had been practicing law. "About five years," he said. "You boys won't practice long," said the Justice, freezing Mr. Freilicher's blood. Mr. Hutton, however, arose and said that he didn't want the boys disbarred. The Court let them off for the $439.53, with the bitter lesson that, where the law is concerned, humor doesn't pay.

Outnumbered

A SIXTH AVENUE bus, in the permanent traffic snarl of Greeley Square, got stuck in back of a cab waiting to make a turn. "Hey, you Terminal," the bus-driver yelled, putting his head out the window, "pull up!" "Can't—I got a fare," the cabby said. "*You've* got a fare!" the bus-driver shouted. "*I* got thirty fares. Is this a democracy or ain't it?" Terminal, bowing to the principles of democracy, pulled up.

Seven Keys to Culbertson

AFTER learning, in a quick reading of Ely Culbertson's recent autobiography, "The Strange Lives of One Man," that the well-known bridge authority really consists of seven different characters—Ely the Epicurean, Ely the Idealist, Ely the Child (aged nine), Ely the Family Man, Ely the Business Manager (subtitled The Hunter), Ely the Celebrity, and Ely the Philosopher—we went right over to see all seven Culbertsons in the office of their periodical, the *Bridge World*, in a pair of private houses on East Sixty-second Street. "*The New Yorker* to see the Messrs. Culbertson," we told the Culbertson secretary, a shapely, dark-haired girl who was sharpening pencils in the outer office. She took us into a big room containing a sofa with a king, queen, and a couple of aces woven in its upholstery, and introduced us to a determined-looking, baldish man wearing an open shirt and a black figured silk house coat. "Which Ely are you?" we asked. "Which one predominates now?" said Mr. Culbertson. "Ah, that's a big secret. I have a fantastic plan. It will take five years. My book is the first step. It's a deep secret. If it fails, I'll either commit suicide or become a dope fiend. That's how you'll know I've failed." "Are you Ely the Business Manager, talking to the press?" we asked. "The Business Manager never played much of a rôle," Mr.

Culbertson replied. "The conception of the seven Elys was the only way in which I could give a complete account of my life. Socrates had only one demon, a big one; I have a lot of little demons." He took a copy of his book off his desk and autographed it for us. "You, too, will live," he wrote comfortingly.

Mr. Culbertson, who has a strong accent—his mother was a Cossack and his childhood was spent in Russia—told us he had planned to write his life story twenty years ago, when he was twenty-eight, and call it "The Autobiography of an Unknown Person." "I had to delay it," he said. "I get in revolutions, I get rooned, then came bridge." He finally got started early last year, when, while touring South America, he began dictating to Miss Lucinda Hazen, the secretary who had shown us in, and who remained for our interview. Naturally, he had to discard his first title. He also threw away the first hundred pages, which he said were abominably written, and started all over again last April, in his house at Ridgefield, Connecticut. For the next nine months he rose at eleven, dictated till two, lunched, dictated from three until eight, dined and listened to the radio, dictated from nine-thirty until twelve-thirty, and then read a few magazines before going to sleep. He occasionally dictated during meals too. One day a week he spent in town attending to his bridge interests. "I was sick all the time," he told us. "I had five or six attacks of nervous indigestion a day. I was displeased at every page I wrote. I loathe writing." Miss Hazen, who sat on the sofa, right on the ace of spades, took all of Culbertson's dictation; she felt poorly most of the time also. Two other secretaries typed out her shorthand. Culbertson never looked at the typescript. His theory is that rhythm is the most important part of writing, and that you get it only by dictating. He hired three editors, one of them a Columbia instructor, to read the galleys for fact and grammar, and sent ten sets of proofs, for criticism, to friends, among them Frank Crowninshield and Mrs. Culbertson, his former wife. Mrs. Culbertson urged him, in vain, to omit certain details of their private life; Mr. Crowninshield persuaded him to drop an account of the auction of a Cuban girl. "One of my ten psychological testing machines, a rather religious woman," Mr. Culbertson said, "told me the account of my divorce was in bad taste, but I think the author of a three-dollar book owes his audience the actual truth." He said his principal testing machine was Miss Hazen, who is a graduate of the University of Rochester and the Eastman School of Music. "I screamed when Miss Hazen criticized me," he said. "She's a typical American college girl—not rigid, but with a sense of reserve." Miss Hazen, who is in her early twenties, smiled in a reserved way.

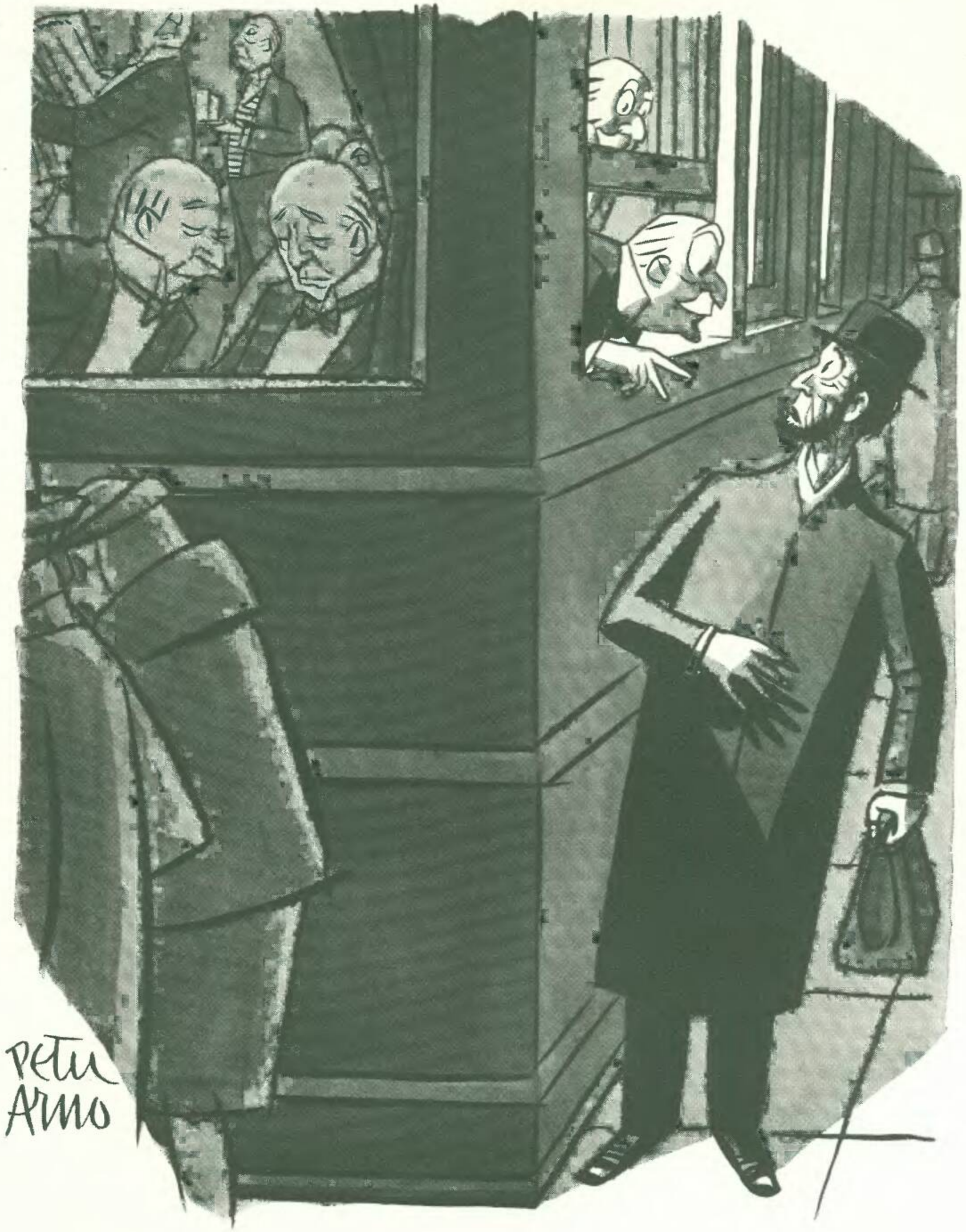
Mr. Culbertson was obliged to fire one of his editors, a young man with Left Wing sympathies, because when he reached the place in the book where a Communist sweetheart of Mr. C.'s gets killed, he burst into tears and could go no further. "He kept rereading that chapter and crying." The author informed us he is now writing a play, a mystery novel, and a book on mass psychology (the first two with bridge-club backgrounds), and offered to show us his hideaway. He pushed a button and part of the wall swung open, revealing an enormous room with a bar, dining table, desk, bed, card tables, etc., decorated in modern Spanish. "It's a six-room apartment in one," said Mr. Culbertson. "I hate walking from one room to another." He opened a second secret door to show us out, and remarked that women have played an even more important part in his life than they did in the book. "I sent some pictures of my life over to *Life*," he said, "but they think I've had enough publicity."

Outlander

A Chicago family—father, mother, and a daughter of high-school age—moved to New York for business reasons and settled down in Brooklyn, where the girl entered public school. After her second day of attendance she came home in tears; her teachers, baffled and irritated by the way she rolled out her "r"s, had recommended that she be placed in a special class for the correction of foreign accents.



"Don't go away, Elsie. Please help me listen to Mr. Lumsden."



"Psst? Want to run for President?"

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

OR HOW TO READ A FASHION MAGAZINE

PROFESSOR MORTIMER J. ADLER'S helpful and absorbing work, "How to Read a Book," has inspired me to write an article, addressed mainly to men, on how to read a fashion magazine. With all deference to Professor Adler, I must point out that my topic is of more vital interest because, while it is possible for a well-brought-up man to go from one year's end to the other without opening a book, fashion magazines are always turning up where idle men can get their hands on them—in hospital solaria, air liners, beach cabañas, sometimes even in the home.

It is a dangerous moment when a man starts mousing through a fashion magazine. A woman knows—instinctively, the way all good knowledge comes—that such publications offer her only a small kernel of useful information. When she finds a description of an attractive pair of shoes or an efficient girdle, she makes a mental note to drop in at Bonwit's tomorrow and then puts the magazine aside, feeling that her fifty cents has been well spent. A man, having no very definite reason for opening a fashion magazine, will, as likely as not, get to reading the non-technical editorial matter—social notes, picture captions, short stories, etc. To the ordinary businesslike male, trained to the belief that where you find print you will find facts, this will almost certainly be a disturbing experience. I have known several cases in which it left a psychological scar, in the form of a belief that women were "odd" and "different" and that a man was better off hiding in his club.

PROFESSOR ADLER tells you that a great book must be read three times if its full meaning is to be grasped. The principle of reading fashion-magazine prose so as to get the most out of it is precisely the opposite: *it should not even be read once*. That is, it should not be "read" in the ordinary, vulgar sense. The difference is that between sniffing a flower and eating it.

Perhaps my meaning will be clearer if I discuss an example of fashion-magazine prose. In the March issue of *Harper's Bazaar* there are a number of excellent photographs of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, and an accompanying article by one Priscilla Duke, "Liz Whitney of Llangollen." "No one really knows Liz Whitney without seeing her at Llangollen," says Miss Duke. "She can never stay away from it long. Her comings and goings are a mystery to the countryside. She arrives suddenly—usually in the dead of night—from Hollywood, New York, or Washington, drawn home by the sickness of a dog, the arrival of a new foal, or by an irresistible compulsion to the land."

Now, assuming that I am the ordinary, forthright male, uninstructed in the ways of fashion magazines, I am going to break down at that fourth sentence. "Damn it!" I say. "*Why* does Liz Whitney arrive in the dead of night? *I* don't arrive in the dead of night—I arrive when the damn train or airplane gets to where I'm going. Does Liz Whitney *arrange* to arrive in the dead of night? And doesn't she go anywhere but New York, Hollywood, or Washington? Doesn't she ever arrive suddenly in the dead of night from Chicago or Boston, eh?" By this time my face is an ugly mottled color, and my neck is bulging over my collar. Hurling the March issue of *Harper's Bazaar* across the room, I fling out of the house and go over to Third Avenue to my favorite saloon. Two and a half hours later I am still in the saloon, saying to the bartender, "Listen, Joe, I'll tell you the trouble with women, Joe. They arrive in the dead of night, see? Joe, that's the trouble with women—they arrive suddenly in the dead of night." "Yup, guess you're right," Joe says, mopping the bar.

Distress such as I've described would be the result of reading Priscilla Duke's piece about Liz Whitney literally, the way one reads a story in the *Times*. It was not intended to be read that way. The editors of magazines devoted to elegant prose and large photographs do not *read* the output of their authors; they prop the manuscripts up on a table, stand on the other side of the room, make a square frame of their fingers, and squint at the composition, as motion-picture cameramen do when sizing up a set. The writer, as a matter of fact, generally is supplied with a page proof containing the photographs that are to be used, and types his work around the picture, thus obviating waste motion.



YOU must have grasped the idea by now; namely, that close scrutiny of fashion-magazine prose is as vulgar as approaching a smartly gowned woman, grabbing her sleeve, and murmuring, "Hmmm! Nice piece of goods." You don't examine the lady closely enough to see her seams; you don't examine fashion-magazine prose closely enough to see its syntactical and logical structure, if any. Just to test your ability to read it the proper way, suppose you try a little more Liz Whitney: "Stormy, restless, vague about time and space, she keeps people waiting for hours, charms them off their feet when she finally gets there. She has an amazing faculty for always being around when something exciting is happening. She turns up in California as a strong contender for the part of Scarlett. She appears in Washington in the limelight with politicians. She dashes to New York for a round of night clubs or a ball." If my instruction has not been in vain, that passage will rouse no antagonism in the reader. There will be no temptation to point out that everybody was a strong contender for the part of Scarlett, that certain people simply cannot be swept off their feet after being kept waiting for hours by stormy, restless women, or that the modern system of transportation makes any dash to New York a dead heat with all the other passengers on the same plane or train. No, the person able to read this passage with the mind properly relaxed will instantly get the message that Priscilla Duke was trying to convey; it can be summed up in the single word "*Whee!*"

We must learn to walk before we learn to run, of course. Not all fashion-magazine prose can be read by the novice, because the untrained mind will, in certain cases, persist in reaching out for vulgar factual information, instead of being content with the lovely tinkle of adjectives and dangling participles. I would not ask the reader to try to cope with the following sentence (still from Duke on Whitney): "She used to have dog races down the middle of the table with plates as obstacles." Even I wonder about the situation hinted at here. She *used* to have dog races down the middle of the table, mind you; but not any more. What made her stop? Did she get tired of it, or did the dogs? Was she restrained in some way? Did the Board of Health step in, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? . . . I'm *not* shouting! I merely asked. . . .

—RUSSELL MALONEY

RIDING STABLE

THE Hollands were late getting to the Carsons', and it was after nine when Louise Carson turned away from the window and said, "Oh, here they are!" Dick went to the hall and opened the front door, and the noise of a heavy rain came into the room. "Hel-lo, you Hollands!" he shouted. "Hel-lo there!" He could see Turkey closing the door of the old coupé. Then Lillian took Turkey's arm and they came running toward the house through the rain.

"My, isn't this terrible?" Lillian said as she came in the door.

"Spell a nasty weather we bin havin'," Turkey broke in, imitating the nasal speech of a farmer. Louise embraced Lillian and Dick shook Turkey's hand. "Well, how have you been, Hollands?" Louise said. "You're strangers. Dick, why don't you take their things? Isn't this rain terrible? I was telling Dick today that if this keeps up, our cellar will be flooded."

"Looked for you up at the club on Thursday, Dick," Turkey said. He stamped his feet noisily and shook the rain from his hat.

"Thursday, Thursday? Let me see. Oh, I know. We went over to the Armstrongs'."

"The Armstrongs'?"

"Yes," Louise said, "yes. It was some kind of a stainless-steel dinner." While Dick was hanging the Hollands' coats in the hall closet, she urged Turkey and Lillian toward the living room. "A man sells stainless-steel cooking utensils, and he goes all around White Plains offering to give dinners in peoples' houses if they'll invite a lot of friends. Then everyone's supposed to buy a set of stainless steel. But the night we were over at the Armstrongs' nobody bought a thing, and the food didn't strike me as anything special. And Brud was there, and he heckled the poor man through the whole business."

"How about a drink?"

Turkey settled his long, thin body into a chair. "Pious idea," he said.

"Here," Louise said to Lillian, "why don't you sit here? It's warmer, I think. A draft comes in through the door. Dick keeps forgetting to buy weatherstrips. He'll bring them home someday in July when the temperature's up to ninety."

"Crab, crab, crab," Dick said pleasantly, pouring whiskey into glasses.

"And by the way, Turkey," Louise said, "I have a favor to ask of you before I forget. I want to get the words of the 'Winnipeg Whore.' I never can remember them."

"Oh, that's easy." Turkey stretched his legs, rested his head against the back of the chair, and began to sing in a tuneless voice, "It was my first trip up the Chippewaw River . . ."

Turkey's voice filled the room. His family had been one of the first to prosper in White Plains real estate, and this had given him a certain self-assurance. Dick had known him in college, and Turkey's confused and enthusiastic nature had not changed in the ten years since their graduation. To be with him was to recall those years, the football games, the bonfires on campus. Turkey had failed in business, but it was the kind of failure that made him seem too honest for an avaricious world.

As soon as he had finished the ballad, he began to give the Carsons the White Plains news. "Did you hear about Mrs. Merrick's cherry tree? You didn't? Well, you've got to hear this. She cornered me at the club and told me all about it. You know the Merricks, don't you? That big yellow house? Well, you know that cherry tree out in back?"

"So beautiful in bloom," Lillian said. "Just like a bride."

"Well, the kids have been stealing cherries for years," Turkey said, "but when the Merricks bought the place—it used to belong to the Stetsons—Mrs. Merrick decided she was going to put an end to all that. So when the kids start swiping the cherries, she comes charging out of the house and tries to frighten them away. Of course, it doesn't do any good. They come right back as soon as she goes into the house. Well, she told me all about it at the club. She hasn't any use for the cherries herself, but she said she didn't want her place overrun with gamins. Gamins! Did you ever hear anything like it? So this year, even before the buds came out on the tree, she had it cut down." He struck himself on the leg and laughed loudly. "Oh, boy, she's wonderful! She'll tear the house down and pitch a tent before she's through."

Lillian turned to Dick. "Have you heard about the riding stable?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"Well, there's a riding stable down near Bowen's." She cleared her throat. "Right at the corner there. And—"

"I'll tell them, honey," Turkey interrupted. "You know that riding stable down near Bowen's, of course. You used to ride there, Louise. Well, yesterday, when I was driving into town, I stopped at Crosetti's for some gas and he told me that the fellow who owns the stable has been drinking. He fell off the wagon last month and he's been hitting it steadily ever since. Any time anyone takes out a horse, he just blows the money in for booze. The horses haven't been properly fed or cleaned for a month. That's what Crosetti said. Someone, I don't know who—one of his customers, probably—squealed, and now the S.P.C.A. is going to make him sell the whole outfit. He'll probably sell it pretty cheap."

"Joe Crosetti thinks he'll let it go for a thousand," Lillian told Louise.

"He has fourteen horses, all of them pretty good," Turkey said. "I know, because I've ridden almost all of them. There're a couple of hunters and three polo ponies. Now, if someone with some enterprise got in there, they ought to be able to make a go of it. Take polo. I know a lot of fellows who'd like to play polo if they could afford it. Get a few more ponies and make up a team and





"Who is this Hitler and what does he want?"

you'd have something. The whole outfit could be had for a thousand. There's one horse there that's worth a thousand alone."

"Darius," Lillian said. "He's a show horse."

"It sounds like a good thing for you, Turkey," Dick said. "Why don't you take it over?"

"Well," Turkey said, "that's what I was thinking of. That's one reason I wanted to see you. I thought you might want to come in with me. I haven't a lot of ready cash handy, and the first thing I told Lillian when I heard about it was I've a good mind to put Dick Carson onto this. He's been a friend of mine for a long time and I've a good mind to put him onto this."

"We were talking it over with the Blakes last night," Lillian said, "and they think it's a fine idea. Charlie can't come in right now because all of his money is tied up, but he knows a man who has a riding stable in Connecticut and makes lots of money."

"There are fourteen horses," Turkey said. "You can let them out at least three times a day at two dollars an hour. The feed bill's nothing. You can get a groom for twelve dollars a week. I'm not particularly busy right now, and I'd be willing to put in my time as part of the investment. I could give lessons, and women usually want someone to ride with them."

"I should think your father might be interested in going in with you," Dick said.

"Oh, Dad? He hasn't got the vision of a mouse." Turkey chuckled at the thought of his father's lack of vision. "The only thing he knows is real estate. Money invested in anything else is money thrown away as far as he's concerned."

"Oh, but Dick doesn't know one end of a horse from another," Louise said cheerfully, and Dick was grateful to her. "Couldn't I interest someone in a game of twenty-one?" she asked. Without waiting for them to answer, she went to the closet, took out a card table, and began pulling down the legs. "We haven't played twenty-one for the longest time."

The business of getting chairs, dealing for banker, and selling chips distracted the Hollands from their discussion of the riding stable. "How is your new—" Lillian began, and then she turned her head quickly, as if she expected to find someone standing at her back. "How is your new maid?" she whispered.

"Terrible," Louise said. "You don't have to be afraid of talking. Her room is way at the back of the house. She doesn't do any work. And eat! We had a roast on Sunday and I thought there'd be enough for the children's lunch today, but there wasn't a scrap left. And she doesn't half keep the house clean. And when I think of the salary she's getting! I could buy new curtains, new curtains for every window in this room, with the salary she makes in a few weeks."

"They're certainly a problem," Lillian said. "I have the Palmer girl in to help me with the children, and she's downright impudent."

Dick was banker. "Your turn, sweetheart," he said to Louise.

"I want a card," Louise said. "Just one. Wait a minute—no, one's enough."

"Hit me," Turkey said. "Hit me again, go on."

"Is everybody staying?"

AS Dick dealt the cards, he watched the Hollands. They had probably asked everyone about the stable: the Blakes, the Stevensons, the Howards. To say no, to say that a riding stable was a bad investment, might mean the ending of his and Turkey's long friendship. But the trouble was that he had no interest in a stable, and that Turkey's business sense and enthusiasm couldn't be trusted.

Dick would have liked the Hollands to win, but the pile of chips at his place kept mounting.

"Are you driving in town tomorrow, Dick, or taking the train?" Turkey asked suddenly.

"Train."

"Well, if you want to look over the riding stable, I'll meet you at the station and drive you over there when you get out from the city. You might want to look at the horses before you make up your mind."

"I'm afraid it's out of the question, Turkey," Dick said.

"You mean—"

"I mean that I haven't the money. A thousand dollars isn't an easy thing to come by these days. And I don't know one end of a horse from another."

"But—"

"I'm afraid it's out of the question. I'm sorry."

Turkey swallowed. "All right, Dick," he said. He glanced down at the cards. Beyond the silence of the room, Dick could hear the rain beating against the side of the house. Lightning outlined the windows. "One-two-three-four-five-six," Louise began to count. "That was six miles away," she said when the thunder sounded.

Dick, his eyes on the table, dealt another hand. "*Faites vos jeux, faites vos jeux*," he mumbled. "O.K. Everybody up? *Rien ne va plus. . . .*"

—JOHN CHEEVER



"Which one is the love potion?"

PROFILES

THE IT GIRL—II



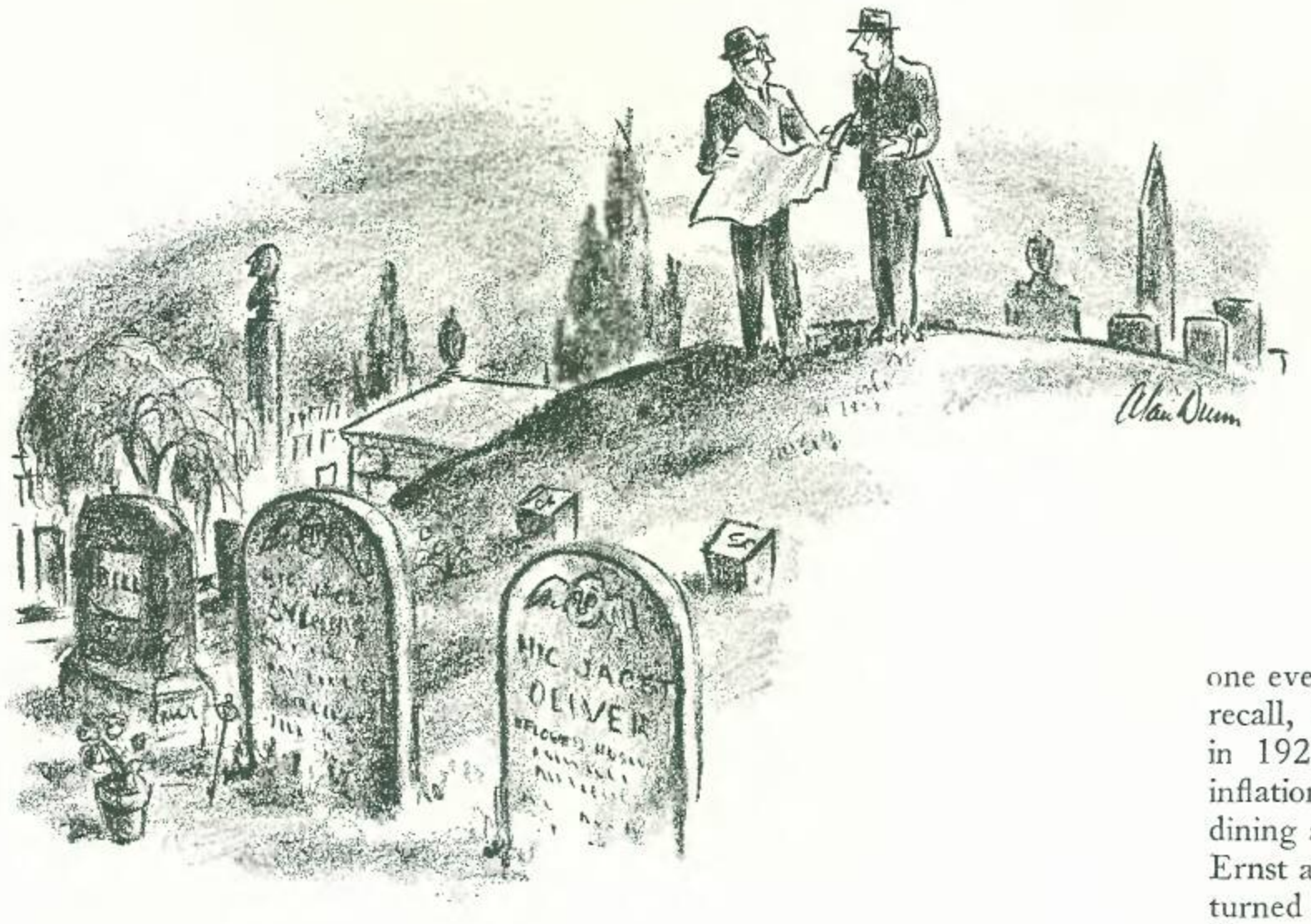
Dorothy Thompson

WHEN Dorothy Thompson came home to America in 1928, after eight years as a foreign correspondent in Central Europe, the times were opportune for a budding philosopher and social commentator. Rich Americans had ignored Europe, except as a playground, since the Armistice, and poor Americans were too busy getting rich in 1928 to think much about the predicament of the world in general. The country, uninformed and receptive, was more or less in the frame of mind of a creamy dowager idly asking a caller "What's new?" and Miss Thompson was bursting with information. Her qualifications as a public figure were romantic as well as practical. She was thirty-four years old—young for an expert on foreign affairs; she had a blond, breezy beauty and a contagious manner; and she had just married Sinclair Lewis. Lewis was plainly fascinated by his bride and in the first years of their marriage always referred interviewers to her with the statement that she was the greatest woman on earth. He is still nervously inclined to suspect that this is true. Miss Thompson's emergence as a celebrity familiar to the whole American public did not actually occur, however, until she began her column in the *Herald Tribune*, eight years after her return to America. This deferred fame was the result of several things that preoccupied her in the meantime. In chronological order, they were domestic life, the birth of her son, Michael, in 1930, the belligerence of Theodore Dreiser, and the coyness of Adolf Hitler.

Lewis bought a farm near Barnard, Vermont, and the transition from the revolutions of Middle Europe to an unaccustomed, rustic peace encouraged Miss Thompson to think less with the quick reactions of a reporter and more in the contemplative mood of an analyst. She read a great deal and wrote a few magazine articles and some book reviews, but most of her time was spent sociably discussing groceries with tradesmen or wrangling with architects over additions to the house. Sometimes she startled her staff of five servants by appearing in the kitchen to cook dinner—she is a fine, enthusiastic cook—and to stir up a German *Bowle*, the white-wine punch with strawberries, which always affects her with a slight homesickness for the old Berlin and Vienna. When the Lewises took an apartment in New York for the winter, Mrs. Lewis directed workmen in tearing out a projection in the wall near the fireplace and building bookshelves around the hearth, so that anyone sitting in the comfortable chairs she planned to place by the wood fire could reach out and choose a book without getting up. She bought cherry logs for the fireplace and arranged the reading lamps so that they shone cheerily in the right places. It was a charming picture she had conjured up, and the only reason it turned out badly was that she had forgotten to ask the renting agent whether the fireplace was a real one. The fireplace, the agent told her regretfully when everything was finished, was a phony.

Miss Thompson was enchanted with homemaking, and with motherhood after her son was born, but she had planted so many seeds of battle in various directions that it seemed unlikely her career would ever settle into a domestic rut. When Theodore Dreiser's book "Dreiser Looks at Russia" was published in 1928, Miss Thompson charged him publicly with plagiarism. She said in an interview that Dreiser had stolen three thousand words from a series of articles entitled "The New Russia," written by her for the New York *Evening Post* earlier in 1928, when she was head of the Central European service for that paper, and later published as a book. Dreiser denied the charge and talked thunderously of calling in his lawyers about it, but nothing definite happened until a night in March, 1931, when the late Ray Long gave a dinner at the Metropolitan Club for one Boris Pilnyak, a Russian writer. Long's guests included Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Arthur Brisbane, Irvin Cobb, and Heywood Broun, and things went well until Long, with the cigars and brandy, called on his guests for speeches. Lewis, invited to speak first, rose, bowed, and said, "I am very happy to meet Mr. Pilnyak. But I do not care to speak in the presence of one man [here he stared alarmingly at Dreiser] who has plagiarized three thousand words from my wife's book on Russia." He then sat down, and Long hastily called on Irvin Cobb, who obliged with a soothing flow of anecdote. When the party broke up, Lewis addressed Dreiser directly. "I once spoke of you in a public speech as a great American writer," he said, "but I also say to you that you are a—" Before he had completed his garland of rosy epithets, Dreiser reached out, like a bear after a zookeeper, and slapped him twice with his open hand. Lewis rushed at Dreiser with raised fists, and the boys were separated with difficulty by the other men present. "Dreiser is a powerful guy, but he's pretty old," Lewis remarked to reporters next day. Dreiser's comment to the press was more petulant. "Aw," he said, "I was asked to write 'Arrowsmith' before *he* was."

MISS THOMPSON'S writings are banned in Soviet Russia now, but this proscription has caused her less concern than her ejection from Nazi Germany in 1934 because of her book "I Saw Hitler." She had lived happily in Berlin from 1925 to 1928 as chief of the Central European service of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the *Evening Post*, and she had developed a deep affection for the German people; also, a good part of her eight years in Europe had been spent in trying to see Hitler. In 1923, after the failure of his *Putsch* with Ludendorff, Hitler went into hiding in Murnau at the home of Frau Hanfstaengl, the mother of Ernst Hanfstaengl, who was to become the Nazi publicity chief. Miss Thompson, then Vienna correspondent for the *Ledger*, followed Hitler to Murnau and arrived at Frau Hanfstaengl's house two hours after



"But why should I pay twice as much just for a view?"

• •

he had left for another, more secret shelter. For the next five years she pursued him to offices, hotels, and jails in a vain attempt to get an interview. In 1931, three years after her marriage, Miss Thompson took a trip abroad with her husband, and this time Hitler finally consented to see her, at his headquarters in the Kaiserhof Hotel in Berlin. "He had a message for the world, and so he was ready to see me" is the way Miss Thompson puts it. Hitler kept her waiting an hour, making a combined total of eight years and one hour, and it is possible that Miss Thompson's annoyance with him, when she was at last admitted, was not altogether impersonal.

