Nov. 1. 1941

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as noted below, there will be some juggling of the regular midweek-matinée schedule to take advantage of expected Election Day business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

Candle in the Wind—Maxwell Anderson's rather disappointing play about an American actress who rescues her lover from a Nazi concentration camp. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company, however, have given it a fine production and Helen Hayes' performance is very moving. Alfred Lunt is the director. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an excellent cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hard-headed cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. You may not believe a word of it, but you will certainly admire the performances given by Edmund Gwenn, Heather Angel, and all the rest. The sound effects, actually recorded in London, are remarkable. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Land Is Bright—A play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, with Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Leon Ames. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Broadway's oldest show, now in its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton heading the cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Tues., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being very exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Tues. and Sun.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The new cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still fairly good fun. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Let's Face It!—Danny Kaye, Eve Arden, and Mary Jane Walsh in a musical comedy by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, with Cole Porter music. Produced by Vinton Freedley. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Tues. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

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

High Kickers—A musical comedy by Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby, and George Jessel, with Sophie Tucker and Mr. Jessel. Produced by Alfred Bloomingdale. Opens Fri., Oct. 31. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except Nov. 5, and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 4.)

The Man with Blond Hair—A play by Norman Krasna, produced by Mr. Krasna and Frank Ross. Opens Tues., Nov. 4. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's new farce, with Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Staged and produced by John C. Wilson. Opens Wed. Eve., Nov. 5. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

The Walrus and the Carpenter—Pauline Lord in a comedy by A. N. Langley. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Sat., Nov. 8. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Chinese Benefit—Elsa Maxwell will be mistress of ceremonies for an entertainment in which Mady Christians, Luise Rainer, and Hazel Scott, among others, will participate: Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:45. (Town Hall. For tickets, call CH 3-7674.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Oct. 30-Nov. 1; "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 6-8; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Jack and the Beanstalk," Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Closing its fall season, this company, under the direction of Leonide Massine, will appear in "Les Sylphides," "Bogatyri," and "The Nutcracker," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 30; "The Magic Swan," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Fri. Eve., Oct. 31; "Serenade," "Fantastic Toyshop," and "Devil's Holiday," Sat. Aft., Nov. 1; "Schéhérazade," "Labyrinth," and "The New Yorker," Sat. Eve., Nov. 1; "The Nutcracker," "Petrouchka," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., Nov. 2; "Bacchanale," "Baiser de la Fée," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sun. Eve., Nov. 2. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Jooss Ballet—This company will present "The Seven Heroes," "The Big City," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sun. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 2 and 5; "Ballade," "The Big City," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," and "The Green Table," Mon., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Nov. 3, 6, and 8; "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "A Spring Tale," and "The Green Table," Tues. Eve., Nov. 4; "The Prodigal Son," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Fri. Eve., Nov. 7; "The Seven Heroes," "Pavane," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sat. Aft., Nov. 8. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. at 3.)

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)—Emil Coleman's music brings out some fine amateur talent among the guests in the Trianon Room, where Renée De Marco, through Sat., Nov. 1, does some expert dancing, too. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Gertrude Niesen and a new show will replace the present one on Wed., Nov. 5. Charles Baum's orchestra and the samba band will stay on.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Renée De Marco will replace Russell Swann in this fancy setting on Wed., Nov. 5. Ted Straeter's orchestra continues to play during the evening, and John Kirby's band comes in for a late shift from the Monte Carlo Beach next door.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The new Cotillion Room will open on Fri., Oct. 31, with songs by Peggy Fears and music by William Scotty's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Jean Sablon singing sadly in French, and then Gower and Jeanne cheer you up with some lively dancing. Dick Gasparre's orchestra supplies the music. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The altitude seems to have no ill effect on Billy de Wolfe or the dance team of Winslow and Fitz-Simons. Music in the Room, where formal dress is re-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quired on the dance floor after 10 P.M., is by Matty Malneck and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. . . . Russ Smith is still playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and her ice show are back in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Nicholas Matthey's orchestra plays for dancing in La Maisonette, downstairs.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for in the Café Lounge and, with the exception of Bob Grant's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Pat Barbara's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—The chorus line may remind you more of the West Forties. Frances Mercer and Mili Monti are the singing stars. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dancing in the new Wedgwood Room and, beginning Fri., Oct. 31, Larry Adler will be on hand with his educated mouth organ. Paul Draper is there too, at the supper hour. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): no dancing, but Maxine Sullivan and others sing. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Eddie Oliver's orchestra, and, beginning Wed., Nov. 5, Imogene Coca. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays musical-comedy numbers, some of which may take you pleasantly back. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings and plays a lot of songs that nobody else knows. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): some of the best and fastest Negro entertainment, with Hazel Scott and Count Basie's band, which will be replaced on Tues., Nov. 4, by Eddie South's. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary. No dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nina Tarasova heads the Russian show, which includes lots of folk songs and such. Chris Kay's orchestra. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Art Jarrett's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): they have a new wooden Indian out front; inside, the same old songs. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for the Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Georgie Price has turned up in the show here, and Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best colored musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village—Teddy Wilson's orchestra, Ammons and Johnson on a couple of pianos, and, through Sun., Nov. 2, the Golden Gate Quartet. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, this one with Marty Marsala's band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Art Tatum just naturally plays a lot of piano, supported by Benny Carter's band.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . 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).

ART

BLAKE—Loan show, a war-relief benefit, of the recently discovered set of illustrations he made for

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

"Pilgrim's Progress," some of them really grandiose in conception: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8.

BOHROD—New paintings and gouaches by a wryly perceptive Chicago artist: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

BOUDIN—Seascapes and dockside scenes as only he could paint them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

BURCHFIELD—Water colors, mostly big ones and mostly justifying their size: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8.

FRENCH—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: paintings, many of them never before exhibited in this country, by Tanguy, Rouault, Chagall, and others of the Paris school. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: oils by contemporary French artists, including Utrillo, Matisse, Soutine, and Van Dongen. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: oils by twentieth-century Paris painters, from Bonnard and Bérard to Lurçat and Dali. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Chagall, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: loan show of thirty-one early Fauvist paintings by Matisse, Braque, Derain, and other masters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Selected paintings by Dove, Marin, and O'Keeffe, plus three early Picassos, one of them the first Cubist painting ever shown in this country, and a group of photographs by Stieglitz: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

GROPPER—A 1933-to-the-present survey of his biting cartoon campaign against Fascism: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1.

GROSZ—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a compact, revealing retrospective of drawings, oils, prints, and water colors, from his bitter World War satires to his recent American pieces. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 2. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: another retrospective, weaker in early pieces and limited to water colors and drawings. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1.

GROUP SHOW—Niles Spencer, Peter Blume, and O. Louis Guglielmi set the pace for a really swell collection: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1.

JONGKIND—A set of his little-known etchings and drawings, mostly of seaside scenes and unbelievably swift and sunny: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

KLEE—Selections from his paintings and water colors of all periods. Some fine pieces: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and twenty contemporary American water colors in a varied, eclectic showing (through Nov. 9). An exhibition of children's books, assembled by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, will be shown in the Junior Museum through Nov. 16. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Memorabilia of Isadora Duncan, including photographs and drawings by various artists, letters, and so on. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Selections from its permanent collection, plus an exhibition, very colorful, of paintings, water colors, and drawings by New York children. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 4.



HERE AND THERE—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings and other works by members of the Chicago Society of Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 2. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Lawrence Lebduska. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: water colors by DeWitt Peters. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1. . . . **MCMILLEN**, 148 E. 55: paintings by contemporary Negro artists, and African sculptures from the Crowninshield collection. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 7. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: annual group show of works by contemporary Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by Richard Warren Pousette-Dart. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 10. . . . **BONESTELL**, 106 E. 57: early works by Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, and other Mexican artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: oils by Oskar Kokoschka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: recent paintings by British artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 30, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3. (Soloist: Casadesus, Oct. 30-31 and Nov. 2.) . . . Walter conducting: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:45. (Programs of Nov. 6-7 will include the Mozart Requiem, with the Westminster Choir and soloists.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Nov. 1, at 11.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Wed. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Stokowski conducting: Cosmopolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Nov. 4, at 9:20. (135 W. 55. For tickets, call CO 5-9089.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Stewart conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 5:30. (Soloist: Silva.)

COFFEE CONCERT—Maxine Sullivan, Sylvia Marlowe, and Benny Carter's band in a recital of swing music, the first program of a new series: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., Nov. 5, at 9. (11 W. 53. For tickets, call CI 6-7632.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Sergei Rachmaninoff, Sat. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2:30; E. Robert Schmitz, Fri. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:30. . . . Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:45; Sergei Radamsky and Marie Williams, Fri. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:45.

TOWN HALL—Thomas L. Thomas, Fri. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:30; Anna Kaskas, Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3; New Friends of Music (Budapest Quartet, William Primrose, and Benar Heifetz), Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 5:30; Doris Doe, Mon. Eve., Nov. 3, at 8:30; Joseph Szigeti, Wed. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:30; Elisabeth Schumann, Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 3.

OPERA

NEW OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Macbeth," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 30, Sat. and Sun. Eves., Nov. 1-2, and Tues. Eve., Nov. 4; "Pique Dame," Fri. Eve., Oct. 31, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 1; "La Vie Parisienne," Wed. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 5-8, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 8. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337. Curtain times are uncertain, so you'd better phone on the day you plan to go.)

SPORTS

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—This year it's for the benefit of the U.S.O., with jeep cars in a sham battle at every performance: Madison Square Garden, Wed., Nov. 5, through Wed., Nov. 12. Eves. at about 7:45; Afts., except Sun., at about 2.

FOOTBALL—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 1**: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30; Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton, at 2; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 8: Cornell vs. Yale, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2; Manhattan vs. Boston University, Polo Grounds, at 2:30; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia, at 2; Penn State vs. Syracuse, State College, Pa., at 2; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at 2.

A special train will leave Grand Central for New Haven on Sat., Nov. 1, at 11:15 A.M., and



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

special trains will leave Penn Station for Princeton on Sats., Nov. 1 and 8, at 11:50 A.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES—Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2:15: Giants vs. Chicago, Polo Grounds; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field.

HUNT RACES—Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa., Sat., Nov. 1, at 1:30 P.M. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Tues., Nov. 4, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat., Nov. 8, at 1:30 P.M.

RACING—Daily at Empire City, at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1. (The Westchester Handicap, Sat., Nov. 1.) Frequent race trains will leave Grand Central daily between 12:15 and 1 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Fritzie Zivic vs. Ray Robinson, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Oct. 31; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—The thirty-fourth annual fall exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77. Fri. and Sat., Nov. 7-8, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Sun., Nov. 9, from 1 to 5 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOWS—Fifty portraits by Arnold Genthe of people in the theatre: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 25. . . . A hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers from all over the country: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Tues. Eve., Nov. 4, at 9:30, WJZ.

PLANETARIUM—Continuing its Mars program for another month, with a series of tableaux as an extra fillip: Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

BENEFITS—Osa Johnson will lecture and show her new film, "African Paradise," for the British American Ambulance Corps: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 4, at 8:15. . . . About fifty photographs by Eugene Atgêt and water colors painted in recent months by children in various provinces of France, are being shown as a war-relief benefit: 4 W. 58. Mon., 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

ANTIQUE SILVER—An exhibition of seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century pieces, including many from the Rosenbach collection in Philadelphia: Black, Starr & Gorham, 5 Ave. at 48. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1.

CRAFTS EXHIBITION—The Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries, with examples and demonstrations of handicraft work by women of China, England, and the occupied countries of Europe, as well as of the United States: Grand Central Palace. Daily 12 noon to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 1.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Part III of the A. Edward Newton collection of books and manuscripts: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Oct. 30, at 2 and 8:15. . . . English and European furniture, tapestries, porcelains, and silver, belonging to Mrs. Paul E. Gardner, Carl Forsch, Mrs. Frederick S. Fish, and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Oct. 30-31, at 2. . . . Eighteenth-century French furniture and paintings, French and English silver, and porcelains and Oriental rugs, collected by Herbert D. Robbins: Sat. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2. . . . Part II of the Edward S. Knapp collection of stamps: Mon. through Fri. Afts. and Eves., Nov. 3-7, at 2 and 8, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2. . . . English, American, and French furniture, and jewelry, silver, books, textiles, and rugs, from the estate of the late Katherine Sanford Nielson: Tues. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 4-8, at 2.

NOTES—Voting on Tues., Nov. 4, will be from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . The open season on deer in the Adirondack area begins on Sat., Nov. 1.

MOTION PICTURES

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

DIVE BOMBER—First-rate flying scenes and sidelights on the education of young pilots. With Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 1. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12: Sat. through Tues., Nov. 1-4.)

DUMBO—Charming, and nice for the young people, and altogether unassuming, the new Disney feature-length film is all about a baby elephant who learns to fly with his great big ears. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a British melodrama, with murder and plotting. Directed by Carol Reed, but not quite up to "Night Train." (68th Street Playhouse. 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 5-7.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN—Robert Montgomery, who isn't afraid of experiment, rings the bell with this one about a deceased prizefighter and his many mundane worries. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 31. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5.)

HONKY TONK—Lana Turner, encountered by Clark Gable, in one of those big, expensive Westerns some film companies still grind out. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Nov. 5; tentative.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—A deadly solemn but honest and aspiring film of life among the miners in the Welsh collieries. With Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Deanna Durbin, patted and protected by Charles Laughton, in a harmless little hodgepodge that may amuse you. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Nov. 5.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Bette Davis, with Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall, in a dramatic, highly intelligent retelling of Lillian Hellman's play of high life in the Deep South and its tragic crises. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Oct. 30. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 31. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Wed., Nov. 5. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 31-Nov. 6.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO—The French picture, with Jean Gabin, from which came our "Algiers." A trifle worn and faded around the edges, but still effective. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 2.)

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON—Another Disney film which runs an hour or more and has its moments of preposterous, pretty fancy. Also some comedy about life behind scenes in the studio, with Robert Benchley as a visitor. (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; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Tues., Nov. 4.)

SERGEANT YORK—The extremely able sketch of the last war and of the Tennessee mountain community which produced the celebrated noncom. With Gary Cooper. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—A fine cast—Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton—in a highly colored and corny version of the Harold Bell Wright thing. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Oct. 30.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—The R.A.F. account of a raid upon a German town and how it is managed, from the take-off to the return landing. Impressive and sober and, if anything, far too brief. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Pleasant nonsense, displaying Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery to fair advantage. Restful comedy, in general. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; 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; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Nov. 3.)

REVIVALS

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., Nov. 5-8.)

KITTY FOYLE (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 3-5.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA (1938)—Marie Tempest and Paderewski. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 1-3.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Oct. 31.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 1-4.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll. Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 5-7.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 3-5.)



STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 3-4.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 5-7.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Oct. 31.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule —THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 30-31: "The Wind" (1928), Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson. SAT. AND SUN., NOV. 1-2: "The Jazz Singer" (1927), Al Jolson; and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), early Disney, with Mickey Mouse. MON. AND TUES., NOV. 3-4: "The Lights of New York" (1928), Helene Costello. WED. AND THURS., NOV. 5-6: "Hallelujah" (1929), Nina Mae McKinney.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

ART—Duveen Galleries: loan exhibition of Renoirs, Nov. 8-Dec. 6. . . . Museum of the City of New York: paintings by members of London's Fire Brigade, Nov. 11-Dec. 8. . . . Museum of Modern Art: works by Miró and Dali, Nov. 19-Jan. 11.

BALLET—The Ballet Theatre, sponsored by the New Opera Company: 44th Street Theatre, Nov. 12-25.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, light-heavyweight title, Nov. 14.

FOOTBALL—On NOV. 15: Columbia vs. Michigan, Baker Field; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge; N.Y.U. vs. Tulane, Yankee Stadium; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia; Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven; Williams vs. Amherst, Williamstown. . . . NOV. 22: Army vs. West Virginia, West Point; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds; Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton. . . . NOV. 29: Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., Yankee Stadium.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden start Nov. 13.

HUNT RACES—Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Nov. 15.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, through Nov. 16; Rodzinski conducting, Nov. 19-Dec. 14; Mitropoulos conducting, Dec. 18-Jan. 11. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Nov. 11 and Dec. 16; Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Nov. 25. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 20 and 22 (Aft.). Recitals: Hutcheson, Nov. 12; Lhevinne, Nov. 15 (Aft.); Spalding, Nov. 17; Rubinstein, Nov. 24; Elman, Nov. 28; Serkin, Dec. 1; Barere, Dec. 2; Casadesus, Dec. 5. . . . TOWN HALL: New Friends of Music Series, Sun. Afts.; Piatigorsky, Nov. 26; Bach Circle of New York, Dec. 1; Platoff Don Cossack Chorus, Dec. 10; Trapp Family Singers, Dec. 14 (Aft.); Mildred Dilling, Dec. 16. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA: season starts Nov. 24, with "Le Nozze di Figaro."

RACING—Pimlico, through Nov. 13. . . . Bowie, Nov. 14-29. . . . Tropical Park, starting Dec. 20.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open in the next month or so are: "Spring Again," a comedy by Bertram Bloch and Isabel Leighton, with Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith, produced by Guthrie McClintic; "Macbeth," with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson, produced by Mr. Evans; "Clash by Night," a play by Clifford Odets, with Tallulah Bankhead and Joseph Schildkraut, produced by Billy Rose; "Junior Miss," a dramatization by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov of a series of Sally Benson stories, produced by Max Gordon; "Ring Around Elizabeth," a comedy by Charl Armstrong, with Jane Cowl; "Sons o' Fun," an Olsen and Johnson revue; "Hope for a Harvest," a play by Sophie Treadwell, with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, produced by the Theatre Guild; "Theatre," a dramatization by Somerset Maugham and Guy Bolton of the Maugham novel, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, produced by John Golden.

OTHER DATES—Horse Show Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 10. . . . Navy Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Nov. 26. . . . Night of Stars benefit show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 26. . . . Ice Follies, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 1-6 and 8-10. . . . December Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Dec. 4. . . . Allaverdy Ball, Hotel Plaza, Dec. 5. . . . Lambs Gambol, Waldorf-Astoria, Dec. 6. . . . Renoir Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Dec. 17. . . . Thanksgiving Day will be observed in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey on Nov. 20. . . . Christmas Day falls on a Thursday.





Interviewing her client, dancer-actor Eugene Loring, Miss Hedden presents the picture of chic in a new dropped-shoulder day dress of teal-blue wool smartly accented by heavy black lace.

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—From Fri., Oct. 31: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—**DUMBO,** Walt Disney full-length film.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Tentative—Through Wed., Nov. 5: **HONKY TONK,** Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"My Life with Caroline," Ronald Colman, Anna Lee.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**TARGET FOR TONIGHT,** documentary film of the R.A.F.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "Nine Lives Are Not Enough," Joan Perry, Ronald Reagan. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye; also "Moon Over Her Shoulder," Lynn Bari, John Sutton.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Nov. 5: "You'll Never Get Rich," Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Sun., Nov. 2: "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," W. C. Fields. . . . From Mon., Nov. 3: not announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY,** Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., Oct. 30: "A Yank in the R.A.F.," Betty Grable, Tyrone Power. . . . From Fri., Oct. 31: "Belle Starr," Gene Tierney, Randolph Scott.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Nov. 5: **IT STARTED WITH EVE,** Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**SERGEANT YORK,** Gary Cooper.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—Through Sun., Nov. 2: "The Story of the Vatican," March of Time full-length documentary film. . . . From Mon., Nov. 3: not announced.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—"The King" (French), Raimu, Victor Francen, Gaby Morley.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Through Sun., Nov. 2: **PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (French), Jean Gabin. . . . Mon. through Wed., Nov. 3-5: **KITTY FOYLE,** revival, Ginger Rogers; also **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS,** (French), revival.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"The Man Who Seeks the Truth" (French), Raimu.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: **NOTHING SACRED,** revival, Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also **THE YOUNG IN HEART,** revival, Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 1-3: **THE MOONLIGHT SONATA,** revival, Marie Tempest, Paderewski; also "Missing Ten Days," Rex Harrison. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: not announced.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Nov. 1: "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," Mary Martin, Don Ameche; also "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 2-4: "Sun Valley Serenade," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "The Gay Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: "Life Begins for Andy Hardy," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "World Premiere," John Barrymore, Frances Farmer.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Oct. 30: **THE LITTLE FOXES,** Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "Sing Another Chorus," Jane Frazee, Johnny Downs. . . . Fri. through Sun., Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Aloma of the South Seas," Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall; also "Badlands of Dakota," Frances Farmer, Broderick Crawford. . . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 3-4: "The Stars Look Down," Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams; also "The Great Swindle," Jack Holt. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: "Wild Geese Calling," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "Great Guns," Laurel and Hardy.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "West Point Widow," Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson; also "Tillie the Toiler," Kay Harris, William Tracy.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., Nov. 1: **DIVE BOMBER,** Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 2-3: "Sun Valley Serenade," Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "World Premiere," John Barrymore, Frances Farmer.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Oct. 30: "Missing Ten Days," Rex Harrison. . . . Fri. through Sun., Oct. 31-Nov. 2: "Poison Pen," Flora Robson, Robert Newton. . . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 3-4: **STORM IN A TEACUP,** revival, Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: "Whistling in the Dark," Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: "Adventure in Manhattan," revival, Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 1-3: "The Fugitive," Diana Wynyard, Ralph Richardson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "No Time for Comedy," revival, Rosalind Russell, James Stewart.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES 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."

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Wed., Nov. 5: **THE LITTLE FOXES,** Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN,** Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 1-4: **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE,** revival, Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier; also "The Voice in the Night," Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: **THE GIRL IN THE NEWS,** Margaret Lockwood, Emlyn Williams; also **THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,** revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "West Point Widow," Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson; also "Tillie the Toiler," Kay Harris, William Tracy.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: "Hold That Ghost," Abbott and Costello; also "Three Sons o' Guns," Marjorie Rambeau, Wayne Morris. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 1-3: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin, Walter Connolly; also "The Tower of London," revival, Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN,** Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also "Time Out for Rhythm," Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Sat., Nov. 1: **DIVE BOMBER,** Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 2-4: "Sun Valley Serenade," Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: **FIRE OVER ENGLAND,** revival, Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Mon.. Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: **THE LITTLE FOXES,** Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "Sing Another Chorus," Jane Frazee, Johnny Downs. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 1-3: "Lady Be Good," Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Ann Sothern; also "Blondie in Society," Penny Singleton. Arthur Lake. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "The Get-Away," Donna Reed, Robert Sterling; also "San Antonio Rose," Jane Frazee, Robert Paige.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Aloma of the South Seas," Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall: also "Badlands of Dakota," Frances Farmer, Broderick Crawford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "The Stars Look Down," Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams; also "The Great Swindle," Jack Holt.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Wed., Nov. 5: **THE LITTLE FOXES,** Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon.. Nov. 3: "Aloma of the South Seas," Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall; also "Badlands of Dakota," Frances Farmer, Broderick Crawford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "The Stars Look Down," Margaret Lockwood. Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams; also "The Great Swindle," Jack Holt.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Oct. 31: "The Buccaneer," revival, Fredric March, Franciska Gaal: also "Too Many Husbands," revival, Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 1-4: **DIVE FOMBER,** Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray; also "Unexpected Uncle," Anne Shirley, James Craig. . . . From Wed., Nov. 5: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** revival. Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier; also "Third Finger, Left Hand," revival, Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Nov. 1: "Lady Be Good," Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Ann Sothern; also "Blondie in Society," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 2-3: "San Antonio Rose," Jane Frazee, Robert Paige; also "The Get-Away," Donna Reed, Robert Sterling. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: "When Ladies Meet," Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson; also "Double Cross," Wynne Gibson, John Miljan.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "West Point Widow," Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson; also "Tillie the Toiler," Kay Harris, William Tracy.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., Oct. 30: "The Villain Still Pursued Her," Anita Louise, Hugh Herbert; also "The Gorilla," revival, Anita Louise, the Ritz Brothers. . . . From Fri., Oct. 31: **THE LITTLE FOXES,** Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "Sing Another Chorus," Jane Frazee, Johnny Downs.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Life Begins for Andy Hardy," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "World Premiere," John Barrymore, Frances Farmer. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: "Lady Be Good," Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Ann Sheridan; also "Blondie in Society," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Nov. 5: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford.

SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., Oct. 30: **THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS,** Betty Field, John Wayne; also "Ringside Maisie," Ann Sothern, George Murphy. . . . Fri. and Sat., Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **DIVE BOMBER,** Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray; also "Accent on Love," George Montgomery, Cobina Wright, Jr. . . . Sun. through Wed., Nov. 2-5: "Blossoms in the Dust," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; also "Whistling in the Dark," Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "When Ladies Meet," Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson; also "Ice-Capades," Dorothy Lewis, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "Sweetheart of the Campus," Ruby Keeler, Ozzie Nelson; also "Two in a Taxi," Anita Louise, Russell Hayden.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Sun Valley Serenade," Sonja Henie, John Payne; also "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: "Life Begins for Andy Hardy," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "World Premiere," John Barrymore, Frances Farmer.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1010)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "West Point Widow," Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson; also "Tillie the Toiler," Kay Harris, William Tracy.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden, Glenn Ford. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 4-5: "West Point Widow," Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson; also "Tillie the Toiler," Kay Harris, William Tracy.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., Nov. 3: **UNFINISHED BUSINESS,** Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; also "The Smiling Ghost," Brenda Marshall, Wayne Morris. . . . From Tues., Nov. 4: **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON,** Walt Disney full-length film, with Robert Benchley; also "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie, Martha Raye.

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

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE spent a couple of days in the country last week, but the weather was bad and there wasn't much to do except read whatever books we could find in a library that had reached its maturity and died in 1920. For some reason or other, we chose Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and, skipping through it dreamily, we finally came on a section near the end called "A Forecast of the Next War." This began with a long report of a speech made in London by one Major General Sir Louis Jackson and prophesying new battles in which "mechanical transport [tanks]" would be "independent of the roads" and "countless more aeroplanes, bigger and much nastier bombs" might easily cause "the destruction of the greater part of London." Even in our coma, the paragraph in which Mr. Wells disposed of these grisly imaginings seemed to us timely and interesting, and, rereading the copy we made, it still does:

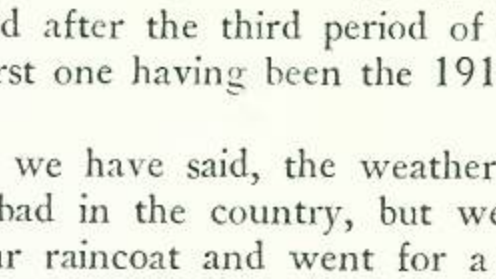
> But we will not go on with the details of this dream. For indeed no Utopia was ever so impossible as this forecast of a world in which scarcely anything but a very carefully sandbagged and camouflaged G.H.Q. would be reasonably safe, in which countless bombers would bomb the belligerent lands incessantly and great armies with lines of caterpillar transport roll to and fro, churning the fields of the earth into blood-streaked mud. There is not energy enough and no will whatever left in the world for such things. . . . The chief neglected factor in the calculations of Sir Louis is the fact that no people whatever will stand such warfare as he contemplates, not even the people on the winning side. . . . The Great War of 1914-18 was the culmination of the military energy of the Western populations, and they fought and fought well because they believed they were fighting "the war to end war." They were. German imperialism, with its organized grip upon education and its close alliance with an aggressive commercialism, was beaten and finished. . . . No European Government will ever get the same proportion of its people into the ranks and into its munition works again as the governments of 1914-18 did. Our world is very weak and feeble still (1920), but its war fever is over.

WHILE we were still thinking about Mr. Wells and prophets in general, we came on another quotation from an eminent source, this time in a newspaper interview with Dr. Hermann Rauschning, a former president of the Danzig Senate, now in exile.

"You know that National Socialists believe that the German people will gain the supremacy of the world after three wars," said Dr. Rauschning. "They compare the present era with the time of the three Punic wars. Carthage was destroyed only after the third war. Hitler thinks that Great Britain will be destroyed after the third period of war, the first one having been the 1914-18 war."

As we have said, the weather was very bad in the country, but we put on our raincoat and went for a long walk through the falling leaves and the rain. Once a low-flying plane went by through the clouds, but we saw no tanks.

NEVER having given a congressman so much as a free ride in a rumble seat, we are abashed by the largesse of the newspaper *PM*, which has offered to pay the fares of half a dozen congressmen all the way to London and back so they can find out what's been going on over there. It has been instructive, too, to observe the alacrity with which the six congressmen agreed



to go, for it suggests that these humble members of the legislative branch had been itching to make the trip all along but would never have been able to swing it if *PM* hadn't come across with the expense money. You can argue, of course, that this picture of six representatives of the people being thus subsidized by a daily newspaper isn't one old Mr. Jefferson would have admired and is one that must have given old Mr. Hearst a twinge of nostalgia. On the other hand, when a newspaper so candidly admits that our congressmen can't find out what is going on in the world by reading the newspapers, but must go to the scene of action in order to get the facts, you can say that the newspaper has let a rather lively cat out of the bag, but you can't say that it hasn't got the courage of its convictions.

WE have a theory about what happened to those twenty thousand tank cars the railroads seem to have mislaid. The other day, it appears, Salt Lake City police found that two pieces of very heavy machinery had been stolen from a local machine shop. The only clues they had were footprints, ob-



viously made by the burglar, of a tiny pair of bare feet which might have belonged to a six-year-old child. For us that was the tipoff, and we'd like to bet that if the railroads look about for their tank cars they will find the same tiny barefoot prints. They were made by pixies, and we think the best thing anybody can do is put out a nice, warm saucer of milk.

THOSE liberal weeklies, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, are old friends of ours. We love them for their fine, austere butcher-paper stock, their regular weekly tone of indignant woe, their paragraphs always headed "Trou-

ble in Transjordania" or "Treachery in Tunis," their editorials that invariably end, "We shall see what Attorney General Biddle has to say about this" or "We think that Reza Shah Pahlevi will have cause to regret his shortsightedness." Recently, however, the *New Republic* has been falling out of line. A few weeks ago it devoted one of its editorial paragraphs to an anecdote about an English noblewoman who scooped up the remains of her American dinner guest's dessert (an eggless custard) and ate it. That was the whole editorial: no political reference, no moral, not even a concluding "We shall see what Lord Woolton has to say about this"—nothing, in fact, except the harmless little joke and the vast editorial silence. We think that the editors of the *New Republic* will have cause to fire somebody.

Fan

SOME kind of workman—a turner-off of air-conditioning, or a turner-on of heat—was making the rounds of the offices in one of our big corporations and finally arrived at the boss's private office. He was told that the boss was inside, working, and that he would have to come back after three-thirty, when the boss would be gone for the day. The fellow seemed hurt. "It might interest him to know that the president of the National City Bank *enjoyed* watching me work," he murmured.

Putzi's Progress

ERNST FRANZ SEDGWICK ("PUTZI") HANFSTAENGL, Harvard '09, has been somewhat shouldered aside by current events, and some young people may not even recognize the name as that of Adolf Hitler's onetime publicity agent, ghost writer, and private pianist. For the record, he broke with Hitler in 1937 and went to live in London. He was in this country a year before the outbreak of war, travelling under his mother's name, Sedgwick, which, according to a friend of Putzi's who saw a good deal of him during that visit, didn't even fool night-club waiters. This same friend also told us how, with Putzi, he attended an ephemeral Broadway production which turned out to be about the murder of a German refugee who is killed by Nazi agents to prevent his telling all. For a man presumably in a position to tell all, and to get murdered, Putzi took it all very calmly, this man thought. "It was marvellous," he told us.



Putzi was among the first interned aliens shipped off from England to a Canadian concentration camp, and that's where he is now. His acquaintances around town, who shall be nameless but who are legion, think he's making out O.K. He maintains as steady a correspondence as the Canadian censors permit. Recently he asked one of his friends here to send him a pair of heavy black oxfords, size 12-D, and a copy of Racine's "Phèdre." This would indicate a life of bookish solitude, broken by healthful strolls. French literature, Racine in particular, is a new enthusiasm for Putzi, who used to speak the language very badly. One of his first requests was for a French grammar and a Larousse, and now, after a year's study, he pronounces Racine "a marvellous mind." A peaceful, harmless existence for a fellow supposed by some journalists to be one of the half-dozen men who know the truth about the Reichstag fire.

Winner

WE'VE heard of a young man whose only failing is a compulsion to enter advertising slogans in contests which may bring you an airplane, a house, or an income for life, not to mention a host of lesser awards for the runners-up. He can never let a contest go by and was considerably alarmed, on an evening some months ago, to find that one of the Ivory Soap competitions closed that midnight. The rules provided merely that the contestant tell, in twenty-five words or less, why he liked Ivory Soap. Hastily, he wrote on a postal card, "I like Ivory Soap because I like Ivory Soap," and mailed it. He has just been notified that this entry was awarded a prize of five dollars.

Wrong Numbers

ONE of the tenderest miracles of the machine age is the fact that although the dial system theoretically eliminates the possibility of getting a wrong number, it also leaves the Telephone Company no ironclad way of checking up on people who say they *have* got wrong numbers; refunds are made largely on faith (as, indeed, all things should be made, probably). We got this information direct from a representative of the Telephone Company, their Mr. Wellbaum, one of whose duties it is to deal with reporters inquiring about wrong numbers. "Oh, hell!" said Mr. Wellbaum when we approached him. "We have no wrong-number problem. Why should you come here asking about wrong numbers?" We soothed him by telling him we intended to pay our October bill and adding that it has been our observation that everybody in the city regards the dial system as a great success. Mr. Wellbaum told us how wrong numbers occur under the dial system and what is done about them.

In the first place, the company's own little Gallup poll, the Service Observation Department, has computed that out of every thousand calls made, fourteen result in wrong numbers. Works out to 1.4%. This figure becomes more impressive when you realize that in New York City an average of 8,943,755 calls is made every twenty-four hours. This means that every day 125,213 residents of New York, or the equivalent of the entire population of the State of Nevada, are called up by people who want to talk to somebody else. Now, the Service Observation Department, which observes service by following the course of one-tenth of one per cent of all calls made, says that responsibility for wrong numbers is divided 21-79, in the company's favor. The customer is wrong 79% of the time. The commonest faults are calling a number without verifying it in the directory, dialling the black "O" instead of the red zero, not pulling the dial all the way to the little hook or forcing it back, and we forget what all. The company's 21% error comes in through calls in which operators are involved or, once in a dog's age, when the machinery goes wrong.

The Telephone Company is prepared to protect you from yourself if you dial a nonexistent number by mistake. The call automatically goes to an "intercepting operator" and she says, "What number are you calling, pleeuzz?" When you tell her, she consults a directory of her exchange, which gives the exact status of every number (temporarily or permanently disconnected, changed, or out of order), and, if she doesn't find the number you dialled listed, advises you to look it up or consult Information. Of course, if from an ordinary phone you coincidentally call a number which really exists and is in working order, the call is charged to you as being a completed call. This is automatic. In such instances, how-

ever, the Telephone Company will bear the burden of your mistake if you dial the operator and tell her about it. She makes out a credit slip. If you should hastily conclude that this could be turned into a nice little racket (which no one has tried yet), we can advise you that the Telephone Company would get mighty suspicious of anybody who claimed too many refunds for wrong numbers. In the case of coin boxes, wrong-number complaints are handled differently. The patron is given the right number free or, if he prefers, five cents in stamps will be sent to his address.



"She's the only one I know who ever gets the meat out of Humperdinck."

• •

At Ease

AS far as one buck private we know of is concerned, the defense program has come to a standstill. This fellow reported sick, with a mild sore throat, and was told that his tonsils would have to come out. He went to the hospital, where a surgeon looked him over, agreed that a tonsillectomy was in order, and put him to bed. That was two weeks ago, and nothing more has happened officially. The recruit has learned by grapevine that the doctor was transferred to another camp. He's kept his mouth shut, as his meals are brought to him and he has plenty of time for reading. The sore throat has cleared up O.K., too.

The F.B.I. at Home

OUR recent "Reporter at Large" piece in which Harry Bridges was quoted at length about the pranks he had played on the G-men who were trailing him mentioned the local offices of the F.B.I., down in the U.S. Courthouse building on Foley Square. We had heard that Walter Winchell's Elite Guard has a surprisingly large establishment locally, and last week we made a point of going down to the U.S. Courthouse, just to see what we could see. Well, the F.B.I. offices are on the sixth floor, and the first thing you see is a rather gorgeous blonde receptionist, who presides over a round waiting room chastely decorated with framed graphs and charts dealing with such topics as "Annual Crime Trends" and "Distribution of Arrests by Age Groups." We sent in our name, and in due time the F.B.I.'s Mr. Brathen, a young and affable G-man, appeared; we explained that we were a curious citizen, and he led us down a corridor and into an immense room where three or four dozen men were working at desks. We were invited to sit at an empty desk while Mr. Brathen arranged a tour of inspection, and it was while we were waiting that we had our sole glimpse of a detective at work. The fellow sitting at the desk behind ours put in a call to the National



"So this is the Mr. Waring who has made such a great impression on my little girl."

• •

Broadcasting Company and inquired, "Does Budd Hulick, formerly of the team of Stoopnagle and Budd, broadcast over N.B.C.?" After receiving his answer, he said, "Thanks. I was supposed to find that out," and hung up. Dick Tracy couldn't have done it better.

We were presently taken in to see Mr. Percy Foxworth, Assistant Director of the F.B.I. and head man in New York. He's a stocky young man of thirty-five or so, with a trace of Southern accent. There was a man fooling with his telephone, and we impulsively asked if this had to do with wire-tapping. "He's only a man who's installing the telephone," Mr. Foxworth said, kindly. "I'm just moving into this office—used to be Mr. Hoover's." Scattered about the office were several foot-high cardboard photographic cutouts of Mr. Hoover, but we couldn't bring ourself to ask whether they represented Mr. Hoover's or Mr. Foxworth's taste in office decoration. Mr. Foxworth remarked that things were humming down there, on account of work connected with the defense effort, and that the total New York force of office workers and investigators is now six hundred, or about three times the former number.

Going on a tour of the offices, we saw a big room full of busy stenographers, two or three dozen of them. "Reports, reports, reports," Mr. Foxworth explained. Obligingly, he opened up the big vault where the firearms are stored, and we noticed that the supply was rather small. Mr. Foxworth explained that the bulk of the arsenal is in Peekskill, where the F.B.I. maintains a target range at which the men are required to practice once a month. We also saw the communications room, with a big switchboard and teletype machines connecting the New York office with Washington and, through that, with all the other field offices, which are fifty-five in number. We had a peek at the photographic laboratory, equipped for motion-picture, enlarging, and photostatic work, and then we went down in a private elevator to see the garage where the official cars are kept. There's a shooting range down there also. Mr. Foxworth turned on the mechanism which makes the moving targets move, and then told us that there was nothing more to see in the New York offices of the F.B.I. We thanked him and took our leave, closely followed by two men with their hatbrims pulled down over their eyes. One of them is peeking through our transom right now.

