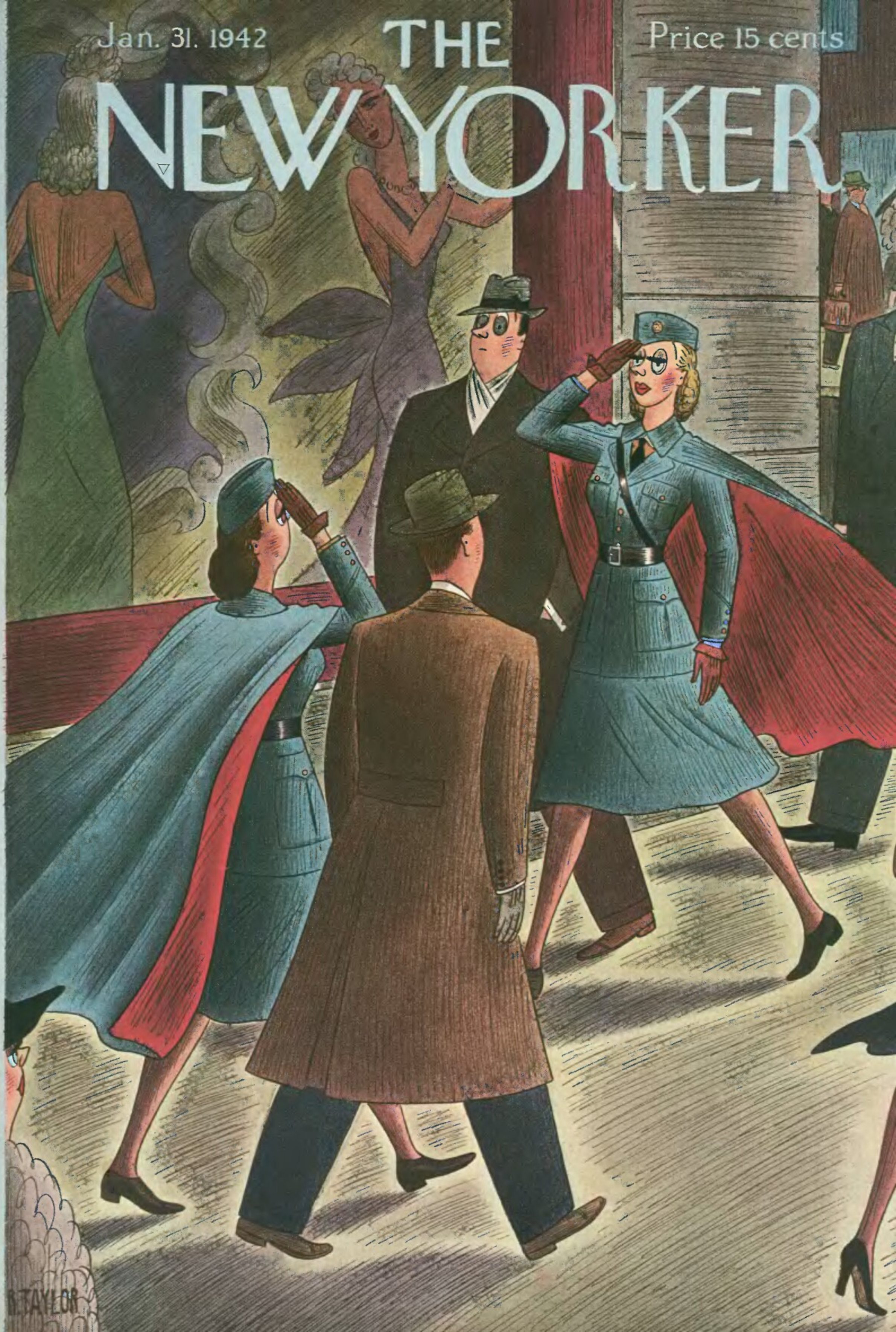
Jan. 31. 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—A comedy dealing with a celebrated restaurant and the Yiddish theatre. Rather slight and special for the general public. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are in it. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Clash by Night—Tallulah Bankhead in Clifford Odets' somewhat disappointing play about some domestic difficulties on Staten Island. With Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb, and Katherine Locke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine 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.)

In Time to Come—An only moderately effective play, by Howard Koch and John Huston, about the tragedy of Woodrow Wilson's failure in Paris. The President is portrayed by Richard Gaines. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 31.)

Jason—Samson Raphaelson presents his compliments to the dramatic critics in a rather uneven play about a very peculiar one. Alexander Knox has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on Shakespeare's best detective story. Judith Anderson is magnificent as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is expert. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Papa Is All—Dialect comedy about a Pennsylvania Dutchman who goes after his family with a bullwhip. Pretty slight, although the Guild has given it a nice production. With Jessie Royce Landis, Carl Benton Reid, and Celeste Holm. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., Sat., and Sun.)

The Rivals—Sheridan's comedy revived by the Guild for some reason or other. Bobby Clark is superb as Bob Acres, but the rest, including Mary Boland and Walter Hampden, seem a bit baffled by it all. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Spring Again—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Lily of the Valley—A play by Ben Hecht, with Myron McCormick, Siegfried Rumann, and Alison Skipworth. Staged by Mr. Hecht and produced by Gilbert Miller. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Solitaire—John van Druten's dramatization of the Edwin Corle novel, with Pat Hitchcock and Victor Killian. Staged by Dudley Digges and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 29 and 31, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." His assistants include Audrey Christie, Lionel Stander, and the De Marcos. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—A superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—Olsen and Johnson's new brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

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

Hedda Gabler—A new translation by Ethel Borden and Mary Cass Canfield, with Katina Paxinou, Henry Daniell, Ralph Forbes, and Cecil Humphreys. Staged and produced by Luther Greene. Opens Thurs., Jan. 29. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Flowers of Virtue—A comedy by Marc Connelly, with Frank Craven and Isobel Elsom. Staged by Mr. Connelly and produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Feb. 5. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—Appearing in a joint recital: Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 3:30. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Comic Opera Company presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore," with the Jooss Ballet offering "The Green Table" as a curtain-raiser, through Sun., Feb. 1; beginning Tues., Feb. 3, the bill will be "The Mikado" and two ballets, "A Ball in Old Vienna" and "The Big City": nightly, except Mon., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 29-31 and Feb. 5-7, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Assisted by their company in "Flickers" and "Theatrical Program," Sat. Aft., Jan. 31, at 4, and Sun. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45; "Decade," Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 4. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Maria-Theresa—One of the members of Isadora Duncan's original group, now with her own company: Sat. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:40. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

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)—They've opened the Trianon Room again, and Jules Lande's orchestra has moved back into it.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis is appearing on these tropical premises, along with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place

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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)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—George Jessel and Lois Andrew will be here through Sat., Feb. 7. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras. . . . The Monte Carlo Beach, next door, has Bobby Parks' orchestra and almost no sand.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Neil Bondshu's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in the Cotillion Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays in the Persian Room and there is other entertainment—a singer and a dance team—as well.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Elsie Houston and Charles Weidman head the show way up there in the clouds. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—What with La Maisonette temporarily undergoing repairs, there is entertainment again in the Iridium Room, with songs by Frances Mercer, two-piano-playing by Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, and music for dancing by Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt will start presenting his impersonations in the Café Lounge on Fri., Jan. 30. Until then, there's a dance team. Ernie Holst's orchestra will remain.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Billy de Wolfe heads the show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are up to their old deft tricks in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Freddy Martin's orchestra is around all evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence will be singing here through Fri., Jan. 30, and there are a number of other performers, too. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs and the Revuers provide their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari, the dancers, and Romo Vincent. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Enric Madriguera's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Ray Morton's orchestra will be replaced by Evalyn Tyner's on Tues., Feb. 3. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): those who don't mind smoke-filled cellars may find Huddy Ledbetter, Joshua White, and other folk singers diverting. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and Kenneth Spencer. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, with the King Cole Trio and Sabby Lewis's orchestra.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . 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

BAROQUE PAINTING—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has been increasingly influential on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

BLAKELOCK—A few great pieces in a show that includes many little-known examples of his early work: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

BRAND—Crisp, cleanly handled water colors and drawings, mainly of Italy and France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

BROCKMAN—Big new oils, one or two merely gigantesque, the remainder full-bodied and vigorous enough to justify their size: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Large and well-selected exhibition of works by Mount and Quidor, those early-nineteenth-century American painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

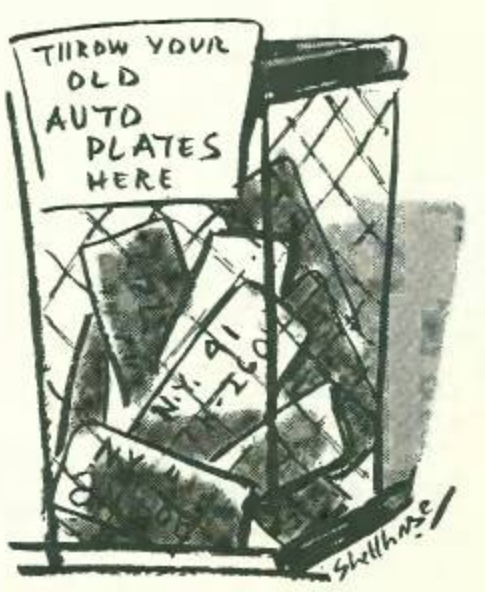
CORBINO—Lush, Rubensesque paintings, with especial emphasis on circus performers: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such less well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

FRENCH—At the **ZBOROWSKI**, 61 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Matisse, Soutine, and other moderns. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7. . . . **ALLISON**, 32 E. 57: etchings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, from Corot and Millet to Picasso and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Dufy, Chagall, and Utrillo, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: figure painting in modern art, with a fine Picasso leading the list of examples. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: paintings by Vlaminck and Dufy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Modern paintings and antique objets d'art arranged in settings designed to show the affinities between past and present. The paintings themselves are magnificent, the arrangements occasionally less so. Degas, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sloan, and Kroll are among those represented: Kelekian, 20 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

GROUP SHOW—A superbly textured crayon drawing by Charles Sheeler leads a generally above-average show of water colors and black-and-whites; also drawings and wood carvings by Steig: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.



JACOBI—Gloucester subjects, broad in scheme and capable in handling: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

KLEE—Selected oils and water colors, the first of a series of retrospective exhibitions of his work: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

KRYLENKO—Small, delicately naïve landscapes and figure studies: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

LIPCHITZ—Recent sculptures by a onetime abstractionist now turned baroque: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors. The Museum's permanent collection of Rembrandt paintings, prints, and drawings is being shown in its entirety for the first time. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 29.

MONDRIAN—Paintings and drawings from 1906 to the present, in a retrospective of this important Dutch artist's work: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Paintings and sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. 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 March 8.

MYERS—Water colors, pastels, and drawings by a man who made the East Side scene his province: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The new building recently opened with a big retrospective, mostly of past members' works, that is all-inclusive historically and generally depressing as art. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

VAN GOGH—An exhibition of eleven paintings, all superlative and including three never shown here before; for the benefit of the American Red Cross: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

WATKINS—An artist of great taste and delicacy, in his first showing here in six years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Large, carefully selected exhibition of American water-color painting from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present. Tues. through Sun., 12 noon to 4 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

WILSON—First one-man exhibition by an Ohio painter who uses a deliberately naïve approach with considerable skill in depicting Midwestern scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

HERE AND THERE—At the **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB**, 16 E. 10: members' show of oils, water colors, and black-and-whites. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: recent paintings by Stephen Etnier. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings, prints, and sculptures by Maillol. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: recent paintings by Anne Goldthwaite. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: copies by Sarkis Katchadourian of cave paintings in India and Ceylon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by this gallery's group. 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 Fri., Feb. 6. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent paintings by Guy Pène du Bois. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Zoltan Sepeshy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **RAYMOND AND RAYMOND**, 40 E. 52: water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Fritz Busch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:45. (Soloist: Adolf Busch, Jan. 29-30, and Feb. 7.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Beecham conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45.

MIDTOWN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Fekete conducting: Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 68, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:30. (For tickets, call SU 7-5200.)

ORCHESTRETTE OF NEW YORK—Frederique Petrides con-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30. (For tickets, call BU 8-0835.)

BACH CIRCLE ORCHESTRA—Hufstader conducting; soloists, Pessl, Scholz, Wummer, and Friedman: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:45.

MOZART STRING SINFONIETTA—Sontag conducting; soloist, Kisch-Arndt: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30. (For tickets, call EN 2-4455.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Vladimir Horowitz, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:30; Dusolina Giannini and Ezio Pinza, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:40; Alexander Brailowsky, Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30.

TOWN HALL—Jan Kiepura, Sat. Aft., Jan. 31, at 3; New Friends of Music (Artur Schnabel), Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 5:30; Elizabeth Wysor, Sun. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30; Roman Totenberg, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30; Margaret Speaks, Wed. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30; Gerald Tracy, Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 3.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lohengrin," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 29; "La Bohème," Fri. Aft., Jan. 30; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Jan. 30; "Rigoletto," Sat. Aft., Jan. 31; "Phoebus and Pan" and "Le Coq d'Or," Sat. Eve., Jan. 31; "Aïda," Mon. Eve., Feb. 2; "Carmen," Wed. Eve., Feb. 4; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5; "Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Feb. 6; "Samson et Dalila," Fri. Eve., Feb. 6; "Tosca," Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, opera for Sat. Eve., Feb. 7, to be announced. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Gus Lesnevich vs. Bob Pastor, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 30; Sammy Angott vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 6; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

FIGURE-SKATING—Eastern States amateur championships, Iceland Rink, atop Madison Square Garden, Fri. through Sun., Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8:30 A.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Brooklyn Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., Jan. 29; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., Feb. 1; Brooklyn Americans vs. Rangers, Tues., Feb. 3; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 5. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., Feb. 1, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat., Feb. 7, at 8 P.M.

WINTER SPORTS—Eastern amateur jumping, cross-country, and combined championships, Salisbury Mills, N.Y., Sat. and Sun., Jan. 31-Feb. 1. . . . Dartmouth Winter Sports Tournament (competition, but no carnival this year), Hanover, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 6-7.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: Buckminster Fuller's latest portable house, which might do very nicely as an air-raid shelter, is on view in the garden. 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 Feb. 8. . . . ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE, 115 E. 40: photographs, plans, and models showing the work that has been done in developing the central part of Washington as a national showplace. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

BENEFITS—The President's Birthday Ball, for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 9. . . . The annual ball of the Old Guard of the City of New York: Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 9. . . . Emerald Ball, for orphans: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 6, at 10.

SHIP MODELS—Twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century fighting craft used by this country, Britain, and France: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 14.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women in Europe and America wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

ON THE AIR—"Birthday Greetings to President Roosevelt," with Gertrude Lawrence, Carmen Miranda, Danny Kaye, Larry Adler, and others: Thurs., Jan. 29, at midnight, WEAF, WJZ, WOR. . . . "Rigoletto," with Landi, Weede, and Castagna; from the Metropolitan Opera House: Sat. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2, WJZ. . . . A program in honor of

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Walter Damrosch's eightieth birthday, with, among others, Gladys Swarthout, Josef Hoffman, and Albert Spalding, as well as Leopold Stokowski conducting an orchestra: Sat. Eve., Jan. 31, at 9, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Busch conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 3, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper and William Hillman, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Eric Sevareid, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Afts. at 2:30, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 3:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ.

TELEVISION: The President's Birthday Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 10:30, WNBT. . . . A series of air-raid defense programs will be shown Mon. Eves. at 8, over WNBT.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Early American furniture, hooked rugs, and silver, owned by B. W. Lockwood, John C. Livingston, James L. Hutchinson, and others: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 29, at 2. . . . The library of the late James D. Smyth: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:15, and Fri. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture and Chinese porcelains and jades, owned by Henry Rogers Winthrop: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 30-31, at 2. . . . Currier & Ives and other prints, from the collections of B. W. Lockwood, Mrs. E. Leipprand, the late Margaretta C. Clark, and the New York Zoological Society: Wed. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:15.

SALMAGUNDI CLUB, 47 5 Ave., at 12—Paintings by members, to be sold for the benefit of British artists: Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8.

NOTE—Federal auto-tax stamps, which must be displayed on the windshields of all cars in use from Sun., Feb. 1, on, may be purchased at any post office, through Sat., Jan. 31, and at any Internal Revenue office after that date. . . . New York State auto registrations expire on Sat., Jan. 31.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—A fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties, from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. Unusual and interesting. (Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; Thurs., Jan. 29.)

BALL OF FIRE—Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in a comedy of professors and gunmen which makes, and teaches us, a beautiful lesson in American slang. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 4.)

FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all—slightly trimmed but still weathering the seasons. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN—The immigration problem and how love gets visas in a Mexican border town. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Jan. 30. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4.)

HONKY TONK—A big, costly, hack Western devised to present Lana Turner and Clark Gable in familiar attitudes. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 2-3.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles, with Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. A film that seems authentic and careful and very close to the world it describes. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Jan. 29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Jan. 30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 31-Feb. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; starting Fri., Feb. 6.)



THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A scrupulous photographing of the Kaufman-Hart success, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. Especially for people who saw the play only once or twice or not at all. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Jan. 30-Feb. 5.)

RISE AND SHINE—Football and nonsense in a sensible, funny hodgepodge derived from Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times." With Linda Darnell, George Murphy, Jack Oakie, and other such familiars. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4.)

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE—This preposterous extravaganza of naughtiness in the Far East, very prewar, has been screened at last, with Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Walter Huston, and with Ona Munson as the wickedest woman in China. Not quite, though, what the play was. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., Feb. 1.)

SON OF FURY—A lively costume piece, full of scuffling and adventure, in the grand old style. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power at their best. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—If you're a Preston Sturges admirer, this one will likely disappoint you, but it has its moments. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

SUSPICION—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a smooth movie of murder and mystery, based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Perhaps more on the pretty side than the original novel, yet with some of its excitement. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Jan. 31. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Feb. 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., Jan. 31-Feb. 4.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—A brief and altogether impressive account of a British raid on a German town, presented by gunners, pilots, observers, and the ground staff of the R.A.F. Essential. (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; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Jan. 29.)

REVIVALS

THE BLUE LIGHT (1934)—Eerie legend of the Dolomite Alps. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; tentative, through Sun., Feb. 1.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 30-31.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Adventurer," and "The Immigrant," all two-reel shorts. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 1-3.)

CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "The Story of a Cheat," now with English dialogue. (Belmont, 125 W. 48; starting Fri., Jan. 30.)

DARK VICTORY (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. With George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 2.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 4-5.)

THE HOSTAGES (1940)—French life during the last war. Formerly called "The Mayor's Dilemma." (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 4-5.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 30-31.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biography. French, with Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 29.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—Soviet sketch of the famous Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4.)

POWER (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 1-2.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Early gangster piece. Paul Muni and George Raft. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—From the Hecht-MacArthur play. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., Feb. 2.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following serials, daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.), through Sun., Feb. 1: "The Exploits of Elaine" (1915), Episode 6, Pearl White; "Buck Rogers" (1938), Episodes 1 and 12, Buster Crabbe; and "The Adventures of Red Ryder" (1940), Episodes 1 and 12. . . . A series of short British films on civilian defense is shown Wed. at 3, 6:30, and 9 P.M., on other weekdays at 3 P.M., and on Sun. at 1 P.M.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—Through Sun., Feb. 1: **THE SHANGHAI GESTURE**, Gene Tierney, Victor Mature. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Kings Row." Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field.

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

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"The Corsican Brothers," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ruth Warrick.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs., Jan. 29: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche. . . . From Fri., Jan. 30: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—**SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**, Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Feb. 4: **BALL OF FIRE**, Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Joan of Paris," Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid, Thomas Mitchell.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—**SON OF FURY**, Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Feb. 4: "The Men in Her Life," Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"All Through the Night," Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—From Fri., Jan. 30: **CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT** (formerly French and called "The Story of a Cheat," now with English dialogue), revival, Sacha Guitry.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Tentative—Through Sun., Feb. 1: **THE BLUE LIGHT**, Swiss fantasy; also "The Adventures of Prince Achmed," German silent film. . . . From Mon., Feb. 2: "The Robber Symphony," English surrealist musical; "Joy of Living," French animated cartoon; and "Emak Bakia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," two short fantasies.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., Jan. 29: **THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (French), Harry Baur; also "Beethoven Concerto" (Russian). . . . Fri. and Sat., Jan. 30-31: **CHAPAYEV** (Russian); also **THE LADY VANISHES**, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 1-2: **POWER**, Conrad Veidt; also "Gypsies" (Russian). . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: **PETER THE FIRST** (Russian); also **SCARFACE**, Paul Muni, George Raft.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"The King" (French), Raimu, Victor Francen; also "They Met on Skis" (French), revival, Charpin.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "This England," Constance Cummings, Emlyn Williams. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "The Prime Minister," Diana Wynyard, John Gielgud.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs., Jan. 29: "Keep 'Em Flying," Abbott and Costello; also "South of Tahiti," Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope; also "Buy Me That Town," Lloyd Nolan, Constance Moore.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., Jan. 31: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 1-2: "He Stayed for Breakfast," revival, Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "No Time for Comedy," revival, Rosalind Russell, James Stewart.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Jan. 29: "The Lion Has Wings," revival, semi-documentary film, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Wings of the Morning," revival. Annabella, Henry Fonda. . . . Mon. and Tues., Feb. 2-3: **HONKY TONK**, Clark Gable, Lana Turner. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Shadow of the Thin Man," Myrna Loy, William Powell.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Sun., Feb. 1: "Appointment for Love," Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer; also "Niagara Falls," Marjorie Woodworth, Tom Brown. . . . Mon., Feb. 2: **TWENTIETH CENTURY**, revival, John Barrymore, Carole Lombard; also "The Howards of Virginia," revival, Martha Scott, Cary Grant. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie; also "Her Enlisted Man" (formerly called "The Red Salute"), revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 2: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: to be announced.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "Belle Starr," Gene Tierney, Randolph Scott; also "International Squadron," Olympe Bradna, Ronald Reagan. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 2: **DARK VICTORY**, revival, Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald; also "Music in my Heart," revival, Rita Hayworth, Tony Martin. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: **RISE AND SHINE**, Linda Darnell, George Murphy; also "Burma Convoy," Charles Bickford, Frank Albertson.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "Keep 'Em Flying," Abbott and Costello. . . . Sat. through Tues., Jan. 31-Feb. 3: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: **THE HOSTAGES** (French and formerly called "The Mayor's Dilemma"), revival, Charpin.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl." Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard; also "Henry Aldrich for President," Jimmy Lydon, June Preisser.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard. . . . Sat. through Wed., Jan. 31-Feb. 4: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 3-4: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard. . . . Sat. through Wed., Jan. 31-Feb. 4: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Jan. 30: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard; also "Henry Aldrich for President," Jimmy Lydon, June Preisser. . . . Sat. through Wed., Jan. 31-Feb. 4: **SUSPICION**, Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant; also "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," W. C. Fields.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Jan. 31: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard; also "Henry Aldrich for President," Jimmy Lydon, June Preisser. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 1-2: "Down in San Diego," Ray McDonald, Bonita Granville; also "Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring," Margaret Lindsay, Ralph Bellamy. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent; also "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—"Three Cockeyed Sailors," Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert.

PARK, Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Through Sat., Jan. 31: "Ruggles of Red Gap," revival, Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles; also "Alexander's Ragtime Band," revival, Alice Faye, Don Ameche. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 1-3: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, four short revivals; also "The Penalty," revival, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: **THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also "Harvest" (French), revival.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., Jan. 29: "Marry the Boss's Daughter," Brenda Joyce, Bruce Edwards; also "Flying Cadets," William Gargan, Edmund Lowe. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Scattergood Meets Broadway," Guy Kibbee; also "Emergency Landing," Carol Hughes, Forrest Tucker.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., Feb. 4: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent; also "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley; also "Look Who's Laughing," Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley; also "Look Who's Laughing," Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., Feb. 2: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . From Tues., Feb. 3: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs., Jan. 29: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**, documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Tues., Jan. 30-Feb. 3: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . From Wed., Feb. 4: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE foresee, as a result of wartime economies, a more cordial relationship between people and whatever things they may be fortunate enough to possess. We were damn sick and tired of salesmen coming around, whenever our automobile, radio, or icebox broke down, with proof incontrovertible that the wise thing to do was trade it in for a new one. Repairs were always fantastically impossible to arrange, but the minute the company had sold you a new machine and got possession of the old one, they repaired it ("rebuilt" was the euphemism employed) and proceeded to undermine the Good Neighbor policy by selling it on easy terms to



a Central American Indian. From now on, there will be no more of this casting off a mechanism after it has given you the best years of its life. We will trudge toward the setting sun with the same old car, both of us getting slower and creakier in the joints. When we have to get out and walk beside it to give the poor old thing a breather on a steep hill, it will remind us that we have lost a car and gained a friend.

BEING as concerned as the next man about the complications of the future, we were disheartened the other afternoon when we attended a movie and found Mr. Leon Henderson, who was supposed to be fixing prices, riding a bicycle for the newsreel men and carrying a comparatively pretty secretary on the handlebars. This little piece of newsreel vaudeville, of course, was supposed to popularize the idea of riding bicycles and thereby conserve rubber. Keeping our voice down to a conversational tone, we would like to express the opinion that it doesn't popularize the idea and that anybody who thinks it does is either cynical or ignorant of what the American people are like. Whether the idea was Mr. Henderson's or the newsreel men's we don't know. We thought for a while that a claim might be made that this sort of thing would appeal to a six-year-old child, but we happened to have one with us at the movie that afternoon and we asked him afterward how the bicycle sequence had struck him. "He didn't ride very well," said the six-year-old child. "He wobbled all over. But it must be fun to work in Washington." "That will be enough out of you," we told him.

WE were delighted by Martin Dies' charge that Malcolm Cowley, who was recently hired by Mr. Henderson as an information analyst, is "a notorious Communist," because for many years now we have been hoping that Dies would get around to putting the finger on someone we knew We have known Malcolm Cowley for some time as literary editor of the *New Republic* and as a poet-about-town, and he never struck us as particularly ominous; just a big, grinning, round-faced man with a rhymed couplet sticking out of his coat pocket. Now Dies has tagged him "one of the chief Communist intellectuals of this country"—a man who is certainly getting his $8,000 government salary changed into kopecks and whipping them off to Moscow—and, that most dangerous of all subversive types, "a New York writer." Moreover, Dies told the House of Representatives that the files show "seventy-two connections of this high-salaried government employee with the Communist Party and its front organizations." It was the "seventy-two" that staggered us. We could understand that a man we might run into any time at a cocktail party might belong to one or two subversive organizations, or even a handful, but hardly seventy-two. Any man who can edit a book department, write poetry and reviews, and keep up with the meetings and various un-American duties of seventy-two subversive organizations is a man whose hand we're awed to have shaken.

A MAGAZINE called *New York Life* printed a list of bogus air-raid instructions, to the exasperation of Mayor LaGuardia, who suggested that there might well be something sinister behind it. We don't believe that; we think it was merely injudicious, as humor so often is. For us, however, it did bring up the question of the humorist's position in national defense. Wit, it seems to us, is a good deal like the Mills hand grenades used in the last war. You pulled the pin, counted four, and then threw the damn thing at the Germans. This was a touchy process. A second's delay and your bomb was apt to go off before you could get it away,



blowing up your own side. Jokes are even more dangerous weapons, since more people are exposed to them. Let the fuse be a little too short, the powder a little too dry, the whole mechanism a little too intricate or unwieldy and there is a fine chance that you'll bring down some of your own men. We don't exactly recommend that comedians let the war alone, but we think it might not be a bad idea to set up a board, headed by some high-powered MacLeish in blackface, to supervise their activities. It is too tough a job for the average humorist to determine which of his writings are likely to bolster the national morale and which are likely to give comfort to the enemy. The old-fashioned idea that laughter is always a healthy cathar-



"Well, I think we should consider ourselves mighty lucky."

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sis is too firmly imbedded in him, and his estimate of the public's ability to disentangle irony is, generally speaking, much too optimistic. He needs a czar—conceivably one without a sense of humor.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Curran Corporation, of Malden, Massachusetts, manufactures an emulsion for removing dirt from Army tanks, jeep cars, trucks, etc. It is called Gunk.

A connoisseur of regional cooking has found a restaurant in the State of Washington where they serve a chopped-meat preparation identified on the menu as "Saul's Berry Steak."

The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad, falling in step with the modern trend, has changed the name of one of its Oklahoma stops from Berwyn to Gene Autry.

Haddock's Victim

BY the time you read this, all the pin-ball games in New York probably will have been either seized by the police or chewed up and swallowed by their owners to forestall seizure. Most of them had already disappeared by the end of last week, when we went along on a minor raid conducted by Lieutenant Oleson and a plainclothesman named Bill, both of the 18th Precinct detective squad. The action by the police, as you may know, was the result of a twenty-three-page decision by Magistrate Ambrose J. Haddock that a Bronx restaurant keeper's pin-ball machine was a gambling device.

