July 24, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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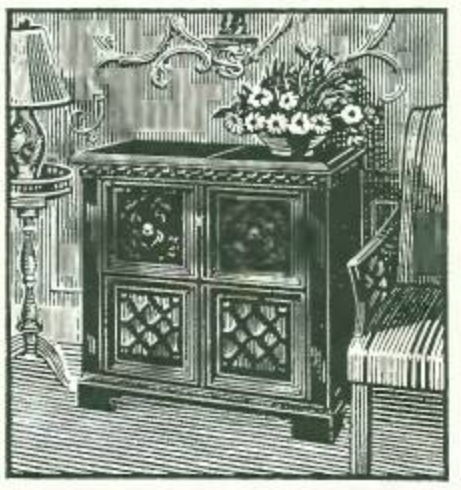
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this piece about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Elena Miramova and Tamara Geva play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon is superb as a demon little girl. The adults include Barbara Robbins and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 24.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins has replaced Tallulah Bankhead in Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy. Conrad Nagel and Viola Frayne are taking the parts formerly played by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Those Endearing Young Charms—Edward Chodorov digs up the one about the girl who decides to give herself to a soldier. Blanche Sweet, Virginia Gilmore, Zachary Scott, and Dean Harens do their best against heavy odds. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., at 2:35.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 31.

Sons o' Fun—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rowdy but stimulating. Professor Lamberti and Bea Mathews have replaced Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of that old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, Frank Hornaday, and Barbara Scully are mostly in charge of the goings-on. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

The Vagabond King—Another operetta revival, this one with John Brownlee and Rudolf Friml's music. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leading a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

Spangles—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A summer ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo, as well as the Golden Gate Quartet, dances by Beatrice and Evelyne Kraft, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show that includes Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play in this decorative room. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Fred and Elaine Barry and a mind reader are here, and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—You'll find Maurice and Cordoba as well as Larry Siry's orchestra in the Persian Room.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Gay and summery, with Larry Keyes' orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Morton Downey. Mischa Borr's orchestra also helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): sprightly but restful, with Natalie Bodanya, Joshua White, the Leonard Ware Trio, and several more. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spivy herself singing those hearty songs. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, pleasant room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman, Val Olman's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra will be replaced by Mickey Monti's on Tues., July 27. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Charles Baum's orchestra, Nora Morales' rumba band, and a show. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Will

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PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—*(continued)*

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From an editorial in tribute to Mr. Edsel Ford,
New York World-Telegram

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street—New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking *Executor and Trustee*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Osborne's orchestra will be replaced by Glen Gray's on Mon., July 26. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . COCOANUT GROVE, 7 Ave. at 55 (CI 7-8000): Cab Calloway and his band head the show here. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a big show. . . . FOLIES BERGÈRE, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with Willie Howard and lots and lots of girls; Eddie South's orchestra. . . . CAFÉ ZANZIBAR, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, mirrors, and native ladies; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Frankie Newton's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Roy Eldridge's band is on hand here. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

AL-FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evening. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

DRAWINGS—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul Cesar Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 24.

FRENCH—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: eighteen paintings, never before shown, by such French artists as Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, and Maurice Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings of summer scenes by Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, and other French eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 7.

GROUPS—At the ANDRE SELIGMANN, 15 E. 57: a new exhibit of oils and water colors by old masters and modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 30. . . . MORTIMER BRANDT, 50 E. 57: works by Francis Chapin, Vaclav Vytlacil, Cameron Booth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Rudolf Jacobi, José de Creeft, and other member artists of this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 31.

at 57: a new summer show by such modern American artists as Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, and Russell Cowles. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 15); also, an exhibit of works in all media by contemporary Chilean artists, arranged by the Toledo Museum of Art (through Sat., July 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 24. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 30. . . . KOHN, 608 5 Ave., at 49: oils by Celia Schwebel. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 13.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Thirty oils by Morris Hirshfield, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., July 27.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Jascha Horenstein, Thurs. through Sun., July 22-25; Andre Kostelanetz, Mon., July 26; Alexander Smallens, Tues. and Wed., July 27-28; Efrem Kurtz, Thurs. through Sat., July 29-31. . . . Soloists: Josef Hofmann, July 22; Nathan Milstein, July 24; Lily Pons, July 26; John Corigliano, July 28; Yehudi Menuhin, July 29; Ania Dorfmann, July 31. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—City Amateur Symphony, Judge Leopold Prince conducting: Sat., July 24, at 8:30 P.M. . . . The League of Composers sponsoring a program by the Hall Johnson Choir and Columbia University Symphonic Band: Tues., July 27, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumberg Orchestra, Emerson Buckley conducting; soloist, Winifred Heidt: Sat., July 31, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Goldman Band: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

OPERA

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., July 22-23, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 24 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Sun., July 25 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon., July 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tues., July 27, at 2:30 P.M., Wed., July 28 (a doubleheader for the benefit of the National War Fund, with members of both teams playing the second game against the Chapel Hill Pre-Flight School), at 1:30 P.M., Thurs. and Fri., July 29-30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit. Sat., July 31, at 2:30 P.M.

GOLF—Long Island G.A. Partners' Best Ball Tournament (a Navy benefit), Pomonok Country Club, Flushing, Thurs., July 22. . . . Beers Memorial Tournament, Plandome Golf Club, Plandome, Tues., July 27.

RACING—Daily at Jamaica, at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., July 24. (Yonkers Handicap, Sat., July 24.) . . . Saratoga Meeting at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Mon., July 26. (Wilson Handicap, Sat., July 31.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.

TENNIS—N.Y. State Women's Championships, Knickerbocker Field Club, Brooklyn, Thurs. through Sun., July 22-25.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M., starting Thurs., July 29. Trains will leave Grand Central daily at 11:35 A.M., 12:16 P.M., and 12:32 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship race on the Sound: Stamford Y.C., Sun., July 25, at about 1 P.M. . . . Marblehead Race Week, starting Sat., July 31.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during the war and after it, as shown by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 17. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with wind-tunnel models, full-sized engines, fliers' equipment, and machine guns (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals showing present-day life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams portraying the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

ON THE AIR—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, José Iturbi conducting, Sun., July 25, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., July 25, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concerts, Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC. . . . League of Composers Concert: Hall Johnson Choir, Tues., July 27, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs., at 10 P.M., WOR; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

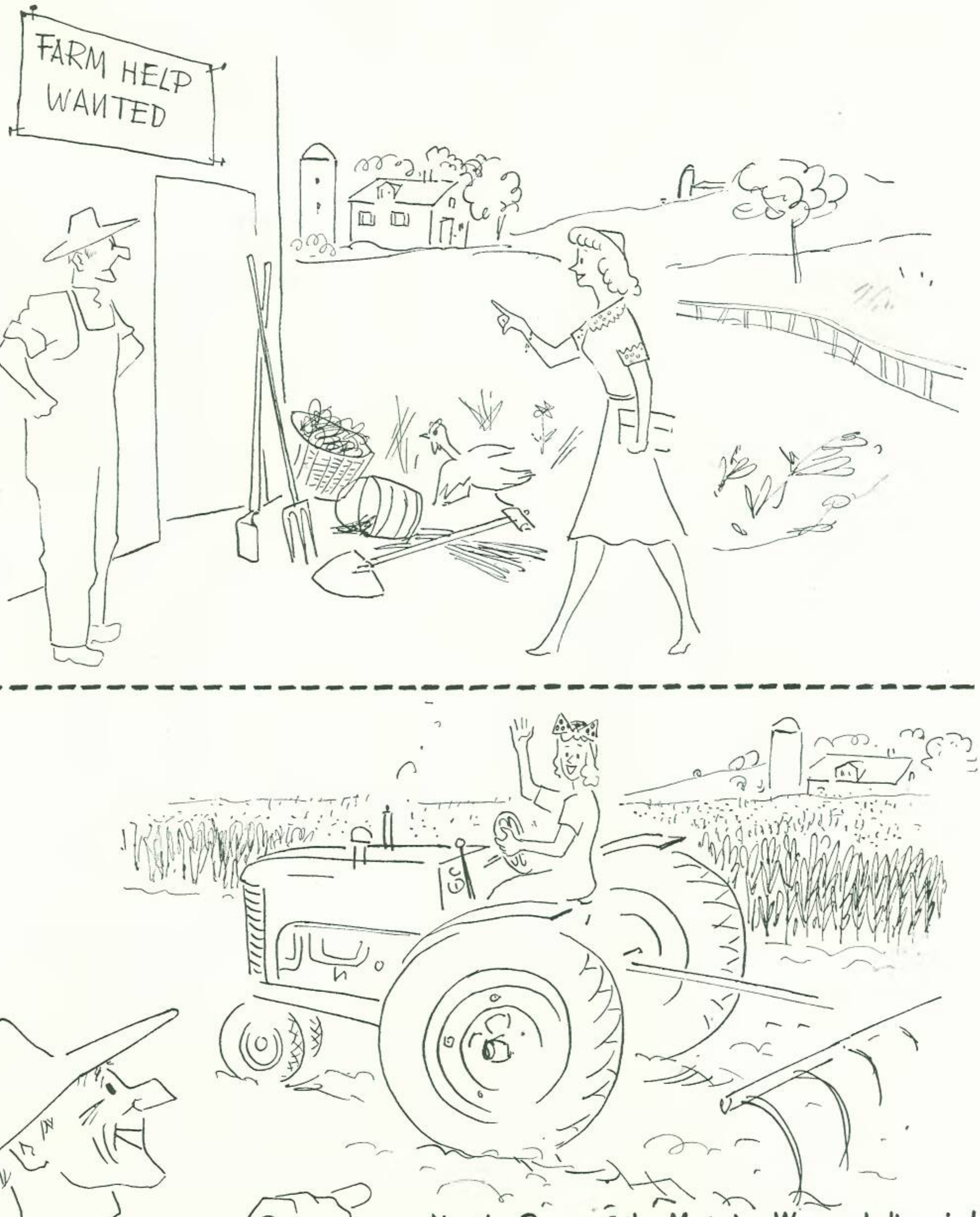
MOTION PICTURES

BATAAN—The grimly realistic story of a handful of Americans on a suicide mission. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Nolan. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., July 26. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 28.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The novel about an adolescent



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

girl in love with a musician, warmed over, and ably, with the help of Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., July 23.)

Desert Victory—A great British documentary, showing the pursuit of Rommel across a good portion of North Africa. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., July 22.)

Edge of Darkness—Inside Norway, with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson, Walter Huston, Ruth Gordon, and also many lesser lights who turn in some fine acting jobs. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 23-24.)

Five Graves to Cairo—This isn't actually what happened to the Afrika Korps, but it's fun to think about. Erich von Stroheim is a natural as Rommel, and there's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., July 22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 24. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Tues., July 27.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome, Technicolored adaptation, notable for its fast pace and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Hers to Hold—The frolicsome romance of a rich girl and a flier. Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

The Human Comedy—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are fine performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Fri. through Wed., July 23-28. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 24-26. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., July 25-28. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 27-31.)

Mission to Moscow—The adaptation of Mr. Davies' book, worth attention on account of its ends if not all of its means. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and dozens more. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Tues., July 27.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's play about a Norwegian town under the Germans, with improvements by Nunnally Johnson. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Trans-Lux 85th Street. Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., July 25-26.)

The More the Merrier—Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn encounter one another in the Washington hurly-burly, with droll consequences. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 24. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86, and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 26.)

The Ox-Bow Incident—Lynching is faithfully represented as the bad business it is. Henry Fonda heads the cast. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. and Wed., July 27-28.)

Saludos Amigos—An erratic Disney, most of it good, about South America. Featuring Donald Duck and others. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., July 22.)

This Land Is Mine—A persuasive story about a child-like school teacher in an occupied country who is quickly matured by his experience with the Nazis. Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 23. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sat., July 24. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Wed., July 23-28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 25-26.)

Victory Through Air Power—Walt Disney throws his ingenuity on the side of the long range bombing school of strategy. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 27-29.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 22.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 23.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 27-29.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young in the screen adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 27-29.)

In This Our Life (1942)—The Ellen Glasgow novel of a Southern family and its problem daughter. Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 27-28.)

The Invaders (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 22.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 31.

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—From the play about three batty sisters and murder in a lonely cottage on a heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., July 24-26.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Normandie, Park at 53: Wed. and Thurs., July 28-29.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., July 24.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Screen version of Ruth McKenney's comedy about the hazards of Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 23-26.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs., July 22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 25-26.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 23.)

Stand-in (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., July 26.)

Tom, Dick and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., July 25-27.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., July 24-27.)

Union Pacific (1939)—A huge panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., July 27-28.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**through sat., july 24:** four wartime shorts, "Troop Train," "Private Smith of the U.S.A.," "Henry Browne, Farmer," and "Sweeney Steps Out." **sun. through sat., july 25-31:** four short American factual films (1917-1940), and an early travelogue of Seville (1909).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also assist people in signing up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in war agencies.

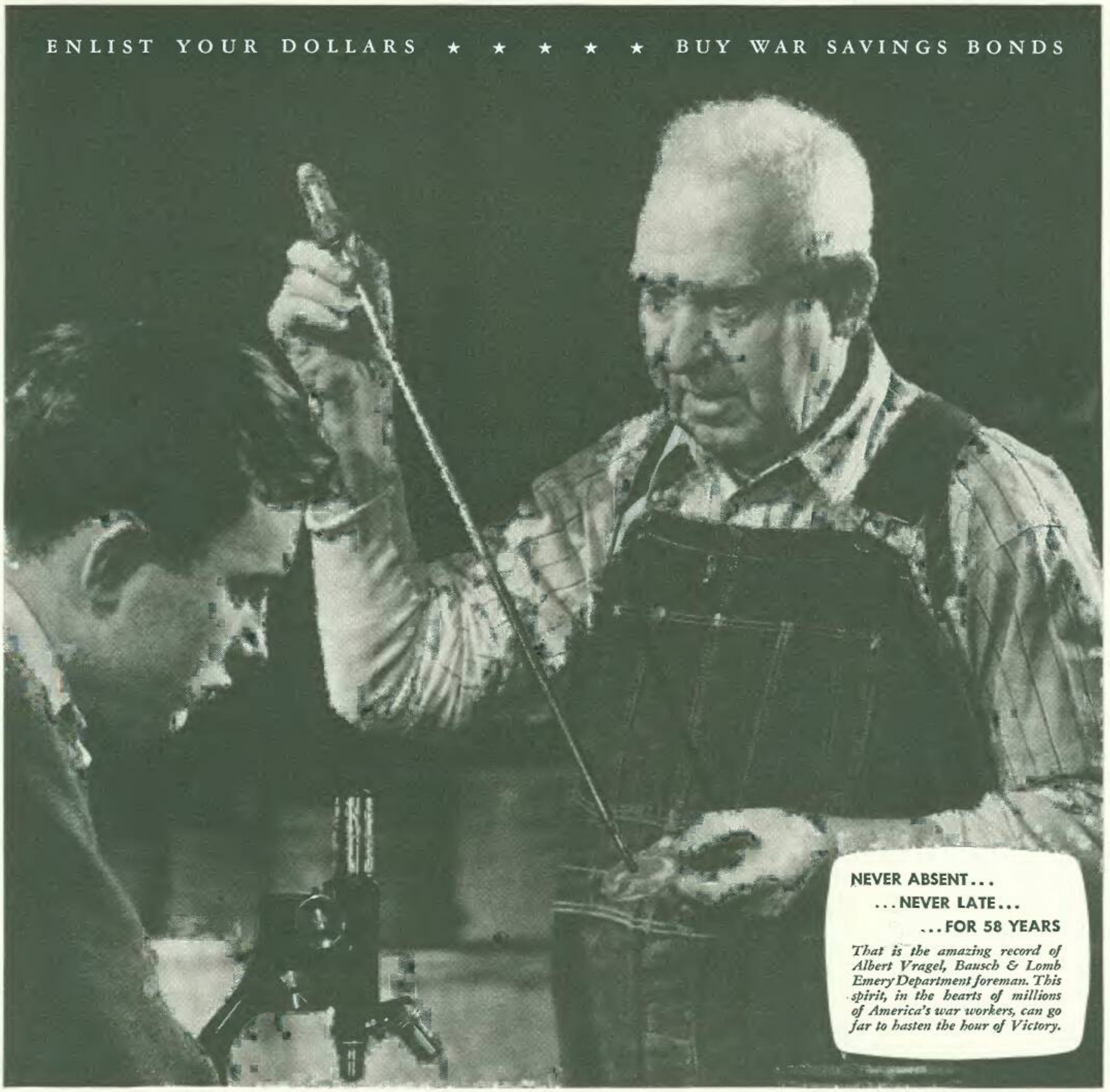


Salvage—The need for kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives, has grown very acute. The government urges that you continue to pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can, keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then take it to your neighborhood butcher who has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Rubber is no longer wanted for salvage, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . Tin cans should be turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. To facilitate handling, it is best to flatten the cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery sections.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 193). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. During the month of July, contributions can be turned in at any police or fire station. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be remade into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for motion-picture projectors, radios, portable phonographs, records, and table tennis and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JULY 22, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF 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 (Cl 6-4642)—"Best Foot Forward," Lucille Ball, William Gaxton, Virginia Weidler.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Stage Door Canteen," Cheryl Walker and William Terry, along with an all-star cast.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—**HERS TO HOLD,** Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotten.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER,** Walt Disney full-length film.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—Through Tues., July 27: **MISSION TO MOSCOW,** Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka. . . . From Wed., July 28, at 8:30 P.M.: "This Is the Army," an all-army cast, along with George Murphy, Joan Leslie, Ronald Reagan, and Kate Smith. (Opening Night a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund.)