Nothing for Granted

BY devious means, we have learned of a deathless line spoken in the country house of Lifetimefortuneditor Henry Robinson Luce. Mr. Luce was sitting at dinner with some guests when the butler approached him softly and breathed, "Mrs. Luce is calling from Manila, Mr. Luce. Will you speak with her?"

Pollen Man

WHILE many of our readers were seeing Walt Disney's new picture one day last week, we personally were sitting in a hotel room watching Mr. Disney himself imitate a bee. This is the age of journalistic privilege. "In the studio, I'm the bee that carries the pollen," Mr. Disney told us. Rising, in illustration, he held out his two cupped hands, filled with invisible pollen, and walked across the room and stood in front of a chair. "I've got to know whether an idea goes here," he said, dumping some pollen into the chair, "or here," he went on, hurrying to our side of the room and dumping the rest of the pollen on our knees. "Do you draw any more at all?" we asked. "If I do, I don't show my drawings to any of my artists," he said, walking about restlessly. "I've got too many good artists out there. To draw, you've got to get off to yourself. You've got to have nothing else on your mind. I have to talk so much I can't draw. Suppose I'm making a new character like Dumbo. Well, who the hell *is* he?

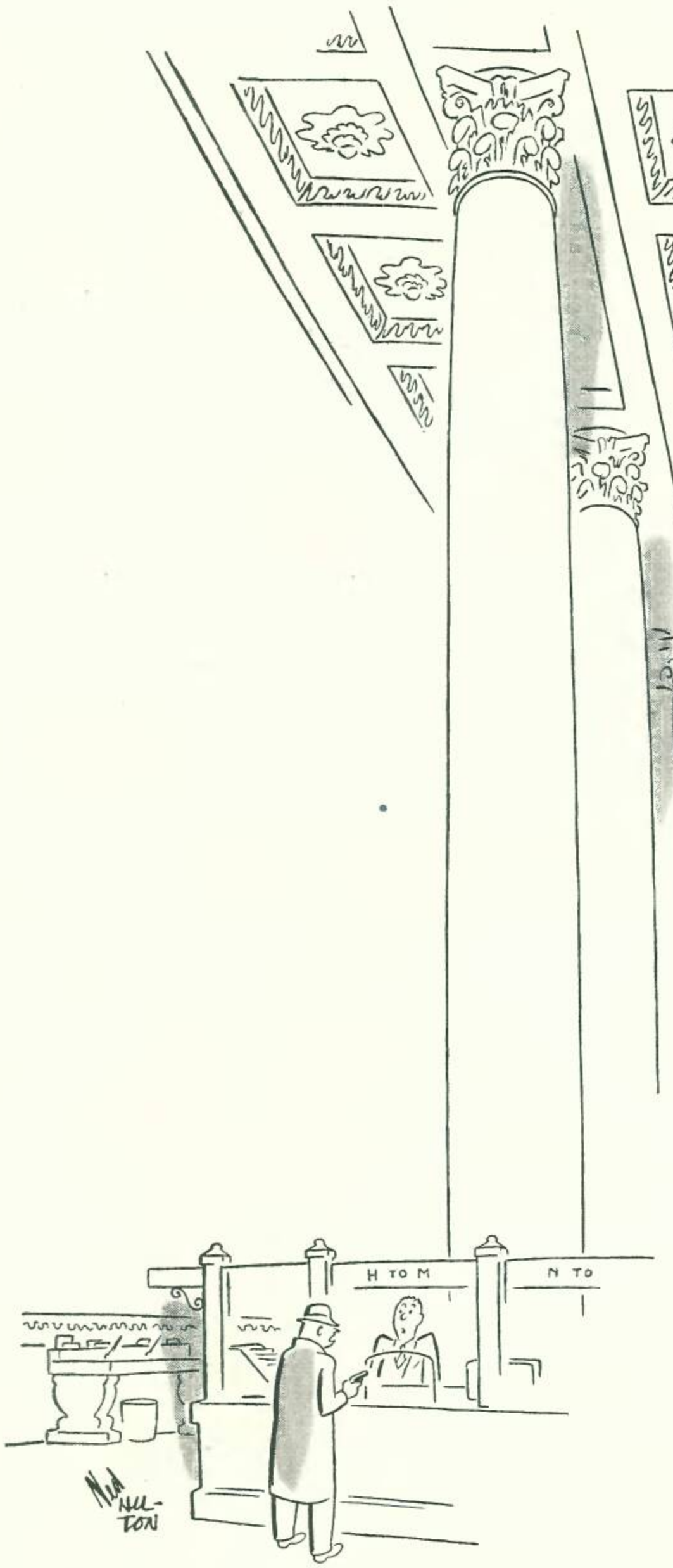
What's he like? What does he feel? Can you make him fly? You've got to keep experimenting, and you've got to keep talking and throwing away a lot of stuff."

Mr. Disney, it developed, has been in South America for the last six weeks or so, gathering pollen for a series of shorts he intends to produce, based on that continent. He took with him, in addition to Mrs. Disney and a sister-in-law, a director and an assistant director, three artists to make sketches of typical South American scenes, three artists to make sketches of typical South American characters, two writers who concentrated on ideas for stories, a composer, and an animator. They flew to Rio and from there to Buenos Aires and on to Santiago, where the Disneys took a ship for New York, leaving the rest of the troupe to fly on independently through Peru, Ecuador, etc. "We were getting lots of stuff," Mr. Disney explained, "but when I saw that boat in Santiago I decided to let the boys finish up by themselves. I've got good men working for me. You know, the hardest thing to get is a good man who has a sense of humor. A man with a dramatic sense but no sense of humor is almost sure to go arty on you. But if he has a really *good* dramatic sense, he'll have a sense of humor along with it. He'll give you a little gag when you need it. Sometimes, right in the middle of a dramatic scene, you've got to have a little gag. I'm going to make these South American pictures simple and not arty. The best way is to work off the cuff. Don't have any script but just go along and nobody knows what's going to happen until it's happened. That was the way we did with 'Snow White.' I'd say to a songwriter, 'Look, at this point we got to have a song that expresses love,' and he'd write one. 'What the hell happens next?' the boys would ask me. 'I don't know, but let's try this,' I would say.

"After the South American stuff, I may try to make a picture with live actors in it. I'd like to do that. I'd cut out about half of the dialogue, first of all. Then I'd work animation in, only you wouldn't know it was animation. I don't want any more headaches like the 'Nutcracker Suite.' In a thing like that, you got to animate all those flowers, and boy, does that run into dough! All that shading. That damn thing cost two hundred thousand dollars—just the one 'Nutcracker Suite.' We're getting back to straight-line stuff, like 'Donald Duck' and the 'Pigs.' But to do that you got to watch out for the boys with the dramatic sense and no sense of humor or they'll go arty on you. You got to keep feeding them pollen."

Labor Trouble

A GRIM delegation of pickets arrived the other day at a drugstore in the East Fifties, unlimbered their signs, and proceeded to picket the place. One of the pickets was a young man who, though earnest and energetic, was evidently new to the work. At least, that's the only conclusion we can draw from the fact that when he ran out of cigarettes, he went into the drugstore and bought more. His colleagues gave him quite a talking-to.



"Reach for the ceiling!"

THE MARE'S NEST

(A HANDY COMPENDIUM OF THE NEW YORK POST'S COLUMN, "THE LYONS DEN," SUITABLE FOR DAILY READING IN CITY AND SUBURB)

George S. Kaufman, the wit, was to have luncheon at Lindy's with Bob Hope, the screen actor. Kaufman waited an hour and Hope didn't show up. Eddie Cantor, the comedian, joined Kaufman at this point. "Let's have some luncheon, George," suggested Cantor. "We might as well," quipped Kaufman, "because I've given up Bob." Hope, it subsequently turned out, had merely forgotten the appointment.

* * *

Mayor LaGuardia: *There was once a U.S. Congressman from New York with the same name as yours is.*

* * *

Herbert Bayard Swope, former editor of the old *Globe*, was motoring in Pennsylvania recently. Suddenly he noticed that he was passing through a place called "Washington's Crossing." Asking his chauffeur to stop, he vacated the car and investigated. The place was on the bank of the Delaware River. It was there, it seems, that George Washington, the First President, originally crossed the Delaware. Hence the name of the place: "Washington's Crossing."

* * *

"Nine years ago," confides Vinton Freedley, at the Stork, "an unknown playwright offered us a new play he had just written. His name was Clifford Odets. We turned down the play. Subsequently, I learned that this was the same Clifford Odets who later on became nationally famous. We are asking Odets to attend the opening of our first production this year, a musical called 'Spring Banter'—next Tuesday."

* * *

Postmaster General Frank C. Walker: *In some of the office buildings here in New York there is a device helpful to postmen. You place a letter in a "chute" on whichever floor you happen to be on. Gravity carries the letter to the ground floor. There it enters a box. The postman then opens this box and takes the letter to the main post office, along with other letters in the box. Saves him the nuisance of going from floor to floor of each office building to collect letters.*

* * *

Moss Hart, at the Stork, confides that he is naming his Bucks County farm "*Cherchez la Femme*," which is French for "Find the Farm" . . . When Alexander Woollcott lived at River House he called his apartment "Wit's End," River House being at the end of a crosstown street . . . There is a well-known brand of candy called "Martha Washington." Doubtless suggested by the name of the First President's daughter Martha . . . Edna Ferber has an arresting name for her new dog: Rover . . . Before Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was Mayor, there was a U. S. Congressman from New York possessing the identical name that his is.

* * *

Quentin Reynolds, the famous correspondent, and Averell Harriman, head of the United States mission to Russia, were discussing the Russian Revolution at the Stork on New Year's Eve last year. "Wasn't it Lenin who led the Russian Revolution?" interrogated Harriman. "Yes—Lenin," returned Reynolds. Reynolds subsequently became the official press representative of the United States mission to Russia—of which Harriman was the head!

* * *

When Mark Twain was still living, newspapers carried a report of his death. Wishing to correct the erroneous report, Twain declared: "The report of my death is entirely inaccurate." The report was subsequently corrected in the press.

* * *

Bob Hope, the screen actor, confides that he was to have had luncheon with Eddie Cantor, the comedian, at Lindy's. Cantor subsequently forgot the appointment and while Cantor sat irritated, waiting for him, George S. Kaufman, the wit, joined him. "Let's have luncheon," insisted Cantor, "because I've given up Bob."

* * *

Chief Justice Stone: *Your predecessor, Chief Justice Hughes, was noted for his flowing white beard. He once went to a barbershop at the Nation's Capital and, after the barber had cut his hair, the barber queried absent-mindedly: "Shave?" "No," retorted Chief Justice Hughes, chuckling.*

* * *

Averell Harriman, financial backer of the newspaper *PM*, and Marshall Field, head of the United States mission to Russia, were discussing Quentin Reynolds, the famous correspondent, at the Stork. They were joined by Vinton Freedley. "Quentin Reynolds once submitted a play to us," confided Freedley. "We turned it down. Upon subsequent investigation, I learned that this was the same Quentin Reynolds who eventually became nationally famous. I've asked him to our opening of 'Spring Banter,' a musical, next Tuesday." This was previous to Reynolds going to Russia as the official press representative of the United States mission.

* * *

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Grover B. Hill: *Many farmers in recent years have been using a machine that works on much the same principle as the military tank. Called "tractors" because, working on much the same principle as the military tank, they have potent traction and can cross rough fields, etc.*

* * *

Herbert Bayard Swope, Mayor LaGuardia, and George S. Kaufman were discussing Moss Hart at the Stork. They were joined by Hart. "I've named my Bucks County farm *'Cherchez la Femme,'*" quipped Hart, "because women have such a difficult time finding things." "At the spot where George Washington crossed the Delaware River," interposed Swope, "is a place called 'Washington's Crossing.'" Kaufman was waiting for Bob Hope, the screen actor, but finally asseverated he would wait no longer. Amazing that there was once a U. S. Congressman from New York whose name was exactly similar with that of LaGuardia's.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY


Richard Deppe

5135 KENSINGTON

OCTOBER, 1903

AGNES and Tootie Smith had hurried through their dinner and now stood in front of the asbestos gas grate in their room. They were in their underwear, and although their legs burned with the heat of the flames, their backs were chilly. Tootie held a piece of ruled paper in her hands and looked at it thoughtfully. On the page was a picture of a black cat and under it the word "BEWARE" was printed in heavy black pencil. "I wonder who could have done it," Tootie said.

Agnes' gray eyes were scornful. She straightened her thin little shoulders and turned around to warm her back. "I'd ignore it," she said. "Probably Grandpa did it. Or the girls."

"But it wasn't *inside* the house," Tootie said. "It was slipped under the front door. And I asked Grandpa, and Rose, and Esther, and they swore they'd never laid eyes on it before."

"Papa, then," Agnes said.

"Papa can't draw. At least, he can only draw men in derby hats. He can't draw cats. I've never known him to." Tootie fidgeted nervously. "Besides, there was that letter."

Agnes laughed shrilly. "That letter!" she repeated. "That letter, if you noticed, was postmarked 'Princeton, New Jersey.' It was from Lon."

"It never was!" Tootie cried. "At least, I couldn't see that it was postmarked 'Princeton.' And inside it was marked 'Holyrood Cemetery,' *and* signed 'Peter Stuyvesant, deceased.' You know what 'deceased' means, don't you? It means 'dead'!" She stared at the fire, at the yellow flame edged with blue, until her eyes grew fixed.

"Even if it wasn't in Lon's handwriting, it was from Lon, all right," Agnes said. "You ought to know your own brother by now. He's always going on about banshees, and there were banshees in that letter. And even if it isn't from Lon and banshees are going to meet us down by the ashpit, we don't have to meet *them*."

Tootie clutched at her sister's arm. "What was that?"

They listened. Somewhere in the distance they heard the sound of moans. As the moans grew louder, they faced each other, their eyes wide and startled.

"It's from down by the ashpit," Tootie said in a whisper.

They stood, scarcely breathing, until they heard their mother's steps in the upstairs hall. Tootie loosed her clutch on Agnes' arm as Mrs. Smith entered the room. She carried two pairs of Lon's pajamas over her arm, and she smiled comfortingly. "Here we are," she said.

They looked at her solemnly. "Where are Rose and Esther?" Tootie asked.

"Rose and Esther?" Their mother's voice was casual. "Why, they're downstairs in the parlor, I believe."

"Where's Papa?" Agnes asked.

"Playing solitaire." Mrs. Smith unfolded the pajamas and held them toward the fire to warm them.

"Where's Grandpa?" Tootie drew closer to her mother and waited anxiously for her reply.

"In his room burning some cork for your hands. And Katie is washing the dinner dishes. What *has* got into you?"

Another moan came from out of the darkness, a moan that ended in a shriek.

"Well," Tootie said, "what a funny noise!"

"What *are* you talking about?" Mrs. Smith asked. "I didn't hear any funny noise. I can hear the trolley at the corner, but I wouldn't call that a funny noise."

Agneslaughed. "Oh, Tootie thinks there are banshees down by the ashpit, like it said in that letter from Lon," she said. "At least, it must have been from Lon, because it was postmarked 'Princeton.'"

Mrs. Smith frowned and shook her head.



"Of course, in times like these I suppose we ought to make people laugh."

"That's strange," she said. "I never thought."

"Never thought what?" Tootie asked.

"Why, never thought that Lon isn't at Princeton. He wrote me three or four days ago that he was going to New York for a little visit. I suppose I forgot to mention it to you." Mrs. Smith shook the trousers of one pair of pajamas and stooped down, holding it so that Tootie could step into the legs.

Tootie put her legs into the pajama pants automatically.

"Be careful and don't run over Mrs. Wagner's lawn," Mrs. Smith said. "It's covered with manure."

"We never run over her lawn," Agnes said. "She's nice. We're going to run over Mrs. Johnson's lawn, and we're going to carry away her bench and doormat if she hasn't put them away. We're going to absolutely wreck the Waughops', aren't we, Tootie?"

Tootie fastened the pajamas tightly around her waist. "I'm going to do a lot of things," she said. "There's no telling what I'm going to do."

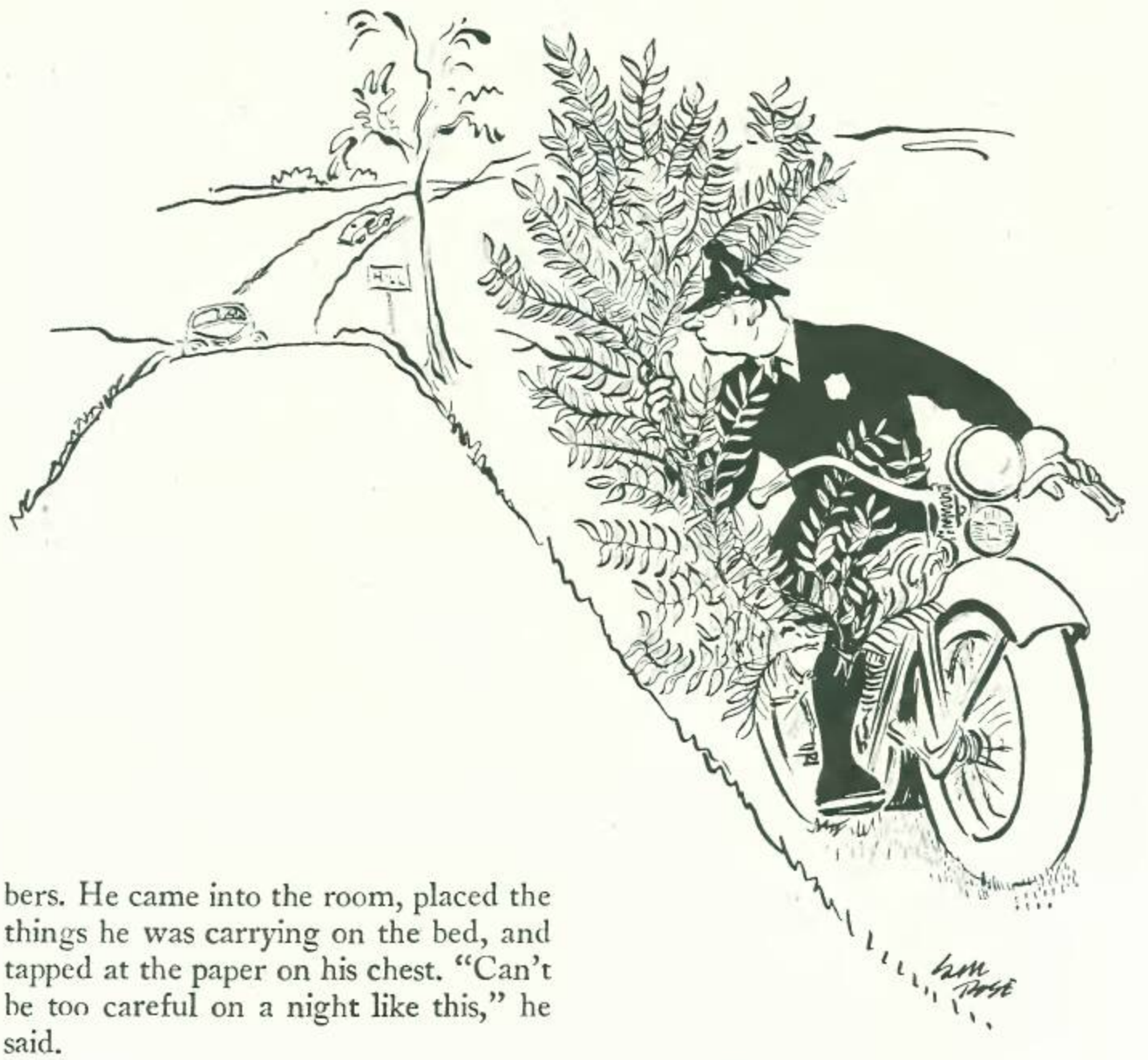
"Well," Mrs. Smith said, "you know, of course, that I don't approve of any of this. I don't see why you can't stay quietly at home and play Halloween games."

Agnes buttoned her pajama jacket. It was too big and the sleeves were too long. Mrs. Smith, looking at her shining, light-brown hair, her delicate features, and her slender hands, smiled to herself. "She wouldn't frighten a mouse," she thought. Out loud, she said, "Mrs. Wagner says to be careful of her hammock. She'll send Harry down to get it from the pile at the end of the street in the morning. She asked me to tell you *please* to put it on the top of the pile, where it won't get torn."

"Oh, we'll do that, all right," Agnes said. "It's the Johnsons and the Waughops we're really after. They're the ones who'll wish they'd never been born."

"They will just about faint," Tootie said.

Mrs. Smith walked to the door and called across the hall, "You can make them up now, Father!"



GRANDPA PROPHATER crossed the hall carrying two false faces, a piece of burnt cork, two small paper bags filled with flour, and two pieces of soap. He wore a maroon velvet smoking jacket and across his breast he had pinned a sheet of paper covered with strange hieroglyphics. Tootie and Agnes saw that he was also wearing his rubbers. He came into the room, placed the things he was carrying on the bed, and tapped at the paper on his chest. "Can't be too careful on a night like this," he said.

Tootie danced in front of him, the legs of her pajamas flapping. "What's it for?" she asked. "What does it *mean?*"

"What does it *mean?*" Grandpa Prophater repeated. "*That* I can't tell you. *That* is a secret I have with *him*." He pointed down to the floor.

"Papa?" Tootie asked.

"Papa!" Agnes exclaimed derisively. "He means the devil, of course. Don't you, Grandpa?"

Grandpa Prophater drew his thick eyebrows together in a frown and his black eyes sparkled. "Don't say that name," he whispered. "He doesn't like *anyone* to say his name."

"Now, Father," Mrs. Smith said.

"You're right, Anna," he said. He looked down at the sign and muttered to himself, as though he could read the strange words printed there.

"What have you got your rubbers on for?" Agnes asked.

"Protection," Grandpa Prophater answered. "There's been a little lightning in the air, even though the stars are out. If I were you, I'd wear my rubbers."

Tootie looked thoughtfully down at her feet. "I will," she said. She picked up her false face from the bed and fastened it on. It was a brightly colored face with a shock of red hair, a large, bulbous nose, and thick red lips. The holes for the nostrils came to the top of her upper lip and she had difficulty breathing. She held out her hands to Grandpa Prophater and he rubbed the backs of them with burnt cork.

Agnes' false face was a ghastly white skeleton's head. Below it, her slim white neck looked pink, and her braids shone in the soft gaslight.

Tootie screamed at the sight of her. "You look horrible! Simply horrible! I'd never know you!"

Agnes ran to the cheval glass and gasped. "I look terrible," she said. "I can't believe it's me." She turned toward Tootie. "You look terrible, too. You look like a drunken ghost."

"That's what I want to look like!" Tootie cried. "A drunken ghost! You're a horrible ghost and I'm a terrible drunken ghost."

"You were killed in a den of thieves," Agnes said. "And I died of a broken heart. I've never even been buried, simply because I was never found."

There was a rustling sound on the ground under the two front windows, followed by a loud groan. Grandpa Prophater clutched the sign on his chest and bowed his head. "You wouldn't catch me going out tonight," he said. "Not in a million years."

Agnes laughed, but there was no mirth in her laughter. "It's the girls," she said. "I'm pretty sure I heard Esther giggle."

"I dare you to go and see," Tootie said. "I dare you to go down the back stairs all alone."

Even in the daylight, Tootie never

used the back stairs. At the landing, there was a purple-and-green stained-glass window, which admitted a subdued, ghostly light. Agnes ran to the doorway and looked across the hall. The hall light was on and the back stairs were not entirely dark. No weird light shone through the window at the landing. She hurried across the hall and down the stairs, while Tootie followed her, screaming. They ran through the kitchen into the dining room, where their father sat playing solitaire, and into the parlor, where Rose and Esther stood looking out of the big bay window.

"Have you been there all the time?" Agnes asked.

Rose turned around slowly, patting her hair, which was twisted into a neat figure eight at the nape of her neck. "Oh, hello," she said. "Been where?"

"Where you are now," Agnes answered.

"Why, no, we haven't," Rose said. "We were reading, and we thought we heard a noise."

"Not that it could be anything, *really*," Esther said. "I mean even if it is Halloween, no one believes in ghosts any more."

"There's a leaf on your skirt," Agnes said.

Esther stooped and picked it off, crushing it in her fingers. "I was sweeping the path before dinner," she said.

Mr. Smith got up from the table and stood at the double doors that opened into the parlor. "What's this about ghosts?" he asked.

"Agnes and Tootie thought they heard one," Rose answered. "I told them no one who had any sense believed in ghosts."

"A ghost should hold no terrors for *you* after your staying up until twelve last night listening to the gibberings of that Wade fellow," Mr. Smith said. He looked at Agnes and Tootie. "Who are these two young boys?"

Agnes and Tootie screamed delightedly, and Agnes ran toward her father and shook his arm. "It's me, Papa!" she cried. "Don't you know me? It's me. Agnes."

He lifted her false face. "So it is," he said. "Well, I must admit you had me fooled."

"We fooled him!" Tootie exclaimed proudly. "I guess if we fooled him, we can fool anybody."

Mrs. Smith came down the front stairs, followed by Grandpa Prophater, who was carrying the bags of flour and the two pieces of soap. "I think you'd better get started," Mrs. Smith said. "I don't want you out too late. Lonnie, tell them not to stay out too late."

Mr. Smith took out his watch and glanced at it. "Mind your mother," he said.

"You heard what your father said," Mrs. Smith told them. She went to the coat closet in the back hall and came back with Agnes' and Tootie's coats, which they slipped on obediently. Below Agnes' dark-blue coat and Tootie's brown one, their pajama pants and part of their pajama jackets showed. Grandpa Prophater handed them each a bag of flour and a piece of soap.

"When you ring the doorbells and people answer, don't throw too much flour," Mrs. Smith said. "A small handful will be plenty. And when you come back, you can have some cider and doughnuts."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tootie said.

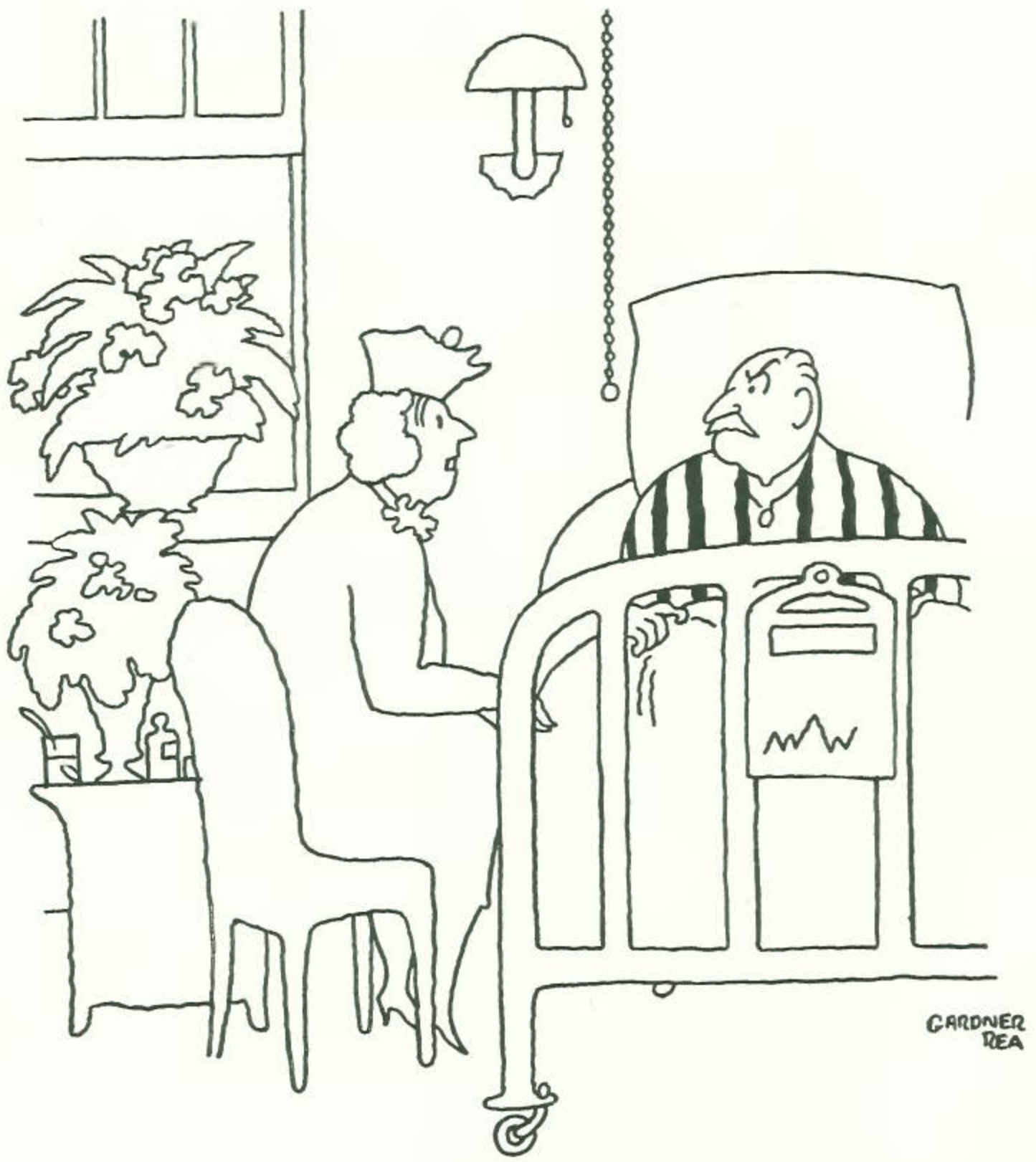
Mrs. Smith kissed her lightly on the top of her head and patted Agnes' shoulder. "Get along then," she said.

THE night was sharp and clear, and the air smelled of damp leaves and apples. The two little girls stood for a moment on the porch after the door had closed behind them. "I don't see anybody," Tootie said.

Agnes looked up and down the street. "I don't either," she said. She breathed the night air in as deeply as she could through her mask, and the smell of it mingled strangely with the musty odor of the painted canvas.

"We might as well begin on the Wagners," Tootie said.

They walked sedately down the cement steps to the sidewalk, and along the sidewalk under the street lamp to the next house. Mrs. Wagner had taken her hammock from the hooks of her front porch and had laid it invitingly folded on the floor. The two little girls tiptoed up the steps and picked it up cautiously. Mrs. Wagner, hearing them, peeked through the curtains of the living room. "It's Tootie and Agnes," she whispered to her husband. "I'm glad



"I was so sorry to hear you were laid up, General. Do you suspect sabotage?"



"Frankly, McCurdy, it is very discouraging to hear that Mrs. McCurdy has had another baby."

• •

they got here first. I told Anna to ask them to be careful, and I'm sure they will be. That is, I'm sure they *will* be careful unless Tootie gets carried away. She can be very rough when she gets carried away."

Agnes and Tootie walked silently down the street until suddenly, at the corner, they saw a flare of light. "There they are!" Tootie cried. "There are the rest of the kids. They're burning something."

"I don't think we'd better let them burn the hammock," Agnes said. "I don't think Mrs. Wagner would like it." She turned her false face toward Tootie, and through the sockets of the skeleton Tootie could see Agnes' eyes, gray and determined.

They carried Mrs. Wagner's hammock to the nearest lawn and put it down gently. Then they ran silently and swiftly toward the small, dark figures that danced around the sheet of flame at the end of the block. Although Agnes was four years older than Tootie, she could not run as fast. When Tootie ran it was as though nothing mattered except that she was going as fast as she could in the direction she wanted to go, while Agnes thought of how she looked running. Even in the dark she set her feet down daintily and swung her arms gracefully, conscious of her braids, hoping they weren't getting too mussed, reaching up occasionally to feel if her mask was at the proper angle. By the time she reached the group of children, Tootie was already throwing sticks and dried branches onto the fire. "I'm going to take the Johnsons," she was chanting.

"I'm going to take the Wades!" a boy shouted.

"The Weyricks! The Laceys! The Ferrises! The Tevises!" The shrill young voices called out the names of their victims.

Agnes stood back from the bonfire, panting a little. The dancing, screaming children frightened her more than the moans of the banshees down by the ashpit. As one of the children pushed her aside, she drew farther back into the shadows. Her hands were cold and the burnt cork made them feel dry. Tootie, dancing by, saw her standing there. "Look at Agnes!" she called. "Isn't she horrible! Isn't she the best! She looks the most terrible, so she should have the most terrible! She can have the Waughops!"

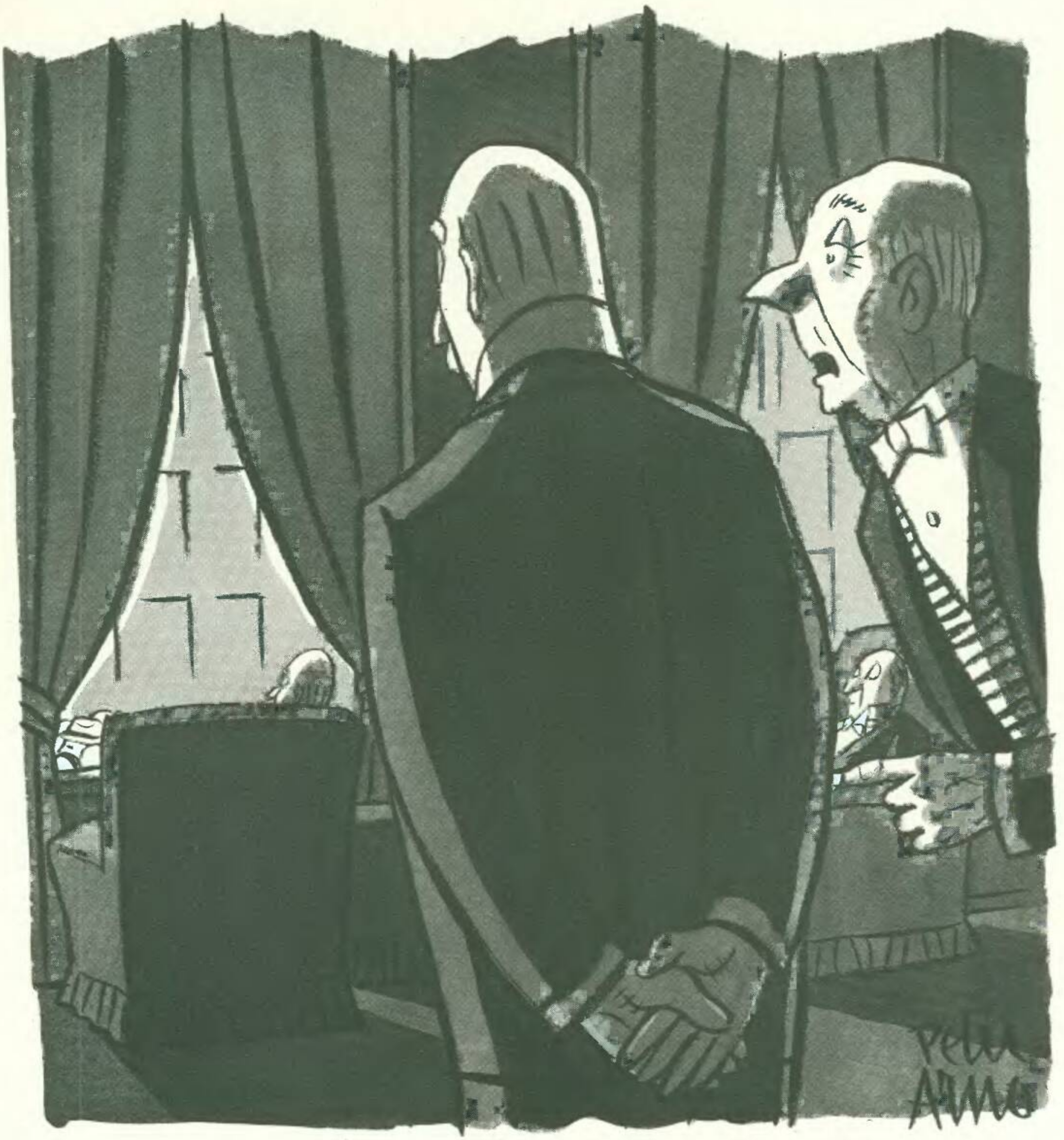
"The Waughops!" the children yelled. "Agnes Smith can have the Waughops!"

"The Waughops have a bulldog!" Tootie screeched. "Agnes may be torn to pieces by the Waughops' bulldog."

"I'm not afraid!" Agnes cried. She drew nearer the bonfire slowly and felt Tootie's warm hand in her own.

"You don't have to take the Waughops," Tootie said.

Agnes began to laugh. She reached down and picked up someone's doormat and threw it on the flames. "The Waughops for me!" she screamed. She swung Tootie violently around and ran up the street, passing the Laceys' house, the Ferrises', the Yules', the Weyricks', the Cavanaughs', the Wagners', her own house, and on until she reached the Waughops', which was the last house on the block. She stopped abruptly halfway up the slope of their terraced lawn. The soles of her feet tingled, her eyes smarted with tears, and her nose was running. She lifted her mask and wiped her nose on the edge of her pajama sleeve. There was a light in the Waughops' parlor, and through the curtains she could see Mr. and Mrs. Waughop. His head was bent over the



"Beg pardon, sir, but have you noticed
Mr. Hopkins seems to be settling slowly to the right?"

• •

evening paper, but the curve of his nose, the thick back of his neck, looked cruel and forbidding. Agnes remembered that the Waughops never hung a Christmas wreath on their door and that they never had a tree. She remembered the way Mrs. Waughop had looked at her the time she had almost bumped into her on her skates. She thought of the Waughops' bulldog and of how he slobbered and his eyes, which had a film over them.

Silently, she crept up the terrace. The ground was hard and slippery. The bench that usually stood at the edge of the lawn was not there and, glancing toward the porch, she saw that the chairs had been put away. She crept closer to the house until she stood beneath the parlor window, where she crouched, feeling the bricks with her cold, thin hand. The bricks felt hard and rough, and she noticed that they were a dirty shade of yellow and not warm and red

like the bricks of her own house. It occurred to her that she was able to get so close to the house because there were no flowers or bushes planted there, not even the dried stumps of any. She listened, and could hear no leaves blowing across the lawn. She raised herself up cautiously until she could see plainly into the room. A round table stood in the centre of the room and in the middle of the table was a lamp with a dark-green shade. There were no books or magazines littering the top of the table and the light from the lamp looked dim, and she wondered if it always burned as low. Mr. Waughop sat bent forward to the light and, as she watched, he turned a page without looking up. At a farther distance from the light, Mrs. Waughop sat, her hands folded in her lap, rocking.

Agnes watched them, fascinated. Her body grew cramped and her hands numb. Far down the block she could hear the children screaming, but she stayed silent, half stooping, looking through the window. She would not move, she thought, until one of them spoke. One by one, Mr. Waughop turned the pages of the paper until he reached the last. Then he folded the paper neatly and tucked it into the pocket of his coat. He looked at Mrs. Waughop, and Mrs. Waughop nodded. Without speaking, he reached to turn off the light.