"When I finally walked into Adolf Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof Hotel," she wrote in 1932 in a magazine article, "I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not. It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog." In her book "I Saw Hitler," she called the Führer "little man," addressed him as "Oh, Adolf!," and reproached him for his futile ambition. Miss Thompson has taken a good deal of ribbing about her supremely wrong estimate of Hitler's importance, and she still refers to it anxiously in her speeches. "Where I was *really* wrong," she said at a Book and Author luncheon last year, "was in not trusting to my first judgment." Miss Thompson's third, and present, judgment of Hitler is an eloquent one. Out of some 238,000 words she has written on international affairs in her *Herald Tribune* column in the past two years, nearly 147,000—or more than three-fifths of the total—have been devoted to attacking his regime.

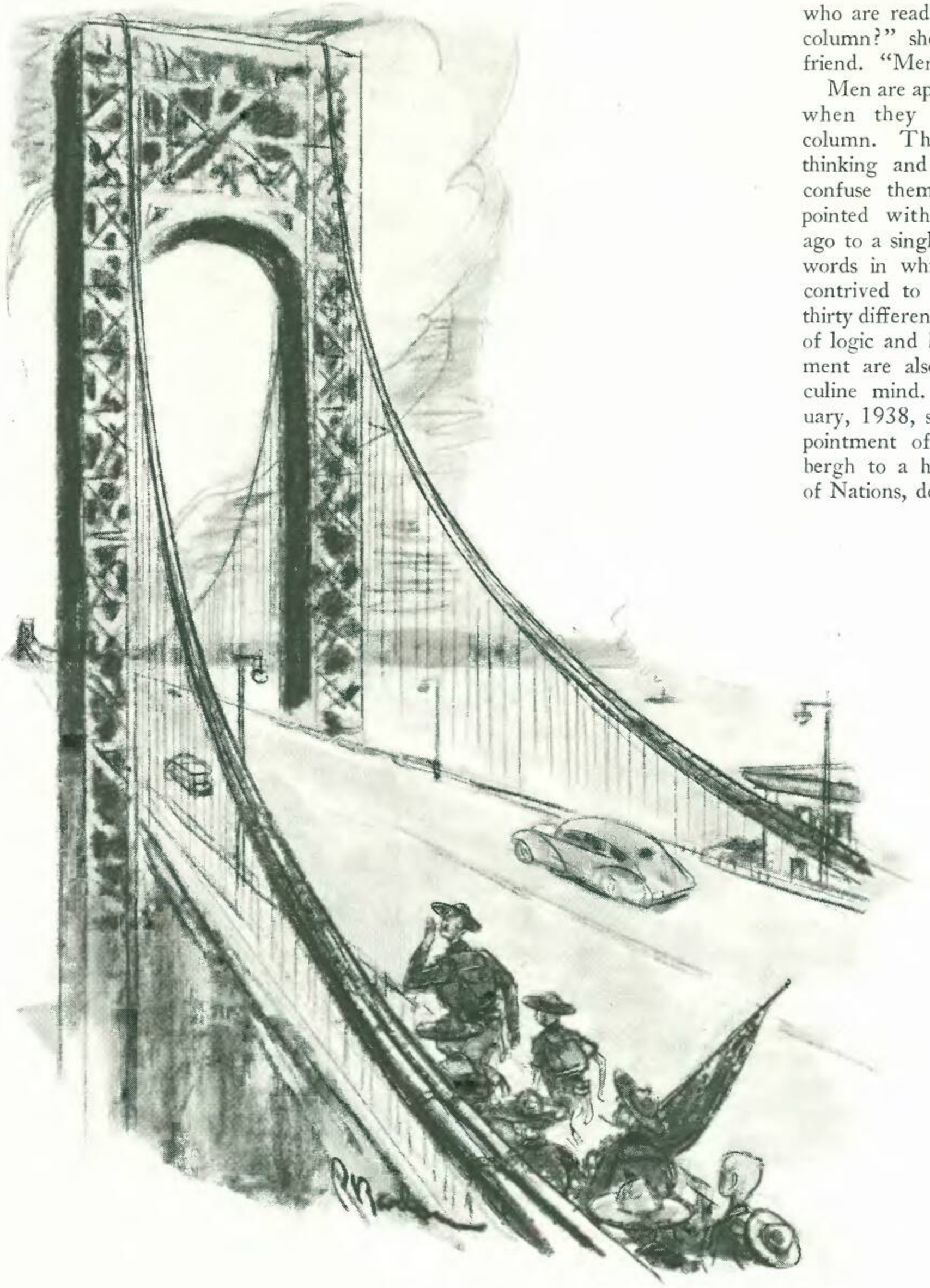
Possibly what threw Miss Thompson off during the Hitler interview was her own rapidly crystallizing desire to be a commentator and a psychologist on world affairs rather than merely a trained observer. She was no longer content simply to report events; she wanted to explain them, even to predict them. People who had known her in Europe in the twenties noticed the difference in her point of view when she came back in the thirties. In Vienna, in 1931, she fell to brooding about the state of Europe and how sadly it compared with the ideals of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations. Always quick to think of a new approach to a story and of a friend to direct her to the proper source, she went to John Gunther's flat and asked him where she could find a set of Woodrow Wilson's speeches from 1918 on. Gunther directed her to the American Embassy, and presently Miss Thompson wrote one of the first of her ominous pieces. Later published as part of a series in the *Saturday Evening Post*, it was mainly a reminder of what Mr. Wilson had dreamed of and a sharp complaint that very little of it had come true.

This kind of academic survey was a strange departure for the Dorothy Thompson who had once fought her way barehanded into the thick of revolutions. Her friends, noticing how much she had changed, nevertheless remembered that her attitude toward the European scene had been a thoughtful one even in the twenties. They liked to recall, for instance, a night in Vienna in 1922, during the worst period of inflation, when Miss Thompson was dining at the Hotel Bristol with Morris Ernst and Walter Lippmann. The talk turned to the possibility of revolution in Vienna, and Ernst, newly arrived and appalled by the conditions he found, wanted to know simply when it would come. "Probably tomorrow," Miss Thompson told him. Lippmann disagreed. "Revolution will never come," he said. "The Viennese will keep on waltzing." As he spoke the last word, a hunger riot broke out in the street in front of the hotel. A reporter's fever came over Miss Thompson and, ignoring the men's protests (they stayed where they were), she threw her fur coat over her shoulders and ran out into the crowd. Tossed against a wall of angry people, she brought up breathlessly beside a woman who was standing with an arm raised, ready to throw a brick through one of the hotel windows. The woman looked at her without lowering her arm. "Lady," she said civilly, "you better get back into the hotel. You don't want to spoil that nice fur coat." Miss Thompson returned to the hotel doorway and the rioter went ahead and heaved the brick through the window. What impressed Morris Ernst about that episode was Miss Thompson's uncanniness in predicting trouble in Vienna only a few minutes before it came.

IN 1936, the time seemed ripe for the début of Dorothy Thompson as an interpreter of world affairs, and the New York *Herald Tribune* engaged her to write three columns a week on that subject. Mrs. Ogden Reid, co-publisher with her husband of the *Tribune*, likes to think of American women as being alert and on their toes, and she

proposed to Miss Thompson a column about politics, wars, and domestic and international problems written so that women could easily understand it and would not always have to be seeking information from their husbands, who (Mrs. Reid suspected) often had mistaken ideas about such things. Miss Thompson's column made its first appearance on March 17, 1936, with a cozy, woman-to-woman chat on the Corporations Tax Bill. In spite of this stern introduction, women readers were moved by the crusading spirit that shone through the printed words in each succeeding article, and perhaps even more by Miss Thompson's richly indignant prose. It was somehow a vicarious outlet for the wrath against things in general that slumbers fitfully in all women. Housewives—possibly Miss Thompson's greatest audience—were flattered, too, by the thought that they were at last considered intelligent enough to wrestle mentally with the world's woes. One feminine reader, who lives in the suburbs, recently bestowed on the column what seemed to her the last word in praise. This woman comes into town by train frequently, to shop, and she has developed a habit of looking around the car to see what her fellow-travellers are reading. "Do you know who most of the people *are* who are reading Dorothy Thompson's column?" she inquired excitedly of a friend. "Men!"

Men are apt to wear a puzzled frown when they read Miss Thompson's column. The elastic quality of her thinking and her fearless prose style confuse them, and one male reader pointed with astonishment not long ago to a single column of about 1,700 words in which Miss Thompson had contrived to comment definitely upon thirty different topics. Her flexible brand of logic and her rapidly shifting judgment are also disturbing to the masculine mind. For example, in January, 1938, she recommended the appointment of Colonel Charles Lindbergh to a high office in the League of Nations, describing him as "a young man of international sympathies, of humanitarian instincts, and of organizing abilities, who is internationally known, internationally beloved." In September, 1939, after Lindbergh's speech in favor of strict neutrality for the United States (an idea to which Miss Thompson is notably opposed), she wrote bitterly, "Colonel Lindbergh's inclination toward Fascism is well known to his friends." Miss Thompson's critics of both sexes are inclined to suspect her humor, particularly the kind displayed in the occasional columns featuring imaginary dialogues at the breakfast table between herself and someone she calls "the Grouse." The Grouse, who bears little resemblance to Sinclair Lewis and even less to Oliver Wendell



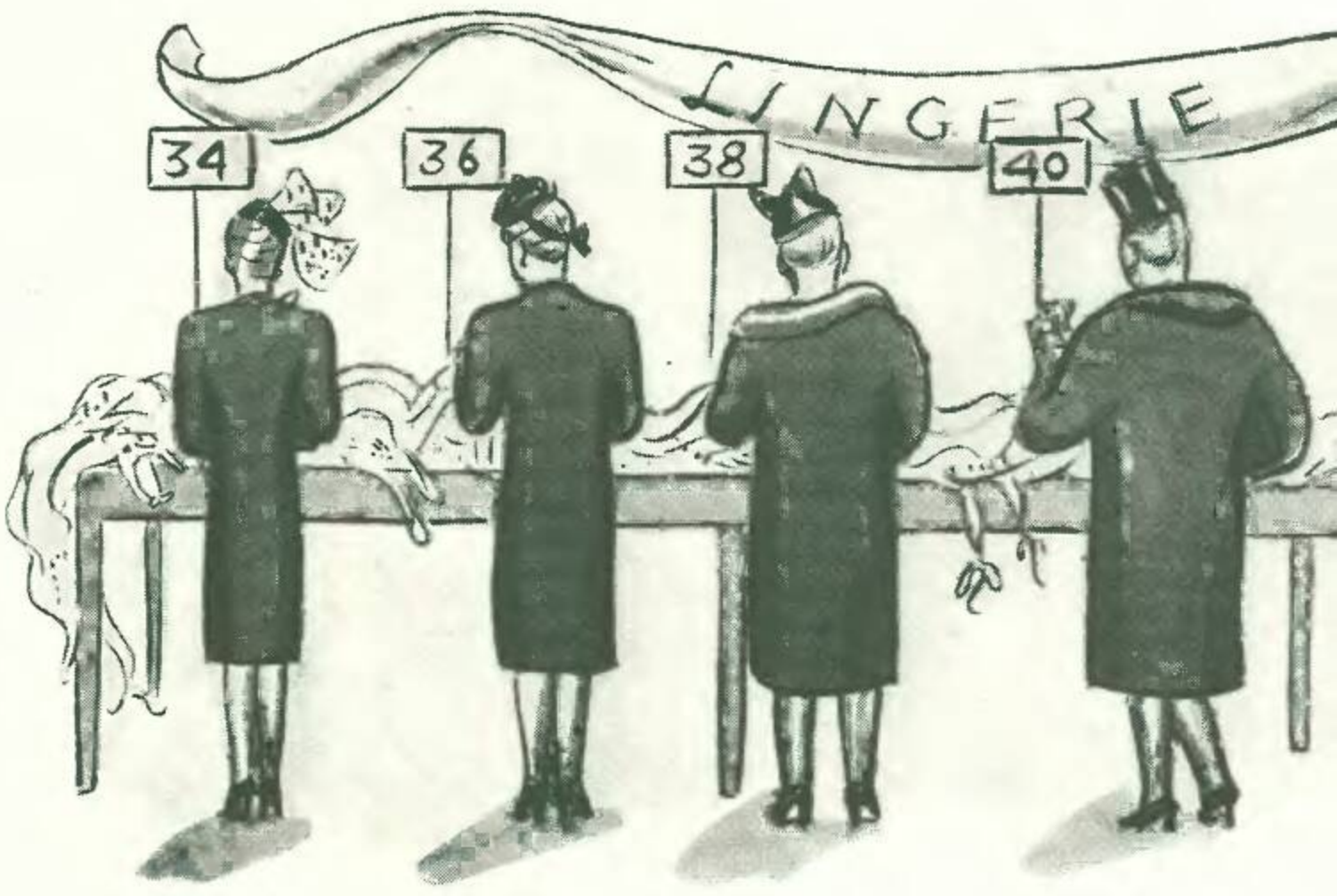
"All right, men, break step."

Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, is fond of rather heavy-footed parables, such as the one about the man who owns two cows and is approached by a Socialist, a Communist, and a Fascist, each of whom explains to him what he must do with his cows according to each political creed. The Socialist says, "You can keep one cow. That's enough to furnish milk, butter, and cheese for your own family." Here Miss Thompson interrupts the Grouse. "But it isn't," she says brightly, "not the way this family eats butter." To quote Miss Thompson, farther on in the column: "There was a pause. 'Where does the New Deal belong in this picture?' [she asks.] 'Oh, the New Deal,' said the Grouse, 'tells you that you should shoot one of the cows and pour the milk down the sink.' " The Grouse columns have some admirers who like to recall, too, how Miss Thompson dealt humorously with Father Coughlin when he referred to her in his speeches as Dottie. "I do not know why Mr. Coughlin calls me Dottie," she wrote blandly. "I don't feel I know him well enough to call him Chuck." Since then she has continuously called him Chuck. Even her most ardent champions agree, however, that there was not much humor in the celebrated burst of laughter from Miss Thompson at a Bund meeting in Madison Square Garden last year, which caused her removal by police from the front row and her subsequent sensational departure from the hall. They feel uncomfortably that laughter like that is dangerous, a little too closely akin to the Nazis' own tricks of hysterical horseplay.

Miss Thompson's relations with Mr. and Mrs. Reid, her employers, have been peaceful except for a short period after she discovered that certain male columnists on the *Herald Tribune* had a slight financial advantage over her. Her contract called for $10,000 a year, plus fifty per cent of all syndicate sales over $10,000. Walter Lippmann, on the other hand, was paid a straight salary and fifty per cent of all syndicate sales, with no reservations. Armed with this information, Miss Thompson called at Mrs. Reid's office, unleashed an oral column on her, and departed with a new contract. Last June, *Time* published an article about her which included the statement that her earnings for 1938, from her column, lectures, magazine pieces, and radio broadcasts, had amounted to about $103,000; the figure was arrived at by sleuths operating for *Time* and was not authorized by Miss Thompson. A few nights after the article appeared, she dined with Henry Luce, publisher of the magazine. "Harry," she said clearly, as the guests sat down to dinner, "how much money did you make last year, and how did you make it?" It seemed to her, she went on to explain, that if her income was any business of *Time's*, she had an equal right to know what Luce's income was. Luce laughed nervously and replied with some joking remark or other. Miss Thompson still refuses to discuss her earnings, but John Moses, her agent, reminded of the $103,000 mentioned in *Time*, says carefully, "The figure is not too high." Moses was not disturbed by Miss Thompson's withdrawal, last winter, from lecture tours and the radio; even if she never returns to them, he says, the effect on her income will be small, since the increase in the number of newspapers that buy her column—from seventy papers in 1937 to a hundred and fifty in 1940—promises to continue steadily.

Miss Thompson's retirement from lecture tours was due to a natural desire to be in New York during the production of "Another Sun," a play she had written in collaboration with Fritz Kortner, a German playwright and producer. The play opened on Broadway on a Tuesday evening this February and closed the following Saturday, but since it passionately demonstrated Miss Thompson's concern for refugees, and was also acted largely by refugees, most of the critics dealt with it gently, although in some bewilderment. "It's the only play I ever saw," one of them explained, "in which so many things happened at once to so many people that when one of the characters died in the middle of the stage, the audience didn't notice it for ten minutes." On closing night, Miss Thompson sent a charming note and a small bonus to each member of the cast, and the company broke up amid graceful regrets.

Miss Thompson's departure from her radio hour was, however, a sterner separation. For some time her sponsor, the General Electric Company, had worried about the violence of her radio attacks on Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and —occasionally, as the thought struck her—less obvious targets. Caught between the glories of free speech and the perils of libel, General Electric first tried to soften Miss Thompson's diatribes by having Phil Spitalny's orchestra introduce her with a tune like "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" and by quickly bringing on, after she had finished speaking, a trio of girls who sang, for example, "Thank God for a Garden, Thank God for You." This was makeshift, and presently the sponsor arranged to have the announcer state at the beginning of each program that General Electric was not responsible for Miss Thompson's views. Matters came to a head one night when Station KWK, in St. Louis, cut her off the air in the middle of a talk, giving as its reason the opinion that she was too belligerent—"against *everybody*," a wide-eyed station official added. Restrictions like those irked Miss Thompson, and when her contract came up for renewal neither she nor



General Electric was in the mood to renew it.

She has made several guest appearances on the air recently, and one of them was notable for its drama. Last fall she joined a round-table discussion on the American Forum of the Air program with Boake Carter, Jay Franklin, and Ernest Lindley. It soon became apparent that Miss Thompson intended to do most of the talking, and the men, in their efforts to speak, began to interrupt her irritably. Heckled on all sides and trying to outtalk three men at once, Miss Thompson finally broke down and wept. She had the last word, though. "I agree with the Pope!" she shouted suddenly through her sobs. The Pope had not been quoted or mentioned up to that moment, and the abrupt introduction of his name startled Carter, Franklin, and Lindley into momentary silence. By the time the debaters resumed their discussion the heart was out of it, and presently the Forum's time was up. As the battle faded off the air Miss Thompson's voice was clearly heard, protesting to the last.

TWO years ago, a speaker at a banquet of the Friendship Dinner Group, at which Miss Thompson received the medal annually awarded by the American Woman's Association, archly suggested the forming of a "Dorothy Thompson for President" club. When Sinclair Lewis heard about it, he made a remark which was quickly lifted by Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and other married radio comedians. "I wish they *would* elect Dorothy President," he said wistfully, "so I could get to write 'My Day.'" Lewis has spent most of the last two years on tour in his new rôle of actor in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and in his own play, "Angela Is Twenty-Two." Miss Thompson has not seen him act, but she speaks indulgently of his recently awakened passion for the theatre. "Everyone should have a new interest at some time or another," she says. Lewis, who lives in amicable separation from his wife, is not always as tolerant of her interests. Sometimes, dropping in at her apartment on Central Park West, he extracts a promise from her in the vestibule, before he has got his coat off, that there will be no talk of the world situation, or—as he refers simply to the topic which generally dominates his wife's conversation—"it." "Let us not discuss it," he will say. "I mean let us not discuss *it*. O.K.?" Miss Thompson nods agreeably, and then Lewis leaves his coat in the hall, walks into the living room, thrusts a lighted cigarette into the outstretched hand of a bronze Epstein figure Miss Thompson is fond of, and cozily takes off his hat.

Miss Thompson has an office at the *Herald Tribune*, but she works mostly at home, in bed or in her study, a pleasant room filled with maps, globes, atlases, and books. She wakes up about ten in the morning and calls immediately for one of her three secretaries, who work in alternate shifts at the apartment and the *Herald Tribune* office. The secretaries are Madeleine Walker, Madelon Shiff, and Madeline Shaw; they were christened that way, and Miss Thompson calls them by their first names, pronouncing all three alike. They call her Mrs. Lewis, in low, respectful tones. After breakfast on a tray, Miss Thompson reads a mass of American and foreign newspapers and magazines and a collection of clippings and condensations prepared by her secretaries. Articles from European papers are translated for her by Miss Walker, except for those in German, the only foreign language Miss Thompson knows well. Often what she reads gets her out of bed with a great heave of indignation, and she snatches up the telephone and, pacing back and forth, calls Washington, London, or Paris. She has built up an international cabinet of advisers and experts, to whom she turns continually for information and counsel; it includes Harold Nicolson, the British M.P.; Alexander Sachs and Gustav Stolfer, economists; Morris Ernst, the attorney; Raoul de Roussy de Sales, American correspondent for *Paris-Soir*; and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs*. This private brain trust is a fluid organization, however, since almost every new authority Miss Thompson meets is elected to the circle. Sometimes a contribution from a new acquaintance appears in the column verbatim and without quotes, although Miss Thompson never presents another's thoughts as her own without asking permission. "Oh, that's good!" she will exclaim in the middle of a remark by an ambassador, a politician, or a refugee. "Can I have that?" As a rule Miss Thompson would rather talk than listen, and in ordinary conversation she is less a companion than an opponent. Even her close friends are sometimes unnerved by her eloquence, and by a way she has of appearing to think about what she is going to say next while anyone else is talking. "I have a terrible impulse when I'm with Dorothy," one woman has said, "to suddenly stretch my mouth with my thumbs, push my eyebrows up with my fingers, and shriek, 'The cat is on the mat!' I'm positive Dorothy wouldn't notice anything out of the ordinary." Another woman friend, defending Miss Thompson with the statement that she is, in spite of everything, generous, warmhearted, and loyal, pointed out that she was the first person to telephone her when she was in the hospital last winter, having a baby. "How are you, darling?" Miss Thompson asked affectionately. "I'm fine," the patient said, and then, according to eyewitnesses, she held the receiver to her ear for ten minutes until the nurse came and took it away from her. "What on earth was she talking about all that time?" the



nurse demanded. "Oh, the goddam *situation!*" the young mother cried, and burst into tears of exhaustion.

MISS THOMPSON admits that she is at heart a conservative, and sometimes her manner is even alarmingly plutocratic. At the place in Vermont where she still spends her summers, with an occasional visit from Lewis, the gardeners suffer a queenly reprimand when they fail to please, and a neighbor who once went with her to a barn dance in the town, where the ticket-taker jovially stamped each paid customer's hand with a "P" in red ink, remarked that she was noticeably embarrassed by this informality on the part of one of the villagers. Michael, her ten-year-old son, was heard to announce not long ago that he planned to have twenty-one servants bring him his breakfast every morning when he grew up. His mother made no comment at the time, but she has since sent him to a boarding school in Arizona, where he is learning, she says, to take things as they come. She defends conservatism by a neat excursion into etymology, by which she demonstrates that the meaning of the word "conservative" is "one who conserves, or *preserves*," and that the essential thing is to know what is worth conserving, or preserving. She refers to herself as a political liberal, but the versatility of her convictions is suggested by her attitude toward President Roosevelt. On the whole, she approves of the President's foreign policy and disapproves of his domestic policy; she has expressed her feeling more succinctly than that, however. "When he is right," she said recently, "I am for him. When he is wrong, I'm against him."

Generally Miss Thompson writes her column directly on a typewriter, but when her thoughts come too fast for anything but speech she dictates it to a secretary —sometimes in a way that might rattle less tranquil scribes than the Misses Walker, Shiff, and Shaw. "In 1929–'30 Finland spent blank per cent of her total national budget on education and public health," she dictated a few months ago; "blank per cent went to defence. Sweden spent blank per cent of her budget on education and social welfare, blank per cent for defence. . . . In the great states the expenditures are reversed," she proceeded confidently. "Great Britain spent blank per cent for defence and only blank per cent for education and public welfare—proportionately less than blank as much for the latter as Denmark, exclamation point." After she has finished dictating, her secretaries scurry around to fill in the figures, and it all turns out fine. In that particular column, the statistics, when they were unearthed, perfectly substantiated the point of her piece, which was that in democratic and human terms little nations are superior to big ones. Now and then Miss Thompson demands a more ticklish kind of research. Not long ago she got the idea of writing a column about great men who had died young, and she directed her office force to find out precisely how old Jesus Christ, Alexander the Great, Shelley, and one or two others were when they died. Nothing less than a precise figure satisfies Miss Thompson, and the girls were able to get it for everyone except Jesus Christ. In His case, they were faced with the fact that no one knows exactly how old He was, although He certainly died in His early thirties. The girls were worried about what Miss Thompson would say to that, but she expressed no more than a mild impatience.



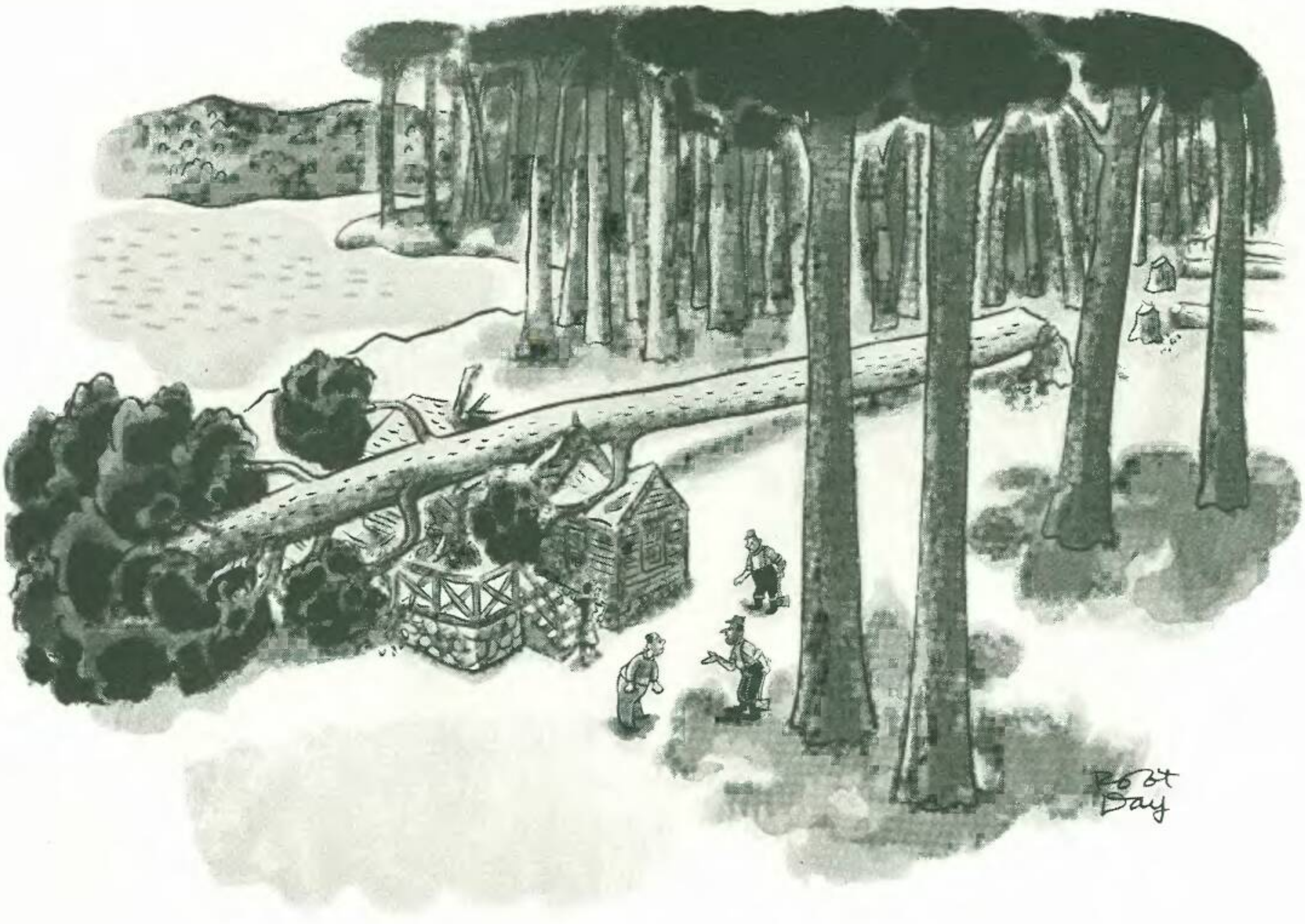
IN her reflections upon the future of the United States, Dorothy Thompson is so sure of disaster—unless, as she wrote this February, the people of the United States come out from under the bed and look around—that she has fallen into the habit of referring to herself sombrely in print as a Cassandra. As a prophet, she has proved so far to be, like most prophets, partly right and partly wrong, but her mistakes have not discouraged her from publishing, as her first column in January every year, a set of predictions which she calls "Our Own Horoscope." Among her prophecies for 1939, she made the following bloomers: "There will be no new major war," "The Chinese-Japanese War will end, with a negotiated peace," and "The vacancy on the Supreme Court will be filled with a mediocrity." (The vacancy was filled by Felix Frankfurter.) On the other hand, she made some successful predictions, notably: "Congress will vote a large armament program" and "The campaign to get women's hair up will fail. Hair will come down." In addition to writing the annual forecast, Miss Thompson also operates as an oracle from time to time throughout the year, striking about the same average of accuracy. In March, 1938, she wrote, "The German government will next offer an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia," but she predicted later that "the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia will not take place without a war." She was wrong, too, when she surmised that "the Austrian victory will keep Hitler quiet for some time." However, she was one of the first to foretell the pact between Germany and Russia, and, six months before the invasion of Poland, she wrote, "Poland . . . will probably be the next state to be smashed."

For 1940, she has made the following predictions: "I do not think—though it certainly must not be precluded—that there will be a major German land

MUNITION IDYLL

After a Sunday in the country
He nods on Monday to the sentry,
And, well at ease in fit of April,
Smiles a good morning to the corporal;
For daffodils at home in garden
Loaded the ground with a warm burden
And took away his feel of winter,
So now he whistles at the counter,
Thinking that Monday, though a weekday,
Is really not so black a black day.
The sun is warm and spring conclusive,
And he, at work on high explosive
With ordered stacks of shells for filling,
Thinks of the almond blossom swelling
And, though the distance makes it dimmer,
Delightedly foresees the summer.
Then, looking over these munitions,
He knows that martial operations
More easily are undertaken
When spring is here the earth to quicken;
In April there are half a dozen
Months coming of campaigning season;
The lambs are out, the sun is ardent,
The meadows flowery and verdant.
With seasonable exaltation
And April pride in his profession,
He therefore whistles blithe and lucid
Over his can of picric acid.

—GEORGE ALLEN



"We feel that we owe you an explanation."

• •

offensive in the west," "There will be purges in Germany. Mr. Ribbentrop will be one of the casualties," "Franklin Delano Roosevelt (to make a very bold and somewhat wild prediction, which is pure hunch) will not be a candidate," and "There will be a movement to make Mr. Roosevelt Secretary of State." She concluded the 1940 Horoscope darkly enough with the statement "The greatest event that will take place this year is not to be found in this column." A good many people who took this to be a prediction of America's entry into the European war still feel uneasy about it.

Miss Thompson's Delphic activity is an entertaining enough kind of game, but her main interest and—according to a few brooders—a dangerous power lie in her attitude toward the United States in relation to the war. She plainly feels that America's neutrality is a kind of cowardice, and she has repeatedly implied that if the United States manages to keep out of the war, it will be without her approval. Two years ago she wrote, "If France and Great Britain . . . are embroiled in war . . . the United States will consider their cause its own." Since then she has tried tirelessly and with some passion to make the United States back her up in that statement, and she has used some fancy language toward that end. "If America, out of fear of war," she wrote five months ago, "withdraws from consideration of the European scene, America will miss the greatest intellectual and spiritual adventure of the century." A few weeks later, referring to the neutral European nations in danger of quick eclipse, she wrote, "We should aid them, and in a grandiose way, economically, financially, and in the fortification of their defenses."

Last month, Miss Thompson sailed for Europe to visit various neutral nations and as many as possible of those at war; she cannot go to Germany or to Russia because of her falling-out with both countries. She telephones her column three times a week and is trying to arrange some short-wave broadcasts to America. In America, her seven and a half million readers remain loyal, susceptible, and slightly confused. Their condition of alternating excitement and gloom—caught from the infectious Miss Thompson—was fairly well expressed by a conversation two of them had the other day. "Whatever you say about Dorothy Thompson, whether she's right or wrong," the first one said, "you must admit that she is absolutely and utterly *sincere*." "I know," the other replied thoughtfully. "That's what I'm afraid of." —MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(*This is the second of two articles on Miss Thompson.*)

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Oklahoma Daily*]

The University president took occasion to criticize sharply the practice of cutting across lawns and thru hedges on the campus.

"One of the things that gives me the greatest anxiety is the way students take these shortcuts," he asserted. "They often go right thru the trees."

THE THEATRE

TRIBAL RITES

IN "Morning Star," at the Longacre, Sylvia Regan gives us the biography of an East Side Jewish family from December, 1910, up through November, 1931. In the course of these long and complex annals of the poor, one of the Feldermans is burned up in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire, another is killed in the World War, and close friends of the family are involved in the depression and the Russian Revolution. For some reason, nobody goes down on the Titanic, but except for that I can't think of any major disaster Miss Regan has left out. So much calamity ought to make an eventful play, but I'm afraid it doesn't. "Morning Star" has its full share of racial humor and special reference (not always comprehensible to me); it has at least five plots, since almost every member of the cast has an emotional problem to be investigated; it even has a measure of social indignation, there being those in it who speak favorably of labor unions; but, in spite of all these attractions, it held my attention only intermittently.