At the 18th Precinct station, on West Fifty-fourth Street, Lieutenant Oleson showed us a copy of the Magistrate's decision, which stated first that machines that paid off in free games were illegal because "Combining the element of chance with the inducement of receiving something for nothing results in gambling. See Green v. Hart, 41 F. (2d) 855, (D. Conn., 1930)." Judge Haddock then went on to say that even when there was no payoff, the machine was still taking advantage of the player's sporting instinct. Having straightened us out on the legal aspects of the drive, the Lieutenant led the sortie from the station house. The three of us walked east on Fifty-fourth Street to Eighth Avenue and south on Eighth. The Lieutenant, a man of about thirty, was tastefully dressed in a light-blue overcoat and a pin-stripe suit. His assistant was somewhat older, and the front brim of his hat was turned up. He made a brief sally down Fifty-third Street by himself to have a peek through a candy-store window, and Lieutenant Oleson said to us, "You will notice that the men we use on this job don't look like cops. When he has to, Bill can even make up like nobody's business." Bill came back shaking his head, and we strolled on downtown. Both men looked through the windows of all the likely places we passed, including Mickey Walker's Bar and a number of establishments called "Luncheonette." All were as pure as could be.

It was Lieutenant Oleson who spotted the one offender in the day's catch. Just below Forty-seventh Street, he looked up at a second-story window bearing the name "Cyprus Young Men's Fraternal Association, Inc." "Hey, Bill," he called to his man, who was nosing on ahead, "let's try the Greek restaurant." We all climbed a dark staircase and walked into a bare and dark room which contained only a few small tables and chairs, a pool table, and a counter with a small cook-stove behind it. Three or four men sat at the tables, and the boss was cooking sausages at the stove. The Lieutenant went over to him and asked, "You got a pin-ball game?" "Did have," said the proprietor. "O.K.," said the Lieutenant, and we left. We had gone about a block when this Greek gentleman overtook us, coatless, hatless, and breathless. "Moved it," he said to the Lieutenant. "Still in the place, though?" Oleson asked. The man nodded and we all started back, the unhappy Greek

with the bothersome conscience in the lead. "Some of these guys are a little bit illegitimate," the Lieutenant said to us. "This one is not." Upstairs again, we were led into a back room, and there, sure enough, was the horrible machine. It had been dismantled into three or four pieces and stood up against the rear wall. The coin box, containing a little over three dollars, lay on top. "I'll call the patrol wagon," said the Lieutenant, and headed for a booth in the main room. Bill studied the machine, which was called Ten-Spot. He showed us a couple of buttons in the back by which the game could be made tougher or easier.

When Lieutenant Oleson came back, he got Bill started dragging the machine out and told us what the next steps were. "The wagon will take this thing up to the station," he said. "They seal it up there, with the money inside, and then a truck picks it up and takes it out to the Property Clerk's warehouse in Brooklyn. They keep it out there until the case is decided, and then they'll probably destroy it. The money goes to the Police Pension Fund. Ordinarily the officer serves a summons, but Bill came away without his summonses. This guy will have to go up to the station with him." Bill and the Lieutenant carried the machine downstairs. The proprietor offered to help, but they said it wasn't necessary. The customers sat at their tables and looked on. The four of us parted on the sidewalk, the Lieutenant heading back to the station, Bill waiting with his captive and his prize for the patrol wagon, and we returning to our desk to record the wages of sin.

Gift

WE know a young lady who still plods along in her prewar career of social service. Part of her job is supervising the admission and discharge of mental patients sent to state hospitals. In this way she got to know a very pleasant old gentleman whose only weakness was delusions of grandeur. Even that seemed to have cleared up last week, when she received formal notice that the old fellow was now ready to be restored to society, and would she please come and get him. She made quite a little celebration of it, attending personally to all the paperwork and inviting him to a tearoom for cookies and hot chocolate before she left him. He was grateful, too, apparently, for the next day he sent her by mail a five-pound box of chocolates. She *thinks* the chocolates came from him, at least; in the corner, where the post-office people like you to put your address, was neatly lettered "After 5 days, return to Winston Churchill."

Loosli

THE appended information about Ernest Loosli will enable you to talk intelligently to skiing enthusiasts. If "intelligently" is what we mean. Loosli is a small, competent ski instructor, known among his friends as Fritz. For the past three years, he has been instructor at the Château Frontenac, teaching what he calls the "parallel method." The essence of the parallel method is that Loosli's pupils are taught, from the very first moment they put on a pair of skis, to hold them parallel. This sounds simple, and it *is* simple, and it's all there is to the parallel method. Loosli's success with his method has created a mild furore among skiers, because it does away with the "snowplow" and the "stem turn," two beginners' safeguards in which the skis are turned inward, to form a V, while sliding down slopes or turning. It's Loosli's idea that people find it hard to unlearn the snowplow and the stem turn, and thus often never graduate to really good skiing. He's just written a book, "Parallel Skiing," saying all this at greater length.

We had a chat with Loosli (he was in town to take part in a radio program and consult his publishers) and he told us that the acid test of his method came when he taught a 250-pound, spectacularly non-athletic man from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, to ski like a bird. In three weeks, he had the fellow negotiating slopes that had to be reached by ski tow. "He would ski steadily from ten to twelve and from two to four," Loosli told us, glowing with pride. "He could never have done that using the snowplow and the stem turn. Both of these require too much energy for him to have skied that hill more than three times a day." Loosli puts emphasis on balance rather than on strength. He finds that women, who are by nature weak but well poised, learn his method faster than men. The most difficult people to teach are the middle-aged folk who have learned pigeon-toed skiing; he weans them from it by making them practice "sideslipping" for hours at a time. This means simply that they slide down a hill sidewise instead of straight down.

Loosli learned to ski in Lausanne, where he was born some forty years ago. He graduated from the University of Lausanne, where he rowed and played football, and then became a ski professional. He came over here in 1926 to work in Vancouver; after that, he was at Banff and Lake Louise. Then



he retired to a farm he had bought near Muskoka, Ontario, where he earned his living by making skis to order for wealthy dilettantes. He believes that he hit on the parallel method of teaching by observing how well the school children of Muskoka did simply by imitating him, with no preliminary flubdub. In 1936, he took a job as pro at the Toronto Ski Club and experimented further. Things worked out so well that in 1939, when he switched over to the Château Frontenac, he went all out for parallel skiing, to the utter satisfaction of his pupils. He thinks he does city people a lot of good by turning them into proficient skiers—builds up their ego. He's married to a Canadian girl, and they have a seven-year-old daughter, who learned parallel skiing at the age of three. Incidentally, Loosli is probably the shortest man—five feet four—who ever rowed on an Olympic crew. He rowed No. 2 in the four-oared crew that won at Paris in 1924. He was so short that he couldn't help his crewmates carry the shell; couldn't reach up that far.

Black Tie

YOUNG lady went to Brooks Brothers Monday to buy an official tie for her young man, a lieutenant in the Army. "Are they plain, knitted, or what?" she asked. The clerk brought out a plain black silk number and wrapped it around his thumb, the way clerks do. "Here's what we've *been* selling," he said, "but frankly we're a bit disturbed. There was a picture of General MacArthur in the papers this morning, and we could have *sworn* he was wearing a knitted tie."

Book Chat

CHECKING up the other day on the Victory Book Campaign organized by the U.S.O., the Red Cross, and the American Library Association to collect reading matter for the armed forces and the merchant marine, we found only one thing lacking: books. They aren't coming in fast enough. Miss Althea Warren, head librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, an energetic lady who is here on leave of absence from her regular job and acting as director of the national campaign, told us that New York had so far turned in only the tenth part of its quota of two million volumes. We advise you to ransack your bookshelves immediately, keeping the following facts in mind: Almost any kind of book is acceptable. There is a particular demand for up-to-date technical works which will help the men keep abreast of progress in whatever trade or profession they followed before joining up. Sailors are likely to prefer something meaty about mechanics or electrical engineering to sea stories, for example. The Army has figured out that sixty-five per cent of the total demand for books will be for light fiction, with technical and historical subjects accounting for the remaining thirty-five per cent. You can specify whether your gift books are to go to the Army, the Navy, or the merchant marine, and you are invited to write your name and address on the flyleaf of each volume. And herewith a "don't," straight from Miss Warren: Don't, *please*, send in the remainder of those five hundred copies of the privately printed memorial biography of your Great-Uncle Hosea, who was a missionary in China.

Books collected in boxes left in libraries, clubs, apartment houses, and hotels around town are taken to the Manhattan Collection Center, on West Fortieth Street. Our old friends, the American Women's Voluntary Services girls, do the hauling, in their little town cars. The books are sorted by volunteers who are all professional librarians; then, in assorted bundles of twenty, they are shipped off to camps and naval bases. Books fall into six classifications: Fiction, Non-Fiction, Technical, Other Usable Books, Possible Rarities, and Discards. A Discard would be a book that a soldier or sailor wouldn't, or shouldn't, read: one that is worn out, dull, pornographic, or subversive. Rooting around among the Discards, we came upon such naturals as "Johnny Got His Gun;" a complete edition of Horatio Alger; the 1890 Encyclopædia Britannica; "War Madness," a book based on the report of the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee; and a volume entitled "Delaware Corporations and Receiverships." Possible Rarities are books that the sorters think might command a good price in the rare-book market. They are sold and the money is used to buy technical books. Two experts named Francis St. John and Peter Smith are the Victory Book arbiters, examining both Discards and Possible Rarities. To date, they've found first editions of Stephen Crane, Mark Twain, "Peck's Bad Boy," and Poe.



Theme Song

MAYOR LAGUARDIA recently spoke on a Sunday radio program called "Wings Over Jordan," which originates in Cincinnati. In order to perfect arrangements for cuing in the Mayor, who was, as it happened, going to be in New York that Sunday, the New York and Cincinnati radio people were on the teletype beforehand. We were privileged to see a scrap of the final confirmatory message received at the New York end:

ROUTINE FOR WINGS SUN JAN 12TH AS FOLLOWS
REGULAR OPENING AND PRESENTATION OF SETTLE
FIRST SONG OH GIVE WAY JORDAN
BIBLE READING
SECOND SONG IF I COULD HEAR MY MOTHER PRAY AGAIN
THIRD SONG ROOM ENOUGH
SETTLE INTRODUCES LAGUARDIA
LAGUARDIA TALKS. WOULD APPRECIATE EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES
FOURTH SONG WHEN I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN. THIS IS SPIRITUAL REQUESTED BY LAGUARDIA. IT IS SONG IN CONSOLATION AND REWARD FOR UNAPPRECIATED LABOR.

Constitutional

SLYLY stealing a march on the daily press, we went around to Walter Damrosch's house, on East Seventy-first Street, a full week before his eightieth birthday, which comes on January 30th. At that, there was a *Times* photographer ahead of us, taking pictures of Dr. Damrosch at his piano and at the same time holding up one end of a weighty conversation. "Can you explain to me," Dr. Damrosch was saying, "why wild creatures have protective coloring so they won't be seen, and women spend so much time and money dressing so they *will* be seen?" "Survival of the fittest," the *Times* man said crisply. Having wrapped up the argument, he also put away his camera and flash bulbs, and took a dignified departure. Dr. Damrosch, remarking that it was time for his morning constitu-



"I'll see if he's in, sir."

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tional, put on a fur-collared coat and a black derby and set out for the Park, with us scampering along in an effort to match his brisk pace. Lots of people said, "There goes Walter Damrosch," ignoring us completely. "Sometimes I walk into the Park, and sometimes I walk on Lexington Avenue," he told us, adding, inexplicably, "I am very fond of Lexington Avenue."

Once in the Park, we noticed that Dr. Damrosch firmly snubbed any squirrels or pigeons who seemed to entertain hopes of a handout. "If I formed the habit of feeding them, I would never get back to my work," he told us. He fell into reminiscences of his childhood days, seventy years ago, when the Park was "inconceivably uptown." "It was inhabited entirely by squatters," he said; then, pointing to the Fifth Avenue skyline, "Amusing to see all those buildings. I can remember when only shacks stood there." It was cold in the Park, but Dr. Damrosch seemed to like it. "A clear, cold, healthy day," he exclaimed. Getting off on the subject of health, we drew him out on smoking (he doesn't), drinking (he does), and hobbies (landscape gardening, which he practices at his summer home on Mt. Desert, Maine).

Dr. Damrosch has just completed a one-act opera, but isn't ready to talk about it yet. He did talk about his years as conductor of the New York Symphony, which was founded by his father, and of the days when he conducted Wagner at the Met. He doesn't regret the past, though. "Today," he said, with relish, "my audience is not a concert hall or opera house full of people, but six million music-lovers." He meant, of course, his weekly program for young people, which goes out over N.B.C. every Friday from two to three in the afternoon. On the way home, Dr. Damrosch talked about wars (he's seen four of them, and is confident that this one will turn out happily for us), Robert Moses (thinks he's a wonderful man), and a system of exercises which he developed years ago to keep his fingers supple (they still are). At his doorstep, we asked, "Do you ever miss your daily walk?" "Well, hardly ever," Dr. Damrosch said. "Why do you walk every day?" we continued. "It provides muscular exercise and sharpens my appetite for lunch," he said, shaking hands and disappearing into the house with a sharpened appetite for lunch.

Dispatch

THE F.B.I. came around and whisked off the Japanese valet of a friend of ours a couple of weeks ago. The master, waiting uneasily for some word of the valet's fate, received a telegram from him. It didn't clear the situation up, though; merely said, "Please to take laundry out of washing machine."



"But where is all this leading us to, Mr. Hartman—Miami? Palm Beach? Sun Valley?"

5135 KENSINGTON

JANUARY, 1904

MRS. SMITH came into the living room and stood by the window while she worked her hands into her tight kid gloves. She was dressed entirely in black, and her eyes were red from crying. "It doesn't seem possible that old Mr. Jones almost died and now Mr. Furry has really died," she said. "I can't believe it, somehow."

Grandpa Prophater looked up from the morning paper he was reading. He was seated uncomfortably in a tufted, upholstered chair. The seat was unbending, and three rows of fringe hung down the front, yellow silk fringe generously interwoven with stiff gold thread that pricked his legs when he moved them. It was the most uncomfortable chair in the house and he had chosen it deliberately.

"Now, remember, Father," Mrs. Smith went on, "if you do take Agnes and Tootie to the fairgrounds, see that they wear their rubbers and that you wear *your* rubbers. It will be a mass of mud out there in all this thaw." She looked down at her neat walking shoes. "I ordered a hack. I just couldn't plow through all the slush carrying that big turkey."

"I thought you said Furry was dead," Grandpa Prophater said.

"Of course he's dead," Mrs. Smith answered sharply.

"Then he won't be much interested in that turkey."

"There are the living to think of, too," his daughter said. She thought of the turkey, browned to a turn and neatly packed in a large box covered with a slightly dampened, clean white napkin. "I mustn't forget to bring the napkin home," she thought. "It's one of my best grape-leaf ones."

"When's that woman going to get out of my room?" Grandpa Prophater asked.

"Miss Thibault will be through the minute she finishes Rose's silk waist," Mrs. Smith said. "She has a good start and she only has the fagoting, the ruching, and the blue ribbons to put on."

"She looks like a pincushion," Grandpa Prophater said.

Mrs. Smith ignored his remark. "And Rose is in her room. And the children are getting dressed," she said. She glanced out the window. "There's the hack." She went to the door to the dining room and called, "Katie, the hack's here! You can bring the turkey!"

Katie appeared through the kitchen door, carrying the box that held the turkey. Her expression was solemn and she wore a black dress under her white kitchen apron. "I'll take it down and put it in myself," she said. "And you might give Mrs. Furry my deepest condolences."

Mrs. Smith sighed. "Well," she said. She stooped and kissed her father lightly on the head, then followed Katie to the front door and down the steps to the street. Grandpa Prophater got up and watched them from the window. He saw them place the box on the seat of the hack and saw that his daughter was being especially careful of her clothes, holding her skirts daintily in one hand as she stepped into the hack and adjusting her veil as Katie shut the door.

KATIE stood on the sidewalk, waving, until the cab was out of sight. Then she walked up the steps briskly and came into the living room. "Esther," she said to Grandpa Prophater, "is devilling the soul out of me for a large pitcher or pail. She says she's got to have it. What'll I tell her?"

"What do I care what you tell her?" he asked.

"Because I won't take the responsibility of anything that Esther has in her mind to do. What does she want a pitcher on a day like this for? What's more, she's taking it out of the house."

Grandpa Prophater turned away from her and once more looked out of the window. The sky was leaden, and streams of water from the melting snow ran in the gutters. The houses, without the vine leaves that covered them from spring to fall, looked commonplace and ugly; the white porches were stained where the drainpipes had rusted and leaked. And all over, the black soot fell day and night from the soft coal that was used in the furnaces. His mind went back to the day when he had heard by rumor, for he was in Andersonville Prison Camp at the time, that his brother Jim had been killed, and of how he had thought Jim was better off dead than sleeping on the cold, hard ground without a blanket to keep him warm. He still carried the picture Jim had had taken when he was made a second lieutenant. It showed Jim standing by an elaborate portière, one hand resting on the back of a carved chair. Jim's trousers were too long and baggy, but his hair was as black and shining as a raven's wing.



He heard Esther as she came through the room. She was dressed in her oldest clothes, a knit cap, and boots, and in her hand she swung a white china pitcher. Her lips were set, but her eyes shone with excitement. Grandpa Prophater was sure she was up to no good.

"You'd think," she said, "that a pitcher was more precious than gold the way you have to try to wangle one out of Katie."

"Katie's a hard, cruel woman," he said.

"Well, she can be *small*. I hate people who are *small*. I don't suppose you could lend me a quarter?" Esther asked.

Grandpa Prophater fished in his vest pocket. "That's a word that gets a lot of use around here," he said. "I'm speaking of the word 'lend.' " He handed her twenty-five cents.

"Oh, thanks heaps," Esther said. "Remind me, when I get my allowance, that I owe it to you." She slipped the money into her coat pocket and went out the front door. Grandpa Prophater walked slowly toward the stairway. "Might as well polish my sword," he thought. As he went up the stairs he could hear the whirring sound of the sewing machine, and he stopped in the upstairs hall, nerving himself to enter his room, where Miss Thibault, the dressmaker, sat working on Rose's blouse. "Oh, Mr. Prophater, am I in your way?" she asked. She pushed the sewing table an inch or so to one side so that he could pass. The table, which was exactly a yard long, had been nearly ruined by Rose and Esther the year they got their burnt-wood set. On it they had etched pictures of their teachers and expressions they had thought were excruciatingly funny: "Oh you Walter Hoevel!," "Oh you Valentine Party!," "Remember the S.A. Game!"

Suddenly Grandpa Prophater felt that it wouldn't do to take down his sword from the wall. Miss Thibault would make some comment on it and he'd have to answer a lot of damn-fool questions. "Forgot my pipe," he said, and going to his bureau drawer, he took out his pipe and an old Zouave cap that he had brought home from the war as a souvenir. He tucked the cap under his

arm and left the room. Crossing the hall, he saw that Rose was in her room sorting papers on her bed, and he stopped, hoping that she was in the mood to stand a bit of teasing. But she only looked up gloomily when she saw him. "Hello, Grandpa," she said. "I'm just getting rid of some Christmas and New Year's stuff. They seem a thousand years away to me now." She laughed bitterly. "Why, just think! I was even excited at going to a dance—just an ordinary dance in this town."

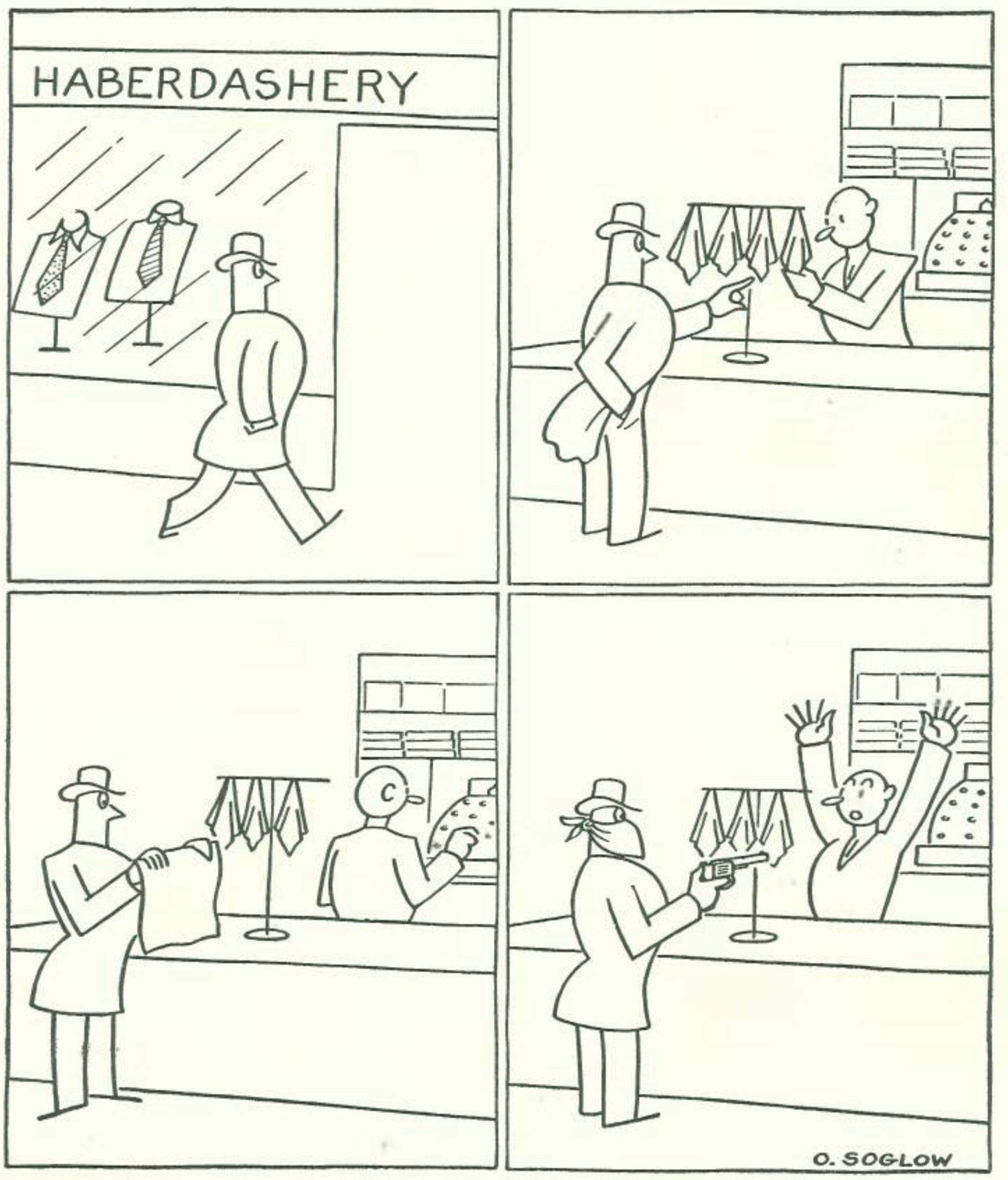
"What are you after now?" he asked.

"I'm not *after* anything at all. Except that there's going to be a big dance, a real dance, at Rolla, and Abbie Gilroy and I aren't sure we're going to be asked." She picked up a piece of cardboard framed in passepartout. "My New Year's resolutions! When I see how childish they seem!" Her voice rose in an imitation of a child's voice as she read, " 'One, to refrain from talking in a loud voice. Two, to refrain from borrowing Esther's or Mamma's personal property, also to refrain from lending my own. Three, to refrain from sarcasm.' " Her voice dropped back to normal. "And so on. It makes me ill to read it."

"I can see how it might," he said. "Why don't you call up Abbie?"

"I've called her up six times this morning, and she's called me up about six times. There's nothing we can do but wait. But we did decide to destroy everything connected with our pasts. If we can't have a really exciting future, we just don't want anything. We've about decided to go to the river together if we can't go to Rolla."

"I see," Grandpa Prophater said. He walked slowly into the room Tootie and Agnes shared. Agnes was sitting on the floor. Beside her were scissors, paper, and a saucer of flour-and-water paste, and she held a paper doll in one hand. Tootie had opened the window slightly and was eating bits of dirty snow from the window sill. "Don't speak to Agnes," she said. "Mrs. Van Dusen's head's worn almost off, and she doesn't want anyone to speak to her until she gets it fixed. Are we going to the fairgrounds?"



"Corinne doesn't have to fix *her* paper dolls," Agnes said. "Corinne is rich and lives in a hotel. They have practically a whole floor to themselves and they order anything they want day and night from a large staff downstairs, who are paid to wait on them hand and foot. Corinne doesn't have to cut her paper dolls out of magazines. She got a whole new set. *Hand-painted* by a real artist. They cost a fortune. They have the dearest little dresses that fasten on, so that she can have the same face for the same person all the time instead of having a different face with every dress. And this was my best Mrs. Van Dusen. And I think I'm going to have to change her name, because Van Dusen is too fancy, and the really rich are unpretentious."

"I'm still going to call my family Rockerfeller," Tootie said. "It sounds so funny. Are we going to the fairgrounds?"

"You two can go where you like," Agnes said. "I'm going to go to see Corinne, and I'm taking the trolley. I'm not going to take my paper dolls, though. I'd be ashamed of them. I will merely say I forgot them."

"Do you really want to go to the fairgrounds, Tootie?" Grandpa Prophater asked. "It will be all muddy, you know, and there won't be much to see. I don't want you to be disappointed."

"I don't care about the mud," Tootie said.

"It might give you an idea of my old place," Grandpa Prophater said.

Tootie stopped eating snow and looked at him. "What old place?" she asked. "What old place are you talking about? You never had a place as big as the fairgrounds."

Grandpa Prophater slipped the cap from under his arm and put it on his head. "Where do you think this came from?" he asked.

"It came from your room. I've seen it there," Tootie said.

"I didn't ask you where it's *been*," he said. "I asked you where it *came* from."

"Oh," Tootie said. "Where?"

"That's what I'll tell you all about when we see the fairgrounds," he said.

"I don't think it's interesting at all," Agnes said. "Because you've always said you were a poor boy. I'm going to Corinne's. I'm going to order anything I like when they offer me something to eat."

Tootie took her grandfather's hand. Her own small hand was cold and wet from the snow. "Let's hurry," she said. "I can't bear to wait, can you?"

"No," he said. "I've never been any good at waiting."

IT was even muddier at the fairgrounds than they expected. During the summer and fall the grounds had been graded, and now the framework of some of the World's Fair Buildings was finished. Tootie and Grandpa Prophater stood and looked around. "Shall I begin?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He pointed to a large area which had been excavated and was now filled with dirty water and small bits of floating ice. "That's where the Lagoon will be," he said. "The water in it will be as blue as the sky and there will be gondolas for people to ride in."

"What are gondolas?" Tootie asked.

"They are little boats," he said. "Not like any boats you've ever seen before. The prows are curved like a swan's throat, and they're paddled by men called gondoliers. Foreign men with black hair, and they sing to you while they take you around. I had a thousand of them once."

"*When?*" Tootie asked. "When did you?"

"When I was a king," Grandpa Prophater said.

Tootie looked up at him and gasped. "You never told me!" she said. "And I've known you all your life."

"It was before you were born," he said. "Before your mother was born. I was only a boy, but I was a real king. I had a lake that was twice as fine as this one, and cascades that were three times as big as the cascades are going to be here. My name was King Fosseque."

"King Fosseque," Tootie repeated. "Where did you live?"

"In a country called Tiaraland. I owned every bit of it. I ate off gold plates, and I ate nothing but the things I liked. Some days I would decide on candy, and candy it would be. Other days I would want nothing but chocolate cake. Or it might be that I expressed a desire for watermelon in midwinter, and fresh watermelon would be brought me by runners from thousands of miles away. Now look to the left of the Lagoon," he said. "Do you see that big space?"

Tootie nodded.

"Well, that's like the place where I kept my griffins. I had a moat built around them so they couldn't escape."

"I know," Tootie said. "They're half lion and half eagle. Lon promised me one once. But he couldn't find one downtown. He looked all afternoon."

Grandpa Prophater laughed. "I could have given you a hundred and never missed them." He took her hand and they started to walk. A few workmen in the first building they passed looked at them as they trudged through the mud. "The reason I was so anxious to have you see the fairgrounds," Grandpa Prophater said, "is because it is going to be almost like my own palace grounds. Only my grounds were bigger, and all the buildings were made of marble and set with precious stones."

Slowly they covered every inch of the grounds. It had started to snow lightly and Tootie put out her tongue to catch the flakes as they fell. "I'll like it when all the people come here from all the foreign places," she said. "I want to hear them jabbering away in French."

"It's a strange thing," Grandpa Prophater said, "but I've forgotten most of the language I used to speak. You see, after the war, when I escaped to this country, there were hundreds of spies looking for me, and I didn't dare speak my own tongue. I remember one or two things, though."

Tootie stepped over a puddle. "Tell me one. Just one," she begged.

"Well, *rastoomillia* means hello," he said.

"*Rastoomillia*," Tootie said.