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., July 28: "The Falcon in Danger," Tom Conway; also "Squadron Leader X," Ann Dvorak, Eric Portman.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Dixie," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Mr. Lucky," Cary Grant, Laraine Day.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS,** Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Stormy Weather," Lena Horne, Bill Robinson.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 28: "What's Buzzin', Cousin?," Ann Miller, Eddie Anderson.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., July 22: "Background to Danger," George Raft, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . From Fri., July 23: **THE CONSTANT NYMPH,** Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Thurs., July 22: "Creo en Dios" (in Spanish, no English titles). . . . From Fri., July 23: "Noche de Recien Casados" (in Spanish, no English titles).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revivals—Through Fri., July 23: **THE GHOST GOES WEST,** Robert Donat; also **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL,** Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon. . . . From Sat., July 24: **THE LADY VANISHES,** Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas; also "The Girl Was Young," Nova Pilbeam.

PARK, at Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Through Fri., July 23: "Blues in the Night," revival, Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field; also "Heart's Desire," revival, Richard Tauber. . . . Sat. through Tues., July 24-27: **UN CARNET DE BAL** (in French), revival, Marie Bell, Harry Baur, Raimu; also "Journey for Margaret," revival, Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . From Wed., July 28: "Presenting Lily Mars," Judy Garland, Van Heflin; also "Now, Voyager," revival, Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains.

STANLEY, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Through Tues., July 27: "The Russian Story," full-length film made up of extracts from new and old Soviet pictures. . . . From Wed., July 28: "Seeds of Freedom" (in Russian).

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., July 22: **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT,** Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Robert Benchley; also **THE INVADERS,** Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 23-26: **MY SISTER EILEEN,** Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair; also "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery. . . . From Tues., July 27: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin; also **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French).

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Through Sun., July 25: "Fire in the Straw" (in French). . . . From Mon., July 26: theatre closed for the summer.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., July 23: "Forever and a Day," all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 24-26: **LADIES IN RETIREMENT,** revival, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester. . . . From Tues., July 27: "Prelude to War," U. S. Government documentary film; also "White Savage," Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Sabu.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Fri., July 23: "Crash Dive," Anne Baxter, Tyrone Power, Dana Andrews; also "Gildersleeve's Bad Day," Harold Peary, Jane Darwell. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 24-26: "The Desperadoes," Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford; also "Three Hearts for Julia," Ann Sothern, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: **THE OX-BOW INCIDENT,** Henry Fonda, Mary Beth Hughes; also "White Savage," Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Sabu.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., July 24: **THE MORE THE MERRIER,** Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn; also "City Without Men," Linda Darnell, Michael Duane. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 25-26: **THIS LAND IS MINE,** Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton; also "Jitterbugs," Laurel and Hardy. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: **UNION PACIFIC,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea; also "Souls at Sea," revival, Gary Cooper, Frances Dee, George Raft.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., July 26: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Night Plane from Chungking," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston; also "Get Going," Grace McDonald, Robert Paige.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., July 24: "Lady of Burlesque," Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 25-26: **TOM, DICK, AND HARRY,** revival, Ginger Rogers, George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, Alan Marshal. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "The Lady Has Plans," revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., July 22: "When Ladies Meet," revival, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson. . . . Fri. through Sun., July 23-25: "Presenting Lily Mars," Judy Garland, Van Heflin. . . . Mon. and Tues., July 26-27: "China," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd. . . . From Wed., July 28: **THE LADY EVE,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., July 23: "Forever and a Day," all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton; also "Nightmare," revival, Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 24-26: "China," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd; also "Something to Shout About," Don Ameche, Janet Blair, Jack Oakie, Hazel Scott. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: **IN THIS OUR LIFE,** revival, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, Dennis Morgan; also "Take a Letter, Darling," revival, Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Mon., July 26: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Mysterious Doctor," John Loder; also "Varsity Show," revival, Priscilla Lane, Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., July 24: **THIS LAND IS MINE,** Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton. . . . Sun. through Wed., July 25-28: **THE HUMAN COMEDY,** Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., July 26: **STAND-IN,** revival, Joan Blondell, Leslie Howard; also "Prelude to War," U.S. Government documentary film. . . . From Tues., July 27: to be announced.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., July 26: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Night Plane from Chungking," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston; also "Get Going," Grace McDonald, Robert Paige.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., July 22: "The Fleet's In," Dorothy Lamour, William Holden; also "Joe Smith, American," Marsha Hunt, Robert Young. . . . Fri. and Sat., July 23-24: **EDGE OF DARKNESS,** Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston; also "Sarong Girl," Ann Corio. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 25-27: "Lady of Burlesque," Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea; also "Fall In," Jean Porter, William Tracy. . . . From Wed., July 28: "Mister V," revival, Leslie Howard; also "Rio Rita," revival, Abbott and Costello.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs., July 22: **DESERT VICTORY,** documentary film of Montgomery's Libyan campaign; also **SALUDOS AMIGOS,** Walt Disney forty-five-minute film. . . . Fri. and Sat., July 23-24: "Daytime Wife," revival, Linda Darnell, Tyrone Power. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 25-26: **THE MOON IS DOWN,** Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dorris Bowden, Henry Travers. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "My Favorite Blonde," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Bob Hope.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., July 28: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., July 23: **THIS LAND IS MINE,** Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton; also "Jitterbugs," Laurel and Hardy. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 24-26: **THE HUMAN COMEDY,** Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan; also "She Has What It Takes," Jinx Falkenburg. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Wings Over the Pacific," Inez Cooper, Edward Norris; also "My Son, the Hero," Patsy Kelly, Maxie Rosenbloom.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., July 26: **THE MORE THE MERRIER,** Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn; also "City Without Men," Linda Darnell, Michael Duane. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: **UNION PACIFIC,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea; also "Souls at Sea," revival, Gary Cooper, Frances Dee, George Raft.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., July 22: **FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO,** Franchot Tone, Akim Tamiroff, Erich von Stroheim. . . . Fri. through Wed., July 23-28: **THIS LAND IS MINE,** Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 26: **THE MORE THE MERRIER,** Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn; also "City Without Men," Linda Darnell, Michael Duane. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: **UNION PACIFIC,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea; also "Souls at Sea," revival, Gary Cooper, Frances Dee, George Raft.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., July 22: "The Moon and Sixpence," revival, George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley; also "Lady Be Good," revival, Eleanor Powell, Robert Young. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 23-26: "Crash Dive," Anne Baxter, Tyrone Power, Dana Andrews; also "Gildersleeve's Bad Day," Harold Peary, Jane Darwell. . . . From Tues., July 27: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.,** revival, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "New Moon," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., July 26: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Mysterious Doctor," John Loder; also "Varsity Show," revival, Priscilla Lane, Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., July 24: **FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO,** Franchot Tone, Akim Tamiroff, Erich von Stroheim; also "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," Jimmy Lydon, Charles Smith. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 25-26: **REAP THE WILD WIND,** revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland; also "It's a Great Life," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . From Tues., July 27: **THE HUMAN COMEDY,** Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan; also "She Has What It Takes," Jinx Falkenburg.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., July 26: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Night Plane from Chungking," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston; also "Get Going," Grace McDonald, Robert Paige.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Mon., July 26: **THIS LAND IS MINE,** Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton; also "Jitterbugs," Laurel and Hardy. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "He Hired the Boss," Evelyn Venable, Stuart Erwin; also "Clancy Street Boys," the East Side Kids.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., July 28: "The Desperadoes," Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford; also "Three Hearts for Julia," Ann Sothern, Melvyn Douglas.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., July 28: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., July 28: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers, Richard Carlson.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs., July 22: **REAP THE WILD WIND,** revival, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland; also "It's a Great Life," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Fri. through Wed., July 23-28: **THE HUMAN COMEDY,** Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan; also "She Has What It Takes," Jinx Falkenburg.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Mon., July 26: "The Desperadoes," Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford; also "Three Hearts for Julia," Ann Sothern, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Tues., July 27: **FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO,** Franchot Tone, Akim Tamiroff, Erich von Stroheim; also "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," Jimmy Lydon, Charles Smith.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., July 26: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers. Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Night Plane from Chungking," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston; also "Get Going," Grace McDonald. Robert Paige.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., July 28: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., July 26: **BATAAN,** Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell; also "A Stranger in Town," Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Night Plane from Chungking," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston; also "Get Going," Grace McDonald, Robert Paige.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., July 26: "My Friend Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, Preston Foster; also "Two Tickets to London," Michèle Morgan, Alan Curtis. . . . Tues. and Wed., July 27-28: "Mysterious Doctor," John Loder; also "Varsity Show," revival, Priscilla Lane, Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have read so many tributes to the quality of the American fighting man by the masters of prose in the foxholes of our advertising agencies that it was a relief to run across something from Lieutenant Colonel Philip Cochran, who is here from North Africa. The Colonel is no stylist. In an interview with the press, he was groping his way along when he described American boys as "just kind of automatically wonderful." We suspect that a lot of people will feel as we did—that the Colonel took the words right out of their mouth.

BECAUSE of the glass shortage, a campaign has been started by the bottle industry to bring back into circulation an estimated forty-five million milk, beer, and soda bottles that have disappeared into the city's homes. By our figuring, that makes approximately six bottles a person in this city of almost eight million, which should give our household of three a statistical eighteen hidden bottles. We went delving for them the other evening, peering into the refrigerator, groping around in closets, even going down into the cellar with a flashlight. Our total haul was three



bottles: a Coca-Cola bottle containing an inch and a half of furniture polish, a bottle half full of completely flat ginger ale, and an old milk bottle that had been filled with colored pebbles from a long-vanished fishbowl. At first we didn't feel that we would have done our duty as a citizen until we had flushed the fifteen other bottles, but we were finally forced to the conclusion that our household is atypical, and now are inclined to class the matter with the $89,000 in valuables we are supposed to own as our share of the nation's wealth. It may work out that way on paper, but we just don't have them, that's all.

THE NEW YORKER got mentioned in a commencement address at Mount Hermon School, where Dean-Emeritus Charles R. Brown of the Yale Divinity School told the graduating class that much of the literature today had a flippant, cynical tone—for example, *The New Yorker*—and that it was a symptom of the shallow lives which people are living these days and was a menace to the future. This charge of flippancy and shallowness, which is occasionally brought against us, always finds us more surprised than hurt. The other day we were reading over some of the back issues in our bound volumes, and the impression we got was of a magazine almost desperately eager and earnest, almost childishly serious and profound. The only explanation we can find for Dean Brown's flip remark is that he has not read *The New Yorker* at all but has trusted for his information to literary cronies and tipsters, who for all we know may be unreliable and as shallow as an old skillet.

WE were not greatly stirred by the news of a collapsible bed that can be attached to, and folded within, an office desk. Our desk life and our bed life have been indistinguishable for years, and without any help from Grand Rapids. We know how to sleep comfortably coiled up on a typewriter. The right forearm drops into the space between the roller and the edge of the carriage, the head goes down into the gulch between the forearm and the chest, the body slumps forward, and the mind dwells briefly on deans emeriti and then drifts into the dusty inferno of sleep.

Beds, as a matter of fact, have existed at strategic points around this office ever since the magazine began, and there is no need for any special desk attachment. There is a sort of public bed in the hall outside our door. It is in use at the moment. The occupant is a stranger and to all appearances dead—an ex-literary character, by the looks of him. The bed itself is a foul old green thing which has probably seen as much human pain as any article of furniture



in midtown, and it has the peculiar advantage of an exposed location. If a man is going to die, he doesn't want to lie down in a desk-bed in a private office, where he might go weeks undiscovered; he wants to lie in state, in the corridor by the water-cooler, with people tiptoeing by respectfully.

IT is again time someone said something about women's hats, and it looks as if the job falls, as usual, on us. Last summer we bore in silence the Johnny Jeep hats, modelled on soldiers' fatigue hats; then we bore the Pierre, based on the pompon berets of French sailors; and we even bore the critical week in the African fighting this spring that *Life* immortalized with an article on the girls' berets adapted from that of General Montgomery, who was then sweating it out in the North African desert. "When fashion history is written many years hence," *Life* said in what we hereby nominate as the sentence of the year, "the present war will probably be known as the war which started many new hat fads."

What sets us off this time is the hats now being exhibited in the fall collections, which carry the same dashing bad taste to a new high. Sally Victor has Chetnik hats, all sorts of them; John-

Frederics have a parachute hat in full descent, with four cute little drawstrings tying under the chin. The Chetnik, we would like to point out, is a man who is risking his life against the Germans; the parachute is a symbol of a man hurling himself out of a plane, with a good chance of getting machine-gunned on the way down. The fatigue hat is worn by men who die in real battles, with no drawstrings attached, and the pompon beret is more becoming on the head of a man whose home is a warship than it is lunching at Schrafft's. When fashion history is written many years hence, if we may correct *Life*, the present war will probably be known as the war that ended the fashion of Fascism.

Pests

IF there were no Victory gardens, you wouldn't find this department discussing bugs. Now that there are vegetable gardens in every back yard, however, it becomes important, if only to conserve the food supply, to be acquainted with the character and habits of such creatures as the plant louse, the potato flea beetle, the potato beetle (no relation), the cabbage maggot, the garden slug, the tomato caterpillar, the cutworm, the Mexican bean beetle, the thrip, the carrot rust fly, the squash bug, and the cucumber beetle. Our authority for this piece is Dr. C. H. Curran, associate curator of insects and spiders at the Museum of Natural History. (He can be your authority, too, if you're interested enough to send the Museum a quarter, plus three cents for postage, for his pamphlet, "Insect Control in the Victory Garden.")