One trouble is that Miss Regan's construction is so ingenuous that nothing which happens can come as much of a surprise to anybody (with the first mention of the war, for instance, I felt sure that the son of the house was going to get killed in it, and I was not disappointed). Another is that while sentiment is fine, bathos is not, and there are moments when the stage is so crowded with motherhood, love, sacrifice, patriotism, and simple nobility that even Mr. Channing Pollock might conceivably find himself oppressed. Finally, the heroine, the grand old matriarch, has appeared so relentlessly in drama and fiction that she is less a character than an institution, like the butler in a drawing-room comedy. Molly Picon, making her first appearance in a Broadway play, gives a simple, touching performance in this part, but even she can't disguise its essential familiarity. Joseph Buloff, as a boarder with a heart of gold in spite of an annoying habit of going to bed with his hat on, has the happiest rôle and plays it extraordinarily well. I also enjoyed the voluminous Georgette Harvey, who enters much too briefly as a colored cook, and Sidney Lumet, as a thirteen-year-old boy undergoing his *bar mitzvah*, if that is the right way to use this gay but mysterious term.



"LILIOM"

Burgess Meredith is a very tough guy, but Ingrid Bergman doesn't care. Vinton Freedley's revival of the Molnár fantasy is at the 44th Street Theatre.

"HEAVENLY EXPRESS" is an example of what happens when the imp of fantasy runs away with a good man, or, if you include the actors, quite a lot of good men. Albert Bein, who wrote "Little Ol' Boy" and "Let Freedom Ring," in this case has imagined a sort of supernatural extra on the Santa Fe Railroad, a ghost train taking the old and tired to paradise. This, as you might guess, is tough on the regular timetable, but not nearly as tough as it is on the customers, who have not been asked to coöperate in such whimsical goings-on since Morley took Hoboken. Like Mr. Brink in "On Borrowed Time," the Young Hobo in "Heavenly Express" is a contact man for the Almighty, but, unlike Mr. Brink, he never succeeds in making heaven sound like a very attractive place, except possibly as a substitute for the National Theatre. The best thing that can be said for Mr. Bein's play is that he seems to know a great deal about hobos and railroad men, but I'm afraid that accurate terminology is only a means in the theatre and not an end.

John Garfield, an actor of unquestionable ability, seemed to be having a difficult and embarrassing evening as the divine messenger, and the others, including Harry Carey, Aline MacMahon, Philip Loeb, and Russell Collins, weren't much better off. It was all too bad. I like to think that "Heavenly Express" is just one of those works of misguided and superabundant imagination that even the best writers have to get out of their systems from time to time.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

How I learned the great Zambini's neatest trick

1. Zambini, the famous magician, was plain Harry Carpenter when we were roommates in college. Even then, he made my neckties disappear. The other night, we had supper after his show. Everything was lovely until coffee was served.



Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.



2. "Take it away!" I snapped. "Don't you like it?" Zambini asked. "I love it," I explained, "but the caffein keeps me awake." He grinned. "Watch The Great Zambini! *Presto*—the caffein is *out!* Drink it and sleep!"



3. I drank two cups of the finest coffee I ever had—but I slept like a baby that night! I don't believe in magic—but the next day I told him: "Professional ethics or not, show me that coffee trick—*or else!*"



4. Zambini chuckled. "You force me to give away a good trick. That was Sanka Coffee—*real* coffee, but 97% of the caffein has been removed. Compared to *that,* making an elephant disappear is child's play!"



5. "I drink Sanka Coffee because I prefer its delightful flavor," he explained. "But the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "



6. It was deep gratitude made me send him an electric stove, a coffee-maker, and some Sanka for his dressing room. I plan to pay him more visits, too. Maybe I can find out something else as wonderful as that Sanka business—but I doubt it!



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"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
ALVIN Theatre, 250 W. 52 St. COl. 5-4114
Evgs. $1.10 to $3.30 (Except Opening Night $1.10 to $5.50). Mats. Thurs. & Sat., $1.10 to $2.75

"MOST ADULT REVUE IN TOWN"—BENCHLEY New Yorker
NEW PINS AND NEEDLES
Music & Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME Sketches by JOSEPH SCHRANK
Directed by ROBERT H. GORDON Sets by S. SYRJALA
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LIFE WITH FATHER
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B. G. De SYLVA presents
Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN
In a New Musical Comedy
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
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KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
HEAVENLY EXPRESS
A New Play by Albert Bein
JOHN GARFIELD • ALINE MacMAHON • HARRY CAREY
Russel COLLINS — Philip LOEB — Art SMITH
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THE FIFTH COLUMN
Adapted by Benjamin Glazer from the play by ERNEST HEMINGWAY with
FRANCHOT TONE
KATHERINE LOCKE LENORE ULRIC LEE J. COBB
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St., West of B'WAY
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

ALDRICH & MYERS HIT
Directed by OTTO L. PREMINGER
JOHN BARRYMORE
in
"MY DEAR CHILDREN"
by Catherine Turney & Jerry Horwin



BELASCO THEATRE—44th St. E. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30
Matinees WED. and SAT., at 2:30

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 35

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 21 (BY CABLE)

THE events of this last tremendous week, by far the most tense of the war, have certainly achieved one thing: they have given the British public just that shot in the arm which it needed after the long, stale winter, which saw far more of a war of nerves than the period preceding it. Once the first shock of the invasion of Scandinavia was over, people became fighting mad. The rape of Poland didn't stir up half so much feeling, because to most Englishmen Poland was just a name on the map, and that kept the tragedy impersonal. Britishers, however, have always had a warm spot in their hearts for the Scandinavian countries, perhaps not least because it was nice to know that a particularly sane and serene way of living was still going on there in the middle of everyone else's insanity.



Norway especially had seemed to be part of the family because of the marriage of its King to the English Princess Maud—a cozy royal relationship such as English ladies enjoy tracing over tea and crumpets. The fact that King Haakon is related in some way to King George has made it all seem very much worse to a nation which has a simple reverence for monarchs and doesn't like to think of them being harassed by Heinkels and taking cat naps in their boots.

FOR the first day or two the clampdown on all genuine news from Norway—as opposed to the rumors that the Norwegians were negotiating for peace, that the Bremen was sunk, that the Allies had taken Bergen, and so on—made people gloomy and uneasy. London was suddenly a city of stay-at-homes, as it was in the early days of the war. Cinema box-office managers estimated that they were losing £250,000 a night because everyone was sitting by the radio, listening to the jitters of neutrals and wondering fretfully where the hell the Renown was. Mr. Churchill's blunt statement that the Allies had not landed in Norway and the Navy was doing nicely, although information must necessarily be scarce, made people feel better, but it was hardly the smashing victory they needed.

For that they had to wait until the first Saturday night after the invasion, when an announcer, in a voice trembling with excitement, asked everyone to stand by for an important announcement which hadn't yet "come down," as he put it, as though suggesting that the Almighty and B.B.C. officials were busy hatching it on some celestial top floor in Portland Place. Until it did come down, the announcer filled in, for what seemed like an interminable period, by playing records of English dances and Gilbert and Sullivan to the point where most of his listeners were reaching for their hats and starting out to round up a lynching party. However, the news that British troops had landed at Narvik was worth waiting for, and as it swept around town, beaming strangers congratulated each other and wrung each other's hands in an excitable and shockingly un-British manner. The much criticized B.B.C., by the way, has been right on the spot with its broadcasts in Norwegian, which are much appreciated by the sad little local colony of Norsemen. The Norwegian Minister to England has been on the air several times, telling his people back home what their countrymen here are feeling, and it makes Norwegians in London happier to think that they and their families may be listening in at the same moment. Queues of anxious relatives form daily at the legations of the invaded countries, and all sorts of people keep turning up and asking how they can help—blonde nursemaids, and angry retired English colonels who've fished the same stretch of Norwegian river for twenty years and don't intend to let Hitler spoil the season now.

AFTER the Narvik announcement, there was so much excitement over rumors originating in Stockholm about the activities of British troops in Norway that when reliable word of B. E. F. landings elsewhere on that country's coast finally arrived, it was soberly received. Maps of Scandinavia and "Jane's Fighting Ships" were best-sellers all last week. Normally such an expeditionary force would take months to equip and assemble, but this one got off to a prompt start, presumably picking up the fur caps and other paraphernalia of northern warfare where the troops that didn't start for Finland had laid them down.

The general feeling about this new phase of the war is optimistic. People are delighted that Hitler has finally come out in the open, and say that if this is really the overture to his much heralded *Blitzkrieg*, so much the better. They discuss the possible entry of Italy as a belligerent, but it's difficult for Britishers to

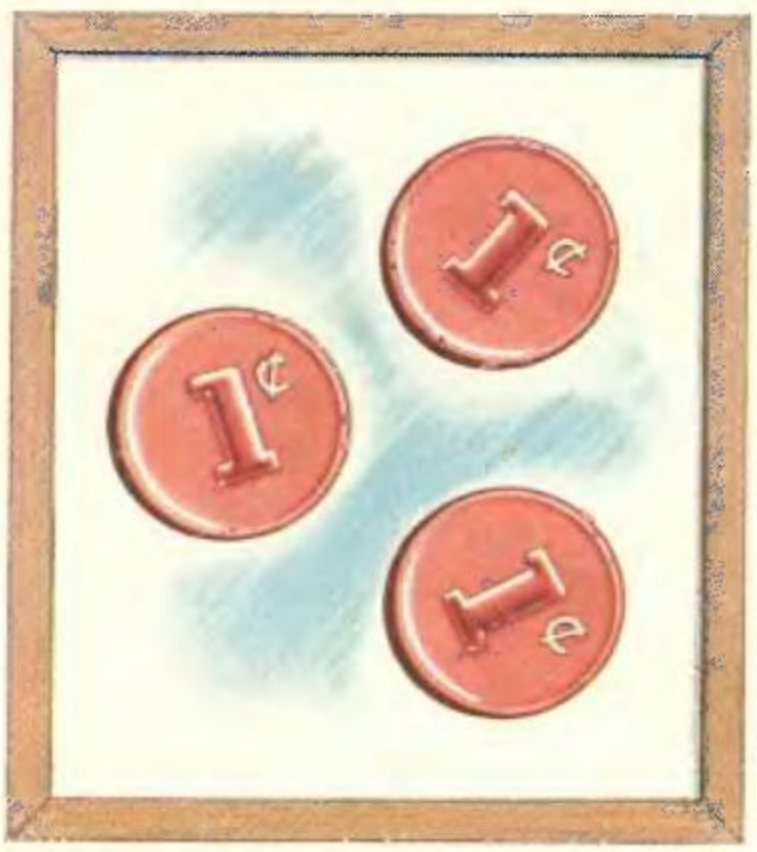
ART of making a good highball



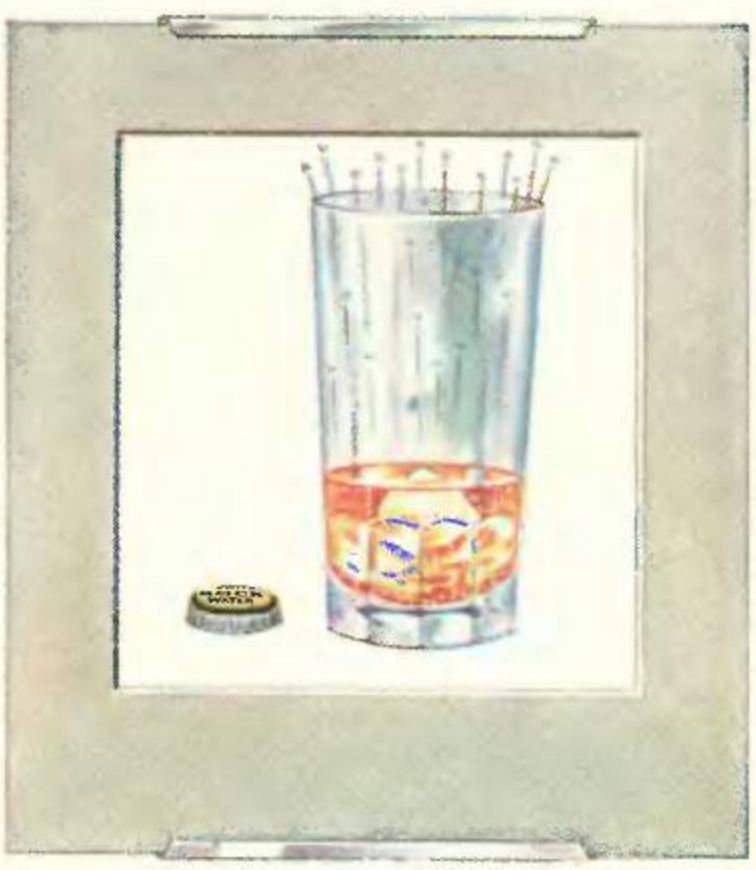
BEGINNERS often go astray and use carbonated local tap-waters. Little do they know that it takes a *mineral* spring water, like White Rock, to improve the flavor and to make all highballs taste better.



PORTRAIT of Psyche kneeling at the springs, where White Rock is filtered up through 1400 ft. of sandstone. The result? It has over 4 times the mineral content of ordinary water. Is perfect for mixing.



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STILL LIFE in White Rock even after 30 minutes. Keeps a drink keen and bubbling to the very end. Another reason why the experts say: *Good whiskies deserve White Rock . . . all other whiskies need it!*

White Rock

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE



Our Mercury made history at Valley Forge!

A Look at the Famous Dogwoods in Bloom — with a history lesson thrown in — so we made it a family trip in our big new Mercury 8. Plenty of room for the wriggling kids—the extra-wide seats are a blessing. I drove the whole way—you just don't get tired with the levelized, stabilized Mercury Ride to iron out the bumps. A few hundred miles is nothing!

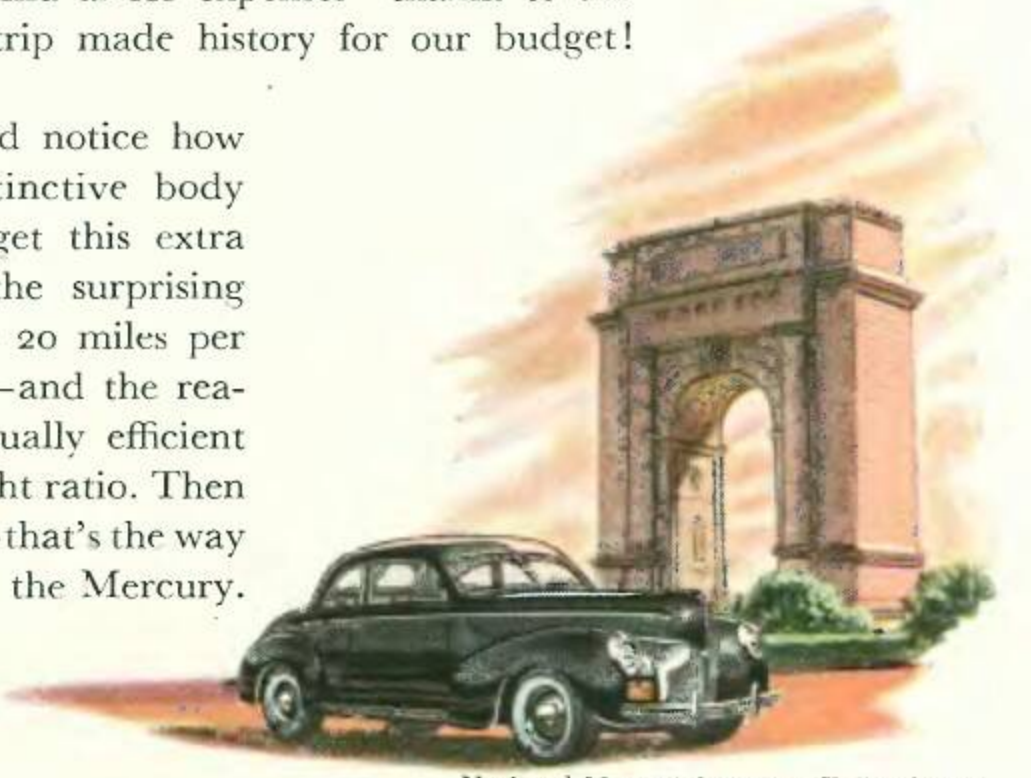


The Mercury Made Family History — our first trip that *everybody* enjoyed. Not a word of back-seat driving—that car rides so smoothly almost any speed feels safe. The way it hugs the road and stays level on curves would satisfy any one. And as for expenses—thanks to the Mercury's gas and oil economy, the low cost of the trip made history for our budget!

You've heard much praise of the extraordinary Mercury Ride (and it was an understatement!). You've read that the big Mercury 8 has been breaking sales records. Maybe you've heard Mercury owners dwell with pride on this car's style and size and power. Now see it all for yourself. Measure the comfort of the extra-wide seats and notice how the Mercury's distinctive body lines flare out to get this extra space. Check on the surprising gas mileage—up to 20 miles per gallon, say owners—and the reason for it: an unusually efficient power-to-weight ratio. Then drive the car—that's the way to understand the Mercury.

Mercury 8

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers



National Memorial Arch at Valley Forge.
(*Top illustration*) Washington's Headquarters (1777-78).

MOTION PICTURES

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take Italians seriously as enemies. People here are apt to grin as they read Signor Gayda's current martial howls in the papers, though the *Times* did go so far as to rebuke the Italian press for its presentation of news which was described restrainedly as "grossly tendentious."

ONE of the direct results of events in Scandinavia is the diminished girth of that same august journal, the *Times*. From being a paper which only a strong man could manage on a crowded train, it has shrunk to svelte proportions. The cutting off of Scandinavian pulp supplies hit the paper trade hard last week, and American buyers were ahead of the British in the Canadian and Newfoundland markets, which might have helped to ease the situation. All the dailies dwindled and are likely to dwindle still more; it is even rumored that if things get much worse, the government may take control and issue one official bulletin of factual news, but Britons feel that the situation would have to be pretty bad for things to come to that. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

AN APOLOGY

The Wisconsin Journal wishes to take this means of apologizing to Judge Charles Taylor of circuit court for statements attributed to him in last week's Journal. In commenting on the re-appointment of L. A. Munro to the post of reporter of circuit court, Judge Taylor said, "There is no doubt in my mind on that position. Mr. Munro is extremely capable and well liked." An over-enthusiastic proof reader with a flair for over indulgence added "and can get me a hell of a lot of votes." The misquotation was printed in The Journal. We apologize. We also wish to state that the person in question who made the misquotation is no longer associated with The Journal.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

We're going to miss him like anything.

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*]

Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R.I., last year's winner of the Hearst trophy match, in which the University of Vermont finished second in a postal match in the National Rifle Association New England League, where the final standing is determined by percentage of matches won and lost, turned in a total score of 1264, according to official advices received today, and Major J. E. Gillfillan's University of Vermont rifle team hung up a victory against them in the first match of the season for the local bull's eye artists, who with ten men shooting, high five to count, made 1325 points.

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HIGHER AND HIGHER
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"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
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with MONTY WOOLLEY
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"All the cast is wonderful and so is the play."
—GIBBS, New Yorker.
GILBERT MILLER presents
FLORA ROBSON
in
LADIES IN RETIREMENT
by Edward PERCY & Reginald DENHAM
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43. · BR 9-3970
Evgs. 8:40, $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

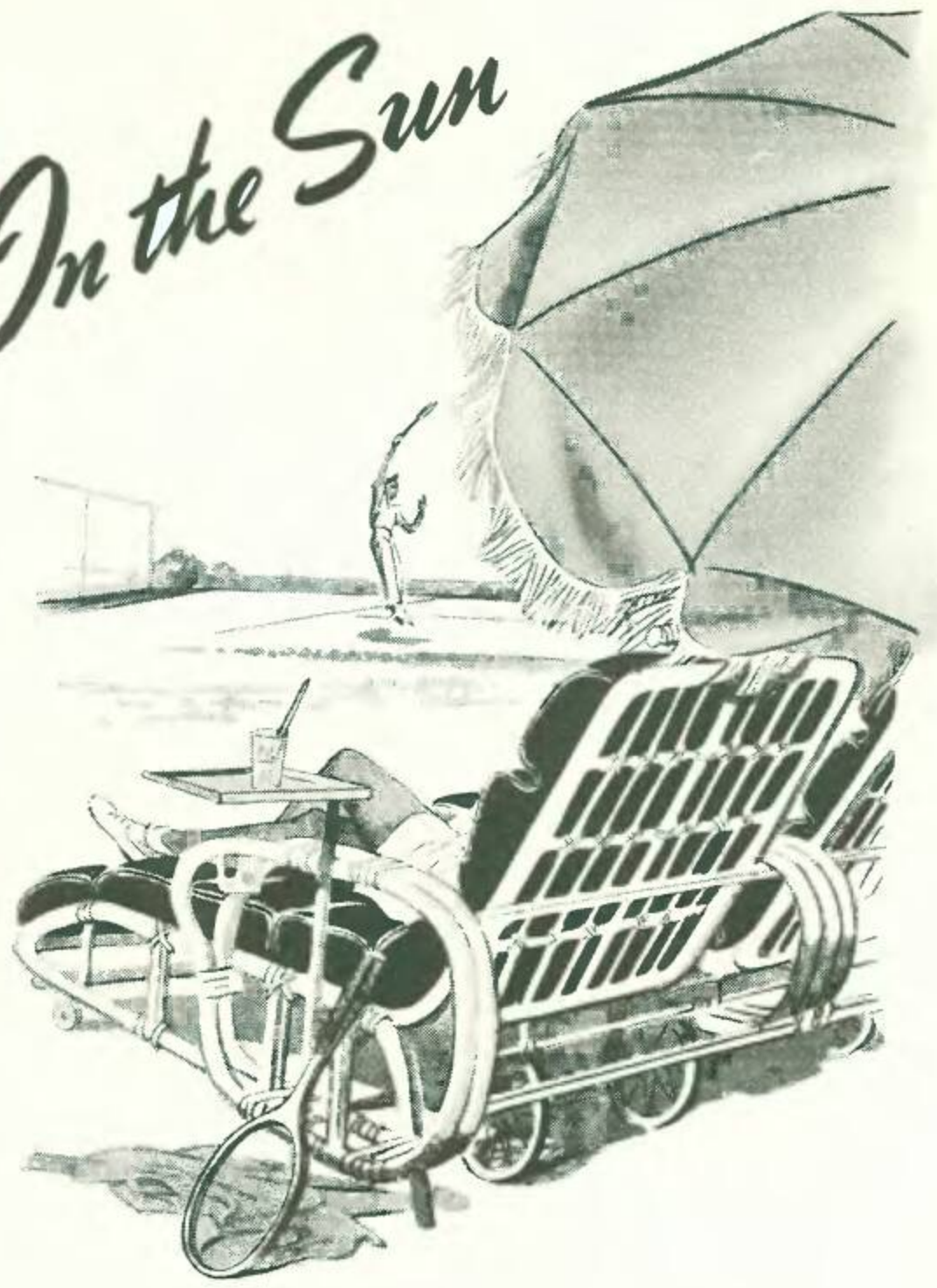
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In the Sun



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OF ALL THINGS

IN his birthday eulogy of Hitler, Dr. Dietrich, the German press chief, declared that the Führer is a genius who is living a century before his time. There must be a billion people in the world who wish he hadn't hurried.

•

It is the official Nazi view that the landing of Allied troops in central Norway constitutes a threat to the peace of that beautiful country. The disturbers will promptly be arrested for disorderly conduct and the possession of dangerous weapons.

•

There is evidence that the big Norway robbery was to some extent an inside job. Every nervous neutral is now looking under the bed for Trojan horses filled with Fifth Columnists.

•

Secretary Hull was probably surprised to find the Japanese agreeing with his statement that everybody must keep out of the Dutch East Indies. Maybe he should have added, "This means you."

•

The renewal of Mrs. Roosevelt's syndicate contract for five years may have third-term implications. On the other hand, it might indicate that the family's chief breadwinner is soon to become unemployed.

•

It is good news that Governor Stassen of Minnesota is to be the keynoter at the Republican Convention. He is only thirty-three, and probably has not accumulated too much oratory in his young system.

•

Senator Taft is quietly gathering delegates by political negotiation, but he shows little box-office appeal. Unlike our D. A., he cannot make his generalities glitter.

•

The New York public schools have only half as many students of German as they had six years ago. The youngsters realize that if the Nazis get control of the world, all the German they'll need to know will be "*Ja.*"

•

By order of the Imperial Wizard, Klansmen are to appear henceforth without their masks. Somehow, we fear that there will be little improvement in the scenery. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 21 (BY CABLE)

THE low point of French morale in this war was reached in the middle of March, after what many people thought of as the abandonment of Finland; the high point came about a month later, with the news of the defeat of the German squadron at Narvik. The change is graphically expressed in the two votes of the Chamber of Deputies on the Reynaud government. In March, the government survived by one vote on the question of confidence; last week, on the same question, no votes were cast against the government and 515 were recorded in its favor. The news from Norway that has given most satisfaction here was yesterday's report: "French troops have landed." Frenchmen's admiration for the British Navy is unlimited, but they regard the British on land in something of the spirit of a husband watching his wife drive an automobile.



People who have advocated an "energetic war" are pleased with the impression which the Allied stand in Norway has made upon the constantly less numerous neutrals. After the defeat of Finland, Rumania and the Scandinavian countries became extremely conciliatory toward the Nazis, but since Narvik, all the neutrals have been clapping German agents into jail and announcing their determination to fight if invaded. Even Italy, while its official press continues to deny Allied successes, is giving a pretty good impersonation of a man who has taken a mouthful of unexpectedly hot *minestrone* and would like to get rid of it without prejudice to his dignity.

The great question here is Führer Hitler: after his Norwegian adventure is settled, one way or another, will he turn toward the Balkans or France? If Hitler becomes engaged in the Balkans, the French say, the war may last longer than it would otherwise, but the shock of an eventual attack on France will be less violent, since, like a hooked fish, he will lose strength with every lunge. Most Parisians, however, would prefer the "big knock" as soon as possible, in order, as they are likely to put it, "to finish with a *sale type* who has ceased to interest us."

Le Français moyen—that average Frenchman who is the national hero—has always had a low opinion of the average German; it was only in the upper economic and social groups, here as in England, that Germanism made inroads during the late thirties. Now that the attempt to take Europe by surprise has failed, the common man's cockiness is an inestimable asset. The French will not be shaken by initial defeats, if such there are to be, because they remember the early years of the 1914 war, and are convinced that the Germans always quit, if one holds on long enough. The Nazis, for all their bluster, can have no such confidence; even a Göring must remember sometimes that in 1917 the Central Powers held Bucharest and Brussels and Lille—advanced posts considerably more impressive than Copenhagen.

THE lightheartedness with which people here face things to come was illustrated beautifully at a gala held at the Opéra for the benefit of soldiers' recreation centres. The striking thing about it was not the enormous turnout or the presence of MM. Lebrun and Reynaud, but the joyous inconsequentiality of the entertainment. Two clowns from the Cirque Médrano played a serenade on a bicycle pump which was much appreciated by the President of the Republic, and an Englishman, introduced as "Stinker" Murdoch, performed on something that sounded like a peanut whistle. The official stars of the occasion were Maurice Chevalier, who has become a truly national figure, and Gracie Fields, who, like Yorkshire pudding, arouses enthusiasm among the British and to other people seems merely inoffensive. The setting represented an improvised theatre behind the lines, and Paul Goube, one of the Opéra's best dancers, who is now in the Army, came back from the front to lead a ballet. The audience was almost as much British as French and those who weren't bilingual caught only half of the show, but French and British alike enthusiastically applauded the parts they didn't understand in a touching demonstration of mutual faith.

PARIS is having its first major Salon since the war began—a joint showing of the Salon d'Automne, the Salon des Tuileries, and the Artistes Décorateurs, all at the Palais Chaillot on the Place du Trocadéro. There are seven



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hundred paintings. None of them, perhaps, will ever be listed in guidebooks, but neither are any of them representative of those slicked-up, colored-photograph sort of thing which used to get into the Salon shows of twenty years ago, and which has been restored to the position of high art on the other side of the Westwall.

Soldiers on leave are as numerous, in proportion to the other visitors, at the Salon as in the music halls. They study every landscape gravely to see whether the painter has done justice to the French stones and the French grass and the French waves, in all of which, as Frenchmen, they take a highly personal interest. What use is there in defending three chestnut trees or an old church in Poitou if some dauber is permitted to malign them behind one's back?

THE great joke of the past fortnight has been the publication in a newspaper here of a speech by Herr Goebbels, in which he is supposed to have said that Hitler would be in Paris by June 15th. "What pretension!" exclaimed a girl in a crowd surrounding a news kiosk. She sounded as indignant as if Herr Goebbels *in propria persona* had pinched her where no gentleman would. Most of the readers, though, seemed merely amused. That night at the Petit Casino, the great proletarian music hall on the Boulevards, a comic stepped down to the footlights and asked the orchestra leader, "Have you been to the Ecole Berlitz?" The leader asked why. "To learn German," the comic said, "so you can talk to Adolf when he gets here." The answering howl of laughter was a more impressive vote of confidence than M. Reynaud got from the Chamber of Deputies.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

Mrs. Elma B. Dill and chauffeur, Clarence Pillsbury, Mrs. Milia Ross and Mrs. Nell Vining enjoyed a motor trip to the White Mountains, Sunday, and on the return trip saw the burning of the farm buildings in Danville, Sunday afternoon.—*Franklin (Me.) Journal.*

There is no charm to equal New England's.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Times*]

The International Business Machines Corporation announced yesterday the appointment of A. Redding Van Doren to the post of assistant treasurer. He was previously assistant to the treasurer.



Lovely Ladies

sing the praises of Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap

For that flower-fresh Springtime look, try these ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS! You'll discover why they're such a hit on Broadway, where the right complexion care is *important*. Here's all you do: Work up a generous Lux Toilet Soap lather, smooth it gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then cool. ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves your skin feeling so smooth. Try these facials regularly for 30 days. See what they can do for *your* loveliness!

Dorothy Stickney

plays the immortal "Vinnie" in "Life with Father." Such smooth, soft skin as hers deserves the best of care—and gets it, too, in regular ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS. "I never neglect my daily Lux Soap facial," she says. "It's such an easy, quick beauty care."



Julie Haydon

—the lovely blonde star recently seen in "Time of Your Life." Her delicate skin gets daily care with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. "These ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS do a *thorough* job," she tells you.





Frances Comstock

—so decorative and witty in the sprightly "Two for the Show." Sensible about complexion care, she tells you: "I use Lux Soap for a quick freshener during the day and always at bedtime. ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS make your skin feel smoother!"

ANNALS OF CRIME

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE SANGUEDOLCE BROTHERS

OF all the cases of mistaken identity to be found in fiction, legend, or legal records, one of the quaintest is surely that of the Sanguedolce brothers, Alfred and Salvatore, who did not look alike. Alfred was tall and thin, Salvatore short and fat, but the Law got them so inextricably mixed up that the crime in which they figured must go forever unexpiated. The files on the Sanguedolce case have been closed for four years, and we reopen them only to examine the legal points involved. The crime in question was uninspired, all those concerned were of humble station, and there was no legal magic by a picturesque "mouthpiece." This tale merely presents the spectacle of Justice, in all her blind majesty, tripping and falling flat on her face.

Late on a Friday afternoon in December, 1935—to begin at the beginning—a little old man named Harris Eckstein was trudging along Grand Street, on the lower East Side, carrying a brown-paper parcel. He looked no different from dozens of other little old men on their way to evening prayer at the synagogue, but he happened to be the head of the prosperous firm of H. Eckstein & Sons, wholesale and retail dry-goods dealers. The parcel contained $5,500 in cash and $2,200 in checks, which Mr. Eckstein intended to drop into the night depository at the Bowery branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company. At the corner of Grand and Allen Streets, however, a tall, lanky youth dashed out of a doorway, bumped into Mr. Eckstein, and knocked him to the ground. The old man dropped his parcel, and another youth, a short, slight fellow, snatched up the parcel of money and checks and ran with it down Grand and into Eldridge Street, and headed toward Hester. Mr. Eckstein and the passers-by who had noticed the crime, sensibly pursuing the bandit with the money, saw him go into the entrance of the tenement building at 85 Eldridge. By the time the police arrived and searched the building, he had disappeared, evidently over the roofs and down onto the next street. Nobody noticed which way his accomplice went.