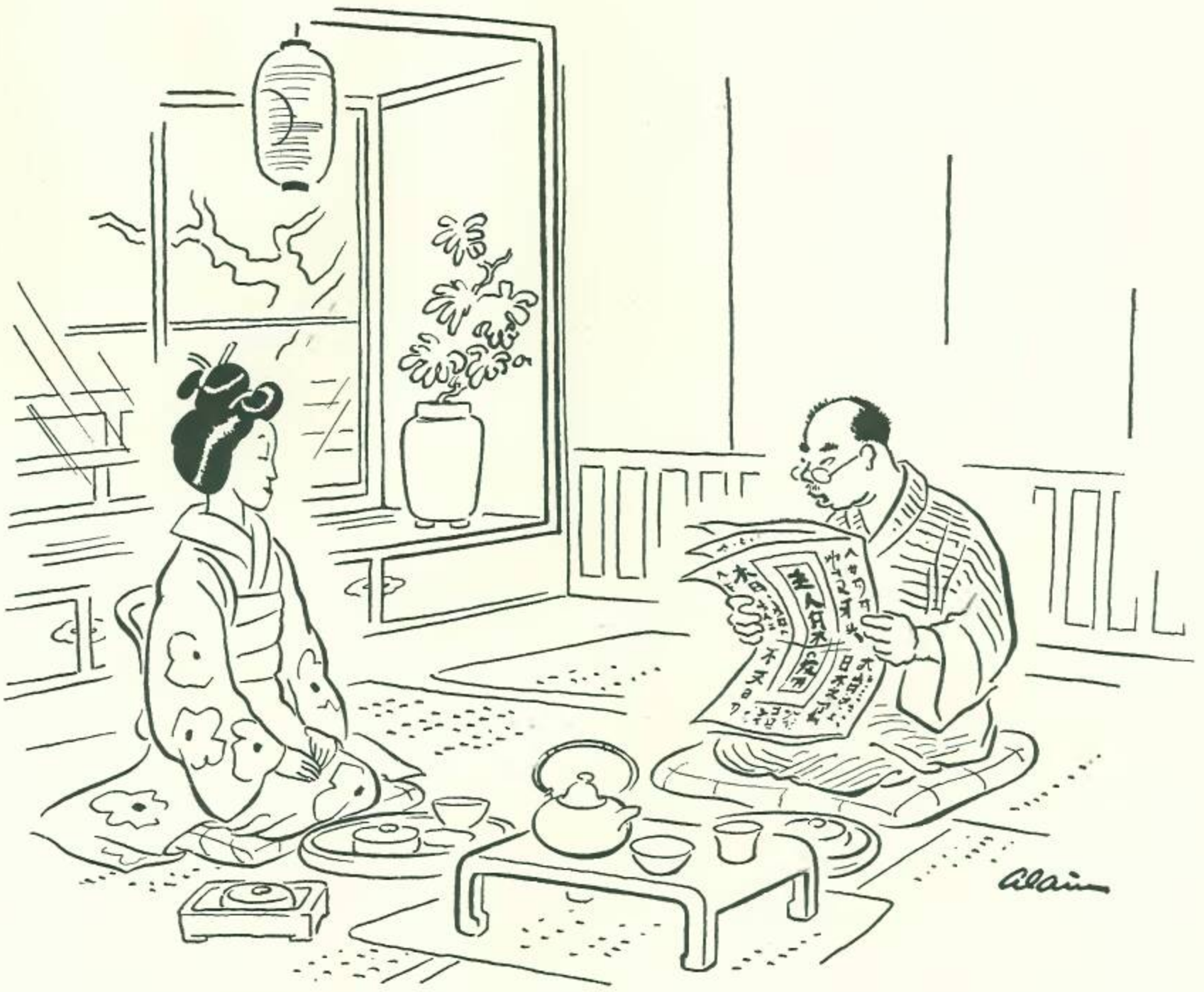
"*Rastoomillia*," her grandfather answered solemnly.

ON the way home in the trolley, Tootie barely spoke. Her feet were like ice because the water had seeped in over the tops of her overshoes, but she did not feel them. She had bitten off the tip of one red mitten.

"We're pretty late," Grandpa Prophater said suddenly. He looked at his watch. "It's after five. Your mother's not going to like that."

"What do you care what she thinks?" Tootie asked. "You're a king."

"Well, that makes your mother a princess, and you can't get too gay with



"It seems there's a good deal of unrest over there because of priorities and there may be an internal collapse before spring."



"I don't want a reconciliation—just twenty-five thousand dollars."

• •

them. They're pretty high and mighty."

"If she's a princess, what am I?" Tootie asked.

"You," Grandpa Prophater said, "you'd be a duchess. You see, your mother would have been a queen if she hadn't married your father. He's just a commoner. So one day I made Rose the Queen. One day when she wasn't much older than you are." He looked out the window at the lighted windows of the houses that they passed. "She makes a pretty good queen, too."

He let Tootie ring the bell for the trolley stop, and they got off and started up Kensington Avenue. Near their corner the street was torn up where workmen had been laying a new sewer pipe. Tootie looked at the lanterns that had been lighted and placed near the opening. "I wonder if Ess got to go down into the sewer," she said.

"If she got to do *what?*" Grandpa Prophater asked.

"Go down into the sewer," Tootie repeated. "She was dying to go, and she said she would go if it killed her. The men said they'd let her if she'd bring them a whole lot of beer."

Grandpa Prophater thought of the white pitcher and of Esther's determined mouth. "I wouldn't be surprised if she got to go," he said.

AS they went up the steps to their house, Grandpa Prophater put his arm around Tootie. "Of course, you're never to mention about my being a king to anyone outside the house."

"Oh, of course not," Tootie said. "They might find you and kill you."

Inside in the living room, Esther, Agnes, and Mrs. Smith were sitting. Agnes still had her coat on. "And you've never seen people as mean," she was telling her mother indignantly. "They didn't let us order at all, and we had to eat some old mess with plain raisins in it for dessert."

"Raisins are good for you," her mother said. "They have a lot of iron in them."

"I don't care what they have in them," Agnes said. "I *always* pick them out at home, and I couldn't there, because we were in a *restaurant*. If I need iron, I'd just as soon eat rust plain and get it over with."

"Father," Mrs. Smith said, looking at Grandpa Prophater, "where have you been all this time with that child?"

"We went to the fairgrounds," Tootie said. "It's like the place Grandpa used to have, only it's smaller. It is the most beautiful place you ever saw, with a big lagoon, and cascades, and a place especially for griffins."

"As for the paper dolls," Agnes went on, "you'd die. She can't even play with them except for a few minutes. I think I can fix Mrs. Van Dusen."

Tootie took off her stocking cap and shook it. "How was the sewer?" she asked.

"It was nothing but a big pipe," Esther said. "It wasn't even dark. I didn't even see a rat."

Tootie threw her cap on the floor and, reaching up, caught the collar of her grandfather's coat. "I'll help you off with it," she said. She helped him as he pulled his arms through the sleeves, and then she carried the coat to the closet in the back hall and hung it on a hook.

On her way back to the living room, she saw Rose coming down the stairs. "The whole fairgrounds are smaller than King Fosseque's used to be," Tootie said.

"Oh," Rose said, and stopped with one hand on the banister. She felt a pain in her heart, although she spoke casually. "I suppose he made you a queen."

"Of course he didn't," Tootsie said. "He made you a queen years ago. I'm a duchess. So's Agnes."

The pain in Rose's heart went away. "Well, Grandpa *was* a king once, and the place is still on the map. I'll show it to you tonight in my atlas. They've changed the name of it now, because they had to. But it's still on the map."

"What's it called now?" Tootie asked.

"It's called Harpers Ferry, West Virginia," Rose answered. "And on the map it's pink."

She took Tootie's hand and they walked into the living room. Rose went over to her grandfather and bowed gracefully. "The Queen," he said.

"Your Majesty," she answered.

"Oh," Mrs. Smith said. She drew Tootie to her. "I was a princess one day when I was your age, or maybe a little younger. It was a rainy Saturday in March when I first heard that I was one." She lifted her eyes and stared into space. "I remember it just as well," she went on. "Because I was sick in bed with the measles, and I was tired of playing with my dolls." —SALLY BENSON

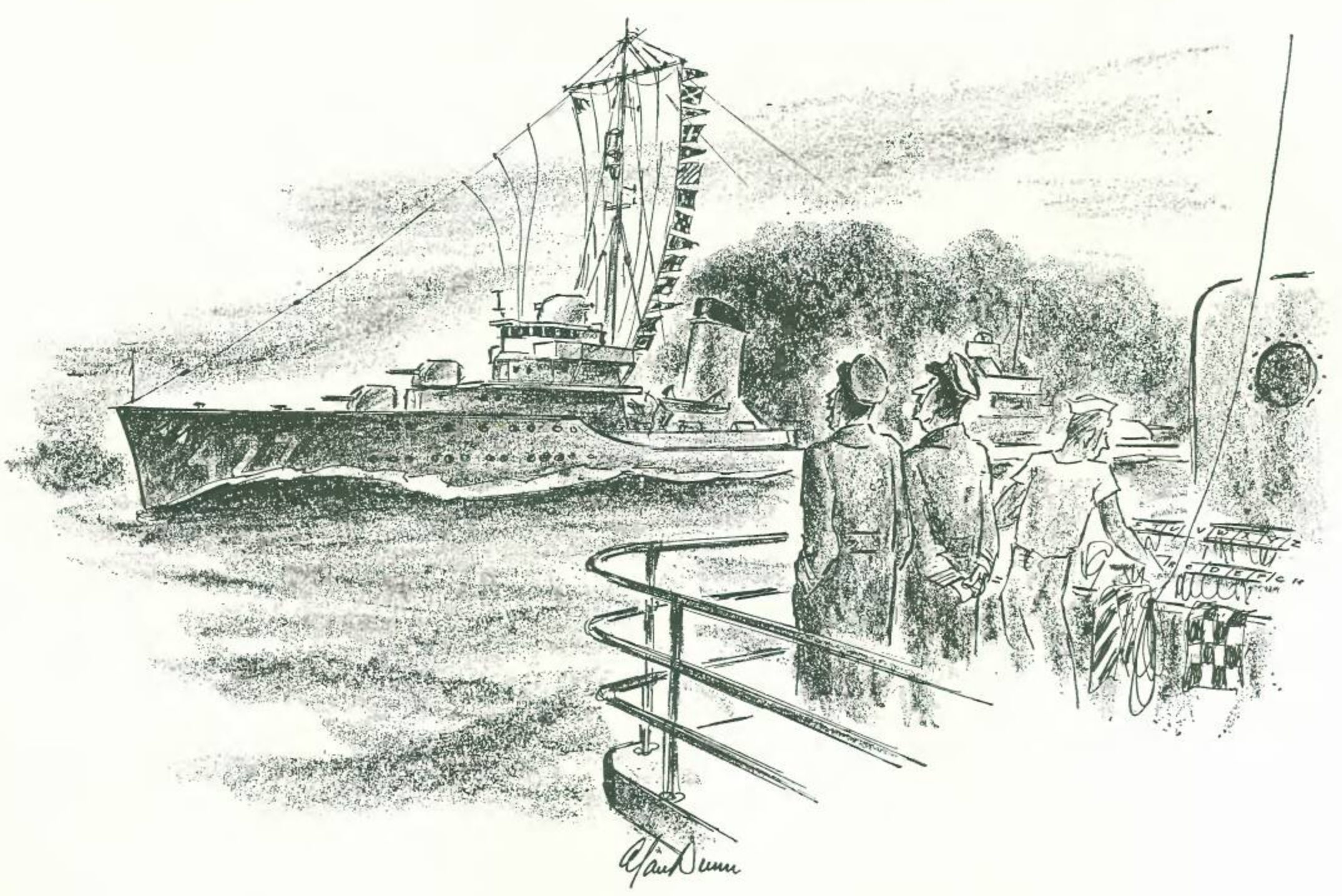
DEAR ELSA AMONG THE HARTS

POOR, dear Elsa ("Dear Elsa") Maxwell has certainly bought it this time, as dear Noel would say. I am referring, I need hardly explain to you readers of the *Journal & American*, to Dear's recent attempt, in her syndicated gossip column, to tell an anecdote about Moss Hart and Teddy Hart. Now, an experienced gossip columnist will always shy away from anecdotes about a Hart or Harts in any number or combination, even though they are all engaging little chaps and, in the journalistic phrase, "good copy." The trouble is—well, I can best illustrate that by showing you what happened to Dear Elsa:

> Moss's brother Teddy is the spitting image of the pint-size pantomime comedian, Jimmy Savo. They look so much alike, in fact, that once when Teddy had his picture taken, the photographer sent another shot he had made . . . one of Savo. Friends kept approaching Moss, saying, "Why don't you write a play about mistaken identities . . . and have both Teddy and Jimmy in the same cast?" "There's only one reason," Moss said. "I don't think they look alike."
>
> But a few years ago, when Moss was about to embark on one of his many trips around the world, Teddy came to see him off . . . and while farewells were being said, Moss noticed that he was being eyed strangely by a florid Italian fellow-traveller. As soon as the boat pulled away from the dock the passenger ran up to him, embraced him warmly, and planted kisses smack on each of his cheeks. "I am zo glad," he slobbered, "to greet da bruzzer of da famous actor Jimmy Savo."
>
> "That settles it," Moss said . . . and running to his cabin, he wiped his face . . . and started writing the first sketches for the hit version of the Shakespeare comedy of twins . . . the comedy Broadway knew as "The Boys from Syracuse."

This squib, to be perfectly fair, contains many indubitable facts: Jimmy Savo is indeed a pint-size pantomime comedian; Moss Hart has taken several trips around the world; William Shakespeare did indeed write a comedy about twins. So far, so good. Now, if somebody will hold my coat, I'll clean up some of the difficulties. Moss Hart has a brother, but he isn't Teddy Hart and he isn't the image of a pint-size comedian; he's named Bernie Hart and he usually stage-manages one of Moss Hart's shows. Right now he's stage-managing "Lady in the Dark." Sometimes, when Bernie Hart is passing through Shubert Alley on his way up to the Alvin Theatre, he stops to exchange a word or so with Max Hart, who is a theatrical agent. "Hi, Hart," one will say, and the other affably replies, "How's it, Hart?"

Leaving Moss, Bernie, and Max Hart for the moment, let us take up Teddy Hart, who is the brother not of Moss but of Lorenz Hart, who, in collaboration with Richard Rodgers, has written such sterling musical shows as "On Your Toes" and such stinkers as "Higher and Higher." Oddly enough, Vivian Hart, who is an exceptionally ingratiating singing ingénue, has never sung in a show with a Lorenz Hart libretto. I last saw Vivian Hart in a kimono, singing the rôle of Yum-Yum in "The Mikado." Margie Hart, on the other hand, never puts on a kimono until after she has taken her final curtain call. Ah, that final curtain call of Margie Hart's . . . Well, anyway, as I started out to say, Teddy Hart is Larry Hart's brother, not Moss Hart's. And it was not Moss but Larry who wrote "The Boys from Syracuse"—wrote the lyrics, that is. The music was by Rodgers. A noticeable idiosyncrasy of many Harts is that they get themselves fixed in the public mind as part of a team—Rodgers and Hart, Harrigan and Hart, Kaufman and Hart. A simple means of



"By George, I wish I'd said that!"

keeping them straight is to remember this sentence: "There are many Harts, but there is only one George Kaufman and Edna Ferber."

I am amazed that old William S. Hart, who was in town quite recently, escaped being drawn into this truly distressing mixup created by Miss Maxwell. Residence on the West Coast apparently is no safeguard against Miss Maxwell, since the current issue of the *Motion Picture Almanac* lists an actress called Lynn Roberts, with a note that she was formerly called Mary Hart. This change of name was no doubt an attempt to prevent Miss Maxwell from asserting that she looks like Jimmy Savo. Incidentally, if you're wondering what ever became of Tracie Hart, also a screen actor, he's now called Charles Hart. Sounds better, don't you think? And by the bye, don't miss Miss Ginger Rogers in the title rôle of that new picture "Roxie Hart."

IF Dear Elsa wants to do the handsome thing by all the Harts in the theatrical profession—and I'm sure she does—I suggest a party for them, a "come as some other Hart" party. The five screen actors named Charles Hart, Eddie Hart, Gordon Hart, John Hart (wonder if he's a descendant of the John Hart who signed the Declaration of Independence), and Neal Hart could come as Eddie Hart, Gordon Hart, John Hart, Neal Hart, and Charles Hart, respectively. Vincent Hart, the attorney who specializes in defending dramatic and cinematic censorship cases, could come as Cedric Hart, the sound engineer who gave Lawrence Tibbett his first screen test. But perhaps I should leave the actual scrambling of all the Harts to Dear; she does it so well.

Anyway, Dear, you got that anecdote all wrong. It was all over Sardi's the day after it happened, and I remember exactly how it went. Moss Hart was about to embark on one of his trips around the world, and Larry Hart (a friend but no relation, mind) came down to the boat to see him off, in a rather envious mood; Larry Hart never goes *anywhere*. None of the other Harts showed up, as it happened. Vincent Hart was trying a case, Cedric Hart was setting up a screen test, Margie Hart had an early matinée, Bernie Hart was holding the book at an understudy rehearsal, Max Hart was interviewing an aspiring tap-dancer, Teddy Hart had overslept, and all the other Harts were out of town. In the course of a desultory conversation, Moss Hart happened to remark, "I have no intention of ever turning Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors' into the book of a musical show, but if I ever did, God forbid, I wouldn't allow myself to be disturbed by the fact that your brother, Teddy Hart, whom I should cast as Dromio of Ephesus, doesn't look a great deal like Jimmy Savo, whom I should cast as Dromio of Syracuse. After all, it ain't like Eddie Albert and Ronald Graham, who would be the logical choices for Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus, looked anything alike."

While Larry Hart was committing this to memory, an Italian rushed up to Moss Hart and kissed him. (That part's right, Dear.) "I am zo glad you are going to write 'Da Lady in da Dark' instead of 'Da Ragazzi from Syracuse,' " he slobbered. Hart (Moss Hart, that is) disengaged himself, marched down the gangplank, and took a firm stand on the pier. "Aren't you going to sail, Moss?" Larry Hart called down to him. "With a lousy bit player who can't even do a decent wop dialect?" Hart (Moss) sneered. "No! I'm going to stay right here." "That settles it," Larry Hart said. He went down to Moss Hart's cabin and started roughing out the lyric of a song which, ten years before, had been the hit of "A Connecticut Yankee"—"My Hart Stood Still."

—Russell Maloney



CREEPS AND CRAWLS

The insect world appealed to Fabre.
I find the insect world macabre.
In every hill of ants I see
A governed glimpse of what shall be,
And sense in every web-contriver
Man's predecessor and survivor.
Someday, perhaps, my citronella
Will rank with Chamberlain's umbrella.

THE LOUSE

Robert Burns, that gifted souse,
Kindly immortalized the louse,
Who probably won't, when he is master,
Immortalize this poetaster.

THE WASP

The wasp and all his numerous family
I look upon as a major calamily.
He throws open his nest with prodigality,
But I distrust his waspitality.

THE FIREFLY

The firefly's flame
Is something for which science has no name.
I can think of nothing eerier
Than flying around with an unidentified glow on a person's posteerier.

THE DRONE

Of all the lazy, selfish—oh, hello, Drone!
Let's match to see who gets to cast the first stone.

GLOSSINA MORSITANS, OR THE TSETSE

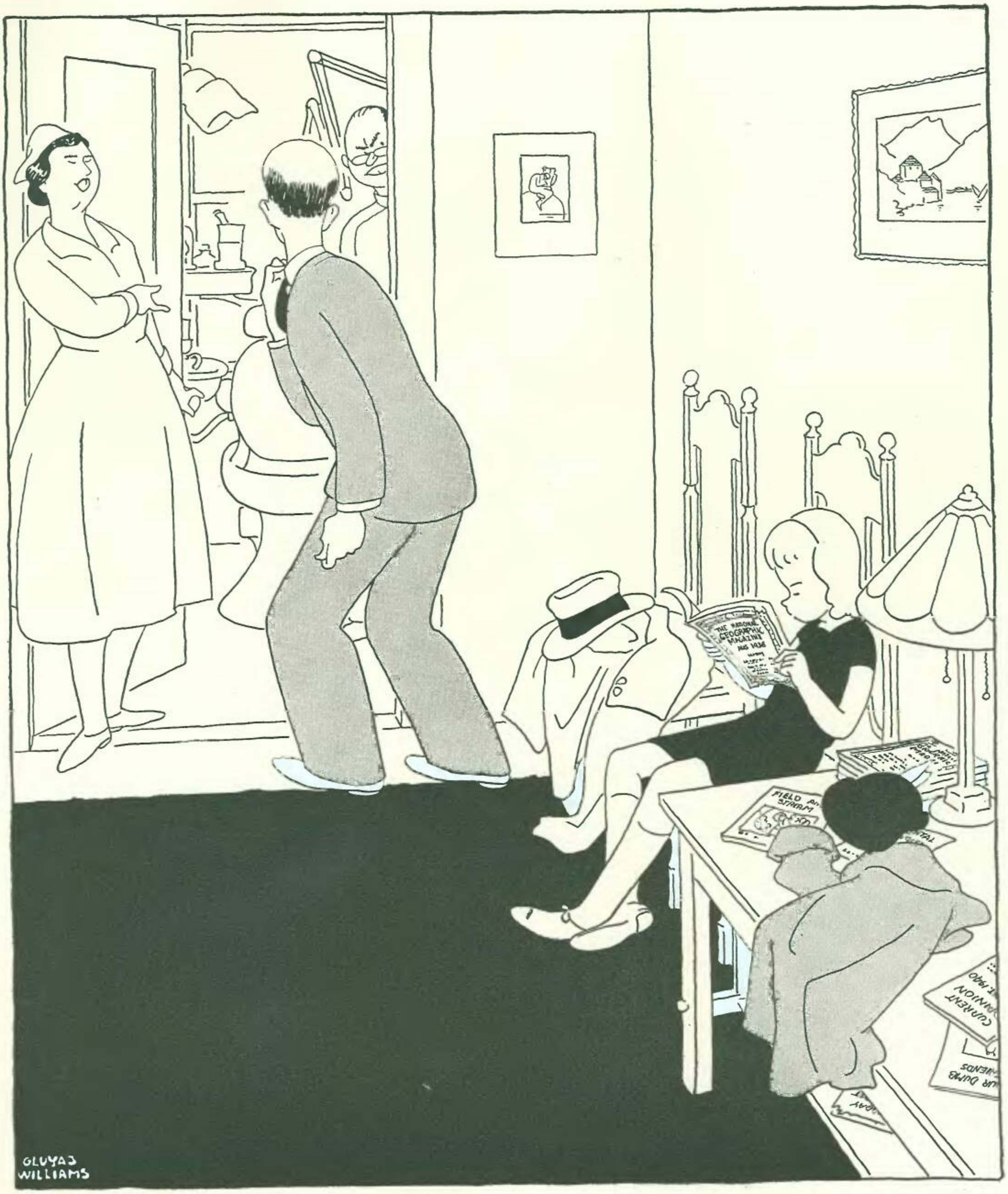
A *Glossina morsitans* bit rich Aunt Betsey.
Tsk tsk, tsetse.

GOODBYE, BUGS

Some insects feed on rosebuds
And others feed on carrion.
Between them they devour the earth.
Bugs are totalitarian.

—Ogden Nash

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THE READING PUBLIC

The view of the sunrise from midstream was an unforgettable experience, with the sun coming up from behind the famous old castles of the Rhine and casting great shadows on the water. The "inner man" was calling, however, and it was a welcome relief when our little Folbot caravan "dropped anchor" at the little hamlet of Umbrau, where we unslung knapsacks, washed up, and breakfasted cozily in the taproom of the historic old inn. We were told by the innkeeper, a bearded patriarch whose picture we snapped (page 97), that a side trip to the picturesque forest of Ubergrau would repay . . .



Louis Pagliaro

PROFILES

THE TERRIBLE MIDGET

ALTHOUGH Louis Pagliaro, the ping-pong champion of the United States, is not a large man, being just a fraction of an inch over five feet tall and weighing a hundred and eighteen pounds, he does not, as most little men do, harbor a secret longing for corporeal bulk. He thinks his arrested development is an asset to his career. Not long ago, Pagliaro was engaged in an important match with a man named Cal Skinner, who is a ranking player and six feet three in height. Skinner performed in his usual brilliant manner, but he was under a constant strain; he had difficulty locating his small opponent, who plays ping-pong on a dead run and sometimes seems to vanish under the table. Once Skinner was completely unnerved by the singular discovery that Pagliaro was behind him, having got up such a head of steam chasing a ball near the net that he thought it expedient to circle the table. Tactics of this kind tend to confuse all of Pagliaro's opponents, who would just as soon he stayed on his side of the court. Pagliaro says he has irrevocably dedicated his life to ping-pong for better or worse, though he sometimes feels he has acted hastily. "I should of been a jockey," he says. "I got the coördination of a spider monkey." This does not mean that he lacks respect for ping-pong; it indicates only that at rare moments he is dissatisfied with the game's financial rewards. In a good week, Pagliaro will clean up as much as five dollars from his championship, but out of this comes the cost of several small items of overhead, such as polo shirts and tennis shoes. Even the most lyrical admirers of ping-pong admit that it is, for the most part, a financial dead end. A few players with both skill and a feeling for dramatics have been able to make a living out of the sport by giving exhibitions at ping-pong parlors, theatres, and even night clubs. Pagliaro, who has been champion for two years, also exhibits occasionally, but he prefers to depend for his income on a steady job. At present he is employed by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers of sporting equipment, as a billiard mechanic, in which occupation he repairs pool tables. The Brunswick officials are apparently unaware that he is the ping-pong champion. "I wrote it on my application," he says, "but there wasn't anybody took notice of it."

Pagliaro suffers intense pain when anyone calls him a ping-pong player. He explains that "ping-pong" is a trade name belonging to Parker Brothers, Inc., and that the game is correctly described as table tennis. Although all of the good players campaign tirelessly to have their sport identified as table tennis, the laity somehow doggedly refuses to be pried loose from ping-pong. "It sounds sissy," Pagliaro says. "Ping-pong pong-ping ping-pong pong-ping—my God, what kind of a game is that? I play different myself." Pagliaro's own game actually does lend little support to the popular theory that the name ping-pong is onomatopoeic in origin. It is true that frequently he makes the ball both ping and pong, but generally his play is characterized by smashing and banging sounds. In spite of his minute dimensions, he has the hardest forehand drive in table tennis. His entire game, in fact, is believed to be the most vigorous in the history of the sport. In 1938, when he was playing with an American team abroad, one of the Edinburgh newspapers described him as "a veritable Cochet of the table," referring to Henri Cochet, the great French tennis player, who was noted for his energetic style. Many table-tennis experts, as well as most of the dilettantes who still refer to the game as ping-pong, are content to stand near their end of the table while they play, confining their activity to a radius of two or three feet. Shortly after the play for a point begins in a Pagliaro match, the champion not only retreats as far as twenty feet behind his end of the table but drives his opponent back a corresponding distance too. Holding his paddle with a grip like a tennis player's, he starts flailing the ball with full-arm swings; he chops, lobs, drives, and uses all the other strokes of tennis, and he runs around like a man possessed. This kind of business is naturally fatiguing, even to a ping-pong champion. One time, several years ago, after two furious games of a hard match, Pagliaro folded up with cramps in both legs and had to be carried from the court, the match going to his opponent by default.

LIKE most other distinguished players, Pagliaro is versed in the history of the game and is likely to rattle off facts about it with the slightest encouragement, being of the opinion that they should be made known to the public. The most scholarly authorities on ping-pong say, he will tell you, that the sport had its genesis in India in 1881. In that year, it seems, two British Army officers were taking their ease on the verandah of their comfortable quarters and fell to grousing about the fact that the climate was too warm for tennis. They began to speculate on whether a small-scale, or shrunken, version of the game was feasible and, having exhausted two bottles of champagne not long before, they were soon working it out. The men whittled the champagne corks into balls and, using two cigar-box lids as paddles and a row of books on a table for a net, finished the afternoon by batting the corks back and forth across the table. Their fellow-officers soon took up the pastime, finding it a relief from pig-sticking. After a while small rubber balls were substituted for champagne corks. The cigar-box lids gave way to wooden paddles with handles, low nets replaced the books, and the game, which became known variously as ping-pong, whiff-whaff, and gossima, was on its way to international popularity. It was given a tremendous impetus in 1899 by the introduction of the celluloid ball by an Englishman named James Gibb. In 1902, another Englishman, E. C. Goode, contributed to the liveliness of the sport by nailing a rubber mat onto his paddle, with which he was able to give the ball an astonishing spin and with which he proceeded to win the English title. One of the milestones in the evolution of the game was the establishment,

in 1926, of the International Table Tennis Federation, which took over the rules, standardized the equipment, and, until the outbreak of war in 1939, sponsored international tournaments. The United States Table Tennis Association, one of twenty-five members of the international body, looks after the sport in this country.

AT the national tournament last April, held at the Manhattan Center on West Thirty-fourth Street, Pagliaro, the defending champion, was sensational. During one point of his final match, which he played against Edward Pinner, a DeWitt Clinton High School student, he backed approximately forty feet away from the table, which is believed to be a record. Playing on the defensive in this instance, having been caught off guard at the start by a fast serve of Pinner's, Pagliaro kept retreating before Pinner's overhand drives until he was prevented by a wall from going back any farther. Then Pagliaro won the point by returning a ball that was only three inches from the floor when he hit it. The ball soared up among the arc lights and came down on top of the net, then dropped off on Pinner's side of the table. The tournament was as good as over. Pinner finished out the match, but he wasn't the same after that. Pagliaro won with almost luxurious ease, thus sending the spectators home happy. As always, Pagliaro was the crowd's favorite. The chief reason for this, aside from his interesting size and perpetual-motion style of play, is his extreme modesty, which borders on the pathological. He is convinced that almost anybody can beat him, and he approaches a match with gloomy resignation, a condition which probably accounts for his deathlike calm in trying moments. He is so sure he is going to lose that he never expends any energy worrying about it. This matter settled in his mind, he is perfectly free of tension. Not long ago, while discussing his friend Sol Schiff, the former national champion, Pagliaro said, "Schiff is the greatest player there is today. He's in a class by himself." When one of his listeners asked "Then how is it that you consistently beat him?" Pagliaro answered bitterly, "I wish to God I knew."