The potato flea beetle acts more like a flea than a beetle. Adult potato flea beetles are a sixteenth of an inch long, with a black body and clay-colored legs, on which they can outleap any Victory gardener. They eat cucumbers, tomatoes, and eggplants as well as potatoes; the adults eat the leaves and the grubs, below the earth, suck at the roots. The potato flea beetle, last we heard, is about the worst all-round menace in these parts, but the plant louse, or aphid, is a close runner-up. This is the pinhead creature you find on the underside of leaves. Ants domesticate aphids the way we do milch cows, and for the same purpose; when stroked, aphids exude a sugary fluid which ants find pleasant and nourishing. Aphids can grow wings if they have a good reason for so doing, such as the necessity of getting to a less crowded feeding ground. The potato beetle, which you can readily recognize by its racing colors—ten black lines on a yellow background—caused a terrific furor back in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. It was a native of Colorado, where it ate sand burs and bothered nobody. When the settlers came and planted potatoes, the potato beetle realized what it had been missing all those years. It started East, eating potatoes and breeding with complete abandon. Finally it reached the Atlantic, where the ranks were thinned by drownings. These days it's just a humdrum pest, eating every sort of plant foliage.

The cabbage maggot is especially fond of radishes; hence its name. It's a grub that bores into the radish itself, making it inedible; if radish tops look wilted, chances are a cabbage maggot has been at work below. The garden slug has the distinction of being one of the few Victory garden pests eaten by man, which is all right, since it is really a mollusc. You can catch slugs, for culinary purposes or just to keep them from eating your vegetable tops, by laying a board down in the garden; they'll crawl under it to get away from the sun. The most arresting garden menace is the tomato caterpillar, which is several inches long and bright green. Turkeys eat tomato caterpillars, which isn't a very good reason for keeping a turkey. Cutworms are the most baffling marauders the amateur gardener has to cope with. They come out at night, cut young plants off an inch or so above the ground, and are safe underground by the time the gardener gets up in the morning. The Mexican bean beetle is one of the few members of the ladybug tribe that eat plants; the others prey off insects and so are useful around a garden. It's a highly sporadic pest; one garden will be full of them and the one next door won't have any. You can recognize it by the sixteen black spots on its yellow body.

People who raise onions have to deal with thrips, which are almost microscopic bugs with feathery wings and an onion breath. In its larval state, the carrot rust fly eats carrots, then hatches out into something that looks like a stunted house fly. The squash bug eats squash, and is the skunk of the insect world; it makes a terrific stink if disturbed. Its eggs are three-sided and considered beautiful by entomologists. The cucumber beetle has yellow and black stripes and likes almost any sort of melon. In turn, wasps like it. Class dismissed.



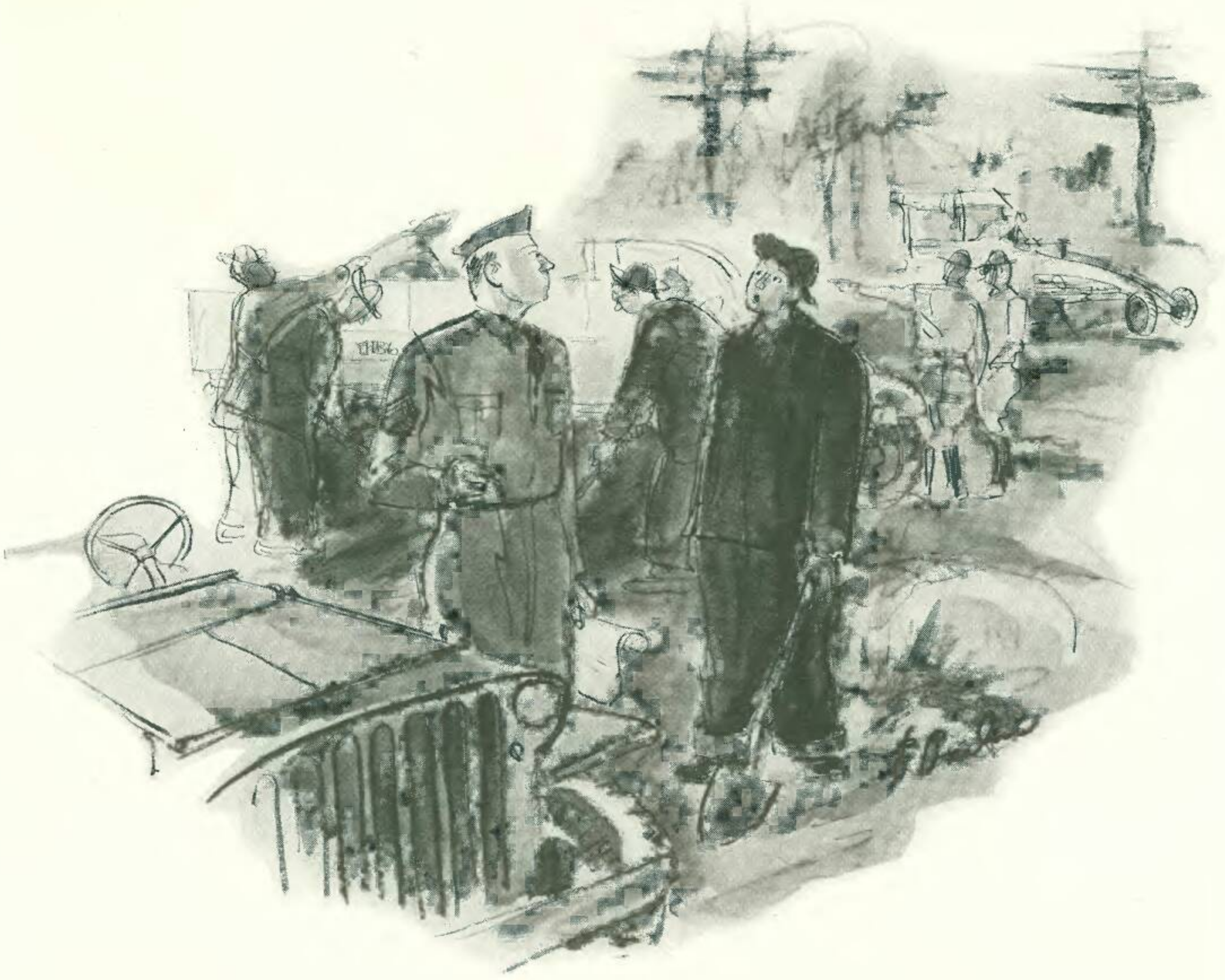
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CONVERSATIONAL fragment overheard in front of the Guaranty Trust Company (Fifth Avenue branch): "For God's sake, get out of the hot sun, Jim! Go to a poolroom."

Mortal Cryptographer

CRYPTOGRAPHY and cryptographers being timely, and always interesting, we have had an instructive chat with Rosario Candela, who conducts evening classes at Hunter College in what is described by the catalogue as "Elementary and Advanced Cryptography and Cryptanalytics." Mr. Candela's profession is architecture, and the story of how he got to be an expert on codes is a superb example of an ill wind blowing somebody good. The depression caught up with architects in 1931, particularly those specializing, as Mr. Candela did, in coöperative apartment buildings. "Who would build when he could not eat?" Mr. Candela asked us, in an accent which, even after his thirty years of life as a naturalized American, is still luxuriantly Italian. He had no trouble eating, but time hung heavy on his hands, and he read a lot of books. One day he picked up Herbert Yardley's "The American Black Chamber," the cryptography classic. It was a case of profound irritation at first sight. Rightly or wrongly, Candela decided that Yardley was putting on airs. "He carried on and on about 'the cryptographic mind,' and how there were only half a dozen in the world, or something like that—just to make himself seem holy, I guess," Candela told us, still seething. The upshot was that Candela plunged headlong into the black-chamber field, mastering the subject and then successfully teaching it to evening classes of mixed intellectual capacities, merely to prove there's nothing occult about cryptography. He now says, with some complacency, "I guess I'm showing those who thought of the cryptographer as immortal that immortality can be taught in forty-five lessons."

When Candela began to study cryptography he soon found that American



"Who do you see about a promotion?"

• •

libraries shared Yardley's high-flown ideas about the subject. "In Europe," he said, "there are a great many books on it, and anybody can read them. Over here there are few books, and they're kept locked up. The Army people are even furious with Yardley for what he has revealed, which, if you must know, is mostly nothing. So I sent to Europe for the books, and the first thing I knew *I* was the great expert. I got hold of a cryptogram by a Frenchman that nobody had been able to solve, and I solved it. I became one of the mystic few invited by the United States Army to take their course in cryptography—by correspondence, you know. That is ridiculous, of course; how can you teach without a twenty-foot blackboard, like the one I use at Hunter?" At any rate, Candela was soon the master of such routine cryptographic matters as Abelian groups, grilles, direct and indirect symmetry of position in secondary alphabets, auto-key types, and the breaking down of machine codes. He also worked out a system of his own, now known to cryptographers as the Candela Identification of the Letter "N" System. He explained this thoroughly to us, and we didn't understand a word of it.

The Hunter catalogue specifically disclaims any promise of a government job for a graduate of Candela's classes, but he knows of graduates in the War Department, the OWI, the Army Signal Corps, and other useful spots. A niece of ex-Governor Lehman took the course and is now employed by the Navy. Weekends and summer vacations Candela has spent doing special chores for one or another of the government bureaus. For a while he worked for the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, in the Information Division. "I was First Assistant Coördinator to the First Assistant Coördinator to the Coördinator himself," he told us, with understandable pride.

Tact

A BLOND gentleman we know married a brunette, and in the fullness of time their union was blessed with a baby boy, who turned out to have almost platinum-blond hair. This fellow clipped off some and carried it in his watch. The other day he realized that his watch was in need of adjustment when it made him late for lunch with his wife, so the two of them stopped in to leave it with one of the Fifth Avenue jewellers. The clerk who made the preliminary diagnosis seemed strangely embarrassed. After a good deal of fidgeting, he finally managed to get our friend off into a corner. He then,



"Let's go some place where we can talk."

• •

without a word, slipped him the lock of platinum hair.

Still At It

THE federal government certainly started something back in 1925 when it put up for auction thirty-six hundred crates containing working models of all the patents granted in this country between 1836 and 1880. The high bidder was a manufacturing chemist named Sir Henry Wellcome, who announced that he intended to look the models over and then present them to a museum. However, when he died, in 1936, none of the cases had been opened and nothing had been done about a museum. Crosby Gaige, the theatrical producer and gourmet, next bought the models, but after a couple of years he sold out to a syndicate which had all sorts of grand ideas; the models were to be classified and sold to big corporations or individuals interested in the industrial history of the country, at prices ranging up to five hundred dollars. Well, this syndicate went bust last year, leaving thirty-two hundred crates still unopened, and another syndicate took over, getting possession for $2,100 plus payment of a $12,000 storage bill. At the moment the models are stored in Garrison, New York, on the estate of one of the members of the syndicate, Mr. O. Rundle Gilbert, the Manhattan auctioneer. They take up six of his outbuildings.

Gilbert, who seems to be the active member of the syndicate, is much less hotheaded about the matter than the previously interested parties. He said he doesn't expect to see all the crates opened during his lifetime. "By the time my young sons have gray hair, half the cases may be opened," he told us philosophically. He looks to be less than forty, so you can see. Furthermore, he thinks the bulk of the models will be sold at about five dollars apiece. There are several difficulties in the way of large-scale commercial exploitation of the collection. For one thing, it isn't catalogued, the cases aren't marked, and the only way to find out what's inside any one of them is to pry it open. Then, the models are arbitrarily limited as to period; they all date between 1836, when the United States Patent Office issued Patent No. 1, and 1880, when it was decided to accept blueprints instead of models.

While we were in Garrison the other day, Mr. Gilbert opened a crate for us, choosing a four-foot-square one, which is the average size. The first item to emerge from the excelsior was a small coffin. "A corpse preserver," Mr. Gilbert told us after reading a small, handwritten slip attached to the model. The next model was a simple length of large tin pipe with a cone-shaped sieve inside. This Mr. Gilbert readily recognized as a locomotive spark arrester. He said that he'd already found several models and that apparently there had been a lot of trouble in the seventies with locomotives starting prairie fires. Next emerged a china pot, an early version of the drip-coffee makers now in use, which its inventor had described as "an apparatus for making coffee, tea, and other extracts." Then Mr. Gilbert pulled out another piece of crockery, a teapot with a kind of lid that wouldn't fall off. "Bennington ware," he said, casting his expert auctioneer's eye over it. Gilbert fished out what was apparently the original Mason jar, patented by John L. Mason, and after that a model for a refrigerator car in which a pump actuated by the rotation of the car wheels blew air through an ice compartment. An article of kitchenware that neither of us understood too well (it was described as a can for catching drippings) and an improved catcher's mask, with shock absorbers, were the final items in the crate. Now Gilbert has only 3,129 more to open.

Excelsior

A FEW weeks ago the Army and Navy moved in on most of the big medical schools in the country, enrolling the medical students as privates or apprentice seamen and thereby relieving them of the burden of paying their own tuition. Up at Harvard, so we've been told, the commanding officer gathered his rookies for a real, old-fashioned, you're-in-the-Army-now pep talk. He concluded by saying, "Now I want all

you men to get together and make this the best damn medical school in Boston."