AT the Elizabeth Street station house, Mr. Eckstein furnished the police with excellent descriptions of the pair who had robbed him. The lad who snatched the money, he said, was a dark, slender boy about five feet seven or eight, probably German or Polish. The one who had knocked him down was an Italian or a Greek, also slim but more than six feet tall. Detectives discovered with little difficulty who the shorter fellow was. Their stool pigeons informed them that after the robbery a Frank Wasniak had been spending money freely. Though he was only eighteen, he had a criminal record involving unlawful entry, burglary, and the possession of burglar's tools. When the detectives went to Wasniak's home, they found that he had disappeared. They kept going back, several times a day, and finally reduced Wasniak's mother to such a state of nerves that she got in touch with her errant son and persuaded him to give himself up. He confessed to his part in the robbery and said his accomplice was an Italian boy named Al Sanguedolce. He told the detectives that Sanguedolce lived near the corner of Madison and Pike Streets, close to the approach to the Manhattan Bridge. He didn't know the address, but he gave the detectives a telephone number. "That's the candy store across the street," he said. "They'll call him to the phone."

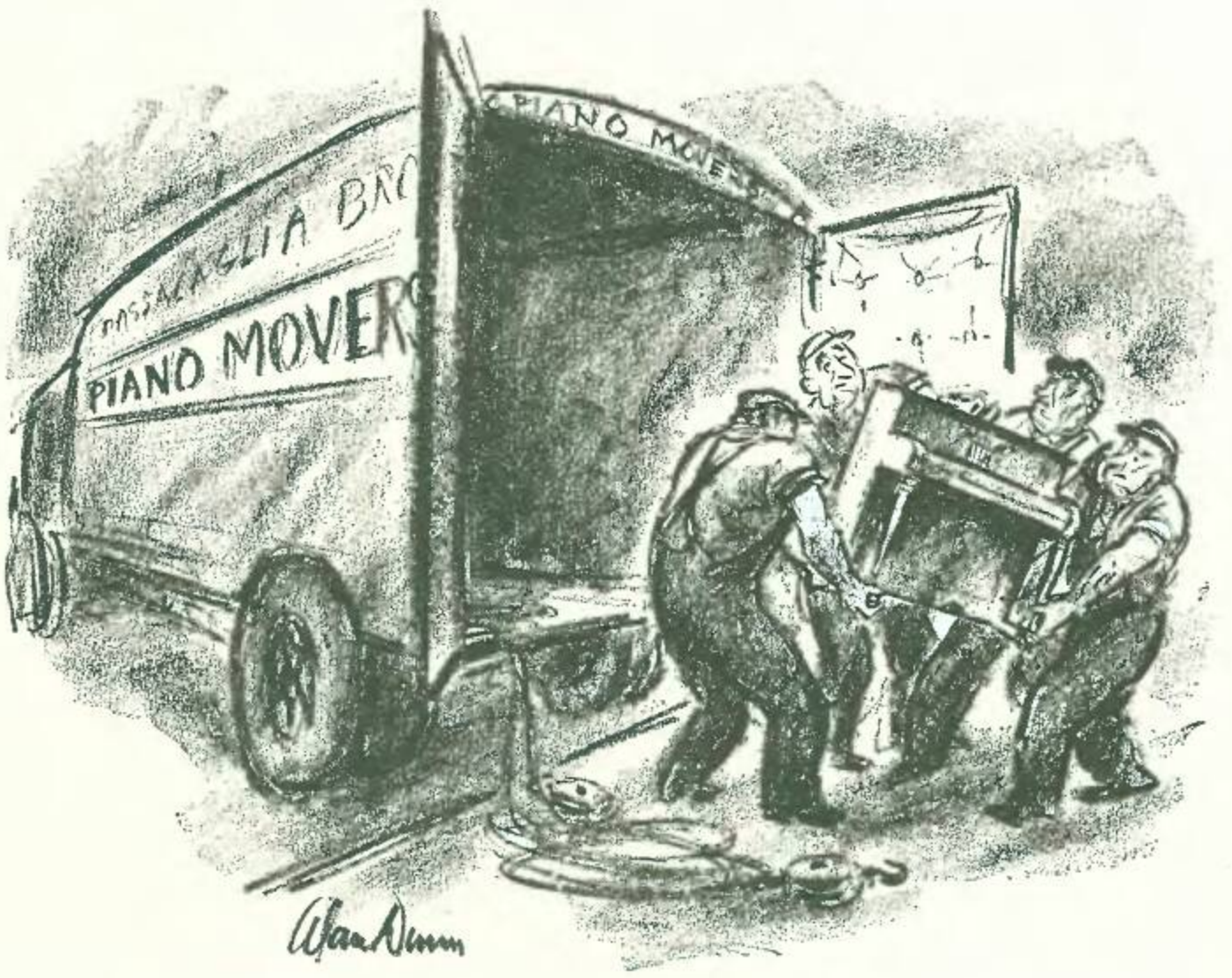
A detective named Steve Thompson set out on the trail of Al Sanguedolce. From a drugstore near the corner of Madison and Pike Streets, he called the candy store and asked for Al. The candy-store man said he'd get him, and after a while another voice said, "This is Al. What do you want?"

"Hold the line," Detective Thompson said. He sprinted from the drugstore to the candy store and found an Italian boy waiting in the telephone booth. Thompson told the boy he was under arrest for his part in the Eckstein robbery and took him to the station house in a taxicab. In the taxi the boy denied indignantly that he had ever taken part in a holdup. "You'll see," he told the detective. "Wait till you ask the guy to identify me."

At the Elizabeth Street station house, the most persuasive of the plainclothesmen spent several hours urging their captive to confess. "It'll be easier for you if you come clean, kid," they told him.

Sanguedolce seemed very sure of himself. "I tell you I didn't have anything to do with it," he said. "You call the guy that was held up, he'll tell you the same thing."

The detectives finally gave up and called Mr. Eckstein to the station house to identify Sanguedolce. For the benefit of readers unfamiliar with police procedure, it might be well to explain how the identification was conducted. "The kid in the Tombs squealed on his pal and gave us his description," they told Mr. Eckstein when he arrived at the station house. "He's in the next room. See if you can pick him out." In the next room were Sanguedolce and a plainclothesman. Mr. Eckstein, under these circumstances, did not hesitate a moment. "That's the one," he said, laying his hand on the Italian boy's shoulder. San-




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guedolce looked at him, seemingly in amazement. The next morning he was taken to Police Headquarters for the lineup. After the charges were read to him, the presiding officer asked, "Did you do it, Alfred?" Sanguedolce nodded. "Yes," he said.

When Sanguedolce was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions, several days later, he again changed his mind and pleaded not guilty to all the charges—robbery, assault, and receiving stolen goods. The following week he went on trial before Judge Otto A. Rosalsky. Wasniak was not on trial. He had pleaded guilty and was being held for sentence.

Assistant District Attorney John L. MacDonnell opened the People's case by reading the statement made by Sanguedolce at the police lineup. He had given his name as Alfred Sanguedolce, and said that he was born in Italy, had been in this country twenty-one years, and was a citizen. The idea of robbing Eckstein, he had said, was suggested by "this fellow in the Tombs." He had received $200 as his share of the booty.

Sanguedolce's attorney, William B. Sandler, created a sensation almost at once. "It is our contention," he told the jury, "that Alfred Sanguedolce, who is indicted here for robbery, is not before this court. His brother, Salvatore Sanguedolce, is before this court."

Reading between the prim lines of the court record, one can easily recreate the scene—the Judge trying to keep cool, the jury open-mouthed, the attorney for the defence smugly unfurling his surprise. Unmindful of the storm gathering above him on the Judge's bench, Mr. Sandler continued. "He felt at that time that his brother Alfred was involved in this robbery. I am going to prove that the act of this defendant before you, wherein he tried to shoulder the blame for his brother, and not being forced to do it by the police, again is, in my mind, an indication that he was innocent."

Even though this statement, as rhetoric, left much to be desired, the Judge caught its meaning. "You will disregard the statement made by counsel," he told the jury, "and give it absolutely no weight or consideration whatsoever." The jury nodded.

The prosecution called only two witnesses—Mr. Eckstein and Detective Steve Thompson. Mr. Eckstein started out enthusiastically to describe what had happened, but Judge Rosalsky soon halted him and called for an interpret-



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er. "That English is no English," he snapped. Mr. Eckstein, his vividness somewhat damped by the presence of the interpreter, then identified the defendant as the youth who had bowled him over. When he was asked "Did you see this man?" he replied, "Yes, because he was in the back of me. I didn't see nobody before." Detective Thompson told of Sanguedolce's arrest and confession. On cross-examination, he admitted that Wasniak had not been asked to identify the prisoner.

The first witness for the defence was Wasniak. "That's not the fellow who was with me," he said, flatly. "*His* name is Sal. The fellow with me was his brother, Al." The defence attorney called for Alfred Sanguedolce to stand up. A tall, dark lad arose from among the spectators. There was a slight resemblance between him and the prisoner, but nobody could have said that they looked alike. Al was five inches taller. "That's Al Sanguedolce," Wasniak said. "He's the one that did the job with me."

It may seem surprising that Al Sanguedolce was willing to show up and allow himself to be identified as a participant in a holdup. The only explanation is the loving-kindness that prevails in many large tenement families. Sal had obligingly allowed himself to be taken for Al when it seemed that Al was in a spot, and now Al would do what he could for Sal. He was not in any immediate danger. He himself had confessed to nothing except the fact that his name was Alfred Sanguedolce.

The next witness was an officer of the Third Battalion of the Marine Corps Reserve, in which Salvatore Sanguedolce was enrolled. This officer identified the prisoner as Salvatore. Wasniak's lawyer, Peter Weiss, then testified that Wasniak had told him the police had arrested the wrong brother. The point of Salvatore's identity was further hammered in by the Sanguedolces' minister, and by Joseph Sanguedolce, the boys' father.

The defendant took the stand and gave his name as Salvatore Sanguedolce. He offered an alibi for the time during which the robbery had been committed, and then launched into a disjointed account of how and why he had allowed himself to be arrested in Al's place. He had come to the telephone because he thought the candy-store man had shouted for "Sal" instead of "Al." When the detective had appeared, he had thought that Al was in trouble, and had wanted to gain time for him by misleading the police. He sounded confused,

but his story somehow sounded right.

Salvatore's attorney, Sandler, took the stand, to put on record a bench conference he had had with Judge Rosalsky about the error in identity before the case came to trial. "Your Honor said to me, 'This will cause too much confusion. Take the matter up with the D.A.,'" the witness said.

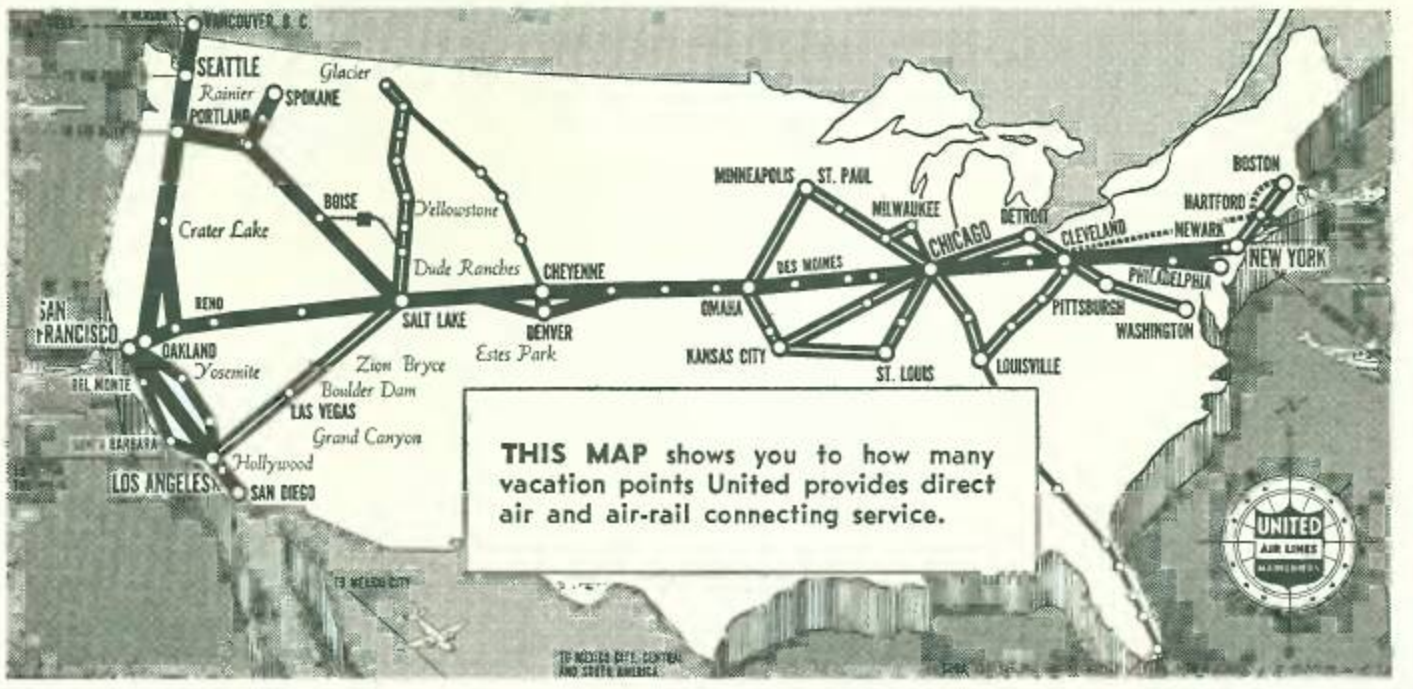
"I didn't say any such thing, Counsellor," said the Judge, getting on record, too. Sandler, however, went on to say that the Judge had told him Salvatore must stand trial, since Alfred had not confessed.

The jury got the case at noon on the second day of the trial. They stayed out three hours, and came back with a verdict of guilty. The Judge, whatever his thoughts may have been by that time, thanked the jury and ordered the prisoner held for sentence.

AS the situation now stood, Salvatore Sanguedolce had apparently, under the name of Alfred Sanguedolce, been tried and found guilty of robbing Eckstein. Eckstein had identified him as one of the criminals. Wasniak, confessing his part in the robbery, had insisted that Alfred was his accomplice. Alfred had only admitted that he was Alfred. Salvatore had denied everything. The Judge, doubtful about everybody's motives, had even been goaded into asking Wasniak's lawyer if he had ever heard of the canon of ethics. All hands were in a nasty temper.

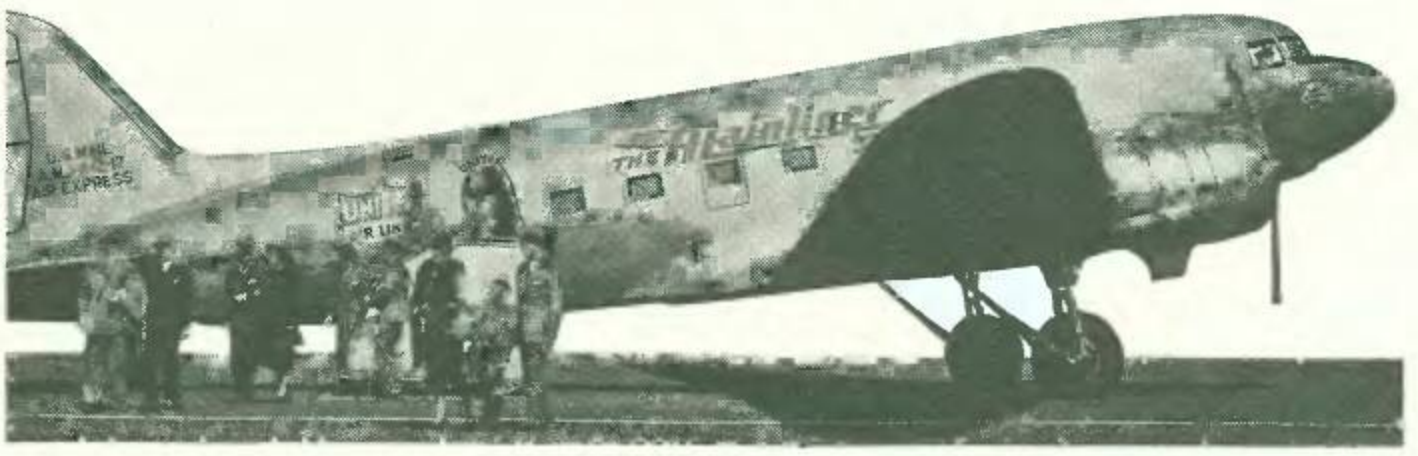
The D.A.'s office requested an indefinite postponement of sentence, so it could thoroughly investigate the situation. The investigation made things even more complicated. For example, Salvatore worked as night watchman on a WPA project down near Battery Park, but was known there as Alfred. "Alfred got tired of the job, so I took it," he explained to the probation officer. Alfred showed up only on paydays, to sign the payroll. Salvatore's driver's licence was in his brother's name, too. This confusion arose not so much from a desire to deceive people as from a dreamy Italian indifference to the bureaucracy of an alien country. It didn't matter, did it, whether Al or Sal worked for the WPA? Nor, seemingly, did it matter whether it was Al or Sal who went to jail.

The District Attorney finally submitted to Judge Rosalsky a memorandum advising that the verdict be set aside and Salvatore freed. The defendant was obviously Salvatore; Wasniak, who had nothing to gain by lying, said Alfred was the guilty one. Eckstein's



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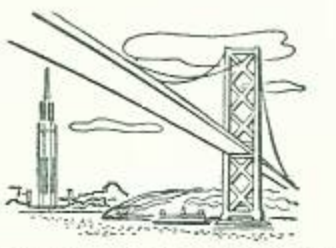
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description of the criminal, given the police after the robbery, fitted Alfred better than it did Salvatore. Salvatore's motives, assuming him to be innocent, were easy to understand. He had simply wanted to cover up for his brother as long as possible.

ON April 9, 1936, Judge Rosalsky heard the defence's formal plea to have the verdict set aside. Alfred took the stand, but only to testify that Wasniak had attempted to involve him in a robbery. He offered an alibi—gratuitously, since he was not being accused of anything—which Wasniak attempted to break down. This was all somewhat irregular, but the Judge permitted it. "Let him alone," he said when the court attendants tried to restrain Wasniak during an argument between him and Alfred. "He's fighting for justice." It was too late for justice, however. Judge Rosalsky kept the case under advisement for two weeks, and was then forced to admit defeat.

On April 24th, the whole Sanguedolce faction appeared in Judge Rosalsky's court to hear his decision—Mamma and Papa Sanguedolce, the brothers, and their legal counsel. The Judge started to sum up the strange developments in the case, making an effort to speak impassively and impartially.

"I have given considerable thought to this case," he said. "I have searched the law in vain to see if I could find any provision of the law to sentence this man for going through the processes of giving testimony confessing his guilt and thereby resulting in a miscarriage of justice as far as his brother is concerned. But there is no law to punish him. At one time I felt I should sentence this man, notwithstanding his innocence, but then, on the other hand, that would not be even-handed justice. If there was some punishment that could be meted out to this defendant, I should not hesitate to do so. My regret is that there is no law to punish this man." He explained that Salvatore could not even be tried for perjury, since none of his statements as Alfred had been made under oath. The Judge concluded by saying that the People of the State of New York would have to take what comfort it could from the fact that Salvatore had been detained in jail for three months during the investigations; then he pronounced the legal formula that set Salvatore free. Outside the courtroom, Mrs. Sanguedolce fell on her knees and kissed the floor three times, in gratitude for heaven's kindness to her sons.

Alfred, it might be explained, was as safe from punishment as his brother. A man cannot be convicted on the unsubstantiated testimony of an accomplice, so Wasniak alone could offer no threat to him. Eckstein, the only other witness, still stuck to his story that Salvatore was the guilty one. And, even if the State could have won him over to testify against Alfred, he had discredited himself by testifying so positively against a man who looked nothing like Alfred. Both brothers were free as air, and all because—if you are looking for a moral—they believed in helping one another out.

—HYMAN GOLDBERG

• •

WAR IS HELL

A Listing of Some Uncommon Hardships Suffered by Groups and Individuals as a Result of the Current War

LOCALE	SUFFERERS	HARDSHIP
Leicester, England	Monks of St. Bernard's Monastery	They had to shave their beards so that their gas masks would fit.
Berlin	Tall men	The government decreed that the length of shirttails be reduced by two inches.
Paris	Bridge-players	They were asked to contribute 10 per cent of their winnings to national defence.
Helsinki	Gourmets	Restaurants were ordered to dispense with *smörgåsbord* tables.
Toronto	Crossword-puzzle fanciers	The British War Office refused to permit a London newspaper syndicate to transmit its puzzles to publications in the Dominions.
Washington	Army and Navy officers	The price of gold braid for dress uniforms went up 33⅓ per cent.
Doorn, Holland	Former Kaiser Wilhelm II	He had to convert his wine cellar into an air-raid shelter.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



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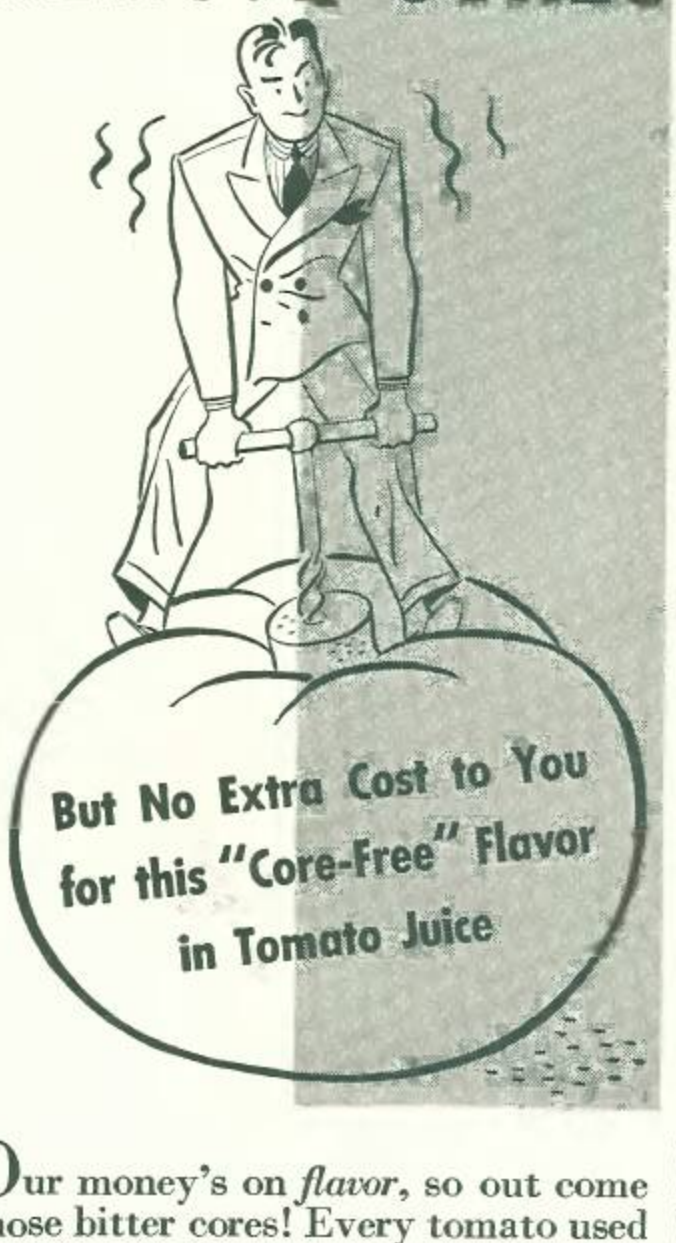
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THE PATRIOT OF SALT CAY

"THAT light," said Marjorie. "See?"

We strained our eyes, and saw nothing except blue-black water stretching ahead of the ship's bow and a sky full of stars.

"Off there, where I'm pointing," said Marjorie.

After a little while Peggy saw the light, then Allan saw it, and finally I did, distinctly—no question about it. It seemed to wink and gutter, like a candle in an unsteady hand, but Marjorie assured us it was a kerosene lamp burning in a house near the water's edge on Salt Cay.

Salt Cay is Marjorie's home. She was born there and has always lived there. She was very excited; tomorrow she would be home.

You may not know Salt Cay, because steamships never stop there and it is indicated on few maps. But you have heard of the Turks and Caicos Islands, and Salt Cay is one of them, lying approximately one hundred miles north of Haiti. The population is perhaps three hundred persons, of whom not more than a dozen are white. Salt Cay has an area of six square miles and is nine miles southwest of Grand Turk, capital of the group.

"I should think you'd be terribly lonely," Peggy said.

Marjorie shook her head. We steamed past the island, skirting the reefs; in a few minutes the light was gone. Our Dutch freighter had her nose pointed for Grand Turk.

Marjorie lit a cigarette and said, "Of course, in a way it is lonely. After New York I have to make a little struggle to settle back into the routine. But I wouldn't exchange Salt Cay for any other place I've ever seen."

"Do you go to New York often?" Allan asked.

"Once every two years. For about three months."

"And your husband?"

"He stays at home to mind the salt. You see, we're in salt. My grandfather, my husband's grandfather, our great-grandfathers, and so on way back, have always been in the salt business. Our ancestors were colonists in Bermuda and made trips each year to rake salt in the Turks Islands and carried their cargoes back to Bermuda in sailing boats. It was about 1700 that they first decided to settle in the Turks Islands, where nobody at all lived. So they brought their Negro slaves and came to stay. Some built their homes on Grand Turk, but my family has always been on Salt Cay."

"And, of course, that makes you British?"

Marjorie smiled. "Yes," she said. "But principally a Turks Islander."

MANY sailboats pressed out to meet us as we came up to Grand Turk at ten o'clock that night, and in one of them Marjorie saw her husband and leaned on the railing, shouting to him, but the Negroes made such an uproar of quarrelling as they jockeyed for position along our side that he could not hear. We dropped anchor two hundred yards off the tiny wharf, and the Negroes swarmed aboard.

Marjorie left the hurricane deck to go down to the gangway and greet her husband. We called the steward and ordered beer. We had finished one round when Marjorie returned, tugging like a delighted child at her husband's hand. We were introduced; John, the husband, gave us Gold Flakes, and more beer was ordered. We talked about the heat and about our trip south from the States, which had been rough. The conflict of Negro voices on the main deck somehow accentuated the deep quiet that hung over Grand Turk. The island, beyond the single central point of wharf lights, was as still as death.



Marjorie's husband seemed to understand what I was thinking. "Grand Turk's a metropolis beside our place, Salt Cay," he said.

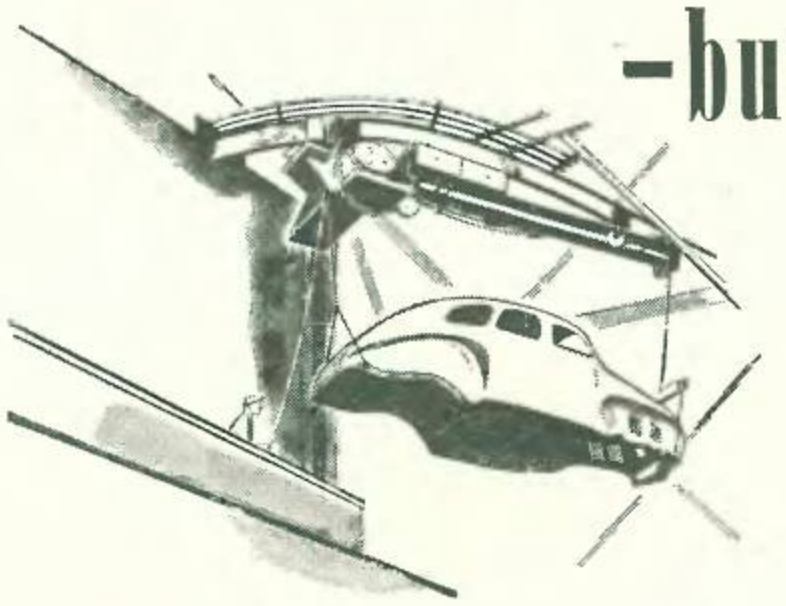
"Yes, but your island seems to provide the answer to the problem of escape," I said. "If the United States gets into the war, may I come to hide out on Salt Cay?"

"Please do," John said. "Delighted to have you."

"I hardly think Salt Cay will be bombed."

"I'm sure it won't. Too hard to find, for one thing, and there'd be nothing to bomb but a few trees, a white beach, and a few hundred blacks who are com-

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Couple this unique design with Lincoln standards of engineering . . . an economical twelve-cylinder engine, only one in the medium-price field . . . style leadership so pronounced that it is widely imitated . . . and you have reasons why a Washington owner can say:



"I have never had a car give me as complete satisfaction as the Lincoln-Zephyr."

100,000 Lincoln-Zephyrs are writing new records on all roads. This car calls you now! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.

THE LINCOLN ZEPHYR V-12



"Your option's up at 4 p. m."



THE Vice-President glanced at his watch. It was 11 a. m. He turned back to the phone.

"What you've told us about the site for our new plant sounds fine," he said. "But we must have more information about tax trends and the local employment and labor situation . . ."

"But your option's up at 4," warned the voice on the phone. "And I don't know how to get all that in a hurry up here in Batavia."

"I do," said the Vice-President. "Listen . . ."

Half an hour later the company's agent was in conference with a Batavia banker. By 3 o'clock the Vice-President had the information he needed. By 3:45 he phoned an O.K. to take up the option.

* * *

Such important information about local conditions around Batavia, N. Y., was quickly made available to this manufacturer by an officer of a Marine Midland bank in Batavia because his company is a Marine Midland customer.

There are Marine Midland banks in 37 other trading centers throughout New York State. Any of our officers will gladly show you how we, through these banks and their knowledge of their local communities, can save your business time and money in this State—the world's richest market.

THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

At the Gateway to New York State, the World's Richest Market

BANKING OFFICES

120 Broadway

12 E. 45th Street — **143 Liberty Street**
128 Chambers St. — **17 Battery Place**
110 William St. — **207 E. 86th St.**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

pletely worthless in anybody's imperial system."

We lit new Gold Flakes.

"I DON'T suppose," John said, "that you've heard about Salt Cay's participation in the first World War?"

"No," Allan said.

"I hardly thought so. It's not in any of the history books. But there are so few of us here, we take a certain pride in the story. We had a patriot, you see."

"A patriot?" asked Allan.

"Precisely," John said. "Only one. But you must understand that the alarms of the world are reduced to a whisper by the time they reach us. Their importance suffers through distance. No one now recalls the name of Salt Cay's patriot, which isn't strange, for he died in 1915, a long time ago, and he had no relatives to cherish his name as well as his memory. On Salt Cay there is no bank, which would require signatures, and no school, which would teach the letters. It's unlikely that the patriot could write, and also unlikely that he regarded his name with the affection most men hold for theirs. Today we call him simply the Patriot. He is the black man who left Salt Cay and went to war for the British Empire."

John finished his beer, looked at our glasses, and summoned the steward with a wave of his arm.

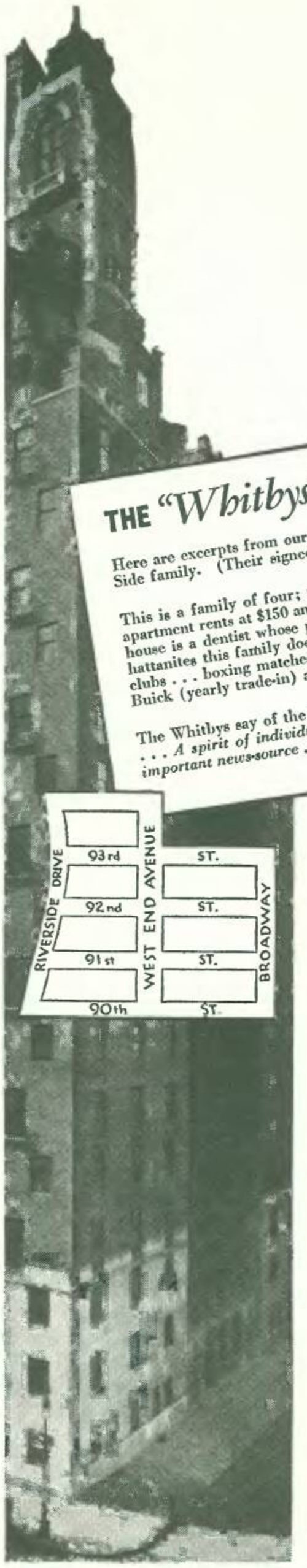
"There was a wireless on Grand Turk in 1914, and reports of war reached us soon enough. I was very young, but I can remember it. England was at war. Apparently, if the dispatches were to be trusted, everybody was at war. Considerable excitement developed, because, though nobody on Salt Cay had ever been engaged in a war, everybody understood that war meant guns and fighting.