The champion's demeanor, even during a practice game, is spectacularly genteel. When, for example, he makes a particularly skillful point in a game with a woman, he is likely to appear startled and say, "I'm mighty sorry, Ma'am." If he happens to miss one of her smashes, he shakes his head admiringly, as much as to say, "It seems evident that I'm out a little beyond my depth." He has never been known to lose a match to a woman. With men, Pagliaro is only slightly less gallant on the court. It is his custom, after hitting a ball so hard that his opponent just stands and blinks at it, to place one hand in



"Planning to be in Washington long, Mr. Bellew?"

front of his mouth and cough apologetically, indicating that the shot was an accident. This princely behavior does not mean, however, that he is able to do anything short of his best to win points. Confident of defeat, he goes about disposing of the greatest players in ping-pong with a humble and detached ferocity, swinging his paddle with the utmost incaution, taking chances that would never occur to a nervous player. When he wins his match, as he usually does, he generally leaves the court shaking his head with astonishment that he could have been so wrong.

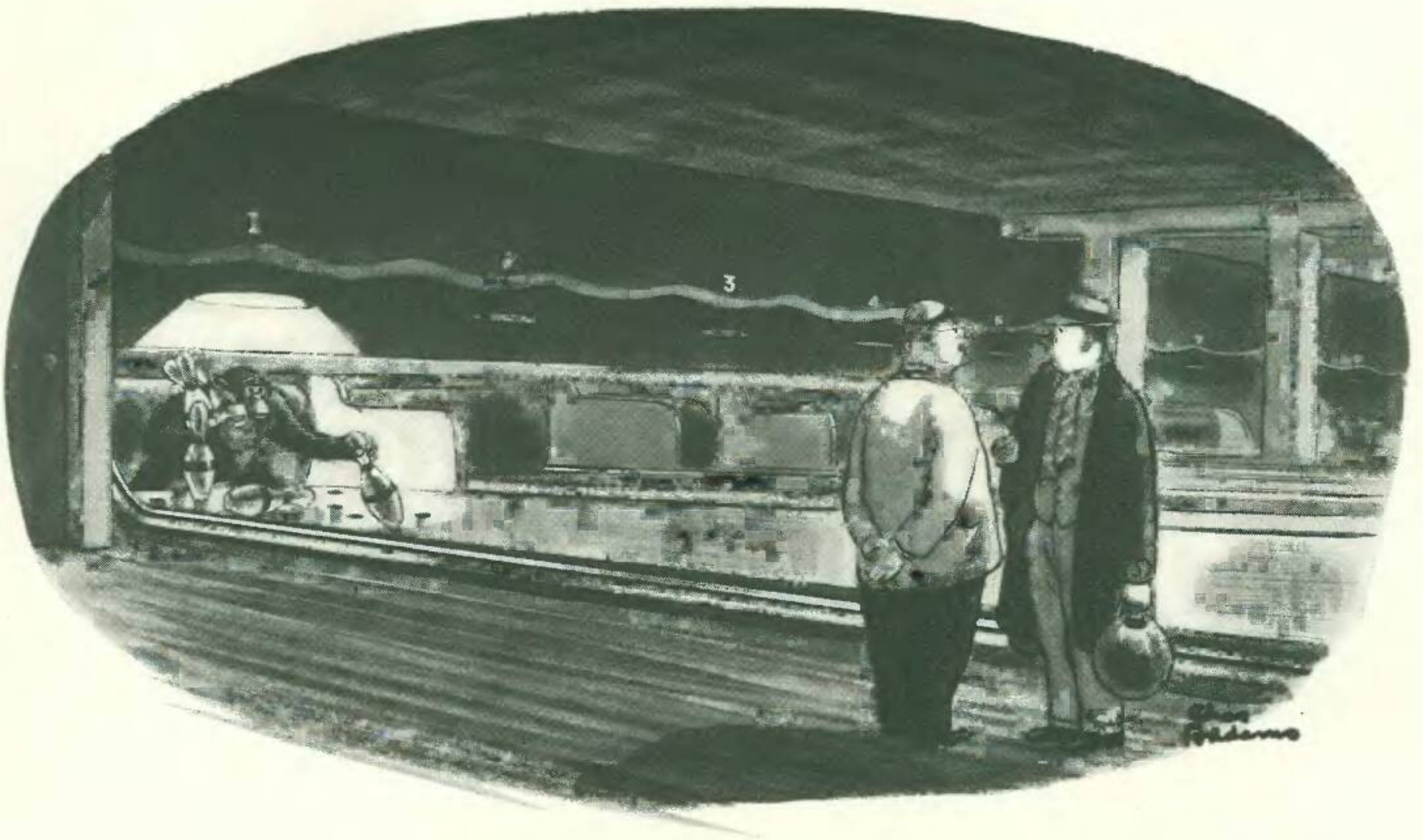
PAGLIARO looks something like a child movie actor who has been cast as a wild boy of the road. His hair is long and black, with a tendency to hang down over his eyes, and his expression is impish. He seldom wears a hat, preferring to loop a white handkerchief around his head. His customary dress away from the table-tennis courts is a brown, pin-striped, double-breasted suit; under this he wears a sweater with long sleeves. His legs, unusually short even for his height, are slightly bowed and give him a peculiar rocking gait. His movements are birdlike. His muscular reaction is undoubtedly one of the fastest in the history of sports. Like Jack Dempsey and a few other athletes of abnormally quick eye, he can read the writing on a revolving phonograph record, the only difference between him and the others being that whereas they can read only the large print, he can read everything, including the microscopic intelligence about patents pending. When playing table tennis, the champion wears a pair of gray flannel slacks and a blue polo shirt; the rules provide that white clothing must not be worn, because it makes the ball hard to see. His shoes are ordinary tennis shoes, the only ping-pong equipment inherited from the mother sport. He wears out a pair of shoes every couple of weeks. "I rub them on the floor like an eraser," he says. "I buy a pair and I play a few games and then I look down and what have I got? A pair of spats." He is concerned right now about the likelihood that the war will cut off his supply of shoes, in which event he figures he may have to wear spats in the first place.



"Ann, in the language of the layman, I love you."

Nearing twenty-three, Pagliaro sometimes fears he has passed his prime. "My game's in my legs," he says now and then. "I sure hope they hold out." Although his legs have been driven hard for several years, he has had no indication that they are even beginning to give out. Another high-ranking New York player recently said, "In my opinion, Pagliaro has the soundest legs in table tennis." This evidently wholesome condition has not come about by chance. Pagliaro's legs got off to an exceptionally good start. It is fortunate for him, and for table tennis, that he was born on the lower East Side of New York. His father, who died a few years ago, was a baker for a biscuit company and had no background of sports; he regarded a table, any kind of table, solely as a place to eat a meal. He never saw his son play table tennis. The boy involuntarily began the work of developing the muscles in his legs at a very early age. Uncommonly short, he was considered fair game by a group of large bullies who swarmed over the neighborhood. Young Pagliaro developed an impregnable defense against them. Upon sighting a raiding party, he would set his stubby legs in motion and strike out for other territory. He became very fast on his feet. Occasionally, during one of these hunts, he was able to run around the block at lightning speed and, with a handful of rocks, open fire on the pack from the rear.

One day, when he was eight, Pagliaro, while passing through Tompkins Square Park at a slow jog, noticed the Tompkins Square Park Boys' Club. He circled the block a few times and then inquired into the nature and purpose of the organization. This proved to be the turning point in his life. As the upshot of his investigation, he joined the club and began to participate in its various activities. Today, Pagliaro is lavish in his praise of the Tompkins Square Park Boys' Club. "It took me off of the streets," he says. "If it hadn't been for the club, I would probably be in jail now. Some of my best friends are in jail." One of the club's major recreations was table tennis, to which he was immediately drawn as the result of one of those curious, inexplicable affinities that usually determine the destiny of champions. He began to spend practically all of his spare time at the ping-pong table. He would get up around dawn and put in a couple



"Of course, if he leaves for a defense job we're licked."

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of hours' practice before going to school; in the evening it was his custom to play for five hours continuously. After he had worn down all available opponents, he would take a ball and bat it against a wall, practicing one stroke after another.

With fanatical effort, his natural talent flowered, and when he was thirteen he received recognition: he was made a member of the Tompkins Square Park Boys' Club's junior table-tennis team. A less zealous athlete might have been content to rest on that triumph, but Pagliaro persevered in his practice. "I didn't eat to play the game," he has said. "I damn near killed myself." By the time he was fourteen he was considered expert enough to play in the club's intermediate class, which was usually limited to boys in their late teens. "A fellow called Abe Krakauer hung around there," Pagliaro says. "He was hot. He had a hell of a backhand. Well, he saw me play a couple of times and he took an interest in me. He gave me some pointers, which I later used on him in one of their tournaments. Skinned him—God knows how. Skinned everybody."

In 1935, when Pagliaro was sixteen and four feet high, he won the club championship, defeating Isadore Rosenblatt, the defending champion, in the finals. "Isadore was very surprised," Pagliaro says today. Pagliaro dominated ping-pong at the club for several years and then decided to make a sortie up Broadway to the courts where the expert players hang out. In one of these he ran across Sol Schiff, who was then the national champion. "We played a match and he busted me right over the head," says Pagliaro. "He was so good he tied me up in a knot. I swung like I was beating a rug. I found out I didn't have no defense, and naturally my offense wouldn't work without I could hit the ball."

As a result of coming to these and similar conclusions, Pagliaro decided to go into seclusion. Whenever he could, he shut himself in his room at home and resumed practicing against a wall, coming out only occasionally to test his progress with an opponent on a table. He would smash the ball so hard that it buzzed through the air like a hornet. He broke a lot of balls, but he figured the end was worth it. Within a few months he had made notable headway: he could hit practically any kind of ball, no matter at what speed or at what angle it approached him. In addition, he had developed a vicious forehand chop that would skim over the net on a level and then suddenly drop to the table and skid. "It was kind of hard to return," Pagliaro says. Having ironed out some of his defects, he went back to Broadway, where he started beating everybody. Although he had not yet accumulated enough self-confidence to enter the big tournaments, he began to knock off all the top-ranking players in practice matches. "The kid was uncanny," one of them said not long ago. "He ran around like a goat in a cabbage patch. You couldn't tire him out."

It seemed only natural, in 1938, when an alternate was needed for the five-man American team that was going to England for the annual international matches, to select Pagliaro. Even though he had won no major tournament, nobody objected to his being chosen as alternate, since all of his teammates had a rather well-founded notion that he could beat them. The competition was for the Swaythling Cup, a trophy which in ping-pong corresponds to the Davis Cup. A similar international tournament for women was held simultaneously, for possession of the Corbillon Cup. As the sixth man on a five-man team, Pagliaro did not get to play as much as he would have liked, but he distinguished himself whenever he appeared. One of the London papers, with admirable restraint, described him as having "quaint agility." In one match, Pagliaro defeated a Czech player named Standa Kolar, a former

world's champion, but Hungary won the team title and the championship. Because of unsettled conditions abroad, the United States did not send a team to the last Swaythling Cup matches, which were held in the spring of 1939 in Egypt in recognition of King Farouk's enthusiasm for the game. The King is considered one of the best players in Egypt.

IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM

Under the lucent glass,
Closed from the living air,
Clear in electric glare
That does not change or pass,
Armlet and amulet
And woven gold are laid
Beside the turquoise braid
With coral flowers inset.

The beetle, lapis, green,
Graved with the old device,
And linen brown with spice,
Long centuries unseen,
And this most gracious wreath
Exiled from the warm hair
Meet now the curious stare—
All talismans of death.

All that the anguished mind
Most nobly could invent
To one devotion bent,
That death seem less unkind;
That the degraded flesh,
Grown spiritless and cold,
Be housed in beaten gold,
A rich and rigid mesh.

Such pain is garnered here
In every close-locked case,
Concentrate in this place
Year after fading year,
That, while I wait, a cry
As from beneath the glass
Pierces me with *Alas*
That the beloved must die!

—Janet Lewis

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SHORTLY after Pagliaro returned from Europe, he entered his first big-time tournament in the United States. This début took place in 1939 in Washington, D.C., at the Eastern Championships, sponsored by the Washington Table Tennis Association, one of the numerous local members of the national organization. His old nemesis, Sol Schiff, was an easy favorite and coasted smoothly through to the finals, where he was somewhat surprised to find himself confronted by Pagliaro. The match made ping-pong history.

Pagliaro started out with a look of extreme gloom on his face. He was feeling sorry for the spectators, who, he thought, were in for the trying spectacle of a rout. However, he played at his usual breakneck speed, swinging at the ball in the uninhibited manner of a Yankee outfielder. Schiff was in top form. No matter where Pagliaro put the ball, he whanged it back. Finally, in desperation, Pagliaro turned to the referee after losing a particularly trying point and cried, "What can you do with a guy like that?" His question was intended to be rhetorical, but the refefee, interpreting it as a plea for counsel, cleared his throat and remarked, "Go in there and hit." Many people might have considered this advice a little vague; Pagliaro says that for some reason it immediately lifted him out of the doldrums. He went in there and began hitting with a virtuosity that eclipsed anything of its sort ever seen before in Washington. Schiff held out as long as he could, but it wasn't very long. Pagliaro, at nineteen, established himself as the new Eastern champion.



The most important result of this episode was Pagliaro's discovery that winning tournaments is habit-forming. He began to win tournaments all over the East. Sportswriters, face to face with a new personality, set to work thinking up some fancy aliases for him. In print he is now referred to as "Dynamite Louie," "Little Dynamite," "the Terrible Midget," and "Bullet Lou." Pagliaro is rather proud of the fuss made over him in the press, and he wishes that more people would address him by his sports nicknames. He would be delighted, for example, if somebody came up to him and said, "Good evening, Terrible Midget." Occasionally, when talking to a stranger, he will cough self-consciously and say, "They call me Dynamite Louie, you know." When the 1940 National Championships got under way in Indianapolis, nearly everybody in table tennis thought Pagliaro was going to win. This confidence was not misplaced. Pagliaro beat Lazlo Bellak, one of the great players, in the semi-finals and Schiff in the finals. Again, at the National Championships last April in New York, Pagliaro glided effortlessly from match to match, preserving his usual objective calm in spite of the fact that the tournament was staged with great pomp, which involved Acting Mayor Newbold Morris's turning up to toss out the first ball.

AS a champion, Pagliaro finds that his life is not radically altered. He still lives on the East Side, in a flat at 514 East Fourteenth Street, but he is now the head of his own family. Two and a half years ago he married an East Side neighbor, Miss Josephine Modica, and they have a baby girl, Paulette, seventeen months old. They lead a rather quiet life. Now and then Pagliaro plays seven-up or pinochle with some of the old boys'-club crowd, and when Mrs. Pagliaro can get a girl to mind the baby, they go to a movie or visit friends. Generally, however, on evenings when the champion is not playing table tennis, they stay at home. Mrs. Pagliaro has never learned the game and seldom sees her husband play. "I tried to teach her," he says, "but it was a nervous proposition." Before Pagliaro leaves home for an important match, he takes a very hot bath, after which his wife gives him a rubdown. This constitutes just about all his preparation for competition. Pagliaro says that a hot bath relaxes his muscles and gives him more speed. He doesn't observe a training diet. He eats whatever he pleases and whenever the notion strikes him, and he's likely to down a couple of pastrami sandwiches and a bottle of beer before setting out for a tournament. For good luck, he always wears his wife's wedding ring during a match. Unlike many players, he is not temperamental about the equipment he uses; the only paddle he owns is one a friend made for him. The handle is unusually short, because Pagliaro's hands are small. Often, however, he plays a match with any paddle he finds lying around.

Table-tennis folk are exasperated whenever they hear an outsider say something like "I suppose a *real* tennis player, like Donald Budge, could give you fellows an awful beating at this game, couldn't he?" Although many people still wonder about this, the question was cleared up for a sizable group one evening not long ago in a game room on the roof of the Century Apart-



"I should think he might have trusted us with a few military secrets."

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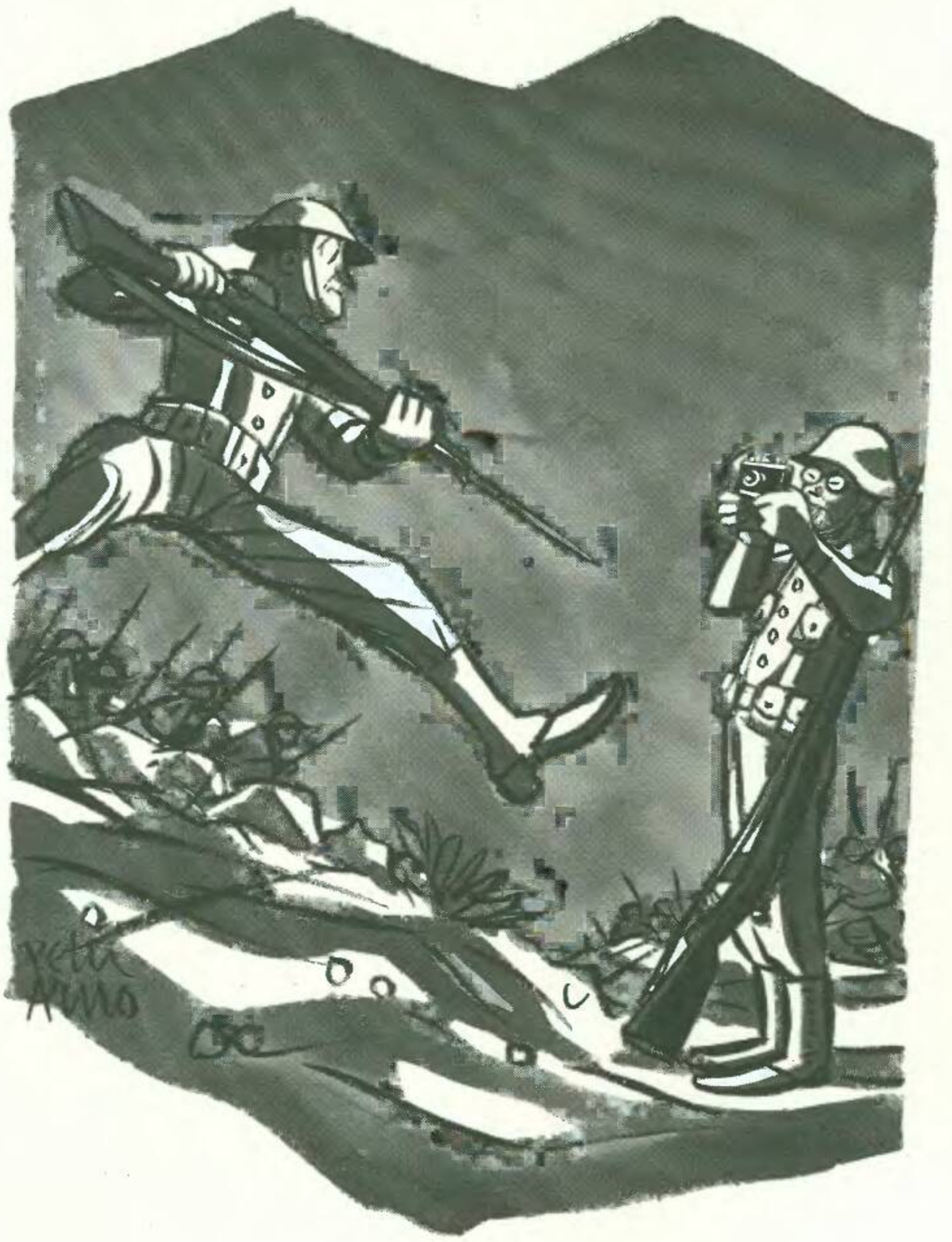
ments, at 25 Central Park West. An acquaintance of Pagliaro's took him up there to meet Frank Shields, the tennis player, who fancies himself as a ping-pong player. Shields had disposed of two or three opponents and the audience was delighted with the brilliance and variety of his strokes. Inevitably, of course, somebody insisted upon a match between him and Pagliaro. At the outset, Shields was unable to hit the ball at all. Then Pagliaro volunteered to play sitting in an armchair. They played several games that way. Things went a little better for Shields, but Pagliaro, comfortably seated, won all the games.

PAGLIARO spends two or three evenings a week at the Broadway Table Tennis Courts, where most of the experts in New York hang out. He occasionally gives lessons there. Unlike a good many of the Times Square recreation centres, which are frequented by sharpies and unemployed musicians and actors, the Broadway Table Tennis Courts has a sort of family atmosphere. It occupies the second and third floors at 1721 Broadway, between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Streets, and, except for the unmistakable bopping sound of ping-pong balls that can be heard in the street, is identifiable only by a small red sign saying "Table Tennis" out in front. There are twelve tables on the two floors and on each floor several rows of benches for spectators. The other furniture consists of a few cuspidors and a soft-drink vending machine; there are no pool tables or bowling alleys to divert attention from ping-pong. A large bulletin board on the third floor carries a list of the national rankings of both men and women players worked out by the national association on the basis of the results of tournaments, and usually bears a few newspaper clippings about the game. Pagliaro is, of course, the No. 1 ranking player among the men, and Sally Green, an eighteen-year-old Indianapolis college freshman who went into table tennis five years ago to loosen up her back, which she had sprained while diving, is the ranking player among the women. Miss Green always keeps the first and second fingers of her left hand crossed when playing. The bulletin board, too, generally bears a copy of the latest issue of *Table Tennis Topics*, the monthly publication of the association, which keeps devotees of the sport posted on ping-pong news from all over the country. In a recent issue, for example, a number of people were interested to run across the following item:

Lt. Col. George H. Foster, chairman of the Law and Organization Committee for the past several years, has tendered his

resignation due to war work. Lt. Col. Foster is serving in the Assistant Secretary of War's office in Washington at the present time. His loss to the Association will be keenly felt and we trust that in the near future he will be able to resume his table tennis activity once more.

The proprietor of the Broadway Table Tennis Courts is Herwald Lawrence, a tall, dignified West Indian Negro who is noted for his cultured speech. He gives lessons in his spare time and acts as arbiter in all disputes over rules on his courts; his head has been described by one of his employees as "a vast clearing house of table-tennis information." Nearly all of Mr. Lawrence's customers are serious players who have been habitués of his place for several years. They are of all ages and occupations, but they feel closely bound together by their reverence for ping-pong. One of them, known as the "Portuguese champion" because he was born in Portugal, wears a flowing black Windsor tie whose ends flap and eddy as he charges over the floor. The grimmest of the group is a truck-driver, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, who plays in a pair of checkered slacks and a baby-blue silk polo shirt. He worries a good deal over his backhand, and after a bad defeat has been known to sit pouting in a corner by himself for as long as two hours. When the women aren't playing, there is always a group of them on one of the benches knitting and exchanging table-tennis gossip. There has been a lot of happy talk lately about the fortunate escape from the Nazis of Richard Bergmann, an Austrian who is technically the world's champion, as he won the men's singles in the last Swaythling Cup matches, in 1939. Bergmann, it is reported, considered Fascism incompatible with the advancement of ping-pong and, taking his life in his hands, fled to England, where he is now teaching the game to the British troops.



Every Friday night, Mr. Lawrence holds a tournament for his clients, who pay an entry fee of twenty-five cents and compete for cash prizes. These events bring out most of the good players in New York, several of high national ranking. Mr. Lawrence feels that his tournaments are among the best that the sport has to offer. "They keep a steady finger on the pulse of table tennis," he says. "All of the best practitioners have favored me with their custom." Among the contestants are two or three of the country's leading exhibition players. Ordinarily such a player isn't at his strongest in tournament competition, owing to an absent-minded tendency, in crucial moments, to perform some bit of exhibitionist business, like catching the ball in his mouth and blowing it back across the net.

At his Brunswick-Balke job, Pagliaro leads a fairly humdrum existence; he is no more glamorous than any other billiard mechanic, and many of his colleagues are unaware of the fact that he is a ping-pong champion. But on Friday night, when he leaves his workaday surroundings of aging pool tables and enters the happier precincts of the Broadway Table Tennis Courts, he comes into his own. Cinderella's metamorphosis could not have been more complete. He is greeted as a celebrity; people nudge their neighbors and whisper, "There's the champ." Pagliaro overhears a good many of these comments, and they fill him with a quiet benevolence. To get the tournament under way, Mr. Lawrence sits down at a card table on the sidelines and picks up the microphone of an amplifying system. In grave tones he announces the pairings for the night's play. Then a cluster of bright lights go on over the tournament table. Suddenly Pagliaro steps out onto the floor, looking solemn. As befits his station, he is to play the first game. Mr. Lawrence's voice booms out over the loudspeaker: "The national champion, ladies and gentlemen. Shall we give him a hand?" It is when Pagliaro hears the applause which follows that he thinks life and ping-pong have been very good to him.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

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The former Pontiac groceryman says his grandfather and father both took land grants from the government and for many years lived in Springfield township. His father, George Bird, was stationary engineer for the Lord's elevator.—*Pontiac (Mich.) Press.*

A responsible post, if ever we heard of one.



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(Advertisement)



NEGROES, ACTORS, CRITICS, TOTS

CUSTOMERS looking in this space for an intelligent comparison between the 1935 version of "Porgy and Bess" and the one now appearing at the Majestic are out of luck, because I was among the seven or eight people in New York who missed it the first time around. The consensus of opinion seems to be that a good deal of dead wood has been sheared away and that it is even better now than it was before. I'm sure that this must be right, since, as far as this virgin mind is concerned, the production staged by Robert Ross is practically perfect. The bright, enchanting squalor of Catfish Row; the lost lovers, the cripple, and the outcast; the crowd, so sharply typed individually and so brilliantly handled as a unit; the remarkable Gershwin music —all these combine to produce something purely native and extremely valuable in the theatre. "Classic" is a forbidding word, usually implying great artistic merit combined with a dismal lack of entertainment, but I'm afraid it is about the only way to describe the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera.

Having discovered the whole thing six years too late, I am a little embarrassed about going into details and will do so only very briefly. The cast apparently is almost identical with the original one—Todd Duncan as Porgy, Anne Brown as Bess, Warren Coleman as Crown, Georgette Harvey as Maria—and if age has withered any of them it is not perceptible. The most notable newcomers are Avon Long, who plays the disreputable Sportin' Life with sinister urbanity and a boxer's grace, and an infinitesimal colored child, no more than a drop of ink, whose high-spirited performance is a delight to everybody, including himself. The Gershwin music, impressive throughout, rises to its greatest heights in such famous set pieces as "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," and "It Ain't Necessarily So." If I have any complaint at all to make, it is that Mr. Gershwin's gift was more for song than drama, so one or two of the plot crises of the play seem a trifle empty emotionally, or merely noisy. However, this is a very minor objection and you can talk me out of it without bothering to raise your voice. Orchestral conducting being a profound mystery to me, I won't attempt to comment on Alexander Smallens' work, except to say that I am convinced it is masterly. The scenery and costumes are stylized to exactly the right degree.

WHENEVER an institution in New York shows signs of growing into a legend, the chances are that somebody is going to write a play about it, and the latest specimen is "Cafe Crown," at the Cort. The inspiration of this piece is a restaurant on lower Second Avenue, patronized almost exclusively by people connected with the Yiddish Art Theatre. The author, H. S. Kraft, is obviously convinced that this is a place of singular charm, in the sunny tradition of the Mermaid Tavern, and a first-night audience, composed largely of *aficionados*, evidently agreed with him. To a layman, however, the point may seem more or less debatable. The food is doubtful, the service eccentric, and the humor both local and fairly elementary. (" 'E' for 'anything,' " shouts a character spelling out a telegram over the phone.) I have an idea that, like a good many similar spots around town, the Cafe Crown is picturesque chiefly to its inmates.



Aside from its special atmosphere, Mr. Kraft's comedy is fairly routine. A bygone ornament of the Jewish stage, determined to produce a dialect version of "King Lear," finds himself balked not only by his backer's aversion to Shakespeare but also by Broadway and Hollywood inroads on his cast. By dint of personal charm and at least one monumental coincidence, he overcomes these difficulties and the show goes on. There is a surprise at the end, but since it was obligingly telegraphed by the author from somewhere back in the second act, it is not overwhelming. "Naïve" may well be the word for Mr. Kraft's plotting. The two principal rôles, the stage-struck proprietor of the cafe and the aging star, are played by Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky with fine racial extravagance. They deserve better things, as does Elia Kazan, whose direction is always a good deal wittier than the text.