Agnes stood up quickly and ran toward the porch, and as the light went off in the parlor she rang the bell. The bell sounded like a shriek to her, but she stood facing the door until a light was turned on in the hall and the door was opened. Mr. Waughop looked down at her, his bulldog slobbering and wheezing at his side, and in back of him, like a shadow, was Mrs. Waughop. Mr. Waughop didn't speak. And Agnes reached up with one hand and lifted her mask until it sat like a hat on the top of her head. Her gray eyes were clear but not childlike. She put her hand in her coat pocket and, drawing out a handful of flour, she threw it into his face. "I hate you, Mr. Waughop," she said, calmly. Then panic overtook her and she ran down the steps, across the lawns, sobbing, until she reached her own house. She hurried to the back of the house and through the back door into the kitchen.

KATIE was stacking sugared doughnuts on a large platter. She had changed into a clean apron that billowed out white and crisp against the soft blue of her dress. A tray with a pitcher of cider and over two dozen glasses were on the kitchen table. Katie looked up at Agnes, and the expression on her face, which had been placid, grew serious. "Agnes!" she said. "What have you been up to?"

Agnes threw her arms around Katie and buried her head in the white apron. "The Waughops!" she sobbed.

"What did they do to you, now?" Katie asked. "Say the word to me and I'll go down there myself."



"They didn't do anything," Agnes said. She drew away from Katie and looked at her solemnly. "I threw flour at him," she said. "I killed him."

Katie sat down in the rocking chair and drew Agnes toward her. "There, now," she said. "There, now." She began to talk quietly, and as she talked she slipped Agnes' coat from her shoulders and began to rip the soft material of the pajamas until they were almost in shreds.

"Now, dry your eyes," she said, "and we'll go tell the folks. They're all in there, and more besides. Every no-account on the block."

She picked up the platter of doughnuts and, taking Agnes by the hand, she marched through the door into the dining room. The dining room was full of children. Tootie had got back and was sitting on her mother's lap, talking excitedly. Katie stooped to whisper in Agnes' ear, "Her and her lies." And then she lifted her head proudly and set the platter of doughnuts in the middle of the table. "Here's the one," she said, pulling Agnes forward. "Here's the one that's done it all. Here's the one that was chased to the back door of this very house with a fierce brute at her heels tearing her clothes to shreds." She picked a doughnut from the platter and stuffed it in Agnes' mouth. "The Waughops, the villains, are the people that this fearless child destroyed tonight."

Mrs. Smith moved Tootie gently from her lap and stood up. "Is she hurt?" she asked.

"Not a scratch on her," Katie said. "She outran that brute all the way from Waughops' to her own door in the pitch dark."

Grandpa Prophater pushed his way toward Agnes. He took a shred of her pajamas in his fingers and looked at it sharply. The pajamas, he noticed, were torn neatly in inch-wide strips from top to bottom, and they were very clean. He also noticed that Agnes wore no coat. He looked Katie straight in the eyes, and her eyes were blazing. "God help you, Katie Laughlin, when you enter your church Sunday morning," he said softly.

"I always told you," Katie said blandly, "that Agnes, for all she's so quiet, is the fiercest of the lot." Then she stepped back modestly so that the heroine could receive the acclaim that was due her from the common people.

—SALLY BENSON

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SOMEBODY'S BAD LUCK

A woman was crying as if she couldn't stop.
I listened, but I didn't know who lived there.
I watched an ambulance at the hospital door;
They were being very careful with the stretcher.
It was small, it was white, it must have been a child.
Somebody's bad luck.
The morning paper, under a big, blurred picture
Of a man with face turned aside, says . . .
No one I know.
Somebody's bad luck in the newsreels, last night.
Somebody's bad luck this morning in the streetcar,
Told by a short man with his back to me.
Somebody I saw downtown, looking sick, looking scared,
Nowhere to go. Somebody; no one I know.
Who?
Who's hurt?
Where is he now? Where are you?
I'm crying your name in the night everywhere. You.
I'm coming. Where are you?
I'm coming. Answer me. Where are you?

—JOHN HOLMES



PROFILES

THE TOOTH

COMMODORE DUTCH is a brassy little man who has made a living for the last forty years by giving an annual ball for the benefit of himself. "I haven't got a whole lot of sense," he likes to say, "but I got too much sense to work." On big showcards which he puts up in drinking places in the theatrical district, he advertises his ball, which is usually held in the spring, as "The Annual Party, Affair, Soirée & Gala Naval Ball of the Original Commodore Dutch Association." Dutch founded this organization in 1901, because he needed the name of a sponsor to print on tickets. At first he called it simply the Commodore Dutch Association, adding "original" eleven years ago. "It sounds more high-toned that way," he says. "It sounds like I got imitators." No meetings of the organization have ever been held, and its headquarters are wherever Dutch happens to be. He keeps all its records in his pockets. It has one active member and three hundred honorary members. Dutch is the active member. Among the honorary members are eighteen Tammany politicians, thirteen saloonkeepers, six fight managers, six night-club proprietors, four publishers of racing dope sheets, two executives of the New York Giants, the owner of a chain of barbershops, a bail bondsman, a subway contractor, the manager of a Turkish bath, and approximately one hundred and twenty-five professional gamblers. All these men occasionally give Dutch small sums of money; that is the only requirement for membership in the Original Commodore Dutch Association. Dutch refers to these sums as dues, a euphemism which makes some of his members snicker. Joe Madden, an ex-prizefighter, who keeps a West Fifty-sixth Street saloon in which sporting and society people hang out and who has been an honorary officer of the association for twenty-seven years, not long ago defined the attitude of many of the members when he introduced a friend to Dutch and remarked, "Commodore Dutch is a bum, but he's not an ordinary bum. He doesn't make touches; he collects dues. He's the fanciest bum in town." Dutch was not offended by this remark. He beamed at Madden and said, "Thanks, pal."

Dutch lets each member decide how much dues he should pay. "You're the doctor," he says. "Give me what you think is right. I'll take anything from two bits to a million dollars." Practically every time a member pays dues, Dutch hands him a Gala Naval Ball ticket. Dutch keeps a supply in his pockets and passes out hundreds every year; they take the place of receipts. On the back of them, Dutch always writes, with a flourish, "O.K. Pd. Member in Good Standing. C. Dutch (signed)." Only a few members attend the ball, and some do not believe that he actually gives it. Less than twenty-five showed up for the last one, which was held on April 30th in the back room of an obscure Third Avenue saloon. Dutch's feelings were not hurt. "When my constituents show their respect for me by coming to my swaree, I am gratified," he once said, "only I don't mind admitting that the main thing I am innarested in is dues."

The Original Commodore Dutch Association has a profusion of officers and committeemen, all appointed by Dutch. Their names are printed each year on the showcards with which the ball is advertised. Some of these men dislike seeing their names in print, so their nicknames are used. On the most recent card, interspersed among such names as Herbert H. Lehman, Robert F. Wagner, and Alfred E. Smith, are nicknames like Big Yaffie, Little Yaffie, Gin Buck, Senator Gut, Eddie the Plague, Johnny Basketball, and Swiss Cheese. With the exception of Swiss Cheese, who is the retired operator of a private detective agency, all these nicknamed men are connected with horse racing. Swiss Cheese is called that for two reasons; he has a sallow, pockmarked face, and he is a passionate yodeller. He likes to get pie-eyed, then go to Salvation Army street meetings and make a nuisance of himself by yodelling hymns. At the Gala Naval Ball he is a star performer.

There are at present thirty-two officers of the association, and Dutch is constantly adding to the list. He holds the highest office, Founder and Standard Bearer. Just beneath him in importance is Head President. Sam H. Harris, the theatrical producer, was Head President from 1916 until his death last July. The office is vacant at present. "Out of respect for Mr. Sam, I'm going to wait a year before I appoint a successor to him," Dutch says. "He was the most ideal officer I ever had. I put the bite on him real often, and he never bellyached. A sawbuck was the least he ever slipped me. Sometimes he made it a double sawbuck." Joe Madden is Assistant Head President and Nick the Greek, the California gambler, is Second Assistant Head President. Other high offices are Admiral, Rear Admiral, Front Admiral, Captain, Auditor, Field Marshal, Judge Advocate, Floor Manager, Gangway Overseer, High Commissioner, Master of Ceremonies, and Master of Fox Hounds. The majority of the offices are held by gamblers. "I got a lot of respect for gamblers," Dutch says. "They throw money around, and I like to see people throw money around. I figure they might throw some my way."

There are four standing committees, all made up of men who have been especially generous to Dutch. The honorary members' committee is the most impressive. Except for Sam Rosoff, the subway contractor; William V. Dwyer, the Tropical Park race-track man; and Horace Stoneham, president of the Giants, it is composed of public officials and Tammany district leaders. Governor Lehman, who automatically gets out his wallet whenever he catches sight of Dutch, is chairman. Dutch appoints officers and committeemen without consulting them. He was once asked if the Governor had authorized the use of his name on some showcards. "He never told me I couldn't," Dutch said. People in show business predominate on the arrangements committee. The reception committee is a hodgepodge of race-track and night-life characters; Abe Attell, who now runs a Broadway saloon called Abe's Steak & Chop House & Bar & Grill, is chairman. The floor committee is made up of prizefighters,

and James J. Braddock is chairman. Dutch calls the prizefighters "my adjutants." "Years ago," he says, "anybody that came to my ball with a load on and misbehaved himself, I snapped my fingers and my adjutants rushed up from all directions and piled on top of him. Nowadays, to be an adjutant, it's just honorary."

Dutch enjoys explaining the duties of his officers and committeemen. It makes him giggle. "Except to pay dues, they don't have no duties," he says. "Anybody that slips me a buck off and on, I consider him a member in good standing of the Original Commodore Dutch Association. That entitles him to come to my ball, but it don't get him no privileges. It just makes him an ipso-facto member. If he wants to rise higher, he's got to stake me. If he stakes me, I elect him to a committee. If he stakes me good, I make him a chairman. If he stakes me real good, I elect him to be an officer and confer him with a title. An officer has privileges. He can make a speech at the ball, or sing a song, which nobody can shut him up. Also, he can take part in the grand march, providing enough people show up to have a grand march; such a thing hasn't happened in years. Any officer that gets behind in his dues, I weed him out. Take Joe Madden. I made him a high officer because he slips me a sawbuck every time I hit him for dues. Well, if he was to make a practise of slipping me a deuce instead, God forbid, I would naturally figure on getting me a brand-new Assistant Head President."

DUTCH is sixty-two, but he often says that he feels much older. "I feel like I am a hundred and sixty-two," he says. He is small and wizened and hungry-looking. His cheeks are sunken, and he has big ears, a jutting nose, and distrustful pale-blue eyes. He has only one tooth, an upper incisor, and when he smiles his face takes on a distinctly hobgoblin aspect. He has such an extraordinary face that he himself is sometimes taken aback by it. One night in Attell's, after he had stared at the bar mirror for a while, he suddenly clapped his hands over his eyes and groaned. "I scare meself," he said, when he had regained his composure. "I never see such an ugly feller. My ears are a coupla sizes too big for my head, and they ain't even with each other, and I'm the hatchetest damned faced human being God ever made. I wonder why he took the trouble." However, despite Dutch's unusual countenance, he usually looks quite dapper. He keeps himself as neat as possible. He often shaves twice a day, and he gets a manicure whenever he can afford it. Several times a week he ducks into a dry-cleaner's and sits in a booth while his suit is being sponged and pressed. He brags that he was a dandy in his youth. "When I was twenty-five, I had a wardrobe consisting of twenty-five suits," he says, "and most of them hadn't ever been turned." Now, for winter wear, he owns two black suits and a double-breasted imitation camel's-hair overcoat with a belt in the back. In sum-



"Here is your chance! . . . The window's open! . . . Go ahead, why don't you? . . . You don't dare push me out! . . ."



"One thing about being late for work, you get thrown in with a nicer class of people."

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mer he customarily wears a black jacket, a baby-blue rayon polo shirt, seersucker pants, and a stiff straw hat. He keeps a big artificial rose in his lapel; when one gets grimy, he drops into Woolworth's and buys another.

Dutch makes a show of being blithe. Actually, he worries a lot, particularly about his health, which is good. He broods about pneumonia, and wears rubbers almost every day in winter, even though they make his feet ache. He has a germ phobia; in most of the restaurants he goes to, before he will eat anything he shakes out his napkin and painstakingly polishes his knife, fork, and spoon. On the street, he walks close to buildings, keeping as far away from automobiles as possible; he claims that one good whiff of exhaust will give him a headache. "In all the world," he says, "there's nothing I hate as much as a god-damn automobile." His eyesight is poor, but he is too vain to get spectacles. Every night he spends several hours studying the *Daily Mirror's* horse-racing chart, which is printed in small type, and he uses a magnifying glass he bought in Woolworth's. He holds the newspaper and the glass close to his face, and while he reads his lips work. This always amuses onlookers. "My God, Dutch," Attell once told him, "you look like you're trying to eat the *Daily Mirror*." When not in use, his magnifying glass dangles by its handle from a black ribbon which he wears around his neck. He is disturbed about his hair, which is growing thin. He carries a military brush in a coat pocket and gets it out when he has time on his hands, no matter where he happens to be, and gives his hair exactly one hundred strokes, counting each stroke out loud. Sometimes, standing at a bar or sitting in a restaurant, he will suddenly start brushing and counting, startling the people around him.

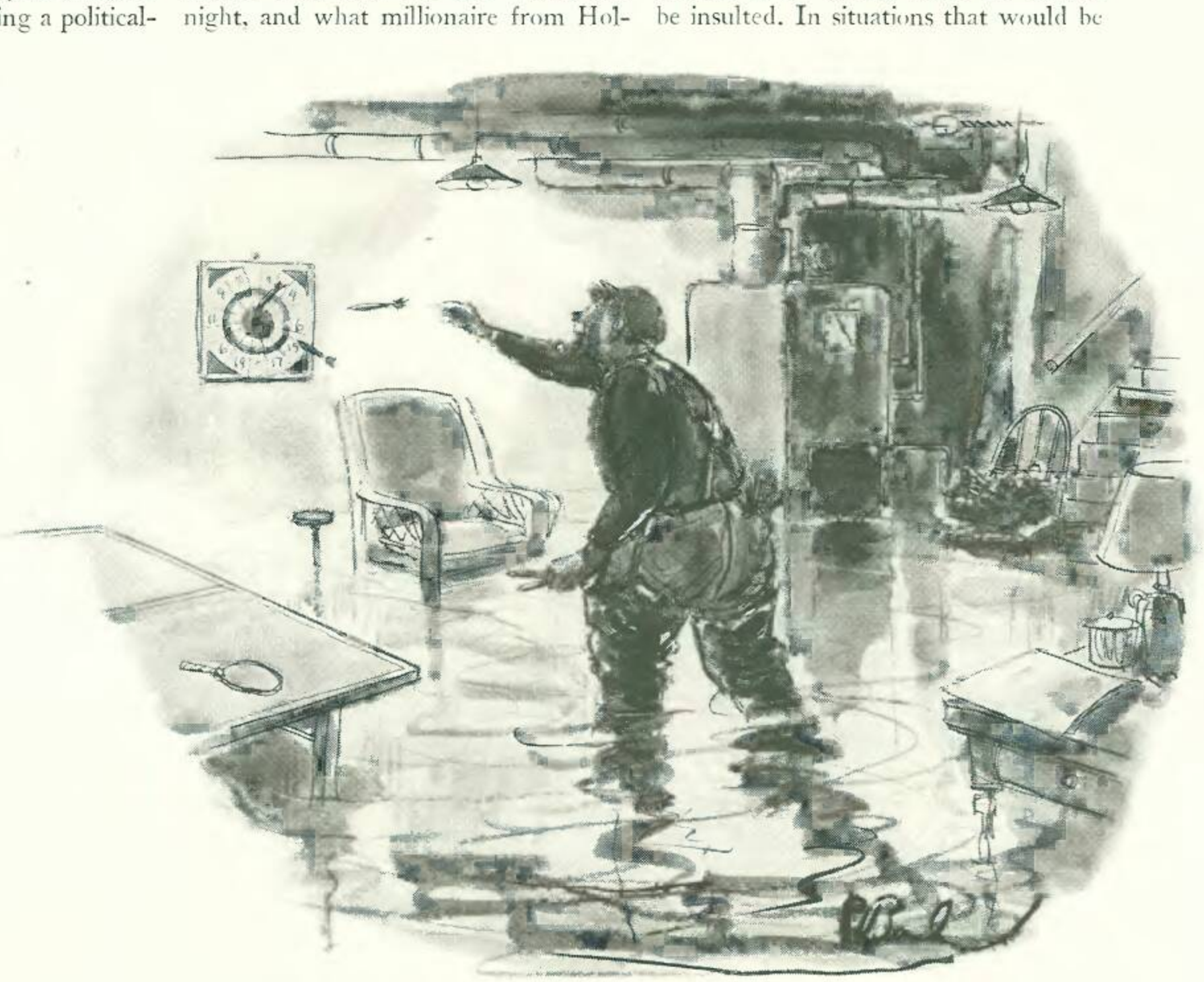
Although Dutch spends at least half of his waking hours in saloons, he is a teetotaller. "In my youth," he says, "I was the scourge of the gin mills, and bartenders shuddered when they seen me coming, but I reformed." He has forgotten the year he went on the wagon, but remembers, for some reason, that William Howard Taft was President at the time. When a comparative stranger offers to buy him a drink, he looks uneasy and says, "I got a bum heart. One drink and I would most likely drop dead." He gives a different explanation to his intimates. "If I was to get a skinful," he says, "I would start right in and insult everybody I know. I would make enemies, and enemies don't pay dues. Also, I look at it from a health standpoint. What happened to all the tanks I palled with years ago? We mourn our loss. Gone but not forgotten. When I think of all the dead-and-gone crap-shooters that if they had took it easy on the schnapps they would be here today, I'm glad I swore off." Dutch prefers caffeine to alcohol. He drinks from fifteen to twenty cups of black coffee a day. He frequently gets so fidgety that he begins to stutter, or has a sudden attack of the trembles, or upsets a glass of water by just reaching for it. Although he takes coffee black, he always demands cream on the side. After finishing the coffee, he drinks the cream in one gulp, although he does not like it. "I pay for it, don't I?" he says. He carries a bag of Bull Durham smoking tobacco in his breast pocket and rolls his own cigarettes. He is as expert as any cowboy. "Made butts are too dear," he says. "Also, I think they put chemicals in them. I be damned if I think they're sanitary."

Dutch has lived in furnished rooms practically all his life. At present he has a room in a house on Thirteenth Street, just west of Third. He uses it only as a place to sleep. He customarily gets to bed around 5 A.M. and sleeps until noon. He goes to the races every day a local track is open; he always turns up at the railway station early, and most days he is able to find a member who will buy him tickets for the train and the track. After the races, on the way in, he goes down the aisle of the train looking for any members who might be aboard, soliciting dues from those who have been lucky and listening sympathetically to those who haven't. Dutch himself is an extremely timid horseplayer. He makes only one small, sure-thing bet

a day, but he always has a doleful answer when someone asks, "How'd *you* do, Dutch?" "Picked wrong every race," he usually answers. "Even lost my coffee money. Don't know how I'm going to eat tonight, and already my belly thinks my throat's cut. Could you slip me some dues?" Three or four nights a week, he makes a round of saloons, restaurants, cigar stores, bowling alleys, barbershops, and hotel lobbies around Broadway in which sporting people foregather. Other nights, he goes to gambling places. He has been a hanger-on in gambling circles since adolescence and keeps on good terms with every operator of any consequence in town. Gambling-house lookouts and doorkeepers pass him in without question, although he rarely risks a dollar; he just stands around and gazes wistfully at the cash on the tables. When one of his members wins a fistful, Dutch's eyes light up; he knows he can be certain of at least a couple of bucks of it. Now and then he spends an evening away from Broadway. He considers himself a staunch Tammany Democrat, and a number of downtown Tammany district leaders are members of his association. He occasionally drops into their clubhouses, and he shows up for many of their beefsteak parties and moonlight sails; he finds out about such affairs by reading a political-gossip column in the Sunday *Enquirer*. He does not eat anything at beefsteak parties; he shakes hands with the dignitaries and watches for a chance to collect some dues. He always goes to the weighing-in ceremonies before important prizefights, and most fight nights he hangs around the outer lobby of Madison Square Garden. A couple of times a month he puts in an appearance at Jimmy Kelly's night club in Greenwich Village; he and Kelly have been friends since they were in their teens. He makes a practice of attending the funerals of prominent politicians. On these occasions he usually manages to pick up a few dollars. "Some of my big-shot members like Al Smith and Governor Lehman and Christy Sullivan, the Tammany boss, the best time to put the bite on them is to bunk into them at a funeral," he says.

DUTCH's demeanor fluctuates between servility and arrogance. In the company of some of his members, he is meek. "I hate to bother you, pal, but I'm flat," he will say, "and I wonder could you see your way clear to pay some dues. I wouldn't ask it, only I know I can count on you." Toward others he behaves with the wary impudence of an English sparrow among city pigeons. "Either you get yourself in good standing," he will say, "or I'll excommunicate you the hell and gone right out of my association. I don't allow no deadheads, and you know it." The majority of his members probably could not explain exactly why they give him money. Some have known him since they were young men together and are very fond of him. Joe Madden, the Assistant Head President, is one of these. "I'm acquainted with Dutch almost thirty years," he once said, "and if he was to croak, I'd miss him. Whatever money he gets out of me, I figure it well spent. He hands me a lot of laughs. I like to listen to him. He keeps his ears open, and he always knows who beat the dice tables last night, and what millionaire from Hollywood lost five thousand bucks and got sick to his stomach, and who's in hock to who, and what places got thrown in the street by the cops and why. He knows everything. Say a crap game has to float from one little fleabag hotel to another; if you want the new address, Dutch can tell you. A lot of so-called underworld fellows from out of town, as soon as they hit Broadway they look Dutch up, just to hear what's new. Fellows like Boo Boo Hoff, the big Philadelphia gangster that croaked a few months ago. Use to, every time Boo Boo came to town, he and Dutch would get together and cut up touches. In his time, he gave Dutch plenty of dues. One thing about Dutch you have to give him credit for. He never puts the bite on women. He wouldn't consider it ethical."

No matter how much his members may like Dutch, practically all of them look upon him as a clown. He does not mind this; he feels that it gives him an advantage over them. "I act like a screwball," he says, "but I know what I'm doing." On his nightly rounds he encourages people to ridicule him, and in places like Lindy's, Madden's, Attell's, the 18 Club, the Paddock Bar & Grill, and the Dublin Café, he is treated as an official butt. He cannot be insulted. In situations that would be



painful to the average man, he always behaves with a sort of deadpan, Chaplinlike jauntiness. A stock joke is often played on him. Someone invites him to sit down and have a free meal. He promptly accepts, and then his benefactor refuses to let him order anything but a steak. Dutch's one tooth is useless and he is forced to subsist almost entirely on soups. When a free steak is placed before him, people crowd around and watch his struggle with it. "Don't give up, Dutch, old boy!" they yell. "Keep fighting!" Dutch puts on a show; trying his best to chew the steak, he grunts, groans, looks cross-eyed, and tosses his head about like a turkey gobbler.

At least once a night, wherever he may happen to be, Dutch is asked to sing. "Give us a song, Dutch," someone will say, "and I'll slip you some dues." Dutch is convinced that he has a fine baritone, and between not singing and singing and being laughed at, he greatly prefers the latter. He usually sings "My Pearl Was a Bowery Girl," "The Bowery, the Bowery! I'll Never Go There Any More," or "Down in a Coal Mine," all of which were popular in his youth. Sometimes, however, if he has an especially appreciative audience, he will put his right foot forward, clasp his hands behind his back, gaze soulfully into the distance, and sing "The Last Rose of Summer." Almost invariably, while he is singing, someone creeps up from behind and gives him a hotfoot. He has undoubtedly been a hotfoot victim oftener than any other human being. He never appears to mind. "A fellow that pays his dues, I don't hold it against him if he gives me a hotfoot," Dutch says. "Maybe he figures he ought to get *something* for his money."

References to Dutch frequently appear in sports and Broadway columns, especially in Damon Runyon's and Dan Parker's. Such references are seldom complimentary, but Dutch always considers them so. Recently, commenting on the attitude of civilians toward soldiers in some parts of the country, Runyon wrote, "It is said that in certain of these spots the appearance of a guy in uniform in the vicinity of a local festivity would produce about the same coolness that might be created if Commodore Dutch showed up at Mrs. Vanderbilt's party." Dutch carried a clipping of this column around until it wore out. "Did you see the swell write-up my pal Runyon gave me?" he would ask, pulling it out. When Dutch is introduced to someone, he usually makes fun of his own face. He shakes hands and says, "Pleased to meet you, pal." Then, opening his mouth wide, he giggles and says, "Look, pal! I'm an Elk." He seems most pleased with himself when people are making jokes at his expense and laughing at him. It makes no perceptible difference to him whether their laughter is scornful or good-natured. "When a fellow is laughing at me, I'm sizing him up," he once told an intimate. "I'm giving him the old psychology. To put the bite on a man, what I call collecting dues, you got to study him. You got to figure out the right moment to nail him. With some of my members, I wait until they are drunk and happy before I bring up the question of dues. With others, I wait until they pick right in a horse race or beat the tiger in a crap game. With others, I wait until they are sitting with some doll that they want to impress with their great generosity. But with each and every one of them, before I ask for dues, I wait until I got them snickering at me." Dutch has devoted considerable thought to his peculiar position in society. He is profoundly cynical and has come to the conclusion that people enjoy his company because he makes them feel superior. "The fellows on Broadway are so low themselves," he says, "it makes them feel good to have somebody around that they can look down on, and I guess I fill the bill."

DUTCH says that he was born on Tompkins Square, a lower East Side neighborhood which was then known as Little Germany. He says that he has been called Dutch for as long as he can remember, but that he doesn't know whether his parents came from Germany or Holland. "I never took no interest in where they come from," he says. He makes a mystery of his childhood and will not tell his real name. He explains that his surname is a long one and hard to pronounce. "I'm the only person in the world that knows it," he says, "and I wouldn't tell it to nobody. I don't hardly remember it myself. I haven't used it since I quit school. When I was fifteen, I just wouldn't go to school no more and had to leave home, so I got a job helping on a Bowery dray wagon. The driver said to me, 'What's your name?' I told him the kids all called me Dutch, and that's what he called me. Since then I never once used my born name, not even to vote. When I die, I don't even want it on my tombstone. Some of my pals around Broadway don't realize Dutch is a nickname, and they figure I ought to have a nickname, so they call me The Tooth."



Dutch's first boss was a drayman who owned his own cart and picked up most of his jobs around the Bowery. In the morning he and Dutch hauled for a second-hand furniture store on Chatham Square and the rest of the day they were on call, working out of a stable on Great Jones Street. At that time, in 1894, the Bowery was just beginning to go to seed; it was declining as a theatrical street, but its saloons, dance halls, dime museums, gambling rooms, and brothels were still thriving. In that year, in fact, according to a police census, there were eighty-nine drinking establishments on the street, and it is only a mile long. On some of the side streets there were brothels in nearly every house; Dutch refers to them as "free-and-easies."

Dutch is excessively proud of this period of his life. One evening in 1939, shortly before the World's Fair opened, he saw Grover Whalen in Luchow's Restaurant. He went over and asked Mr. Whalen to get him a job exhibiting himself at the Fair as "the last of the Bowery Boys." Mr. Whalen declined, and now Dutch says, "You saw what happened to the World's Fair." He has a mania for talking about the old Bowery.

"In that day and time," he says, "a good way to get yourself educated was to work on a dray. I hadn't been on a dray a year before I could point out the head madams, the head pickpockets, the head crapshooters, and all like that. Quite a few of the free-and-easies were outfitted by the furniture store we hauled for, and we were in and out of them all the time. Also, the girls were always on the move, and we handled their trunks. And we did trunk work for the classy Bowery hotels, places like the Occidental, the Worden House, and Honest John Howard's Kenmore Hotel. The Occidental was the classiest. We called it the Ox, and I got a thrill out of it even if I only went in to horse some luggage around. It's still standing, at the southwest corner of Broome and the Bowery, but it's just a ghost of by-

gone days. You can stay there now for three bucks a week. It gives me the awfullest feeling just to walk past it. In my time it had a beautiful barbershop and a beautiful barroom, and the ceiling of this barroom was one enormous painting of some dames giving theirselves a bath. The old Ox was a hangout for politicians, actors, gambling men, fighters, and the like of that, the sporting element. Some of the fighters that put up there to my personal knowledge were Terrible Terry McGovern that Sam Harris managed for years, the original Jack Dempsey that they called the Nonpareil, Charlie Mitchell that throwed himself away fighting in gin mills when he should of been saving his strength for the ring, Jake Kilrain, Joe Bernstein, Tom Sharkey, and Oscar Gardner that they called the Omaha Kid, only he come from Wheeling, West Virginia; names don't mean a damn thing. I knew them all, to speak to.

"Every single night, after I knocked off work, I would wash up and walk the Bowery. I wasn't a teetotaller then by no means, and I would hit four or five gin mills and listen to the personalities, what they call celebrities nowadays, only a personality was somebody, but a celebrity, who the hell is he? Like I would listen to old Silver Dollar Solomon. He was high up in a combination of white slavers, the Max Hochstim Association, that bossed over the free-and-easies, and he ran a saloon that had one thousand silver dollars stuck in the concrete floor. And drunks would bring cold chisels in and they would kneel down when they thought nobody was looking and try to pry themselves up some silver dollars, but they would just get throwed out. And I would listen to Steve Brodie that took a leap off Brooklyn Bridge, only he didn't, and a brewery set him up in a saloon because he got so much attention for himself they figured he would draw trade, and he would wear your ears out discussing Steve Brodie; that's all he knew. I never thought he was so much. All the writeups about the Bowery I ever read, they made Brodie a hero. People that really knew him, like me, we considered him ninety-nine per cent jaw. But a personality I liked was George Washington Connors that they called Chuck. He had three girl friends and claimed all of them was his wife—one named The Truck, one named The Rummager, and one named Chinatown Nellie, only she was Irish. Chuck was a guide for slummers, and he had Nellie and an old Chinee feller lying in bunks in a fake opium den on Mott Street, and



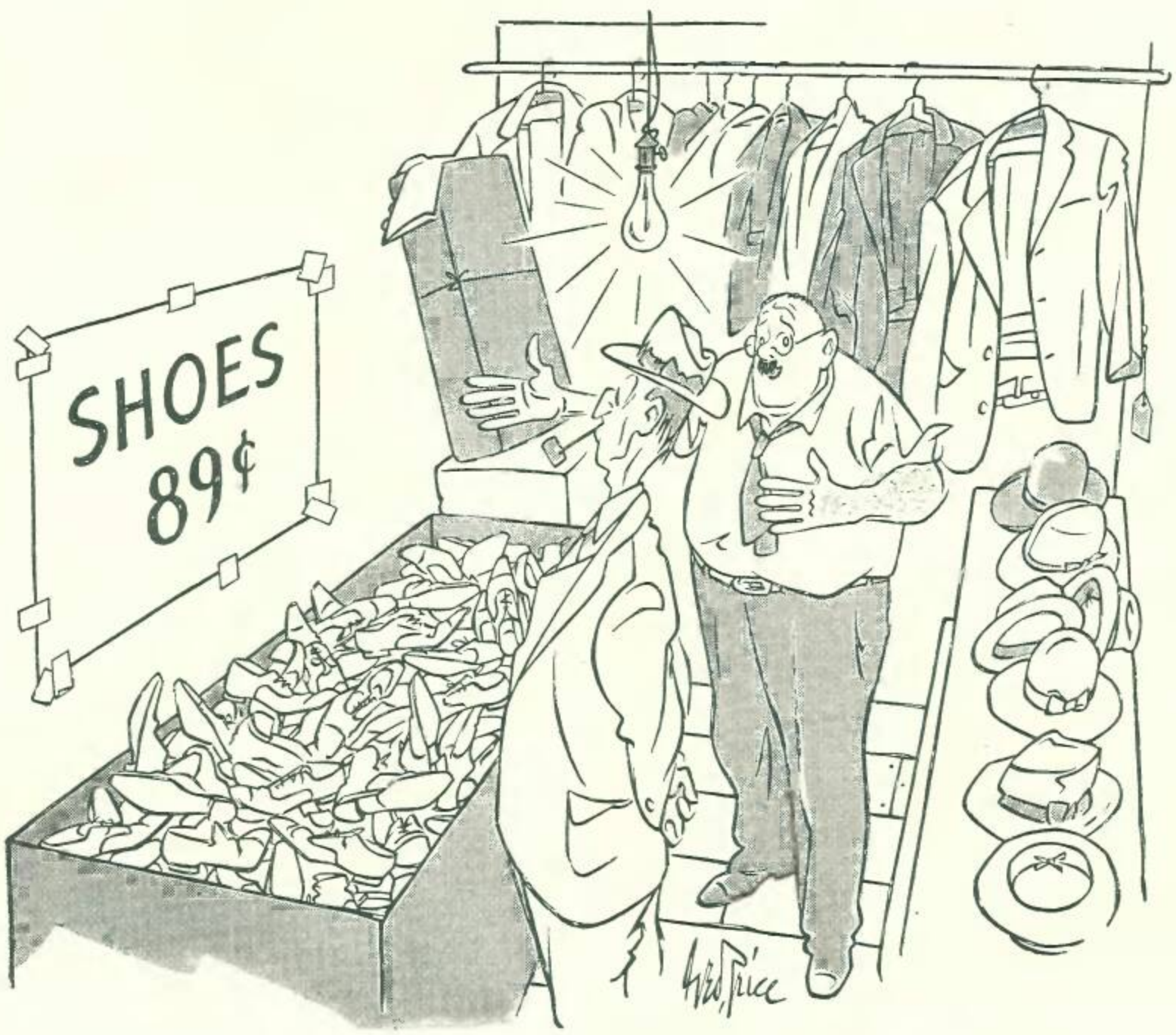
"Look—no hands!"

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Nellie sometimes couldn't keep a straight face when Chuck brought some slummers in. She would bust out laughing, and the slummers would think it was the opium taking effect. Chuck was the squarest of all the personalities. Some nights there were more slummers around than one man could handle, and Chuck would let me guide a party. Him and I were pals. The first cigar I ever smoked, he give it to me. The first drink of champagne I ever had, it was out of a bottle he bought."

Dutch says that he quit the dray wagon in 1898, when he was nineteen, and began living by his wits. For a while he had a job steering sailors to a saloon at 295 Bowery called John McGurk's Suicide Hall, where in one year five back-room girls killed themselves by swallowing carbolic acid. He says he got the title of Commodore while working for McGurk's. "I wore a sailor cap and a pea jacket," he says, "and I knocked around South Street and gave out cards to the sailors describing the attractions at McGurk's. Sometimes I would collect a mob and take them up. One night I come in with about two dozen sailors and a fellow says to McGurk, 'Who the hell,' he says, 'is that little squirt that brings all the sailor trade into here?' 'Why, that's my Commodore,' old McGurk says to him. 'That's Commodore Dutch, the Commodore of the Bowery Navy.' And that's how I got my title. I was proud of it. Back in those days all the personalities had a nickname or a title. If you was known by your real name you didn't have no standing."

DUTCH's period of greatest affluence began in the spring of 1899, when Timothy D. Sullivan, the Tammany



"It's a typographical error, but have no mercy on me."

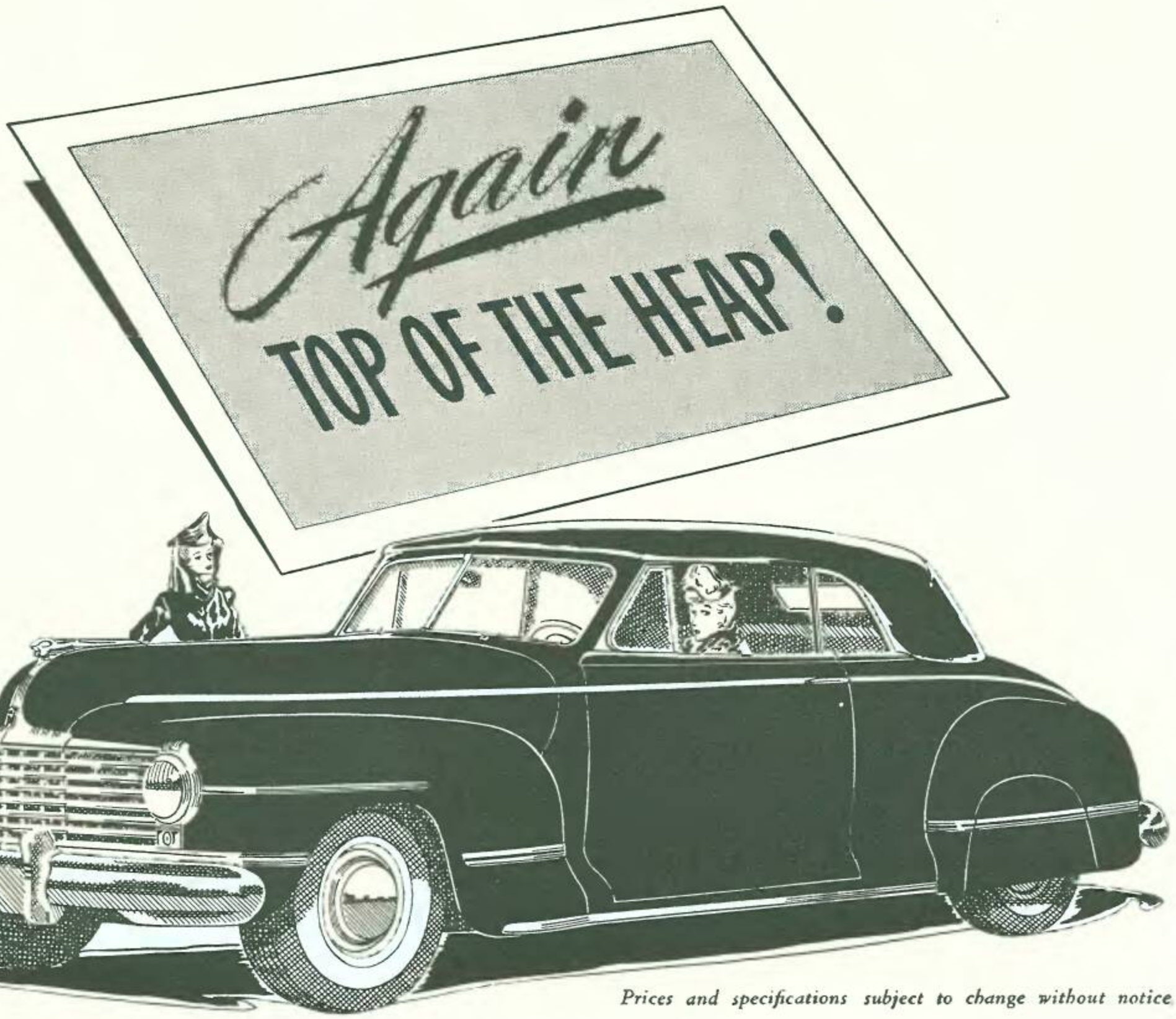
boss of the Bowery district, gave him a job. Big Tim was the most powerful and the most open-handed politician in the city. He was a member of a syndicate which controlled all the gambling houses in Manhattan, he owned saloons, race horses, and prizefighters, and he had a partnership in a chain of vaudeville and burlesque theatres. His clubrooms were at 207 Bowery, but he also kept a suite on the second floor of the Occidental, where he and other politicians played poker and he received reports from the managers of the various enterprises. One evening he summoned Dutch to the Occidental. "I had run errands for Big Tim and he knew I was O.K., and he asked me did I want a job of a confidential nature," Dutch says. "He was the silent partner in eight saloons and he was anxious to know what went on in them. He trusted his managers, still and all he didn't, and he wanted somebody neutral to circulate around in an unbeknownst way and watch conditions and listen to the talk that went on. That was right up my alley. I would wander in and out of Big Tim's various gin mills every night and enjoy myself to the full, and every afternoon I would go to the Ox and report to him what I seen and heard. Some mornings he wouldn't have time to hardly listen, other mornings he'd keep me talking two, three hours. He paid me irregular. One Saturday night it would be a hundred bucks and the next Saturday it would be a ten spot, all according to the humor he was in. Anyway, he seen to it I had plenty of coconuts."