Sore at Solomon

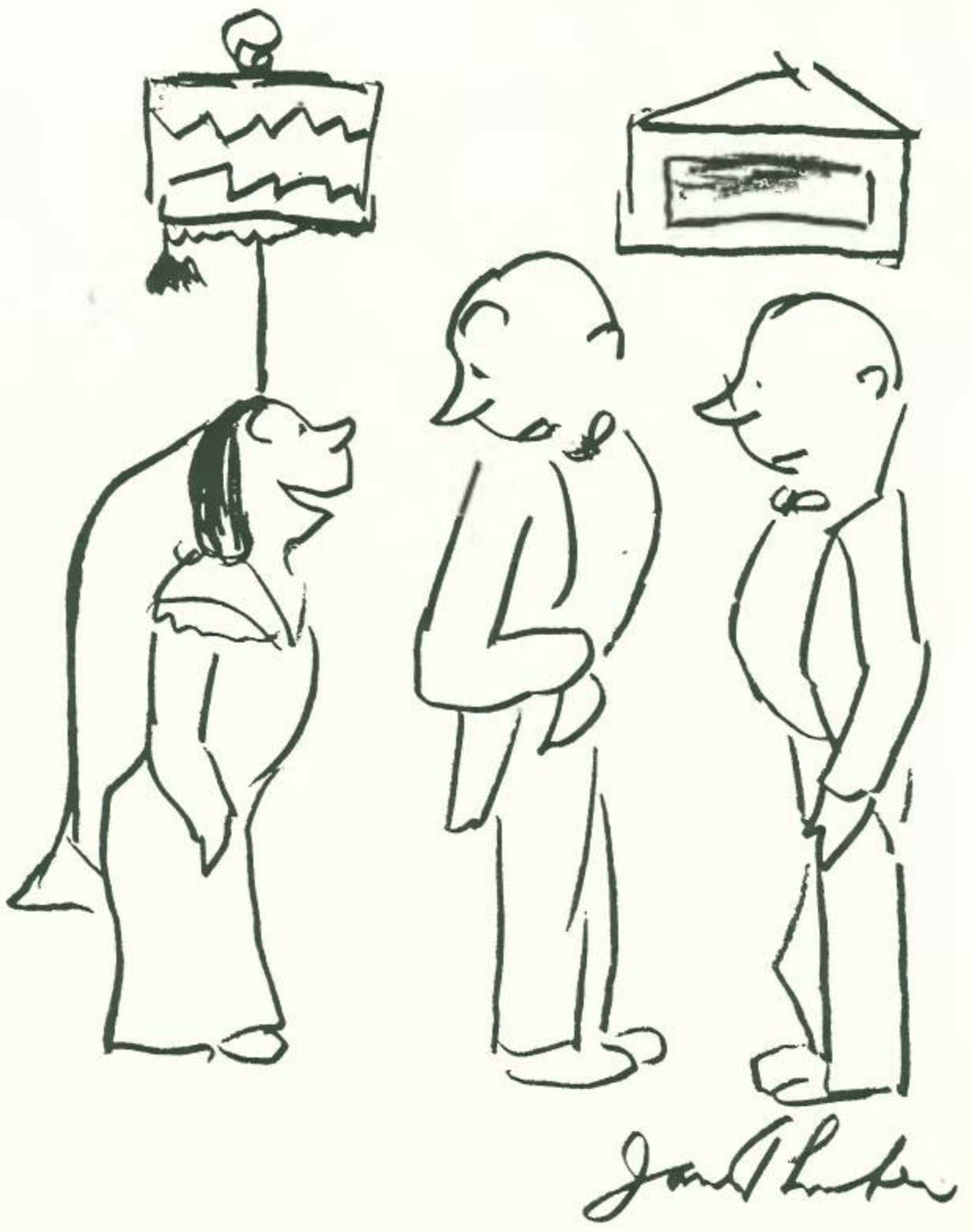
MAURICE MAETERLINCK, who arrived in this country three years ago, bringing with him his wife and a tiny French motor car, has been spending about half of his time in a two-room, second-floor suite at the Plaza. We can only plead pressure of international affairs as an excuse for not having looked him up sooner. We paid a call there last week, just before the Maeterlincks left for Lake Placid. Except for a trifling attack of gout, Maeterlinck reported himself well and happy. He still wears his white hair long, with a net over it in windy weather, and is in general a fine figure of a playwright, especially considering that he is a playwright who will celebrate his eighty-first birthday next month. In the sitting room of the suite, we saw copies of *Liberty*, the *American Mercury*, and *Science Digest*. Maeterlinck reads English easily but hasn't attempted to speak it, at least before an audience, since an unfortunate experience he had on an American lecture tour. He was persuaded to learn his speech phonetically, syllable by syllable; made him and his audiences terribly unhappy.

When Maeterlinck left Europe, he abandoned a couple of parcels of pretty fancy real estate. One was the Château de Médan, built in the sixteenth century and owned at one time by the poet Ronsard. He also had a modern, Renaissance-style castle at Nice, right on the shore. This he loosely described to us as a combination church, casino, abbey, ballroom, and conservatory; he bought it when it was only half completed, and added a few bluebirdish notions of his own. The Maeterlincks are quick to deny that they consider the loss of their houses a major disaster of the war, but they were very grieved when they heard that the Germans last year chopped down a twenty-acre forest surrounding the Château de Médan.

In New York, Maeterlinck lives on a fairly tight schedule: he gets up before nine, breakfasts in his room and reads the *Times*, then writes for a couple of hours. Then he and his wife go down to lunch at the Persian Room. Afternoons they visit friends. Dinner is generally in their apartment. Maeterlinck loathes going to plays and concerts, and about the only way his friends can lure him out for an evening is to suggest a good restaurant he hasn't tried before. He's a pugnacious gourmet, with strong views about drinking water at table. "I have plenty of that stuff at home," he says whenever a waiter shows up with a carafe.

Mme. Maeterlinck, who is some thirty years younger than her husband, gets around a little more than he does. For one thing, she speaks English freely. Then, she's more interested in what's being done on the American stage. She was on the stage once herself. The last thing she really liked was the Saroyan one-acters. Both Maeterlincks agree that the great American play is "Mourning Becomes Electra." They speak with authority, having kept abreast of our stage through Burns Mantle's yearly anthology. Somewhat unexpectedly, they both turn out to be Clare Boothe Luce fans. "She pinches things like *that!*" Maeterlinck exclaimed, snapping his fingers vigorously. This compliment, we gathered, applied in particular to "The Women."

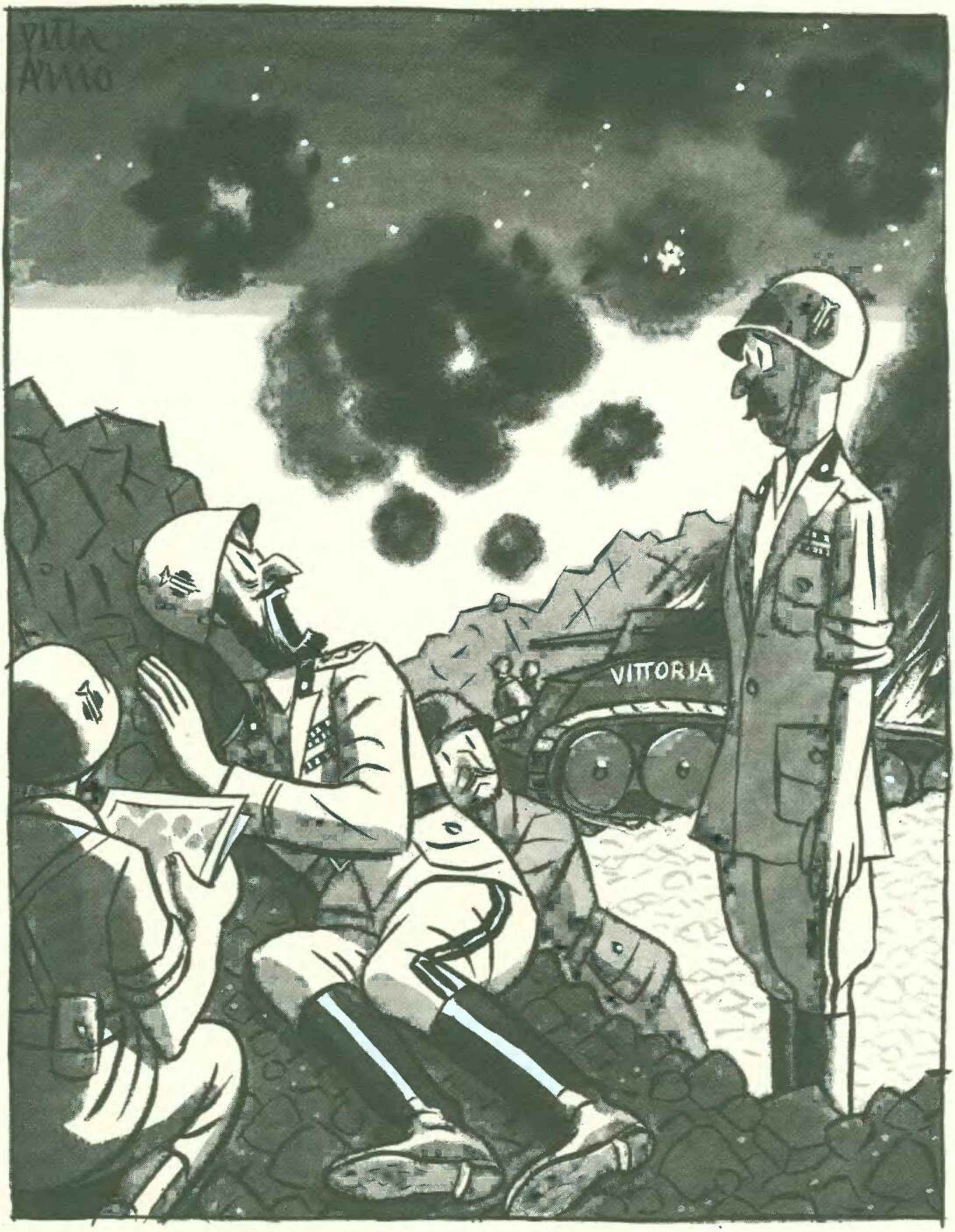
Since Maeterlinck came here, he has written two books and four full-length and two one-act plays. One of the books is a volume of memoirs devoted entirely to happy memories. The full-length plays have been translated into English under the titles "Joan of Arc," "Children's Night," "Father Setubal," and "Sacred Justice." The last-named play developed out of a traffic accident Mme. Maeterlinck got into while driving the little French car. It was in collision with a Cadillac containing a banker's wife and it sustained abrasions which Mme. Maeterlinck considered were not her fault. She took the matter to Magistrate's Court, as a step toward bringing suit for the damage, but the magistrate, whose name was Solomon, benevolently said, after hearing the case, "Why don't you ladies just shake hands and forget about it." "So I gave the hand," Mme. Maeterlinck told us, with a shrug. This happening burned up her husband, and he wrote a short satirical sketch about it, "The Judgment of Solomon," which he later expanded into four acts.



"Some people glow inside when they're happy, but I buzz."

Weird

TWO girls of sixteen or thereabouts were overheard in excited argument up on the further reaches of Riverside Drive one sunny afternoon. "All right, so somebody whistled at you," one of them said. "But that doesn't prove—" "Listen, Shirley," the other interrupted, "I'm telling you that whistle came from the Union Theological Seminary!"



"For God's sake, don't just stand there! Go find a piece of white cloth!"

IT'S THE REACTION

Miss Catherine Birch trotted through the lobby of the ministry where she was employed, automatically waved her pass at the doorman, and joined the hurrying throng of men and women pouring down the London street toward the bus stops and tube stations. Their haste was contagious. She began to scurry along as though a vitally important evening lay before her. Most of the other female employees of the ministry were girls with hatless manes of long, glossy hair hanging round their shoulders or netted up in red or blue snoods. The evening was warm, and they raced along bare-legged in their flimsy sandals, their bright, cheap coats hanging open. In contrast, Miss Birch seemed to be wearing a great many clothes. Her tailored suit, felt hat, Liberty-silk scarf, stockings, gloves, chubby, rolled umbrella, briefcase, and sensible morocco-grained leather bag gave her something of the appearance of a schoolmistress bringing up the rear of a double column of dryads.

In the tube, the ministry faces thinned out and merged with greater London. Miss Birch stood in the packed train with her near-morocco purse pressed against the bosom of a stout matron in slacks, while her hatbrim brushed the cheek of a young American soldier who was despairingly studying the map of stations over their heads. Her mind went on fretting over that morning's row in the department. She didn't really know how it had happened. She had felt tired and out of sorts, someone's stupid inaccuracy had inflamed her, and the next thing she knew, she was having it out with Mr. Danvers. After the row was over, her hands shook and her voice was weak and quavery. She went to the women's washroom before lunch, wishing that she could lock herself in and have a good howl. Nan Cruddock, from the department, was there, powdering her nose and drawing a modish square mouth over the Victorian bow with which nature had afflicted her. "Know what I think, Birch?" Nan had said kindly as she leaned toward the mirror, while alongside her Miss Birch dabbed her cheeks with a leaf torn from a little book of *papier poudre*. "Know what? It's about time you had some leave. Ask Danvers for some, go off down to the country and find a cow to look at, and for God's sake relax. If you don't, you're for the ministry heebie-jeebies—in plain English, darling, a breakdown. Heavens, I must fly!" And she had rushed off to lunch with the usual mob of people. She was a good-hearted creature, though, in spite of her flightiness, and there might even be some common sense in what she said, Miss Birch had reflected later over her solitary sandwich in the canteen. Maybe things had been working up to the morning's flare-up for quite a while.

The train filled and emptied, the American boy got out, and Miss Birch leaned against other bosoms before she got to her own station. It was ten minutes' walk from there to Richelieu House, the apartment building where she lived. Three or four of the neighborhood shops were still open; this district resembled a village, flowing on in its muddled eighteenth-century way round the twentieth-century blocks of steel and concrete which had grown up in it. Miss Birch called in at the little tobacconist-news agent on the corner by the public house and bought some cigarettes. The woman behind the counter said, "I've got your Player's this evening, but only loose—no packets. Will that do?"

Miss Birch said that it would. Tucking the chubby umbrella under one arm and digging down for change, she had a sudden sociable impulse to start up a little conversation, to say something which would keep her standing there in the shop, sniffing the smell of frying that was coming out of the back room. She said in a friendly voice, "My goodness, how your plant has grown! It's really a beauty now," nodding toward a potted cactus which stood on a table next to a sleeping ginger cat. The woman glanced at it and said, "Yes, it's doing well, isn't it?" Miss Birch picked up her handful of cigarettes and went out. The impulse hadn't come to anything after all. If it had been Nan Cruddock, now, she knew perfectly well that with half a dozen words Nan would have leaned over the counter and dragged that woman into her life. With a roll of those round blue eyes, she would have built up something warm and friendly in no time. It was years now that Miss Birch had been calling in for her cigarettes and never getting much beyond a "good evening." Never, that is, except when the blitz was on and everything was different.



Miss Birch went on thinking about the blitz as she walked to her own block and went up in the lift with a Mr. Masters, who lived on the same floor.

"Evening," he said pleasantly. "Having a lovely bit of weather, aren't we?"

"Lovely," said Miss Birch.

Mr. Masters let himself into his flat, which was close to the lift, and Miss Birch walked on down the passage, fumbling for her key. Behind the little black doors she could hear people talking on the telephone, playing their radios, running their bath water. No doubt all the other tenants on Floor K could hear, if they chose to listen, her footsteps ringing out now down the passageway. When she left, early in the morning, milk bottles stood outside the doors with newspapers folded on top of them. The neat, sealed bottles were like footprints discovered on the floor of an ancient cliff city, a sign that life existed somewhere in this echoing honeycomb. Except for the laughter behind the black doors and the occasional chance encounters in the lift, Miss Birch might have fancied herself alone in Richelieu House.

She opened her door, and, crossing to the window, jerked up the blind, which she had prudently lowered before leaving so that the afternoon sun would not take the color out of the blue divan cover and matching armchair. With all those pretty Chinese cushions, a guest would never have suspected that the divan was Miss Birch's bed until, seating himself, his knees flew up and hit him on the chin. There was a small gate-leg table at which she had her meals, sitting upright on a blue chair. Black-framed Medici prints, reproductions of old Italian masters, hung in an even row on the distempered cream wall above the bookcase. In the opposite wall were doors leading to a box of a bathroom and a cupboard of a kitchenette.

Miss Birch remained for a few minutes at the window, still grasping umbrella and briefcase, absently watching the barrage balloons lolling over London. They fitted in with her train of thought. She could remember when they didn't look like absurd silver Jumbos browsing in space but when she had thought of them as guardians and felt consoled because they were there. By leaning to the right and twitching the net curtain aside, she could see down into the street where, five minutes or so earlier, she had been buying her cigarettes. Seen from above, the jagged space where a bomb had fallen just behind the public house was more noticeable than it was from the road, now that they had cleared the



"When you speak of better times, Hubert, do you mean when the war is over or when the Democrats are over?"

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débris away. A land mine had come down, too, not far away. After that awful night, the woman at the tobacconist's had taken Miss Birch into the back parlor to show her the broken windows and the rubble dust lying thick over everything. "It's a wonder the whole place didn't come down, and that's a fact," she had said, fetching a packet of cigarettes up from under the counter and shoving them over to Miss Birch. "Here you are, dear. Pop 'em in your bag. They're short, but if we don't get our smokes to quiet our nerves we'll all go balmy, more than likely."