IT is possible that "Jason," by Samson Raphaelson, contains as much technical misinformation as any play ever offered for your inspection. Starting with the assumption that the dramatic critic is a man whose opinions are almost as weighty as those of the President of the United States, Mr. Raphaelson goes on to picture him as the ideal mate for a young woman who wishes to live a full and fashionable life, and winds up, in a blaze of nonsense, showing him dictating not one but three reviews to his secretary, all in the most majestic English and all about the same play. It is conceivably art, but I can detect little or no resemblance to life. Before "Jason" opened, there was some speculation as to just which of my colleagues, past or present, the hero at the Hudson might be expected to represent. The mystery remains. Mr. Raphaelson's creation has the personal elegance of Mr. Nathan, the ornate syntax of Mr. Woollcott, the emotional intensity of Mr. Watts, the correct academic background of Mr. Atkinson, and some chemical traces of all the rest. He is a heavenly synthesis, infinitely greater than any of them. In many ways, he is even greater than George Bernard Shaw. In the final act his wife, stunned by that miraculous feat of dictation, cries out that he is terrific. It is a good try, but inadequate.

The story in which this paragon is presented to the public is sort of silly. The only possible flaw in Jason's character is a certain icy detachment toward the human race, and the corrective for this turns out to be a lyric Mediterranean playwright, who loves the beautiful people and has written an elfin masterpiece about them called "Hurrah for the Madam!" This man, whose derivation should be obvious, introduces Jason to a collection of picturesque characters, including a drunken steam-fitter and a sailor bored by the sea, and persuades him that they are the salt of the earth. Like most converts, the critic runs to extremes. He gives a party for his new friends, in the course of which there is a good deal of wrestling around and some breakage. Nevertheless, he is clearly a better man for it. Everything, indeed, would have been fine if the playwright, in his carefree way, hadn't attempted to seduce Mrs. Jason, a wonderful blonde of mysterious antecedents. In the light of this performance, Jason is obliged to revise his estimate of the young man's talent,

"My beer is RHEINGOLD — the DRY beer!"

says **MURIEL ANGELUS**



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1. Muriel Angelus, popular singer of radio, stage and screen, says: "Rehearsals mean hours of singing—leave one with a craving for something refreshing."



2. "That's why I look forward to the end of rehearsal," Muriel continues, "when I can sit down with a sparkling cold glass of Rheingold—the DRY Beer!"

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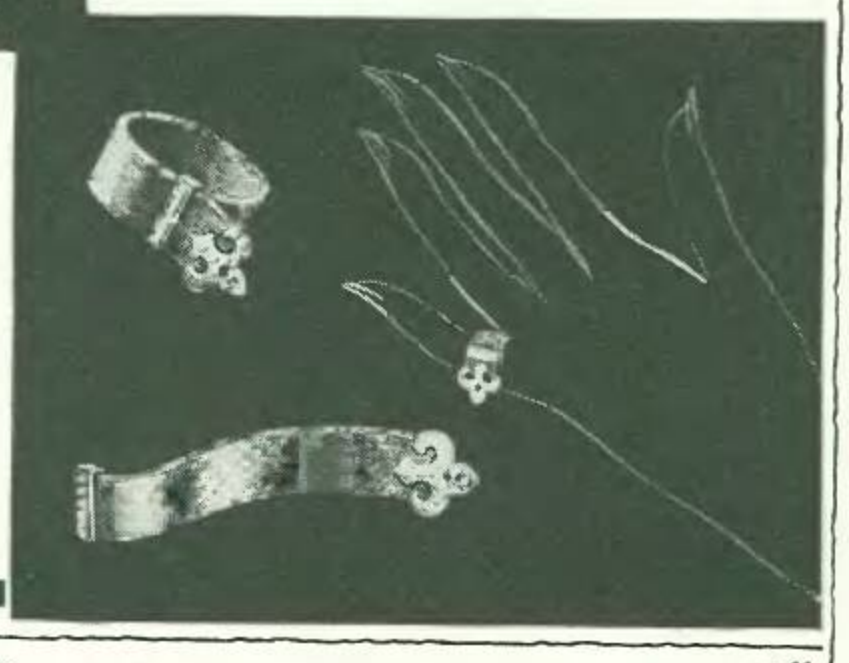
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finally deciding that he is neither a genius nor a charlatan but a little bit of both.

While I enjoyed Mr. Raphaelson's play as long as it dealt lightly with the peculiarities of art and criticism, I'm sorry to say that I found the dramatic portions of it pretty hard to take. Regarded as a parody of Mr. Saroyan, the playwright is funny enough, but he is essentially a parody and there is nothing in his behavior or conversation to convince me that he would have had so cataclysmic an effect on a professional critic, especially one who had been at it for fifteen years. Mr. Raphaelson's trouble, I suspect, is that he has tried to operate simultaneously on two levels and succeeded only on one. He may also have been somewhat handicapped by the fact that drama critics lend themselves only indifferently to romantic treatment. As Jason, Alexander Knox is properly urbane, with a touch of Arliss about him, while Nicholas Conte, an excellent actor, has an untidy charm as the playwright.

"ALL IN FAVOR," a comedy briefly visible last week at Henry Miller's Theatre, explained how a little bunch of embryo torpedoes up on Washington Heights managed to pay the rent for their clubroom. The plot, far too frantic for analysis here, was funny in spots, especially when a remarkably sinister ten-year-old was on the stage, but most of the time it was just vulgar and foolish. According to the authors, young love, if it sighs at all, does so like a garbage incinerator.

Some of the young actors, as distinguished from the parts they played, were quite attractive, especially Raymond Roe and Frances Heflin as the star-crossed lovers, while J. C. Nugent and Frank Conlan, in fairly thankless adult rôles, seemed amiable and competent, if a bit apprehensive. The star of the evening, however, was a child called Tommy Lewis, who exhibited a fiendish self-possession worthy of Humphrey Bogart in his prime. "All in Favor" (you may include me out) was produced by Elliott Nugent, Robert Montgomery, and Jesse Duncan, who probably should have been made to eat the cake of soap with which one of their employees blew bubbles in the second act.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

AMERICA'S CROWDED HOUR

[From an adv. in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger]

TODAY America faces one of its greatest Challenges. At the same moment comes Gimbel's Centennial.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 25 (BY CABLE)

THE English public, already sufficiently confused by the spectacle of the Japanese rising sun sending ever more trenchant beams over that empire on which a benign British sun was supposed never to set, has been further fogged during the past week by the contradictory antics of the press. Some of the papers declared with apparent authority that the Prime Minister, as soon as he had finished hanging up his hat, was going to celebrate his return by a big reshuffle of the Cabinet and would probably replace Lord Halifax at Washington with Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary of State for Air. Readers of other journals got for their pennyworth the statement, from what purported to be equally authoritative sources, that nothing of the kind was contemplated. At the moment, the glum general feeling seems to be that the second prophecy is the authentic one. Mr. Churchill's attitude of hostility to criticism has perplexed and chilled the millions of his devoted followers who still think back to the days when he was the noblest and hardest-hitting critic of them all. Distaste for naming individual scapegoats, the excuse put out in some quarters for making no changes in the present administration, has had a bad public—and a worse private—reception. The mistakes of the past, people say, can take care of themselves; what the public is interested in is grounds for confidence that Mr. Churchill's team is going to be better equipped to take care of the future. At the moment, that confidence simply doesn't exist and the valuable impetus which a fresh start would give hangs fire, wasting time, money, and hope.



Behind the worried gentlemen in Parliament, who will be able to air their uneasiness in a three-day war debate, are the worried ordinary people, whose concern must remain unvocal. These people are accustomed to weigh the news by simple, everyday standards of success and failure. By all the rules for running a home, a business, or an empire, readjustment would seem to be necessary. By all the signs, it won't be forthcoming without a struggle. This is adding anger to the profound disturbance with which the public is watching the growing threat to Mr. Kipling's Empire, an empire which, now that the "dominion over palm and pine" seems to be so palpably wobbling, has suddenly become a reality to lots of Englishmen who hitherto had hardly credited it with existence outside of the Wembley Exhibition. Most Londoners seem to accept without resignation the bitter probability that Singapore will be rendered useless strategically, even if it doesn't actually fall. What with the weekend accumulation of bad news from Australia, Malaya, Burma, and Libya, even the magnificent Russian successes couldn't lift the prevailing gloom.

Maybe Mr. Churchill's eloquence, when it comes, will succeed as it has succeeded before. This time, however, there appears to be a real and urgent demand that, in addition to the golden words of which he is master, he give valuable new blood its golden opportunity. It would be nice to think that the Prime Minister was going to concede the need for this as gracefully as he did the rejection of a proposal that he broadcast his speeches direct from the House. The inexplicable system of having him repeat on the air an obviously weary version of his big addresses to the House has never been satisfactory to himself or to his audiences, and the decision to continue it may have pleased M.P.'s but certainly didn't please the nation. The objection that right honourable gentlemen's objections might obtrude on the air and that regular broadcasts from Parliament might cause members to address their radio public rather than the Speaker didn't make up for the general disappointment. With the invigorating impact of the Washington and Ottawa speeches fresh in their minds, people felt that if they couldn't have first-run Churchill, they'd rather just read the thing in the evening paper.

ONE of the minor local repercussions of the monotonous British retreat in Malaya is the sudden difficulty of buying anything made of rubber. Recent arctic weather, which bogged railway travel in the north, burst pipes in houses left empty by evacuated families, and turned remote countrysides into beautiful but hopelessly marooned fairylands, set prudent people to thinking about buying a new hot-water bottle and giving the old one to the salvage-rubber department of the Ministry of Supply. This proved to be such a universal notion that harassed drugstores were soon hanging out signs reading, "No more hot-water bottles." Before long, other

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IT'S true—*all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. But—between PHILIP MORRIS and other leading cigarettes there's a tremendous difference in irritant qualities. Doctors who *compared* the *five* leading brands report that . . .

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS, IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH — AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE AS LONG!

Finest tobaccos — of course. *But that's not enough!* PHILIP MORRIS are *made* differently. They *taste* better—they're *proved better* for your nose and throat.

Smooth as Modern Flying!



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things, such as shoes with crêpe-rubber soles, are going to be collectors' pieces, and motorcars may well be on the same list if something isn't done soon about rubber reclamation and the manufacture of the synthetic article. Tea is another small trimming of civilian life which, it is mournfully expected, the bad news from the East will finally affect. The most curious shortage to come out of the new developments to date concerns the poultry world. It seems that the Japanese are the only people skillful at determining the nice problem of the sex of new-born chicks. "At the moment," a well-known English firm has written sadly in reply to a query from a poultry-raising customer, "we are without a sexer, as our Japanese sexers have been interned. We are endeavouring to obtain American sexers. Our experience with English sexers has not been happy."

HIGH dignitaries of the Church were in the headlines this week, what with the resignation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the holding of the Convocation of Canterbury Debates. The clerics attending the latter event found themselves in what one of them described as "an extremely uncomfortable position" over the wording of a resolution summing up their admiration of the Russian spirit and their "confidence that the Russian and British nations will go forward together to bring in a new age of free and equal brotherhood." Dismayed clergymen got up to point out that this might easily be used by the German propaganda machine and interpreted by the Vatican and Spain as meaning that the Convocation of Canterbury was Red to a bishop. It was finally decided to carry over the delicate question of how far such grateful compliments should go until the next sessions in May.

Most people, as they read of the Archbishop's resignation, thought mainly of the part that he played in the abdication crisis. Nothing was mentioned of this in the press eulogies, unless it can be said that the *Times* touched on it when it observed, "He has not lacked the courage to speak out upon issues, however controversial, of social or other public significance." Then, as now, the Empire was shaken to its foundations. The tremors of five years ago, however, seem very slight compared with the earthquake of today. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

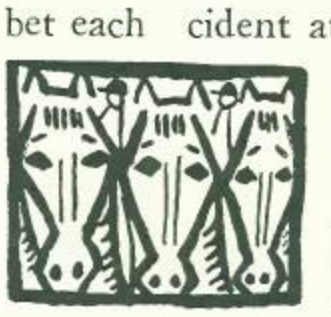
[*From the Baton Rouge Advocate*]

Changes in the birth rate always show up about a year after their cause.

THE RACE TRACK

Better Business

QUIETLY, and the word has no unhappy implications, racing settled down to business at Hialeah last week. Raising the brokerage commission for handling wagers in the tote from ten per cent, last season's percentage, to fifteen has not decreased business. In fact, the amounts bet each day are larger than a year ago, and more eager people are dashing out to the track every afternoon. So, if the Miami Jockey Club can get enough rice for its flamingos —they're fussy birds, and demand a special kind that's hard to obtain right now—the management is going to feel it's doing as well as could be expected.



I SUSPECT that the best race run all week was the Palm Beach Handicap, won by Get Off. It would be rather difficult, though, to find much of anything in Get Off's performance to be elated over unless you happened to own him. It was just another instance of horses for courses, for he had been in the money only once since he finished second in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last March. Trusting souls with faith in past performances thought that Sweet Willow would go as well for seven furlongs as she had for six. She didn't, and Get Off won with something to spare. It will be interesting to see what he does at longer distances.

This weekend we'll have the Miami Beach Handicap, the only American sweepstakes run over a turf course, and some of the better horses, perhaps even Dispose, who is training well, will come out for it. Races on the turf have become popular here, although they weren't when they were first tried out, because most of the runners were patched-up old selling-platers and the change of footing, from sand to grass, upset any form the beasts might ever have had. As a matter of fact, some animals simply won't run well on turf, others won't run well on anything else, and it takes time to figure such things out. When you get a good grass-course horse, he's more consistent than a five-star, superior mudder at Bowie, but nothing approaching that has turned up in Florida this season.

THE other afternoon a race at Hialeah was run in two divisions. There was nothing uncommon about that, of course; it's a favorite trick of racing secretaries when they have a big entry list and want to make two events out of one; even The Preakness was once run in two sections, because so many horses were entered that they could not be started in a single line across the track. What makes the incident at Hialeah worth mentioning is that both divisions were won by the same owner, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Lewis. Her Figgeritout won the 2:30 race and her Rodney the 3 o'clock one. It's only another statistical oddity, but it also happens that the two horses ran their races in exactly the same time, were odds-on favorites, and were ridden by the same jockey.

IT was suggested in this department last week that so far the names of the new two-year-olds are better than their abilities. Well, to continue, Elmer Shaffer's Swimmin Hole is by Coldstream but, though he has won twice, Mr. Shaffer hasn't got another Albatross in him. Mrs. Payne Whitney owns a score of youngsters, most of whom haven't yet started, but if they run as well as they're named, the stable will do all right. The names I like especially on the Whitney list are Bushel Basket for a colt out of Measure, Pacifist for a gelding by Peace Chance, Cockaigne for another out of Joyland, Sly for a third by Gallant Fox out of Miss Mouse, Juba for a filly by Halcyon out of Kenya, and Secretary for one by Questionnaire out of Pompous Lady.

By the way, Alfred Vanderbilt is having all of his two-year-olds named by residents of Maryland. Toney Betts isn't eligible, but just the same he has suggested a name for a Vanderbilt colt by Tedious out of Exaltation. It's Pimlico Special. —AUDAX MINOR

•

St. John's College of Brooklyn is all prepared. The huge shatter-proof windows in its fieldhouse are being stained so that if a blackout is ordered while a basketball game is in progress, the athletic contest may proceed without interruption.—*The News.*

One load off our mind.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Daily News*]

Men never certain whether they want to kiss or kill her will make up their minds in the affirmative.



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IMOGEN CARPENTER

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THE RIVALS
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way

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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"As deft, malicious and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see." —Wolcott Gibbs
John C. Wilson presents
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A Farce By NOEL COWARD
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"A PERFECT COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times



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EMPIRE Theatre

"Miss George is a joy."—BROWN, World-Telegram
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GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
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PLAYHOUSE THEA. 48th St., E. of B'way. BR 9-2628
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in the New Musical Comedy
BANJO EYES
HOLLYWOOD Th., B'way & 51st Cl. 7-5545. Eves. 8:30.
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"Genuinely exciting evening in the theatre."—Anderson, Journal-American
in Time to Come
MANSFIELD Thea. W 47 St. Cl. 5-5357. Evgs. Incl. SUN. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c-$2.20



HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
CARMEN MIRANDA · ELLA LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10-$2.75. Mat. & Evg. Perfs. SUNDAY

OF ALL THINGS

THE Roberts report shows that the military and naval commandants in Hawaii were laboring under a false impression. They thought everybody understood that the place was not open to visitors on Sunday.

•

Our Eastern allies do not quite agree that Hitler is Public Enemy No. 1. They arise to nominate a local candidate.

•

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the battle of Mozhaisk was a disastrous defeat for the Nazi army. At any rate, it would be interesting to see Adolf's face in Technicolor.

•

Dr. Goebbels tells his people all about the bitter cold in Russia but nothing about the German retreats. In moments of embarrassment, one is inclined to talk about the weather.

•

Owing to the objections of the Argentine Republic, the Rio de Janeiro declaration was not as strong as one could wish. They must have a powerful Argentina First Committee down there.

•

Delegates at Rio speculated upon the establishment of some sort of international currency for use after the war. Have they considered the synthetic-rubber dollar?

•

Uncle Sam is getting more dictatorial every day. Now he tells us when to get up in the morning and how many lumps to take in our coffee.

•

A six-man board headed by William Green and Philip Murray will handle disputes between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. All arguments are to be settled without strikes, without picketing, and without John L. Lewis.

•

Many officials of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations are being pressed into the service of their country. In this crisis, our leaders are not too proud to use reclaimed Republicans.

•

It has been just about proved that the British cannot reach Tripoli and the Germans cannot reach the Nile. Why not call the whole place a dust bowl and forget it? —HOWARD BRUBAKER

MAX GORDON presents



"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A gay & joyous frolic" —Coleman, Mirror
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40



"MAGNIFICENT! . . . TRIUMPHANT!" —BROOKS ATKINSON, Times
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

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Presents
Solitaire
PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St.
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"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



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Positively closes February 28
MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
MACBETH
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
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George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC THEA., West 44th St. CI. 6-0730
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED. and SAT. 2:30.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
WATCH ON THE RHINE
with
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
The Great Play of Our Time!
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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ROSALIND RUSSELL • WALTER PIDGEON
In M-G-M's delightful new comedy
'DESIGN for SCANDAL'
with Edw. Arnold
Capitol
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SOPHIE HALENCZIK'S GREENHORNS

THE day that Frankie Halenczik went off to camp as a draftee was one of festivity for his mother, Sophie. It was also one of deep spiritual exaltation, for it marked the beginning of our Connecticut town's recognition of Sophie as an American. First there had been a family dinner at noon, consisting of mighty servings of goulash and egg noodles, Frankie's favorite meat dish, followed by huge platters of *Strudel* filled with apples and chopped nuts, Frankie's favorite dessert. And, after dinner, the photographer from the *Gazette*, our town's weekly newspaper, came to Sophie's house and took a picture of her and Frankie standing under the American flag which draped their doorway. The picture was published two days later over a caption which must have been inspired by Sophie's guardian angel: "Proud American Mother Bids Smiling Farewell to Soldier Son."

Sophie, who does housework by the day and comes to us every Friday, had difficulty in attending to her tasks that week. She carried the clipping of the newspaper in her apron pocket and took it out every few minutes to look at it, with the same proud smile the *Gazette* photographer had caught. At noon she propped the picture against the sugar bowl and kept her eyes on it while she ate.

"Is wonderful. No?" she asked me as she pored over the miracle of the two-column cut. "Me, Sophie Halenczik, proud American mother."

"Well, you are. I never saw a prouder one."

"Look," she said, touching her face in the picture. "My hair. All over my eyes. I was so excited."

"That makes it more natural," I said. "It's good of both of you, though Frankie looks very serious."

Sophie chuckled. "Not serious," she explained. "He was mad." She chuckled again, in obvious enjoyment of a private thought. I was naturally curious to know what it was all about, but, as usual, Sophie withheld her information until she could give it as a special favor in response to a request.

"What was Frankie mad about?" I asked her, capitulating, as she knew I would.

"The family," she answered. "You know, we have big dinner with good cooking like the kind Frankie ain't goin' to get in the Army. Nine at the table." She counted them off on her fingers. "Me and Frankie," she began, "then Mary and Irene and Annie and Dolores," she went on, mentioning her three daughters and her ten-year-old grandchild, who had no legal father. "That six. Then Kathi and the two boys." I had forgotten about Kathi and the two children. They were cousins of Sophie's, recently arrived from Europe, and were living with the Halencziks until Kathi's husband, Paul, who had just got a job in a shoe factory in Massachusetts, could make a home for them.

"When the photographer come for the picture," Sophie continued, "they all want to be in it. So Frankie get mad." She shook her head in smiling memory of the incident. "He just like his father" —she made a sign of the cross—"when he get mad. He don't care how he talk. He say he ain't goin' to be in no picture with a lot of greenhorns. He mean his cousins. Not nice. No?"

"No," I agreed.

"So to make things good, I say nobody be in except me." Sophie looked slyly at me from under her lowered eyelids. "Anyway, I like it better that way. Just Frankie and me. So that why he look so serious. He just mad like his father. Like to have things his own way."

Before she left, Sophie asked if she could cut out the picture from our copy of the *Gazette*. "I like to get a whole lot," she explained. "I keep them for Frankie's children. They be proud someday. No?"



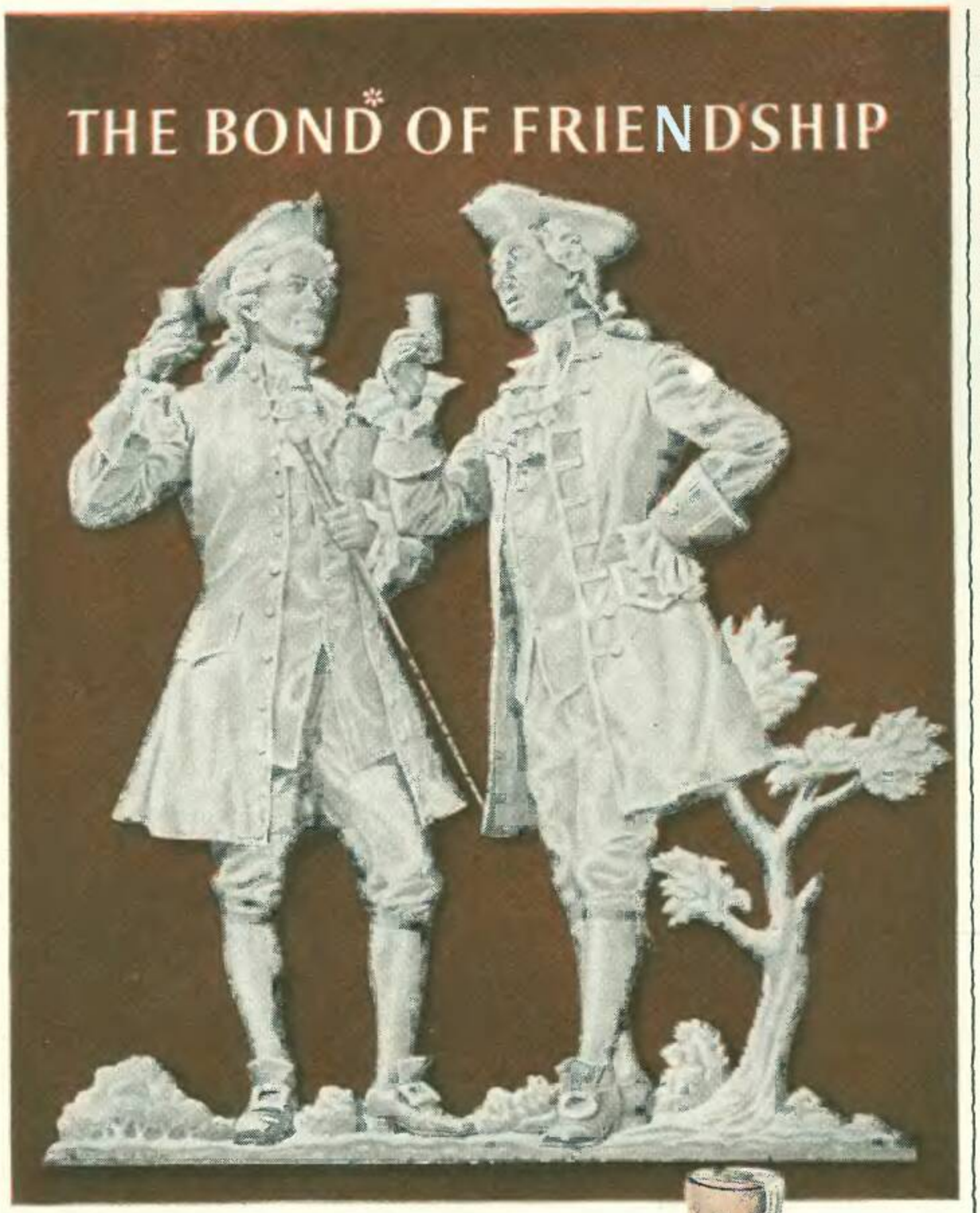
THAT Sophie's world would have new horizons I realized from the moment I saw her assume the rôle of proud American mother. But my imagination fell short of Sophie's ambitions and energy. Each week she came to us she had some new interest or activity to report. Our town is extremely war-conscious, and there are about a dozen committees engaged in one kind of work or another. The women sew, they knit, they raise money for medical supplies, for ambulances, for refugees in England, and for refugees in this country. Most of the women I know who participate in this work limit their





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activities to one or two organizations. Sophie, as far as I could gather from her reports, joined all of them. She gave of her free time and her strength with extravagant generosity and enthusiasm. Glibly she spoke of the chairman of this committee and the chairman of that committee, mentioning the names of the pillars of our town's society with easy familiarity. There was nothing sycophantic about this. Sophie was happy not because she was mingling with the town's first families but because these native Americans were taking her into the fold. Afternoons and evenings, after her day's work in some home was over, Sophie sewed and ironed and patched clothes that were being sent abroad, and Sophie sold tickets for benefit concerts at our town hall, and Sophie waited on table and washed dishes at benefit suppers.

Because it made the greatest demand upon her willingness to serve, Sophie was happiest with the committee that sent clothes and medical supplies to refugee children in England. It was at a meeting of this committee that Sophie made the dramatic disclosure which gave her unprecedented popularity in our town. I was not there and can only report what I heard from friends who were, and from Sophie herself. But first I must explain something about the committee and its chairman.

When, after the first heavy bombings of London, it was announced that England was planning to send large groups of children to America for the duration of the war, our town at once organized a committee to help out in this project. Unanimously chosen as chairman of the group was Mrs. Thornton Scudder, leader of our town's social register by reason of birth, wealth, and European background. Her husband, who had died in London the year before, had been in the Diplomatic Service and had held important posts in many of the capitals of Europe. When, after thirty years of living abroad, Mrs. Scudder returned to our town and opened the imposing old Scudder house on Settlers' Hill, everyone wondered what the dinners at Mrs. Scudder's would be like and if one could live up to the cosmopolitan brilliance of her conversation.

Nobody found out, for the simple reason that Mrs. Scudder had no dinner parties. In an interview she gave to the *Gazette*, she announced that she had come home to taste the blessings of peace and quiet. People who met her said she was cold and austere. A few, who tried to intrude upon her solitude on the pretext of getting her support for this or

that good work, called her stingy. The only time I saw her was at the meat counter of our general store, where she was buying a pound of chopped beef for her dachshund. She seemed friendly enough with the butcher and she looked exactly what she was—an elderly New England woman who had learned in her travels how to wear simple, good clothes and carry a lorgnette without looking a fool.

I don't know how willingly she became chairman of the Committee for Refugee Children, but she accepted. At that time it was believed that our town would give shelter to many youngsters sent here from England. Mrs. Scudder put herself down for two, and many families, following her example, agreed to take in others. There was much planning and preparation for the care of the expected young visitors. Somebody even suggested that a course in French be given, on the chance that some of the little refugees might be French or Belgian children. And then the bubble of preparation was pricked when England decided that it was unsafe to send the children across the ocean.



By the time Sophie became a member of this group, its purpose had been changed. With admirable flexibility, it had insured its survival by voting to become a committee for sending clothes, food, and medical supplies to refugees in England. Sophie approved of this effort, as she approved of anything any of the committees did.

ONE never-failing, good old American method of raising funds for good causes is selling tickets to a public supper, held either at a church or at a private home. I have been to several such suppers, and the menu is invariably the same: cold meats, potato salad, baked beans, pie, and coffee. When Sophie told me the Refugee Committee was planning such an event, I asked her where.

"We don't know yet," she answered. "The ladies would like to have it at Mrs. Scudder's house, but she ain't said she would do it."

"It's a big house," I said.

"Sure," Sophie agreed, grinning at me, "and they all crazy to see it. This give them fine excuse."

"Do you want to see it?" I inquired.

Sophie shrugged her shoulders.

"All I care about is the kitchen," she answered. "I like plenty room to make coffee and plenty hot water to wash dishes. Ham and beans taste the same in every house. No?"

It was at the Refugee Committee meeting following this talk that the doctor's wife, by prearrangement, asked Mrs. Scudder if she would take the initiative in the season's program by having the first supper in her house. It was obvious from Mrs. Scudder's reaction that she didn't like the notion at all. For several moments, as it was reported to me, she said nothing, but sat at the head of the table around which the women were sewing and twirled the black ribbon of her lorgnette around her forefinger.

"It's not that I don't want to open my house," she said finally, "but I thoroughly dislike ham and potato salad and pie."

Before anybody could sufficiently recover to make a courteous reply to this flagrant criticism of a sacred American institution, Sophie's voice cut the heavy atmosphere.

"Me, too, Mrs. Scudder!" she called from her place at the ironing board, where she was pressing little garments that were to be sent to England. "Also baked beans. They give me bad pain in the stomach."