Big Tim had a number of retainers and hangers-on whose duties were similarly vague and confidential. He rewarded some by permitting them to run balls, or "rackets," for which all the saloonkeepers and divekeepers in the Bowery district were obliged to buy so many tickets. Among them were Larry Mulligan, Big Tim's half-brother, who operated a profitable St. Patrick's Eve ball in Terrace Garden Hall, and Harry Oxford, a fixer, who ran one on Washington's Birthday Eve in Webster Hall. Chuck Connors, whose fanciful conversation amused Big Tim, was allowed to run an annual ball in Tammany Hall; it was sponsored by the Chuck Connors Association, of which Chuck was the sole member. Biff Ellison, a gunman who shepherded gangs of repeaters to the polls every Election Day, imitated Connors and formed a Biff Ellison Association, which ran three rackets a year.

On New Year's Eve of 1900, Dutch and a girl friend went on a champagne spree; he woke up owing two saloons a total of $285. He asked Big Tim for a loan. "He wouldn't give me no loan," Dutch says. "He told me that wasn't no way to do business. He says to me, 'Dutch, you have certainly behaved like a fool, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a franchise to run a racket. Hire yourself a date in a hall and get some tickets printed, and I'll pass the word around.' So I told him it might look nicer to the public if I had an association behind me, like Chuck and Biff. It would look more businesslike. So he says, 'Go right ahead. If those hoodlums can be a one-man association, so the hell can you.' I had two thousand tickets printed, a buck a head, ladies free. Everybody on the Bowery knew I was professionally associated with Big Tim in some way or other—why ask too many questions?—so naturally I didn't have no trouble unloading my tickets."

Dutch's racket, the first Gala Naval Ball of the Commodore Dutch Association, was held on the night of April 30, 1901, in Everett Hall, on East Fourth Street, just off the Bowery. Big Tim, of course, was the guest of honor. With him, in a box, sat Photo Dave Altman, his bodyguard; Sarsaparilla Reilly, his valet; and Flatnose Dinny Sullivan, one of his brothers, who later became boss of Coney Island. The music was furnished by Professor Pretzel Wolf's East Side Society Orchestra. Dutch led the grand march with a red-haired Irish girl whose name he has forgotten. He wore an admiral's outfit he had purchased from a theatrical costumer; it consisted of a cocked hat, a pair of swords, and a uniform with gold-starred epaulets and a red, white, and blue belly sash. In the grand march was Connors, who had The Truck on one arm and Chinatown Nellie on the other. The Rummager was escorted by Eat-'Em-Up Jack McManus, a fighter who sometimes worked as night bouncer at McGurk's. Dutch says there were at least fifteen couples in the march, all personalities, but he has forgotten the names of the others.

"After we sashayed two times around the ballroom, bowing to the right and then to the left," he says, "I blowed on a police whistle and the fun began. I had got a cut rate on two dozen kegs of beer from a brewery that was indebted to Big Tim for a favor, and I had them resting in washtubs full of ice. The instant I let loose with my whistle, whoosh, most of the mob descended on the beer, and the way they helped theirselves it was a disgrace to the human race. I was nuts about waltzing—never got enough—and I waltzed around an hour or



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more, not paying much attention to anything but the music. Then I stopped to get my breath and I took a look around, and I never see so many drunks. The place was swarming with drunks. Each feller was singing at the top of his voice, or slugging somebody smaller than him, or trying to steal some other feller's girl. One feller was flat on his back and he had his mouth right under a spigot on a beer keg, and the spigot was wide open and the beer was pouring into him; it was coming out of his ears. And the girls were wrestling with the fellers and squealing. I took one look and I felt like fleeing out of there. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' I said, 'Jesus Christ!' I thought to myself, 'No good can come of this. People will die before morning, people by the dozens.' But to tell the truth, it was a most successful swaree. Nobody was killed and everybody got all the beer they could hold, and I cleared damned near fifteen hundred bucks. When I told Big Tim how much I drew, he took me off his steady payroll. He says to me, 'Let the racket be your meal ticket. Go ahead and run yourself one every year. All the joints in the district know I'm in back of you, and if any one of them refuses to take their quota of tickets, you just let me know.'"

For twelve years, with Big Tim's support, Dutch netted an average of $2,000 a year out of the Gala Naval Ball. He abandoned Everett Hall, which had become too small, and switched to the old Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth Street. Shortly after the 1912 ball, however, everything went to pieces. In the summer of that year Big Tim began to suffer from delusions of persecution and had to be placed in a sanitarium. In February, 1913, he was removed to a house in the Williamsbridge section of the Bronx and friends hired a staff of guards to watch him. Occasionally he would tire his guards out and escape, usually turning up hours later at the Occidental on the Bowery, where, according to Dutch, he would "just sit in the lobby and stare until they come and took him away." "I seen him one day," Dutch says, "and I went over to him and I said, 'Jesus Christ, Big Tim, old pal, ain't there something I could do for you?' He just sat and stared at me. It broke my heart." Big Tim's last escape took place on the evening of August 30, 1913. Next morning, around dawn, the body of a man who had been struck by a train was found beside the New York, New Haven & Hartford tracks just north of the Westchester freight yards. It was carried to the Bronx morgue, where it

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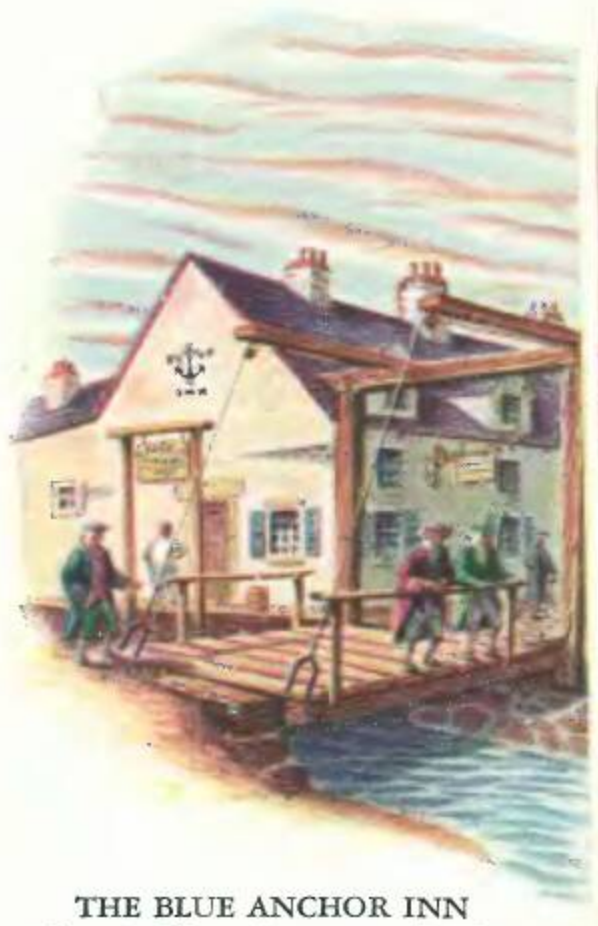
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lay unidentified fourteen days. Just before it was to be removed to potter's field a policeman took a look at it and said, "It's Big Tim Sullivan, God rest his soul." Big Tim's funeral, held in old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott Street, was one of the largest in the city's history. "I marched in the procession," Dutch says, "and I cried every step of the way."

The decay of the Bowery as a night-life street set in after Big Tim's funeral. The gamblers drifted up to Broadway and Dutch followed them. He found the going hard. Without political support, he was unable to sell tickets, and his 1914 ball was a flop. "With Big Tim in his grave, I was Mr. Nobody," he says. "Until then, I hadn't paid no attention to the Commodore Dutch Association; it was just a name. I seen I had to do something, so I figured to build up the association. I made honorary officers out of all the Bowery personalities that had moved uptown and for members I took in all the Broadway crowd I could get. And when you have members, naturally you collect dues. I began collecting dues in 1914 and I'm still at it. My ball don't amount to a damn any more, but without I run a ball, what would be the excuse for an association?"

SINCE old Tammany Hall was torn down in 1928, Dutch's balls have been held in the back rooms of Third Avenue saloons. For his most recent ball, which was a typical one, he used the Stuyvesant Grill, a neighborhood saloon on Third Avenue near Fifteenth Street. The Stuyvesant's back room has a tiny bandstand and a small dance floor, on either side of which are seven booths, the kind with trellises to which artificial grapevines are fixed. Dutch got it rent free, of course. On his showcards, he had advertised that "festivities will begin with a bang at 9 sharp." However, most guests had sense enough to go late. Dutch himself did not show up until eleven. By that time approximately fifty men and women were sitting at tables in the booths. About half were members of the association. The others were curiosity-seekers from uptown, or regular customers of the saloon who had left the bar to see what was happening in the back room and had stayed. No tickets were collected; Dutch doesn't bother any more. Drinks were brought in from the bar by a waitress; no free beer has been served at a Gala Naval Ball since 1912. Mr. and Mrs. Swiss Cheese sat at one table. Swiss Cheese, in a gay mood, was yodelling "Mexicali Rose"

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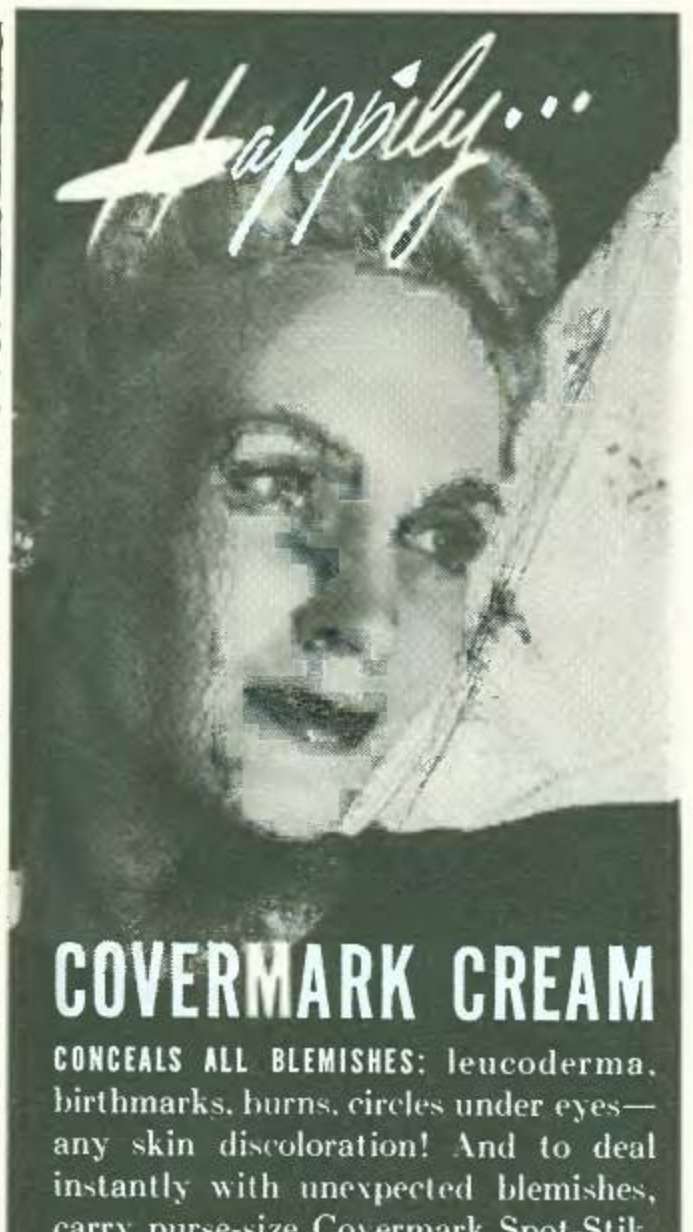
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and his wife was urging him to shut up. At another table sat Assistant Head President Madden and eight friends, among whom were Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald, the radio commentators, and Father A. R. Hyland, chaplain of Clinton Prison, at Dannemora. At still another table sat Fiddler Cronin, F. X. Fitzsimmons, Peanuts Pelletier, and the Iron Horse, all elderly and irritable pugs who have known Dutch since his Bowery days. Pelletier, the youngest, fought last in 1906. They always show up for Dutch's balls. Until they are drunk, they insult each other. After they are drunk, they call each other the greatest fighter that ever lived. "What you doing now, Peanuts?" Cronin asked at the last ball. Pelletier said that he had just got a job as a night watchman for a big steam laundry in the Bronx. "I bet you're one hell of a fine night watchman," Cronin said. "If some robbers was to come around, I bet you would pitch in and help them open the safe." "Listen here, Fiddler," Pelletier said, "you remember the night you fought Boxhead Tommy Hansen at the Pelican A.C.? As I remember it, you didn't last out the first round. If ever I saw a no-good, two-bit fighter, it was you." "Oh, go to hell," said Cronin.

With Dutch, when he came in, was a band he had hired, an outfit called the New York Ramblers, consisting of an elderly piano player, a banjo picker, and a girl violinist. The Ramblers, looking bored, went over to the bandstand, took their places, and promptly started playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everybody stood up. Dutch had a pasteboard suitbox under his arm, and after people began to sit down again he ducked into the men's room. When he reappeared, he was wearing his admiral's uniform. He lost his cocked hat and his pair of swords shortly after his first ball, but for forty years he has been lugging the moldy old uniform from one furnished room to the next; it is his most precious possession. Across the chest he had pinned four badges—"Private Detective," "Special Officer," "Sheriff," and "Sharpshooter." The guests clapped as Dutch walked jauntily across the dance floor to the bandstand. It had rained a little during the afternoon and he wore rubbers. He stepped up on the stand, held his clasped hands over his head for several moments like a prizefighter, and then took a bow. "Well, folks," he said, "we're all here for a good time, so let's all have a good time. The world-renowned New York Ramblers will play for you and I want everybody to step out and



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dance. That's all the speech I'm going to make. I thank you one and all."

Swiss Cheese stood up unsteadily and shouted, "Just a minute, Dutch. Would it be all right if I entertained the crowd?" "Certainly, Cheese," said Dutch, "go ahead and yodel all you want to." "Yodel, hell," said Swiss Cheese, "I'm going to do a dance." He walked to the middle of the floor, squatted on his heels, and began a Cossack dance. After two kicks, he sat on the floor. He got to his feet, guffawing, and yelled, "Hey, Dutch, you know what I am? I'm a gentleman and a scholar." Dutch looked at him disapprovingly. "You're a very foolish man," he said. "You're going to get your blood pressure all shook up and tomorrow you'll feel awful. I wish you'd come up here and yodel." A few moments later, with Swiss Cheese yodelling happily, the Ramblers started on "My Wild Irish Rose." Several couples stepped out on the floor and began waltzing.

Dutch went over to Madden's table. "I got a party of slummers here that would like to meet you," Madden told him. Dutch was introduced. "Mr. Commodore Dutch," said one of Madden's friends, a young woman who did not know any better, "I understand you were quite a well-known figure on the Bowery during the gay nineties." "Madam," said Dutch, giving his one-toothed grin, "I am the last of the Bowery Boys." He unbuttoned the stiff, gold-braided collar of his uniform, sat down, and put his elbows on the table. Then, interminably, while the New York Ramblers played waltzes, while Swiss Cheese yodelled, while the old pugs drank beer and insulted each other, and while one curiosity-seeker after another became disgusted with the proceedings and stalked out, Dutch talked about the Bowery in the days of Big Tim Sullivan. He talked steadily until 1 A.M. At that time the music stopped and the piano player came over and said that the New York Ramblers did not propose to play another note until they had been paid. Dutch looked gloomily at his Assistant Head President. "Joe, old pal," he said, "could you slip me a couple of sawbucks? I wouldn't ask it, only I know I can count on you."

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

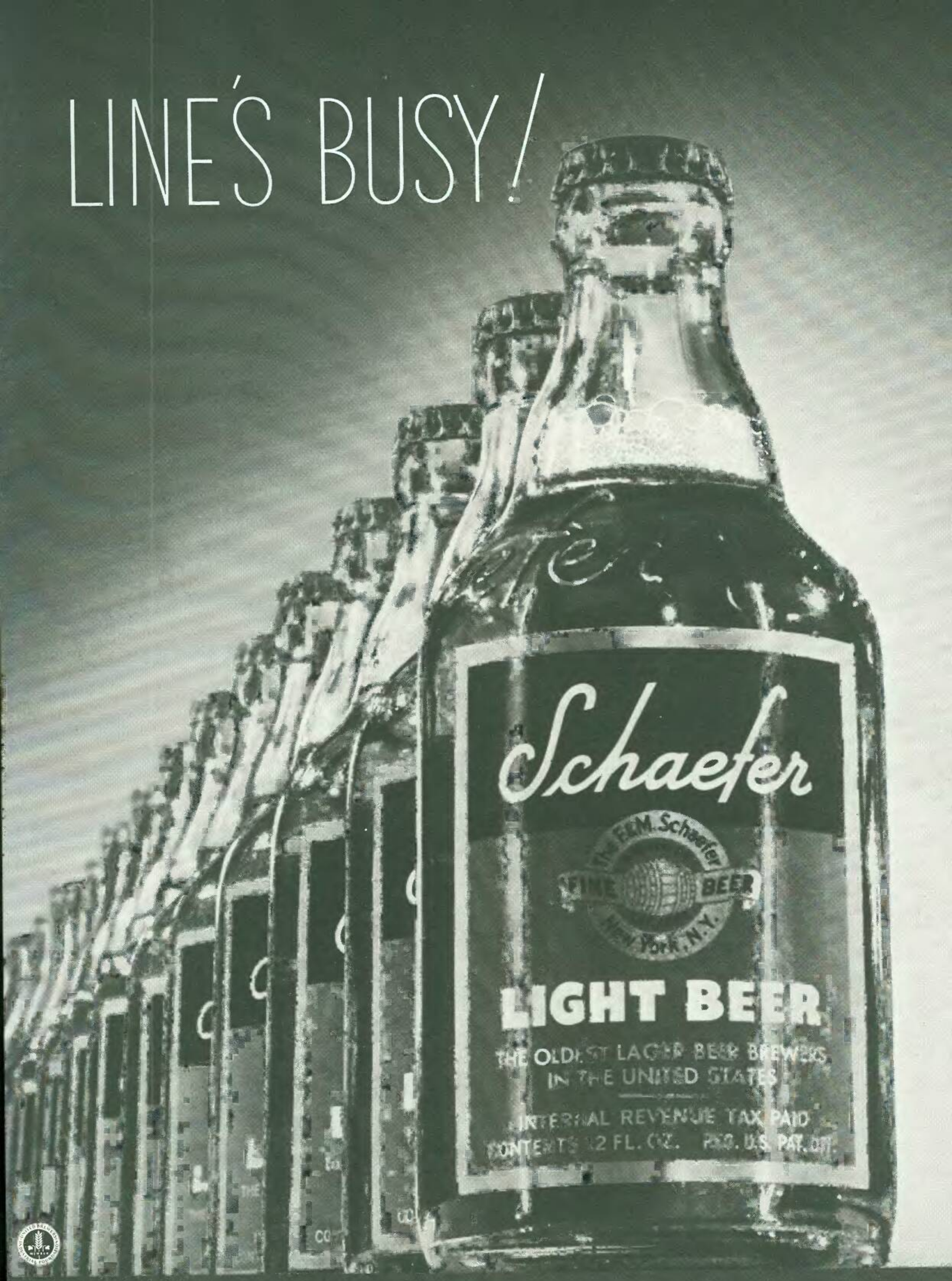
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DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

[*From an adv. in the Liverpool Echo*]

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THE THEATRE

NOR GOOD RED HERRING

IN Maxwell Anderson's "Candle in the Wind" we have, I suspect, an almost perfect specimen of that fatal compromise between simple melodrama and earnest political exposition which has beset practically every anti-Fascist play I can remember, with the exception of "Watch on the Rhine." Too static and talkative to charm those innocent people who like their war plays richly equipped with spies, gunfire, and miscellaneous skulduggery, it is at the same time not quite eloquent or searching enough to please the dialecticians. The whole evening, indeed, is not unlike a protracted wrestling match between Anderson, the dramatist, and Anderson, the prophet, the outcome from the customers' point of view being a rather unsatisfactory draw.

It is probably best to investigate "Candle in the Wind" separately on each of its levels. As a drama of action, then, the performance at the Shubert is based on a theme that is almost as old as the theatre itself—none other, in fact, than the one about the successful attempt of a beautiful girl to free her lover from an enemy prison, in this case a Nazi concentration camp on the outskirts of Paris. Among other concessions to this antique formula, Mr. Anderson has provided a malevolent German colonel whose unearthly gloss and urbanity somewhat resemble the disgusting behavior of Mr. George Arliss in a bygone nosegay called "The Green Goddess;" another German officer who, persuaded by the heroine that National Socialism is morally objectionable, suffers an abrupt change of heart and allows the hero to escape at the risk of his own life; a comic American spinster whose tart pleasantries do not entirely disguise a noble nature; and, of course, any number of brutal Storm Troopers, who torture their victims in the best Prussian tradition. He has also invented two heavily symbolic New Hampshire schoolteachers, but since I am not altogether sure what, precisely, they are intended to symbolize, we will just ignore them.



"BEST FOOT FORWARD"

Miss Rosemary Lane (behind the door) is the only character in this picture old enough to vote, but they are all veteran performers just the same. The anxious child opposite Miss Lane is Gil Stratton, Jr.; the more abandoned types at the bottom are Kenneth Bowers and Nancy Walker. George Abbott's musical comedy about preparatory-school life is at the Ethel Barrymore.

While it is obvious that most of the necessary clichés of melodrama have been assembled, I'm afraid that Mr. Anderson never brings them to much more than a slow boil. The plot, for one thing, is both meagre and monotonous, since, from the original capture to the final escape, it consists chiefly of a series of somewhat repetitive interviews between the heroine and various German officers, in the course of which both virtue and villainy alike frequently find occasion to deliver long, though instructive, political lectures. For another, what activity there is often seems rather arbitrary and illogical. There isn't space here to go into this point in detail, and you will just have to take my word for it and also for the fact that there are enough of these little discrepancies to suggest that this time Mr. Anderson had no more than a perfunctory interest in the mechanics of his trade.

Considered, on the other hand, as a topical sermon, "Candle in the Wind" seems to me even more discouraging. For the most part it is written in prose, but now and then old habit proves too strong and a shapely and cadenced line skips over the footlights. Thus, if I heard him correctly, we have an ancient park attendant suddenly pause in the middle of certain routine reflections about death to observe rhythmically, "I continue to cling to my spoonful of blood." These abrupt excursions into beauty are disconcerting, especially in view of the fact that the non-lyric portions of the dialogue are brisk and not-



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ably free from stylish mannerisms—undistinguished, you might almost say. The principal trouble, however, is that Mr. Anderson has yielded to the temptation, apparently irresistible these days, of dealing only in the extremes of morality. The heroine and her associates are noble to the point of seeming a trifle smug; the Germans, with the one exception already noted, are so overpoweringly evil that a dispassionate spectator might easily find them comic. This absolute black-and-white treatment, while a testimonial to the author's heart, strikes me as being very likely to defeat the purpose of his play, since an audience presumably has to believe before it can feel.

So much has already been written about Helen Hayes that I find almost nothing to add here. By a combination of brilliant technique and obvious conviction she makes a good many florid and implausible speeches seem a great deal better than they are. I don't know of any other actress who could have done as much. The rest of the cast, confined to strictly two-dimensional parts, do their best to make them live, and I'd say that John Wengraf, as the diabolical colonel; Evelyn Varden, as the jocular American; and Tonio Selwart, as the lieutenant who hits the sawdust trail, are at least reasonably successful. Alfred Lunt's direction isn't quite ingenious enough to overcome the improbabilities in the script, but it has style and pace. Jo Mielziner's sets, especially a dark and dreadful corner of the concentration camp, are very handsome indeed.

THE other two openings of the week have already been dismantled and put back in the trunk, so we can deal with them briefly. The interesting thing about "Good Neighbor," an inept and turgid little affair about racial tolerance as much as anything else, was that it was directed by Sinclair Lewis, the distinguished author of "Mantrap." The interesting thing about "As You Like It," aside from the problem of why anybody bothered to revive this most inane of all the romantic comedies, was that it contained Miss Helen Craig, an actress whose New York reputation is based on her interpretation of a deaf-mute. Neither of these exhibits had any business on Broadway. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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Be sure to slide down the door of the coal bin while coal is being delivered.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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OF ALL THINGS

IN this municipal campaign, the Democrats have been anti-Fiorello rather than pro-Bill. We have been given no evidence that O'Dwyer would be any good at steam-shovelling, dress-designing, orchestra-leading—or even mayoring.

•

About the only pleasant news from Russia is that cold weather has arrived on time. In that country, when winter comes, spring is very far behind.

•

A plan is being worked out for recovering the metal in automobile graveyards. Other valuable junk would be Tammany tin cashboxes, Lindbergh's Nazi medal, and Hugh Johnson's pants.

•

Despite Wendell Willkie's efforts, Republican statesmen are pursuing a cautious course on foreign problems. The G.O.P. is evidently waiting to see which way the catastrophe is going to jump.

•

The Maritime Commission was generous to a fault when it announced that henceforth all supplies for Russia would be sent out of Boston. The Nazis pay people good money for interesting news like that.

•

A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unionists, meeting in Madison Square Garden, agreed to forget their differences in the interest of national defense. Their commendable idea is to bury the hatchet in the back of Hitler's neck.

•

Joe Louis has passed his Army tests and is now subject to call. Yet it would be hard to imagine anybody who has less need to carry a gun.

•

The President asks us to devote the week after Armistice Day to serious thinking about our national problems. Senator Wheeler will, of course, denounce this attempt to put us into a contemplation camp.

•

Things are not as dark as they seemed a few months ago. Silk stockings may still be seen everywhere and Secretary Ickes has repealed the oil shortage.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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even a 'BLIND MAN' could tell the difference!









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For these tangy Autumn days, it's pretty hard to beat the combination of Buick and Macy's Little Shop.

Buick builds the car, a dashing 1942 Convertible Coupe with a Press-A-Button top that goes up or down at the touch of a button, whether or not the engine is running. (Meaning that in a matter of seconds you can let the breeze in, if your cheeks need roses, or shut it out behind a full-weight top.) And Macy's, the World's Largest Store, provides our heroine's three-color turban (grand at mastering breezes!) and the white curly lamb coat, both fetching and warm.

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THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS

ON my way back from a vacation in the Northwest, I stopped over in Los Angeles, chiefly to see my friends the Zimmermans. Several years before, Harold and Elsa Zimmerman had moved to California and had built a house in Bel-Air. They lived within fairly easy driving distance of the motion-picture company that had invited Harold to leave the uncertainties of musical-comedy score-arranging and conducting and take the post of general music director at a major studio. When I called up from the hotel, Elsa's mother, Mrs. Mishkin, told me to come right out. I arranged at the desk to hire a small drive-it-yourself car and, after experiencing a number of difficulties with suburban Los Angeles traffic, succeeded in finding Bel-Air.

Harold's house was a beautiful one, on a street with one of those picturesque names, like Yucatan Drive. There were quantities of flowers everywhere. Elsa had often written of her garden and how much she had enjoyed learning about landscaping after so many years of apartment life in New York. I knew what she meant—those endless midnight conferences, with Harold and myself and five or six other men putting the finishing touches on radio stuff or a show number and then suddenly asking for a hot meal. In one of her letters, she had written:

Out here, I've found myself, and it's certainly a more cheerful self than I'd have dared to lay claim to back in 1936, when we left New York. That terrible year! Musicals at a low ebb and show business going to the dogs. The only music the public cared for in 1936, you'll remember, was the kind that went round and round. Oh, you've just *got* to come out here and see how heavenly it is. Probably one of the first things I'll do will be to give you a learned lecture on flowering shrubs. I've turned into the kind of woman who bores everybody to tears by talking about plant nutrition and other dull subjects. Maybe you won't believe me, but we sometimes have an unbroken series of sunny days for three and even four months at a time. It's really a sun-worshipper's paradise. For the first time in her life, Mamma has acquired a deep tan, which is very becoming to her, and the only reason the grass and flowers haven't emulated her is that we've been spendthrift with the garden hose. The Los Angeles water rate being what it is, using the hose is on the same plane as shopping at Cartier's.



A Chinese houseboy led me through one or two fragile-looking reception rooms, all delicately pastel, and into the library. Here each piece of furniture was upholstered in what I later learned was called rose beige, and even the carpet and walls were tinted with rose. It was clear that if Harold was still getting embroiled in midnight conferences, they weren't held in this room. He and his friends would have made short work of its daintiness. The Chinese boy said that Mrs. Zimmerman would be down right away and that I was to wait.

When Elsa came in, I noticed that she wore a high-school-commencement affair of white organdie and looked younger than ever.

"This is nice!" she said. "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"You're certainly looking well, Elsa," I said, "and the house is beautiful. One of the most attractive houses I've ever seen. How's Harold and how's your mother?"

"Oh, we're all fine," she said. "Mamma will be dressed in just a few minutes and you can see for yourself. Miss Jensen's just left—that's the masseuse. Mamma and I are turning into health fiends. The house *is* nice, isn't it? It isn't a showplace or anything like that, though. Out here there's no sense in trying to do anything big until you're in the thirty-five-hundred class. Incidentally, wait till you see the shops out here. They're perfectly wonderful! Do you want to see what time it is?"

"It's about four-fifty," I said.

"No, I didn't mean that. What I mean is I'm dying to show you our clock. Watch me press this button in the arm of the sofa. Now look over the fireplace."

The face of a clock, luminous and green, glowed through the wall and then faded away.

"That's quite an idea," I said.

"Everything's buttons," Elsa said. "Wait till you've been through the rest of the house! And I can't wait to show you the garden."

"I saw a lot of yellow roses as I came up the drive," I said.

"*My* handiwork," she said. "At first I had to have a man to help me, but I don't any more."

"I shouldn't think running a big garden would leave you much spare time," I said.

"It doesn't," Elsa said, "but the fact

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Victorian 1942

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is I don't do much else. The other music supervisors—I mean the men who have the equivalent of Harold's job at the other studios—they and their wives aren't much fun. In fact, none of the people in our salary range are what you'd call really congenial. The garden gives me something to do. I'm crazy about it. By the way, don't I look healthy?"

"You look like an ad for Coca-Cola," I said. "I could tell from your letters that you were having a good time, but I had no idea you'd look like this. I suppose the climate gets a little of the credit?"

She nodded. "It's done wonders for us," she said, "and it's done wonders for Mamma, too."

ALMOST as if she were entering on cue, Mrs. Mishkin walked into the room. Back home she had been a comfortably plump old lady, endlessly good-natured and a great help to Elsa in the almost impossible task of running the Zimmerman household. It had been Mrs. Mishkin, I knew, who had been largely responsible for the stews, the thick, fragrant soups, the stuffed cabbage, the jelly pancakes, the blintzes, and all the other things that appeared on a card table in the living room at unpredictable hours of the night. Now she was within an inch or two of being slim. She wore a cool blue-and-cream print and was as dainty as a piece of Wedgwood.

"Well!" she said heartily. "Am I glad to see a familiar face! How's your family?"

"They were all well when I last saw them," I said.

"Would I like to take a good long trip somewhere!" she said. "But Harold, he's never ready for a vacation. With him it's always work, work, and *more* work. If he isn't starting a new picture, he's making a main title or something. And worry! When you talk to him, half the time he isn't listening."

"Maybe we can go away together sometime," Elsa said. "Just you and me, Mamma."

"No," her mother said with decision. "Not the way things are at the studio. I tell you what we *will* do, though. You and Harold will go to La Jolla for a weekend as soon as he's finished with the job he's working on now. It'll do him good. And I can always stay with Mrs. Strauss in Brentwood. Say, have you two been out to the garden yet?"

"Not yet," Elsa said. "We were waiting for you. Or maybe we should show him the house first." She turned to me. "The dining room's got the loveli-



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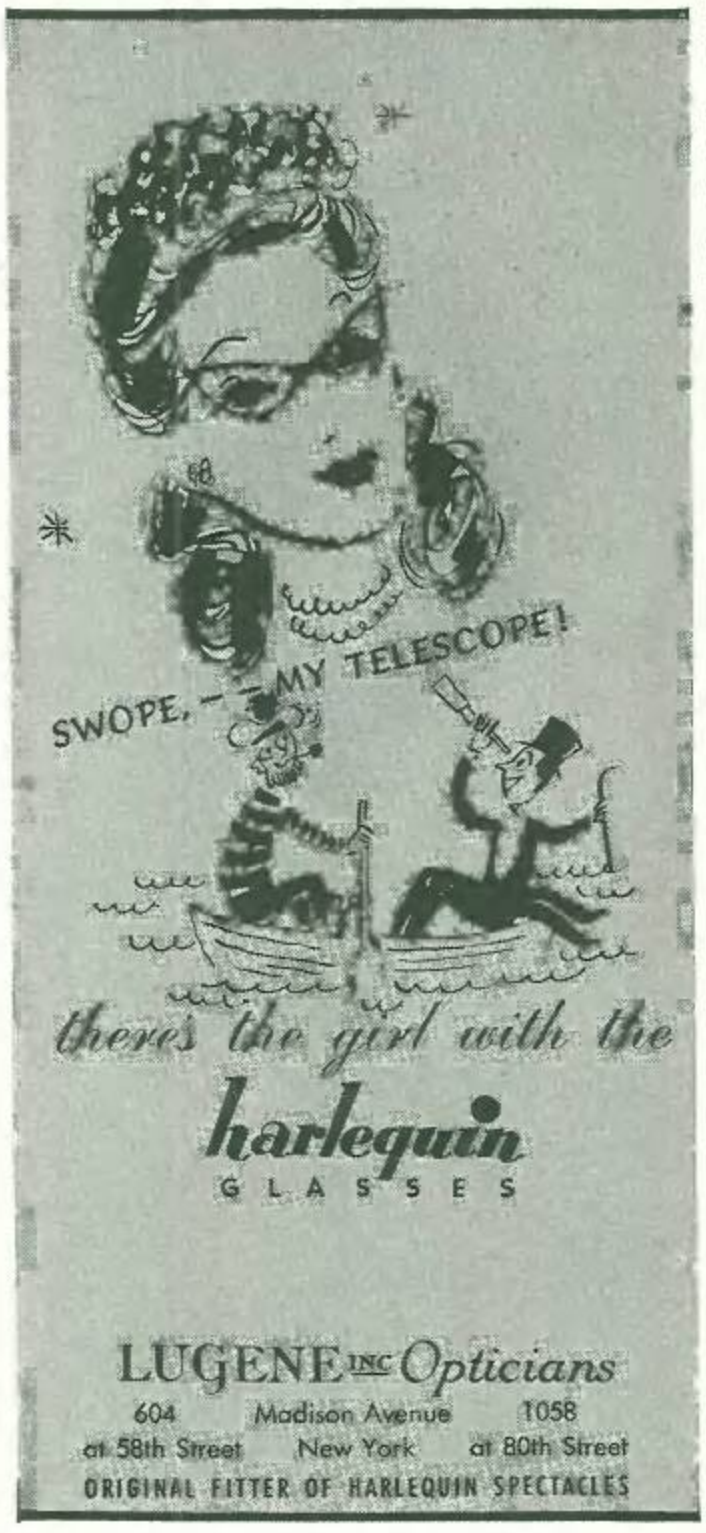


Onion Soup Pots

Onion soup simmered and served in these little pots, with crusty toast and grated Parmesan cheese is an epicurean delight. These pots are fireproof, glazed on both sides; dark brown base and cover; cream-colored top rim and interior.

Set of four 9-ounce pots, $1.25 (packed in a carton)

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STUDIO Living Room, 28' x 16'—20' ceiling. Dining Gallery—Study—2 Bed Rooms—2 Baths. Fireplace. Excellent North Light.
DUPLEX
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est Mexican murals, and you'll be crazy about Harold's study and the upstairs sun terraces and the translucent tiles in the bathroom. Which would you rather do first, the inside or the outside?"

"Well, Elsa," I said, "I'd enjoy seeing your disappearing clock again before we do anything else. Then I'd like to have you and your mother show me the garden."

"Mmm, that clock!" Mrs. Mishkin said admiringly. "A duplicate of the one in Mr. Shumberg's private office. He gave Harold the name of the designer, and they're absolutely the only two clocks built like that on the Coast. Press the button, Elsa."

Elsa pressed the button, and again the mysterious glow appeared. It was five o'clock.

"Tell him how it works," Mrs. Mishkin said. "He'll be surprised."

"It's gauze," Elsa said, "painted to look like the rest of the wall. The hands and numbers shine through."

"Next week, when I look at a clock and it says five, I'll be in an office building on Madison Avenue," I said, "and not here in California, with all your yellow roses to look at, Elsa, and your mother in that beautiful dress. If you have any decency at all, you'll feel sorry for me."

"Madison Avenue," the old lady said.