Miss Birch left the window and began taking off her outdoor things, noting that the evening looked settled enough to warrant leaving the chubby umbrella at home tomorrow. She hung her suit carefully on a hanger and changed into an old print summer dress which she kept for wearing at home. After that she usually laid the table for supper. When it was over, she would wash up, perhaps glance over the report she had brought home with her, mend a pair of stockings, and go to bed early with a book. It was her usual way of spending a nice quiet evening, but this evening, for some reason, she didn't feel like setting it in motion right away. Her head ached badly, probably the result of this morning's row. She went into the bathroom and took a couple of aspirins. Then she came back and sat down in the armchair by the window.

The details of the office upset flitted through her mind again, but only for a moment. Footsteps sounded outside in the corridor, a door banged, and several people seemed to be laughing and talking together. Miss Birch heard a woman's voice saying emphatically, "But if we didn't phone we'll *never* get a table." The pint milk bottle at Flat 6, just across the passage, must have had a party, which was now proceeding out en masse to find some dinner. At one time the occupants of Flat 6 had meant rather more than a milk bottle in Miss Birch's life. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and night after night in the blitz they had unrolled their mattresses alongside Miss Birch's mattress in the corridor on Floor B. Miss Birch, over a shared thermos of tea, had learned that Mrs. Chalmers had married when she was eighteen and that Mr. Chalmers was allergic to cats. She came to know by heart such small, intimate details as the color of their pajamas, the smell of Mrs. Chalmers' face cream. And early in the morning, just before the all-clear sounded jubilantly over battered London, Mr. Chalmers would begin to snore.

Those nights, terrible as they had been, certainly had had their compensations. It seemed to Miss Birch, looking back, that the inhabitants of Floor K had been one jolly family, recognizing each other with especial friendliness among all the other prone tenants of Richelieu House. There had been little Mary Rycroft from Flat 2, a pretty child who looked as though she oughtn't to be out alone in a rainstorm, let alone a blitz. There had been Mr. Masters, strolling down the row of mattresses to ask Miss Birch's help with a tough word in the *Times* crossword puzzle or to have a little chat about books. One evening he had noticed that she was reading "Nicholas Nickleby," and the next evening he had ambled along to say that he had taken her advice and was starting on his tenth reading of "Pickwick Papers" that very night. "You're right, Miss Birch," he had said. "There's nothing like the old fellows for keeping one's mind off the fellows up there," and he had nodded toward the racket overhead. "Pickwick seems to make 'em unimportant, somehow." They had got really close, like old friends, in those talks in the stuffy corridor, listening subconsciously for the warning scream, the sudden hole in the air, the slow glacier of bricks and mortar slipping into the street below. Now he was only a man who took off his hat politely in the lift and said "Evening" before fumbling for his key, going in, and shutting his front door.

Little by little, as normality came back and the passages of Richelieu House were no longer filled with flitting figures carrying torches and pillows, the sense of being neighbors had worn off. Mrs. Chalmers, if she and Miss Birch met in the lift, said, "Do you know, I've been meaning and *meaning* to ring you," and back of her worried baby eyes and plucked eyebrows, Miss Birch could see the thought forming that one of these days they must really ask the old girl over, fill her up with gin, do something about it. After a while, even that thought disappeared. Mrs. Chalmers simply said "Hello" and smiled vaguely, as though Miss Birch were someone she had once met at a party.

Sitting in the blue armchair, the headache nagging at her, Miss Birch wondered if it wasn't partly her own fault. Maybe there was something she could have said or done, some magic password which would have kept that wonderful new friendliness going. If she hadn't frightened them off, Mary Rycroft or Mr. Masters might have been dropping in for a chat this evening. She pictured Mr. Masters saying in his breezy way "This is something like!" as she brought out the beer that she would make a point of keeping in the refrigerator for him. While he drank it, leaning back against the Chinese cushions and flicking his cigarette ash, manlike, over her blue rug, she would tell him about this morning's dust-up with Danvers. Telling it to him, getting his calm, man's point of view, would

be a relief far greater than the good howl she had promised herself all day. He would say, "Don't worry, my dear girl, it's nothing," and sure enough it would be nothing. Then he would get up, glass in hand, and wander over to the bookcase. "I might have known that you'd be the woman to read William Blake," he would say cozily.

With sudden determination, Miss Birch stood up. She peeped in the mirror, patted a few stray wisps of hair into place, and gave a nervous twitch to the neck of her dress. Then, looking in her bag to make sure that her key was there, she opened the door of her apartment, closed it behind her, and began walking rapidly down the passage toward the lift.

Mr. Masters' electric bell had a different note from hers, she noticed. It sounded loud and startled, and Mr. Masters also looked startled when he answered it. "Why—come in!" he said after the faintest possible pause. Her picture of him had been correct, insofar as he was holding a bottle of beer and an opener in his free hand. He was in his shirtsleeves, and when she walked past him into a frowsier version of her own room, she noticed that his tie was lying on the table with the evening paper, some gramophone records, and a bowl of ice cubes. He made a lunge toward it, and she said, "Oh, please don't bother to get smartened up for me! It's quite warm this evening, isn't it?"

"Feels to me as though we're going to get a bit of thunder," he said. "Sit down, won't you? I was just . . ." and he made an embarrassed gesture with the beer bottle and the opener.

"Do go on," said Miss Birch. "I do hope you don't mind my dropping in informally like this. As a matter of fact, I haven't a thing to read, and I wondered if you'd very kindly lend me a book."

It sounded prim to her own ears, like something she might have written on a memo form in the office. Mr. Masters stopped looking nonplussed and, setting down the beer bottle, waved toward a row of untidy bookshelves against the wall corresponding to the one where Miss Birch's Medici prints hung. "Help yourself," he said. "I don't know that you'll find anything much there, but you're welcome."

She came forward and made a pretence of looking at the titles. Smiling up at him, she said, "You know, I always think of you as a bookish sort of person. Remember our talks about Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope in the old blitz days?"

The information that she had thought about him at all brought Mr. Masters' surprised expression back again. "Oh, those," he said uneasily. "Well, thank God that time's a long way back now. Seems like a nightmare, doesn't it? I don't believe we'll ever get 'em coming over like that again, either."

"Oh, I hope not," said Miss Birch.

With lightning, cruel clarity she knew that the visit wasn't going to come off. Nan would have been sitting down within two minutes in the one armchair in the place, crossing her legs above the knee, sharing Mr. Masters' beer, smoking his cigarettes, roaring with laughter at jokes that wouldn't be bookish quips about Trollope and Thackeray. Miss Birch, peering blindly along the shelves, was tongue-tied. She pulled out a volume without even bothering to look at its title and straightened up. "Might I borrow this?" she asked. There didn't seem to be much more to say. Mr. Masters became heartier and obviously a good deal relieved as he accompanied her to the door. "Any time you want to borrow another, just pop along," he said.

Miss Birch's room seemed very still in the evening sunlight as she let herself in. She walked over to the window and stood looking out again at the silver blimps floating aimlessly against the sky. London looked beautiful in this clear light, calm and radiant, as though its sirens would never sound again this side of the grave. Listening to that implacable silence, Miss Birch felt the delayed tears stinging at the back of her throat and nose. "It's the reaction," she said aloud, as though she were defending herself to someone. "You can't go through month after month of that and not get a reaction sometime." She dropped Mr. Masters' book into the chair and became suddenly busy, laying the checked cloth on the gateleg table and putting the milk for her cup of Ovaltine on to boil. It was going to be another nice quiet evening after all, she thought hopelessly.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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The bride wore a gown of silk faille buttoned to the floor . . .—*Wellesley Townsman.*

Wrong spirit.



"He got nabbed by a policewoman and it did something to him."

GREAT DANE UPSTAIRS

MRS. FINDLAY said it was about time they paid some attention to the new people in the yellow house down the road, the Wallaces, but Mr. Findlay said not this Saturday; he was going fishing.

Mrs. Findlay, however, firm in her good-neighbor policy, set off about four on Saturday with the children. "We're doing this to help them feel at home," she explained. "It must be so hard to come to a strange town." They streamed along downhill in the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

"Oh, but here comes Trofast," one of the children exclaimed, looking back up the hill, and sure enough, here came the Findlays' Great Dane, all four paws thundering, long, bony tail flailing the air, uncropped ears flying, and reproach shining from his big brown eyes.

"I know, but I didn't *mean* you to come," Mrs. Findlay told him. There was no question of his going back. He never went back. "All right," Mrs. Findlay said, "but I'm pretty sure the Wallaces have a dog, too."

"My, my, what a big dog," the Wallaces said, rising regretfully from their Saturday-afternoon work in their Victory garden. "Isn't he handsome! Ours, Reddy, is just a setter, but don't Great Danes usually have pointed ears? *Do* come in."

Mrs. Findlay explained that they had bought Trofast when he was very young and they didn't like cropped ears anyway. The Findlay and Wallace children went off into the next lot with a soft ball. Mrs. Wallace announced that she was going to get tea. . . . Were there *any* maids to be had in Whitebridge? Mrs. Findlay said no. And Mr. Wallace gallantly showed Mrs. Findlay into the living room and engaged her in highly impersonal conversation, first spreading a clean handkerchief between the seat of his gardening pants and an upholstered chair. They were neat people, Mrs. Findlay could see.

Mr. Wallace said they liked the country life of Whitebridge so much. Everyone was so pleasant. Mrs. Findlay started to say yes, they were, when she heard the unmistakable sweep of Trofast's front paw across the screen door.

"He's just wondering where I am," she explained. "I'll go speak to him. . . . Trofast," she said sternly, staring down at him through the top half of the screen door. "I'm surprised at you. Go away. Go play with the children." Trofast remained where he was, quiet except that his great tail steadily beat away at the tops of a planting of fern by the doorstep. Reddy lurked in back of him. "He'll go away now he's seen me," Mrs. Findlay said, returning to the living room. Mr. Wallace stood up politely and took the opportunity to smooth out the handkerchief he was sitting on.

"Tea's nearly done," Mrs. Wallace called from the kitchen, and from the front door came another rending scratch.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Wallace, "if we just let him walk through the house, his curiosity will be satisfied."

"Perhaps," Mrs. Findlay agreed, but doubtfully. Mr. Wallace opened the screen door and both dogs bounded in, Trofast well in the lead. He made a rapid survey of the first floor, the old hooked rugs pleating up under his galloping paws.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Wallace, meeting him in the hallway as she came in with a tray. The others explained that they had thought it was better to let him in for a minute or two. Mrs. Wallace's "Perhaps" was even more doubtful than Mrs. Findlay's had been. But the dogs soon quieted down—disappeared, in fact—and the three people settled down to their tea. "No maids at *all?*" Mrs. Wallace said softly, once or twice, and Mrs. Findlay shook her head. Mrs. Wallace sighed. "Except for that, we already feel quite at home," she said.

When Mrs. Findlay had had two cups of tea, two small lettuce sandwiches, and one cookie, she rose, neighborliness accomplished. She smiled on the Wallaces. "It's so nice you have moved here," she said. "Will you come for dinner soon? I do hope you'll soon feel entirely at home. I must go now. I'll call the children." On the way out she saw with regret just how much damage Trofast had done to the ferns, but nothing was said, either by her or the Wallaces, who followed close behind and could hardly have helped seeing the green ruin.

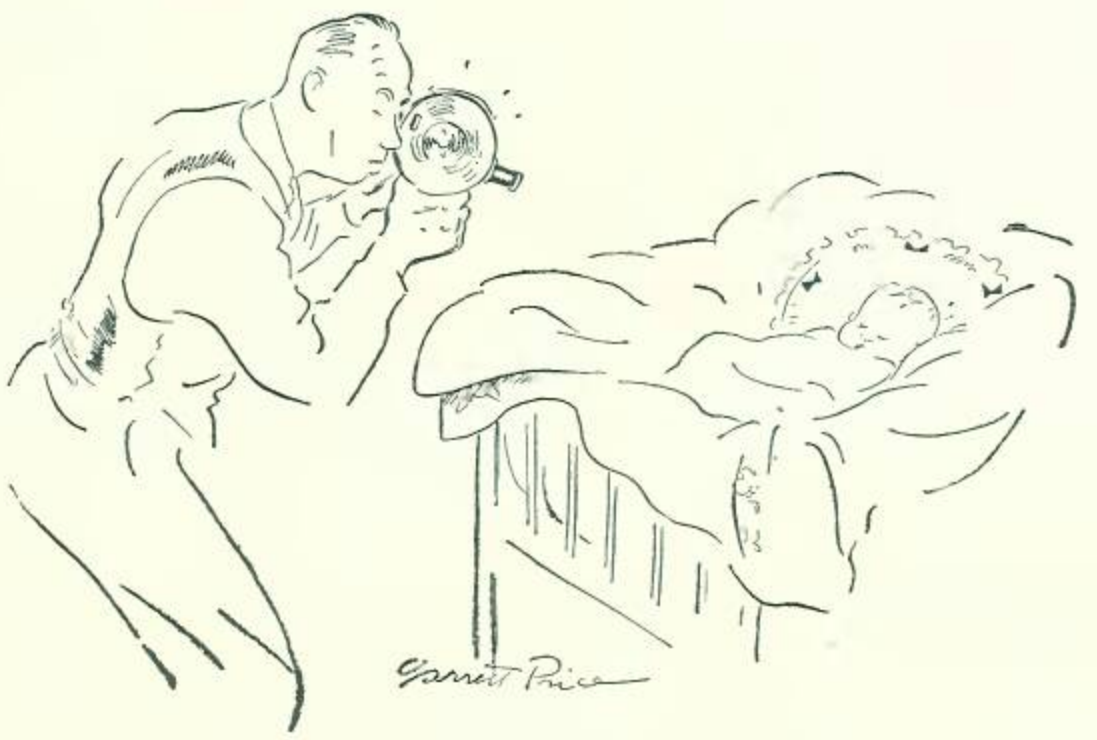
The children were eventually persuaded that they could come again next Saturday and play ball, goodbyes were said, and the Findlays were starting for home when a little Wallace cried "Ooooh! Look what's up in Mummy's bedroom!"

Trofast was there, or just his face, hanging mournfully in the shadows behind the window screen. His eyes were enormous, betrayed, and even from down on the lawn Mrs. Findlay could hear the regular, reproachful, punishing thwack-thwack-thwack of his tail against some piece of Wallace furniture.