This was the first time, in all probability, that Mrs. Scudder had been aware of Sophie as a person. A few women laughed in nervous embarrassment, but Mrs. Scudder did not.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs.—"

"Halenczik," Sophie said. "Sophie Halenczik."

"Halenczik," Mrs. Scudder repeated. "You're Czech, aren't you? I remember thinking that when I saw your picture in the *Gazette* last spring." She looked gravely at Sophie for a long time, then smiled. "Tell me, Mrs. Halenczik," she went on, "what kind of supper would you prepare if you had it at your house?"

Sophie, I was told, looked almost frightened for a moment, as if she had been trapped into making an assertion that would destroy her standing as an American. But, relying on Mrs. Scudder's leadership and Frankie's patriotic service, both unimpeachable, she answered bravely, "Frankie, he want goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel* filled with nuts before he go to camp."

"Goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel*," Mrs. Scudder repeated softly, and those who sat near enough to hear her said it was like a sigh burdened with unforgettable memories of happiness.

"Or maybe I make paprika chicken

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for main dish and *marillen Knödel* for dessert," Sophie continued, with increasing courage. "My husband, he was crazy about that."

Before anyone knew quite how it happened, Sophie was seated next to Mrs. Scudder and the two of them were excitedly talking food. The rest of the group sat entranced as they listened to the discussion of the respective virtues of *Kolatchen* and *Stollen*, *Sauerbraten* and stuffed goose neck, and chopped beef in cabbage leaves and chopped veal in grape leaves plucked in the heat of summer.

"And *piroshki*. Can you make *piroshki?*" Mrs. Scudder asked in a voice almost breathless with unbelief. "Or are they too Russian?"

"Sure, I make *piroshki*," Sophie declared proudly. "I make them stuffed with chopped chicken livers mixed with farina. And I make them filled with sour cherries for dessert. And sugar and sour cream over them. No?"

A groan of delight escaped the austere lips of Mrs. Thornton Scudder. She gazed at Sophie with worshipful eyes and then shook her head, as if in rejection of a thought that was passing through her mind.

"No. It would be impossible," she said, half to herself, and then, feeling she owed it to Sophie to explain her remark, she continued, almost wistfully, "I was thinking it would be wonderful to give a supper at my house of paprika chicken and *Strudel* or—"

"Goulash, and *Kugelhopf* for dessert," Sophie suggested joyously. "Or maybe *Sauerbraten* and cabbage *Strudel*. You know cabbage *Strudel?* And maybe *Torte* for dessert. No?"

"We could sell a hundred tickets at a dollar apiece easily," the treasurer of the committee broke in, shrewdly raising the price that had been planned.

Mrs. Scudder looked at Sophie as though she were some precious discovery in a world of drab monotony and shook her head in regret.

"No. It's impossible. It's absolutely impossible. One person couldn't do it alone. Even if I helped, she couldn't do it. Not for a hundred people."

Then Sophie casually introduced the news which rocked our town for days.

"I do it if you want, Mrs. Scudder. I get Kathi to help me."

"Kathi? Who's Kathi?" Mrs. Scudder asked.

"Kathi is my cousin," Sophie explained. "She live with me. She and the two children, until her husband get fixed in Brockton, Massachusetts. They come from Europe four months ago."

"From Europe? Four months ago?" Mrs. Scudder asked, and the women around the table were held by the intonation of her voice.

"Sure. They greenhorns," Sophie explained. "Paul—he is Kathi's husband—he have to hide when the Nazis find out about him. Paul hate them. He belong to the Masaryk Party."

"How did they get here?" Mrs. Scudder asked, her eyes wide with amazement.

"We help them," Sophie answered. "A man, a friend of Paul, he come from New York one day with a letter from Paul and he tell us he can get them out if we have money for the tickets for the ship. That was a long time ago, more than a year. He don't say where they are; he say it's a secret. But we ask him a lot of questions about Paul and Kathi and we know he tell the truth."

"Well?" Mrs. Scudder said gently.

"Well, we collect the money. We all got a little something in the bank—Mary and Irene and Annie. No? And then we get a mortgage on the house for the rest." The intense faces around the table confused her for a moment. "That's all right," she explained, smiling at her listeners assuringly. "They pay back someday. We come to America like that, too. My husband's brother—he work in a bakery—he help us. We pay back every penny. That's all right."

"You brought over four refugees and are now taking care of three of them in your house?" Mrs. Scudder said in a voice trembling with emotion. "It's incredible!"



Sophie shook her head in perplexed denial of Mrs. Scudder's words.

"They relatives. Not refugees. They don't come from England. They cousins, greenhorns, just like we was when we come here. Paul is a good man. Only he hate the Germans, so they want to send him to prison. But he run away and they come here. He hope they can stay here. That's all."

Mrs. Scudder rose unsteadily to her feet and looked down the length of the table. I am told her eyes were brimming with tears as she addressed the women of the committee. When she sat down, Sophie was covered with the bewilderment of hearing herself described as a heroine. She, Sophie Halenczik, whose

sacrifice had brought four humans out of the inferno of a Nazi-conquered land and whose humble home gave shelter to three of them, was proclaimed the town's noblest citizen.

THE news about Sophie travelled quickly. There was a long story in the *Gazette*, with a picture showing Sophie and her three refugees; there was a supper of goulash and noodles and apple *Strudel* at Mrs. Scudder's house, prepared by Sophie, her cousin Kathi, and several of our town's hostesses, who were happy to serve under Sophie's leadership; there was the announcement that the committee had pledged itself to pay off the mortgage on Sophie's house through a series of suppers; and there was the picture in the *Gazette* showing Mrs. Scudder handing Sophie a check for the proceeds of the first of these suppers. Sophie still doesn't know what to make of it, but she is naturally highly elated over her importance.

"I don't understand," she said to me when she came to do her cleaning the day after the Scudder supper. "I always think refugees are the people in England what need clothes and medicine. No?" Her smile was perplexed. "Anyway," she added, "we got some nice pictures in the paper. I send them to Frankie and I tell him we got three refugees at home, not three greenhorns. That make him feel fine." —Rose Feld

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THURMAN ARNOLD'S BIGGEST CASE—II

ALCOA, generally known as the aluminum trust, has all the Lombroso stigmata of an octopus. It has been a monopoly for fifty years. It used to make a large fraction of our pots and kettles. Until recently it was the only producer of raw aluminum in the United States. It is largely owned by the "Mellon interests" and has other earmarks of nefariousness. Alcoa and its subsidiaries are what the liberal writers used to describe as "war lords," "merchants of death," "coiners of blood," and "munitioneers." It has been established in court that Alcoa launched a $200,000,000 war-expansion program in 1938, two years before America began to wake up. It hogged the business and is now producing aluminum in greater quantities than the war industries are yet able to use. Anybody's first impression would be that a trust-buster who couldn't convict Alcoa ought to go back to night school. The untutored head of the layman will never understand how Thurman Arnold's corps of young lawyers failed to score a single point against Alcoa in the longest trial in history. It is enough to make laymen quit trying to understand the Sherman Act.

THE record of the three-year Alcoa trial is a library on the subject of aluminum. Aluminum is the upstart among the metals. Iron and copper go back to the late Stone Age, but aluminum has been known only since 1825, when a Danish chemist named Hans Christian Oersted extracted an impure specimen from common clay. Other scientists made themselves famous by producing bits of the pure metal the size of a pinhead. A great step forward came in 1854, when Henri Deville, a Frenchman, manufactured chunks as big as marbles. Louis Napoleon backed his research in the hope of equipping French soldiers with suits of aluminum armor. Aluminum sold for $545 a pound at one time, and, being worth more than twice as much as gold or platinum, it was the most snobbish of metals. In 1863, Congress had an aluminum medal struck in honor of Grant, aluminum being considered the only metal worthy of the hero of Vicksburg. Artists designed a magnificent service of aluminum plate for Napoleon III and it was used in feeding guests who were too important for gold or porcelain. Among the museum pieces here and there is a pair of aluminum-mounted opera glasses presented in 1879 to a Miss Sallie Campbell by an admirer who rejected comparatively modest gold and platinum sets and chose aluminum because of its expensiveness.

Aluminum soon dropped to twenty dollars a pound and was demoted from jewelry to architectural decoration. In 1884, the tip of the Washington Monument was made of the new metal. It was then the largest aluminum casting in the world, weighing a hundred ounces and costing $225. The casting, a pyramid nine inches high, was exhibited at Tiffany's before it was affixed to the monument. Smart New Yorkers made considerable sums by betting that they could jump over the top of the Washington Monument. After the money was up they would lead their victims to Tiffany's and leap lightly over the casting.

In the early eighties, Professor F. F. Jewett was teaching chemistry at Oberlin College. One day he showed a piece of aluminum to his class and said, "Anybody who can invent a process for making this on a commercial scale will not only be a benefactor to the world but will make a great fortune for himself." Charles M. Hall, a student, turned to another member of the class and said, "I'm going after that metal."

Hall made a furnace out of a kitchen stove in a woodshed at Oberlin. He melted aluminum ore in various "baths" and treated it with an electric current from a battery borrowed from Professor Jewett. He succeeded, on February 23, 1886, in causing aluminum to deposit itself on an electrical plate. His earliest product, bits of aluminum varying in size from bird shot to vest buttons, is the prize items in Alcoa's museum in the New York Central Building. They lie in a handsome casket and are entitled "The Crown Jewels of Aluminum."

Hall's first backer quit rather than risk $750 in further experiments. The inventor went to Pittsburgh and interested a man named Alfred E. Hunt. Hunt, a member of the class of 1876 of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been described as "the first educated metallurgist" in America. He and six other men raised $20,000 to finance aluminum production. Their first plant, a corrugated-iron shed with a dirt floor, was opened in Pittsburgh in 1888. Among the employees was Arthur Vining Davis, of Sharon, Massachusetts, who had graduated from Amherst that year. Davis, who has been with the company for fifty-three years and headed it for forty-two years, is still its chairman. The colossal Alcoa trial was nothing more than a biography of Davis, now seventy-four years old. He was on the witness stand for thirty days. Thurman Arnold's case consisted almost entirely of charges against



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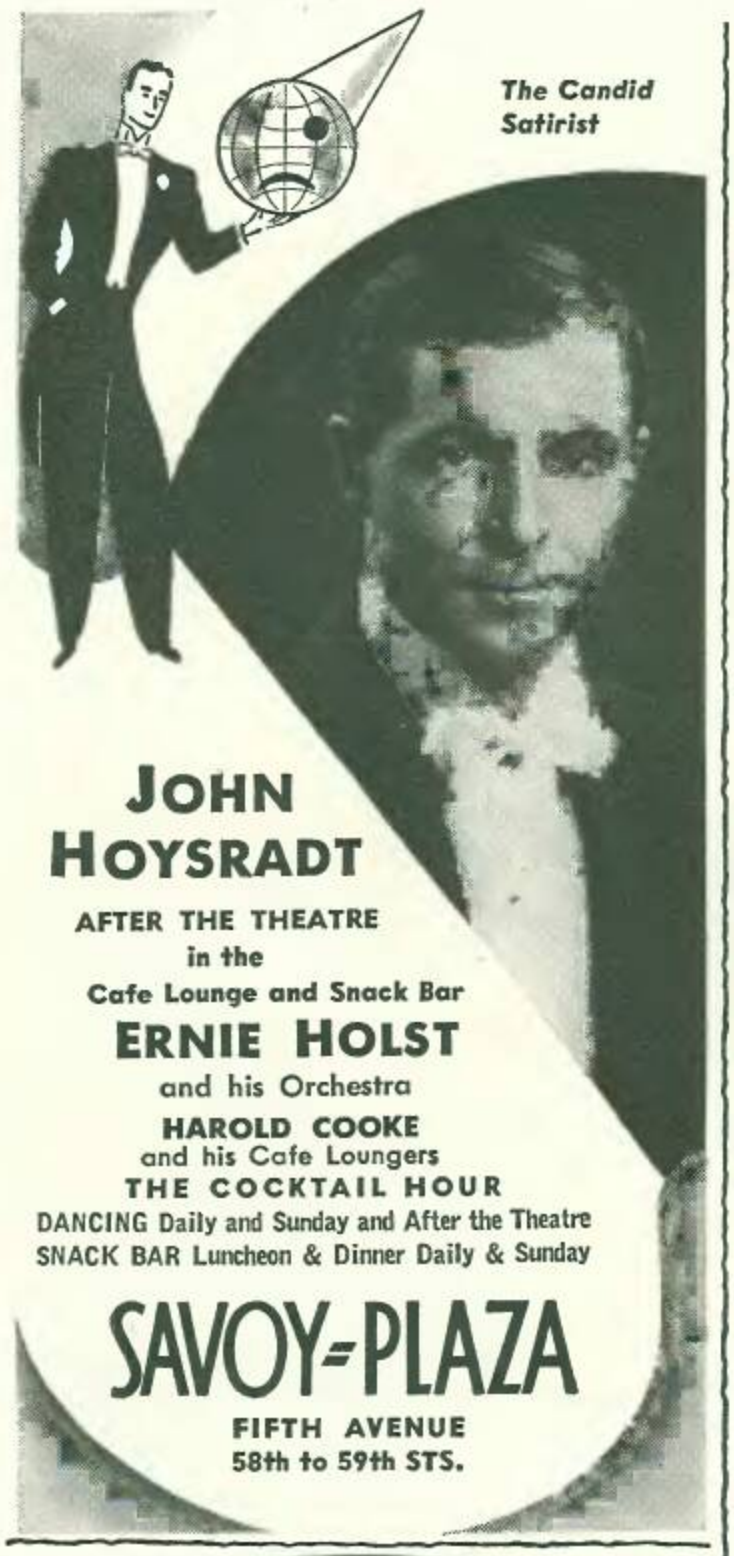
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Davis. The Court adjudged all the charges unfounded.

DAVIS's story went back to the birth of aluminum as an industrial metal. Aluminum was selling at eight dollars a pound when Alcoa produced its first specimens on Thanksgiving Day in 1888. Davis and Hall worked twelve-hour shifts seven days a week. Because of breakdowns their output averaged less than ten pounds a day at the start. They locked it up in the office safe at night. Davis testified that his salary was $60 a month for the first two or three years and that he often had to whistle for it.

Within two years aluminum had been reduced to two dollars a pound, but there was trouble in finding a market. In a letter written at the time, Hunt said that people regarded aluminum as "a big guy," "guy" being the period word for "gag" or "rib." After two losing years the infant industry was rescued in the early nineties by the Scovill Manufacturing Company of Waterbury, Connecticut, producers of novelties. The Scovill management decided that it would be a double novelty to make its notions out of a freak metal. They flooded the market with aluminum medallions, collapsible drinking cups, coiffure ornaments, pin trays, cigar cases, bracelets, matchboxes, cuff links, necktie pins, brooches, and a variety of souvenirs. These took the nation by storm. People could hardly believe that a metal could be so light. Aluminum was an inexhaustible subject of conversation. The Pittsburgh plant was enlarged, aluminum was cut to a dollar a pound, and money came rolling in.

One day the American people suddenly decided that they didn't give a damn about aluminum any more. Newborn gauds of celluloid, brass, and burnt leather swept the aluminum notions into the ashcan. The aluminum novelty business collapsed before industrial uses for the metal had been developed. Manufacturers were slow to interest themselves in a frivolous metal used for whatnot curios and nursemaids' bijouteries. Alcoa, or the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, as it was then called, was pulled out of its slump by the discovery that aluminum powder was useful in "quieting" molten steel; that is, in preventing gas bubbles, which caused flaws. Only a few ounces of aluminum were needed to quiet a ton of steel, but this use gave Alcoa a new start. The other users of aluminum at this period were largely inventors, explorers, experimenters, and cranks. Walter Wellman used aluminum boats in polar exploration in 1894. The bicycle craze of the late nineties caused a brisk demand for aluminum mudguards and other parts, but this suddenly ceased because steel parts were found to be cheaper. The Alaska gold rush helped by producing a lively business in aluminum huts, a hundred and ten pounds complete.

The thing that changed aluminum from a small industry to a big one was its use in electric wire and apparatus. Davis got his first big order in 1899 from William H. Crocker for equipping a large California power system. Aluminum rapidly became a great industry.

Before the inventor died in 1914, he had made the large fortune which Professor Jewett had predicted. Andrew W. Mellon had invested $6,000 in the company in 1890. He and his brother R. B. Mellon continued to invest, acquiring approximately a one-third interest in Alcoa. Their backing enabled the company to expand rapidly. In the last decade, however, the "Mellon interests" have been a shining mark for business-baiters, and Alcoa has taken much punishment on that account.

FROM 1888 until 1938, Alcoa led the world in aluminum production. In 1938, it was outstripped by Germany. Through its private state department of hardheaded businessmen, Alcoa accurately anticipated the future and started in 1938 on a building program to triple its output. Congress ordered fewer than a thousand planes in 1938, requiring less than ten million pounds of aluminum; Alcoa's expansion program called for an increase of more than five hundred million pounds of aluminum annually, or more than fifty times as much as the government then considered necessary. Alcoa officials may be open to criticism for failing to show the nation its peril. However, the prejudice against munitions manufacturers was raging with utmost violence four years ago. No statues were being erected to Sir Basil Zaharoff or William B. Shearer. Much of the literature, drama, and oratory of the time was devoted to teaching the people to hate businessmen who produced war material. The prevailing doctrine was that eternal peace could be achieved by hissing industrialists.

From 1888 until 1909, the company was a government-created and government-protected monopoly. The Hall and other patents gave Alcoa the sole right to make raw aluminum. There were no competitors, only infringers. In 1909, the patents expired and the field has since been free to anybody. The issue in Thurman Arnold's three-year

lawsuit was whether Alcoa has maintained its monopoly since 1909 by fair means or foul. The alleged misdeeds of Alcoa occurred since 1909, but the evidence offered at the trial went back almost to the firm's beginning, as the government asserted that the early policies of Alcoa manifested an intent to control aluminum at a later date.

One of Alcoa's early policies was to insist on knowing why a customer wanted aluminum. Thurman Arnold's aides interpreted this as a device for maintaining a grip on every phase of the business. According to Davis, however, the purpose was to prevent the metal from getting a bad name. He said that in the old days aluminum received many black eyes because it crumpled or corroded when improperly used. One order, for example, came from a maker of jellies, jams, marmalades, and other preserves. He wanted to equip his company's kitchen with aluminum. Davis rejected the order, explaining that the acids of strawberries, blackberries, quinces, or apricots might eat their way through the metal. The preserve king argued in vain for a long time. Finally he said, "If I tell you a secret, will you keep it?"

"Certainly," said Davis.

"I use nothing but apples."

"You mean to say you use nothing but apples in your entire line of preserves?"

"That's right."

"What about the seeds in your strawberry jam?"

"That's grass seed."

As it was known that the acids in apples would not attack aluminum, Alcoa equipped the preserve man's kitchen.

Another complaint of the government was that Alcoa in its early days planned the domination of the aluminum pot-and-pan market. According to Judge Francis G. Caffey, who presided at the trial, however, the evidence showed that Alcoa hadn't wanted to make pots and pans and that it entered that business only after established manufacturers of kitchenware had refused to use aluminum. Although cleared in court of all charges, Alcoa can be fairly arraigned before the bar of public opinion in this connection. It started the I'm-working-my-way-through-college game by sending out thousands of young peddlers with its aluminum utensils. Huey Long got his start in life as an aluminum peddler.

ALCOA's first contact with the Sherman Act occurred during the Taft administration. A federal anti-trust suit resulted in a consent decree in 1912 under which Alcoa agreed to obey a



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series of rules laid down by the government. Other concerns have since sued Alcoa for damages under the Sherman Act. The most elaborate suit was brought by the Baush Machine Tool Company, which was represented by Homer Cummings, who later became Attorney General of the United States. Two juries decided the case in opposite ways and both verdicts were set aside, the case finally being settled out of court. On two occasions the case came before Judge Martin T. Manton, the bribe-taker. On both occasions Manton declared against Alcoa.

For more than two years the government's anti-trust suit against Alcoa dragged along in comparative obscurity. It was established that Alcoa had been guilty of building a gigantic industry, giving employment to hundreds of thousands, reducing the price of aluminum from eight dollars a pound to less than twenty cents a pound, and foisting nearly half a billion kettles and saucepans on the housewives of America. It was shown that the company had constantly improved its methods and modernized its plants in accordance with a deliberate scheme for cutting prices and getting more business. Thurman Arnold's representatives succeeded in painting a picture of remorseless efficiency and shameless enterprise. They were unsuccessful, however, in proving the little, definite facts which are necessary to show violations of the Sherman Act.

After plodding along for over two years, the trial took a sudden turn for the sensational. The fall of France in June, 1940, translated it from a dull domestic affair into a hair-raising international imbroglio. The fall of France was the signal for the great defense effort on the part of American industry. Before that effort was well under way, editorial attacks were made on Thurman Arnold. It was charged that his activities were hampering industry in the production of munitions. The clamor against Arnold grew serious. It was accompanied by a threat to cut his appropriations.



This threat caused some quick thinking. The same threat hung over certain other government agencies which were considered luxuries of peace times. They all met it in the same way: they found they were essential to national defense. Every bureau in Washington did itself over in war paint. When the blast of war blows in the ears of a bureaucrat he imitates the action of the tiger; he stiffens the sinews, summons up the blood, and fights like mad for more appropriations. Arnold discovered that the way to whip Hitler was to attack more American industries. He asked Congress for extra money so that he could sue and sue and sue until Hitler cried uncle.

The criticism of Arnold reached its climax in a syndicated article by David Lawrence published on August 2, 1940, describing Arnold's lawyers as "wrecking crews" engaged in thwarting preparedness. This was printed in many newspapers under headlines such as "Defense Programs Bogging Down as Department of Justice Attacks Industry" and "Anti-Trust Suits Harass Defense." Six days after the article appeared, Arnold summoned the press. He announced that the aluminum industry was a Fifth Column, that it had conspired with Germany to hold down America's supply of aluminum. Taking the world's longest lawsuit out of the hands of the Judge, he appealed the case to a bewildered assize of newspaper reporters. The charges, eventually tossed out by the Judge as unsupported by evidence and completely disproved, were strenuously upheld by the journalists. A large proportion of the newspapers of the country printed on their front pages the tale of aluminum's betrayal.

As long as Arnold's campaign for appropriations continued, the Alcoa case was tried chiefly on the air and in the newspapers, in magazines and books, on the public platform and the floor of Congress. It branched out in all directions. Using Alcoa as a precedent, Arnold alleged that nine other great industries had limited production of American war materials through tieups with Germany. These charges should have caused greater alarm than did the Orson Welles hoax. If the great industries of the country were tools of Hitler, America's doom was sealed. But Arnold's exposé aroused comparatively mild interest. Either the country did not believe it or it couldn't be shocked by any new diableries of big business.

Next to Alcoa, General Electric was Thurman Arnold's most horrible example of an American interest under "German domination." His accusations simmered down to the fact that General Electric had obtained a license from Krupp to manufacture a hard metal alloy developed in Germany. This substance, called carboloy, consists mainly of tungsten carbide. It is of great value in the machine-tool industry. Had the discovery been made in Hitler's time, it would have been kept a military secret, since it is useful in munitions production. It was discovered in the

twenties, however, when Germany was more interested in business than in war. Krupp sold General Electric the right to make carboloy for the American market. It is used today in nearly every munitions factory in America and is turning out billions of dollars' worth of war materials to kill Germans with. That is the extent of "German domination" in General Electric.

None of the Benedict Arnolds, Aaron Burrs, and Quislings of American industry have been shot at sunrise. On the contrary, many of them are today in key defense posts in Washington. Others are at the head of great munitions industries. Arnold modified his charges. The great industrialists, he said, were "economic Fifth Columnists," not "political Fifth Columnists." They sold out their country, he told a Congressional committee, not because of pro-Nazi sympathies but only because of greed and rascality.

Arnold has hardly been criticized at all for his strange statements. According to the rule of politics, anything that hocusses an appropriation out of a legislative body is commendable. No tears are shed because a few large corporations receive a little extra bludgeoning. Constant harassing is supposed to be good for them, as fleas are indispensable to a healthy dog. Arnold's colorful folklore actually won him an increase of $750,000 in his appropriation. Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada said of him, "He is the best salesman I ever saw in my life. He can come to the United States Senate to sell a red-hot stove and make you think it is a refrigerator."

THERE is no doubt about Arnold's excellence in salesmanship. He is the only living author who ever had a grand jury for a blurb. In an interview in New York on August 8, 1940, he told reporters that he was unleashing a grand jury against ten "bottlenecks of business," these being ten great industries which were conspiring with the Germans to limit American output. News articles and editorials all over the country informed the folks about the dreaded "bottlenecks of business." As soon as the phrase had time to work its way into the national vocabulary, an announcement was made of a great new book by Thurman Arnold, "The Bottlenecks of Business." Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50.

In his fourth-estate trial of Alcoa, Arnold accused it not only of conspiring with Germany but of gouging the American consumers. He justified his demand for increased appropriations by the claim



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that he was saving the consumer billions of dollars a year. His suit against Alcoa caused the price of aluminum to drop several cents a pound, he asserted. Some of his savings, in the various industries, have been stated as follows: about $50,000,000 a year on aluminum, more than $600,000,000 on tungsten carbide, a total of $170,000,000 on nitrogen, oil, newsprint, and milk, and an enormous but unspecified saving on optical glass to the twenty-eight million spectacle-wearers of America. These were only a few of the hundreds of industries attacked by Arnold, and if the ratio kept up, the total savings would run into the tens of billions, or enough to send the entire population of America to Florida for the winter.

Some of Arnold's figures have been questioned. The Court ruled, in the Alcoa case, for example, that the drop in the price of aluminum was caused by the law of supply and demand, not by fear of Arnold. Carboloy, Inc., a General Electric subsidiary, which was supposed to have cut prices by $600,000,000 through fear of Arnold, produced its books to show that its average profit on sales had been less than half a mill on a dollar and that its total profit during the ten years of its existence had been less than $11,000. It asked how Arnold could save $600,000,000 out of $11,000. When this was called to Arnold's attention he said that he knew nothing about the matter except what had been told him by one of his subordinates and that he always believed his subordinates. "I have to," he said. He explained that with several hundred lawsuits running all the time, he had no time to check up on all the facts personally. There is an intense loyalty between the trust-buster and his staff. A teacher of law at the University of Wyoming, Yale, and elsewhere for about fifteen years, Arnold has a personality that wins the affections of young law students and graduates. He is an idolized Mr. Chips to his corps of assistants, and he reciprocates this feeling with interest. Arnold's complete trust in his boys probably has something to do with his curious statistics.

He is not always wildly inaccurate. In his testimony before the House Appropriations Committee on February 21, 1941, he was discussing the subject of tungsten carbide. "It is," he said, "a harder substance than diamonds." He was hitting pretty close to the fact. Tungsten carbide is the hardest substance next to the diamond. When this slight error was called to his attention, Arnold insisted that tungsten carbide was harder than diamonds, asserting that one of his boys had told him so. What one of his boys told him is more authoritative to Arnold than the laws of physics.

Arnold's greatest ally has been the press. The newspapers are big business, but they love to print exposés of big business. The feelings of publishers are constantly being hurt by references to newspapers as "tools of the interests." They are happy to print attacks on big industries by way of clearing their own skirts. Further than that, all ambitious young reporters delight in writing attacks on big industry because it gives them that St. George-against-the-Dragon feeling. Any good young journalist wants to be regarded as a "fearless" journalist. There is actually, however, no more fearlessness in assailing a big corporation than in eating a double banana split. There is no fight in big corporations. They are timid and helpless. Anybody who would attack a big corporation would hit a woman.

ARNOLD is not surpassed in zeal by young reporters or by his young trust-busters. His zeal is the fiery enthusiasm of the convert. Before he was entrusted with the enforcement of the Sherman Act, his fame was founded partly on his ridicule of the Sherman Act. In his "The Folklore of Capitalism," he jeered at Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Borah for their trust-busting activities and asserted that the anti-trust laws were "the greatest protection to uncontrolled business dictators." He has objected to having these and similar phrases "torn from their context," but there is nothing in the context that indicates anything but contempt for the Sherman Act. After his appointment, however, Arnold displayed the fanaticism of a newly baptized heathen. A master showman and propagandist, he put the forgotten law back on the map again. He had described the anti-trust crusades of Borah as "entirely futile but enormously picturesque." The old crusade has lost no picturesqueness in recent days. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of two articles on Thurman Arnold's anti-trust suit against Alcoa.)

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

Informal parties have been given for Mrs. Houser, who was attractive Maralyn Tankersley before her marriage.

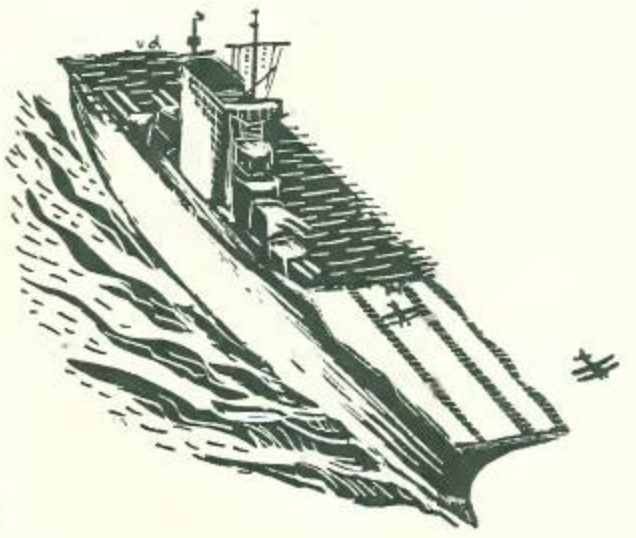
MEMOS OF NOT MUCH IMPORTANCE

Memo to the Collector of Internal Revenue

CAN'T we make a little dicker? Suppose I turn over all my income to you as it comes in and you work out a weekly or monthly allowance for me. Think of the fun you'd have. You could add, subtract, multiply, and divide to your heart's content, and I could have my evenings free to read good books and take my wife to the movies. We wouldn't have to give up our feud altogether, you and I. We could still try to gyp each other a little. You could refuse to consider Aunt Ethel a dependent and I could withhold an occasional birthday check.