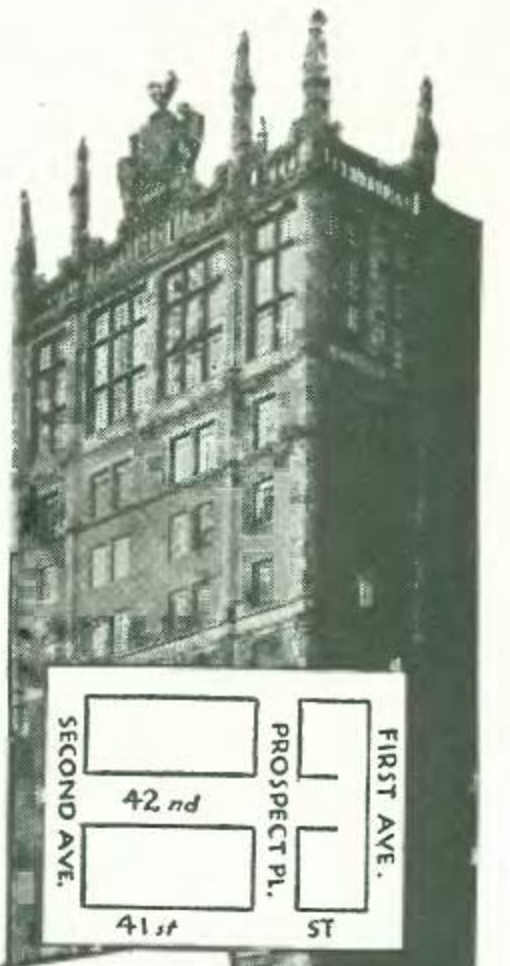
"The issues were not clear. It was enough to know that England, the Mother Country, which sent out the Assistant Commissioner who arbitrated Salt Cay's infrequent quarrels, was fighting several other countries. Names and geographic locations of the enemy nations were, for the blacks, puzzles that didn't have to be solved."

The beer was brought, and John went on.

"One morning a high wave of excitement swept over the island. By proclamation, the Assistant Commissioner invited residents of Salt Cay to go to war for England and for Empire. It was nice to be included, and it gave the Salt Cay Negroes a glow of importance. But one question rose instantly: How could a man get to England? Sail

YOU'D LIKE THEM AS FRIENDS OR PATRONS
THEY'RE MANHATTANITES
and they Love it!





They could afford homes in the suburbs or estates in the country—but they choose to pay premium rentals in towers of stone and steel. They want to be "near the office," yet part of the taxi-riding, theater-going, supper-clubbing night life that is the glamour of New York. And they want to be "just around the corner" from their friends—those whose pursuits are the same.

For these are Manhattanites of the higher rental areas—the world-envied group which works hard at play because it really can afford to!

To advertisers, all of the New York Market is important. But Manhattan is the core! And New York's business backbone is the open-handed spending by Manhattanites—the earn-more, spend-more group which resides in the higher rental areas. Among them the "Taylors" and "Whitbys."

THE "*Whitbys*" OF WEST END AVENUE

Here are excerpts from our interview with this representative West Side family. (Their signed statement may be seen at our office.)

This is a family of four; the two children being 10 and 5. Their apartment rents at $150 and requires two servants. The head-of-the-house is a dentist whose practice nets "over $10,000." Being Manhattanites this family does the usual round; theater, movies, night clubs . . . boxing matches, football, hockey, etc. They own a 1940 Buick (yearly trade-in) and enjoy a 12 weeks' vacation in Summer.

The Whitbys say of the World Telegram, "*Every line is interesting . . . A spirit of individuality pervades the paper . . . it's our most important news-source . . . the ads are exceptionally helpful.*"

THE "*Taylors*" OF TUDOR CITY

Of course, Taylor isn't their name. But the interview with this family is on file and we have permission to show it to any advertiser.

This family pays $125 a month for its apartment. Both Mr. and Mrs. are college graduates. They own a Lincoln-Zephyr '39; belong to boating and tennis clubs and employ one maid. Mr. Taylor has cameras and equipment valued at "over $1,500." This representative Manhattanite is a utility executive at "over $12,000 a year;" his wife shops the Fifth Avenue stores and reports a "half-dozen charge accounts."

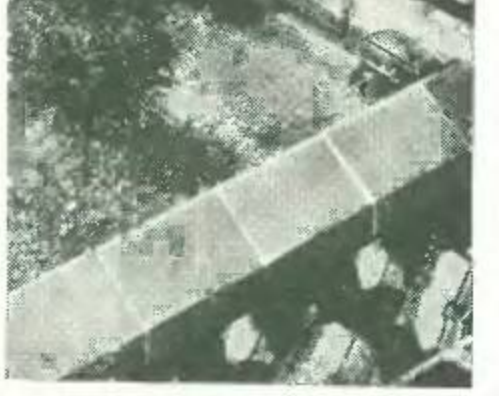
In the Taylor home the World-Telegram is the every-evening favorite because (quote from both): "*It is well made up and well balanced between news and features . . . the first page second section is great . . . the Women's Pages are a decided help.*"

In the Tudor City and West End areas of Manhattan (see maps) there are 3,013 families like the "Taylors" and "Whitbys." According to our Block-by-Block analysis, 1,170, or 38.8 per cent of them read the World-Telegram! AND . . . FOR CORROBORATION, the noted research agency, FACT FINDERS ASSOCIATES, INC., made a "census" of both areas. They completed interviews with 1,863 of the 3,013 families resident there and found that 39.9 per cent of them all . . . "read the World-Telegram yesterday." (The variation differs from the World-Telegram analysis by only 1.1 per cent!)

BETTER THAN 1 OUT OF 3

New York City families paying $100 or more per month rent

READ THE WORLD-TELEGRAM





New York World-Telegram

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT OF SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS, 230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY — CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • MEMPHIS PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS—THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

AMAZING
PROFESSIONAL
MOTHPROOFING
METHOD

now available for home use





ONE SPRAYING
MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

Larvex is inexpensive — only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. It costs less than a single pressing to mothproof a suit for a whole year.

LARVEX
QUICK • CHEAP • SAFE • SURE

Persian Room at the Plaza



EDDY
DUCHIN
At Dinner and Supper
and Saturday Tea Dansant



PAUL
HAAKON
At Dinner and Supper
and Sunday at Dinner



JANE
PICKENS
At Dinner and Supper
and at Sunday Tea Dansant

AFTERNOON TEA DANSANT
DAILY and SUNDAY

GERRY MORTON
and his Orchestra

THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET

his skiff over to Grand Turk and wait there for a passenger ship? Sail a hundred miles south to Haiti and find a ship there? But even if he reached a ship, there wasn't a black man in all of Salt Cay who owned enough money to buy passage to England. The Assistant Commissioner hastened to explain. There would be no expense; England would pay for passage. On such and such a date a steamship would call at Grand Turk to bear the warriors abroad.

"Through that afternoon of the proclamation it seemed that every black on Salt Cay, women and children included, would fly off to battle. The few white men never considered going, since their salt businesses could not possibly be turned over to anyone else. But with the evening, one objection arose here and another there. First, the Assistant Commissioner paralyzed sentiment by asserting that women and children were barred from the war, and hence from the trip. Many men had families they refused to leave. Others balked at going unless their friends, the family men, went also. Others simply got tired of the notion and decided the voyage abroad would be too much trouble.

"But not the Patriot. He was a tall young black man who sold conches for a meagre living, and he was firm for war. He was also very anxious to see England. So he was registered and enrolled and all that, and after about a month the Assistant Commissioner notified him one day to get ready, for the ship to England would be at Grand Turk next morning.

"That night there was a sort of party on the beach, and everybody who could afford it got drunk and clapped the Patriot on the shoulder, and a good many women who scarcely knew him cried bitterly and hugged him to their breasts.

"In the morning he sailed. Lots of the blacks went to Grand Turk and saw him aboard ship. They came back singing, all very gay and proud.

"The rest," John said, "isn't much. In



Frances Maddux
ENTERTAINING



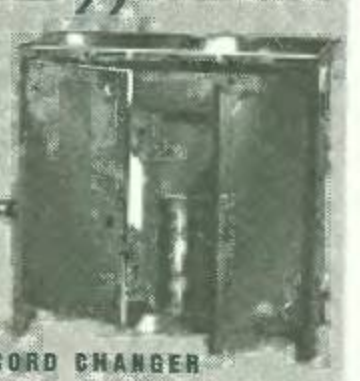
THE HARLEQUIN
5:30 to 7:30
11 to 2 A. M.
12 EAST 60TH ST. NEW YORK
VOLUNTEER 5-6000

A PARK VIEW
DOUBLED

11 rooms arranged as a duplex provide interesting park views upstairs and down in this luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment. Living room is over 29 feet long, and with library and dining room provides a gracious setting for social activities. Three master bedrooms, two with park view, are on upper floor. Only $6000. Apply Miss Schaefer.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC
15 East 49th Street PLaza 3-9200

LAFAYETTE *Chippendale*
Custom Built
PHONO-RADIO
$139.95



WITH GARRARD
FULLY AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER
In its superb beauty of tone, this radio-phonograph has no peer. Lafayette 11 tube Model BB-14M is on display now. See it—hear it as soon as you can. One of 64 models.
sold only at our own showrooms
LAFAYETTE RADIOS
100 SIXTH AVE. • NEW YORK • WALKER 5-8883
Newark, 24 Central Ave. • Bronx, 542 E. Fordham Rd.

three months the Patriot was back on Salt Cay. He'd scarcely landed in England before he fell ill. He couldn't bear the cold. Exactly what sort of illness struck him low I don't know, but he was in a hospital for a while in London or Liverpool, and quite an expense to the government, I take it. At any rate, they invalided him home to Salt Cay.

"His friends hadn't expected that. For a while he was treated quite coldly as he lay listlessly about his house and on the beach. There was an unspoken feeling that the Patriot had let Salt Cay down. Then, in the spring of 1915, he died.

"At first nobody said much. But little by little the legend of the Patriot grew. Perhaps in a sense he had failed us, people said, but he couldn't really be blamed for it and he was a casualty of war. We should cherish him. That was no more than his due.

"He was, you see, Salt Cay's only patriot in all of history."

MARJORIE leaned over the railing and called to the Negro boy in her husband's boat. Then she turned. "We must go, John. If the wind falls we'll never get to Salt Cay."

John put down his glass, looked into the sky, and nodded. We shook hands all round.

"You must come to visit us," John said.

"Perhaps sooner than any of us thinks," one of us said.

They went down the gangway and aboard their boat, and the Negro ran up the sail, which took the wind quickly, and they were off. Before long, we had lost sight of the sail's whiteness, and only the sea was there.

—WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

•

THE QUESTION

When you proposed to your wife, how did you go about it?

JOSEPH GROSSBERG, 1101 Union Avenue, Schenectady, wholesale grocer: "I don't remember all the particulars. It was 34 years ago and I think at her house. I don't remember what I said; probably something like 'Will you marry me?' or something."—*Albany Times-Union.*

Ah, mists of time!

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*From Photoplay*]

Cal's Sight of the Month:

GARBO, seated at the counter of a Beverly Hills' health food store, drinking garlic juice like mad with Gaylord Hauser's diamond ring flashing on her left hand.





Total Value, $2.30
Complete
Only $1

Dorothy Gray Cosmetic Color Cue:
FULL-SIZE LIPSTICK,
NEW-FORMULA NAIL POLISH,
HARMONIZED FACE POWDER

YOUR cue for a dramatic new face for the spring season — the new Dorothy Gray Cosmetic Color Cue. A make-up set which gives you a full-size, famous Dorothy Gray creamy lipstick . . . nail polish in a new "syrupy" lacquer . . . and related shade of loveliest Dorothy Gray Powder. A smart boxful of beauty designed to bring your make-up into perfect harmony. Comes in the leading Dorothy Gray lipstick shades, with new-formula nail polish that matches (or harmonizes) and harmonizing powder.

Dorothy Gray Cosmetic Color Cue—including Lipstick, Face Powder, and Nail Polish—only $1.00.

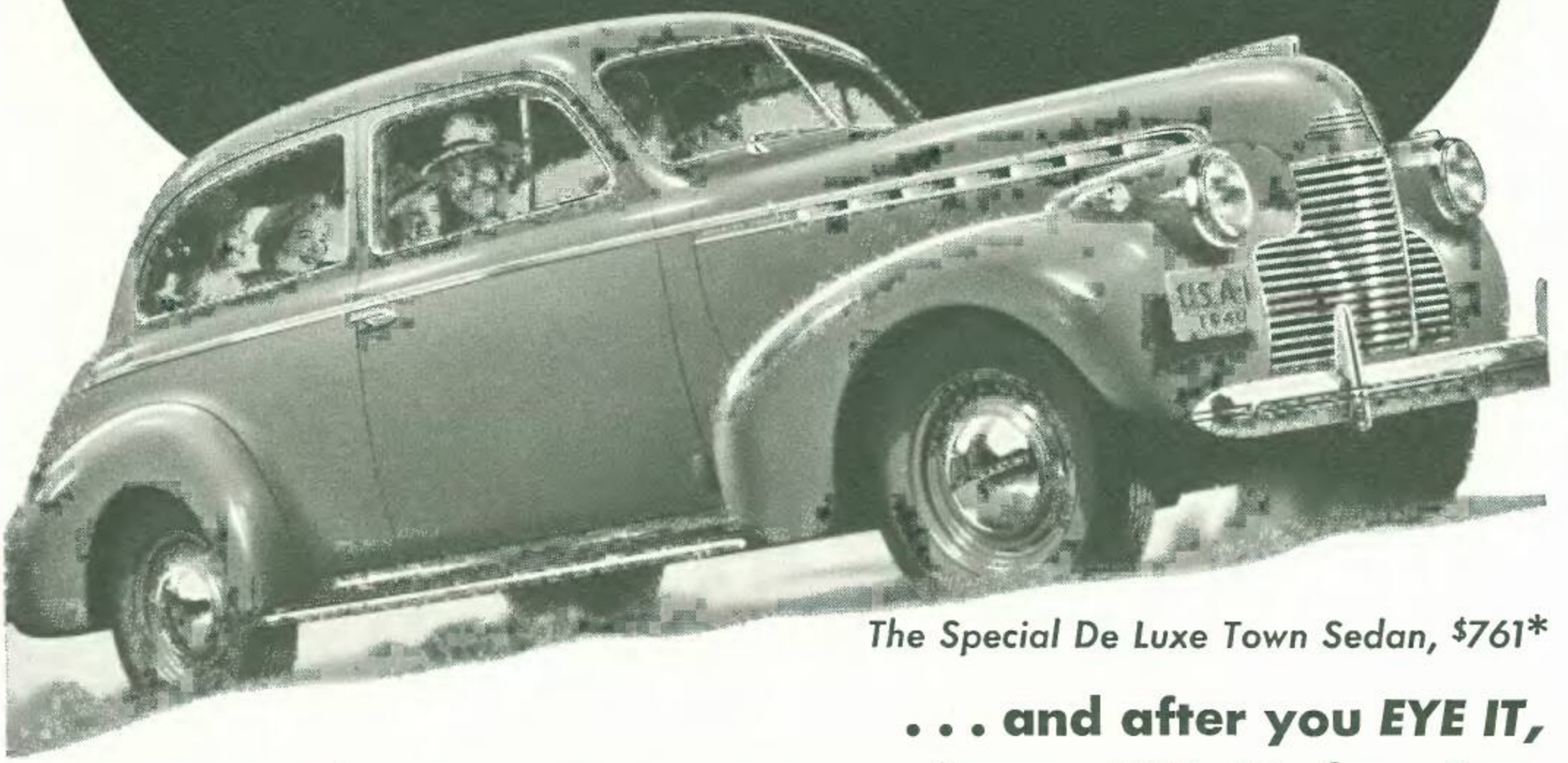
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DOROTHY GRAY

THESE AND MANY OTHER EXQUISITE DOROTHY GRAY PREPARATIONS AT SMART DEPARTMENT AND DRUG STORES

You're looking at THE LEADER

In Style · In Thrifty Road Action · In Sales!



*The Special De Luxe Town Sedan, $761**

Come on over to the nearest Chevrolet salesroom in town and make friends with the car that has made buying a pleasure—and almost a downright *necessity*—for car-wise, value-wise people!

You'll find you can't wait till you get your hands on the steering wheel of this big, beauty-leading Chevrolet with the swank "Royal Clipper" Styling . . . with the Fisher Body luxury . . . with the 181-inch measurement from front of grille to rear of body which makes it the *longest* of all lowest-priced cars!

And you'll find you won't want to get out from behind that steering wheel once you test Chevrolet action.

For *this* car out-accelerates and out-climbs all other cars in its price range . . . out-rides them, too, on smooth or rough roads, with the majestic smoothness and safety of its "Ride Royal"★ . . . and gives you these better results at the *minimum* cost for gas, oil and upkeep!

★*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.* CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

. . . and after you *EYE IT*, please *TRY IT*, for then we know you will *BUY IT* —just as the entire nation is placing Chevrolet first in sales for the ninth time in the last ten years!

EYE IT · ·

TRY IT · ·

BUY IT!

$659

MASTER 85 BUSINESS COUPE
Other models slightly higher

**All models priced at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HAWHAW AND HEEHAW

NO matter how much or how little activity there may be from day to day on Europe's various military and naval fronts, the radio bombardment of and by belligerents and neutrals never stops. Practically every nation of any importance in Europe has its battery of short-wave radio transmitters—there are at least twenty-five in Germany, twenty in England, fifteen in Italy, and twelve in France, and a few equally loud ones scattered here and there—and with these they all aim broadcasts of propaganda at any part of the world where there is the slightest possibility of people listening in. England, for example, now issues news bulletins, nicely tinted with the Empire point of view, in more than two dozen languages.

Since the war began, a generous share of the oral ammunition has been aimed directly at the United States, especially by Germany, which lately, judging by a note of disgust in the tone of its announcers, has given up New York City as a bad prospect but is still trying hard to persuade the rest of the country that the Nazi cause is a legitimate one and that the only sensible thing for us to do is remain neutral. (Apparently even the most sanguine German broadcasters have lost hope of stirring up pro-Nazi sympathy over here.) Berlin propagandists, in addressing this country, frequently preface an especially outlandish statement with some such remark as "Of course, nobody in New York will believe this, but understanding Americans west of the Hudson will realize that . . ." No one has any idea how many Americans, understanding or otherwise, ever hear these programs, nor is there any way of knowing how seriously the broadcasts are taken by those who do listen in. European propagandists, however, must be aware of the fact that approximately twelve million of the forty-five million radio sets in this country are equipped to receive short-wave programs, and in expansive moments conceivably assure their chiefs that half the population of the United States is listening in.

In the war of distortion, a few leaders have already become famous, notably the supposedly young man, nicknamed Lord Hawhaw by the English, who broadcasts from Hamburg in an Oxford accent and is now the subject of endless unflattering jokes in London music halls. Lord Hawhaw's identity is yet to be established and the British like to speculate about it, in a derogatory way. The most recent guess is that he is William Joyce, a former British Fascist with a prominent scar on his right cheek, who left England at the outbreak of war. Whoever Lord Hawhaw is, he has built up a remarkably large radio following, most of it unfriendly. Although anyone with a sufficiently powerful short-wave radio set and patience to wait for the proper atmospheric conditions can hear all he wants of Hawhaw and the rest, there is at present only one place in the city where a point is made of picking up and keeping a record of quantities of this foreign propaganda. That is a short-wave listening station maintained by the Columbia Broadcasting System in its building at 485 Madison Avenue. Since the invasion of Scandinavia, the National Broadcasting Company has set up a somewhat similar station in Rockefeller Center, but it is still in the experimental stage and limits its interests strictly to news reports. At C.B.S., for nearly eight months, a determined band of four listeners has been working in shifts fifteen hours a day—from eleven each morning until two the next—taking down significant parts of foreign broadcasts by speedwriting and Ediphones. They have listened to some thirty million words, and they now have in their possession eight thousand typewritten pages on which is recorded the cream of the chatter. C.B.S. has no clear idea of what it's going to do with these records, but at any rate it is the only possessor of such a collection, and that's something.

C.B.S.'s listening staff has scored a few journalistic beats in the course of its work and has developed a new technique of war reporting which requires only a knowledge of languages and patient, wearying attentiveness. The listeners have learned that European announcers are just as likely as domestic ones to mix startling news bulletins with innocuous programs of chamber music and they therefore find themselves in the position of a newspaper reporter who is waiting for an important declaration during an extempore political speech. They have come to know by experience which programs are likely to carry something of interest in the way of news or interpretive comment and which aren't. This is fortunate, since C.B.S.'s mechanical facilities restrict the listeners to receiving no more than two programs at a time. There is one bright aspect in the monotonous routine imposed upon Columbia's sentinels: since all the programs they listen to are sponsored by governments, they never have to listen to a commercial.

I WENT up to C.B.S. a couple of weeks ago to see the short-wave station and its staff in action. The listeners work in a small office on the seventeenth floor, down the hall from



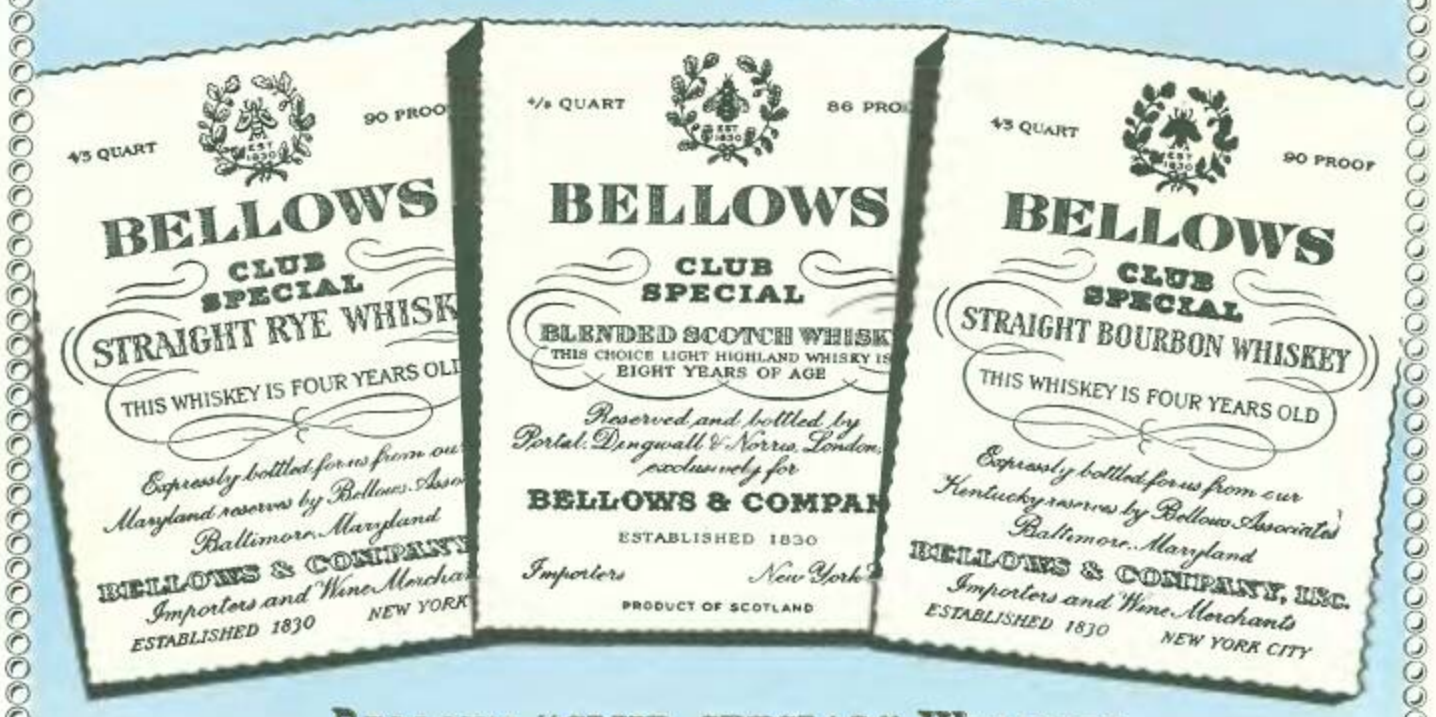
"Good heavens, a Groove-Billed Ani!"

BELLOWS & COMPANY

Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

THE BEST THEN . . . THE BEST NOW



BELLOWS "CLUB SPECIAL" WHISKIES

The ivy covered clubs of Louisville are properly expected to hold the choicest Bourbon, Baltimore clubs the best of Rye, and, of course, the ancient clubs of London the finest Scotch.

Our three "Club Specials" have long been widely used by such discriminating clubs as their fine private whiskey. Produced in limited quantities by traditional hand methods, each represents, we feel, the choicest general service whiskey available.



BELLOWS "PARTNERS' CHOICE" WHISKIES

The title of these great whiskies, "Partners' Choice", was originated by their use as superlative private stocks in the homes of our partners and good friends, here and abroad.

We have offered exactly these types of whiskies as our finest products throughout America for over a century and have again selected them, after exhaustive comparisons, as the best today.

NEW YORK **CHICAGO** **LOS ANGELES**

the news room and separated by a soundproof glass wall from the studio used by such commentators as Elmer Davis and Major George Fielding Eliot. I got there in the middle of the afternoon and found two men on duty, surrounded by dozens of Ediphone cylinders. One of them was Edd Johnson, who is in charge of the listening post. He introduced me to his companion, Herbert B. Kranz, who was wearing earphones and scribbling on a pad of yellow paper, and who waved his hand without looking up. A talk in French was coming in over a loudspeaker and being recorded at the same time by one of three Ediphone machines lined against a wall. Kranz was taking notes on the program, using earphones because he could hear more distinctly that way. I asked Johnson if they were listening to Paris. "No, London," he said. "If you get French, it's probably the British Broadcasting Corporation. If you get German, it's Paris. If you get English, it's Rome or Berlin." He said programs are relayed to the station over two wires from Roosevelt, near Freeport, Long Island, where C.B.S. has set up its receiving equipment in an old barn whose location has been found to have good reception qualities. A crew of engineers, prepared to react quickly to "*Achtung!*," "*Bolletino!*," and other equivalents of "Flash!" is on duty there. The engineers, one of whom is something of a linguist himself, keep their receivers trained on Europe and communicate with Johnson by telephone. When the listeners at C.B.S. want a certain program, they call the engineers and ask for it, but the men out in the Long Island barn show some initiative in the selection of broadcasts, and if they pick up something which sounds exciting, they pipe it right over the wires to Manhattan.

Lord Hawhaw came on at four-fifteen, but there was too much static for us to hear him clearly, so we concentrated on a B.B.C. program, in German, coming in over one of the loudspeakers. Since neither Johnson nor I understand much German, Kranz gave us a running summary of the broadcast, while taking notes of the important points in speedwriting. Great Britain was going over the old story of the Ark Royal, ridiculing Germany for claiming that the ship had been sunk by Nazi submarines. Actually, said the broadcaster, a passing torpedo had done no more than rattle a few cups and saucers in the officers' mess. "Everyone on board the Ark Royal," he continued, "was greatly amused by the Nazis' claim

that the vessel had been sunk. The crew has listened to Lord Hawhaw several times, and once, when he asked 'Where is the Ark Royal?,' the seamen gathered round and yelled out, 'Here! Here!'" Great Britain, evidently in a naval mood, went on to announce that the Graf Spee had been scuttled off Montevideo only because the crew had refused to fight the British. Then, still in German, came a recital of German atrocities against Polish Catholics. "Don't bother translating it unless it's particularly gory," said Johnson, and Kranz, after listening briefly, put down his pencil and stopped taking notes. A moment later the B.B.C. announcer began to recite the names of half a dozen captured German seamen, respectfully and sympathetically giving the address, age, and ship of each prisoner in German. This, B.B.C. believes, is one of England's most effective ways of getting the enemy to listen in. Germans, of course, are forbidden to tune in on foreign broadcasts, but the English suspect they do listen to this one, nevertheless.

The next B.B.C. broadcaster started to tell the Germans in their own language what a session of Parliament was like, stressing the point that all members of the Opposition, including "one single, lonely Communist," were still sitting unchallenged in their accustomed places. He described Chamberlain getting up to talk, and said, "He is not as big, and his features are not as distinct, as caricaturists make them. In this room, which is as quiet and gloomy as a church, there is no shouting and no loud boasting. Even the Prime Minister speaks from the floor; there is no platform for a speaker. The Prime Minister is not protected by a bulletproof wall of glass, nor does he use a microphone. And although his speech lasts almost an hour, one has the impression of a fireside chat."

After England had had her say, the engineers piped in Moscow of their own accord. Kranz said that Russia was broadcasting news in Spanish, probably for the benefit of Central and South Americans, but that it was too indistinct to understand. Johnson telephoned Long Island and asked for Berlin, and a few moments later an announcer said in German that we would hear a program by some German schoolgirls, who presently began chattering and singing. They sounded gay and happy, and, for all we could tell, they were. Kranz explained what they were doing. "Just children playing games," he said. "No political stuff. It's about a wolf and some sheep, and the wolf is falling asleep now,



THE VIENNESE ROOF

• AIR-CONDITIONED •



PRESENTING

THE St. Regis CIRCUS

WITH

MARY PARKER *and* BILL DANIEL

and their performing menagerie

DIRECTED BY JAMES MITCHELL LEISEN

(Through courtesy of Paramount Studio)



HAL SAUNDERS AND HIS ORCHESTRA

at Dinner and Supper



At Luncheon — THE MUSIC OF JULES LANDÉ

THE St. Regis

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

so the sheep are very happy. Very small children; must be five or six. No political significance, unless you happen to think Hitler is a wolf." The program had been recorded by the Ediphone, but Johnson decided it wasn't worth keeping. The cylinder on which the recording had been made, he told me, would be shaved, or scraped, and used again on some program of possibly more political significance. Ordinarily, a used cylinder lies around until one of the staff finds time to run it off and type out whatever seems relevant on it, after which it is reconditioned by shaving. On an average day the listeners use a hundred of these cylinders to record such bits of the output of Europe's announcers, orators, and school children as they find interesting.

Shortly before six, a young lady named Alix Reuter turned up. She was another of the translators, who was about to take Kranz's place for the night shift. "Last night," she said to no one in particular, "I had to crawl into the loudspeaker to get words out of guys' mouths." The engineers on Long Island, following Johnson's instructions, were again trying to pipe in Moscow and somehow got Rome, which was practically inaudible. Germany came back then —DJA, a Berlin station. There were a few news bulletins in German: one about Turkey's plans to participate in Italy's World's Fair, another about a strike of textile workers in Bombay, and, finally and incongruously, one about a barber in a German town which sounded like Bodenburg who had suffered a heart attack while shaving a man and in falling had cut the customer's throat with his razor. The engineers fed us another of the busy German outlets, DJD. "Berlin is broadcasting the news of the world," a voice announced pompously, still in German. The news of the world at that moment was of no more consequence than DJA's had been and petered out after twelve minutes with the battle cry which, translated into the language of whatever country the program is aimed at, Germany uses at the end of all its short-wave broadcasts: "Germany is fighting for the removal of an injustice; the others are fighting for its continuation."

The next program Kranz wanted to catch was one by Hans Fritsche, a German commentator who is described on the air simply as "Editor in Chief." Nobody knows what he is editor in chief of. Kranz, a native of Vienna who used to be a newspaperman there, had never heard of Fritsche up to the time he began translating him. Fritsche



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spoke in German and his voice, coming in over the loudspeaker, sounded friendly. Kranz said that his talks, which are delivered three times a week, are extremely difficult to translate because the editor is fond of puns. "Sort of a Noel Coward," said Kranz, switching on an Ediphone. Fritsche started by scoffing at the British propaganda machine. "*We* know," he said, "what propaganda is: to spread the truth in the right way." Then he started in on Winston Churchill, calling him a fool and a swindler. Kranz sighed when Fritsche finally finished, and said he was going home. Johnson and I decided to leave Miss Reuter alone for a while and get something to eat.

THE station, Johnson told me while we ate dinner in a restaurant on Fifty-second Street, was started rather informally several weeks before the outbreak of war. At the time, C.B.S., like the other networks, was trying desperately to provide its local commentators with every last scrap of information from abroad. A receiver was set up and various C.B.S. employees were tried out as translators. Some of the German broadcasts then were addressed to the Boers, with the hope of winning the South Africans away from Great Britain, and it was not uncommon during the early days of the experiment for someone to rush down the hall yelling, "Anybody here know Afrikaans?" In September, Johnson, who is a journalist but not a linguist, was called in to run the listening station. He found three assistants who among them know a good many languages, including Afrikaans. Miss Reuter, who used to work for the Spanish Information Bureau here, understands Spanish, German, French, Italian, and Portuguese. Gary Culeman, who spells Miss Reuter and Kranz on their days off, was formerly an employee of WCBX, Columbia's shortwave transmitting station, and knows German, French, and Dutch. He is also the one who is familiar with Afrikaans. Kranz understands German, Italian, French, and Spanish, as well as Russian, which he picked up in a Siberian prison camp where he was taken when captured while serving with the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army in the last war. He wrote an article for the *Nation* a while ago on propaganda methods and was startled when he tuned in on a testy rebuttal in verse by *der Wockenender Poet*, a Nazi who recites political lyrics every Saturday over one or another of the big German stations.