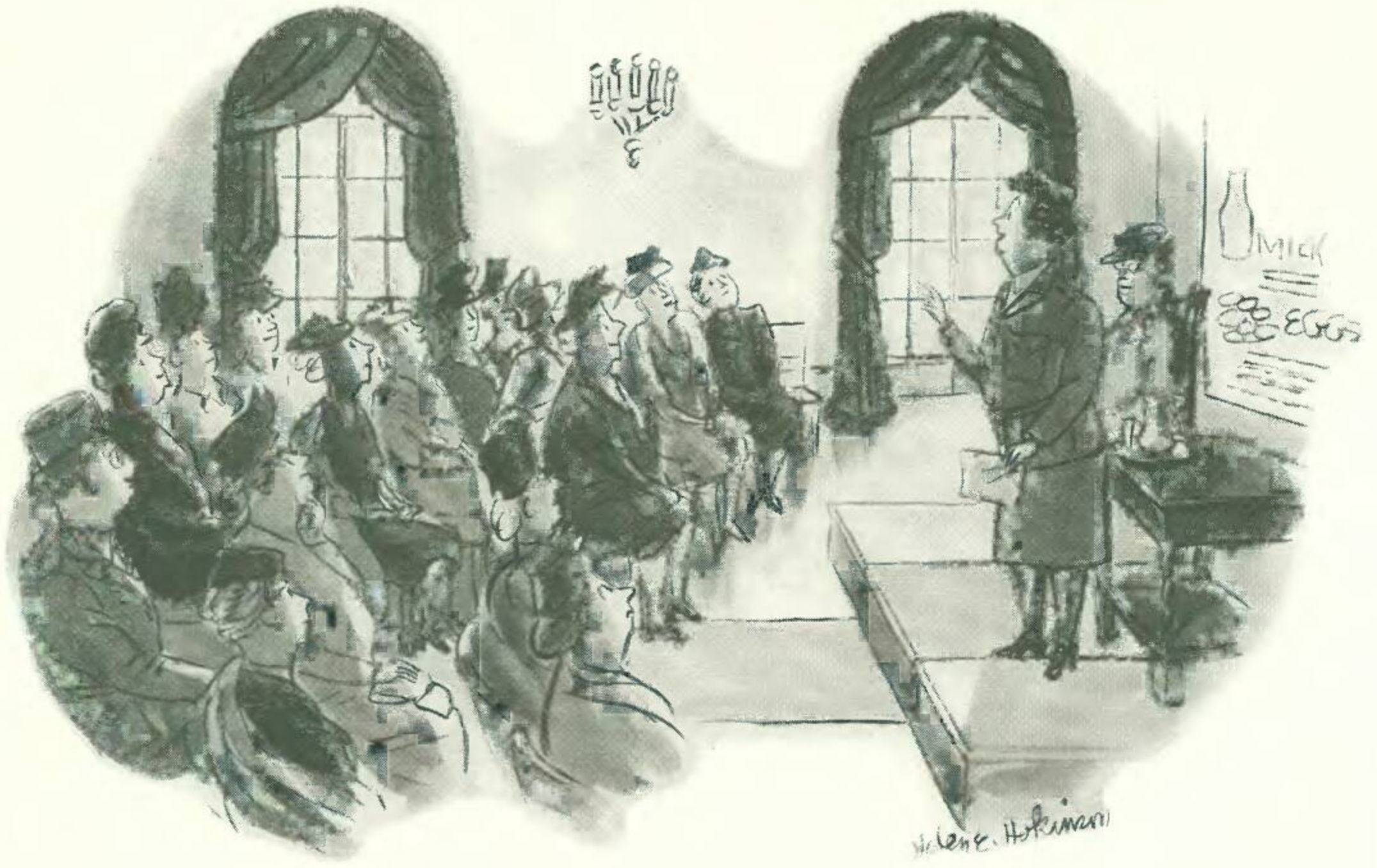
"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. Run up and get him," she told one of her children. "He's nervous about stairs," she explained to the Wallaces, "about steep, old-fashioned stairs, I mean. Goes *up* all right, you know, but coming down . . ."

They waited, but no Trofast appeared, though his mournful face had left the window. Presently Reddy, all excitement, came running out, but he came alone. When Mrs. Findlay went indoors, Trofast was lurking at the top of the stairs, trembling with terror, whimpering, giving nervous starts and small, despairing sidewise leaps.

After vain blandishments from all the members of both families, singly and in groups, it was decided that the only thing to do was for the Findlays simply to start along for home; Trofast would eventually descend, not immediately, perhaps, but eventually. Everyone gladly subscribed to this simple solution, and after another round of goodbyes, hollow in the extreme, the Findlays started off. "Don't *look* at him," Mrs. Findlay snapped at one of her children who, glancing back, announced that Trofast was crying at the window again.



WHILE the children were at supper Mrs. Findlay telephoned the Wallaces. "Still here," Mrs. Wallace said. "But it's perfectly all right. We aren't



"As long as we eat dried peas and beans our bodies can never say, 'What, no proteins?'"

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giving him a thought. He'll come along; he just wants a little time, poor dog."

At six-thirty Mrs. Findlay telephoned again. "He's jumping over the beds," one of the Wallace children reported. Mrs. Findlay hung up hastily, snatched up a novel she had long wanted to read but had barely started, picked a large, random bunch of terra-cotta day lilies, went back as an afterthought for a sliver of ham from the icebox, and drove the station wagon down the hill. This was no moment to think about gasoline.

She knocked at the door of the Wallaces', but no one answered. There was a curious silence within. She opened the screen door and went in, carrying her varied offerings, and found Mr. and Mrs. Wallace being really very, very clever. Holding up a small, square rug, on a level just below the steep top step, they were assuring Trofast, who trembled above, that there was only one step he had to take, just one step down. The Wallace children were stationed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with a steak bone. They whispered to Mrs. Findlay that they had borrowed it from next door. Mrs. Findlay couldn't help thinking that the Wallaces were already well established in Whitebridge, even without her calling on them until quite a while after they had come to live there.

"Just *one* step," Mrs. Wallace was saying with an admirable mixture of cajolery and firmness. He'll never do it, Mrs. Findlay thought. He's not such a fool as all that; he remembers the whole dreadful flight perfectly well. They'll stand here all night, and he'll never . . . But he did. He put one tentative paw down on the only step he could see, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and the rug came down one step more. Then one more, then one more. The children leaped up and down with excitement, Mrs. Findlay held her breath, and Trofast, trembling like a locomotive, broke through under the rug and hurtled down the last few steps by himself. Three bounds carried him through the living room, the hall, and out the screen door. The children ran after him with the steak bone. In an excess of gratitude Mrs. Findlay gave her bit of ham to Reddy. At Mrs. Wallace's piteous cry of "*Not in here!*" she realized just how much Mrs. Wallace had been suffering the last few hours. The new novel Mrs. Findlay pressed into Mr. Wallace's hands and the flowers into Mrs. Wallace's. "Lilies!" said Mrs. Wallace. "What," she asked brightly as Mrs. Findlay and Trofast and the steak bone retreated into the station wagon, "*what* is a home in the country without a big jar of lilies? Goodbye! Goodbye!" —Louise Field Cooper

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FALSE DAWN

The cockerel at earth's eastern edge,
Alert upon his narrow ledge,
Feels on his skinny lids the light
And passes on the word to night.

The drowsy hens at his behest
Relay the message toward the west,
Where, being well if faintly heard,
Dawn is announced by some crowned bird.

His telegraphic wives in turn
Send on the tidings that they learn,
Unmindful that the news they roar
Is only hearsay, nothing more.

And on, and on, and on, and on,
The hen roosts, well ahead of dawn,
Self-righteous in their secret knowing,
Cheat men with their untimely crowing.

—Virginia Brasier



"Quick, Joe! Open your mouth wide!"

PROFILES

A SPISM AND A SPASM

A GARRULOUS old Southerner, the Reverend Mr. James Jefferson Davis Hall, is the greatest and the most frightening street preacher in the city. He is an Episcopal priest in good standing, but he hasn't had a church since 1904. "The gutter is my pulpit," he says, "and the roaring traffic is my pipe organ. Halleluiah!" He has preached in the streets and squares of Manhattan for twenty years. Before coming here, he had been, successively, a rector in several cotton-gin towns in Alabama, a convict-camp chaplain, and the superintendent of a nickel-a-meal, dime-a-flop mission for down-and-outs in Philadelphia. Hall used to preach in Wall Street at noon, in Madison Square or Union Square in the afternoon, and in Columbus Circle at night, but for the last seven years he has concentrated on the theatrical district, an area which he once described as "the belly and the black heart of that Great Whore of Babylon and mother of abominations, the city of New York." He has a little band of disciples, the majority of whom are elderly spinsters or widows, and they sometimes refer to him as the Bishop of Times Square.

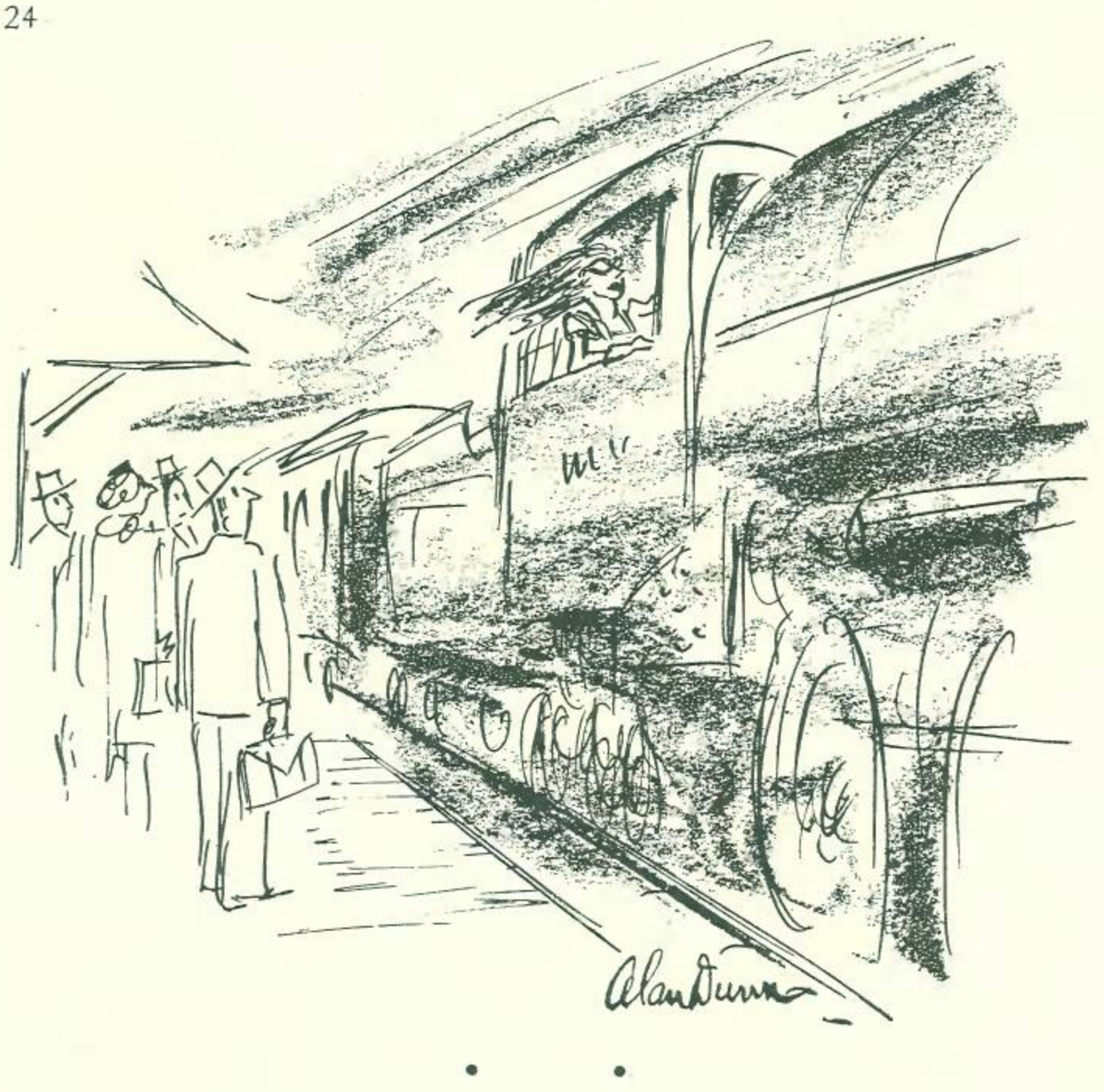
Every fair evening, after a dinner which customarily consists of an onion, a bulb of garlic, and a head of cabbage, all raw, he leaves his flat in a tenement on Forty-fifth Street, just east of Ninth Avenue, and walks around for three or four hours, shouting at people and threatening them with the delirium tremens, the electric chair, potter's field, and the blue and bubbly flames of hell. As a rule, he goes forth alone, carrying a couple of oilcloth banners, a batch of newspaper clippings about women suicides neatly pasted on pieces of cardboard, and a pocketful of tracts of his own composition. He has written and published scores of tracts; among them are "Seven Communists the Night Before DEATH," "A Conversation Between a Whiskey Flask and a Cigarette," and "The Cry of the Meat-eaters is 'MORE HOSPITALS!' " Hall is especially outraged by drunken women, and he edges up to every one he sees and hands her a suicide clipping. "It's a souvenir of the Great White Way, sister," he told one woman not long ago, "a souvenir and a warning. Nay, nay! Don't throw it down. Put it in your purse and read it the first thing in the morning. Are you an actress? I bet you're an actress! You're riding on the hell-bound train, sister, right up with the engineer. Next stop, the padded cell! Next stop, the Bellevue morgue!" He despises the theatre and has an idea that most of the drunken women he encounters are actresses; the very word "actress," when he says it, sounds sinister.



Hall has a frantic voice. When lifted, particularly in a dimmed-out street, it is extraordinarily disquieting. "I can speak on any old subject, just about, and make my audience uneasy," he once said. "A street preacher's job is to frighten people—shake them up, put the everlasting fear of God into them, and I reckon my voice is my best asset." He developed a quality of hysteria in it years ago in Alabama by going deep into a cypress swamp for an hour or so a day and screaming warnings of one kind or another at an imaginary crowd. "Look out! Look out!" he would scream. "Here comes a mad dog running loose! Fire! Fire! The barn's on fire!" "After a while," he says, "I got so good I scared myself."

His appearance is also an asset. He is tall and bony, with sunken cheeks, haunted eyes, a bloodless face, and a grim, cackling laugh. He is a bachelor. He likes to be asked his age. "I'm seventy-nine," he says. "No aches or pains, no pills or powders, no doctors or drugstores." His hair is white and unkempt, and he has a mustache and a goatee, both badly trimmed; he brags that he hasn't put foot in a barber shop in twenty-some-odd years. He owns a set of barber's tools which he ordered from Sears Roebuck, and once a month he and a colleague, an old colporteur from Staten Island, get together and cut each other's hair. He disapproves of barber shops because he thinks they charge too much and because of what he calls "the shame and the disgrace of the manicure woman." "I won't be seen in a place," he says, "that has a pretty woman a-sitting in there for the pure and simple purpose of holding hands with any man that'll pay the price. No good can come of that."

Hall is fully as opinionated on a number of other subjects. For example, he is opposed to the use of coffins (he calls them "boxes" or "bone boxes"), and sometimes he puzzles a street audience by denouncing "the funeral-parlor trust." He thinks that people should be buried in winding sheets, as in Biblical times. Fifteen years ago he got the directors of the Elmwood Cemetery, in Birmingham, Alabama, in which he owns a plot, to sign a document permitting him, when the time comes, to be put away in this manner. "I'm not a reactionary," he says. "I wouldn't be against the coffin custom if they were made out of old packing cases and sold for two or three dollars. That would be all right. If coffins just *have* to be used, they should be stacked on top of each other, a whole family in one grave. Think of the saving in space! Otherwise, in a few more generations the U. S. A. will be one vast and widespread cemetery." Hall is also opposed to soda fountains. "First the sody fountain," he says. "Then comes the saloon. Ice water, milk shakes, ginger ale, beer, hot toddies, straight whiskey, the D. T.'s —those are the steps the drinker takes." He is a confident prohibitionist. He is convinced that, one way or another, liquor will be illegal within five years. He corresponds with other street preachers all over the country, and recently, to one of them, he wrote, "My dear brother in Christ: I am so sure of Prohibition I have quit fretting about it. I have a good, bedrock reason that if the Whiskey Trust knew about it they would be quite agitated. This is it. For years upon years every time I brought up the subject of Prohibition on the streets of New York the people would snicker and snort. Well, they do not snicker any more. Nay, nay. Quite the contrary. They look serious, and some nod their heads. Even the liquor-head sots, they know it's coming. They feel it in their bones. Over a year ago Dr. Gallup said that thirty-six per cent of



the people were ripe and ready to vote for it. Facts and figures. And the per cent is rising, rising, rising, like water in a tub. Five more years, I estimate, and we'll put King Whiskey in the tomb. R. I. P. And the first grand rascal that D-double-dares to open up a speakeasy—why, the good Christians will descend on him and pull him apart."