Memo to Pretty Girls Who Station Themselves in the Grand Central Terminal to Collect Contributions for Worthy Enterprises

THE shrilly repeated phrase is all wrong. The determined stance, the aggressive gesture of holding out the tin can—all, all wrong. Especially when you're dealing with men. Remember that the men inside the Grand Central Terminal are just like men outside the Grand Central Terminal. They don't like to give money to brisk, competent girls; they like to give money to helpless girls. Try dropping your handkerchiefs, your lipsticks, your hairpins. Try murmuring your plea for contributions almost inaudibly. Try confiding, with a shy smile, "My name is Alice Dieffenthaler and I live with two awfully nice girls in a wee apartment on West Seventy-fourth Street." Try saying, "Mah goodness, you look exzackly lak' a cousin o' mine down in Joja. He's the *han'somest* thing!" Don't forget that the average Stamford commuter has a tremendous sense of chivalry and that he practically never has a chance to exercise it in Stamford. Now, ladies, get back to work. There's a war to be



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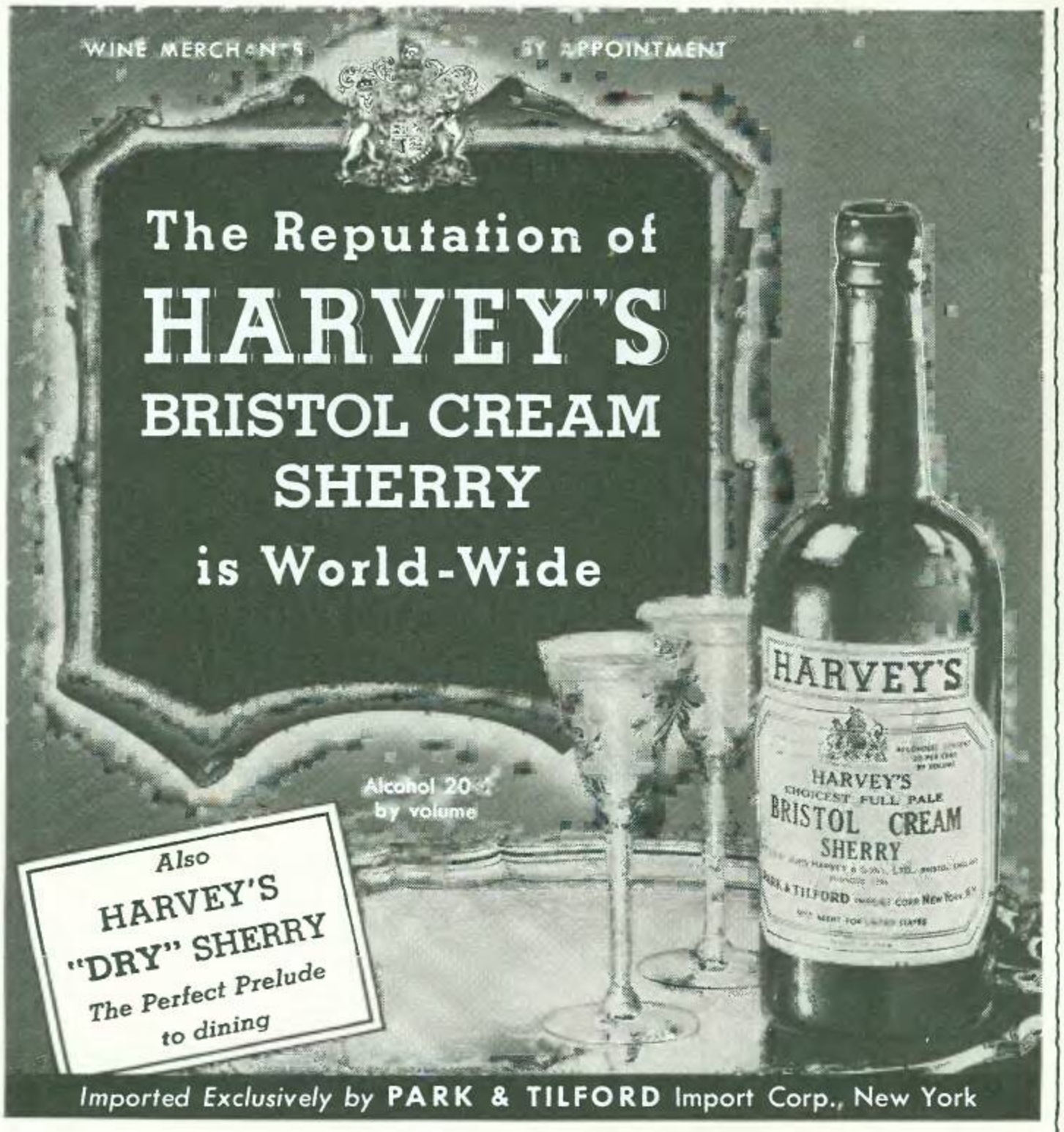
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Memo to People Who Compose Letters to Be Multigraphed and Sent Out by Local Laundries

MY underthings are not dainty.

Memo to Apartment-House Package Rooms

ALL cartons with the word "GLASS" stencilled on the outside are very likely to contain glass of some kind and should not be sat on by crap-game kibitzers, because many crap-game kibitzers are heavily built persons who drum on the sides of the cartons with their heels when they wish to express enthusiasm. A recommended alternative is for the functionary in charge of the apartment-house package room to deliver the cartons promptly to the apartments they are intended for.

Memo to People Who Send Little Presents to Other People's Cats

IF you *must* give a present to a cat, don't write a patronizing note to accompany the gift. "To Tar Baby from his Aunt Agnes Robertson, with the hope that he won't think she is being 'catty' in sending him a new afghan to take the place of the old one he has clawed all to pieces" is a revolting message in itself and of no possible interest to the cat. People who go to department stores and buy expensive scratching posts for cats of their acquaintance are merely kidding themselves. Cats will take one or two brief workouts on such gifts but will promptly go back to the things they honestly prefer to claw, such as the better specimens of needlepoint and sofas tastefully upholstered in fine fabrics. If you want to give a cat a thrill, go to W. & J. Sloane and buy the creature a Sheraton sofa or a Directoire love seat. And don't write a note to go with it. Just give the clerk your card, saying "Mrs. Willard P. Robertson" or whatever. If the cat is one to which, for some psychotic reason, you are violently attached, simply add "Best regards." The trouble with you people is that you tend to overdo things.

—James Reid Parker

•

11:00 A.M.—Society for Women's Work will hold its last meeting of the year. Mr. Murtfeldt will lead a devotional period looking backward and forward.—*From the calendar of the Broadway Tabernacle Church.*

Sounds rather furtive.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Complaint Desk

HOWEVER well geared to the war effort the rest of us may be, the movie industry, judged on the basis of this week's offerings, appears to be suffering from hysteria, indecision, poor judgment on the part of the High Command, and lack of Vitamin B_1. The sad thing is that all these pictures show frequent gleams of intelligent invention; they'd be good, or pretty good, pictures if the moths hadn't got in them.



"All Through the Night," in particular, could have been a solid success. Hitchcock himself couldn't have asked for a better plot: a Broadway wise guy, a "promoter," getting perilously mixed up with a nest of saboteurs. The cast includes three of the best menaces in the business—Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt, and Judith Anderson—and Humphrey Bogart certainly has little to learn about impersonating Broadway wise guys. But oh (as the man sitting next to me exclaimed), the feebleness of invention, the wordiness of the dialogue, the sluggishly paced direction! For the benefit of serious students of the Cinema, I might report my isolation of the germ of a bad picture. It is the recurrence of scenes showing the characters going from one place to another in automobiles. We are told that the superiority of the Cinema over the Theatre lies in its ability to ignore the physical limitations of space and time. Well, then, we Legion of Decency boys want to know why that automobile scene keeps bobbing up, as it does, again and again, in "All Through the Night." When you have one actor insincerely jiggling an obviously disconnected steering wheel, with two or three others, in the back seat, peering out the windows and saying to each other, "This must be the place," and "Yeah, this looks like the place, all right," you are toying with the danger of losing my interest. The Nazis in "All Through the Night" are not especially mysterious, either, since they speak German in public a good deal and decorate their headquarters with a framed picture of Adolf Hitler. I was going to say that Mr. Leo Rosten, the authority on Hollywood and its works, would find "All Through the Night" instructive, in a negative way, but I have since discovered that he was one of the authors. Well, well!

"Joan of Paris" is another war melodrama, and, although this seems to be a minority opinion, a greatly inferior one. Michèle Morgan, who was the girl in that excellent French film, "Port of Shadows," has reason to complain of the way Hollywood has handled her. Too many closeups, too lame a story, too mawkish an ending. Pretty girl, though. Her supporting cast is good: Thomas Mitchell having the time of his life impersonating a priest, Laird Cregar purring away as a suave Gestapo official, Paul Henreid as the other party to those closeup kisses.

ANYBODY can make a mistake; Preston Sturges, even. The mistake in question is a pretentious number called "Sullivan's Travels," all about a motion-picture director (Joel McCrea) who yearns to make sociological films and goes out into the world to investigate life in the hobo jungles. After various adventures (Veronica Lake), he concludes that, with the world in its present state, he ought to make comedies instead. That's my conclusion, too. I mean I concluded that Sturges ought to make comedies. A considerable portion of "Sullivan's Travels" is devoted to a fairly graphic study of hobo life, out of place and highly depressing. And he needn't think he can win me over with sequences in which people get pushed into a swimming pool. *I* can push people into swimming pools; surely there's enough of that in real life without seeing it in movies. (Matter of fact, I'm now whipping up a scenario under the title of "No Time for No Time for Comedy," about a movie fan who doesn't like watered-down S. N. Behrman.)

The cops chose a hell of a time to crack down on the pin-ball games, didn't they? I could do with a nice pin-ball game right now.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Princeton (N.J.) Packet*]

Owing to his recent arm injury, sustained while assisting a lady with a flat tire, Mr. Samuel Finley Breese Hostetter, III was unable to take his customary part as King Herod in the annual Christmas pageant given by the Girls' Rescue League, of Love Point, Mass. The League was founded by Mr. Samuel Finley Breese Hostetter's grandfather, president of the Hostetter Bone and Fertilizer Company, in 1879.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



VOLUMES have already been written in the newspapers (to say nothing of a chapter in this very magazine) about the lively color and the beauty of the Latin-America fiesta currently on exhibition at Macy, so there is little I can add save a passionate urging that no one miss it. It will give you great aesthetic enjoyment, even if you are still vague about the technicalities of hemisphere solidarity and the value of dollar exchange in cementing friendships with the South American republics.

Among the frivolous by-products of the fiesta, some of them frankly American adaptations and some of them magnificent originals, there are on sale around the store quantities of accessories, many of them extremely smart, like the exquisite Spratling silver jewelry from Mexico and the alligator leather from Brazil and the Argentine. The leather makes beautiful handbags (fashioned and finished as well as the long-ago best from France) at prices in the vicinity of $12. There are charming cosmetic carryalls at $4.69 and partitioned vanity boxes at around $11; the collection of Argentine handbags of pigskin ($30 or thereabouts) can stand proudly next to any competitors. There are also accessories of a gay and temporary type, such as quivering white flowers, made in Panama out of fish scales, and highly exotic artificial flowers (domestic, these) for the dress or hair. Imported scarves, ready to be wrapped into turbans, start at $1.98; wonderful, long wooden pins to stick into the turbans may have vast green felt leaves sprouting like the fronds of a palm tree or be topped by miniature baskets filled with fruit.

A ferocious devotion to violent South American peasant colors is manifest all through the store, too, for Macy has never been one to miss a single trick. For daring experimentalists next summer there are lisle mesh stockings in colors like, say, chola pink, which is a lurid magenta. Long crocheted ropes with fat tassels at their ends are to be wrapped around your waist or knotted around your neck, under your collar, with the tassels on the lapel. Handbags in purple or magenta or turquoise felt trimmed with this tasselled rope are $6.98; enchanting drum-shaped ones with rope edges in colors like the familiar red-and-navy U.S.A. standby are $4.64. There are all kinds of copies of Mexican figures in enamel for lapel ornaments and Peruvian heads in porcelain for necklaces. Furthermore, something new is offered in berets at last—the Popover affair with a puffy edge, designed to be worn straight on the head. There's nothing South American about it except the colors it comes in, which are, to say the least, definite. Moreover, though wonderful and colorful nonsense like this may be good to enliven costumes in the United States, North Americans who think of it as typical of the South American countries which sold or inspired it are naïve. Most South American women dress with the simplest sort of Parisian chic (the "little black dress" remains a queen down there) and they leave brilliant colors and gaga accessories strictly to the peasants. The various smart sets below the Rio Grande think it anything but understanding and neighborly of us to confuse them with the peons. Naturally, this warning doesn't extend to the international classics in the Macy show—the leather handbags, the real jewelry, and the like.

IT was putting the cart ahead of the horse, I suppose, to go into the question of doodads before discussing the sterner matter of spring clothes. (Unless I miss my guess, though, there is going to be a great deal more shifting of accessories in the next few months than there will be changes of fundamental costume.) However all that may be, the newest group at Altman has, I am assured, a Federal-Yankee-Doodle feeling, but the feeling is under control and nothing looks costume-ball. There is a black twill suit with high revers which has a front primly molded and a peplum rippling in back to achieve a pouter-pigeon silhouette that is very attractive. A black moiré two-piece dress for cocktails or informal dining-out suggests the garb of a Revolutionary dandy, having a longish jacket cut rather like a waistcoat. You might, of course, prefer a one-piece affair of navy-blue faille, with a basque top and an embroidered jabot hurtling out below its tiny convertible collar. Navy-blue faille makes a two-piece day dress that gives the effect of a suit; it has a flaring double peplum and a ruffled collar of American Beauty faille. All these things are priced at between $40 and $55, and all can emerge with equanimity from beneath fur coats into the spring sunshine.

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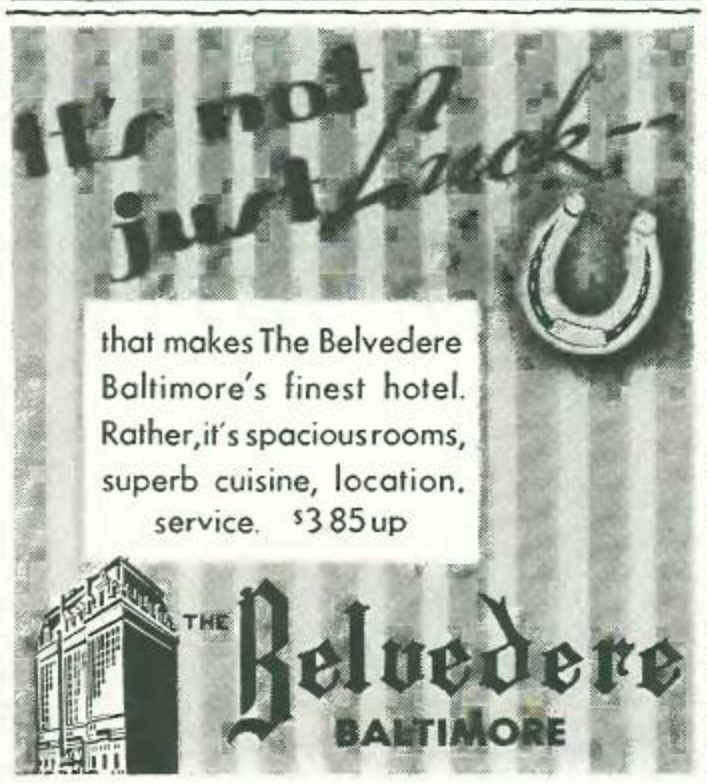
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red, and many pastels, among them a particularly fine citrus green. (You undoubtedly know that the time to buy anything made of wool is immediately.) The jackets are long and easy-fitting, with darts through the waistline; some are fastened by two buttons at the waistline and some are buttoned up to convertible collars. Either way, they are $65. Best always presents a pastel tweed suit; the current offering has high lapels and silver-metal buttons, and its jacket is longer and better cut than you can usually find anywhere at the price, which is $35. Other suits are made of lightweight wools in small checks; you'll discover Scotch wools in patterns like gray, yellow, and white plaids or the traditional brown-and-blue Glenurquharts.

There is nothing particularly novel about these, but familiarity isn't always necessarily a curse. —L. L.

•

CONSTRUCTION: Basically identical to the "Mercury" except for cylinders and valves, in place of the usual cam mechanism is a spur gear train driven from the crankshaft giving half-speed rotation to series of small sleeve-valve operating cranks with bearings in both crankcase and front cover and with crankpins protruding inside the crankcase, each crank-pin engages with lug on its associated sleeve valve through a spherical and sliding coupling, sleeve valve is a telescopic tube working between cylinder and piston, motion of sleeve valve is combined reciprocating and partially rotary describing the path of an elipse wrapped around the circumference of sleeve with the circuit completed every two revolutions of the crankshaft, sleeve has four specially shaped ports disposed around circumference near the top which pass similar ports in cylinder wall to progressively enlarge and then close passages from within the sleeve to inlet or exhaust manifold, sleeve near top of travel during high pressure periods of compression and expansion and its ports are then above the two sealing rings in cylinder head, or "junkhead," which extends into the bore a short distance, spark plugs situated in convex face of junkhead which forms roof of combustion chamber, small splayed cowl attached to cylinder head deflects air into extension of head which enters sleeve, cylinders are machined from light alloy forgings, junkhead die cast from similar material, induction pipes each have a manifold embracing half the diameter of the cylinder at the rear and cover the three cylinder inlet ports, exhaust ports in front of each cylinder are connected with annular type manifold, as in poppet-valve engines—a high-speed centrifugal supercharger and Bristol-Farman bevel-epicyclic type reduction gears are employed, all auxiliaries serving engine mounted on rear cover, all others (of which there are several alternatives) are mounted on separate accessory housing for mounting in the bulkhead and driven through a flexible jointed shaft from the engine.—*Aerosphere*.

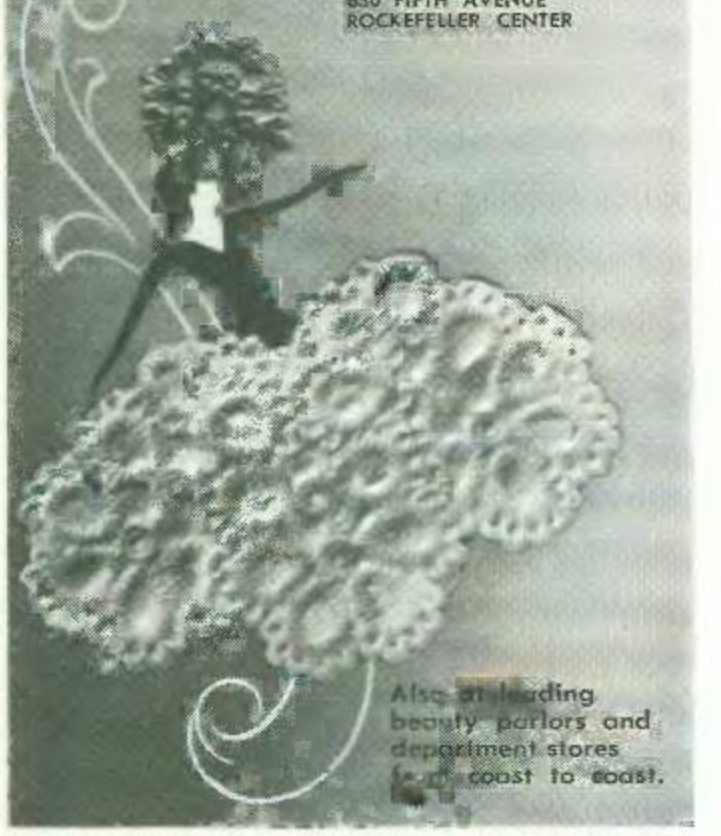
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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Carmen," "Pinafore," and Mahler

ONE of the curious things about the rôle of Carmen is the variety of styles in which it can be acted. Those who have seen many of the Carmencitas on view about town in the past two decades and have read accounts of earlier performances know that Carmen can be projected as a tramp, a philosopher, a symptom of some sort of social consciousness, a good kid, a terrible-tempered Mrs. Bang, a college widow, a mean gal, somebody who would have amounted to something if she hadn't got into bad company, a jolly party, and many other possibilities, including a cross between *haut ton* and half ton. There probably isn't another operatic creation that is open to so many interpretations—possibly because the rôle itself, however brilliantly it shows Carmen in action, doesn't specify much about her background. The singer who takes on the gypsy character has great latitude in filling in the stage details that complete her impersonation.



Mme. Lily Djanel, making her Metropolitan début as Carmen, presented the heroine as a poised but intense young woman, quick on the uptake, sure of herself and of her way with men, unaffectedly tough, and, in general, a personality of consequence. It was a psychologically sound and consistent performance, and, except for a few overdone moments, ably played. One of Mme. Djanel's special achievements was the unobtrusive synchronizing of action with the music. Her singing, as such, wasn't remarkable, but it made its points.

Most of the other participants in the action were Metropolitans familiar with their assignments. The action was crisper and tidier than it used to be, and the ballet had one of its best items in the Farandole, the music for which was borrowed from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne." Looking after the musical direction with the zingo, suavity, and sensitivity that we almost take for granted whenever he conducts was Sir Thomas Beecham.

AT the St. James Theatre you will find a combination of the Jooss Ballet and the Boston Comic Opera Company, the latter offering Gilbert and Sullivan. The Boston troupe's first production, "H. M. S. Pinafore," delighted the audience and even satisfied us old Savoyards. Among those present was Florenz Ames as a perkily effective Sir Joseph Porter, Bertram Peacock as a sturdy Captain Corcoran, and Robert Pitkin as a pleasantly sensible Dick Deadeye. Morton Bowe was an exceptionally good Ralph Rackstraw and Miss Kathleen Roche a charming and fresh-voiced Josephine, although her voice was light for the big *scena*. The whole performance sounded well and looked well, and the staging had pace and sense to it.

Before "Pinafore," the Jooss company danced and mimed its most famous creation, "The Green Table," which, for all its excellences, didn't seem to be the perfect partner for the comic opera.

THE apparently perennial Mahler controversy was opened up again at Carnegie Hall when Bruno Walter conducted that composer's second symphony with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the Westminster Choir, and, as soloists, the Misses Nadine Conner and Mona Paulee. You can fight about Mahler (as who can't?), but there wasn't any disagreement about the magnificence of Mr. Walter's presentation of the music. He made the best parts of it grandly convincing, and managed to lend a certain persuasiveness to the weaker moments. The singing and playing were excellent all the way.

As a preface, there was an engaging exposition of Schubert's fifth symphony. This pleased two audiences: the inhabitants of seats in the auditorium and the Westminster Choir, which, out of deference to some ritual of concert practice, sat on the stage all through a composition in which it wasn't participating.

Before Mr. Walter's return to the Philharmonic-Symphony, subscribers and others had an opportunity to meet up with Fritz Busch again as a symphonic conductor. Mr. Busch contributed expert and forthright performances, although he didn't always show the elasticity that is apparent at his operatic appearances and in many of his phonograph recordings. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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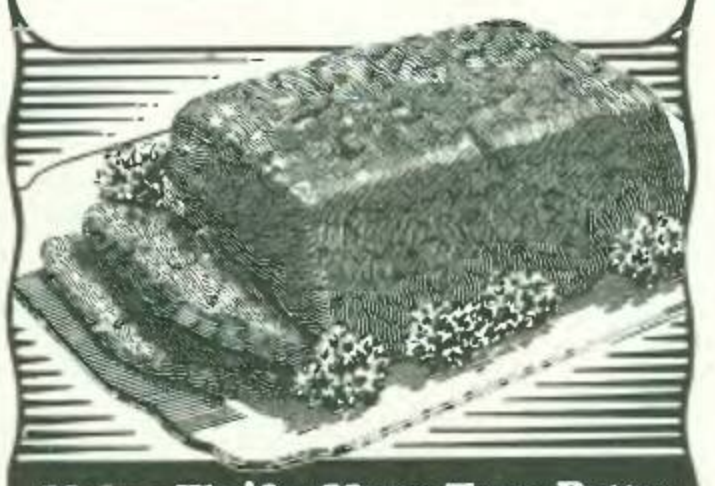
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THE ART GALLERIES

Much Ado in the Museums

TWO important museum exhibitions divide our attention this week. At the Metropolitan, they've gathered the cream of their sizable Rembrandt collection into one big and glowing group in their temporary-exhibition rooms, and though there is nothing new in the aggregation—nothing, that is, that you couldn't have tracked down yourself any time you'd a mind to in the Museum's vast acreage—the fact that these pictures have been brought together gives the visitor a chance for undistracted study and comparison that is worth taking advantage of. Certainly, the show is an impressive demonstration of the richness of the Museum's resources. Sixteen oils are included, as well as some hundred or so drawings and prints, and though the oils as a group lean toward portraiture—as most American collections of Rembrandt seem to do—there are at least two paintings that reveal his skill at more involved composition. These are the massive "Pilate Washing His Hands" and the earlier, more lyrical "The Toilet of Bathsheba." Among the portraits there are a number of examples, led by the brilliantly painted "Man with a Magnifying Glass," which show the artist at pretty near the peak of his powers in this field.



What else is there to say in such short space about Rembrandt, perhaps the most profound, if not the most varied, talent in the history of art? I found myself looking longest at a self-portrait, the one with the velvet beret and the face turned full to the onlooker. It was painted in 1660, four years after his bankruptcy, six years after his difficulties with the Church, and the face that looks out at you, it seems to me, has all that ruin as its background. With its eyes at once proud and mistrustful, its worried brow and stubborn head posture, its uncompromisingly exact delineation of the sagging facial muscles and the pulpy flesh of advancing age, it is just about the most poignantly penetrating and revealing self-portrait of all time.

AT the Museum of Modern Art, in what may appear to a few a deliberate attempt to step on the Whitney's toes, has been launched the first of a promised series of yearly surveys of native art—a big exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures called "Americans 1942." The challenge to the Whitney, however, is not so direct as might be imagined, for instead of aiming for the comprehensiveness of the Whitney's older Annual (which frequently includes up to sixty or more artists), this show's selectors have kept the list down to fourteen painters and four sculptors. Most of the participants have a dozen or so pieces on view, and what the thing boils down to is a collection of miniature one-man shows, linked by their contemporaneity and spiced by the fact that the artists represented are from such widely separated areas as California and Missouri, Texas and Illinois. The scheme has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. The small number of artists included puts a heavy premium on the skill and taste of those who chose them, and even under the best of circumstances the show can never hope to attain the effect of catholicity and the panoramic outlook of the Whitney Annuals. On the other hand, because of the size of the individual showings, the visitor is offered the advantage—and a big one it is, too—that when he does come upon a discovery he has something like a well-rounded view of the unknown's work to judge by, instead of those frequently tantalizing one- or two-picture peeks the Whitney presents.

In the current exhibition, I think, one may question the wisdom of some selections; since it set out to range so far afield in search of talent, it would seem that the Museum might have brought back men a little newer to the New York galleries than, say, Fletcher Martin, Raymond Breinin, and Joe Hirsch. However, it can lay claim to at least two genuine discoveries. These are Hyman Bloom, a twenty-nine-year-old painter of Boston, and Morris Graves, an only slightly older one of Seattle. I'd advise you to file both names away for future reference as ones we may well hear more of. Although the rampant Expressionism of the Blooms may at first repel you, look again, however, especially at the richness and subtlety of the painting in his "The Bride." The Graveses, I am sure, will delight you. Surrealist in style and dreamlike in essence, they are mainly about birds and snakes—birds singing in the moonlight and surrounded by a cloudy emanation made of pale, interweaving lines, which are apparently meant to suggest the birds' song; snakes wriggling phosphor-

escently against a dark background. In all of them there are a wistful directness and an innocent simplification that are almost Klee-like, in mood if not in manner. At times, to be sure, the wistfulness wears thin and the mood verges dangerously close to sheer sentimentality. But to make up for this, there are a series of oddly disturbing, dark semi-abstractions, called "Messages," and another called "Nightfall Pieces," which show what Graves can do with more subtly suggestive subjects, and his work as a whole reveals a new, forceful, and surprisingly original talent.