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ing a teletype to pass along some of the newsier items collected from the air to a number of newspapers and magazines, which pay for the service. This necessitates constant attention, since important news in foreign languages must be transmitted immediately, without taking time to make detailed translations from the Ediphone records. In the station's early days, Johnson, just to be friendly, used to telephone an occasional piece of news to the papers before they had received it from their regular sources. He was first, for example, with the word that Cracow had fallen. There have been times when, in his efforts to be helpful, he has misled editors. Once the *World-Telegram*, on the strength of a radioed report from Rome which Johnson passed along, announced that fighting on the Karelian Isthmus had stopped, and was embarrassed to find itself nearly a full week ahead of history.

WE went back to the listening station at eight o'clock. DAZ, another Berlin station, was presenting a routine review of the day's events, in English. After fifteen minutes of that the engineers switched us to Paris, and Johnson handed me a pair of headphones, through which I could listen without being interrupted by the conversation in the room. Paris Mondial, the official government broadcasting station, was presenting "France on the Air," one of the nation's biggest radio features—a long, windy hodgepodge of speeches, skits, and songs in French—which works in propaganda in many devious ways. I later looked over Johnson's transcript of one of these programs and took down a typical episode. In it, a book salesman along the Seine, after explaining to a lady customer that the war hasn't hurt his business, says, "Wars may come and go, but the sale of books will continue. Books are just as important to a country during wartime as munitions and guns. Yes, the intellectual conduct of our nation must never be stopped." After "France on the Air," Paris gave a summary in French of essentially the same news that had been coming in from other capitals. Miss Reuter called up the engineers on Long Island and asked to be switched to Germany. They switched her to Germany and she got a piano solo.

One of the newest varieties of radio propaganda, Johnson told me, is the comedy team, whose dialogue, though not very funny, is listened to by people who would think a serious speech too dull. The Nazis especially are going in heavily for this sort of thing, broad-

casting most of these programs in good English. Germany has presented the teams of Fritz and Fred, Jim and John, and Schmidt and Smith. In the Schmidt and Smith act, Smith is a stolid, stupid Englishman who is continually getting the worst of arguments with the German Schmidt. There is also a German comedian called Charlie, who doctors up popular songs for Nazi purposes. One of these, designed for English consumption, starts:

I can't give you anything to eat, baby,
Not as long as I have got my fleet, baby . . .

The "I" refers, of course, to Winston Churchill, without whom the Nazis would be at a loss for much of their material.

Johnson took me into another room and sat me down with some Ediphone cylinders, a machine to run them off on, and several folders full of transcriptions of broadcasts. The first transcript I happened to look at was of a dialogue between two of the German comedians, Jim and John. These two, I discovered, are supposed to be a couple of young Canadians, who are evidently expected to turn Canadian listeners against England by assuring each other that England is abusing their Dominion. For instance, at one point in the script John says to Jim, "Better go and hurry and enjoy your breakfast as long as you have some to enjoy. The English are already looking for our bacon."

Fritz and Fred, I gathered from transcriptions of their act, are attempting to keep the United States from aiding the Allies by making it appear that England has a low opinion of us. They carry on like this:

FRITZ: Perhaps [the British] are watching their step right now because they don't want to lose American sympathies. But as a rule, the British speak of the Americans with the same arrogance and contempt as other nations.

FRED: That's quite true.

FRITZ: They even despise the American language.

FRED: Yes, you know what the British say about the American language?

FRITZ: They call it barbaric and vulgar.

FRED: They say it isn't a language at all. They call it "slanguage."

The Fred in this combination is Fred Kaltenbach, who frequently tells his audience that he was born in Iowa, and has a convincing Midwestern accent to back up his claim. A while ago, Johnson, trying to get to the bottom of this Iowa business, asked a reporter he knew in Des Moines to make some inquiries about Kaltenbach out there. The reporter found a few people who remembered a pro-German fellow of that name and

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got them to listen to one of Kaltenbach's programs. "That's Fred, all right," they said as soon as the voice came through. Kaltenbach is one of the hardest-working of the German commentators. On one program he expressed his pro-Nazi sentiments by reading a letter to a fellow named Harry, described in the broadcast as a boyhood friend still residing in Iowa. Kaltenbach, whom the British have started calling Lord Heehaw, ended another of his broadcasts with the remark "Lord Heehaw, the title bestowed on me by the London press, is signing off with the pledge to live up to his title by continuing to give English pretension in this war the merry, merry heehaw." Little of the humor in the transcriptions I read was above that level.

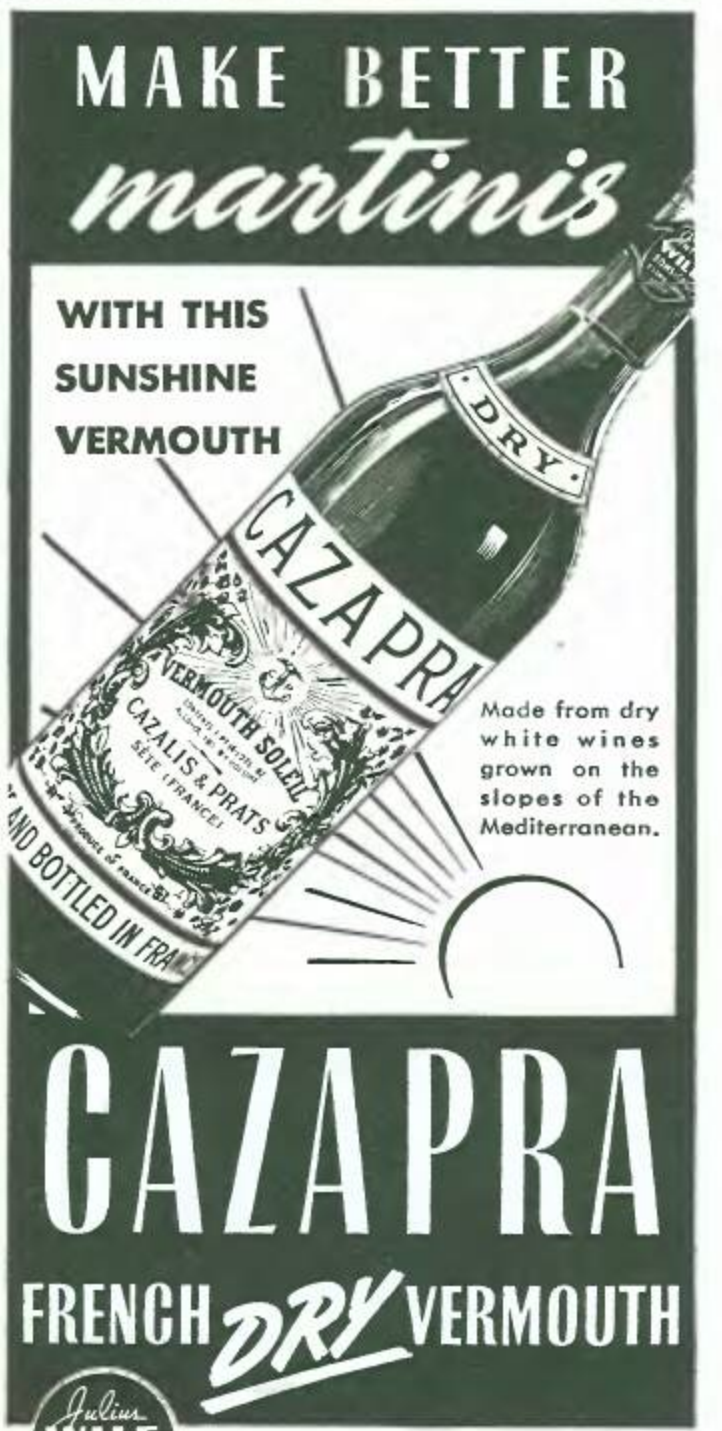
Another industrious German broadcaster, it appeared from the transcripts, is a woman presented as a switchboard operator working in the home office of an American newspaper named the Pittsburgh *Tribune*. The assumption is that she has a microphone on her switchboard and that it is hooked up to a German broadcasting station. Sometimes she supposedly calls up a neighborhood girl friend named Nancy to tell her how glorious Nazism is; at other times she criticizes her employer or his business associates for their anti-German views. Johnson told me that when the Germans began this series no paper called the *Tribune* was being published in Pittsburgh, but that recently one has been started there. It is published by and for Negroes, who are as distasteful to Nazis as Joe Louis is to Max Schmeling, but Nancy's friend still runs the switchboard.

I listened to a cylinder containing part of what the Pittsburgh switchboard girl, whose program is called "Hot Off the Wire," had to say. Speaking in what sounded like perfectly good Pittsburghese, she began like this:

Hello, here is the Pittsburgh *Tribune*. Hello, Mr. Finkelstein. I'm sorry, but I can't connect you with Mr. Rosenbloom. He's in Texas at the moment, but may I take a message? . . . Well, Mr. Finkelstein, even if you are a stockholder of our newspaper and don't like the Germans, we can't change the news around for you. After all, the Germans are sinking the British ships, and not vice versa. There is no use getting excited about it. You can't change the facts. . . . What? You mean to say our foreign correspondent in Berlin isn't any good? Now, Mr. Finkelstein, I take that as a personal insult. You know, he is my boy friend, and don't you try to tell me that he's no good, because I know better.

Although the English limit themselves largely to lectures of the hearty,





instructive type, they do on occasion go in for lighter programs similar to those the Nazis put on. This sort of thing is done mostly in English, to perk up the spirits of British subjects, and it consists in part of variety shows full of songs ridiculing Lord Hawhaw, who, one is almost inclined to feel, gets more attention than he's worth. Among them I found this:

Yaw-haw, Hawhaw!
Yaw-haw, Hawhaw!
There are lies, lies, lies of every kind
In the war!
In the war!
But the best, best, best of all the rest
Are the broadcasts of Hawhaw!
He shouts with rage and screams with fear
But pipes down when our planes are near.
But pipes down when our planes are near.

Here's part of another:

We've seen ups and downs on the land and the seas,
We've seen a fan dance and we've seen a strip tease,
We've seen better things than Lord Hawhaw in trees.

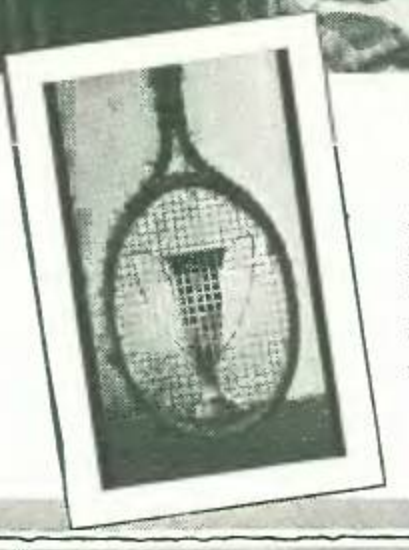
JOHNSON and I walked back to the listening chamber, where Miss Reuter told me that Kaltenbach was about to give the fourth of a series of talks he is broadcasting to America as lessons in American history. The subject that night was Andrew Jackson, to whom Kaltenbach referred familiarly as Andrew. He spoke in a clear, unemotional voice, and his big point was that Jackson, in the battle of New Orleans, had had no difficulty beating up dozens and dozens of Britishers. Kaltenbach referred to them, with vehement consistency, as Tories. The purpose of all this evidently was to convince the folks back home in Iowa that if the British required punishment at the hands of so estimable an American as Jackson, they merited at least equal punishment now, and Americans ought not to help them evade it. Kaltenbach went on for about fifteen minutes, and by the time he had finished it was nearly midnight and I was tired of listening to Europe. I waved good night to Miss Reuter, who was tangled up in her headphones, shook hands with Johnson, and left. A radio had been turned on somewhere down the corridor and, as I waited for the elevator, it was in a way comforting to hear a few meaningless bars of music being played over the C.B.S. network by Bob Crosby and his Bobcats. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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YAROOH ROF A DRIHT MRET

LATE the other night I got into a conversation with a man in a bar. He was quite drunk and wore a harried expression, but seemed happy. He told me he had been worried about the coming election; there were so many possible candidates, so many issues involved, so much difficulty in making a choice. He was a New Deal Democrat, he told me, a strong Roosevelt man, but had been much bothered by the Third Term Tradition talk. "I don't worry about it any more," he said to me. "Lot of hooey. Isn't gonna make any difference at all." I asked him how he knew. I was interested, since my own politics seemed about the same as his and I had been suffering from a similar uncertainty. "I dreamed it," he said. I was instantly disappointed. "You dreamed that Roosevelt would be re-elected?" I asked. He looked at me with gentle contempt. "No," he said. "Let me tell you and then I'll g'home to bed. I dreamed I was reading a newspaper story about the nominations and everybody's name was spelled backward. You'll see what I mean. Good night." And he was gone.

I am afraid that at the moment I laughed and dismissed him as a not very interesting type of politically obsessed drunk. Now I'd like to apologize to him for this snap judgment.

When I went to bed myself hours later and found I was unable to get to sleep, I began, just to kill time, to spell possible candidates' names backward. I started with Herbert Clark Hoover and was gratified to find that he is Trebreh Kralc Revooh, which lets him out right away. The other Republicans are nearly as bad. The strongest bet, in my opinion, is Samoht Dnumde Yewed. It's an awful name whether you pronounce it "Ye-wed" or "Yood." And could anyone in his right mind think of voting for anything as supremely smug as Trebor Osnohpla Tfat? And the phonetic hideousness of Ruhtra Kcirdneh Grebnednav! Oh, well, he's not likely to get the nomination anyhow. Strangely enough, the name Samoht, which doesn't help in the case of Mr. Yewed, is impressive as a last name, and Namron Samoht, one of the two probable minority candidates, is quite acceptable. The other minority probability, Lrae Redworb, is not bad either; it occurred to me that the first syllable of his last name, thus rendered, might in some obscure, cabalistic way have influenced his career.

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The Democrats work out much better, on the whole, and I am pleased to observe that the ones I don't fancy fail to stack up against my preferences. Luap Seirov TtunCm is certainly the Democratic low, hardly more euphonic than Yewed and Grebnednav. Nhoj Ecnan Renrag is slightly better. Nebla Mailliw Yelkrab has a certain sonorousness but is somehow sort of blatant. Semaj Suisyola Yelraf is impressive, with a kind of Moorish quality. Knarf Yhprum is harsh but commanding, as befits its owner. When I got to Lledroc Lluh, though, I knew that man in the bar had something. Why, it sounds like a name out of Sir Walter Scott. But much as I respect and admire Mr. Lledroc Lluh, I don't think I shall have the opportunity to vote for him. I do not acutely regret this, since it seems abundantly clear that if the backward-spelling system is reliable—and I'm sure now that it is—there can be no choice. What name among all the possibilities can compare with Nilknarf Onaled Tlevesoor?

—Frederick Packard

•

HERE WE SIT IN BROOKLYN, MOPING

Here we sit in Brooklyn, moping,
Staring dully, hand on chin,
Hardly dreaming, hardly hoping,
While the spring comes damply in.

Here we sit in Brooklyn, moping,
While on endless Texas plains
Cowboys ride the ranges, roping
Longhorn steers in April rains.

Here we sit in Brooklyn, moping,
While tall lads in Tennessee
Follow furrows round the sloping
Highlands, warbling out of key.

Here we sit in Brooklyn, moping,
While in staid New England towns
Lovers recklessly eloping
Flout the frayed New England frowns.

From Pacific to Atlantic
Spring is green and life is groping—
Urgent, ardent, fervent, frantic. . . .
Here we sit in Brooklyn, moping.

—James Alexander Black

•

The black-clad Miss Rogers, whose hair had changed from red to blonde to chestnut today, told the judge that she and Ayres separated May 14, 1936, and had not lived together since.—*Boston Post.*

One of those days when nothing goes right.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

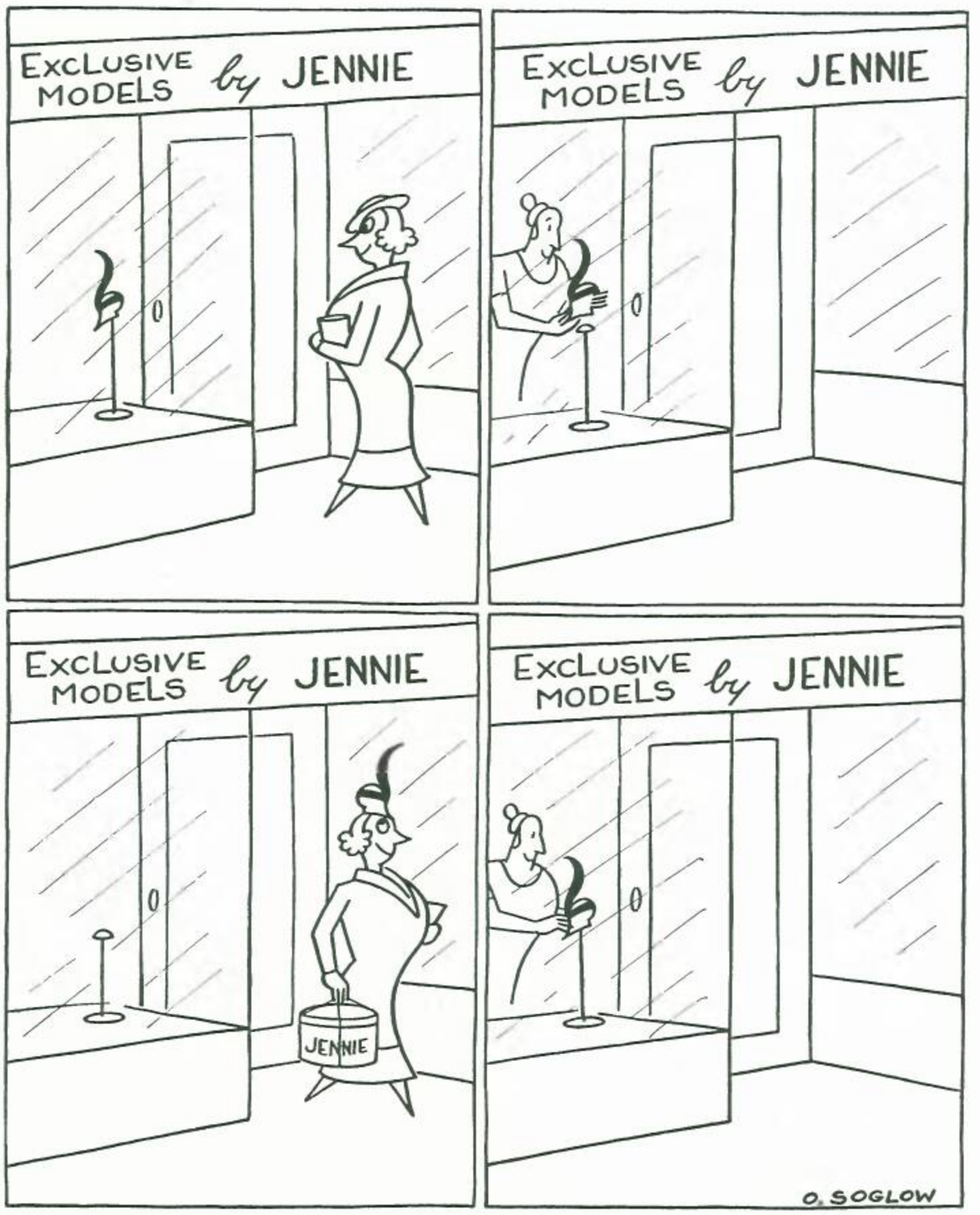


THE boys and girls of the What Will They Think Up Next Society have recently given tongue on the subject of the knobbiness of ladies' knees. As a result of their deliberations, we have with us Miss Elizabeth Arden's felt purse containing complete makeup for the knees, including itty-bitty beauty spots, and on this subject I am stricken speechless. I had expected, also, to be somewhat annoyed and baffled by the Lord & Taylor Bare Knee fashions, but I was no such thing. Certainly, since reasonable clothes are always the smartest ones for sports, bare knees make considerable sense for roller-skating (whether at the Rockefeller Rink or in the Park), for bowling, and for golf. (This last is *not* heresy. Didn't those Scot pioneers wear kilts?) Besides, L. & T. have executed their lot very handsomely. There are knee-length skirts, in gray flannel or a beige checked tweed, which either flare from a hip yoke or hang straight, and are made with inverted pleats. There are Shetland pullovers at $4.95, long-sleeved tailored shirts of crêpe, little-boy jackets with four patch pockets, and cable-knit socks made of fine wool and reaching a point just below the knee. The socks and the pullovers, jackets, and shirts come in four colors —flame red, navy, green, and pale yellow—and match up exactly. Shoes with soles of cork and crêpe rubber are stubby and matter-of-fact and suitable for bowling, walking, and sports wear in general. The shop even offers underpants of a ribbed wool jersey in gray or beige to match the skirts and allow for whatever contortions the wind or your whirligigs may achieve.

On a highly feminine and gay level, far removed from the world of lassies striding forth to exert themselves, you will find a great wave of polka-dot things at Lord & Taylor. Here are polka-dotted street dresses as well as mother-and-daughter play suits, some of which are cotton one-piece affairs with full, gathered skirts over them. The negligees and lingerie, all told, present as attractive a picture as you will see for at least a week. House coats for lounging or dinner at home range all the way from a buttoned-up tailored one with white polka dots on the red top and a bright-blue flowing skirt ($5.95), through some with surplice closings and especially liberal wrap-around treatments (for about the same price), to a super-super one of a sheer fabric in the aqua coloring they dote on here, with white dots a full two inches across. This is $16.95 and has big, bloused sleeves and a highly ornamental white suède belt. There are two-piece hostess pajamas, too, with slash pockets on the hips of trousers so full they resemble a skirt. Red or blue dots in all sizes, from pin points to silver dollars, appear on every type of intimate lingerie. My favorite set is made of a white sheer with tiny red dots and consists of a simple nightgown and a bed jacket cut like a short smock, with a scalloped bit of a collar and scalloping across the deep yoke; $16.95, and a representative price for sets of this type. (Naturally, you can get gowns and bed jackets and dressing gowns separately.) For small incomes there is lingerie of a fine, meshy, silky jersey with pink or blue dots. Some of the nightgowns have coquettish touches, such as little self ruffles; others are strictly tailored; all are $1.95, and though practical, they are utterly feminine.

Incidentals: You who like satin panties with detachable garters should look at some here in a white Lastex satin with a blue polka dot. *And*, for that old nostalgia of yours, round garters with bows on them are made of polka-dotted red satin ribbon.

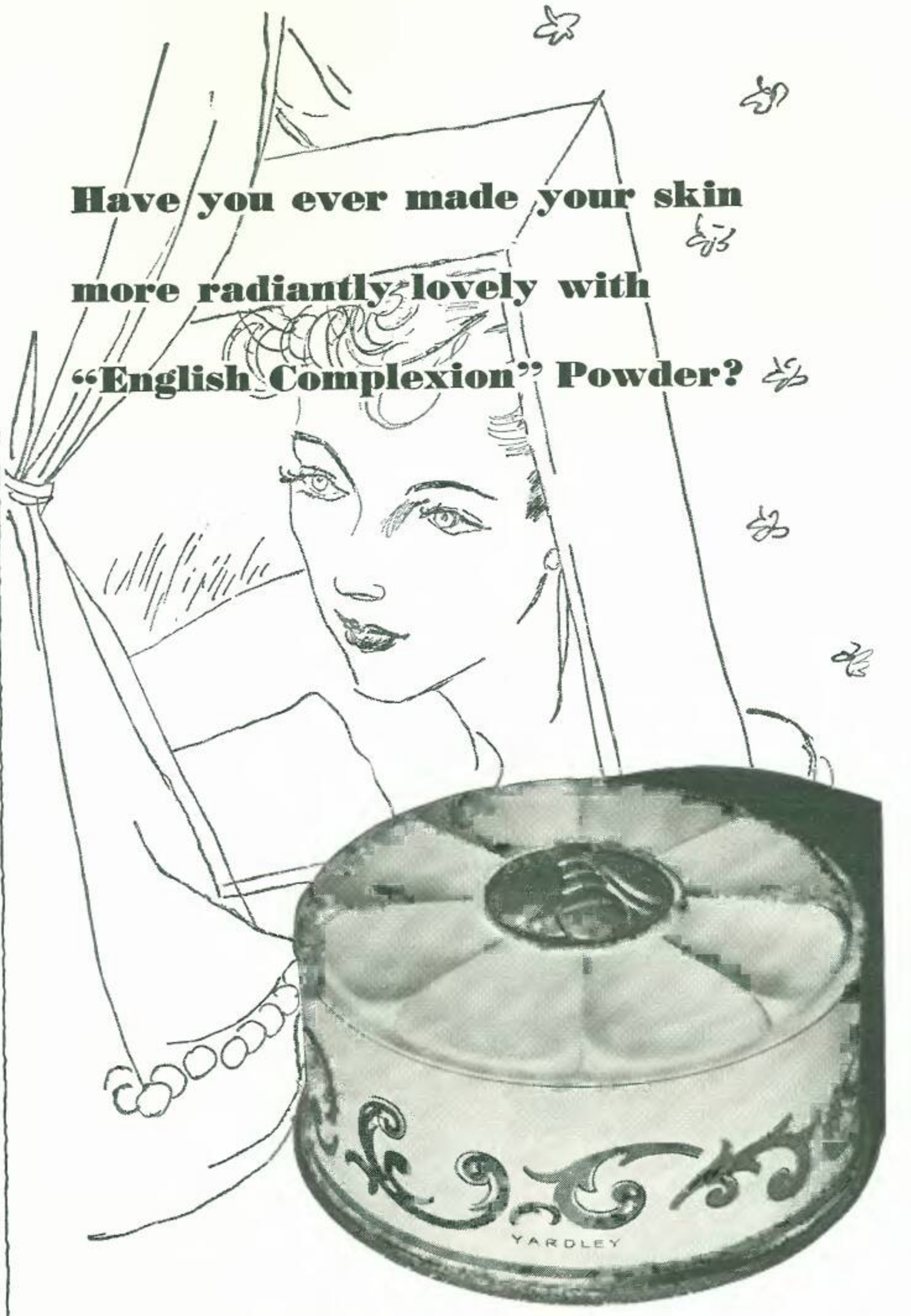
AT Mark Cross there is a tendency to act on the rumor that a costume consists of something more than a hat, shoes, and dress, and that possibly the right gloves and handbag have something to do with your rating in the well-dressed-woman class. There is a revival



of that handiest of handbags, the deep box which enables you to find what you want more speedily than you can in the caverns of a pouch: the Mayfair, made of pigskin, crocodile, calf, or patent leather, with bright linings. In it is a shelf containing two flat, covered compartments (one for powder and lipstick, one for at least twenty cigarettes); the shelf slides back when the lid is opened, to expose all of the clutter you have stored beneath. The Mayfair costs you from $12.75 up, and I, for one, am glad to see such a bag with us again. Another tailored treasure (for gropers, this one) is a deep, flat bag of stitched russet pigskin with a double handle that can be lengthened to go over the shoulder ($10.50). Dressy bags of calf have reptile trimmings; there are matching gloves, whose cuffs either are turned over and tailored or have a ruffle at the edges. Don't ever forget the Cross collection of $5 handbags; they look like So Much More. Some simple envelopes of lizard calf are particularly well done; others of patent leathers, many with bright, contrasting linings and bits of trimming, are smart and, *mirabile dictu*, out of the ordinary in an overcrowded field.

I find that I am still rather dubious about the looks of the Crosswise gloves, designed to be worn on either hand, though I admit that their very clumsy look gives a comfortable, British casualness to many tweedy costumes. If you like these gloves with other kinds of clothes, Mark Cross has them in lots of new leathers with contrasting fourchettes, which are insets running up and down between and over the tops of the fingers. This shop is having enormous success with fine kid gloves of the French type, entirely hand-made of American lightweight capeskin by talented refugees in this country. You know the sort of glove I mean—with touches of hand tucking here and there.

THE soap-versus-cold-cream controversy will continue to rage, I suppose, until some new genius decides that both are bad for you and that turpentine is the only soother. Meanwhile, the Herb Farm Shops (at Altman and Bonwit Teller) serenely solve everything by deciding that both are necessary for the face—soap for the oily areas, around the nose; cream for the dry sections. They proffer their lovely Lettuce Soap with a white terry mitt to rub it briskly into your skin, and a cream called Country Garden, smooth and smelling delicious. Not being one of those people who make a map of their



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heads or one to put barbed wire, "No Trespassing" signs, and customs barriers between the oily and the dry sections of my puss, I merely scrubbed my entire face with the soap and then applied the cream all over it. This primitive method left my skin with an unusually clean, translucent look, and it felt beautifully soft and smooth. And let me urge you again to sniff the Herb Farm Shops' Green Moss toilet water and bath essence—spring foliage in captivity. . . . For luscious, extravagant-woman scents, I give you Sans Nom, the toilet water and bath essence and perfume you buy at Orlik, 395 Madison Avenue (47th). Puts your mood right into a penthouse. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Summer Setup



THE winter-worn aspect of rooms in town, combined with the prospect of facing limp, dreary country-house interiors exposed again to the light after months behind closed shutters, is enough to make householders yearn to chuck all but the choicest heirlooms out of the window and start anew. On second thought, such a fine, sweeping gesture isn't likely to be practical, but if you're willing to settle for a new color scheme and some rearrangement of your furniture, the big shops are ready to help you through this trying period. Seized with redecorating fever, these places have been doing over their model rooms. It's been a long time since so many have been on exhibition simultaneously, but you must be prepared to like flower-garden effects, for in every show you'll find the walls, curtains, upholstered pieces, lamps, and even the most minute accessories violently abloom.

Lord & Taylor have turned over seven rooms to floral fabrics, which are put to so many different uses that your first view is likely to leave you dizzy. Take the rooms at leisure, though, and you'll find them pleasant and summery, but with that familiar, faintly phony air which always results from trying at this time of year to make an interior suggest that it's hot as blazes outside. This show, with flowered chintzes and sateens over everything and living greenery banked in the fireplaces, may give you some excellent ideas, however. I liked best the room in which a white chintz and a black chintz, both covered with patterns of



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white and yellow rhododendrons, are used impartially for chairs, a sofa, lampshades, and swag valances over airy curtains of figured rayon marquisette. This room has two black and two white walls, some yellow leather upholstery, and fresh green vines swarming over a grille built to conceal the fireplace opening.

The flower rooms at Altman, which have been done by John Gerald, are more like those of a large, old-fashioned house in the country and have preserved a fairly conventional feeling despite the exceedingly flowery fabrics and trimmings. It was a pleasure to discover a dining room on the grand scale, like one in some fine old Hudson River manse. Since stores rarely lavish as much space as this upon an exhibition room designed merely for eating, the gesture seemed to give the show an Air.

Altman offers a second exhibit in which four architecturally identical rooms are presented in different dress, giving the effect of seeing one room grow progressively grander through four periods of American decoration—Early American, eighteenth-century, Victorian, and modern. Unfortunately, to keep the architecture of the rooms identical, the designers felt they had to use the same sort of mantel in each, and the result is an obvious compromise, so nondescript that it fits none of the periods represented, or any I ever heard of.

Also at Altman, the Young Homemakers Shop, devoted to youngsters who must furnish cramped quarters at not too great an expense but with no sacrifice of style, has done over its three-room model apartment for spring, and here too flowers are the basic theme. Mutiny crops up, however, in a tiny nonfloral dining room furnished with reproduction Regency pieces in black lacquer and gold. This room is of real interest because the furniture is well styled, inexpensive ($98 for the dining table; $69.95 for a slim china cupboard with grilled doors), and so scaled-down that it should fit easily even into the difficult, narrow, ex-hall bedrooms so often used as dining rooms in the East Side's converted brownstones.

W. & J. Sloane's House of Years has gone completely floral and folksy in an upstairs bedroom with plenty of patterned stuff and plenty of charm. It is decorated with figured wallpaper and figured hooked carpeting, its windows are curtained with lace, and its dressing table and four-poster bed are smothered in blossom-strewn ruffles—a lovely place, not to be missed by anyone with a country bedroom to fix up.

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SEE PHONE BOOK FOR ADDRESSES

enth or ninth floor without encountering, every few steps or so, another room done up in trappings from the store's new group of related prints, carpets, wallpapers, accessories, and ready-mixed paints—what the store calls Master Schemes. Like similar groups in other big stores, this has been assembled with the idea of simplifying the color-scheme problem for amateur decorators, but Macy's habit of doing things in a colossal way has made the selection so comprehensive that beginners may have trouble finding their way around.