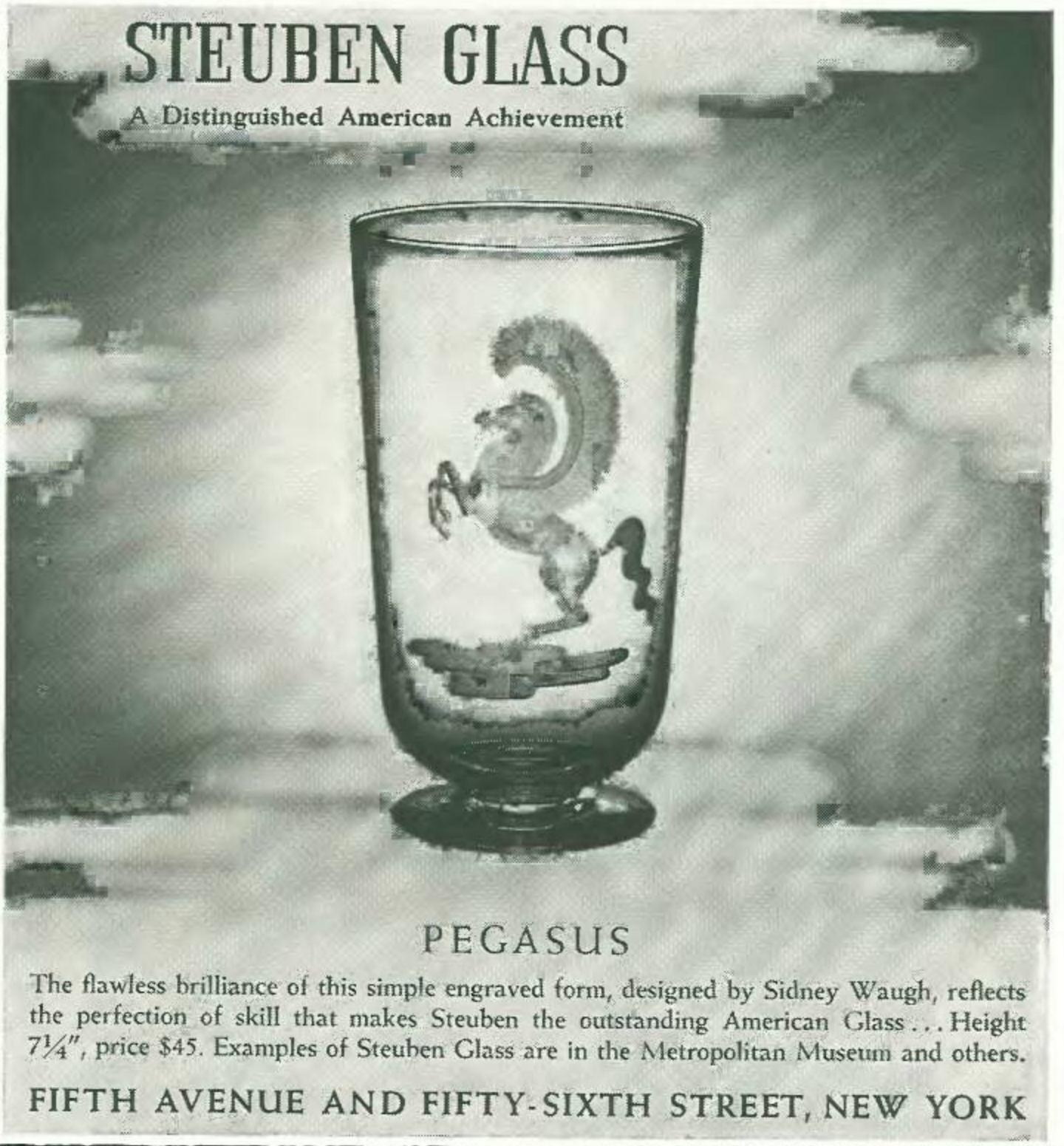
"I can just see it at five o'clock," said Elsa. "Can't you, Mamma?"

"The chances are it will be raining," I said bitterly, "and people will be coming out of office buildings and getting wet and wishing they'd brought their umbrellas and trying to hail taxis. Naturally, all the taxis will be full."

"The stenographers will be wearing their oiled-silk raincoats, in all the different colors," said Mrs. Mishkin, "and people will go home and get dressed for dinner, and when they're all dressed in nice, clean clothes, they'll go into the living room and mix themselves something to drink."

"While they're having a cocktail," Elsa said, "they'll sit there and look out





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at the city through the windows, and all they'll see will be lots and lots of misty little yellow lights."

"After dinner," Mrs. Mishkin said, "some of them will go downstairs and the doorman will get them a taxi, and maybe they'll go to something new at the Music Box. And when they come out of the theatre, they'll be humming a song from the show, and it'll still be raining."

Elsa put her face in her hands and began to cry.

Mrs. Mishkin's whole manner changed. "Elsa!" she said. "Elsa, behave yourself!" The old lady got up and went to the far end of the room. She touched a button and a small bar swung out from the wall. "Look," she said brightly. "What'll you have?"

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Whatever you're having."

"Elsa!" said Mrs. Mishkin. "You want him to get the wrong impression?"

"I don't care," said Elsa. She was still sobbing. "I don't care what impression he gets."

"I'll make a William Powell Special," Mrs. Mishkin said. "To be nice and rich, a William Powell Special should be blended and put on ice for at least four hours, with no ice ever touching the mixture itself, but I'll make you one anyway. It's the most delicious drink you ever put in your mouth. At the South Seas, they hardly ever get calls for anything else." —JAMES REID PARKER

•

At first guess you'd probably say 50-pound Cal Hubbard, of the American League, was the country's biggest umpire. But you're wrong. Ronnie Trogmorton, who calls them in the South Atlantic League, scales around 75.—*The Herald Tribune*.

Just shows how wrong you can be.

•

Mr. Davila is a great favorite with Washington society. He has been repeatedly reported engaged or married to various prominent women and at one time there was a rumor that he had been killed.
—*Washington Star*.

The darling of the Capital, you might say.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in Fortune*]

America's two newest and strongest battleships . . . the "North Carolina" and "Washington," only new U.S. battleships commissioned in the last 20 years . . . are equipped with new Super-Speed L.C. Smith Typewriters.

TABLES FOR TWO

Lavender and Old Ice

THE Iridium Room of the St. Regis has apparently solved its entertainment problem for keeps. The ice show there is now in its fourth year, and, what's considerably more, the leading lady, Miss Dorothy Lewis, is the same leading lady who was on display at the opening. This is a situation that doesn't always hold true in successful musicals over on Broadway and almost never does in night clubs, but the Iridium Room goes right on ignoring precedent. Miss Lewis shows a certain disregard for it, too, by being as merry as ever and even sitting down, in the number in which she represents an inexpert skater, with as convincing a jolt as the one that earned her her first bruise. The rest of the cast, somewhat newer to the St. Regis, are equally enthusiastic. The two male members are brand-new, but they toss Miss Lewis around with well-oiled abandon and seem to have learned how to stomp boldly from dressing room to ice without fear of chopping the Iridium carpet to ribbons. Among the most loyal supporters of the ice show are the waiters, who will gladly describe the mechanical processes of freezing and sliding the surface on and off the dance floor, and go about recommending the entire offering as extremely worth while.



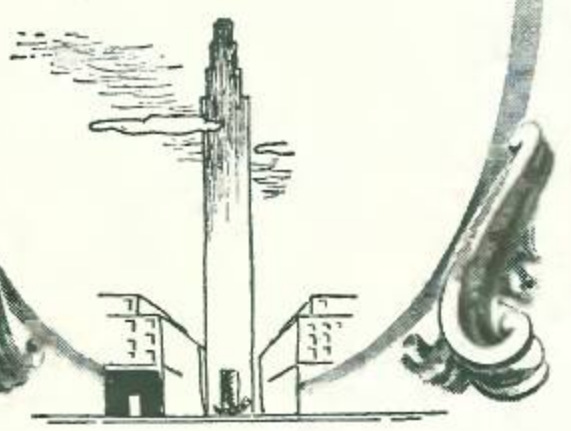
When the very special, patented, St. Regis thaw has made the footing less hazardous, guests are treated to the sedate dance music of Hal Saunders' orchestra. Waltzers are catered to, and even the more modern tempos are handled with a restraint that should encourage the most diffident. The Iridium Room continues to promote lordly living. The food is well executed, wine buckets are drawn up alongside many of the tables, and most of the male neckwear is white.

THE music of Emil Coleman, who plays in the Trianon Room of the Hotel Ambassador, is also calculated to attract dancers who are past the fullest frenzy of youth, but there is certainly nothing sedentary about most of the clientele that it draws. Health authorities who decry the physical condition of America's potential fighting man have probably been studying the wrong strata. The nation's sturdiest specimen is the elderly athlete who trains at Arthur Murray's and the Trianon Room. For drive and staying power, he stands alone. He has been known to carry a regulation-size partner thirty miles over a hard floor with no other relief than an occasional dab at the back of the neck with his pocket handkerchief. He is versatile. He can out-rumba his weight in draftees, and is very likely to work in a bit of professional ballroom routine if his lady is equal to it. Obviously, all that would be needed to make him a bear for military service is a slight revamping of martial music. The beat would have to be altered somewhat, and parts written in for strings and possibly a gourd or two.

This season's entertainment news from the Trianon Room is, of course, that Renée De Marco is appearing solitaire. To lend extra substance to her offering, she has taken to vocalizing a little before turning the program over to her feet. Her voice will probably light no fires in even a susceptible breast, but it is adequate, and her dancing still has the smooth accomplishment that distinguished it when she was in partnership. Mrs. De Marco does not go in for death-defying gymnastics but contents herself with giving a very trim and mannerly performance.

THE show at the Rainbow Room features Billy de Wolfe, who impersonates a number of fairly stock characters, such as a gum-chewing cabaret m.c. and the matron who is unfamiliar with liquor letting herself go in a cocktail lounge. Mr. de Wolfe has a face that is very well suited to this sort of work, being mobile and reasonably expressive. If you like the monologues he uses for accompaniment, fine, but if they seem to be occasionally irrelevant, as they do to me, you will wish he had put as much care into them as into his pantomime. At the risk of being scholarly about a subject that may not warrant it, I should like to ask why impersonators must always throw in extraneous gags instead of relying on their imitative powers to get laughs. I want that cleared up right away. The Rainbow Room also has Adrienne, a lusty and tuneful singer of the Merman school, and a Miss Winslow and a Mr. Fitz-Simons, who dance barefoot. The music is by Matty Malneck's orchestra, which has a few pretty good specialties to offer. You may be pleased with the gentlemanly

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610 FIFTH AVENUE



AUTUMN IN COLONIAL

Williamsburg

VIRGINIA

The peace, quiet and romance of two centuries ago recreated for you in this restored colonial community, its charm enhanced by Virginia's mellow autumn.

Williamsburg Inn

Single from $6 Double from $9

Williamsburg Lodge

Single from $2 Double from $3

Also special week-end rates

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and sensible warning that the elevator operators give you as they drop you off at the Rainbow floor. "Sixty-five," they say. "Watch your step."

VERSAILLES has got itself quite an elaborate spectacle, which is divided into two acts, one for dinner and one for supper. There's Mili Monti to sing in French and Frances Mercer to come back at her in English and Jean Cavall to try some of both. The book, if any, to this two-act show is extremely hazy, but everything is wrapped up tidily in the finale, in which the whole cast, including a red, white, and blue chorus line, sings "It's a Grand Place to Be," meaning America. This seems to be the main message, since up to that point all the lyrics have been devoted to minor topics, such as love as the French see it. Versailles is a big place with many, many tables arranged so that only the people in the front row can see all of what's happening on the floor, but the rest can always pass the time looking at the attractive scenic murals of Versailles, France.

Another spot which offers scenery, the real McCoy this time, is the Penthouse Club, overlooking Central Park. There's no dancing here; just incidental music, candlelight, and the view. . . . Then again, for less mood and more action, the comparatively new Café Bagatelle might suit. It has no show, but it has dancing to Dick Wilson's orchestra and seems a forthright, unatmospheric sort of place. . . . Ruban Bleu, to get back to the dim places, now has Maxine Sullivan, who had a cold when I last heard her and was therefore only a little better than any other feminine vocalist. Until recently, the Ruban was also presenting Miss Paula Laurence, who has a very strange repertory of songs that are funny without any obvious reason and who wears a small rock garden on her head. —D. E. L.

•

Eddie Dooley, sports reporter and radio sports commentator, has been signed by Station WNEW and will present his sports slants over that station on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 7:45 to 8:00 P.M., starting Friday.—*The Mirror.*

We'll be tuned in.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an article in Collier's*]

Miss Hunt sat at the rear with her husband, Jerry Hopper, and enjoyed full solitude.

Ideal for those ZESTFUL, FALL OUTDOOR MEALS



This Master Grill Is So Portable It Can be Used in Your Outdoor Fireplace.

The perfect setting for preparing extra-tasty, tenderized barbecued meats! Actually two grills in one, as the rotating spit may quickly be replaced with long handled steak broiler. Perfect heat control assured by movable dual fire compartments, one on each side. When fall is over, simply move the grill indoors and use in indoor fireplace.

PUT IT ON YOUR GIFT LIST

Comes ready to use with warming shelves, drip pan and ash pan. Extra-durable construction. At your dealer or those listed below, at $19.95 each (slightly higher in south and west). *Order G-60 now;* have it when you want it. Master Metal Products, Inc., 296 Chicago St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Breakfast
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FEATURING
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also at the cocktail hour
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ALKALINE *Water*

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NOT A LAXATIVE

Available at drug and food stores and at better restaurants.

KALAK WATER CO. of NEW YORK, INC.
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOTORS AND MOTORING

Second Batch

NOW that the 1942 models are all here, each in its own shiny show window, it is plainer than ever that, for the moment at least, the manufacturers are set to give us cars which are practically as dazzling as last year's and on the whole even more impressive-looking. As noted in this department a week ago, production has already been slowed up considerably, and it now looks as if in the months, and cars, to come there will be less and less emphasis on shiny trim. Still, however bleak the future, it can never be said that the gentlemen in Michigan didn't make a stab at carrying on in their accustomed manner. They have even sprung a few surprises, though, to be sure, nothing in the way of a revolution has taken place under the 1942 hoods.



The two most obvious innovations, I think, are Buick's so-called airfoil fenders and De Soto's so-called "Airfoil" headlights. How both companies' poetic publicists happened to hit on the word "airfoil" I'm sure I don't know. The dictionary lists it as an aeronautical term meaning "any surface, flat or curved, designed to obtain reaction upon its surfaces from the air through which it moves." De Soto uses a capital "A" and puts the word in quotes; Buick tosses it off with unadorned, small-"a" nonchalance. Either way, the reaction from the air, I assume, is dandy.

Buick's airfoil fenders, in all of its six series, from the compact 40A Special through the big 90 Limited, are full and flaring, with lines that sweep onto the door panels, both front and rear. In the Super and Roadmaster convertible coupés and sedanets, the front-fender bulge streams completely across the door and merges with the rear fender. Whether you like going so whole-hoggedly for advanced design or not, it looks as though this is the direction in which our designers are determined to lead us as long as they have the wherewithal to make any changes at all. The long fenders are undeniably rakish, and certainly their extremities will be better protected by the new curved bumpers, which swing around and back clear to the wheel openings. I think you'll admire the convenience of Buick's new parking brake, which is applied by a small pedal to the left of the clutch and released by a hand control on the dash. Like most of its rivals, Buick has raised its prices something like ten or fifteen per cent.

The De Soto "Airfoil" headlight is simply a concealed headlight set in a little niche behind a sliding shutter. A small lever just below the instrument panel controls both the lights and the shutters. Pull it out and the shutters slide up and the lights go on; push it in and vice versa —nothing could be simpler. But why shutters at all? The explanation, I suppose, is that old hankering for the ultimate in streamlining, plus, perhaps, a certain interest in protecting the lights from dirt, frost, and flying pebbles. These shuttered lights are set in high, fat fenders above a wide, protuberant grille and give the cars a solid, well-knit look. The illuminated ashtray on the dashboard is as handy as it is simple. Horsepower has been stepped up from one hundred and five to one hundred and fifteen. In these cars, fluid drive (which, unlike most makers, De Soto simply calls Fluid Drive) is optional.

As a matter of fact, with the exception of the new Chryslers, fluid drive is still universally regarded as an extra. The majority of the manufacturers now offer it under one alias or another, but for some reason they have decided against treating it as standard equipment, even though it is probably the most important change we've had in cars for years. Studebaker's version, called the Turbo-matic drive, is available on Commander and President models and includes a "range-selector" on the steering post, by which the car can be put in low (for heavy pulling), traffic range (for frequent stops and starts), cruising range (high gear for the open road or light traffic), and reverse. As usual, the Studebaker series has been designed by Raymond Loewy, who, as usual, has shown conservative good taste. The Skyway models in particular illustrate how a skilled designer can give a car an aspect of elegance with a happy minimum of shiny metal splash. I also approve of the big, one-piece curved windshields on President and Commander sedan coupés.

MR. FORD stands ready to attach his Liquamatic Drive, as he calls his fluid-drive arrangement, to his Lincolns and Mercurys. The Lincolns I described last week. The Mercurys are a little lower, a little longer, and a little more



The Old School team is going great?
And you're all set to celebrate?
You'll cheer a TOM & JERRY, chum,
That's made with *light* BOLERO Rum.

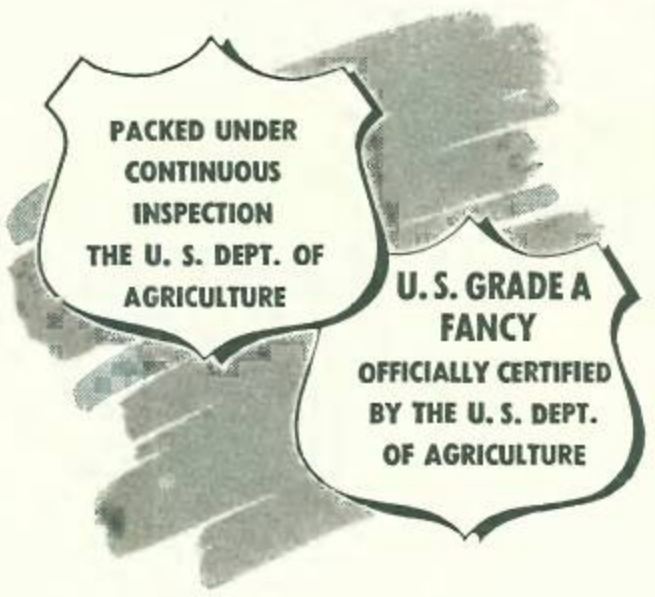
What? Rum that's *dry* and *light?* You bet!
It makes the best *hot Rum drinks* yet!
It gives 'em "flavor-plus"—and how!
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Grade A
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Pioneers in Quality for nearly a century, Ritters have now introduced Continuous Government Inspection. Made under the watchful eye of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Ritter Catsup proudly bears the seal "U. S. Grade A Fancy"—highest recommendation a food can merit. Flavored with genuine Tabasco*, it is a tantalizing taste-sensation. We invite you to try it!



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BRIDGETON . NEW JERSEY
Fine Foods since 1854
*Our use of this product, and its registered trademark, is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

powerful than heretofore; their bumpers are emphatically broader and heavier. I especially like the treatment of the interiors, where leather is used lavishly on the surfaces which undergo the greatest wear and is boldly contrasted with broadcloth. Mr. Ford's preoccupation with plastics is evident in the Mercury's radio grille, which is composed of eighteen plastic bars and only three metal strips. If you know Mr. Ford, you know what the plastic is made of. Soybeans.

The new Ford is also longer and stronger; in both the six and the eight, horsepower has been raised from eighty-five to ninety. The vertical engine-grille design is much more to my liking than last year's. The interior fittings show quiet good taste and go in for a lot of plastic work, but despite Mr. Ford's intention of someday putting out an all-plastic car, you'll find plenty of bright metal on his current offerings.

ON the Cadillac and Oldsmobile, it's the Hydra-Matic Drive. (I'd almost rather design one of these drives than think up a new name for it.) Cadillac's front façade is a neat one, its squarish checkerboard grille being just as attractive but rearranged to allow ten-per-cent more ventilation. This has enabled the designers to do away with the cowl ventilator and the slits in the hood, giving the entire front a trimmer, smoother appearance. Instead of the ventilator, there are air ducts leading directly into the passenger compartment, and these are opened and closed by two buttons on the instrument panel.

From the side, the 1942 Olds is incontestably a handsome car—sleek, substantial, and speedy-looking, with an economical but by no means stingy use of shiny body trim. Full face, however, it reveals some of the most complicated geometrical patterns I've ever seen. The bumper consists of two horizontal bars joined by two sturdy vertical ones, and the upper horizontal bar has been built into the radiator grillwork and surrounded by a kind of metal lip. Between the upper and lower bars is some painted grillwork, and—oh, well, there's a patch of shiny grillwork and a crest thrown in. According to the Oldsmobile people, the bumper, in addition to providing better protection, gives the front "a striking appearance entirely new to motorcars," and I'd be the last to deny it. Olds interiors are attractive, one nice point being the dashboards, which are finished in a dark-walnut grain and present the instruments compactly grouped in a neat oval and easy to read.

Chevrolets are only one inch long-

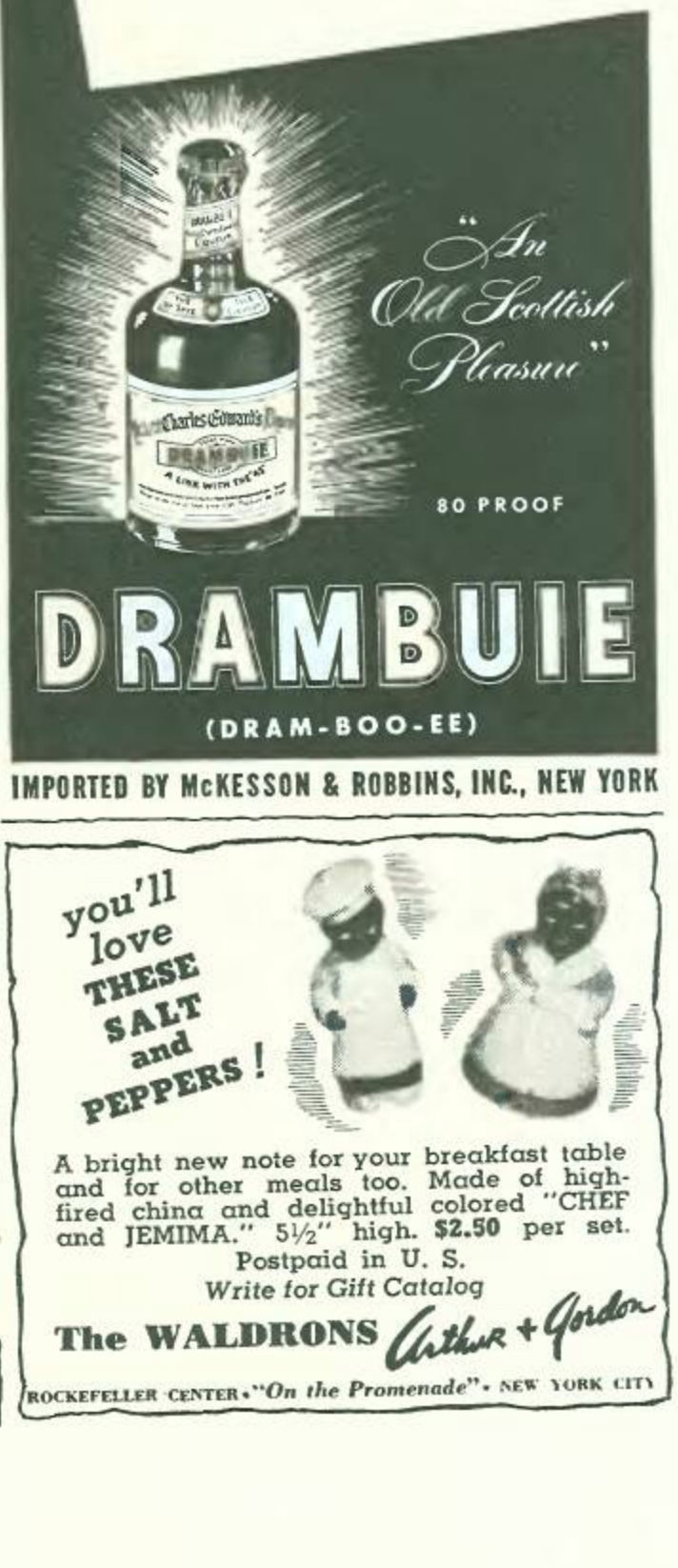


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Drambuie, the liqueur of Scotland, has been prized since 1745. It is the only world-famous cordial made with a base of finest liqueur Scotch whisky.

And now that so many other imported cordials are no longer available, Drambuie is more than ever indispensable. *It is virtually the only liqueur still being imported from Europe.*

Tonight, after dinner . . . discover this "old Scottish pleasure"



DRAMBUIE
(DRAM-BOO-EE)
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

you'll love THESE SALT and PEPPERS!

A bright new note for your breakfast table and for other meals too. Made of high-fired china and delightful colored "CHEF and JEMIMA." 5½" high. **$2.50** per set. Postpaid in U. S.
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The WALDRONS *Arthur + Gordon*
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • *"On the Promenade"* • NEW YORK CITY

er than a year ago, but the line of their fenders and the low, heavy-barred grilles give them a considerably more substantial and competent look. Mechanically, there's no major change, but the Chevrolet people have lately been going in for some very tricky extras, among them a rear-window wiper, a Kleenex dispenser that fits under the dashboard and holds a full package of tissues (invaluable for motorists with young ice-cream-cone eaters), and a windshield-washer that squirts a spray of water onto the glass when you press a button—better than a gas-station attendant, almost.

AS for the new Chryslers, in which, as in their sister De Sotos, fluid drive is Fluid Drive, horsepower has been increased from one hundred and twelve to one hundred and twenty in the sixes, and from one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty in the eights. The grille design is one of my favorites—five wide chromium bars running smack across the front of the car, low down on the hood, and sweeping around the fenders clear to the wheel openings. The front bumper curves all the way around the fenders, and the headlights are set wide apart in them without fussy gingerbread. To achieve such a distinctively neat front, the designers have had to minimize the usual air-intake vents, but they've made up for this with two big air scoops placed almost out of sight below the bumper. Chrysler interiors have always been notable for their gaiety and charm, and this season they seem brighter than ever. One ingenious extra available on most models is a white ring around the tire rim to create the illusion of white sidewall tires, which, as you know, are all but impossible to get this year.

Dodges, graceful as ever, are somewhat more powerful in appearance than they were last year, and somewhat more powerful in their innards, too, for their engines are up from ninety-one to one hundred and five horsepower. Their fenders are full-bellied, their running boards are concealed, and their trunk compartments are larger. They have an extra of which I heartily approve for absent-minded drivers like myself: a warning buzzer that sounds when you start up with your hand brake on. It's Fluid Drive here too. —L. K. B.

•

WANTED: A studio by girl with large north light window and venetian blinds. —*Notice on the bulletin board at the Art Students' League.*

Wants a hideout, probably.

I. Miller's *bejeweled fairy tale clogs*

We touched our magic wand to these satin and velvet sandals and lo! they are decked with jewels! Practice your own wizardry and wear them with a simple sheath for drama per se.



ANKLET, black velvet with multicolored stones, white satin with topaz or gold kid with rhinestones, 39.95. SANDAL, black crepe with multicolored stones, white satin with multicolored stones or black suede with jet, 39.95

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Thumbs up!
for Gloves & Pipes from England



BRITAIN delivers the goods. *DUNHILL* exclusives are traditionally superior. Gentlemen's gloves, from 4.00. Illustrated: gloves, 5.50; Dunhill pipe, 12.00. Ladies' gloves, from 3.50

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Fifth Avenue at Fiftieth
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"NIGHT-OWL SNAPSHOTS"

There's no trick at all to successful snapshots indoors at night...if your camera is loaded with ultra-fast KODAK SUPER-XX FILM. Come in for our 5-minute course in night snapshooting ---and ask for your free booklet.



EASTMAN Kodak STORES, Inc.
MADISON AVE. AT 45th
745 FIFTH AVE.
235 WEST 23rd STREET

THE ARMY LIFE

V~UNDER ARMS

THE only kind of rifle I had ever held, before my superiors at Camp Croft, South Carolina, pressed one into my nervous hands and urged me to treat it as lovingly as I would a small and helpless child, was the common, shooting-gallery twenty-two. I rarely got to hold onto a rifle for long even at shooting galleries; the proprietors of such establishments, dismayed at my marksmanship, usually ordered me to cease firing after a shot or two, on the ground that I was obviously not going to hit any of their ducks and might even nick a passer-by. As a soldier, however, or, more to the point, as an infantryman, I spend a good deal of my time with a rifle, carrying it about during the daytime even when there seems to be no particular need for it, much as ladies carry their handbags when there seems to be no particular need for *them*. At night I place it gently in a rack standing in the middle of my barracks floor. A rifle rack is a large and bulky wooden receptacle representing to our barracks what the umbrella stand represented to the old-fashioned American home. After the lights have been turned out, the rack also serves as a sturdy hazard for the unwary. One of the boys residing nine beds away from me found that out during some indoor night maneuvers recently, when, on trying to deploy through our quarters, he stubbed his toe against it; later he discovered that he had broken a bone in his foot. The rest of the fellows, noting that he would thus be prevented from drilling for a couple of weeks, received the tragedy with mixed feelings of sympathy and envy. One of them went so far as to begin executing lively dance steps in the vicinity of the rack, hoping that a misjudged *entrechat* might earn him at least a few dishabilitating bruises. Instead, he only received hell from a nearby corporal, who at the same moment noticed that the man's shoes were dusty and ordered them shined instantly.

RIFLES were distributed to a group of us newly inducted selectees shortly after our arrival at Camp Croft, a replacement centre where we are being trained, in alphabetical order, as infantrymen. Evidently to facilitate the work of the Army's clerical departments, we march and sleep in lines that would delight the editor of a telephone directory. I am flanked, for instance, by one selectee named Johnson and by another who was thoughtless enough to enter the Army with a last name the same as mine. He and I are so frequently confused by our officers that we ourselves occasionally find it difficult to tell which of us is which, except when our name is mentioned in connection with some undesirable duty, possibly involving loss of sleep, when we are both positive that the other fellow is being summoned. None of us, however, are confused about our rifles, for every soldier was instructed to memorize the number of his when he received it and we did so. To go around shooting with somebody else's rifle is considered bad form.

My own rifle is a long and forceful weapon of the type generally known among civilians as the Springfield; in military circles it is called an '03, a designation referring to the year in which the model was developed. It weighs, so they tell me, only 8.69 pounds and, I was assured by an officer shortly after I began shouldering it, it will eventually feel no heavier than a twig. At the moment it bears a closer dendrological resemblance to a California redwood. I have tried to follow the Army's suggestions and grow to love it as I would a small and helpless child, but I cannot help feeling that there is some slight difference, since, after all, you never have to worry about the muzzle velocity or firing power of a small child. No sooner had the rifle become my ward than I was initiated into the mysteries of the manual of arms, which involves flinging a weapon around in the air and causing it to alight gracefully on the ground, in the hands, or on a shoulder. There are a precise number of motions for each of the many commands we are required to execute, and when an officer wishes to assure himself that we are familiar with each step, he merely instructs us, say, to come to left shoulder arms "by the numbers." Upon the command "Left shoulder—harms!" we raise our rifles and hold them stiffly in mid-air until we get the command "Two," when we execute another manual movement. At "Three" and "Four" we get the gun haltingly to our left shoulders, except for the fellows who get the gun to their right shoulders. There are very few things in the Army which, at one time or another, we do not do by the numbers. One of the boys in my company, who hopes someday to be transferred to the Air





Our Ramparts are in the Sky

WHETHER you live in a large city or small, in the East or in the West, plying a trade or following a profession, your world has changed to a world of the airplane.

You are seeing men, mail and merchandise moving not only by road and rail and water but also in the thoroughfare of the universal sky.

Here in the United States you have seen New York and Los Angeles re-located... just overnight by air from one to the other. You have seen the Atlantic spanned in a single day instead of many. You have seen whole armies ferried across the face of Europe, Asia and Africa ...by air! The fixed points about which the World's affairs have eddied for so long have become suddenly mobile.

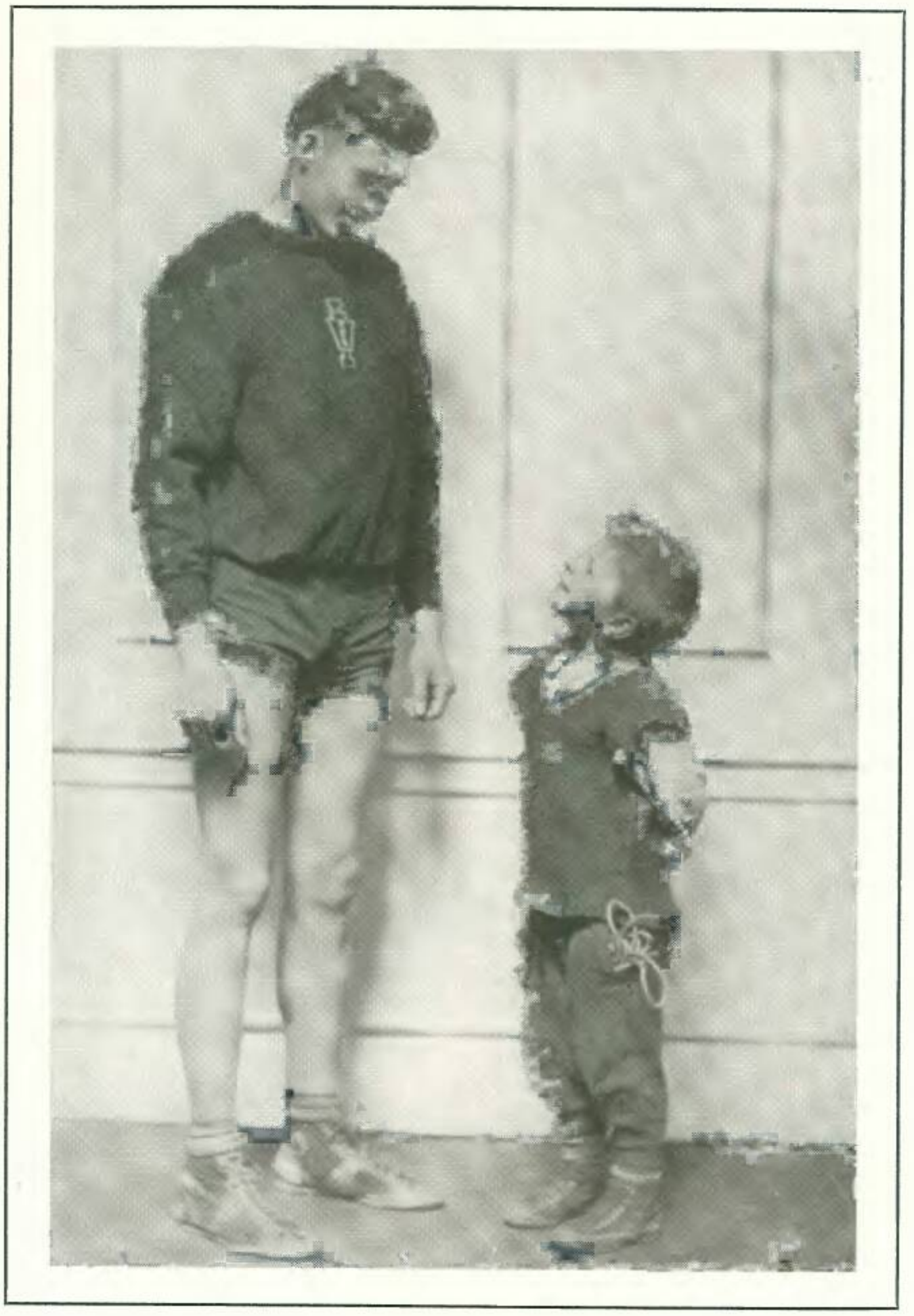
The change—so swift that not all have been able to heed it—comes to this:

Our ramparts, our frontiers, are in the sky. Here will our freedom be defended and made secure. And here will our commerce and our trade—the things we live by—become increasingly fluid, flexible, expansive.

This is your new world. It *starts from where you are* and reaches everywhere. You can be *swept along* with it, or you may choose to *advance* with it. But you are certain to *move* with it!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



Who Will Defend America?

EVERY year BoyscluBs are graduating into the citizenry of the nation thousands of young men who are physically fit and who have the belief that our way of life is worth defending.

Thousands of BoyscluB trained boys are in the Army and Navy, and thousands more are in the factories where their hand skills, acquired in the vocational classes of BoyscluBs, make them priceless assets to America in the present crisis.

Teaching and guidance of boys who come from families in the lower economic levels are vital to the nation and to every individual who has a stake in it. BoyscluBs throughout the land are giving opportunities to underprivileged boys in club houses of their own, equipped with gymnasiums, vocational classes and reading rooms. Trained leaders instruct and guide them to good citizenship through constructive use of otherwise idle hours. All these Clubs are supported by philanthropic citizens. Here is true preparation for defense against enemies from without, and against crime, disease and delinquency from within.

If there is a BoyscluB in your town it merits your interest. If you haven't one thousands of your boys are being neglected. Write for further information.

BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA, Inc.

381 FOURTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Corps, is afraid that if he does get there and ever finds it necessary to make an emergency exit from a plane, he will get out into the air all right but will neglect to pull his parachute ring because nobody will be around to yell "Two" at him.

WHEN our rifles are not perched on our shoulders, they are usually lying around us in small, scattered pieces. We spend industrious hours sitting by our disassembled weapons, learning to distinguish between upper sling swivels and front sight covers. The smallest parts of a rifle frequently have the longest names; something titled "the operating rod catch assembly accelerator," for example, is about the size of a tack. We are supposed to take our rifles apart and clean them every evening as conscientiously as we clean ourselves, so we not only rub them with old rags but get into the corners with toothbrushes and shaving brushes. At inspection time our rifles are as devoid of dust as a Schrafft's hostess.

As walking arsenals of democracy, we carry, in addition to our rifles, empty canvas cartridge belts, to which are appended first-aid kits, canteens, and bayonets. When we are wearing our belts, even without rifles, we are technically under arms and need not remove our hats indoors, but we are seldom indoors. When we are, at the end of the day, we remove our belts and dangle them from our beds, where we can easily seize our bayonets in case we should suddenly have to repel an invader. Outside of drill hours, we are forbidden to extract our bayonets from their protective scabbards, the Army operating on the highly sensible theory that a bayonet should never be brandished unless its handler intends to kill somebody with it, or at least practice killing somebody. The fact is, I have not yet unsheathed my bayonet, having no great desire even to look at it. I know it, though, to be an unlovely and threatening object, for which I am utterly incapable of developing any affection of the sort I someday expect to bestow upon my rifle.

ONE thing that civilians perhaps do not quite realize about their new Army is that the privates in it are practically in charge of the country. Most of the privates of my acquaintance did not realize this, either, until the other day, when a lieutenant, in the course of a lecture on tactics, remarked that one interesting aspect of Army life was that everyone involved in it not only took





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Entertainment nightly except Sunday

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Hotel Pierre

Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
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never changing superiority

People who know how to live—live to their complete satisfaction at River House—a superb apartment distinguished equally for its clientele and for the perfection of its location, appointments, and service. Available for immediate occupancy are six to twelve room suites all with sparkling river views.

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EAST 52nd TO 53rd STREETS
Along the River Front
Management: GORDON S. BRAISLIN, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave.