I SUPPOSE there is no other painter alive today whose effect on our daily lives has been as concrete and immediate as that of Piet Mondrian. The leader of the De Styl group of purist painters in Holland, which in turn inspired most of the new school of architectural design, he has influenced everything, from the shape of our modernist buildings down to furniture and posters. In view of all this, it is almost incredible that he has never till now had a one-man show of his paintings anywhere. For various reasons—a strange Dutch retiringness, I'm told, is one of them—he has always refused to exhibit in anything but group showings, and the exhibition now at the Valentine is in a sense the world première of his works. I don't know how his paintings will affect you. Basically, they are no more than arrangements of straight black lines on white canvas, with occasional squares or rectangles of primary color—blue, red, yellow—spotted here and there. They represent the complete negation of subject matter; taste in the spacing of the lines and the resulting aesthetic pleasure of the spectator in the pattern thus presented are the sole desiderata, and if to some the pictures look like wallpaper designs, there are others to whom they represent the absolute quintessence of abstract enjoyment. My own feeling falls between those two. I find his work restful and cool to look at, exquisitely tasteful, but blank. Historically, however, it is of the greatest importance.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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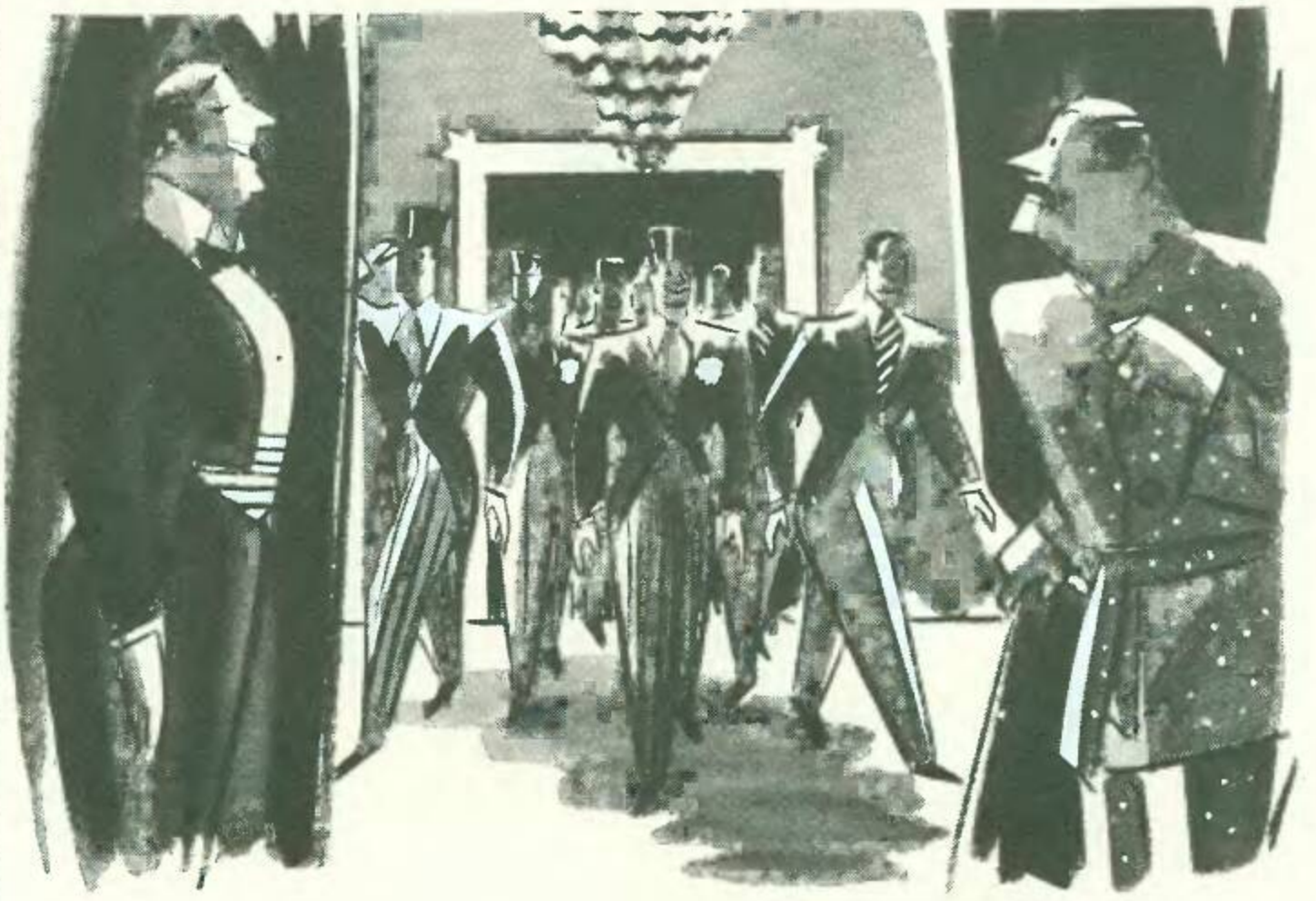
The two men were convicted of the murder on Dec. 13. They were tried only on the indictment for the murder of Morsellino, whom it was charged they shot as a result of a dispute arising from a petty business grievance.

Other Amusement News on Pages 22 and 23

—*The Herald Tribune.*

We're sated, thanks.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

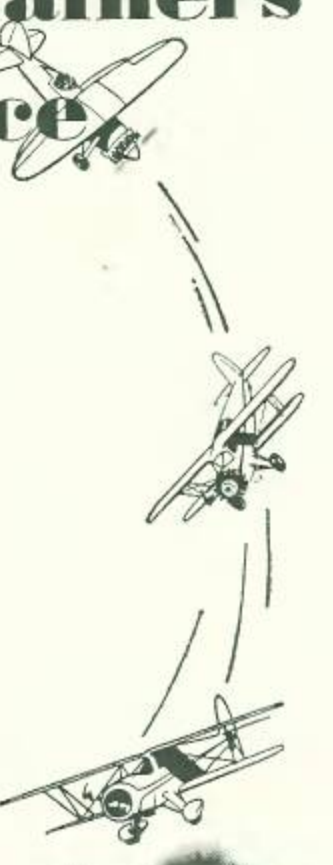


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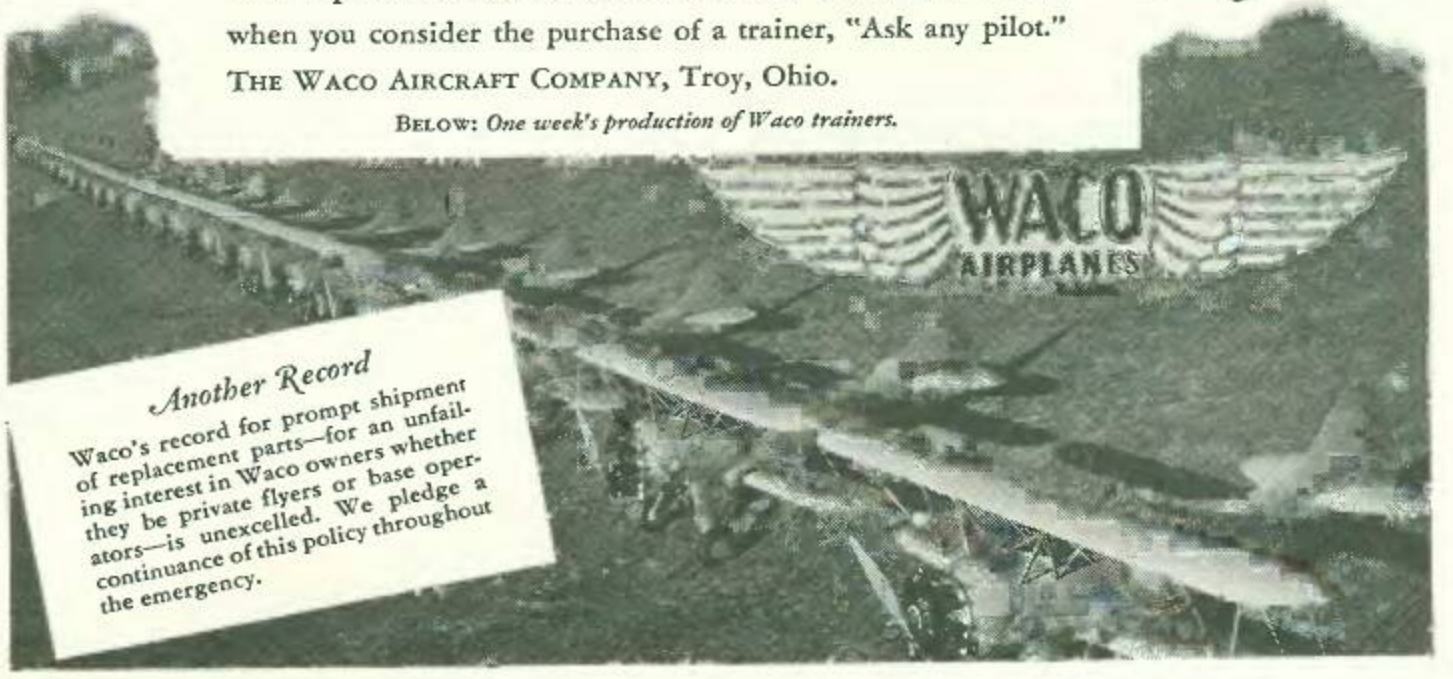


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JUDICIARY PROBLEMS

A BRIEF SELECTION OF SOME UNUSUAL SITUATIONS WITH WHICH OUR COURTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN CONFRONTED

THE charge of kidnapping brought against a man in Missouri who made off with a drugstore clerk on the handlebars of a bicycle, carried him ten blocks, and then dumped him, after extracting $1 from him as the price of freedom.

The action of some Texas strikers who sought a court order enjoining their erstwhile employer from having the windows of his plant washed because the practice resulted in water running down over the sidewalk and wetting the feet of the pickets, who in consequence caught cold.

The charge of burglary brought against a group of Colorado thieves who stole forty-one pipes from the organ of a Denver theatre.

The damage suit brought against a California service station by a motorist who, though grateful for the attention shown by three attendants in polishing his windshield and checking his oil and water, nevertheless resented their neglecting to give him the gas he had ordered and paid for, an oversight which subsequently left him stranded on the road.

The charge of burglary brought against an Ohio deacon who was accused of stealing five gallons of paint because he wanted to make his church look more inviting.

The kidnapping charge brought against the best man at a Brooklyn wedding who immediately after the ceremony abducted the groom and held him for $10,000 ransom.

The charge of overtime parking in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the first to be brought to court after the city's adoption of parking meters, in which the defendant turned out to be the man who had installed the meters.

The suit to restrain a former choir director of a Chicago church from attending services each Sunday, taking a front pew, and making faces at the pastor.

The action of a Texas defendant charged with larceny who arose at the end of his prolonged trial to tell the court that he was afraid the jurors might find themselves deadlocked and added, "Shucks, gentlemen, I'm guilty."

—JOSEPH P. POLLARD

•

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BOOKS

Current Reading



MR. HITLER'S recent military exploits have had some minor repercussions. For one thing, it would appear that they have started quite a number of people rereading "War and Peace." The discovery is being generally made that Leo Tolstoy, who died in 1910, is the author of the finest account so far written of Hitler's Russian campaign. I have been rereading "War and Peace," too, and it occurred to me that it might be interesting for once to review a book we all know to be good and which, though composed many years ago, preserves an appeal far fresher and more powerful than almost any of the books I have been writing about and you have been reading about in these columns for the last few seasons.

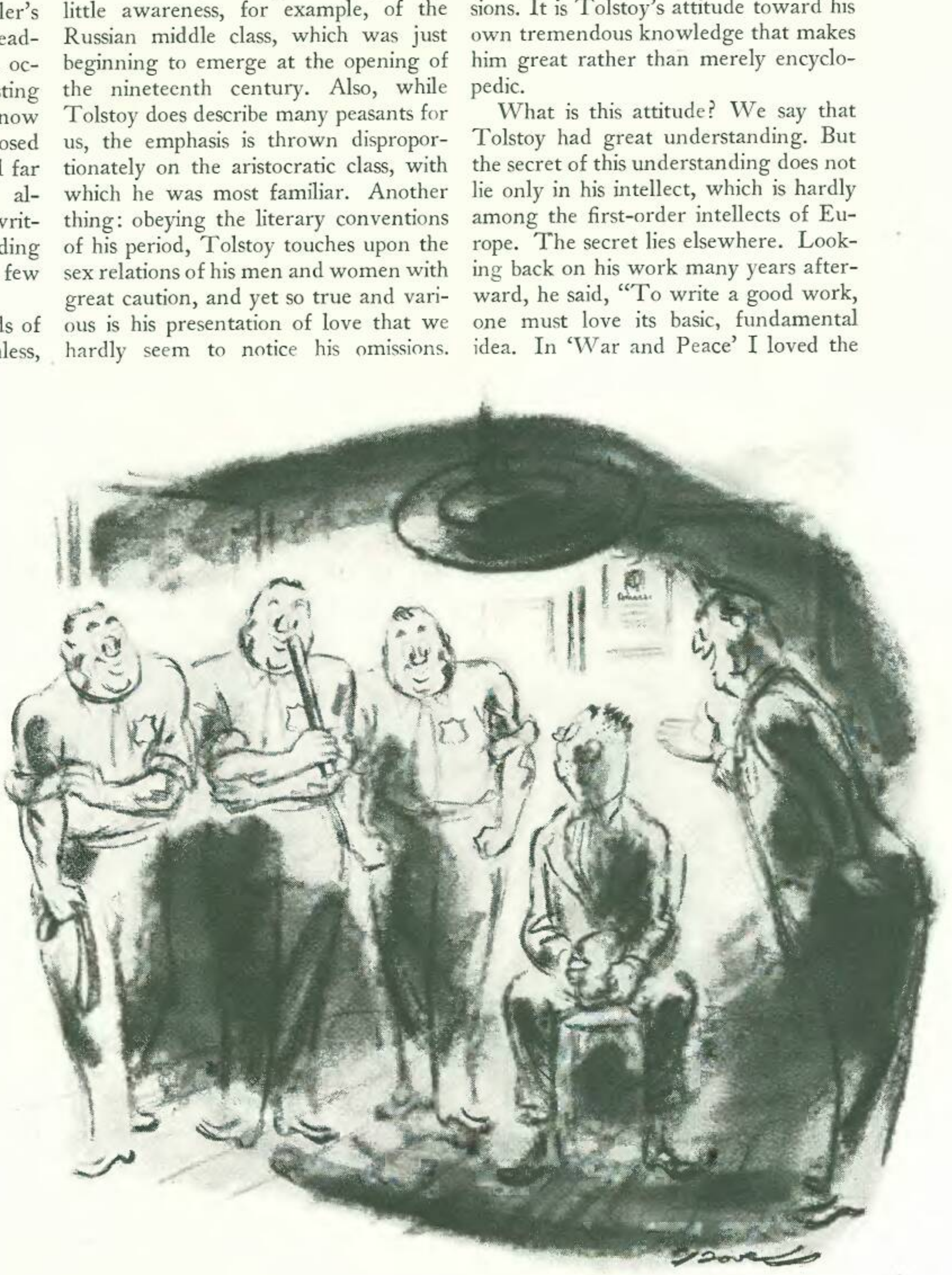
As I look back over the hundreds of novels, some worthy, many worthless, that have been reviewed here, I am struck by their general lack of three qualities. Most of them lack scope and range, few possess that quality of naturalness we call classic, and only a small minority show any indication that their appeal will last beyond the year of their publication. It seems to me that it is precisely these three qualities—inclusiveness, naturalness, timelessness—that make "War and Peace" one of the great novels of the world.

That is the first thing to strike you: the range of Tolstoy's interest and knowledge. His touch is equally sure and penetrating whether he depicts the shelling of Smolensk or the progress of a hunt, a Freemasonry initiation or a deathbed scene. Napoleon surveying Moscow from the Poklonny Hill or a full-fig soirée, the bourgeois atmosphere of the household of Pierre and Natasha or the sullen rebellion of a group of peasants, a party at Berg's or a public hanging, Natasha in love with Andrew or Natasha in love with Dolokhov, a field hospital or a dinner at a men's club, a woman's confinement or a drunken orgy.

At first glance this inclusiveness seems so overpowering that you're inclined to agree with Hugh Walpole when he says that "'War and Peace' contains everything," or with E. M. Forster, who is no less sure that "everything is in it." It is better to say that when we have finished "War and Peace" we do not feel the *lack* of anything. It is only when we stop short and make a list of the things Tolstoy leaves out that we realize he is a novelist, not a god. We get very little awareness, for example, of the Russian middle class, which was just beginning to emerge at the opening of the nineteenth century. Also, while Tolstoy does describe many peasants for us, the emphasis is thrown disproportionately on the aristocratic class, with which he was most familiar. Another thing: obeying the literary conventions of his period, Tolstoy touches upon the sex relations of his men and women with great caution, and yet so true and various is his presentation of love that we hardly seem to notice his omissions. That, after all, is the point: we do not notice the omissions and we are overwhelmed by the inclusiveness.

But inclusiveness in itself is no virtue unless informed by understanding. "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind" also have an enormous range of scene and character. Still, they are merely pleasant fictions, because the insight the author has put into these scenes and characters is of only ordinary dimensions. It is Tolstoy's attitude toward his own tremendous knowledge that makes him great rather than merely encyclopedic.

What is this attitude? We say that Tolstoy had great understanding. But the secret of this understanding does not lie only in his intellect, which is hardly among the first-order intellects of Europe. The secret lies elsewhere. Looking back on his work many years afterward, he said, "To write a good work, one must love its basic, fundamental idea. In 'War and Peace' I loved the



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people's emotions arising from the War of 1812. . . . I strove to write a history of the people."

The key word in these sentences is "love." One of the most penetrating comments ever made about "War and Peace" is Mark Van Doren's "I think he can be said to have hated nothing that ever happened." This exaggeration nevertheless contains a profound truth. Tolstoy's love for his characters in "War and Peace" is very different from the mystic and, some would say, morbid sentimentality of his later years. It is more like the enthusiasm of a young man for everything he sees about him during the period of his greatest vigor. It is not Christian tolerance or loftiness of soul. Indeed, it does not seem ethically based at all; it is, rather, a product of that large, animal serenity which at this period of his life formed the base of Tolstoy's character. He knows a great deal, but it is his enormous capacity to love what he knows that makes his knowledge live for us.



AT his best, Tolstoy seems to write as if Nature herself were guiding his pen. Van Wyck Brooks says, "It is true that to make the obvious not commonplace one has to be a Tolstoy." There is no formula to explain how Tolstoy does this. All we know is that he does it. Tolstoy is like Homer; he does not fear banalities, because he is not aware that they are banalities.

The constant impression of naturalness one gets from reading Tolstoy comes partly from his lack of obsessions. He does not specialize in a particular emotion, as Balzac specializes in the emotions deriving from the desire for money. Perhaps we may say that if Tolstoy has an obsession, it is a passion for showing people merely living. It is the quantity and quality of life in any particular scene or any particular person that interest him. All the people in "War and Peace" are, in a sense, of equal value. He does not grade them in some fancied order of moral importance. It is because his eye is always on the central current of life that his perceptions seem so just. Indeed, they are just rather than searching; there are writers—Dostoevski, for example—who penetrate to levels barred to Tolstoy.

We could adduce a thousand examples of these Tolstoyan touches of Nature. We think, perhaps, of the hospital scene, in which the wounded men cast "envious, jealous" eyes on the healthy visitors. Sometimes it is a tiny touch of character: Prince Vasili, "who, like a wound-up clock, by force of habit, said things he did not even wish to be believed." Or it will be an insight, such as the one Tolstoy gives us as he describes Pierre's taking leave of the young Boris after a pleasant conversation: "As often happens in early youth, especially to one who leads a lonely life, he felt an unaccountable tenderness for this young man and made up his mind that they would be friends."

For me, one of the supreme illustrations of Tolstoy's naturalness is the forty-odd words in which he describes the Countess Rostova and her friend Princess Anna weeping in each other's arms after the Countess has given Anna some money with which to buy the uniform Anna's son, Boris, needs for his entrance into the army. "They wept because they were friends, and because they were kindhearted, and because they—friends from childhood—had to think about such a base thing as money, and because their youth was over. . . . But those tears were pleasant to them both." This is the touch of Shakespeare translated into prose.

One thinks of certain Tolstoyan scenes as other men would do them and then one realizes the quality of his supremacy. Where coterie writers would use complex techniques, he uses the simplest. Take the great passage in which the daredevil Dolokhov balances himself on the window sill and drinks a bottle of rum on a bet. Imagine one of our more sophisticated novelists handling this scene. What subtle emotions that aren't really there he would put into it, what unnecessary underwriting, what overtones! But Tolstoy gives us only the scene itself, simply and vividly. Or take the death of Count Bezukhov. Think of how Arnold Bennett would have manipulated it, piling up the detail, smothering it with atmosphere. Tolstoy describes the death scene so that it becomes one of the most living scenes in the book. It is free of morbidity, false pathos, and extraneous sentimentality, but it is moving and passionate.

It is *normal*. Tolstoy is the epic poet

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of the conscious and the normal. His instinct is always to identify the unnatural with the unpleasant. "But the smile did not enhance Vera's beauty as smiles generally do; on the contrary, it gave her an unnatural and therefore unpleasant expression." This genius for the normal operates with notable effect when Tolstoy is describing situations that, it might seem to another and lesser observer, should produce abnormal reactions. Young Nicholas Rostov, for example, wounded, watching the enemy French approach him, cries, "Can they be coming at me? And why? To kill me? *Me*—of whom everyone is so fond?" At first this strikes us as absurd. But when we consider his youth, his sheltered childhood, his naïveté, his lovableness, and all the other characteristics that Tolstoy has shown in him, we perceive with a start of admiration that this is precisely the reaction young Rostov would have in the face of approaching death.

This almost abnormal normality in Tolstoy makes him able to do what would seem a very easy thing but is really very hard: describe people engaged in nothing but being happy. Some of the most moving scenes in "War and Peace" have little to do with profound emotions or great battles or lofty thoughts or critical conflicts. They are merely pictures of people doing things that seem pleasant to them. We think at once of the famous hunt scene in Book 7, the one that is followed by the Rostovs' visit to "Uncle's" home. Here all is simple gaiety, charm, happiness. The ability to describe this sort of incident has died out in our time, perhaps because the simple glow of happiness seems at the moment so much less common than it did in the nineteenth century.

THE inclusiveness of "War and Peace," its naturalness, and finally its timelessness.

Here we have a story that deals largely, though not exclusively, with the members of a class long ago liquidated by war and revolution. The feudal nobility of which Tolstoy wrote is as dead as the feudal nobility of the tenth century. How is it, then, that these people still interest us so intensely? It is because Tolstoy describes them not in terms of their class position only but as men and women. Even when his characters seem almost purely representative of their class, they still have a permanent value as symbols. For example, Dolokhov, the dissipated exquisite, exhibits that desperate courage his class has always had and will always have, though it may



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change its locale and its name. There are Dolokhovs today in the R.A.F.

Here is a book, too, that seems to deal with people caught in a particular cleft of history. As that small epoch recedes, we might suppose the people would dim accordingly. Yet this is not the case. It is impossible to say just how Tolstoy manages to give the impression both of particularity and universality. Anna Scherer remains permanently the type of the fashionable hostess, but she is still herself and no other person. No one but Tolstoy could have created Pierre Bezukhov, but though he is not Hamlet, he calls out like a kinsman to the Hamlet hidden in all of us. Helene is an individual and at the same time the personification of that radiant, completely self-assured imbecility which is the special quality of merely beautiful women. One could go on noting the same double character in all the other personages of the vast scene: Berg, the eternal *arriviste*; Boris, the fortune-hunter; the wonderful Prince Andrew, with his temperament at once so complex and so clear; the cynical Prince Vasili Kuragin. As for the Rostov children, they are themselves and yet they are youth itself. There are other characters in other novels who at the moment of reading are much more vivid than any of these. But they have the vividness of glowing coals that fade like ashes in the memory, whereas Tolstoy's characters live with a steady light long after you have closed the book that seems to contain them.



"War and Peace" may not have a classic form, but it does have a classic content. It is full of scenes and situations which in slightly altered forms have recurred again and again, and will continue to recur, in the history of civilized man.

NOT long ago I happened to observe a mother lifting her eight-year-old boy up in her arms. As she did so, she laughed and said, "You're getting so big you'll be lifting *me* soon." It was the simplest of statements, but I felt something transiently touching about the scene merely because millions upon millions of mothers back into the dawn of history must have said the same thing to their children at some time and because other millions will say it in the remote future long after this mother and child are dead. Here is a minor example of a recurrent human situation.

You will find hundreds of such recurrent situations—small and large—in the pages of "War and Peace," and, indeed, in the pages of any great novel or play. It is as if the human race, despite its apparent complexity, were capable of but a limited set of gestures. To this set of gestures great artists have the key. You may recollect Aristotle's comment on the dramatic value of the "recognition scene" in Greek tragedy. One of the great climaxes of "War and Peace" is just such a recognition scene, when Natasha is told that the wounded officer who has been travelling with her family is Andrew. The scene is not only great in itself but it gathers up something of the greatness of all the other supreme recognition scenes in literature.

A great many of the moments in the story most charged with emotion have this quality of permanence: Andrew on the battlefield looking up at the sky and comparing its vastness with the littleness of Napoleon, Pierre listening to the peasant wisdom of Karataev, Natasha at the ball, Princess Mary receiving her mystical, fey peasants. These are timeless moments; they help to make a timeless book, as we May-fly mortals measure time.

Also, the very looseness of the book's form, the fact that it has neither beginning nor end, helps to convey the sense of enduring life. As we read the first page we seem to encounter people who have been living for many years, and as we turn the last page little Nicholas is merely carrying on the life that has been streaming through this vast story and these nineteen years of time.

We open the book at random and read a chance sentence. The scene is the Rostovs' home. "In the drawing room the conversation was still going on." And it still is. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

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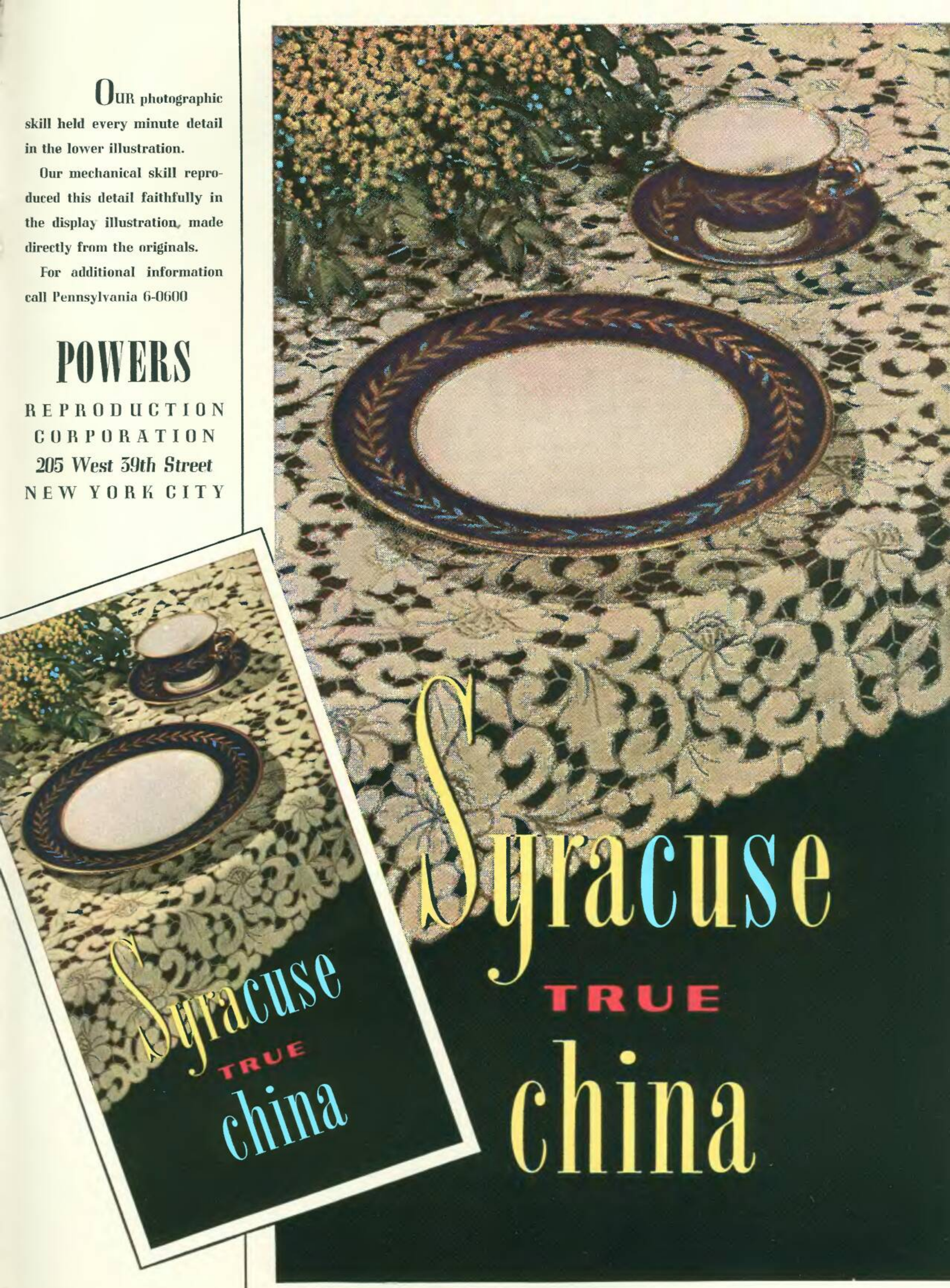
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