In the midst of all this hubbub, Guilford House, on Macy's ninth floor, remains quite sane and looks very stylish in summer dress. I adore this place, as I have remarked frequently before. Its Early American rooms, which are constantly being changed about, are always fresh, original, and comfortable, too, which I'm afraid true Early American interiors never were.

THERE'S continued activity in outdoor furniture too. I've just come across some pieces, made of painted hollow copper tubing and formidably called Trudo Health Furniture, that are enormously easy to loll in. I'm told these things are not new but were popular in our grandmothers' day; why they ever disappeared is a mystery. The chairs and settees, being shaped to fit the contours of the average lounger, are lovely to sit in, if plain to look at; floor samples at Gerard, 48 East 48th Street, and at Abercrombie & Fitch, two of the places where they're sold, are occupied a good part of the day by tired shoppers. About $40 is an average price for a Trudo armchair or rocker; settees are some $25 higher. I haven't had a chance to experiment, but it's claimed that the metal tubing won't heat up in the sun, a wonderful point for people who don't wear much in the summer.

Then there's furniture made of Tenite, a plastic so flexible it can be woven like reed. Macy shows it in brilliant transparent and opaque colors, combined with wood and rattan to make tables, screens, lounge chairs, and other terrace necessities.

Abercrombie & Fitch have something really startling—a *smörgåsbord* table in six curved sections which fit together to form an oval with an open centre large enough for someone to stand in and serve food and drinks. If you like, you may buy an extra section (a complete small oval table in itself) to fill in the middle so you can use the whole business for dining. If you want to be fancy, you can rearrange the sections in any way you

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want, producing a horseshoe-shaped or serpentine table, and so on. A set of sections comes to $325. Another luxury here is a great, circular pouf with a canvas-covered cushion, a rattan base, castors, and room enough for half a dozen people to relax on; $69. Still another is a self-adjusting Morris chair in rattan, upholstered in canvas. Its back lets gently down when you lean on it, comes forward when you sit up; $44.

IT is plain from the way my file of individuals and groups offering personal services is bulging that women must be growing daily less able, or willing, to cope with the little dilemmas and the major problems of running a household.

New blood (or fairly recent, anyway) in this field: Mrs. Tew and Mrs. Tappin, at Saks-Fifth Avenue, can with equal ease get your Afghan hound manicured or move the whole family to the country for the summer. . . . Mrs. T. J. White, who conducts a shopping service for Bird & Keister, decorators, 240 East 49th Street. is particularly adept at ferreting out unique gifts for the home, locating them as if with a divining rod. . . . Marie Coudert Brennig manages a free-of-charge consultation service at Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham for prospective brides and grooms and their families who wish advice on running off a wedding. . . . Merrill-Davisson, 23 East 64th Street, know exactly what to do when people call them up and ask them to outfit a yacht for a six-month cruise. They're just as good at refurnishing an apartment against the return, inside of a month, of the owner who can't face coming back to the same twenty-four walls and everything inside them. —B. B.

•

For an instant, with her granddaughter there beside her, they looked grotesquely like a small elegant terrier protecting a large English bulldog, except that Cecily was more like a slim bright flame.—*From a story by Leslie Ford in the Saturday Evening Post.*

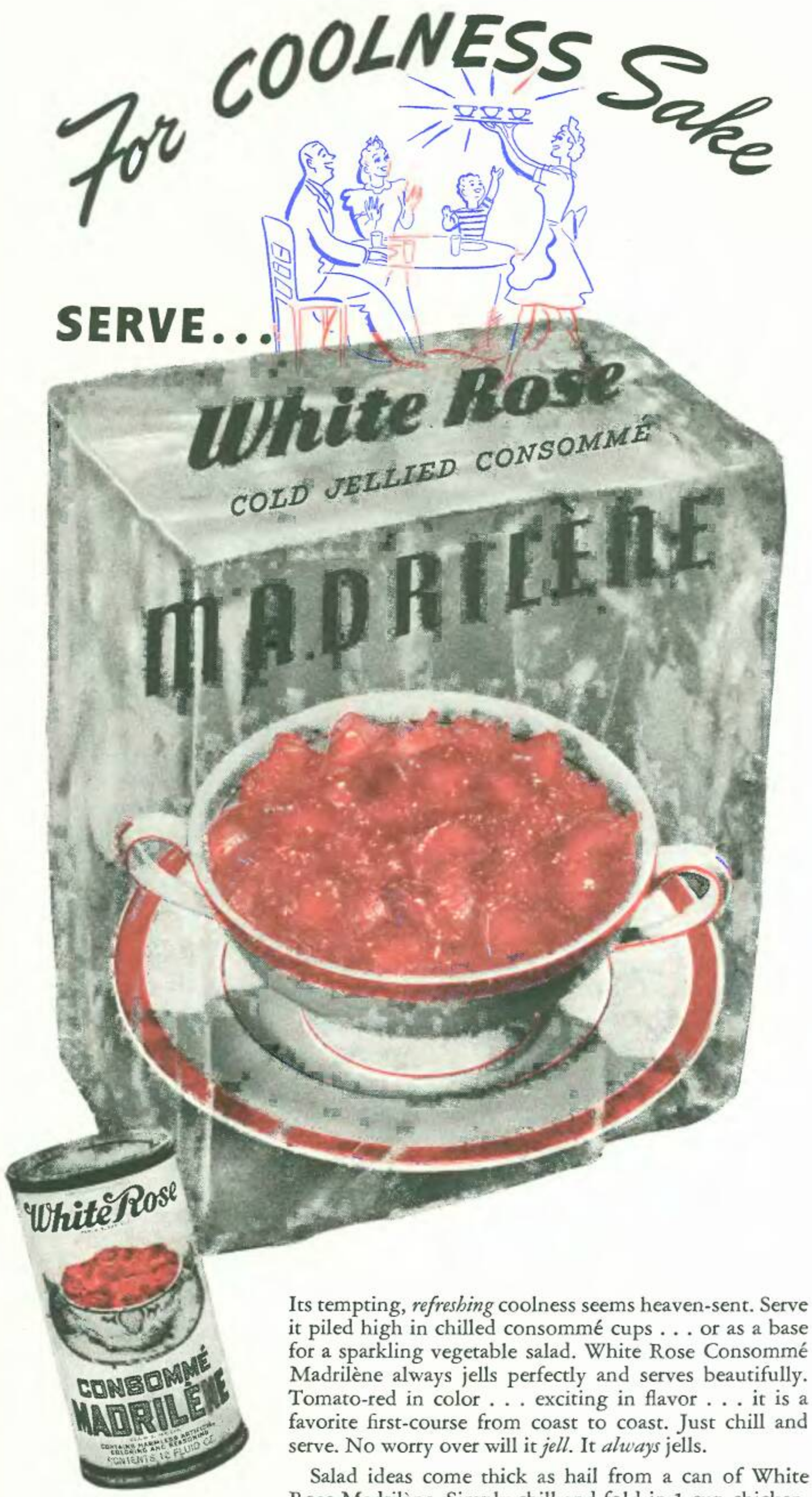
Make up your mind—our time is limited.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
(HARDWARE DIVISION)

[*From Time*]

Sly Viacheslav Molotov had said nothing about that Kandalaksha-Kemijärvi railway, which would be not only a steel chastity-belt clamped across Finland's waist but also a weapon to jimmy Sweden's door.



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Salad ideas come thick as hail from a can of White Rose Madrilène. Simply chill and fold-in 1 cup chicken, sea-food or chilled vegetables (raw or cooked). Or use crisp cabbage shredded with sweet pickles; green beans and peas with cubes of Swiss cheese; flaked crabmeat with parsley. Then chill again and serve with mayonnaise.

Ask your grocer for *White Rose Madrilène* today. Also, for variety, *White Rose Consommé Arctique,* the beef consommé, and *White Rose Chicken Consommé.* All three jell perfectly—all three are perfect in consistency and flavor.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Soloists—Choruses —Opera in English



THE eminent two-piano family, Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, last week brought to Carnegie Hall and the Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers two concertos that must have been strangers to many of the listeners: Arthur Bliss's concerto for a pair of pianos and orchestra, and Lee Pattison's arrangement of Liszt's "Concerto Pathétique." Mr. Bliss's music turned out to be attractive material, skillfully fashioned for the use of artists who happen to have two pianos available, and the pianists made the most of it. John Barbirolli, who usually is the perfect model of a collaborator in concertos, directed parts of this one as if somebody had suggested that assisting artists should be seen and not heard.

Liszt's "Pathétique," in which the equilibrium between pianos and orchestra was restored to the Barbirolli standard, wasn't worth the trouble that went into its performance. Mr. Pattison's orchestration was an ingenious approximation of the Liszt type of scoring, but the concerto is essentially the sort of thing a smart young musico might write if he were attempting a parody of lesser Liszt.

The program involved one of the season's most effective exercises in piano-moving, presented by four gentlemen in evening clothes. I can remember when one man in a sack suit, lowering the lid of a piano, would be rewarded with a decent ovation, yet the quartet that pushed the soloists' instruments aside didn't draw even one handclap. Concert audiences must be getting harder to please.

FINISHING out its season of Carnegie Hall visits, the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Eugene Ormandy, presented as soloist its first double bass, Anton Torello, who introduced to the clientele Domenico Dragonetti's Concerto in A. One doesn't get to hear many double-bass concertos nowadays, and one probably never would hear anything by Dragonetti if it weren't for an occasional virtuoso like Mr. Torello, who, I have no doubt, played the music as well as the fabulous Dragonetti himself did. It isn't likely that Mr. Torello's accomplishment will bring about a revival of the Dragonetti compositions,

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but it may direct some playwright or film producer to the story and personality of Dragonetti. No charge for this hint, boys.

THE Schola Cantorum's final concert of the semester reinforced the impression that the South American way of writing music is a good one. Under the notable leadership of Hugh Ross, the Schola demonstrated scores by the Argentine Juan José Castro and three Brazilians, Burle Marx, Francisco Mignone, and Heitor Villa-Lobos—composers who know what it's all about. Mr. Ross also knows what it's all about; so the concert was a first-rate exhibit of important imports.

Of the various kinds of performances available in town, the most consistent level of excellence seems to be achieved by choral groups. Additional evidence of this was offered by the Three Choirs Festival at Temple Emanu-El, where at three performances last week one might have heard sound presentations of music ranging from the ancient to works having their first public adventures.

IN their Claremont Avenue auditorium, the Juilliard opera students, ably guided by Albert Stoessel, entertained four audiences with showings of Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Inquisitive Women," which hadn't been visible hereabouts for thirty years. The music lived up to its reputation for freshness and charm, and it had the assistance of a bright, singable English translation by George Mead. The apparently eternal discussion of opera in English translations becomes academic chawing when one encounters so intelligent a job as Mr. Mead's version of "The Inquisitive Women."

The neglect of this opera may be charged to the sketchiness of its basic plot. The "argument," as they call it in operatic circles, is this: Women wonder what their men find so enthralling in a club to which no women are admitted, and discover that the men are up to no shenanigans more reprehensible than chess, literary discussions, and well-cooked meals. General dance. Shrewd lines and delightful music help matters, but "The Inquisitive Women" has a bad case of book trouble. The widespread approval of the Juilliard presentation may, however, encourage further investigations of Wolf-Ferrari's output, which includes several operas that never have been produced here. He's too good a composer to be skipped over by people who compile operatic repertories.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



Long ago, Peter Dawson blended a Scotch that was destined to enduring fame...and enclosed its mellow goodness in a dimpled bottle. Since then, the dimpled Dawson bottle has led each succeeding generation of Scotch-lovers to a glorious whisky. The dimples and the pleasure are the same today. Hold out for dimples!

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THE RACE TRACK

Plenty of Money—Weak-Kneed Winner

WELL, the mutuels are all that everyone expected they'd be. Putting the tote before the horse, $3,055,948 was wagered at Jamaica last week; the attendance was 68,554; and the per-capita betting, unless my calculator slipped a cog, was $44.58. The State of New York took in $166,521 in taxes, which is about twenty-five per cent of what it received in licence fees and taxes from all the tracks during the whole of last season. By way of a grimmer statistical note, twenty-eight out of forty-two favorites were beaten (seven at odds-on), and fifteen finished out of the money altogether, which was a trifle disconcerting to makers of show parlays.



Nobody remembers seeing more people or worse weather at Jamaica on an opening day. Senator Dunnigan, who sponsored the betting law, bought the first two-dollar ticket, on a colt significantly named Time Passes, which obligingly won at $13.50. Herbert Swope, the chairman of the Racing Commission, was also to have had a two-dollar ticket on the first race, but he arrived too late. Gurnee Munn, of the American Totalisator Company, told me that the $97,643 handled on the first race was an all-time high for the machines in first races anywhere. During the afternoon, $821,952 passed through the tote, and the turnover doubtless would have exceeded a million if the ticket-sellers had been more experienced; as it was, hardly twenty-five per cent of them—those who formerly were bookmakers' clerks—were practiced hands.

Many peculiar things happened in the mad scramble for tickets on the opening day. I like the story about the green but conscientious seller. A man went to a five-dollar window and asked for a ticket on No. 1. (Tote betting, you know, is by number, not by name, which may or may not seem like a good idea, depending on how sentimental you are about horses.) The seller said, "You don't want a ticket on No. 1; he hasn't got a chance. You want a ticket on No. 5. After all, that's what we're here for—to help the customers." So the man put his money on No. 5. No. 2 won.

It was inevitable that the public-address system would be used to describe the races. The management, after displaying remarkable restraint for five days, weakened Saturday and turned the loudspeaker on. Because of the wind and the rain, which no doubt upset the machine's innards, nothing came out but an unintelligible roar, which was all right with me. When the sound technicians get to work on it, it will probably acquire a polite Oxford accent.

AN embittered companion of mine, who, I suspect, bet on Straight Lead, observed that Fitzsimmons-trained horses have won the Paumonok Handicap so many times that they must have permanent possession of it by now. As a matter of fact, Fitzsimmons has won it only in the last three years—with Snark, Johnstown, and Fighting Fox. If Fighting Fox didn't have such bad knees, he would be unbeatable up to a mile. He has to have diathermy treatments for days before he runs, and, right up to a few minutes before he is saddled, wears compresses held in place by a rigging that looks like a hockey goalie's shin guards. He won the Paumonok easily enough. Porter's Mite, who finished second, is much better than he was a year ago and decidedly worth remembering the next time he runs.

PUT down Sonny Whitney's Flight Command as one of the very good three-year-olds. He has grown into a magnificent, powerfully muscled colt, and his coat has that burnish and sheen no Whitney horse has had since Jimmy Rowe trained the stable. I wish, though, that Flight Command didn't have such a temper. Three grooms couldn't hold him still in the paddock before the Experimental Handicap, and he tossed twitches and nose pincers all over the place when they tried to tie down his tongue. After that, he lunged through the stall gate, unseated his jockey, and ran away. Kenneth Force, the new outrider who leads the fields to the post, exhibited an astonishing bit of horsemanship in stopping the animal. Force, who used to work for Jock Whitney and now rides one of his old polo ponies, might have missed Flight Command altogether, or pulled him up too sharply, or slammed him into the fence, but he didn't. If he doesn't catch another loose horse all season, his rating will still be high.

This may be a Sonny Whitney year. He ran two horses—Parasang and Flight Command—in the Experimental



and they finished one, two, skipping nimbly through the deep mud lengths in front of anything else. As it happened, even before Flight Command got the fidgets in the paddock, his owner said, "I'd like to win this race with Parasang and save the good colt."

Obviously, we didn't see the best of Flight Command in the Experimental. He wasn't really wound up, and his tantrum took a lot out of him. I'll be surprised—downright disappointed, in fact—if he doesn't win the Wood Stakes at Jamaica on Saturday.

If you backed James' mounts that day, and of course you meant to, you're in the money, for he rode four winners. Oddly enough, James wasn't enthusiastic about riding in the mud and rain at Jamaica, and thought he might have just one winner—Flight Command. Since Flight Command was coupled in the betting with Parasang, you could have won five bets on James' mounts last Saturday. Meade, who rode Parasang, is in form again, and still has his old trick of getting his mounts away quickly, which is half the battle at Jamaica.

I DIDN'T see the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace, but I don't believe that W. L. Brann's Pictor, who won it, is another Challedon, although he comes from the same stable and has the same sire. After all, Royal Man, an indifferent horse whom I saw in Florida all winter, finished much too close behind him. Andy K., I'm afraid, simply won't do. Observers report that he bore out in the Chesapeake almost as badly as he did in races last year. Fenelon apparently can't run well in the mud. My guess is that Carrier Pigeon will beat Fenelon the next time they meet.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me a history of the six Indian Nations of New York State and on which reservations they can be found. If so, I would like to know something of their customs and habits. I would like a list of all army air fields, navy bases and government forts, ships, etc. Please send me maps of the United States showing Indian Reservations, National Parks, Private Air Fields, Capital Cities, Baseball clubs, Railroads and highways. Also, I should like a weather report for each day of the month of September.

Is there any unexplored territory in the United States? May I have a list of all expeditions from the United States to different parts of the world since 1800?

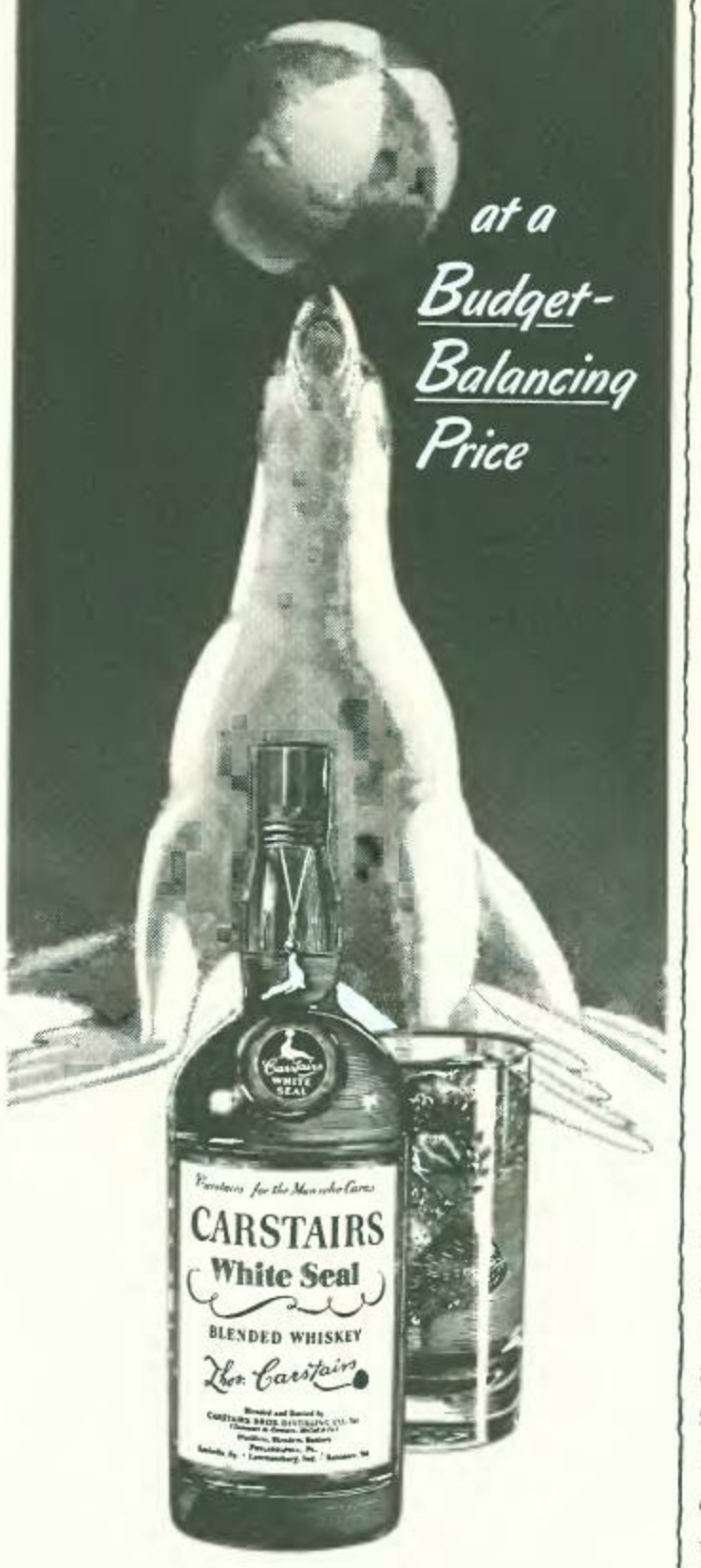
I thank you.

—*Letter in Indians at Work, news sheet of the Indian Service.*

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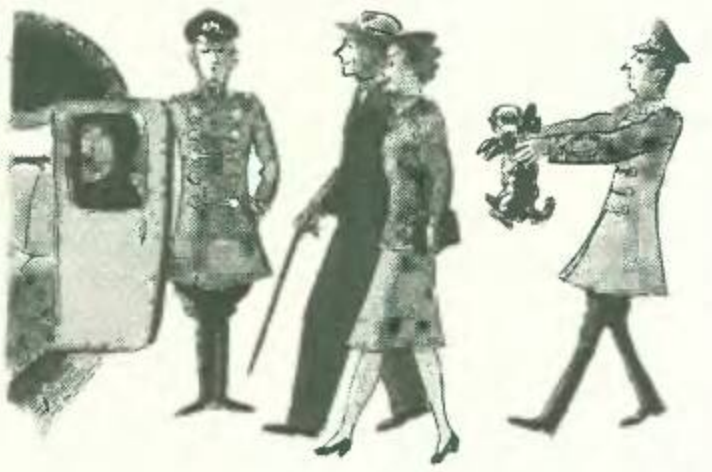
To Doze a Bit



THE movie people may be storing up treasures for us, but at the moment they are peddling some of the most ordinary products they've ever bothered to display. Not that the films are of a sort to outrage one or even arouse any particular indignation. I can imagine customers snoozing intermittently and then coming out of the neighborhood Bijou with a vague idea that Eddie Cantor's picture was perhaps taken in an infants'-wear department and that the real star of Jack Benny's Western comedy is, for some reason, a polar bear. All are like that, the movies I have just been seeing, and all tend to promote a haze in the mind, a certain cerebral lassitude which one may only hope is wholesome.

Baby Quintanilla sets the tone for Eddie Cantor's sentimental farce and easily takes the honors from the lively adults, including Judith Anderson. The photogenic suckling may be launched on a career which will land the little thing a fortune before it's five. Patrons of the foreign-language theatres around town are going to perceive—hazily, as I have said—that this picture called "Forty Little Mothers" is an Americanization of the French product brought here under the same name. The Americanization is so complete, however, that the story more resembles Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School" of an earlier day than it does its immediate predecessor. In other words, a bevy of pretty creatures fill the landscape on occasion, and though the story requires them to appear hysterically maternal, they also have spasmodic chances to reveal a trim ankle or a golden curl. I must say that I find the story a curious one to have been picked out for Eddie Cantor. As a teacher in a girls' school, with an adopted baby to conceal, he gives us none of his usual musical tricks and songs and cavortings. At least he never lets go and bolts into a "number." It's the same Eddie Cantor, but playing a mother rôle, which can only be considered outside his field. I myself trust he isn't giving up singing and dancing. Or will he insist on playing parents? King Lear at

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last as the culmination of the Cantor career?

JACK BENNY's polar bear doesn't turn his film into anything arctic. "Buck Benny Rides Again" is just another of those parody Westerns which have been the thing this season. The bear really appears only two or three times, but he's a handsome animal, a polite house pet, and bound to get your attention. This movie is no "Destry," though, or "Little Chickadee," and altogether amounts to forced and dismal stuff. Mr. Benny, to be sure, is more himself in his picture than Mr. Cantor is in his, as radio life is dovetailed with the frantic West. Ellen Drew is the young woman most involved, and considerable respect is paid to the farcical talents of one Eddie Anderson as a valet.

MISS DREW, fluffing out her golden locks, must also sustain "French Without Tears." This screen version of one of the frothiest plays that ever bubbled through a season here was made in England, directed by Anthony Asquith, and perhaps should never have been made anywhere. The actors we see are doubtless all very Sackville Street in their behavior and their accent, but they may give the willies to Yankee patrons. The winsome siren upsets again the Riviera school for the teaching of French to English gentlemen and herself succumbs at last to the group's waggish cynic.

AT least "Parole Fixer," being fathered by J. Edgar Hoover, isn't frothy or waggish. It's our week's dip into the underworld, with some editorial comment on the problem of parole. A kidnapping affair forms the basis of the piece, and we are tutored in the fashion in which the astute and assiduous F.B.I. solves such crimes. A mere pine needle is clue enough for the Bureau.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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As burnished as a ruddy chow,
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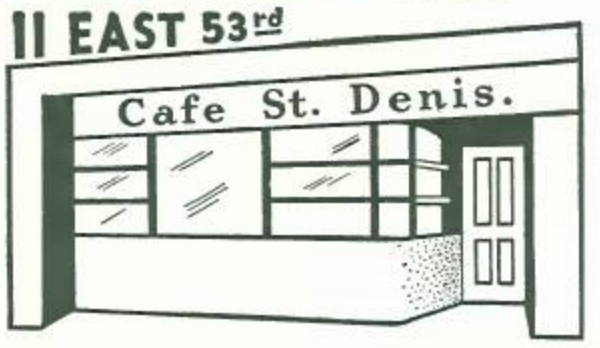




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UNLESS the signs are misleading, we're going to see an impressive revival of top-down driving this summer, reminiscent perhaps of the old touring-car days, except that snug, low seats behind modern windshields will probably make it unnecessary to return to goggles and dusters. Plymouth, of course, started it over a year ago by getting out a coupé with a top that could be raised and lowered simply by pressing a button, and since that time variations of the same improvement have appeared on models—both coupés and sedans—of a dozen other makes. Several manufacturers presented theirs at the Automobile Show last fall and five more have brought out similar ones this spring. Right now you can hardly pass an automobile showroom without seeing a convertible flapping its trick top up and down, like some big, strange bird at the zoo.

As I recall it, people began to lose interest in top-down driving about fifteen years ago. Sedans were getting roomier and airier all the time, making the struggle of rigging the tops and side curtains of touring cars seem less and less worth while. After the decline of the touring car, designers made some headway with convertibles that had hand-operated tops, but even these, although no curtains were involved, could be baffling at times and were never too successful. Less than two per cent of all the cars sold in 1938 had soft tops, but last year Plymouth, with its self-lifting-and-lowering one, sold three times as many convertibles as it did the year before.

The five makes on which the improved tops appear for the first time this spring are Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, La Salle, and Oldsmobile. In all of these, as in those at the Show, the machinery which operates the top is fundamentally the same—and simple, as far as the driver is concerned. Two small vertical cylinders are built into the body, one on each side. Pistons inside the cylinders are connected with the carefully balanced top and are sucked up or down by a vacuum created by the engine's fuel manifold, an involved mechanism which also works the windshield-wiper and has other important duties we won't go into here. All you have to do is start your motor and fiddle with a knob on

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the dashboard: you push the knob in and the top flops down; pull it out and the top swooshes up again.

Instead of the many jiggers you used to have to snap and unsnap in maneuvering hand-operated tops, there are now only two—one on each side of the body—and you don't even have to bother with them when lowering the top, for they unfasten themselves somehow. Lowered, the top fits neatly into an envelope which covers and shapes it to the lines of the body. When up, it is held fast to the rim of the windshield by the adjustment of three simple latches.

My own feeling is that a convertible, either coupé or sedan, makes the trimmest-looking car there is; all five newcomers are low, wide, and handsome. Buick, Cadillac, La Salle, and Oldsmobile, in their newest convertible models, have dispensed with running boards, evidently regarding them as vestigial appendages, and have thus achieved wider interiors. Prices run from $942 for the Chevrolet to $1,845 for the Cadillac.

As you know if you saw the Show last fall, some Chrysler models with vacuum-controlled tops were exhibited there then. Since that time, another, the Chrysler Highlander, has appeared with the same equipment, and I think it ought to be mentioned here if only for its fine tartan upholstery, which strikes me as not only a cheerful but a highly practical covering for the cushions of an open sports car. Incidentally, it has a handle by which, with a single twist, you can work those three latches that hold the top to the windshield.

AN open-air, if not an open-top, model that has come a long way in the world and seems likely to go much further is the once humble station wagon. Two new versions of this have recently arrived in town, one a Packard and the other a Buick. The Packard has a body of hard northern ash panelled with white birch and there are seats for eight—three up front, two in the centre with an aisle between, and three in the rear. The centre and rear seats may be switched around or removed to make room for luggage. The leatherette upholstery is washable, and so is the eminently practical rubber floor mat.

Buick calls its latest in this field an "estate wagon," it's that proud of it. Presumably intended more for rural squires than for commuters, this mahogany-and-ash model nevertheless retains such serviceable station-wagon features as a good big luggage compartment and a sturdy tail gate. Of its two seats, the front will accommodate three comfortably



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and the back four with a little crowding. My choice, as far as color schemes go, is one with fenders and hood of a rich red and leather upholstery to match. The idea of a scarlet station wagon may be startling, but the effect is gay.

AS far as I know, the only place in town where you can hire a liveried chauffeur on an hourly basis is Chaufet, Inc., at 551 Fifth Avenue (45th). Many agencies rent limousines and chauffeurs to go with them, but that's something else again. If, for instance, it's the chauffeur's day off and you want someone to drive the car, Chaufet will send around a driver in an oxford-gray suit, black tie, and visored cap, all ready to take the wheel. The concern specializes in driving children to and from school and in piloting jittery suburban residents through Manhattan traffic. Its men will call at your home in Westchester, say, or Connecticut, or if you prefer to drive part way to town yourself, they'll meet you at any given point on one of the parkways. They've also been known to help out people who thought it wise not to drive home after a late party. Rates are $1 an hour, with a $3 minimum. For long-distance jobs, like taking cars to owners stranded in California or Florida, the fee is $10 a day, with all the man's expenses paid by the company.

IF you've ever thought of traffic congestion as a soluble problem instead of just a hopeless time-waster, you'll want to read Norman Bel Geddes' book, "Magic Motorways." Mr. Geddes, who designed the General Motors Futurama at the Fair, here sets down in print what he has already prophesied in plaster, and it's rather astonishing reading. He points out that a good many of our national highways were laid out by bison and a good many of our city streets (Wall Street, for one) were planned by cows. If our roads weren't so obsolete, he says, motor manufacturers right now would be selling cars able to take you from New York to the West Coast in twenty-four hours. His transcontinental motorway with an electro-magnetic car-control system sounds visionary even for 1960, but his concept of a city with different levels for pedestrians, automobiles, and parking may be the only possible answer to a situation that gets worse year by year. (Did you know that Manhattan's midtown traffic averaged eleven miles an hour back in the horse-and-buggy era and that it makes six miles an hour today?) A number of exciting photographs help emphasize what Mr. Geddes has to say. —L. K. B.



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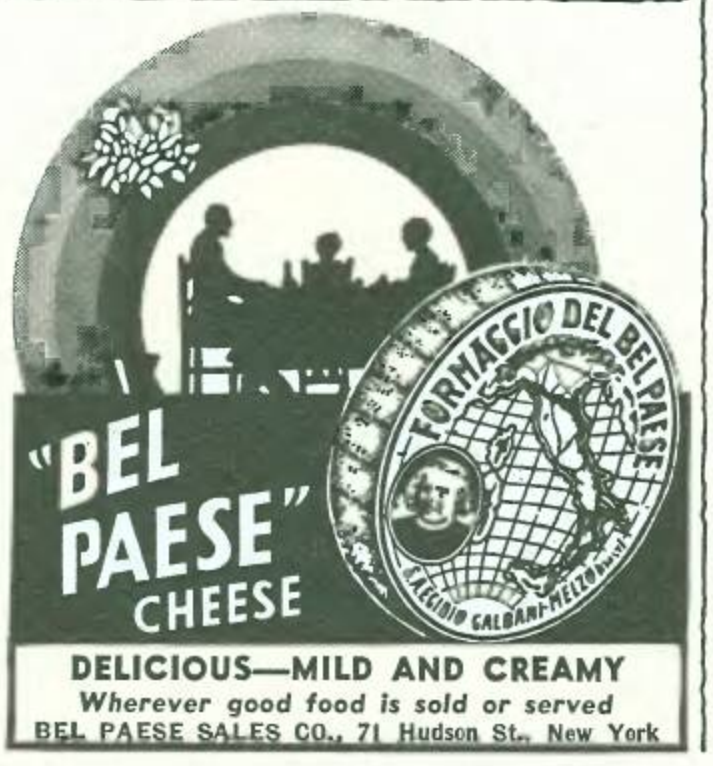
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VALSE OUBLIÉE

WHEN a visiting pianist played Liszt's "Valse Oubliée" for the boys of my husband's school the other day, she prefaced it by a brief explanation. "Evidently," she said, "the composer is trying to recall something that he has forgotten. You will notice that he ends on a very uncertain note."