Other institutions Hall disapproves of are laundries and cleaning and pressing establishments. "This is a democratic country," he says, "and no able-bodied man should have the right to call on some other man to scrub his duds. If people in general, even the highly educated, even Nicholas Murray Butler, had to bend over a washtub once a week, it would give them some sense of proportion; it would keep them from getting biggity." Hall does his own washing and ironing, and now and then he takes a flatiron and puts some crooked creases in his trousers. He is shabbily dressed. He buys his suits in a Ninth Avenue rummage store. He paid $7.15 for his last one, and a hat he has worn for almost three years cost thirty-five cents. "It's still as good as new," he says. He wears a clerical collar, a clerical shirt, and a gold cross. The cross was given to him by a group of converted highwaymen, safe-crackers, and cop-killers in Flattop, an Alabama convict camp, where he was once a chaplain. He keeps a celluloid badge with only a red question mark on it pinned to his left lapel. When asked what it signifies, he narrows his eyelids and says, "Friend, every step you take, Death walks right in behind you. No matter how fat and sassy you may be, you're living every second on the lip of the grave. The question is, 'Are you ready for the shroud and the box, are you ready for the Judgment Day?' "

HALL usually begins an evening's work by delivering brief harangues —he calls them "halleluiah hypodermics"—in the doorways of a dozen or so Eighth Avenue saloons. He never goes inside a saloon and he never tries to take up a collection; he just stands in the doorway and shouts. Bartenders are used to him. They address him as "Dad," "Reverend," or "Shadrach." One evening recently he stopped first at the Dublin Restaurant, a saloon just above Forty-second Street. He stuck his head in, cleared his throat, and cried out, "Distilled damnation and liquid death, that's what you're a-swilling and a-guzzling!" Many of the people along the bar abruptly turned around. While they stared, he unrolled one of his oilcloth banners. Lettered on it in red was this message: "PUT DOWN THAT GLASS AND GO. THE SALOON IS THE GATE TO HELL. DREADFUL ARE THE MORNINGS OF A DRUNKARD. PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." (Hall is a good amateur sign-painter, and he makes his own banners.) Holding up the banner, Hall shouted, "Brothers! Sisters! That's not the brass rail you're resting your feet upon. Nay, nay! That's the third rail! Whiskey and beer! Wrack and ruin! Death and destruction! The cup that stings, the frolic, the midnight brawl, the strait jacket! Hark to the destiny of the whiskey drinker: forsaken by his friends, his furniture seized, his wife broken-hearted, his babies starving, his liver a sieve, his mind a tangle, his nerves a snarl, not a shoe to his foot. Don't you people ever sleep? Go home! Go to bed! Are you ready for the Judgment Day? You may be taken suddenly. On your way home, rooting and tooting, drunk and disorderly, *you may be taken!* You, sister, a-sitting there in that booth with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of distilled damnation in the other, a sorry sight, are *you* ready?" Hall was interrupted by one of the bartenders, who walked up to the front end of the bar and said, "O. K., Dad, break it up. That's enough racket for one night." "Why, howdy-do, young man, howdy-do," Hall said. "Haven't seen you in quite some time. Have you been on the day shift? Be sure your sins will find you out. I'll go, but I'll be back." "Yes, indeed," said the bartender sadly, "I'm sure you will."

Holding his banner aloft, Hall proceeded up the avenue. In an hour and a half, after making stops at O'Donnell's, Kieran & Dineen's, Larry's, the Eagle Bar, Gilhuly's, Pete Moran's, the Ranch Bar, Morahan's, McGreevy's, Mickey Walker's, and the Ringside, he reached Fiftieth Street, which is about as far uptown as he ever goes. En route he passed out a couple of dozen tracts. He came across one reeling woman and tried to make her take a suicide clipping, but she flung it down and said, "Get out of here, you old wolf. Go to hell, you old wolf." "You'll have to excuse me, sister," Hall told her. "I'm not going your way. Be sure your sins will find you out."

On Fiftieth Street, Hall headed east. Reaching the northeast corner of Broadway and Fiftieth, where most nights horse-race gamblers congregate along the curb to argue over the racing charts in the early edition of the *Mirror*, he got out his second banner and unrolled it. It said, "GAMBLERS ARE THIEVES AND WILL STEAL. SATAN AND THE GAMBLER WALK HAND IN HAND. SMOKING WILL KILL YOU. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" Displaying both banners, he stood for about ten

minutes in front of the Paddock Bar & Grill, a hangout of racing people, staring upward with a soulful expression on his face, not saying a word. Then, as is his custom, he started south on Broadway, a banner upheld in each hand, walking slowly and preaching, most of the time at the top of his voice.

To stay in one spot on Broadway and preach requires a Police Department permit; by keeping in motion, Hall gets along without one. He walks close to the building line, so that his banners can be read by the lights in the show windows. Even in the busiest blocks, he is seldom caught in a crowd; flustered by his voice, people give him plenty of room. He never plans a street sermon but depends upon whatever comes into his head. Occasionally he sings a snatch of a hymn or quotes a verse of Scripture, usually a chilly one from Job, the Revelation, or the Lamentations. Like Father Divine, he makes up words. Also like Divine, he frequently pairs words of similar meanings—"hoot and howl," "shudder and shake," "masses and multitudes," "swill and swig." He deeply accents the first syllable in many words; "disturbed and perturbed," for example, becomes "*dee*sturbed and *pee*turbed."

He is profoundly discursive. This particular evening, in the course of one block, the block between Fiftieth and Forty-ninth, he made the following remarks: "A lost city, hungry for destruction, aching for destruction, the entire population in a fuss and a fret, a twit and a twitter, a squit and a squat, a hip and a hop, a snig and a snaggle, a spism and a spasm, a sweat and a swivet. Can't wait for night to fall, can't wait for day to break. Even the church bells sound jangly in New York City; they ring them too fast. And the women! Into *every*thing! Free livers! They've gone hog-proud and hog-wild. Wearing britches, wearing uniforms, straining their joints for generations to come with high-heel shoes. They're turning into Indians. Their mouths smeared and smiddled and smoodled with paint, *and* their cheeks, *and* their fingernails. And what color do they pick? Old Scratch's favorite. The mark of the beast, that's what it is. And they've taken to painting their toenails! Why don't they get a bucket of paint and turn it over on themselves, top to bottom, like a whooping red Indian, and be done with it? Save time and trouble. Oh, my! Tell you what I saw last Sunday! I visited St. Bartholomew's, and there was an old sister in the pew in front of me with her hair dyed *blue*, and I mean *blue!* Call the doctor!

"My name is Daddy Hall, and I love you one and all. An old-time preacher, believes *every*thing in the Bible, including the crosses on the t's, the dots on the i's. I'm just a stranger here; heaven's my home. Don't claim to be a highly educated man, but I can still read Latin; used to read Greek. If put to the test, I can recite Shakespeare. No degrees but D. D.—Divine Dynamiter; S. S.—Shining Saint; M. A.—Mightily Altered. If your troubles are more than you can bear, give me a ring—Circle 6-6483, the sanctified telephone number. I'll preach you a sermon on the telephone. I pray for you, and I warn you, but all you care for is gluttony, whiskey, movie shows, Reno divorces, cocaine dope, silk underwear, birth control, and stocks and bonds. That, and the almighty dollar; you can't get



"He's not to be disturbed on any account. And—er—I took the liberty of taking ten dollars out of his pants pocket."

enough. Like a fine old lady said to me, 'The people this day and time, if the government was to let them back a ten-ton truck up to the front door of the U. S. Mint and haul off a bogging-down load from the million-dollar-bill department, that wouldn't by no means satisfy them.' That it wouldn't! Nay, nay! They'd be back next morning bright and early a-scratching on the door like a dog, a-begging and a-pleading for just one more load. The root of all evil. And what kind of music do you hear now days? 'Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition,' that's what you hear. They play it in the saloons, and they dance to it! Blasphemous music, that's what it is, blasphemous and brimstony! It's taking the Lord's name in vain. That big, stout, fool-faced man over yonder at the curb is a-laughing at me. He thinks I'm funny. Let him laugh! As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of fools. He probably thinks he's highly educated. The big professors these days, the highly educated, they don't believe in sin. Oh, no! It's just your glands. Glands, indeed! Glib, glab, gloody-doody! Just wait until those glandy professors hit the fiery pit, the bottomless, shoreless pond of roaring fire; they'll wish they'd kept off the subject of sin.

"The people have strayed, and God is put out and provoked, and He has plunged us into war as a test and a trial, a punishment. It's time for the locusts and the plague of boils. Famine! Food rationing! Why, it's all foretold. 'The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst. The young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the street.' People eat too much, anyway. We need a famine or two. Personally, I'm a dead-set vegetarian. There's nothing so fine in the eating line as a good green vegetable—root, stalk, and leaf. The pictures stuck up in front of these theatres along here are a scarlet shame and a purple disgrace. Grown women with their stomachs showing. Why, their very navels are showing. It's a vexation to the men. It puts thoughts of a certain nature in their minds. Sodom and Gomorrah, that's what it is. 'Rock of ages, cleft for me; let me hide myself in Thee.' My name is Daddy Hall, and I love you one and all. If suicide is on your mind, give me a ring. I'll tell you what to do. Write it down—Circle 6-6483. Look at that poor brother. He's certainly under the influence; he's trying to walk on both sides of the street at once. I reckon he was bit by the brewer's dog. He looks like he had quite a tilt and a tussle with the brewer's big hungry dog. At this hour of the night, all over town, the people are pouring it in—rivers of highballs, rivers of cocktails, whole trainloads of distilled damnation; they're just about washing their faces in it, the boozy, bedaddled old buzzards.

"A pickpocket I converted here the other day told me they have a school out in Chicago, a pocket-picking school, and the beginning rule they teach is 'No stimulants!' Have to keep their heads clear. Why, friends, you set a bucket of beer in front of a pig and he'll grunt and walk away. Highballs! Cocktails! Winston Churchill! I read in *Life* where it said he drinks a quart of champagne a day and nobody knows how much Scotch whiskey in between. Thinks nothing of it! Just like a Christian man drinks buttermilk. A pig won't touch it, nor a pickpocket, but Mr. Churchill, he'll get right down and wallow in it. A fine example for the soldier boys! Take Eddie Rickenbacker. Does he drink? Nay, nay! He's a praying man. Said so himself. And God sent a sign to the world through him. That sea gull that lit on his hat wasn't any ordinary sea gull. It was a sign and a symbol. Might have been a miracle. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! The city of New York is just about ready for a great religious upswelling. It's a bud, getting bigger by the minute. Pretty soon now it's going to bust wide open and blossom. People are slapping the dust off their Bibles, and regretting their misdeeds, and getting ready for the wrath to come. Back before Pearl Harbor there wasn't much use passing out tracts on the street. People would throw them down and trample on them. Now they fold them up and put them in their pockets. That they do. It's coming! It's on the way! My name is Daddy Hall, and I love you one and all. . . ."

Hall kept this up, even while crossing streets, all the way down to Broadway and Forty-second. There, hoarse but happy, he rolled up his banners and called it a night. "I warned them," he said to a policeman. "I put the fear of



SOLDIER ASLEEP

Soldier asleep, and stirring in your sleep,
In tent, trench, dugout, foxhole, or swampy slough,
I pray the Lord your rifle and soul to keep,
And your body, too,

From the hid sniper in the leafy tangle,
From shrapnel, from the barbed and merciless wire,
From tank, from bomb, from the booby trap in the jungle,
From water, from fire.

It was an evil wind that blew you hither,
Soldier, to this strange bed—
A tempest brewed from the world's malignant weather.

Safe may you sleep, instead,
Once more in the room with the pennants tacked on the wall,
Or the room in the bachelor apartment, 17 L,
The club room, the furnished room across the hall,
The room in the cheap hotel,

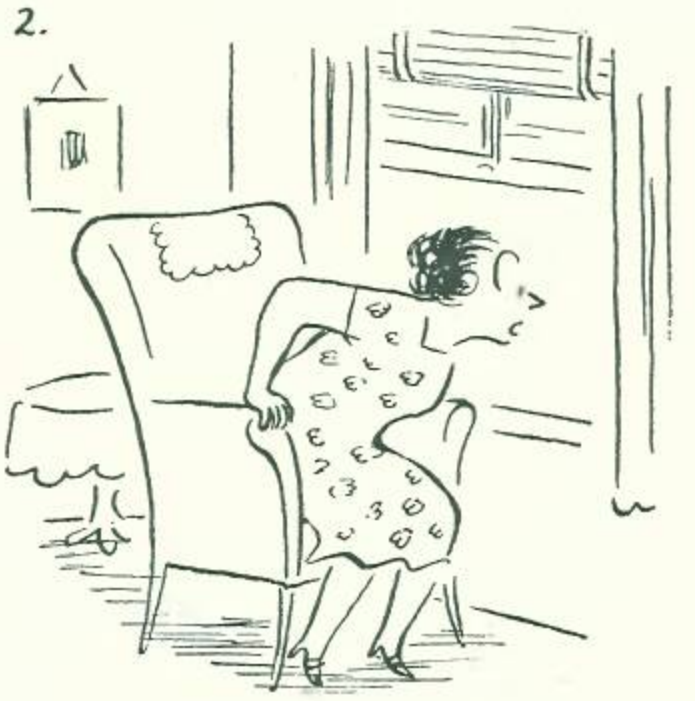
The double-decker at home, the bench in the park,
The attic cot, the hammock under the willow,
Or the wide bed in the remembered dark
With the belovèd's head beside you on the pillow.

Safe may the winds return you to the place
That, howsoever it was, was better than this.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •













God into them. Now I'm going home, and I'm going to eat me a big Bermuda onion and drink me a glass of pure, God-given water. And I'm going to bed. And during the night, if there's a doomsday rumbling in the earth and a flicker of fire in the sky, I'll be ready."

HALL has a sound reason for believing in the imminence of a religious upswelling in the city. Off and on, ever since he came here, he has been in the habit, in the course of his street sermons, of announcing his telephone number and inviting people in trouble to call him. "I'll comfort you," he says. "I'll preach you an old-time sermon on the telephone." For seventeen years there was no response. Finally, one morning in December, 1939, a stranger called. He was worried about his daughter. She was sixteen; she had gone out with a sailor without permission, she had drunk some beer, and so on. He asked Hall to pray for her soul. Hall did, then and there. Later in the day the man's wife called and put the wayward daughter on the telephone. Hall gave her such a rampant description of hell that she began to sob and dropped the receiver. The wife picked it up and said, as well as Hall can remember, "Why, Reverend, you made her cry! Why, she's crying like her little heart will break. Thank you! Oh, thank you so much! I'm *so* grateful." "Don't mention it, sister," Hall told her. "If you have friends or neighbors with trouble on their mind, tell them to phone me. Pass the word around." The woman said she certainly would. Next day Hall got four calls from strangers, all wanting a telephone sermon. The third day, according to his records, he got seven. The fourth day he got sixteen. "All of a sudden, among the humble and the heavy-hearted," Hall says, "the fame of Daddy Hall began to spread like wildfire. One told another. Something like a chain letter. Wheels within wheels." One of his converts, a scrubwoman, got so interested that she commenced leaving anonymous notes—"There is a message for you at Circle 6-6483"—on desks in the office building in which she worked at night. She got other scrubwomen to do the same. When the recipient of one of these notes called, Hall would begin, "Yes, sireebob, friend, I do have a message for you.