Time — by Cartier
In exceptional design, and with unexcelled movements. Shown in gold: a small square clock, $242; a watch of flat links and diamonds, $370; and his watch with pigskin strap, $174. Other gold watches from $36.
Exhibition of New Cartier Creations November 10 through November 22
FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

orders but gave them too. This momentarily startled some of us who had theretofore felt that we were the only members of the military hierarchy not privileged to give orders, but the lieutenant subsequently explained how it worked. "The corporals who give you orders take them from the sergeants, who take them from us, and we take them from the company commanders, and they take them from the battalion commanders," he began, finishing, after considerable further give-and-take, with the observation that General Marshall, the Chief of Staff, takes his orders from President Roosevelt, the Commander in Chief. "And it's a beautiful cycle," the lieutenant concluded enthusiastically, "because you, as citizens of a democracy, give orders to the President." After mulling that over for a while, some of the boys were rather doubtful that Mr. Roosevelt would respond as swiftly to their wishes as they must to the request of a corporal that they sweep the supply-room floor. It nevertheless cheered them immensely to know that if they had any future counsel for some corporal, they could advise the President to instruct the Chief of Staff to pass the word on down.

—Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

STANDARD

Raise, on tomb
of error, dead
rock to loom
for life ahead;

carve a line
and place a spray,
anodyne
for yesterday;

water sod
and chisel stone,
conjure god
from ash and bone;

with lily, leaf,
and frond of fern
fill for grief
a lovely urn;

sour fate
and bitter rue
shall recreate
a beauty new;

shed the drag
of sorrow free;
hoist a flag
and plant a tree.

—Peggy Bacon

Lorraine Frankland Can Fly Again— Thanks to Hudnut Success School!



LORRAINE FRANKLAND was one of the country's foremost women flyers, and a member of the famous Ninety-Nine Club. And then. one day, she was injured. When she found she could not fly, she became unhappy and depressed, put on weight, lost the sparkle and vitality that made her so popular and so successful. Then she came to the Success School. With courage and gallantry, she set out to offset her injury by trying to get back her figure and her complexion. Not only did she lose over forty pounds, but, through exercise and massage, she has regained the required range of motion and is now able to fly again! Ann Delafield considers Mrs. Frankland's case one of the most important in the annals of the Success School. As for Mrs. Frankland herself, "I'm so happy and so grateful that I want the world to know what the Success School has done for me," she says. "In these days, when beauty is your duty, every woman owes it to herself and her country to be fit and fair!"



Mrs. Frankland Is Now a Radiant Beauty!

Before, she was fat and despondent. Her injury made it difficult for her to get around. "As though being grounded wasn't enough," she says, "I became so depressed with my appearance that life didn't seem worth while."

☆

After the course at the Success School, Mrs. Frankland turned back the years, became again vivacious and popular. She lost forty-and-a-half pounds in just the right places. And, most wonderful of all, she can handle a plane again now!



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THERE are times, I imagine, when the sourest opponents of fashion must stop feeling surly long enough to experience a moment's pity for the ceaseless effort that goes into keeping up a Front. The wan women who rush from fitting room to manicurist to masseuse so they'll look like everyone else at committee meetings and charity balls have a pathos all their own. You often want to pluck them by their sleeves (pushed up to the elbow, this year) and tell them, poor souls, that it can be fun to go shopping for a good appearance.

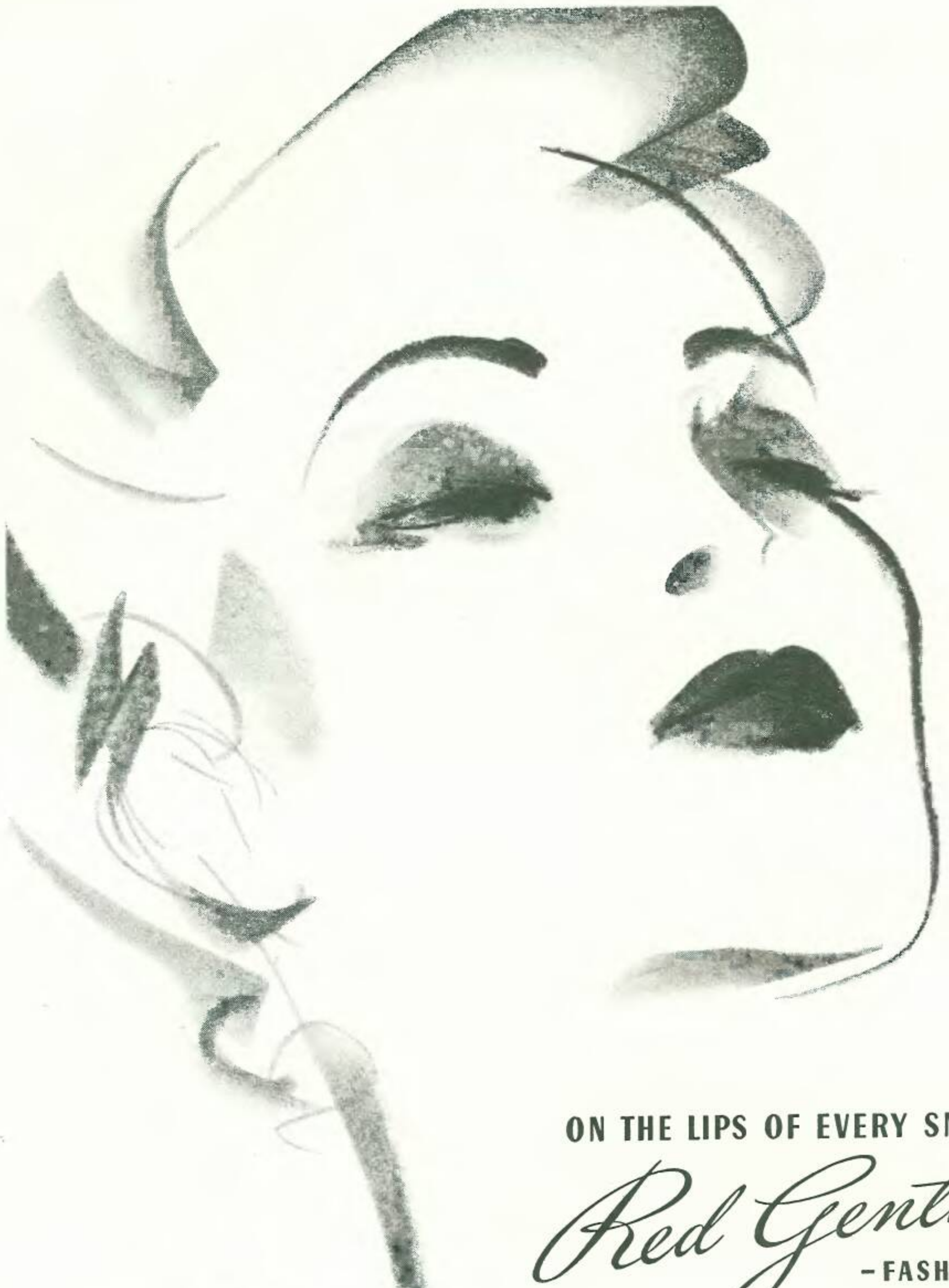
At Best, for instance, there is a collection of the most uncomplicated, devil-may-care evening dresses it is possible to find, at prices which start around $39.95 and go upward for another twenty dollars. There is a feeling about many of them that makes a good time seem inevitable, whether you pick one of the tailored dinner dresses, which include a black crêpe affair with pearl-and-silver bead motifs around its ice-blue satin yoke, or go in for a purple net with a daring décolletage. This one has paillettes to match around its midriff, on its shoulder straps, and sprinkling its bouffant skirt in a casual manner. Another dress has a short, fitted, emerald-green faille jacket, fastened down the front with tiny self buttons and loops, and a stiff, vertically striped old-rose-and-green skirt. This would also be useful to dress up a day-length black crêpe for cocktail time. Then there's a tailored gold lamé dinner dress with a narrow slit skirt and a peplum top. The types are endless. The evening coats and capes are magical, too, as witness a black wool or velvet three-quarters collarless cape, studded with varicolored paillettes, for $29.95—and I defy anyone to resist it. There are also long, loose wool coats of pale-blue or American Beauty tones with horizontal bands of jet beads on their yokes to emphasize their sloping shoulders; conventional coachmen's coats have velveteen double-breasted buttons and velveteen bands around the capes. Just beautiful.

THE rather haughty name of Bertram Coppock, which is to be found primly inscribed outside the brownstone front at 45½ East 61st Street, gives no idea whatsoever of the charm of his Victorian basement salon or of the delirium of the hats contained therein. Despite jeers at the snood by radio commentators and such, it is still in high esteem here. It appears in vast, hand-crocheted discs which are to be worn well back on the head and come down to the shoulders behind. You can drape them in a variety of ways; people with short, broad faces are advised to try Dutch-cap versions. All kinds of knits are in favor here, for that matter; look at chenille knitted pillboxes with turned-up edges, some of them equipped with snoods and some plain. Knits are used even for evening; there is, for example, a white one with blue ostrich fronds cascading over the entire thing. They do large hats very well at this shop; their small ones—good too—are likely to be very tiny indeed. These are worn straight or tipped down on the forehead. A suit hat of a red faille with a tiny black velvet stripe in it has a stiff, upturned brim and a jet ornament on the draped crown.

There also are many imaginative tricks with scarves. A red suède-jersey one fits the head like a cap, and the ends drape around the throat; you can add a black felt beret when you want to dress it up for town, thereby making yourself look sort of like a character from an Elizabethan comedy, if that's your mood. Two-color wool-jersey stocking caps in, say, sage green combined with strawberry pink have *two* long, fringed ends, which may be tied around the throat like ascots or draped about the head to make a turban. Everything is custom-made, and if the ideas that bubble around the establishment do not suit you, your own notions



"It's my birthday, and my husband said to get the works."





Lipstick . . $1.00
Nail Polish . . 25c
Face Powder and Rouge to harmonize.

ON THE LIPS OF EVERY SMART WOMAN –

Red Gentian

– FASHION·RIGHT FOR THE NEW FALL COLORS

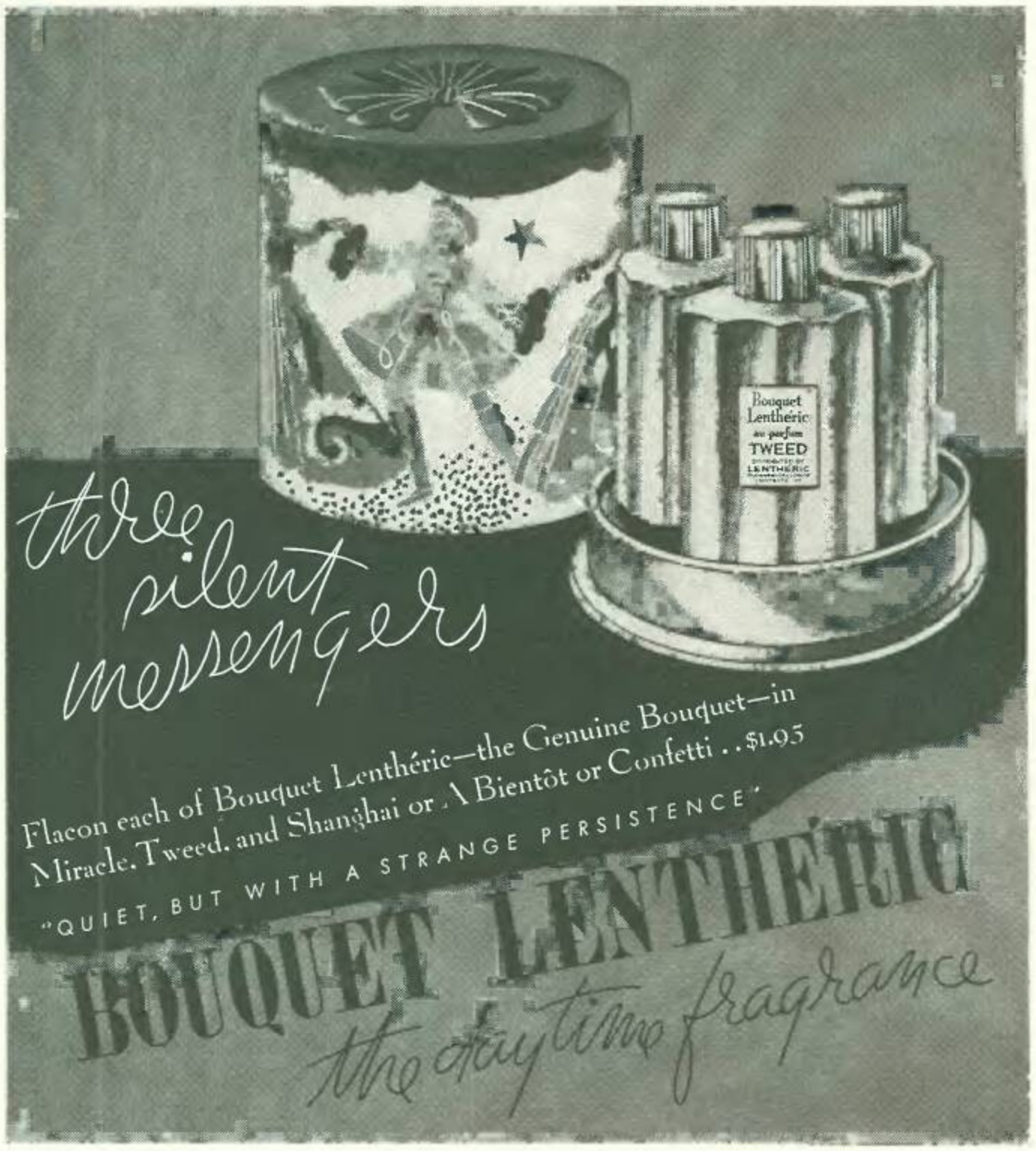
While the couturiers have been creating exciting colors — from elephant-gray to petunia-pink — Barbara Gould has been busy, too.

And with what news-making results! For now Barbara Gould presents Red Gentian . . . a superb new lipstick with matching nail polish in a dark ruby red.

Red Gentian is planned for autumn's most daring colors. It keeps you fashion-right from lips to fingertips. And the fact that it comes from Barbara Gould, assures you that it's *right*.

Barbara Gould

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will be carried out. Prices run from $12.50 to $22.50.

IT is unnecessary for readers of this column to be informed again that Lura de Gez, at 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), does superlative permanent waves and has a knack second to none for cutting hair in an easy-to-fix, impertinent fashion. But you may not know of the velvet or silk bows she has, which come in about twenty-five colors. They can be dotted or clustered through the coiffure, or a number, in various colors, can be massed to give the effect of a most precariously perched hat. The bows cost a dollar apiece and are attached to Grip-Tuth combs, and Grip-Tuth combs will not slip an iota even in the shortest of hair. . . . Lucien Lelong's latest brainstorm is a bus conductor's change-holder in miniature, but instead of nickels, quarters, and dimes, it conceals three shades of lipstick. Decorative enough to go on a belt or a lapel; $1.25. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Autumn Finds

WHATEVER exuberant imagination is responsible for the collection of decorative treasures assembled in the Corner Cupboard, on the second floor at Bonwit Teller, also must be held responsible, I am afraid, for throwing this new department's little sideline of eatables rather sadly in the shade. As a matter of fact, it would take a very subtle feeling for food to keep pace with the talent for decoration that has had such a handsome fling with the porcelains and brasses and things, but if the gastronomic display isn't particularly exciting, it is at least pleasantly appetizing.

The new venture being under the supervision of a firm called California Table Specialties, there is an emphasis on preserved fruits—fruits in brandy, fruits in crème de menthe, pickled fruits, stuffed fruits, and all kinds of jams and marmalades and jellies, each extremely good of its kind. There are a dozen or so soups with fancy labels, such as Silver Eel, Florentine with escarole, and onion with sherry and Chablis. The three specimens I have tried are a *petite marmite*, which is actually more a consommé julienne (just very much above-the-average broth, with a few slivered vegetables), an unusually good sorrel soup, and an up-to-standard clam broth. The first two might, I think, pass as homemade, and the *petite marmite*, moreover, could creditably serve as the base for a good sauce—a rare



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and invaluable asset in a canned broth.

The Corner Cupboard's collection of hors-d'œuvres is composed mostly of domestic items, among them a small smoked-turkey cocktail sausage, all kinds of magnificent olives, baby mackerel, and a nice vegetable caviar. I was delighted to find good, fresh-tasting tarragon put up in vinegar instead of being offered in its usual dry state, a state in which, like the rest of the more delicate herbs, it adds no more than its own dust to a sauce. The fact that Bonwit Teller have opened their stylish new department without a single dried seasoning means, I hope, that the fad foisted on us by overenthusiastic herbalists for any and every dried herb has run its course.

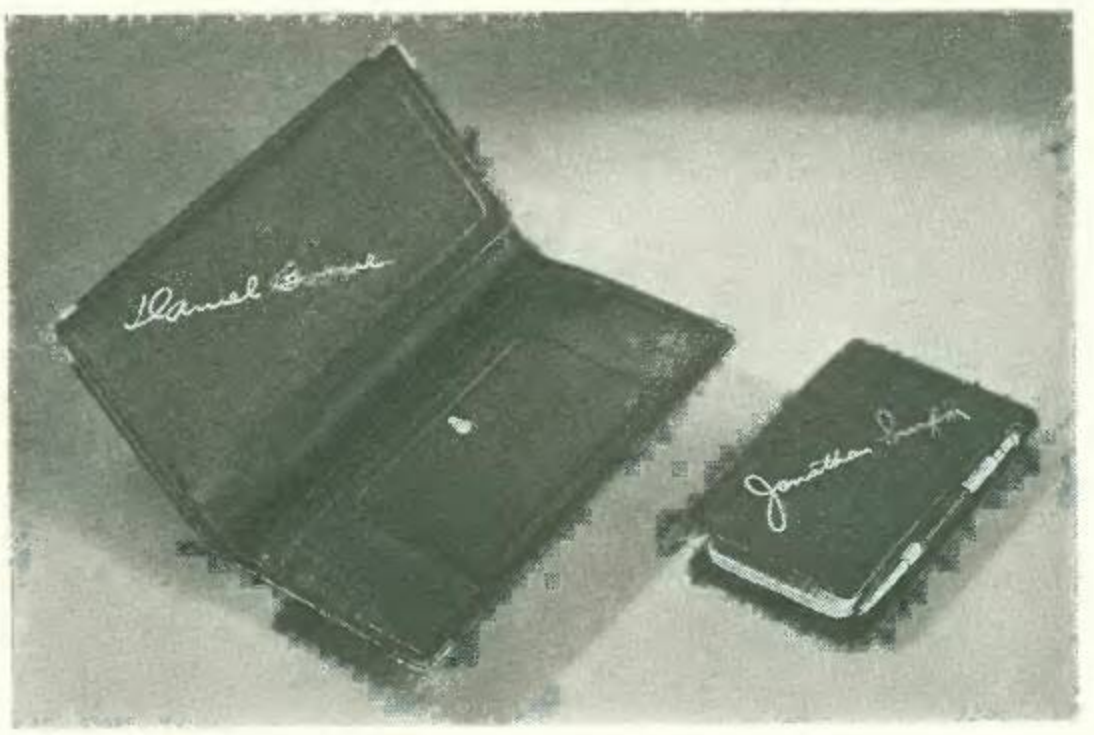
THE olive-oil situation becomes no better as time goes on. There were very large stocks of French, Italian, and Spanish oils over here at the beginning of the war, but, unlike wine, imports of which keep dribbling in, practically no olive oil has reached these shores from Europe since the fighting began. Prices are mounting by the day and hour. Our own output of excellent California oil is too small to be of any great help and it never was cheap anyway, so there is a pressing need for up-and-coming scientists to give us some fine ersatz products. One such, a satisfactory oil which has already appeared under the trade name of Suzanne, is made from soybeans, with just enough genuine olive oil to give flavor to the almost tasteless bean. It is really unusually palatable—rather more so in French dressing than in mayonnaise, I think. Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), sells it in fifteen- and twenty-five-cent bottles when it can get it, which is not all the time, owing, I suppose, to the fact that this war promises to be fought with soybeans in one form or another. Whatever the reason, the oil trickles into the shop in a very inadequate quantity, and is out of stock exasperatingly often.

A bottled salad dressing called Agash, made from a formula thought up by Crosby Gaige, the spice enthusiast and erstwhile theatrical producer, is another item which ought to help ease us through the shortage. This is a pleasant-flavored preparation with tomato juice (I think) and herbs (I know) somewhere in its makeup. Although it certainly won't be thought much of by earnest gastronomes, who hold that a dressing of this kind ought to stick to classic French simplicity and that it should be mixed just before it is eaten,

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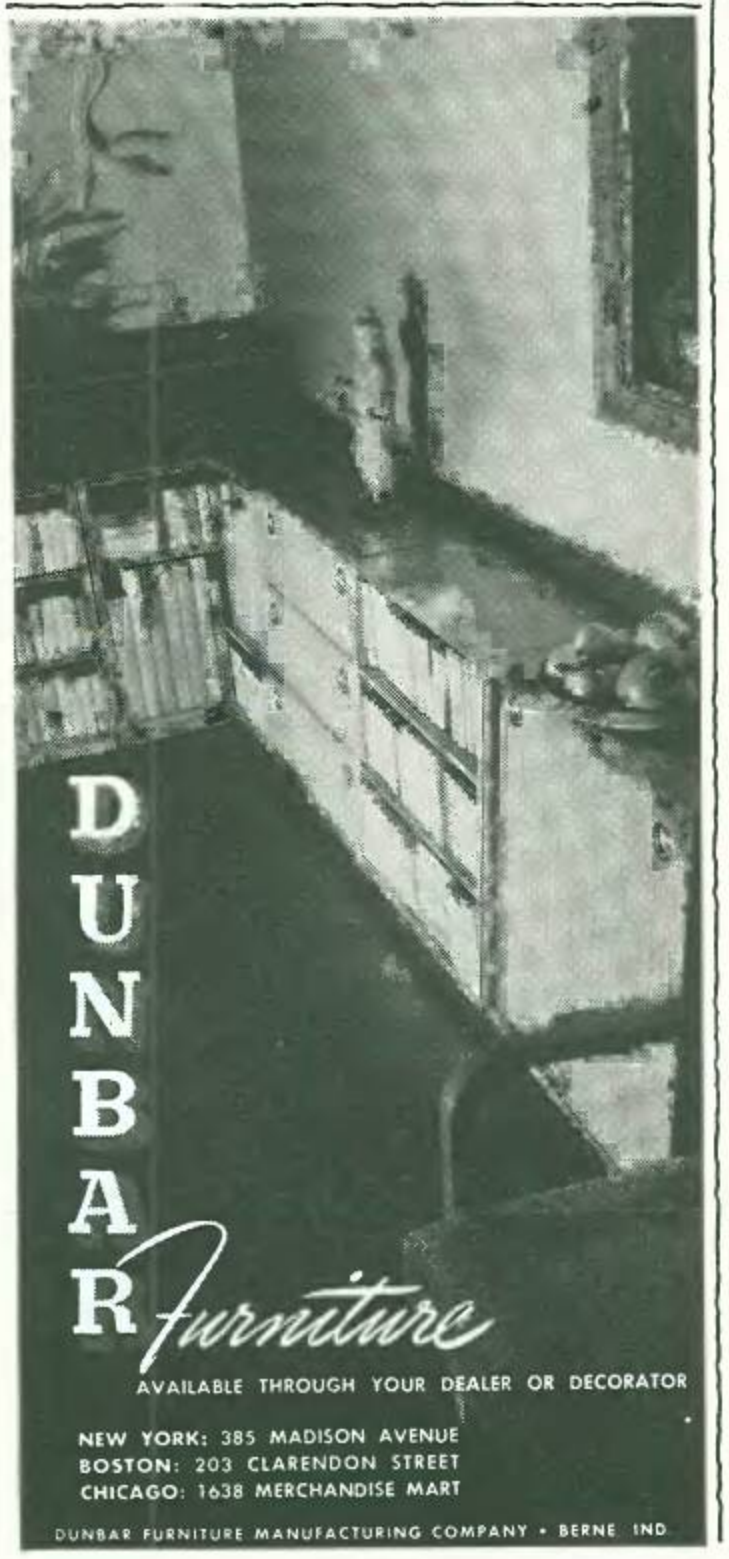
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DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

* *U. S. PATS.* 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604



it will be welcomed by people with less lofty standards. The base of the dressing is peanut oil, with an addition of olive oil for flavor, and a bottle of it costs a quarter at Gimbels and at Wanamaker's Pantry Shelf.

THE campaign to make housekeeping not only painless but effortless has been carried to its logical conclusion by Dean, 73 East 57th Street, which has instituted what it calls a dessert-a-day service. A list of sweet dishes—one for every day in the week—is sent out to Dean customers, who may check it to indicate that they would like either part or all of the assortment delivered to their homes at the proper time on the proper day. Thus the week's dessert problem can be entirely and satisfactorily settled with no more effort than is required to make seven little pencil marks. This takes all the solemn stuffiness out of placing a catering order and, anyway you look at it, is a valuable innovation. People who like to have their lives and menus neatly ordered for a week in advance will find a nice sense of security in the service, while those who can't face the problem of more than one meal at a time will have the comfort of knowing they can always get Dean's dessert of the day on a few hours' notice. The sweets on this weekly list are a judicious combination of simple American things, such as Boston cream pie (seventy-five cents), and fancy items, like Viennese *Dobos* (ninety cents). It is to be hoped, however, that the convenience of the arrangement will not keep patrons from investigating the Dean desserts that don't appear on the weekly roster. Some of these, especially an old-fashioned apple cake and a semi-frozen Bavarian cream that is flavored with parched filberts, are very fine. My own favorite Dean trick is not, strictly speaking, a dessert at all but something called a Vienna ring, which is simply perfect for tea. It is made of a yeast dough with a very subtly flavored combination of spices marbling the inside, and, baked in a high, fluted pan, it is as pretty on a tea tray as it is good.

Hors d'Œuvres, Inc., which up to this season has been running a small, superior food business in a fairly dilettante manner, has now thrown its handmade little cap into the ring of professional caterers and set up a handsome new shop at 746 Madison Avenue (65th). With the change, Hors d'Œuvres is living up to its name more strictly than in other years, when it furnished hot entrées and sweet dishes to its clients. Now nothing is sent out

BRIGHT AND EARLY



Softly the bath is drawing. The fire's lit. Time for that first wit-gathering cup of tea or coffee in bed. This rose-sprinkled English china set makes those first moments easy to take. Pot, cup, sugar and creamer and tray complete, $6. Mail Orders Invited.

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from the shop except superlatively good cocktail canapés and tidbits, cold buffet refreshments, and sandwiches. Not only are all these well and carefully made but they show great imagination and the sort of real feeling for such matters that rarely is found in the cocktail things provided by most caterers. Besides the party refreshments, to be ordered in advance, there is cold food for people who stop by to pick up as little as one stuffed egg or a slice of very good upstate ham or to take home a container of lobster salad. Ambitious hostesses who prefer to fix up their own sandwiches can get here a white loaf, prepared especially for Hors d'Œuvres, that is extremely satisfactory for sandwich-making; it doesn't tear or break and has a good, moist crumb.

J. & J. W. Elsworth, of Greenport, Long Island, a highly respected oyster-harvesting concern of around a hundred years' standing, has thought up a service that is bound to please serious oyster-lovers who feel ill-used when confronted with a measly dozen of their favorite bivalves. The Elsworth Company, whose New York address is 95 Fulton Market, will send out a sturdy wooden tub containing four dozen Gardiners Island salts in the shell and a quart of the same excellent oysters shucked and in their own juice. These oysters are dredged from Gardiners Bay and are sent out the same day, packed in ice, at a cost of $2, plus an express charge of thirty-five cents for delivery in the metropolitan area. For the convenience of oyster-fanciers who don't happen to keep an oyster knife in the kitchen drawer, one of these gadgets is included, upon request, for forty cents.

Odds and Ends: An excellent *foie gras* made from the livers of the widely known Pinesbridge Farm smoked turkeys has put in its appearance as a worthy teammate for the smoked-turkey *pâté* packed at the same farm, and is on sale at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, at Macy, and at E. Joseph, Inc., down at the Washington Market. . . . A product called Pickapeppa Sauce, somewhat on the order of Worcestershire, is up from Jamaica to please people with a taste for superior British seasonings. It's at Altman. —S. H.

•

Singer—First tenor for male quartet. Must read, fake, play guitar, leave town. Box 389, Star-Telegram.—*Adv. in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

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FOOTBALL

A Good Day's Work



QUITE a number of people who wandered into Yale Bowl last Saturday must have been troubled by an uneasy notion that they had arrived a week early, because Tuss McLaughry's Dartmouth team, which turned up for its annual meet with the local talent, looked like nothing in the world so much as one of Tuss McLaughry's old Brown teams. To those who were also seeing Yale for the first time this year, the puzzle was probably all the greater, for if there is no longer any of the familiar Red Blaik style about Dartmouth, there is also no longer any Greasy Neale in the Yale character. It was odd, to name another of the many changes, to see Hovey Seymour, who up to this year was fairly prominent as a running and punting back, playing the more modest rôle of blocking back in the scheme of things devised by Spike Nelson, the new Yale coach. To name still another, it was equally odd to see Joe Arico, who is really thirty-five pounds short of being varsity material, in the starting Dartmouth line-up; heretofore he has been strictly a high-speed emergency ballcarrier.

As for the punting, the most handsome exhibition was offered in the pre-game practise by Seymour and by Harry Gerber, a Dartmouth end, neither of whom had a crack at their specialty afterward. As it happened, Dartmouth's punting was successful all afternoon, mainly, I suspect, because one of McLaughry's new assistants is a young man named Chuck Ewart. Ewart was quite a punter himself in the days when he played for Yale, where he was one of the last pupils of the late Leroy Mills, the austere, scholarly old lawyer whose theories about kicking a football have had an effect on the game second only to the introduction of the forward pass.

In most respects, this was a standard Yale-Dartmouth game. Though not even the championship of what is called the Ivy League was at stake, both teams played as if they were hoping for an invitation to visit the Rose Bowl, and the excitement was practically continuous while Dartmouth went the length of the field twice before it could score the only touchdown of the game. Dartmouth missed by just three inches in the second quarter, and finally scored in the fourth by the same margin.

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THE DOVER WILL SEND IT OVER

Yale, by the way, made a modest contribution to football history by becoming the first team in memory to be penalized for intentionally grounding a pass. It will be a distinct shock to many players to learn that someone has decided the rule against grounding passes really means what it says.

THE match between Army and Columbia up at West Point was also, as tradition demands, a honey. Army won with something to spare, but any criticism this department has to make of Columbia this season will be severely tempered by the fact that the team has lost Len Will to the Air Corps and Don Snavely to the squad's physician. Army must have had its eye on some future objective; possibly because there was a powerful battery of Notre Dame scouts plainly visible in the press box, it refused to try any fancy stuff after getting a touchdown the first time it had the ball. The Cadet Corps must have had its eyes on the same objective, for when Mazur subsequently put the game away by stealing Governali's pass on the dead run and butting his way over the goal, the cheering section broke out with a mighty roar not of "Beat Columbia!" but of "Beat Notre Dame!"

Whatever the boys were thinking about, however, that second touchdown could have been very useful, for Columbia got off one very threatening stunt. Ken Germann fumbled an Army punt and, in trying to pick it up, kicked it over his own goal. With practically the entire Army team set to bounce him on his ear, he finally got the ball under one arm and ran seventy-seven yards before he was tripped by Governali, who was trying to knock down one of the two Army men who were in his way. Army's sigh of relief when the officials ruled that Columbia had been offside was described by competent earwitnesses as heartfelt.

THEY tell me that the Harvard line through which Pennsylvania gained at will early this fall is the same line that stopped Navy cold a week ago. Possibly this is the time to revive that custom, popular in the eighties and the nineties, of booking a worthy and honorable early-season rival for a return match as a sort of nightcap. —J. W. L.

•

Poe rarely had enough to pay for a square meal; while his trousers were mended he had to take them off.—*Harry Hansen in the World-Telegram.*

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from our
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collection—



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wales Out of Hollywood



BUOYED by Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green," that campaign to engross us in the Welsh collieries seems to thrive apace. A movie devised from Richard Llewellyn's "How Green Was My Valley" (with the same title, naturally, the verdant adjective apparently being needed in any story of this world of coal mines) has just appeared and should especially impress the grave-minded public which has a leaning for the folkways of remote and sequestered groups. Miss Barrymore, you recall, unearths a literary type, a young man with artistic possibilities, down in the mines. In the Llewellyn case there is no such jewel of the first water, no sooty Shelley, and the only awards for artistic merit are to the choirs which are summoned now and again to lull the Widow at Windsor with "Men of Harlech."

Life in a prosperous miner's cottage, one of those stone cottages on a steep street, is very deliberately studied, possibly too deliberately and at too much length for spectators agog for excitement. It is in its sidelights on what are surely the authentic customs and behavior of the people that the special value of the movie lies. There are the beginnings of the labor disputes of the nineteenth century, which lead the older sons to abandon the collieries and depart on the long trek for America or Australia. There is the harsh, rather too crudely handled early experience of a young boy in his first school, with such a hysteroid professor on hand that we can't accept these scenes a moment. And there is the important thread of the romance. Maureen O'Hara plays the girl, a strange and somewhat thankless rôle. She is in love with the local clergyman (Walter Pidgeon), but he cannot ask her to share his life of toil and deprivation, and the upshot, very vaguely and unsatisfactorily handled and baffling to Americans, I should say, is her miserable marriage to the mine owner's son. Until the final climax, she disappears into an upper-class haze, and the situation is puzzling, being perhaps too dependent upon the customs of another era and an alien district. In the parents (Sara Allgood and Donald Crisp), we may find the most comprehensible human be-

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ings of all these Angharads and Huws and Cyfarthas and Gwilyms and Dai Bandos.

THE musicals of the moment are on a simpler scale. In spite of Rita Hayworth, a charming partner for Fred Astaire, and in spite of Mr. Astaire's bounding and sidestepping and a Cole Porter song or two, "You'll Never Get Rich" is swamped by selectee humor. Double-talk takes precedence over tap-dancing, which is regrettable in an Astaire film. . . . "The Chocolate Soldier" turns out not to be anything Shavian but our old friend "The Guardsman," with Risé Stevens, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Nelson Eddy pretending they are the Lunts. To be sure, Mme. Stevens now and then bursts out into "My Hero," and, for that matter, even into "Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser," interpolations I can't recall Lynn Fontanne's having felt tempted to venture. Other alterations have been required to weld Oscar Straus with Molnár, and the outcome is somewhat stupendous and oppressive. And very long.

IN the midst of programs composed of views of the Windsors in New York, of the President hither and yon, and of a visit with a visiting nurse of the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service, you may come upon "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" and behold W. C. Fields as the kindly uncle of Gloria Jean. W. C. goes a bit too wild in this composition. It is in his subdued moments, I feel, that we see the true artist. I like Mr. Fields as just a plain, suburban resident with both feet on the ground. . . . In "My Life with Caroline," Anna Lee and Ronald Colman make an effort to be smart and cosmopolitan about marriage, but apparently no one had time to think up some bright lines for them. . . . Right from under the nose of the Gestapo, that agile little Fifth Avenue Playhouse smuggled out an old French film, with Raimu, Victor Francen, and Gaby Morlay all in it. Called "The King," it is witty about naughty monarchs and their tricks. Much of the wittiness and part of the naughtiness, however, are lost, since the film was apparently made on a scrap of celluloid found in some dusty prewar bin. —JOHN MOSHER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Indianapolis Star*]

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TWENTY-FOUR MEN IN A BOARDING-HOUSE BED

IT was two-thirty in the morning. Three floor nurses were seated around a desk in the hospital corridor. The tag ends of their remarks would have fitted into normal woman talk at a normal hour. Miss Anderson, a young, blonde nurse with a figure made for a uniform, kept repeating "He said" and "I told him." Mrs. Marsh, a woman of forty-five with blue-white hair and a mouth so sharply outlined that it looked artificial, spoke about her husband. He was out of the city on a defense job. She had been supporting him for years and she was used to having him hang around, she said, and now she missed him. Mrs. Monahan was the mother of a baby boy. She was recounting an interminable anecdote, which she interposed whenever the conversation wavered.

The talk was amiable and gentle. It lapped around the rocklike figure of the fourth nurse, Miss Lash, who sat only a few feet away but out of contact, reading a Modern Library book. She had her back to the others, and the light, what there was of it, fell over her left shoulder, correctly. Miss Lash was thirty, a fat girl and big, with the firm, stubborn flesh that cannot easily be dieted off. Her features were small and centred, so her face looked as if inches of cheek should have been trimmed off all around, like a pie crust. Everything Miss Lash wore was neat. It didn't seem natural for such a fat girl to be so starched.

Down the corridor a light went on outside a door and a buzzer sounded. The nurses turned to look.

"Three twenty-four," said Miss Anderson. "That's yours, Lash."

Miss Lash turned down a tiny triangle at one corner of her page, slipped the book into her uniform pocket, and rose reluctantly. As she walked down the hall the other nurses picked up their talk where it had left off.

Miss Lash made a face as she approached the long line of flowers in vases and baskets which led to Room 324 like a path. She kicked a white wicker basket into position and opened the door. "Yes?" she asked. Before the woman in the white bed could answer, she said, "Click your buzzer off, please."

"I always forget, don't I? There, it's off!" Three twenty-four had a small, sweet voice, which now was conciliatory. "I'm so sorry to trouble you at this hour, Miss Lash, but my door seems to have gotten itself closed."

"It didn't *get* closed," Miss Lash said. "I closed it."

Three twenty-four pushed herself up in bed. "But I told you. I thought I explained. I'm silly, I know, but I just can't bear—"

"It's turned windy tonight," said Miss Lash. "There was a draft."

"A draft? Oh, I don't mind a draft, Miss Lash. Honestly, I'd much rather have a tornado than have the door closed."

Miss Lash took a deep breath. "If you want to lie in a draft, Mrs. Ferguson, that's your own business. It's the corridor I was thinking about. When they bring the babies through for their six-o'clock feeding, it would blow on them."