I heard the lady play the selection and was unable to follow Mr. Liszt's reminiscences very clearly, because I instantly fell to recalling a waltz, or rather a waltzer, I have been trying to forget for many years. Apparently the composer's memory was not as acute as mine is. I was brought up sharply at the end of the piece by the uncertain note, or collection of notes, though I thought some of the uncertainty was the pianist's.

It was in college that I began to try to forget waltzes, and a miserable failure I made of it. Always a mediocre dancer, I had up to then considered the waltz the one form of the dance which did not find me completely inept. At least, I had fewer complaints about my waltzing. My success with it—or rather my lack of failure—only brought me grief.

In my class at our coeducational college was a youth named Herbert Hoover. He was not related to the famous Herbert Hoover. His parents had simply picked Herbert as a nice name, little suspecting that another and greater man of the same name had already been born. The circumstance had never done young Herbert any good, and by the time he reached college his namesake was famous and he himself the subject of many collegiate jokes. Moreover, his name caused him continual embarrassment in his wooing. He had only to call a girl on the telephone, get hold of her father instead of the girl, say that Herbert Hoover was calling, and the romance would be broken off then and there. "All right, all right!" the angry father would shout. "If you don't want to leave your real name you don't have to lie about it," and Herbert would sadly hang up the receiver. The whole thing tended to make him feel insignificant.

He had, however, a certain skill in waltzing, which no doubt compensated somewhat for his lack of success in carrying off his name. His was the spinner, or whirling-dervish, type of waltzing, made for the wide open spaces and not for the college dance. What kept him from toppling over and dragging his partner down with him has always been a mystery to me. Possibly he acted as his own gyroscope.

For some reason Herbert selected me

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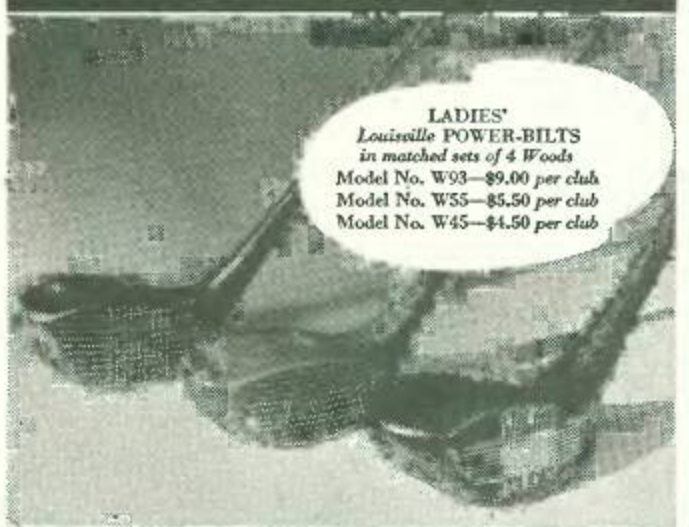




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as his favorite waltzer. "Save the next waltz for me," he would say sentimentally, leaving me in a neurotic state. From then on I forgot everything *except* the waltz. As soon as the melodious one, two, three started, I would hide behind my escort, consider the possibilities of fainting or even of dying quietly then and there. But I was no match for Herbert. He would spot me instantly and, with a possessive air, murmur, "The waltz."

"Oh, Herbert," I would say, "I forgot," and we would be off.

I have no idea what we looked like waltzing. I can only remember how it felt. From the first moment, my head spun violently. Never a good sailor, I slowly began to feel seasick. I could feel myself getting greener and greener, starting with my neck and working up to the roots of my hair. There was, too, always the worry about landing in a heap in front of the chaperons. It seemed so sure an ending each time, and I dreaded it so, that I think fear alone kept me from getting actively sick. I could see myself sprawled with Herbert in front of that fearsome line, and then the attempt to rise, the drunken smile on my face, the bleary eyes, and the final staggering from the floor, reeling like a sailor. Then would follow the letter from the Dean, telling my parents of my disgraceful intoxication.

OF course, what seemed so inevitable never happened. The music would begin its retard; we would wind slowly to a close, the law of gravity never once tripping us up; and with his more than masterful right arm and his mysterious sense of balance, Herbert would bring me at last to a standstill. We must have looked like a top running down.

I would look wistfully up at Herbert, trying hard to focus, and say, "Let's go out and get some air."

If Herbert thought that I was leading him on by always taking him out for air, he never accepted the challenge. We parted, after four years of waltzing, with a handshake. I have just gone on trying to forget waltzes and Herbert. Sometimes I like to think, though, that he is still waltzing round and round, his eyes bright, his step firm, never ending on an uncertain note. Not like Liszt and the pianist and me.

—DOROTHY GULICK

•

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THE OARSMEN

Three Early Ones



THE rowing season opened last weekend with three meetings—more than we've had to start things off in many years. I wouldn't think of doing any guessing yet about final standings, but the races were helpful in suggesting what to expect in the weeks to come. Princeton raced Navy on Lake Carnegie and won, despite conditions with which sailors should have been more familiar than a landbound crew. Boathouse attendants told me they couldn't remember when a race had been run in such foul weather. A headwind, bringing with it cold and rain, churned up sizable whitecaps (mudcaps would be a better word in this instance) all over the shallow course.

Princeton's inexperienced crew had a tough opponent for a starter. Five of the oarsmen who came up from Annapolis had helped bring the Navy boat home third, ahead of all other Eastern contenders, at Poughkeepsie last year. Much of Navy's training is done on the Severn, where the men get plenty of experience with rough water. Even if bad storms have curtailed workouts there recently, as I understand has been the case, the Annapolis rowers are unquestionably more at home against waves than their hosts, who seldom see anything but ripples on their artificial lake. No wonder Coach Spuhn of Princeton was praying for a calm surface. In view of all this, the length-and-a-half margin his men won by seems a very creditable one indeed. Princeton will row in the Poughkeepsie Regatta for the first time this year, and its supporters feel it couldn't have made a better start.

ALTHOUGH Poughkeepsie is still a long way off for Eastern crews, it's the next event of any consequence for the University of Washington rowers, who defeated California out on the Coast on Saturday. Washington lost this annual three-mile event last year, and Eastern oarsmen would have been happy if it had done so again—by about eight lengths. After all, California has practically the same crew which won on the Hudson last spring and so is naturally the favorite this season. If Washington, second at Poughkeepsie in 1939, had been badly beaten Saturday, the prospects of an Eastern crew finishing better than third in the annual race at Pough-

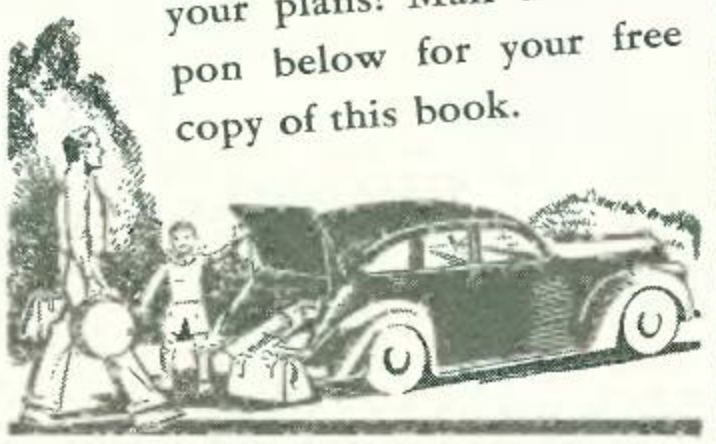




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LITTLE, BROWN

keepsie would have been much brighter.

Coach Ulbrickson of Washington doesn't seem to have let last year's defeats get him down. His turnout this year (all men over six feet three, I have no doubt) was one of the biggest in the school's history, and he has been drilling his recruits like robots ever since Christmas on the open waters of Lake Washington. California customarily lets up on practice for a while after the Washington race before getting in shape to come East—a tradition that it might do well to break this year.

NO one was very surprised when Columbia beat Manhattan and Rutgers on the Harlem in what could hardly be called a contest. The weather, of course, was bad there, too. According to a very wet observer who told me about it afterward, the wind swept straight down the course, making sails of the oars when they were out of the water, and the shells seemed to go faster that way than when the men were pulling. Columbia's rowers—four seniors and four sophomores—are tall and heavy, and appear to make a somewhat stronger crew than last year's.

TRAINING NOTES: Coach Bolles never likes to have his Harvard crew praised early in the season, but the fact remains that all but one of the men who helped win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley are back. . . . M.I.T., which ought to receive some sort of trophy for trying, has a new coach—Bob Moch, a former coxswain at Washington, who upon his arrival got hold of two new all-wood shells to replace the experimental wood-and-metal ones the crew has been using. Any success M.I.T. may have, whether because of the equipment or otherwise, will surely result in Moch's being called a genius. . . . Pennsylvania has fewer seasoned men than usual, and is probably just as glad it's still keeping out of the four-mile grind at Poughkeepsie. . . . Yale starts its season next week and many of its supporters feel that this will be one of its years. Except for the little matter of the Harvard race, last year might well be regarded as another. . . . Syracuse is having trouble training in an environment of ice and floods. —Bow

•

One well-informed source, in discussing the prospects for a successful "peace offensive," said they were not very hopeful, since there was "wide variance" between Allied and German viewpoints.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

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BOOKS

Exiles and Barbarians



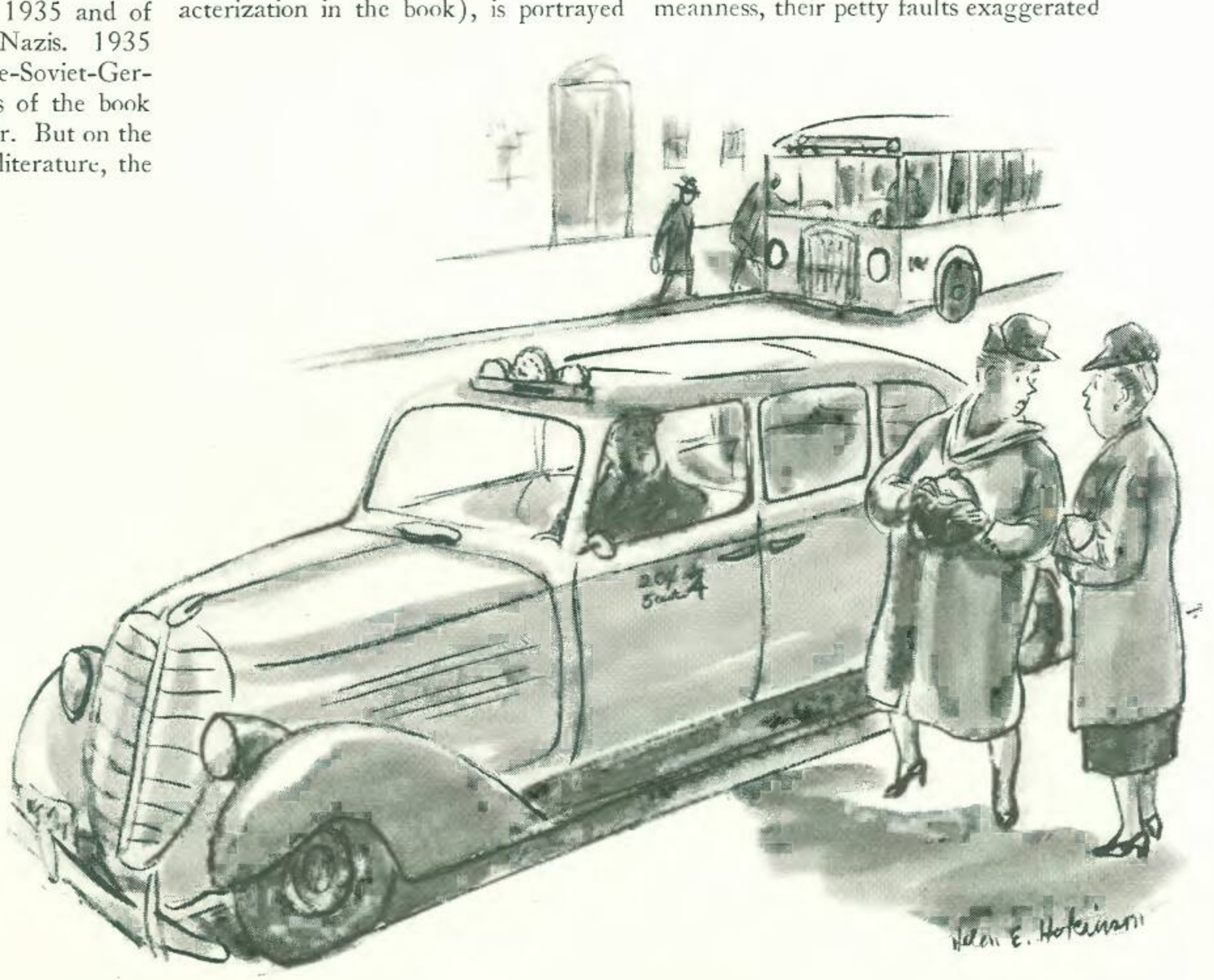
IF the Nazi leaders ever read Lion Feuchtwanger's "Paris Gazette"—and, exempt though they claim to be from most human emotions, one supposes they still retain curiosity—they are likely to be triply irritated. First, there will be a simple irritation over the fact that Feuchtwanger is alive and writing. Second, there will be a subtler irritation over the fact that exile seems to have sharpened his talents. Third, subtlest annoyance of all, they will have to stomach the fact that while they, with the most efficient propaganda machine in the world, cannot write credibly about their enemies, Feuchtwanger, using nothing but his brains and a fountain pen, can write credibly about the Nazis. It would appear that there are certain conquests that elude even Herr Hitler.

"Paris Gazette," dependably translated by Willa and Edwin Muir, is an 860-page study of the colony of exiled Germans in the Paris of 1935 and of their relations with the Nazis. 1935 means pre-Munich and pre-Soviet-German pact, and some parts of the book have an inevitably faded air. But on the whole it is contemporary literature, the problem of the exile having become more, rather than less, pressing during the last half-decade. Indeed, in a sense, all of us today are exiles, men and women for whom history has moved too fast, who have lost or are losing their moorings, so while Feuchtwanger seems to be talking about a specific group in a specific city, much of what he says applies, however generally, to the outside, the "safe" world.

The intricate machinery of the plot is set in motion by the Nazis' abduction of Friedrich Benjamin, an émigré journalist. Sepp Trautwein, a composer torn between his passion for music and his passion for justice, makes up his mind to effect Benjamin's liberation. His powerful articles in the German-language émigré newspaper, *Paris Gazette*, make a *cause célèbre* of the Benjamin case and bring upon the journal the wrath of the Nazis. The struggle to free Benjamin and to keep the paper going begins to involve a large number of representative exiles and an almost equal number of Third Reich officials.

Feuchtwanger hates the Nazis, but his book is not an indictment of them. That is its most remarkable quality—a kind of clear but not cold intelligence which will not descend to whining, self-pity, or melodrama. The tone of this book is in remarkable contrast to most émigré literature. Feuchtwanger assumes from the start that his readers will not be Hitler sympathizers; he is not concerned with moving them to indignation. What he wants to do is describe a world in which the Nazis, whether they be agreeable or disagreeable, play an important part and are therefore worthy of study. Heydebregg, for instance (the most successful job of characterization in the book), is portrayed with detachment tinctured, it may be, by a little admiration. Heydebregg is the perfect barbarian, cold, cruel, Egyptian in his dignity, opposed to everything that Feuchtwanger himself holds dear. The real villains, however, are not the true Nazis, such as Heydebregg, but the half-and-half Nazis, like the opportunist journalist Wiesener, who only coquets with Nazism and uses it purely as a means of achieving personal success.

Nor is Feuchtwanger concerned to make out a case for his fellow-exiles. He knows that deracination is too much for most people to undergo. A few (one feels he is one of them) become "quicker, more ingenious, subtler, harder." But there are not many of these. Anna Trautwein, Sepp's wife, commits suicide. Tschernigg, the Nihilist poet, glories in his demoralization. Meisel, the nineteen-year-old genius, seeks and finds death. Gingold, the Jewish entrepreneur and publisher of the *Gazette*, intrigues with his own enemies. It is not a world of heroic martyrs that Feuchtwanger exposes but a world of frail, semi-impotent, frightened people, driven to meanness, their petty faults exaggerated



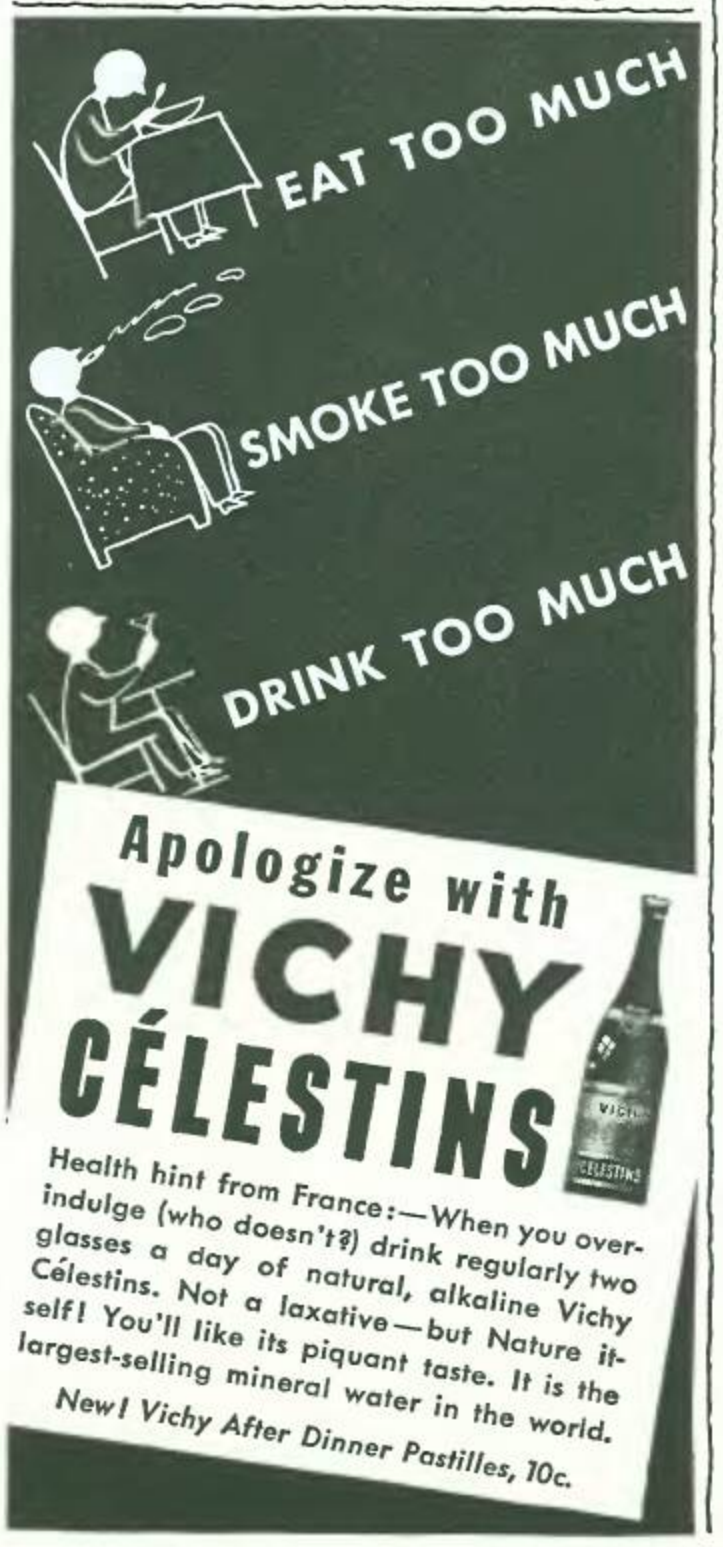
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to great ones under the ruthless provocation of hopeless exile.

Still, some survive, and not only survive but grow greater. Sepp Trautwein, effecting the liberation of Benjamin, finds that he has liberated new musical forces in himself. Benjamin comes back from the German concentration camp a sort of sardonic saint. His wife sloughs off her triviality. The staff of the *Gazette*, ordinary, simple newspapermen, discover in themselves a power of courageous resistance that enables them not merely to withstand their treacherous publisher but to mess up the deep-laid plans of Hitler's emissaries.

In addition to being a Balzacian picture of a world, "Paris Gazette" provides a keen, because untheoretical, discussion of the problem of the thinking man in the modern world. The totalitarians, by death and exile, have solved that problem for themselves, but by doing so they have only brought it more forcibly to the attention of the rest of us. "Paris Gazette" is a microcosm of the life of the intellectuals. Some, like Wiesener, sell out when the Nazis come into power; others, like Trautwein, refuse to give in; most exist in an in-between world, slowly losing confidence in their function, gradually and unconsciously beginning to accept the viewpoint of their enemies. Feuchtwanger has no conclusions to offer. He is interested only in showing "the filth of a transition period," as one of his characters puts it, to catch on his pen-point those moments when values are transvalued, to give place to new values or—who knows?—to a new chaos.

"Paris Gazette" is too long, too crowded, and, I think, overburdened with plot. Feuchtwanger, a German, believes in the method of exhaustiveness. There is no impressionism here, no high moments of swift, imaginative insight. All is explicit, careful, detailed in the manner of Flemish painting. This makes for slow though not unrewarding reading. There are no thrills, in spite of the often sensational texture of the plot. The humor is dry, not high. "Paris Gazette" is not a "moving" book but an intelligent one. We are these days abundantly provided with moving books; intelligent ones are somewhat rarer.

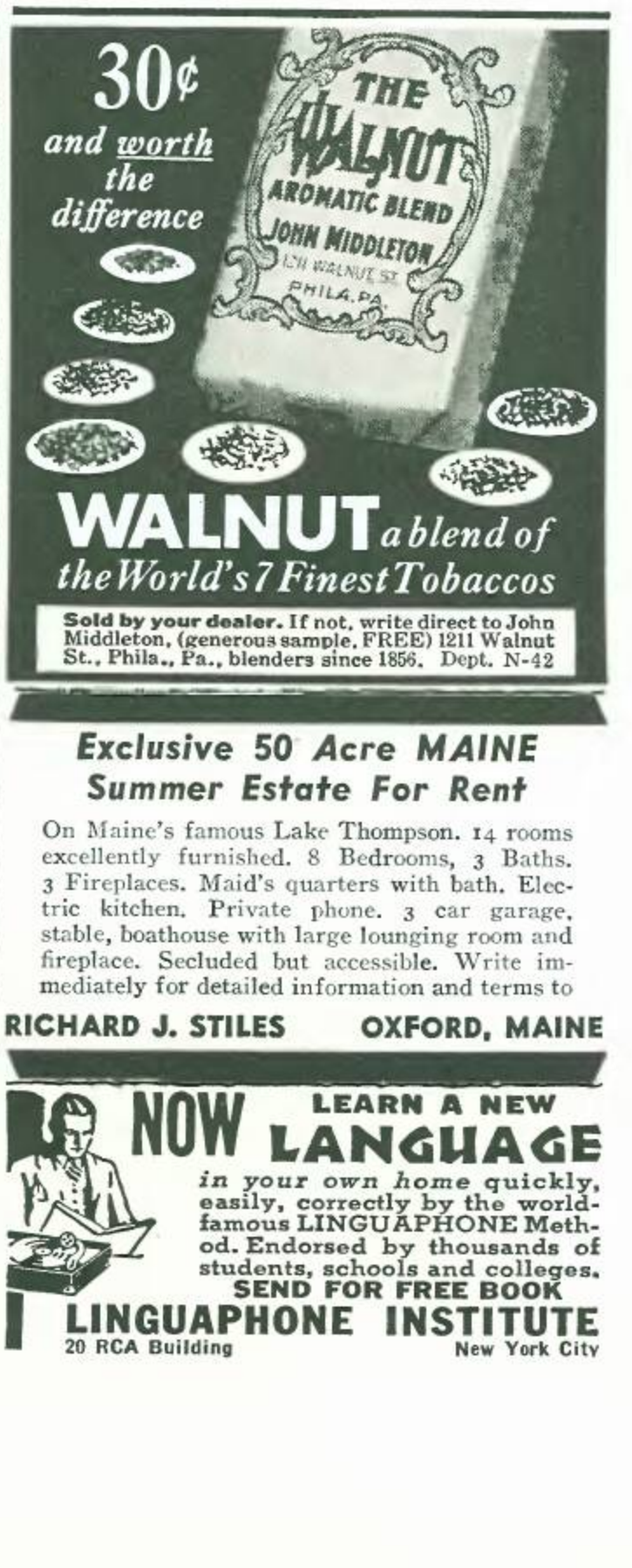
HAROLD LAMB's "The March of the Barbarians" is not about today's headlines. It's an overpopularized, unreflective, colorful narrative of those "savages of genius," the Mongols of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In 1157, clutching a clot of blood, Genghis Khan was born. Within a century, the



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Mongols, beginning as a small group of nomadic archers, had overrun the entire central Asiatic plain, conquered much of southern China, and penetrated Europe up to the outskirts of Venice. Had not Subotai, potential conqueror of Europe, been summoned back to Asia by the death of the great Khan, Ogadai, it is probable that France, England, and Italy would have fallen under the Mongol yoke and the history of the continent been violently derailed.

The Mongols and the Romans have been the only peoples apparently capable of world mastery. But the Mongols, as great as the Romans in warfare, certainly the greatest cavalrymen in history, lacked the Roman genius for organization. In the course of a century after the great days of Genghis Khan, their empire, which at its high point stretched from the Pacific to the Danube, began to fall apart. China absorbed Kublai Khan (Coleridge's pleasure-dome fellow) and Russia revolted under the Muscovite princes. With the death of the great Tamerlane, it was all over. A dream of world empire became a memory, as other such dreams have become, and will become, memories.

Mr. Lamb, an expert in the field of Far Asiatic history, tells the story in a juicy travelogue prose, with very little attention to the structure of the English sentence. He writes with energy and color, emphasizing the narrative values of the story rather than its historical content.

The reader will constantly find himself drawing parallels with contemporary events, for the Mongols and the Nazis have obviously a great deal in common. Indeed, Mr. Lamb remarks somewhere that the amazingly successful military techniques and formations of Genghis Khan and his descendants have probably been studied carefully by the leaders of the Third Reich.

A YOUNG Yorkshire poet, Rayner Heppenstall, has written a queer novel called "The Blaze of Noon." The excited preface by Elizabeth Bowen—who should know better—claims that it's more than a tour de force. If, however, the reader accepts it as a tour de force, he's apt to get more out of it than he would if he attempted to give it greater importance than it really has. The story is told by a sensitive blind masseur and is an account of two love affairs, one of them—abortive—with a blind deaf-mute. The material is sensational, of course, but handled in a rather abstract, intellectual manner. Though



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the world of the blind narrator comes through clearly enough, the general effect is of a trick well performed. Odd stuff, off the beaten track, and free of sentimentality and pathos.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MISS MUNDAY, by Sophia Engstrand. Winner of the prize offered by the Dial Press for the best novel with a schoolteacher for protagonist. Mrs. Engstrand tells how it feels to be a teacher in a Middle Western town: all the petty restrictions, the social ostracism (seems that teachers aren't quite like other people), the almost exclusively female society of other teachers. After ten years of it, her heroine, a pleasant, intelligent girl, finds that she is incapable of living any other kind of life; marriage with a poor man is too much to contemplate. A thoroughly interesting book, in spite of many awkwardly written passages, with a tender and credible love story.

WILD GEESE CALLING, by Stewart Edward White. Pioneer novel of the week: Alaska, this time, during the gold rush. Lively, entertaining, skillfully done. The people are likable and human and endure the hardships of a new country with courage and a sense of humor.

GLORY SPENT, by Jean Woodman. A story of a Mormon family in Utah. The old father is a literal believer in the tenets of the Mormon faith, but his daughter and granddaughter cannot accept the Mormon subjugation of women. A problem novel, written with sincerity and good sense, but heavy in spots.

PATRICIAN STREET, by John Gibson. Rome in the days of the Emperor Domitian, described in modern, colloquial prose. Lots of blood, gladiatorial combats, conspiracies, persecuted Christians, and the howling of the mob. If you are amused by citizens of ancient Rome who talk Third Avenue New Yorkese, this is your dish.

GENERAL

EMPIRE ON THE SEVEN SEAS, by James Truslow Adams. The author of "The Epic of America" writes the second and final volume of his series on the British Empire, bringing the story from 1784 to 1939. He suggests an analogy between the Empire's "apparent ruin" in 1783, from

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which it recovered lustily, and the British position in 1939. Conservative, rather Anglophile treatment, not too deep and not too well written, but swift-moving and readable.

MASTERS OF THE DRAMA, by John Gassner. Long history of the theatre, from the fertility rites of the Egyptians to the American drama in 1940. A superior piece of work, detailed, balanced, and genuinely critical. Good illustrations and appendices.

THE WIND OF CIRCUMSTANCE, by Harold Dearden. Autobiography of a London psychologist, the record of an original, charmingly energetic personality in contact with some very engaging human beings, including the author's father, a sort of Lancashire Clarence Day, Sr., and his wife, who took morphine.

ASIAN ODYSSEY, by Dmitri Alioshin. The author's experiences in the fighting that swept back and forth across Siberia and Mongolia after the Russian Revolution. Includes an account of the incredible Baron Ungern von Sternberg. Crackajack adventure story, naïvely told.

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW, by Oliver La Farge. Noteworthy text-and-picture book about the present-day Indians of the United States: their sad decline in the fifty years after the 1887 Allotment Act, and their new hope under such Commissioners as Charles J. Rhoads and John Collier. Striking photographs by Helen M. Post.

THE SUN NEVER SETS, by Malcolm Muggeridge. An English "Since Yesterday," covering the crisis years of the nineteen-thirties, by a distinguished London journalist. Tidy irony, and a nice sense of the particular in the large. A readable job.

THE LIGHTS GO DOWN, by Erika Mann, translated by Maurice Samuel. Selecting a typical housemaid, manufacturer, editor, surgeon, etc., the author develops a picture of a Nazi Middletown just before the war. A remarkable book. Illustrated.

THE AVIATION BUSINESS, by Elsbeth E. Freudenthal. Clear, ably documented financial history of American aviation. The author, formerly a Wall Street security analyst, recommends nationalization of the country's airplane manufacture and transport.

VIRGINIA: THE NEW DOMINION, by Agnes Rothery. The many pencil drawings by E. H. Suydam are the feature, although the lengthy text is





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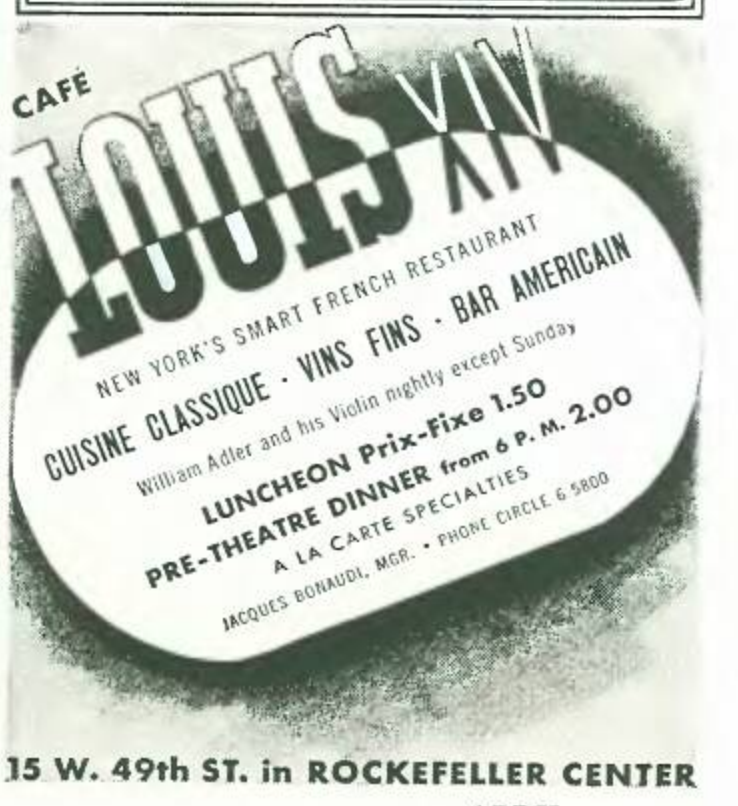
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