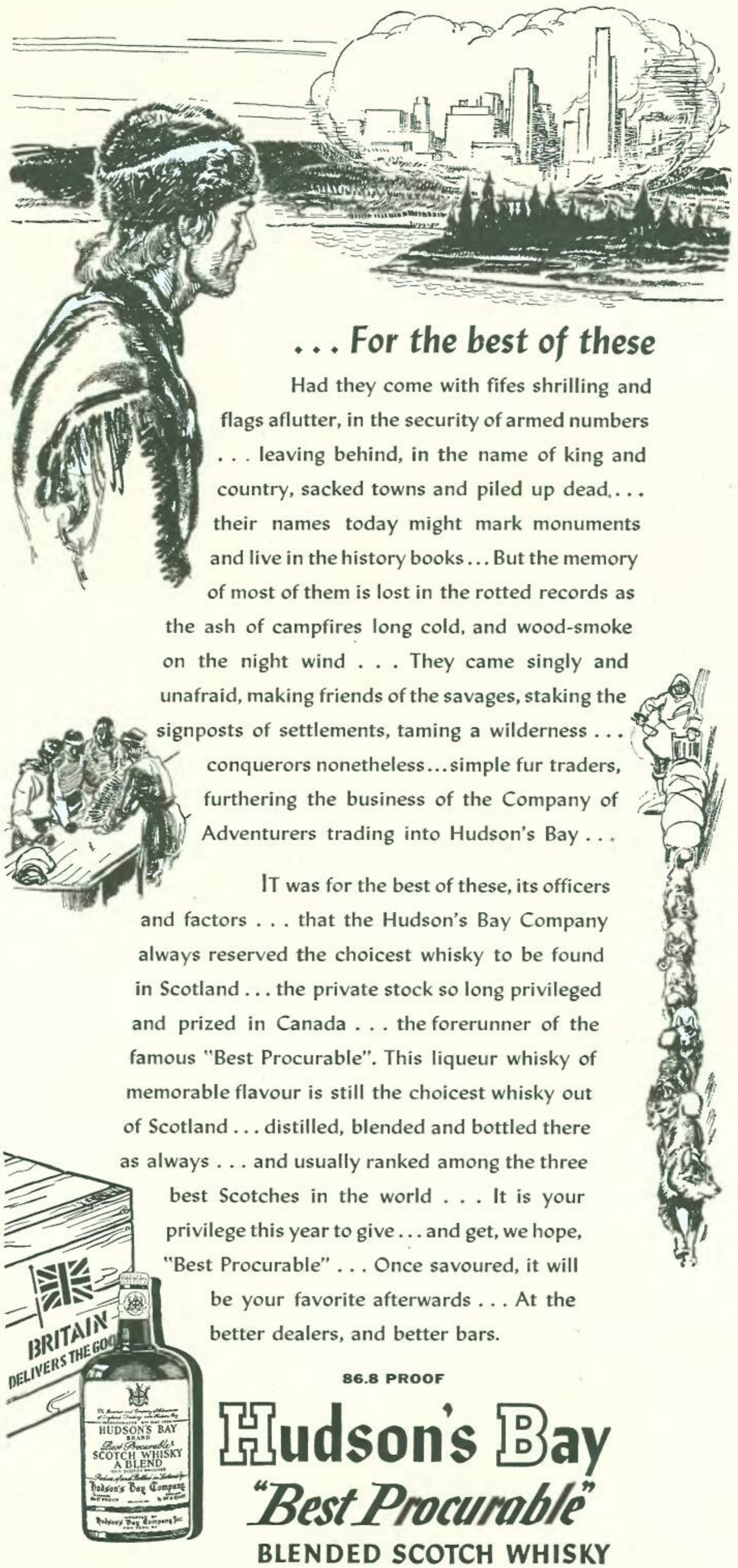
"Oh, the babies!" Mrs. Ferguson fell back. In the narrow beam of the bed lamp, her face was charming. The blonde curls which were gathered on top of her head flattened against the pillow. She stared at the door helplessly and clasped her hands together. "I've got it, Miss Lash! It doesn't matter about the door if you'll just be good enough to open the transom. That will be fine. You see, just so long as I'm not entirely closed in. Why, at home, Charles—that's my husband—" Miss Lash's face did not encourage confidences. She stood with her heavy arms folded, pointedly waiting for three twenty-four to finish. Mrs. Ferguson trailed off lamely. "Just the transom, please."

Miss Lash shook her head. "I'm sorry, but all transoms must be closed at night. Hospital ruling."

"But I can't," Mrs. Ferguson whimpered. "I just can't!" Noting the large, implacable face over the foot of the high bed, she pressed her lips together to stop their trembling.

"I don't make the rules, Mrs. Ferguson," Miss Lash said, and came to the side of the bed. "You're mussed," she said. "Your drawsheet's wrinkled. No wonder you can't sleep! I'll straighten you up and then you put out your light and forget all about doors." Leaning over, she pulled the covers off, exposing Mrs. Ferguson's blue ninon nightgown, which softly draped her rounded thighs. Miss Lash frowned as if the sight displeased her, yanked at the drawsheet, and smoothed it. As she smoothed, she sang, "Twenty-four men in a boarding-house bed, roll o-ver, roll o-ver." Miss Lash always sang this song when she





. . . For the best of these

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



wanted her patients to turn. It was her little joke, her theme song. Mrs. Ferguson did not respond but lay stiffly, withdrawing herself from contact with the large, competent hands. "All of them turned when one of them said, 'Roll o-ver, roll o-ver.'" Miss Lash gave her patient another chance, then she said coldly, "Turn. Turn, please."

Mrs. Ferguson turned, her eyes wide and frightened.

"O.K. now?" Miss Lash asked, critically examining the bed for flaws. She lifted Mrs. Ferguson's head from the little nest it had made and straightened the pillows, so they lay stiff and unfamiliar. "Now, you get some sleep," she said. The door did not bang after her, but it was unmistakably closed.

Miss Lash rejoined the other nurses, seating herself exactly as she had sat before. "Pest," she said as she opened her book. "Talking herself into a nice case of claustrophobia!"

"Three twenty-four?" Miss Anderson drew down the corners of her mouth in surprise. "Why, she's a doll!"

"The prettiest patient we've had for months," Mrs. Marsh said. "And all her things are so lovely!"

"Including her husband?" Miss Anderson said, looking arch.

"He reminds me of my John," Mrs. Marsh said with a sigh, "only that he makes a good living. And attentive! Those baskets of flowers every day and fruit from Vendôme. Did you see that lace bed jacket? Three twenty-four had specials, too, the first couple of days, didn't she?"

"That one needs specials," Miss Lash said. "We floor nurses don't fuss enough! Women who think the world revolves around them because they've had a kid give me a swift pain."

"Three twenty-four hasn't acted up!" Mrs. Monahan exclaimed. Mrs. Marsh and Miss Anderson shook their heads in agreement.

A buzzer sounded and Miss Anderson turned. "Well, maybe she's starting now," she said. "That's three twenty-four again, Lash."

The fat girl rose. "Am I right or am I right?" she said, and strode down the hall and opened the door. "Yes?" she asked brusquely.

For a moment, Mrs. Ferguson did not answer. She clicked off her buzzer and stared at Miss Lash, searching for something she was sure must be there. When she did not find it, she spoke quickly, obviously repeating what she had memorized. "I want you to send me another nurse, Miss Lash. Any oth-



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er nurse. If you won't do it, I'm going to telephone my doctor."

Miss Lash's face reddened. The color spread like a blot. She wheeled around and left the room. This time the door thudded shut. Halfway down the corridor, she called out, "Will one of you see to three twenty-four? I was just informed she doesn't like my style!"

The three nurses glanced at one another. Any one of them would have gone out of curiosity, but Miss Anderson was quickest. "I'll do it," she said as she walked off. Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Monahan followed her progress impatiently while Miss Lash took up her old position. Her thumb and index finger played with the little triangle of the page she had folded until it broke off.

After ten minutes, Miss Anderson came hurrying back, looking important. "What did you do to three twenty-four, Lash? She's hysterical, so I can't get a straight story. Something about her door being closed, it sounded like."

"There was a draft," said Miss Lash stiffly.

"Oh, for Christ's sake! Well, she's your patient!" Miss Anderson moved on toward the medication closet. "I'm going to get her a sedative and try to quiet her, but I'm afraid you'll have a complaint on your hands anyhow."

"Let her complain," said Miss Lash. She clapped her book shut. "See if I care! They'll only transfer me to surgery. I hate maternity, anyway."

The other nurses stared. "You're crazy, Lash!" Mrs. Marsh said. "Maternity's a snap compared with post-ops." A buzzer interrupted Mrs. Monahan, who was going to say the same thing. She said instead, "If you're so keen on post-ops, Lash, why don't you go in to my hysterectomy, three forty-five? Her light just went on."

"O.K.," said Miss Lash.

Miss Anderson, on her way back, juggling two pink pills in a little glass, snorted. "Don't let her palm three forty-five off on you, Lash. There's a real pain in the neck!"

Mrs. Monahan rolled her eyes. "She's going to ask you to rub her back. Three forty-five just loves having her back rubbed, and then, when you've rubbed your fingers to the bone, she'll keep you there the rest of the night telling you her troubles."

"And *has* she got troubles, the poor old creature!" said Miss Anderson, trotting off. "She's got nothing but!"

"I don't care," Miss Lash said. "So she has troubles. At least she's got something besides flowers and fancy nightgowns and worrying about whether she'll get her figure back!" As she started toward three forty-five, she called over her shoulder, "I'm funny that way, but when I'm sorry for them, there's nothing I won't do!" She did not stop to consider why this should be so.

—Merriam Modell

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HOW DULL!

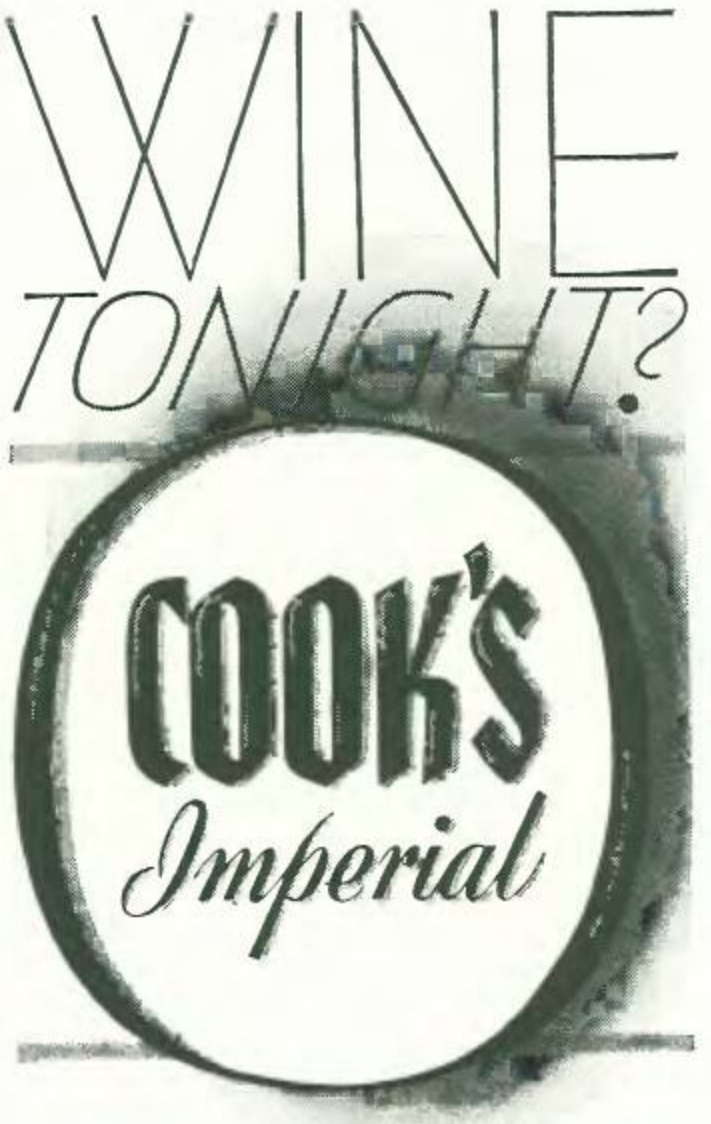
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Revivals and Arrivals



VERDI's "Macbeth," which for many years had been described in some quarters as a neglected masterpiece, is no longer neglected, thanks to its revival by the New Opera Company, and it isn't a masterpiece, either. It is, however, an extraordinarily interesting work, well worth presenting, and the newcomers certainly presented it well.

This opera, composed before Verdi's most famous offerings and refurbished somewhat when he had become a master, is as uneven as a roller-coaster ride. There is a fine impact to many of the stand-up-and-sing sections, and the "psychological" parts are impressively convincing music drama. These elements are enough to justify a place for "Macbeth" in active repertoire. Elsewhere, there are servings of what used to be called "hurdy-gurdy Verdi" and competent but uneventful old-fashioned opera-making. Fortunately, the musical and dramatic high spots dovetail, and most of the best music goes to the only important characters in this version of Shakespeare's tragedy, Macbeth and his Lady.

A young baritone, Jess Walters, won friends and influenced people with the fine voice and skillful singing that he brought to Macbeth's measures. You're going to hear plenty from Mr. Walters, and I think you'll like it. Macbeth can take more acting than Mr. Walters supplied, but in opera there is a good deal to be said for unobtrusive miming.

Lady Macbeth is about as demanding a soprano assignment as you'll find in Italian opera, calling for great vocal range, agility, and power, as well as continuous intensity in playing. It seemed to me that Miss Florence Kirk's voice, a telling one, had been pushed beyond its boundaries in this music, and that she was handicapped, too, by a curious set of gestures and stalkings. In spite of these limitations, Miss Kirk registered a dramatic impersonation to ovations from the audience, and she's a name for the future book. Other New Opera names for that docket are Robert Marshall and Robert Silva, who handled the tenor and bass business, respectively, with excellent results.

The staging, a mixture of impression-

ism with the sort of maneuvers in which the chorus lines up and hurls the music at the conductor, somehow worked out satisfactorily for the purposes of the libretto. The conducting—well, that was by Dr. Fritz Busch, and it was the most brilliant direction of Verdi that has been revealed here in many seasons.

Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," in English, also had a sympathetic revival by the New Opera. Knowing at first hand what an unrewarding ordeal it is to tackle a highly romantic text and try to shove it into English that has some relation to the original, fits the music, can be sung comfortably, and still does not sound like a versified invitation to a surprise party for your old schoolteacher, I'll simply say that the translation made the story understandable. The singing, generally, was in the "good" column, the conducting of Herman Adler knowing and proficient, and Dr. Lothar Wallerstein's staging admirably simple and direct. The opera itself has fine Tchaikovskian moments, but not enough. It should be added that "Pique Dame" is a favorite with many operagoers who don't find it so uncertain, dramatically, as some of the rest of us do.

AMONG recent novelties was a gay-nineties horse-race ballet, "Saratoga," produced by the Ballet Russe. All of the people involved in the enterprise were experts in their lines, but this event fooled the form players. It ran last on a card that included "Rouge et Noir," which is a greatly improved performer, and "Gaîté Parisienne," always a sure thing. . . . With the Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli introduced a well-written and effective "Plain-Chant for America," ably sung by Wilbur Evans. Not news, but important, was Josef Hofmann's fine playing of the Beethoven fourth piano concerto with the orchestra.

The music calendar is overcrowded these days. Next week I'll try to catch up with some of the recitalists who have been entertaining about town.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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TCHAIKOVSKY, the composer who certainly Gets Played, also gets recorded. There's a new set of his fifth symphony by the London Philharmonic, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, who turns in a performance that's No. 1 on the list of Tchaikovsky-fifth-symphony recordings I've heard and No. M-470 in the Columbia catalogue. Co-



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lumbia also offers a new album edition of the "1812" overture, by the Cleveland Symphony, led by Artur Rodzinski (X-205). The overture is no trouble either for the band or its director, and the resounding discs should be a joy to those who like this music.

Part of Tchaikovsky's B-flat-minor piano concerto, which has inspired a series of popular songs lately, appears in "The Heart of the Piano Concerto," an assortment of excerpts from eight works for piano and orchestra (Victor M-818). The versatile Jesús-María Sanromá is the able soloist, and another versatile musician, Charles O'Connell, directs good accompaniments. The idea is to offer short orders of melodically attractive concertos, and it works out well. The composers, in addition to Tchaikovsky, are Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, and Gershwin (his "Rhapsody in Blue" gets concerto rating in the set). Three of these composers have further representation in recent record supplements, as follows:

An assortment of movements from Bach's cantatas and some of his organ music have been scored for a ballet, "The Wise Virgins," by William Walton, who conducts an engaging suite drawn from this music (Victor M-817). The Sadler's Wells orchestra helps out expertly. Mozart's Serenade in E-flat for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons (that's No. 375 in the Köchel catalogue of Mozart music) is turned out neatly by members of the Alumni Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association (Victor M-826). Officially, this performance hasn't been conducted. It has been played "under the supervision of Richard Korn," and Mr. Korn's supervision has been successful. There is a new recording of a Rachmaninoff work already on discs—his second suite for two pianos, these pianos being played brilliantly by Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, whose earlier record of the same work is in Victor set M-213, along with the familiar Arensky waltz. The new product is Victor set M-822, and the principal difference, apart from the improved technical quality of the recording, is that the odd side in the album is devoted to two of Mr. Babin's transcriptions of Rachmaninoff songs. "How Fair This Spot" is charming, but "Floods of Spring" rather defies translation into a voiceless medium.



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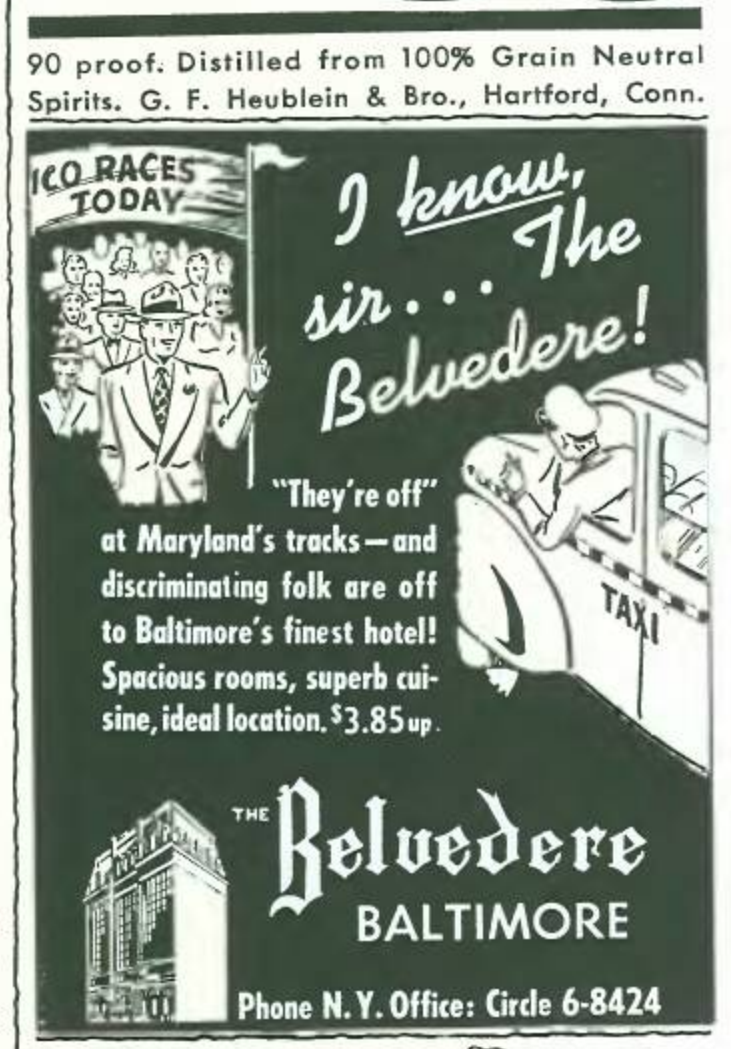


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By the way, there's a skillful serving of Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon" suite (which is related, historically, to the "Rhapsody in Blue") by André Kostelanetz and his orchestra in Columbia set M-463.

THE Kostelanetz family also contributes to this chapter four items from "The Daughter of the Regiment" (Columbia X-206), which are sung by Miss Lily Pons, who, as you know, is Mrs. Kostelanetz. This is engaging music, and the recording shows Miss Pons at her best. The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, directed by Pietro Cimara, assists alertly.

Ravel's "La Valse" arrives by way of San Francisco (Victor M-820) in an excellent recording by that city's symphony orchestra, conducted by Pierre Monteux. It's so good that it may be finicky to wish that the treatment were more fanciful. Anyhow, it's rhythmically crisp and the difficult instrumental balance is neatly achieved.

There's a good waltz, too, in Deems Taylor's suite from "Peter Ibbetson" (Columbia X-204), along with the effective dream music from the opera. Howard Barlow's direction of the Columbia Broadcasting Orchestra is first-rate.

IF you'd like a superb performance of Mahler's first symphony, it's waiting for you in the pockets of Columbia album M-469. The orchestra is the Minneapolis Symphony and the conductor is Dimitri Mitropoulos, who presents the music magnificently.

Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" has had a definitive recording, conducted by the composer (Columbia M-461). This album makes available one of the most debated compositions of the century, and it is worth many careful hearings. The recording of the voice—that of Mme. Erika Stiedry-Wagner, who manages the declamation expertly—is sometimes light, so it would be helpful to have a copy of the text when you listen. —R. A. S.

•

DEAR MISS BROOKS: I am 5 years old, although I could pass for much younger. A young man of 30 is paying me attention. He does not know my age, although when we were in conversation (he was turned down from camp) I told him that I was much older than he and he never so much as said "How much?" Just acted as if it didn't matter. Shall I tell him before he gets any more serious? For he's sure getting that way. M— —*New Orleans Item-Tribune.*

You better tell him, girlie.



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THE RACE TRACK

Favorite Trouble



SO many favorites were beaten at Empire City last week—thirty-one out of forty-two, if you collect statistics—that all the alibi men worked overtime. They complained that, for the short races, the starting gate was placed at such an angle that the horses near the rail had a distinct advantage, and, as a matter of fact, more than twice as many did win from inside post positions as won from the outside, so the boys may have had something there. Then, to explain some of the things that happened in the long races, they revived the old one about the track's having a sharp uphill grade at the approach to the turn off the backstretch and said the favorites had worn themselves out climbing it too fast. (Of course, going uphill never bothers the horse who wins.) Years ago, you may recall, the management had the course surveyed, and it was found to have no gradients. Still, the story keeps popping up every once in a while, like the notion that in a photo finish the camera favors the outside horse.

Well, Empire City closes this weekend, and all the grumblers are going to be sorry. There will be a good field for the Westchester Handicap. If Pictor, who has been running so capably in Maryland, comes up for it, I fancy he'll win. If he doesn't, my choice is going to be, of all horses, Fenelon.

RACEGOERS also are having two-year-old trouble. Hardly anybody knew what to say when Fair Call won the Ardsley Handicap in remarkably fast time, while Shut Out, whose stable thinks he's better than Devil Diver, could do no better than finish third. Paladin didn't go nearly so well in the Ardsley as at Jamaica, which is something of a polite understatement, and Buckskin, who had just won the Maryland Futurity, never got going at all.

The only useful thing I can say about Fair Call is that he is a stout-looking, improving sort of horse. Billy Post, who dabbles in race horses when the polo-pony business is dull, bought him as a weanling for $200 at the Audley Farm dispersal sale and sold him to the Mill River Stable last spring. Fair Call's

share of the Ardsley Handicap purse was $8,725, and anyone who bet $2 on him got back $75.90.

I daresay Willie du Pont had a perfectly good reason for naming what's obviously his best filly Ficklebush, but it always comes out over the track public-address system as Picklebush, and that's no name for a horse. Ficklebush or Picklebush, she won the Selima Stakes smartly enough at Laurel last weekend. Petrify finished last, and my footloose observer reports that he thinks she's had too much racing.

LAST week, Colonel Martingale stumbled on another system for beating the races. It's pretty simple—you merely play your lucky number. How you discover your lucky number is something else; he didn't go into that. It seems there was a man at Empire City whose lucky number was five. So in the first race one afternoon he backed No. 5 on the program, which happened to be Meal Flag, who won and paid $47.60. The No. 5 in the second lost, but in the third, it was Brave Friar, who won at $7.10. No luck in the fourth and fifth, but in the sixth, Piping Rock, the No. 5, paid $19.30. The fellow stopped there.

One of the trainers also has a system. When he comes to the track, he opens his program and more or less at random draws a pencil mark through the names of all but one of the horses in each race. The animals struck out don't exist, so far as he's concerned; if they win, it's a mistake. Every day he makes a parlay in this fashion. Once last summer he and a clocker tried one together. They agreed on everything except the last race, and finally the trainer was persuaded to include the horse the clocker liked. The race was run, and the trainer saw the horse he'd picked finish first and the one he'd bet on come in second. Without waiting for the official sign that the stewards had approved the result, he got into his car and drove home. Late that night, the clocker turned up and handed the trainer $5,800. A foul had been claimed and the first horse disqualified.

—AUDAX MINOR

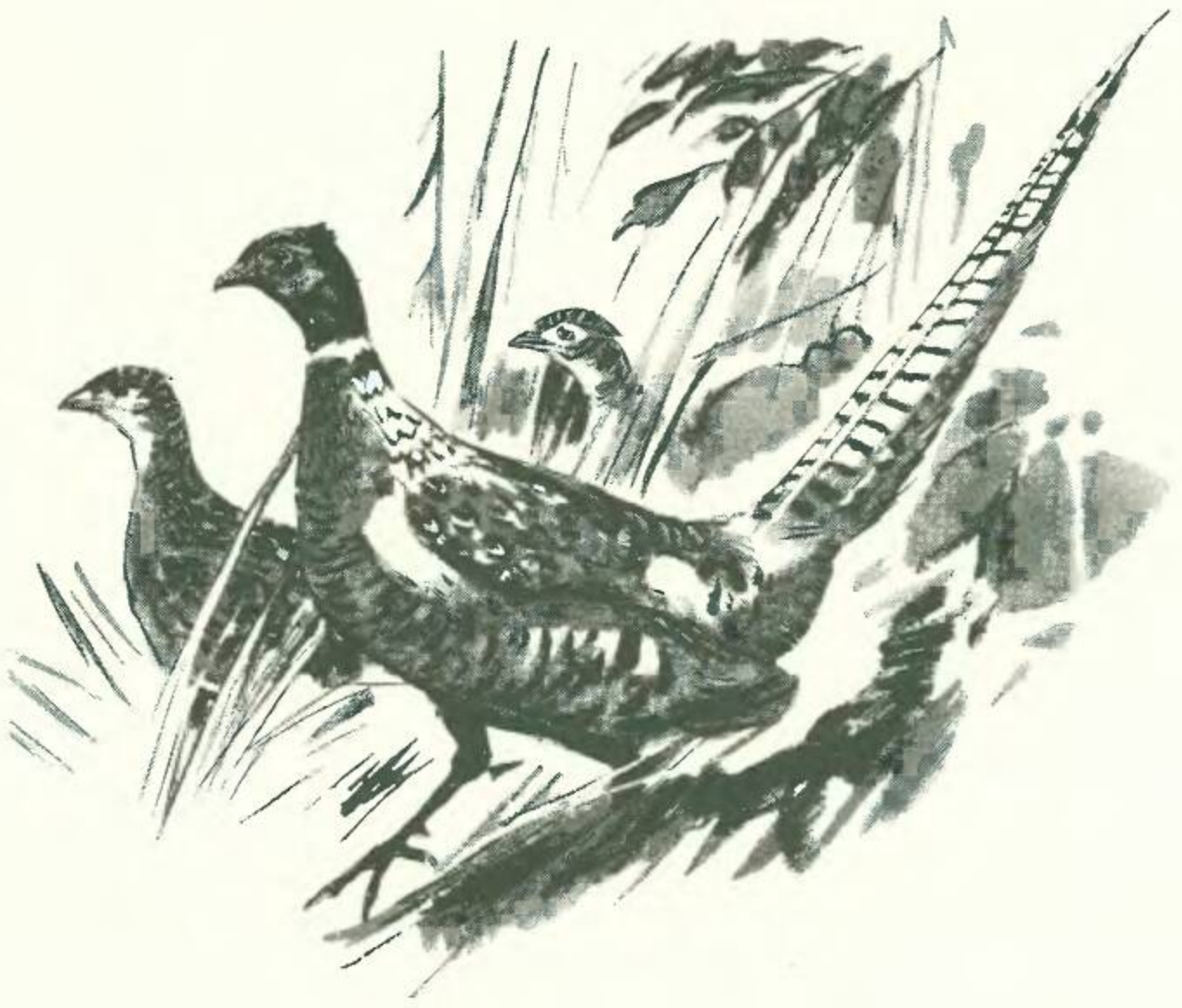
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[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

In story conferences at 20th Century-Fox, Producer Darryl Zanuck always fingers a polo mallet. When a point in the story gets exciting Zanuck rises from his chair, begins pacing the room swinging the mallet. If it becomes terrific he sometimes strikes himself.

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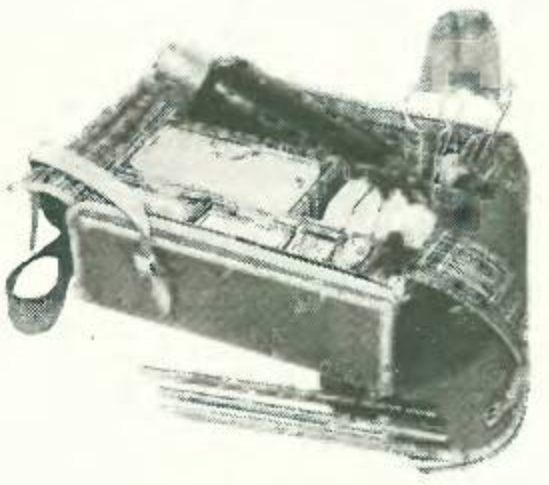
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BOOKS

Continent III—A Couple of Novels



PERHAPS it's enough merely to mention the title of John Gunther's new book, "Inside Latin America." You know pretty well the sort of thing you're going to get. But, as Raymond Gram Swing puts it in his jacket blurb, "The formula is no great shakes; Mr. Gunther is." Mr. Gunther being Mr. Gunther (that is to say, one of the greatest of living reporters), his book automatically announces itself as the one for us to read if we're going to read only one book about our neighbors to the south of us—and to the west of Dakar. There is a good reason for Mr. Gunther's writing "Inside Latin America," and a good reason for our reading it. It has to do with Ben Franklin's oft-quoted but little-heeded remark about hanging.

Here, then, is real, up-to-date news of the twenty republics in Latin America, plus Puerto Rico and Trinidad: their problems and personalities, their histories, economics, and politics, their Fifth Columns, their varying attitudes toward the United States, their fears and ambitions, their rivalries and alliances. It is impossible to summarize Mr. Gunther's information, for his whole book is itself a brilliant summary.

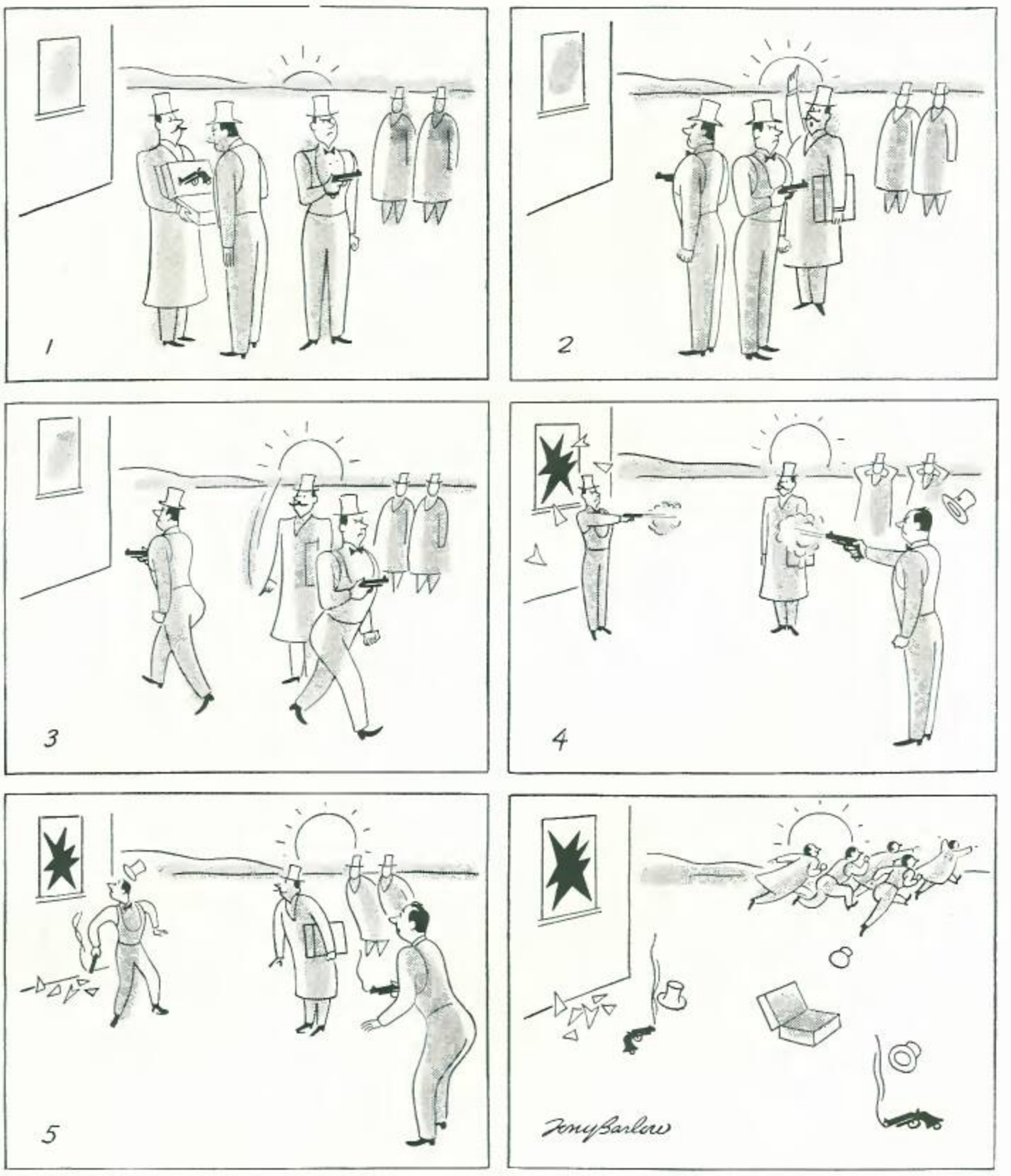
But there are a few general notions he picked up on his travels that are worth emphasizing. First, there is no such entity as Latin America. Argentina, with its almost Teutonic nationalist complex, is in temper utterly different from easygoing, charming Brazil. Uruguay and Paraguay sound similar, but the first is a progressive democracy not unlike pre-Nazi Denmark and the second an undeveloped semi-colony of Argentina. Brazil is a world in itself, Venezuela little more than one tremendous oil well. Nicaragua is an absolute dictatorship, Chile has a Popular Front government. The moral of all this is that to understand our neighbors we must understand not one but twenty peoples.

The way to help along this understanding, Mr. Gunther tells us, is not to send Latin Americans deputations to explain what a remarkable people we are. Nor is it such a good idea to offer them young Mr. Fairbanks rather than a great artist or writer or scientist. Latin America cannot be patronized. The Nazis know this, and that's why they've been more successful with some of our neighbors than we've been.

As to the Nazis, Mr. Gunther's reports are disturbing, and he has probably not told everything he knows. Many Latin-American countries would rather play ball with us, but they're in no position to back any but the winning side. Actions that mean we intend to win will do more to secure their coöperation than all the palaver about democracy and the good-neighbor policy. That's another thing the Nazis have known for some years and that we're just beginning to wake up to. But, Mr. Gunther thinks, the general outlook is favorable for us. The tendency, despite Fifth Columns and dictatorism, is all toward intra-continental solidarity and our kind of progressive democracy.

Mr. Gunther is particularly good on such important personalities as Vargas, Cárdenas, Camacho, Batista, and Haya de la Torre, men more important to us, it may be, than Laval or Goebbels or Bevin. He is especially informative on the strategic importance of Brazil and certain other countries. In this connection, the chapter on Panama and the Caribbean should be read with great care. Altogether, it's a useful job, enormously readable and full of those nuggety Guntherian phrases that light up a whole problem or individual with a few flashing words. The nature of the material prevents the book from being as sensationally interesting as "Inside Asia" and "Inside Europe," but it's no less worth reading.

FOR a lively view of one small part of Latin America, try T. R. Ybarra's "Young Man of Caracas," an informal morsel of autobiography that will give you a fair idea of what Venezuela was like toward the close of the last century. Mr. Ybarra, to quote Elmer Davis's diverting introduction, is "half Caraqueño and half Plymouthroqueño." His mother was a Boston lady (and took it with excellent grace); his father was General Alejandro Ybarra,



With cat-like tread, little  rumors have been spreading for the last few months about a certain book. One person has been telling another, until, carefully on tiptoe stealing, this book has made its way into the homes and hearts of tens of thousands of people before its publication. Its advance sale is the largest in the history of the Inner Sanctum. In this case unprecedented, indignant customers have been asking



their booksellers why they, too, didn't receive an announcement. Others have written in expressing  dire threats if such and such a song were left out of the final book. Well, as you have doubtless already guessed, the book in question is A *Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan* and it is published this week. In homes throughout the country, people are leafing through it, reading Deems Taylor's sparkling text, exclaiming at the beauty of Lucille Corcos' color paintings  and black and white illustrations and enjoying Albert Sirmay's wonderfully playable and singable piano arrangements. They are finding that the volume contains the complete words



and music of 102 of the most memorable of all the Gilbert and Sullivan songs and that the result is a book never before equalled in Savoyard history. (What, never? No, never!) Its catalogue is long,  through every passion ranging and to your humors changing. For instance: Are you in sentimental mood? Then turn to such songs as 'Farewell, My Own;' 'None Shall Part Us,' and dozens of others. On maiden's coldness do you brood? Then turn to 'Prithee, Pretty Maiden;' 'Ah, Leave Me  Not to Pine;' 'Refrain, Audacious Tar.' And if you call for a song of the sea— there's 'We Sail the Ocean Blue;' 'I Am the Monarch of the Sea,' and many others. The owners of this book are telling their friends that it is an object all sublime, a book to be cherished as long as there is an England—and an America—a book for singing, for playing, for reading, for the entire family's enjoyment. So hurry to your bookstore and look at it. If you're weak enough to tarry, there may be no first editions left. Of that there is no manner of doubt, no probable, possible shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever.

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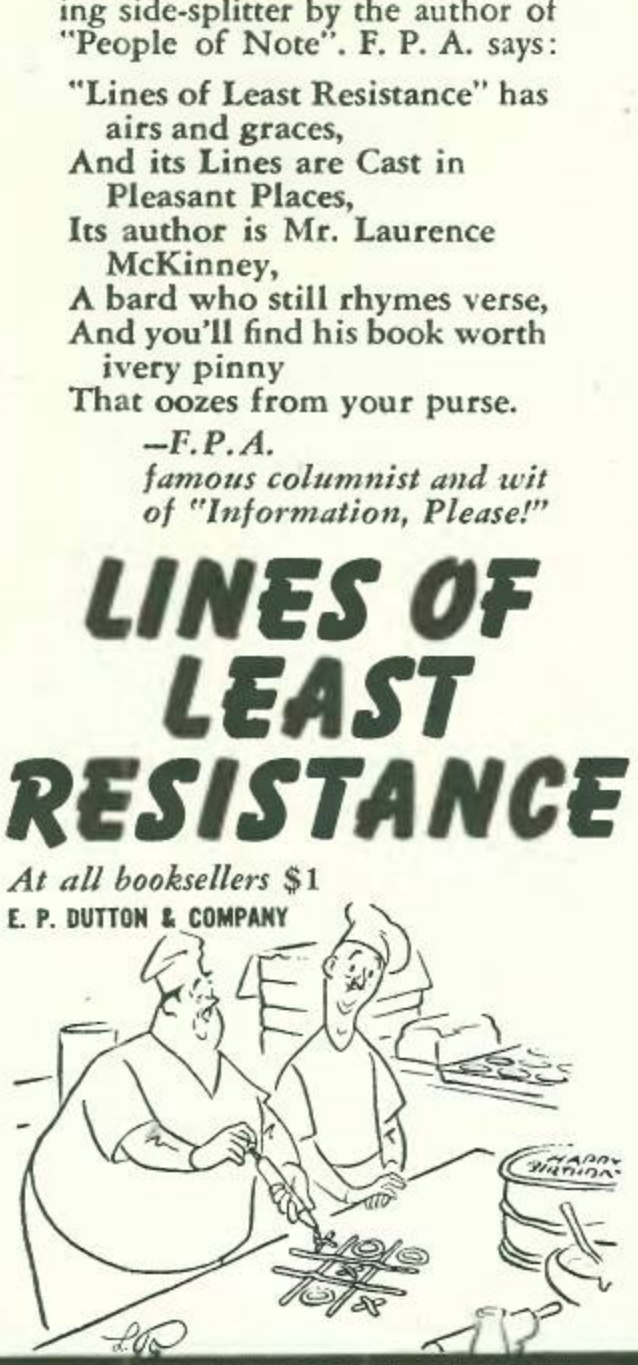
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a dashing Venezuelan soldier and the very pattern of a Spanish grandee. Mr. Ybarra's reminiscences are partly domestic and partly political. They have a light charm of their own and offer an amusing picture of a family that practically all the reviewers, including me, are bound to characterize as the Clarence Days of Caracas.

THERE'S a great deal of talk in these talky times about the "American past." There's a lot of writing about it, too, full of graceful curtsies to our ancestors. Caroline Gordon doesn't belong either to the curtsy or to the skeptical school. Her historical novels don't have much pace, but they do have reality, an interior reality rather than that which comes merely from flawless research.

"Green Centuries" is a longish tale about the westward movement toward the "great meadow" of "Kentuck" shortly before the Revolution. Orion Outlaw, with his wife Cassy, is forced to migrate westward toward Kentucky because he has got himself in trouble through his protest against local taxation. But the real impulse that drives him and his younger brother Archy is an inability to settle down, a fierce migrant impulse almost animal in its intensity. Archy is captured by Cherokees and becomes one of them; Orion founds a family and becomes a hunter and Indian-fighter, much in the Daniel Boone fashion. (Boone is one of the book's characters, and well done too.)

The story, despite much grim violence, is not exciting nor are the characters complex. What counts is the realness of the scene, the feeling for mountains and forest, the sense Miss Gordon conveys of what Flaubert, whom she quotes, meant when he spoke of "the melancholy of barbarian tribes, with their migratory instincts and their innate loathing of life which compelled them to abandon their country as if they were abandoning themselves."

LOUIS ARAGON's "The Century Was Young," perceptively translated by Hannah Josephson, comes as something of a disappointment. Aragon is potentially—and still, I think, only potentially—one of the most important of contemporary French novelists. He is very intelligent and conscientious, with deep social sympathies, a wide culture, and great lingual dexterity. I am not sure I can figure out why it all doesn't quite add up. For one thing, though, Aragon has no plot sense. For another, his surrealist past (now disowned) has

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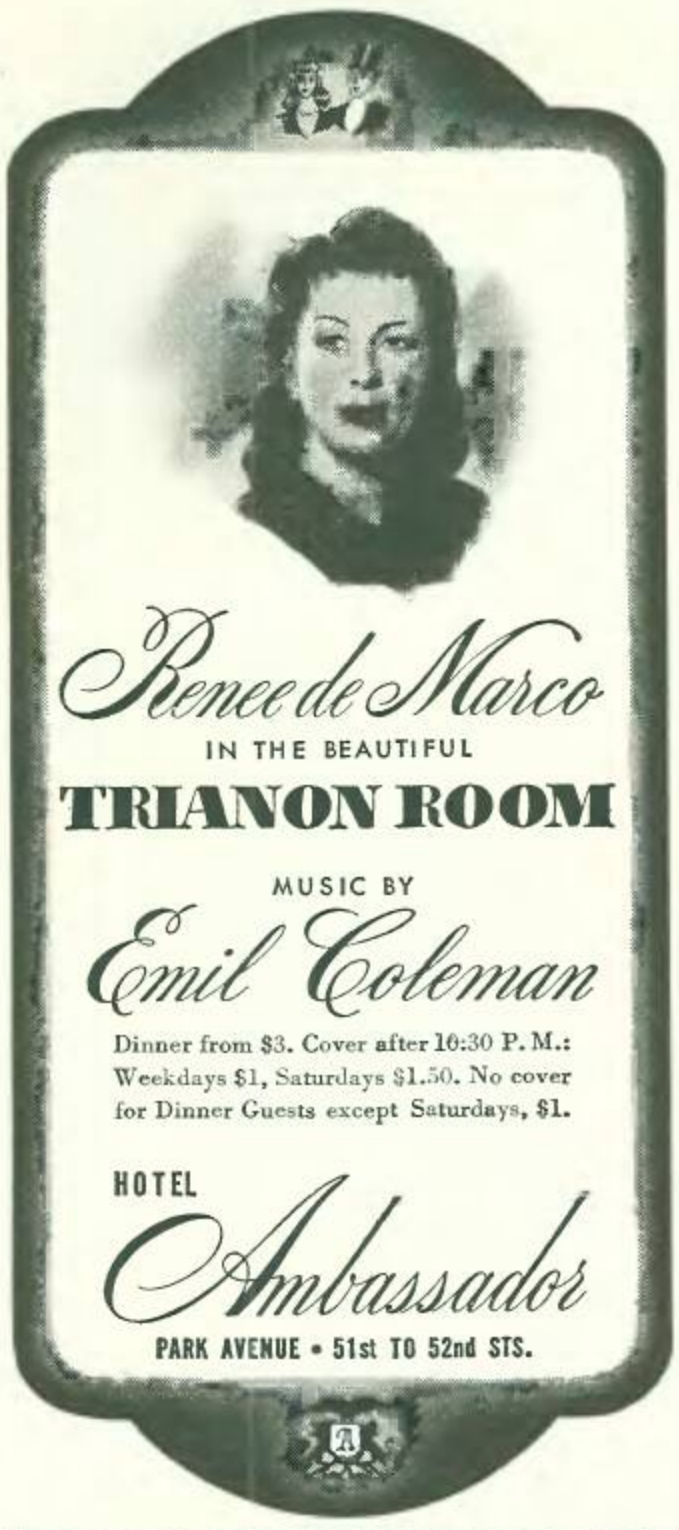
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given him an overbalancing predilection for the sordid and the repulsive in human experience. Finally, he is stuffed full of French literature; in his new book one can almost pick out the Balzacian, the Gideian passages. There is one paragraph that is merely a loan from Rabelais, for instance.

"The Century Was Young" reflects all these qualities and defects. It's a long book, obviously the product of much sombre thought. The story starts in 1889 at the Paris Exposition and ends at the outbreak of the first World War. There are many sub-plots, but the central thread has to do with Pierre Mercadier, a will-less, introspective intellectual, his dull marriage and even duller adultery, his abandonment of his family (somewhat in the Gauguin manner), and his solitary years as an almost anonymous cynical observer of other people's lives. Toward the end he is taken in tow by a desiccated old bawd who falls in love with him. This section is ugly but extremely powerful.

Possibly Aragon is trying in this book —which touches, always originally, on politics and the Dreyfus affair and many other matters—to reveal how far back the roots of France's decay extend. All the characters are feeble, egotistic, incapable of carving out their own personal destinies, and apparently uninterested in the common destiny of all Frenchmen. —Clifton Fadiman

VERSE

Marianne Moore's reputation today remains untouched and impressive, out of the dozens which flourished in the so-called Poetic Renaissance in America (around 1914). She never deviated from the austere manner which made her seem strangely out of place during the extravagances of the Amy Lowell era. Her new book, "What Are Years," is an almost incredible phenomenon to appear in the amorphous culture of our country and day. For it is a book which could be produced, it would seem, only at an advanced point of civilization. It bears the indisputable marks of high style and seems an ultimate point beyond which further development is impossible.

Like the art of any great period, Miss Moore's poems are at once extraordinarily formal and infinitely full of surprise, design, and even arabesque. They remind one more of painting than of music, although they have their own rather mathematical melody, and, like the illumination of a Book of Hours, a print by Dürer, or a Chinese painting, they are full of exquisite detail. They



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also resemble at times the meticulously drawn and colored botanical and zoological engravings of which the eighteenth century was so productive and so fond. Miss Moore has the eye of a naturalist. Her descriptions rest on the closest observation, and she likes to insert between her own lines quotations taken from the most unlikely sources, calling this habit her "hybrid method of composition." Such a method might degenerate into the very worst rococo, and we would then have insignificant rock-and-shell work. But Miss Moore, if she belongs to the rococo tradition at all, belongs to its upper level, where classic form saves all and the embellishment is not foolish but full of meaning and delight.

She is saved not only by her form but by her imaginative richness, her conservative yet humane way of thought, and by her humor, which is brisk and dry. She has the power of drawing connecting lines between the most dissimilar products of nature and art: the pangolin and the artichoke, the pattern of the fugue and that of the juniper branch, the lines on a shell and those "in the mane of a Parthenon horse." She seeks out wonders of all sorts, not to make them monstrous, in the manner of the surrealists, but to place them in nature (where, of course, they belong). She has noticed not only how her chosen subjects look but, when they are vocal, how they sound. She can build up the atmosphere of a whole region by her annotations on its history, geography, flora and fauna (see "Spenser's Ireland" and "Virginia Britannia"), and her quartz clocks, paperweights and watermarks, and peculiar animals do not add up to a collection of mantel ornaments, as someone has unkindly said. They become symbols in the deepest sense; they have the power to move as well as interest us. Her poems leave a lasting and evocative pattern in the mind. How delightful to have them, making a true mark of distinction, in the period between nineteenth-century sentiment and the abstractions and surrealism which may distort and chill the art of the immediate future.

THE books of two young men, Harry Brown and George Zabriskie, do not, it is true, point to a future entirely abstract or surreal. Brown has written a long narrative poem, "The Poem of Bunker Hill," well told, full of the look and sound of ordinary life, and stirring to a degree. He manages to get around all false sentiment while vivifying and making populous with hu-



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man beings and bright with movement a historical event. The poem is followed by a "Valedictory Ode," which is rather strained and youthful, but the poem as a whole is masterfully done and well out of the apprentice class.

George Zabriskie's book, "The Mind's Geography," is rather denser and more contemplative than Brown's. Young Zabriskie has written poems, using the current scene, as far removed from the turgid and panicky young work of the thirties as can possibly be imagined. This young man already has a tragic sense of life and the power to describe anything in poetry's terms, without either inflation or condescension. He has the rare talent of seeming to judge as he describes. He does not shout and carry on about matters; he determines, arranges, and places them. He has also read a good deal. There is not a hack sentiment or a second-hand observation in his book. The poems, as well written as good prose, sound like no one else. —Louise Bogan

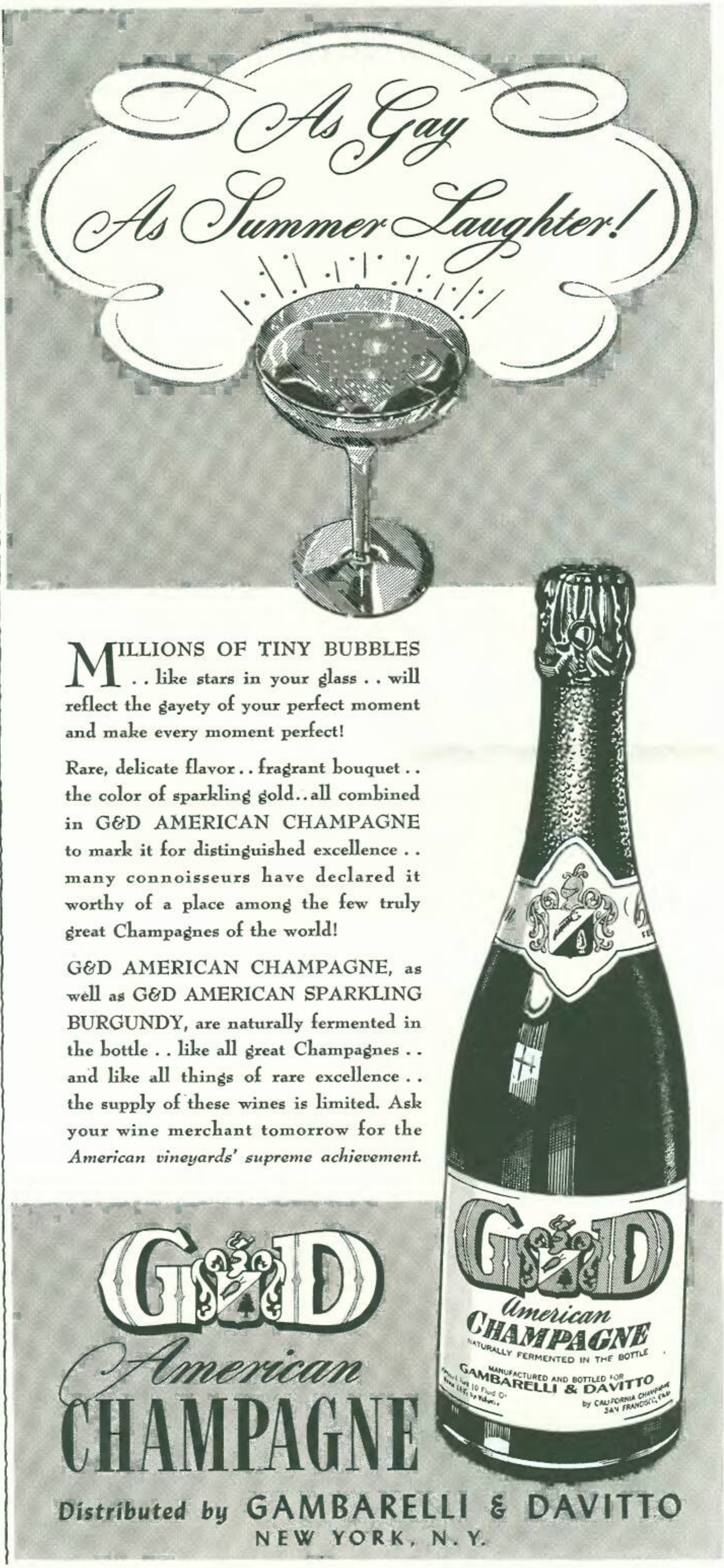
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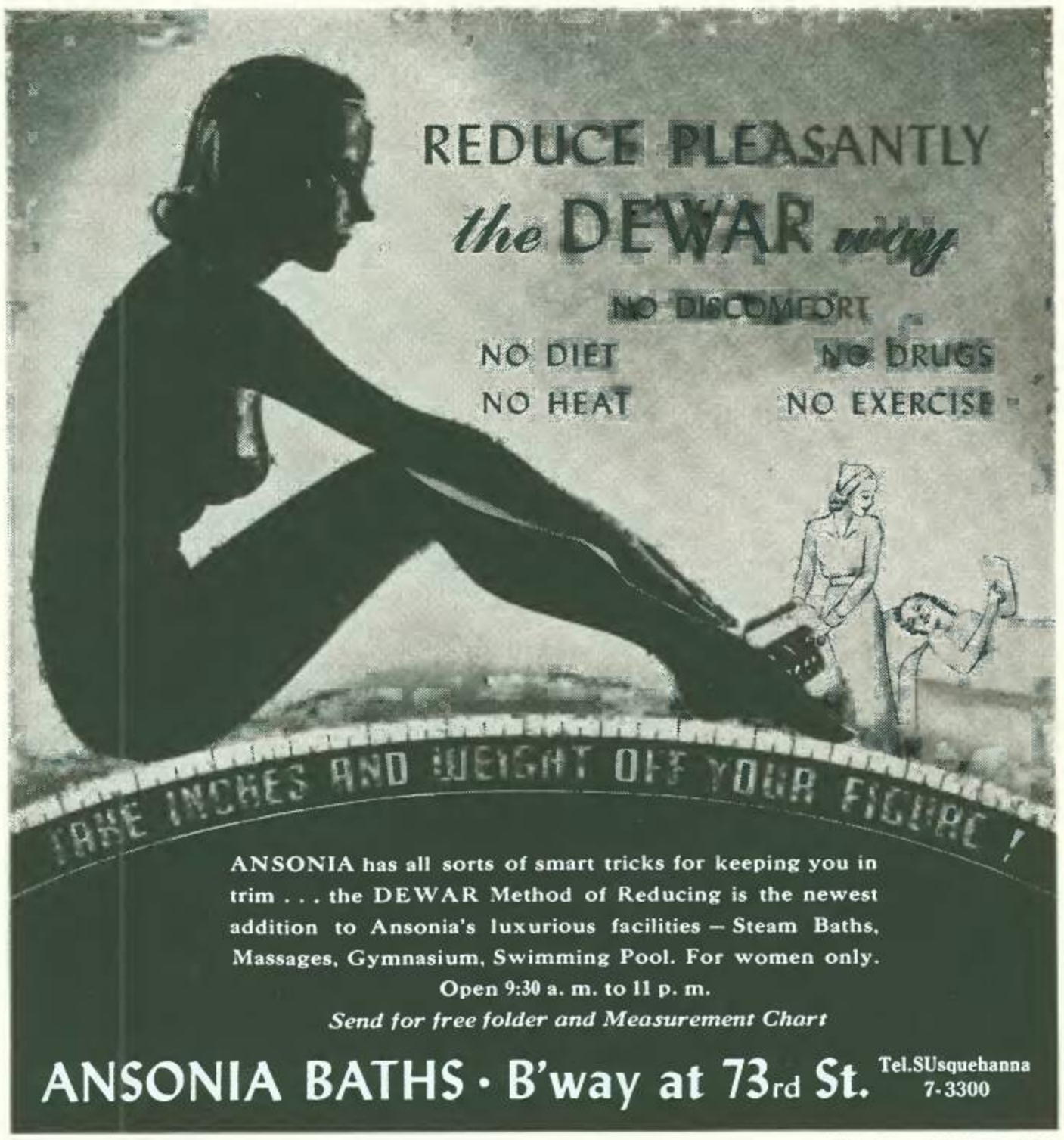
FICTION

Mr. George's Joint, by Elizabeth Lee Wheaton. A novel about Texas Negroes, one of whom runs a fried-fish, soft-drink, and dance parlor. The author has a slight air of amused superiority that is hard to put your finger on, but in general what she has written sounds like an authentic picture, often very funny, of irresponsible domestic and business affairs in the Far South. Miss Wheaton has a particularly good ear for dialect. Winner of the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award.

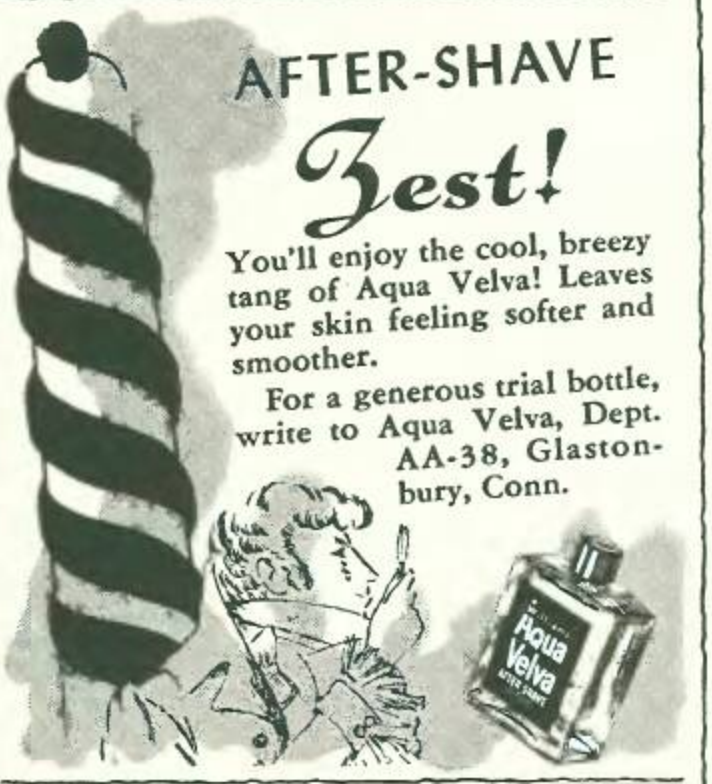
The Heart of Another, by Martha Gellhorn. Nine short stories concerned directly or indirectly with international crises in various parts of Europe: Corsica, Spain, refugee Paris, Nazi Germany, Finland. Miss Gellhorn is a fine writer who knows how to pick out the significant act or gesture, and these stories are ironical, intelligent, and affecting, if a little dry and depressed in tone. Perhaps Miss Gellhorn has spent too much time in war-torn countries; perhaps, also, she has read too carefully the works of Mr. Hemingway—an amiable trait in a wife but dangerous for a writer of fiction.

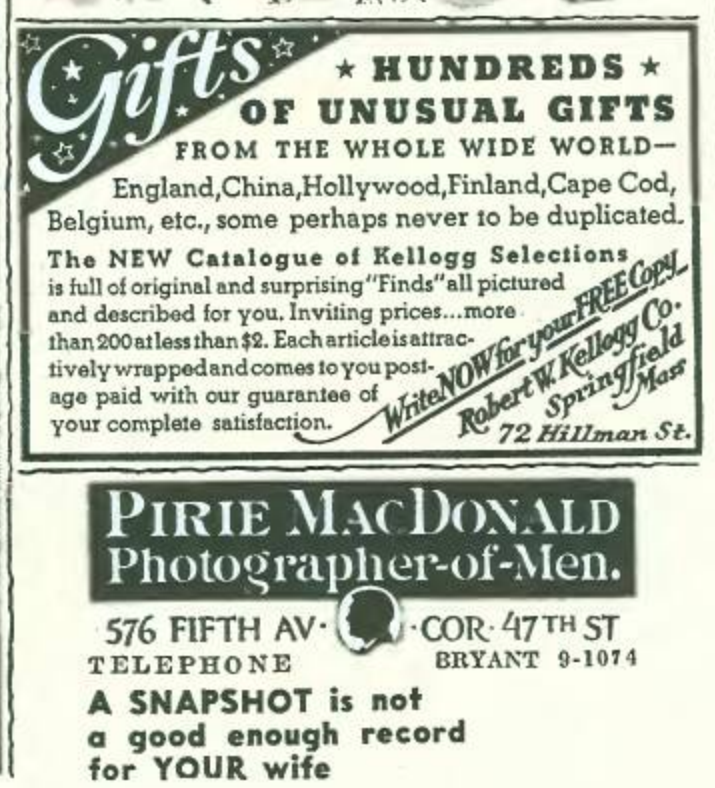
Conquer, by John Masefield. A readable and lively short novel about the Nika rebellion, which took place in Byzantium during the reign of the Emperor Justinian and his Empress,











Theodora. Mr. Masefield is a practised hand at this sort of thing and can whip up atmosphere, an old battle, or the person of an ancient ruler without turning a hair.

UNLESS THE WIND TURNS, by Mildred Walker. An old Montana boy takes his wife and a few friends from New York on a camping trip in the mountains; he feels his marriage is not going very well and that a visit to the country he loved as a youngster may help matters. On the second day they ride smack into a forest fire, which brings out the true nature of each of them. One turns out to be a coward, one is unexpectedly brave and resourceful, and so on. The forest fire itself is quite magnificent.

THE CAREER OF PHILIP HAZEN, by John Harriman. Mr. Harriman, having done up the slick boys' boarding schools in "Winter Term," now turns his hand to the slick Wall Street crowd. He takes us inside an expensive Park Avenue apartment and one of those big houses at Newport. In the Newport house every guest finds a cocktail *and* a gardenia in his room as he comes up to dress for dinner. Nice, hey? The hero is a young broker whom everybody in the book except his rich wife likes very much. In spite of all this approval, he seems rather nebulous.

HOUSE OF FURY, by Felice Swados. Desperate doings in a reform school for girls. The tension culminates in a riot between white and Negro inmates. The girls themselves are interesting, varied, and appealing, but they seem much older than the thirteen or fourteen years the author makes them.

PHOENIX IN EAST HADLEY, by Maurice B. Cramer. Delicately supernatural sketches of New England, centring on one salty, humorous old woman who believes in the resurrection of the body. A crateful of golden phoenixes from China contribute to the mysterious atmosphere. The tone is minor but warm and winning, and suggests Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE FIGHTING LITTLES, by Booth Tarkington. Mr. Tarkington's familiar formula: irascible father, amiable but helpless mother, daughter surrounded by vacuous admirers, adolescent son. Nobody need be told by now that Mr. Tarkington does this kind of story very capably.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, by Edward Newhouse. What has become of your high-school class, do you suppose, in the years since you were graduated?

Mr. Newhouse asks this question and answers it by a series of brilliant sketches, some of which have appeared in this magazine, about the boys who left high school in 1929. One is a bartender, one is hopping freights, several have woman trouble of some sort. Mr. Newhouse describes them all with sharp and humorous impartiality.

GENERAL

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA, by Krishnalal Shridharani. A young Indian poet gives us a generous, wise, and entertaining book about his boyhood in India, his work with Gandhi, and his experiences in this country (the East and the West aren't *too* far apart, he says), plus an account of recent social tendencies in India, portraits of Nationalist leaders, and some speculations on the future of the Far East. Extremely fair-minded on the ticklish subject of Indian opinion of the present war. Introduction by Louis Bromfield.

MR. DOOLEY'S AMERICA, by Elmer Ellis. The life and times of Finley Peter Dunne, the Chicago newspaperman who created Mr. Dooley, one of our national philosophers, and his good listener, Hennessy. A lively and thorough biography, liberally salted with Mr. Dooley's own aphorisms. Illustrated.

BYRON IN ITALY, by Peter Quennell. This sequel to the author's "Byron: The Years of Fame" carries the poet from his farewell to England in 1816 to his departure for Greece in 1823. A superb narrative, charming, subtle, and intelligent, with some penetrating reflections on the interplay of talent and personality in the literary process. Illustrated.

I PAID HITLER, by Fritz Thyssen, translated by César Saerchinger. The German industrialist, now probably dead or in a concentration camp, says he contributed a million marks to the Nazi Party in the belief that Hitler intended to restore order and the monarchy. A rambling account, part personal, part a tracing of economic events before and after Hitler came to power. Rather muddled and naïve. Some new material. Portions of the book have appeared in *Liberty*.

A TREASURY OF BIOGRAPHY, by Edgar Johnson. Nineteen shrewdly condensed classic biographies, from Cavendish on Wolsey to Lincoln Steffens on himself, with first-rate general and special introductions.

THE AMERICAN ARTIST AND HIS

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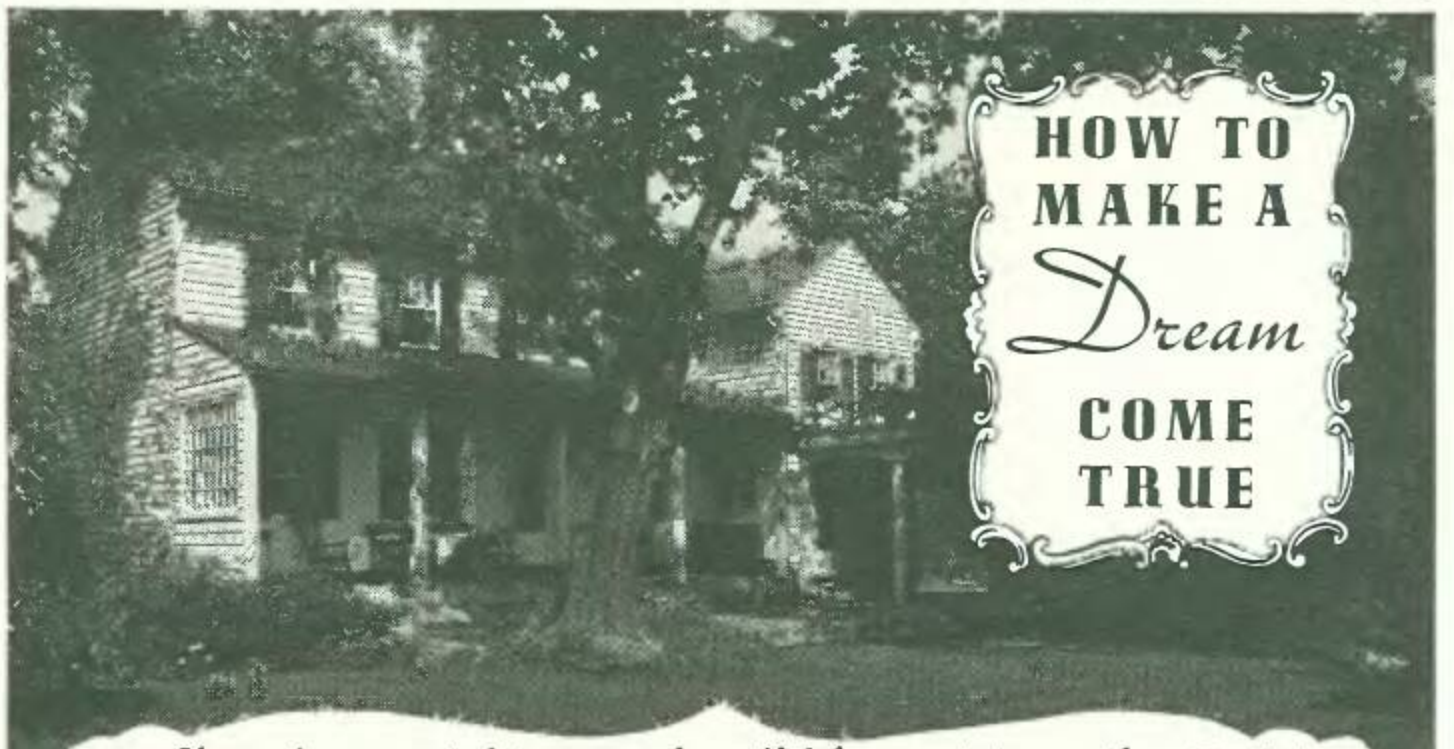


WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*

GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*

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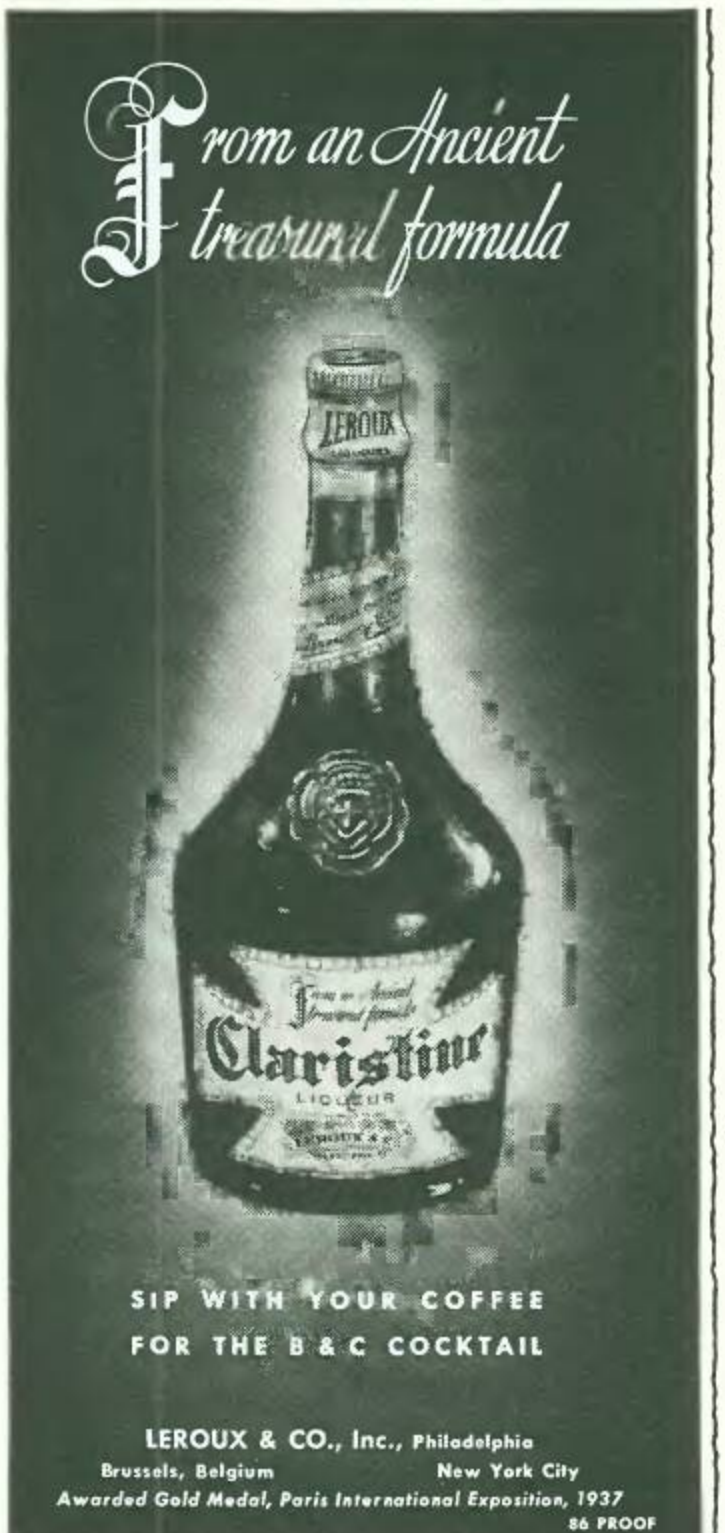
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TIMES, by Homer Saint-Gaudens. The director of the Fine Arts Department of the Carnegie Institute displays his critical limitations (which are considerable) as well as his fund of information in a gossipy survey of American art and artists.

GOYA, by José Gudiol. This is another Hyperion Press book, but the reproductions, particularly those in color, are far below the accustomed standards. The text is thoroughgoing, well detailed, and informative.

NEWSPAPER DAYS, by H. L. Mencken. Reminiscences, some of which have been published in this magazine, of those early years (1899-1906) the author spent as a reporter on a Baltimore paper. Warm and witty memories of the great politicos of the place and period, its wiseacres, its buffoons, its city-room characters, its preposterous stories, which, of course, the young cub never could forget.

SOAP BEHIND THE EARS, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Eighteen larks, squibs, literary burlesques, and highly animated lectures on such subjects as tea, civil defense, bicycles, Oscar Levant, and beauty salons. Many of the articles have appeared in this or other periodicals. Illustrated by Alajálov.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL, by Milton Propper. Joseph Stokes and his wife pick out a nice little house at 5806 Sewell Road (apparently in the suburbs of Philadelphia), which is for rent. Through an error on the agent's part, they are given the keys to 5809 Sewell Road, a house that is not so nice because it has a body in the laundry chute. Tommy Rankin, detective, covers a lot of ground chasing from city to city before he arrives at a startling and satisfactory conclusion.

•

Notre Dame completed 14 out of 20, with Bertelli making 11 of them in a brilliant display of accuracy, aided measurably by consistent protection from his mater.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

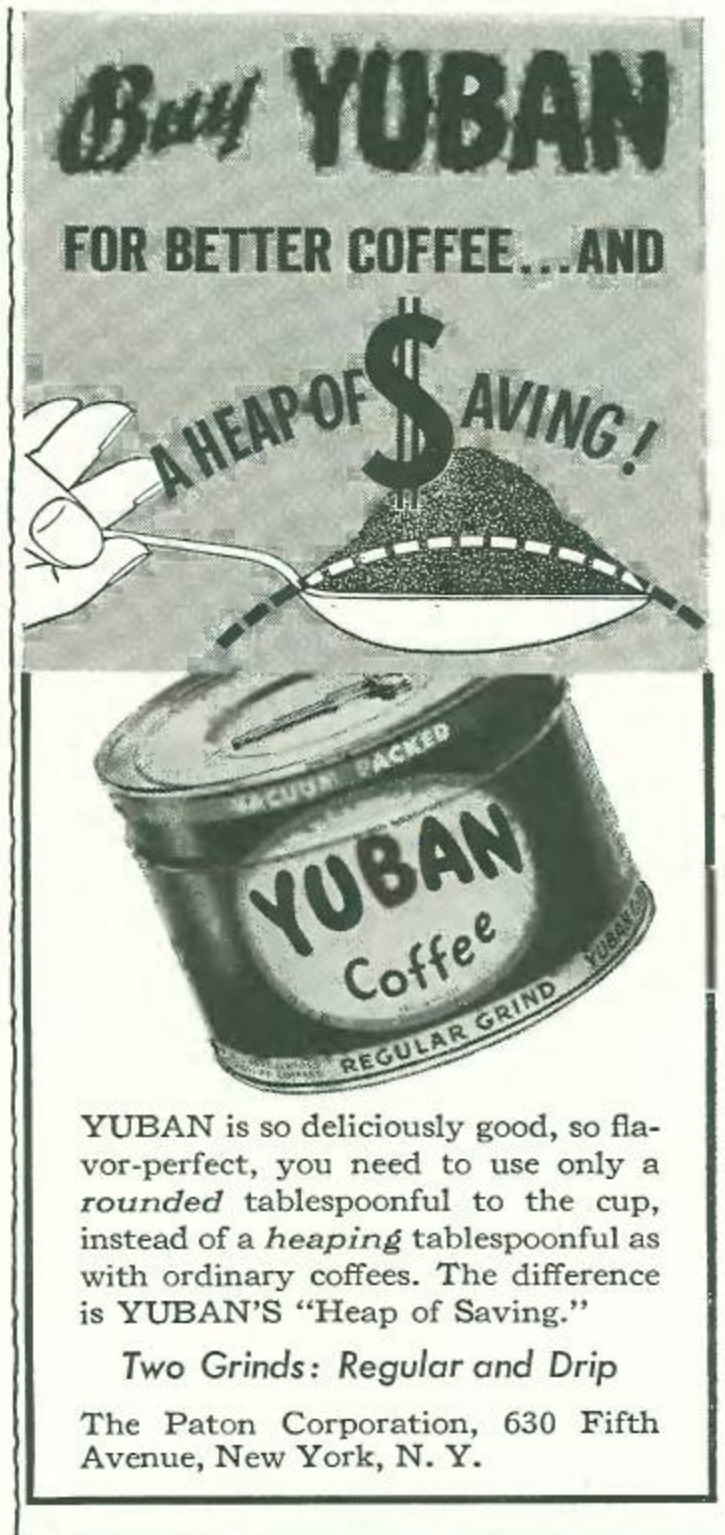
A boy's best friend is a good, fast halfback.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT
(WELL ENOUGH ALONE DIVISION)

[*From Special Orders No. 206, War Department, 4 September, 1941*]

40. Announcement is made of the change in name of CAPTAIN MICHAEL STANLEY NIEWCZAS (0-350620), Medical Corps, to MICHAEL STANLEY NIEWCZAS NEFCHES.



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• *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

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• As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to these men, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco! Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

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