Are you prepared to die? Are you ready for the shroud and the box, are you ready for the Judgment Day?" Then, if the caller did not snort and hang up, Hall would preach a brief, violent sermon.

Day by day, the number of calls increased. In a couple of years, Hall was getting around seventy-five a day. He was overjoyed. From 6 A.M. until 7 P.M., he sat beside his telephone, going out to preach in the streets only at night. "Things went along real smooth," he says, "until the Monday after Pearl

Harbor. That day I preached until my jaw got stiff. There wasn't a moment's letup. The instant I put the receiver down and caught my breath, the phone rang again. I preached I think it was eighty-three sermons in a row, some over five minutes long, and then my head began to swim. I took the receiver off the hook and went in and flopped down on the bed, all wore out." Presently an investigator from the telephone company knocked on the door, aroused him, and told him that scores of people had complained that they got only a busy signal when they dialled his number. Hall sighed, went to his telephone, and started in again. In the morning he summoned to his apartment six of his disciples, all elderly women who make a practice of handing out his tracts and all lay preachers; they agreed to come to his rescue and take turns on the telephone.

Nowadays, Hall seldom preaches on the telephone more than a couple of dozen times a day; he saves his energy for his saloon harangues and his nightly journey down Broadway. His disciples, who model their sermons on his, handle most of the calls. In return, he gives them carfare, an occasional grassy meal, and his blessing. The most zealous is an Englishwoman named Frances Woodcock. She comes in from Queens each day and preaches from around 8:30 until 11:55 in the morning. Then she hastens around the corner to the Gospel Tabernacle, a Fundamentalist, nondenominational mission on Eighth Avenue, in whose work Hall is a believer, and plays the organ at the noon meeting. Frequently she returns in the afternoon. The sole male helper is Joseph Serafin, an elocutionary Rumanian, who is renting agent for an Eighth Avenue loft building owned by the Tabernacle. He drops in whenever he has an hour or two to spare. Calls are answered constantly from 6 A.M. until midnight, when the receiver is removed. Hall says that more than a hundred and fifty thousand sermons have been preached over his telephone since December, 1939. He estimates that around one-fourth of the callers are curiosity seekers, practical jokers, or the victims of practical jokers. Many of these victims are under the impression that horse-race bets are taken at Circle 6-6483. A few have asked, "Is Miss Adler home? I'd like to speak to Miss Polly Adler." One practical joker spoke double-talk. After listening to him for a few moments, Hall exclaimed, "Speak out, man, speak out! What *are* you, anyhow, a Mohammedan?" Finally he summoned Serafin, who was in the adjoining room, eating a head of cabbage. "Come here, Serafin," Hall said. "I think I've got a poor Mohammedan brother on the wire. He seems to be in sore distress." Serafin, who is more worldly, listened for a moment or two and then explained double-talk to Hall. "I fixed that brother," Hall says, cackling. "I interrupted him and shouted at him in Latin until he got mad and told me to go to you know where."

Hall quizzes his callers, and has come to the conclusion that the majority are repentant backsliders. "They *had* the old-time religion," he says, "but somewhere along the line they lost it. The war makes them ache to find it again. 'Turn over a new leaf,' I tell them. 'Repent. Pray. Read your Bible. Find an old-time church and go to it. Don't go to one of those Fifth Avenue churches that all they have is weddings.' The most of them are hungry to confess. Oh, my! Some confess to sins I never even heard of before. I hear things I wouldn't discuss with *any*body, not even another preacher. Some call from saloons; while I'm exhorting I can hear the racket from one of those monstrous nickel phonographs a-coming over the wire. Some are lonely, some have sons fighting across the water, some have consciences that hurt and hurt, some are unwed girls that got in a family way after heeding a rascal's promise, some are booze-fighters, some are studying suicide. Oh, I get *more* people now days that are studying suicide."



"We call them the Fuzzy-Wuzzies."

Some of Hall's more desperate callers insist

Here's one thing that *does not* cause higher prices

FOR many reasons, the prices of most things you buy are higher today.

But railroad freight rates are not one of the causes.

The fact is, railroad freight rates generally are not higher today than before the war. Many are actually lower, and the average amount received by the railroads for each ton they haul is the lowest in the past quarter-century.

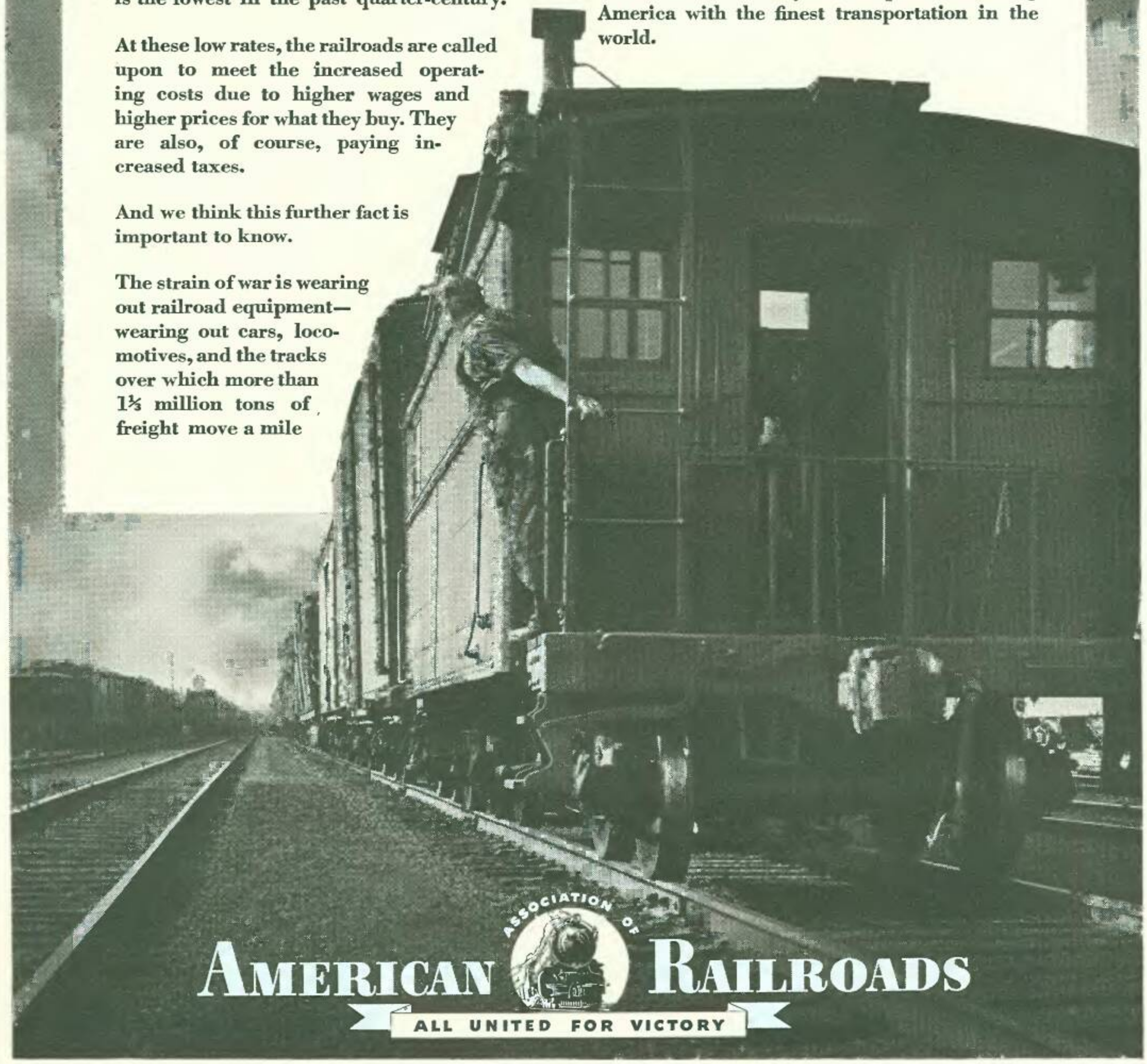
At these low rates, the railroads are called upon to meet the increased operating costs due to higher wages and higher prices for what they buy. They are also, of course, paying increased taxes.

And we think this further fact is important to know.

The strain of war is wearing out railroad equipment—wearing out cars, locomotives, and the tracks over which more than 1⅓ million tons of freight move a mile every minute of the day and night.

Some day, all this will need the sort of replacement which is not possible in these days of war shortages. It will take billions of dollars to do that job—just as it took billions to bring the railroads to their present high efficiency.

To do this with railroad money, the railroads must therefore have a chance now to provide for the future, so they can keep on furnishing America with the finest transportation in the world.



ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

New Yorkers are Human



ONCE upon a time there was a dull, scholarly book reviewer who lived in an ivory tower and wrote definitive criticism for librarians. In the words of the popular song he was dead but he wouldn't lie down. That was in the days before it was generally agreed that critics should also be members of the human race.



Sterling North and Clip Boutell know the facts of life. No one ever mistakes their book pages in the New York Post for the obituary column. The very name of the section *Books at the Post* has the excitement of a fast track, a day in June and America's keenest competitive spirit.

Of course they have scholarship too, but they carry their erudition the way a gentleman carries his Martinis. Their reviews make conversation at the Stork Club as well as at the Public Library.

STERLING NORTH, poet, novelist and critic, writes with a practiced hand and fine enthusiasm. Credit goes where credit is due; let the stuffed shirts fall where they may . . . . . 

CLIP BOUTELL brings you the lowdown in Manhattan's breeziest and best informed literary gossip column, "Authors Are Like People." North and Boutell both know that New Yorkers are human. And they prove it every week in

BOOKS at the POST

a regular Thursday feature of the

NEW YORK **Post**

(The Paper New Yorkers Like to Read)

on conferring with him face to face, and most mornings there are a few sitting in his living room, waiting to be admitted to his study. Hall lives in a cold-water tenement at 360 West Forty-fifth Street, paying $30 a month for five small rooms. He has been there for twelve years. He has one of those rear flats whose entrance is through the kitchen and whose windows overlook a blind court with a single, sooty ailanthus tree in it. His telephone has nine feet of cord; in winter it is kept on a stand near the coal range in the kitchen and in summer it is moved to a desk adjacent to a window in the living room. The telephone costs him only $3.54 a month; since he is a clergyman, he gets a reduction of twenty-five per cent below the basic rate. Hall's study is cluttered. In it are an enamelled iron bed, a radio, a bureau, a couple of straight-back chairs, three tables, and a pigeonhole cabinet which holds bales of tracts. Leaning against the wall in one corner are three collapsible cots. Hall is acquainted with scores of itinerant colporteurs and evangelists, and when they are in New York they sleep in his flat. Sometimes he has so many guests that there are not enough cots to go around and he has to spread pallets on the floor. There is a typewriter on one table, and a great rat's-nest of correspondence and manuscripts. Hall is editor of a tiny monthly magazine, the *Church Militant*, which sells for a quarter a year and has thirteen hundred subscribers. The policy of this paper is extraordinary—it favors prohibition, savings banks, osteopathy, and women preachers; it opposes church suppers, vaccination, bingo, and aspirin tablets.

Under the iron bed is a pile of newspapers, mostly tabloids. Hall rarely buys a newspaper; these were picked up by his disciples off subway seats. He says that when the pile gets large enough to bother with he goes through it and clips out stories proving that the wages of sin is death, such as stories about women suicides and electrocutions at Sing Sing; he has two bureau drawers full of clippings. One wall is covered with snapshots of Hall converts. On another wall are two oilcloth signs. One says, "LOST: A HUMAN SOUL OF UNTOLD VALUE. ANYONE BRINGING SAME TO CHRIST WILL BE RICHLY REWARDED." The other says, "CIGARETTE SMOKERS WILL PLEASE CRAWL INTO THE STOVE AND OPEN THE BACK DRAFT." Hall is an enemy of tobacco. "My daddy was murdered by the tobacco trust," he says. "He was a cigar smoker and he dropped dead. He was only sixty-three."



On the mantel stands a large sheet of cardboard to which are pasted photographs, clipped from newspapers, of Madeline Webb, Jimmy Hines, Richard F. Whitney, and Lepke Buchalter. Across the top of the sheet Hall has lettered: "COULD THESE GREAT I AMS PUT A BUSHEL OVER THEIR SINS? NAY, NAY, NOR CAN YOU." Also on the mantel are a portrait of John Wesley, a picture of George Washington kneeling in prayer, a picture of Rheims Cathedral, and three books—"Sacred Sites in the Lands of the Bible," "Book of Martyrs," and "Mother Whittemore's Modern Miracles." Hall occasionally marries couples in his study, most of whom came to know him by way of the telephone. The study is cleaned for weddings, but not often otherwise. A disciple once pointed at one of the windowsills, on which grit and dust was half an inch thick, and said, "That's a mess if ever I saw one. Why don't you dust it off?" "I don't dust off windowsills," Hall said indignantly. "I dust off human souls."

HALL's outlook on life is a product of the grayness of the Reconstruction period in the South. He was born in 1864, during the winter of the fourth year of the Civil War, in Greenville, Alabama, a small county seat. His family has been in the South since pre-Revolutionary days. His father's forebears came from Scotland, his mother's from Holland. The family, once affluent, was impoverished by the war, in which Hall's father, Dr. James Woodward Hall, served as a Confederate Army physician. "I had a real stony childhood," Hall says. "I was one of eleven children, and there was never enough to go around, duds or vittles. I didn't wear shoes until I was eighteen, except Sundays and cold spells. I went through the fifth grade, living on grits and greens, and then I had to stay home and plow cotton. I plowed with an ox. There weren't any mules in that country when I was a young un; the Yankees had shot them all to entertain themselves. We had a hard, hard time." Hall was tutored at night by his mother, who had what he calls "a rock-bottom Latin and Shakespeare education." When he was twenty, he quit the cotton fields and became a schoolteacher.

In Anniston, Alabama, in 1888, he had his first memorable encounter with sin. "I was teaching in a boys' school and rooming and boarding at a hotel, the finest in town," he says. "Some show people by the name of Graw's Dixieland Grand Opera Company came

Horsepower Wins Wars



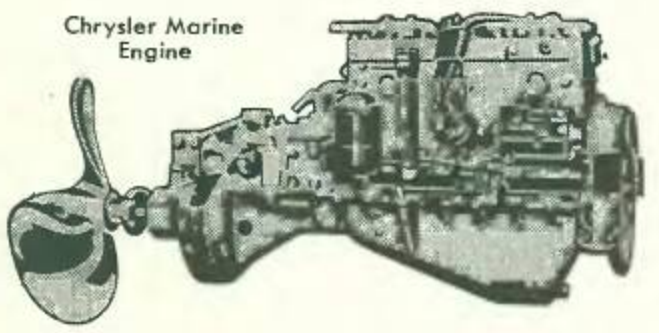
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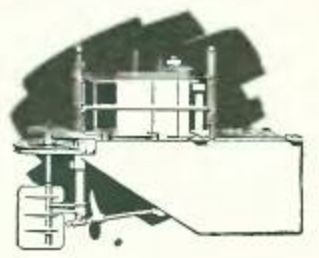
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to Anniston and put up at my hotel. I had never been to the theatre and I took a tomfool notion to go. I don't know what possessed me to do so. I'm not what you'd call narrow, but oh, my! I was shocked! And that night, back in the hotel, those strutty show women were up and about until fully 2 A. M., a-giggling and a-carrying on. I suspect they drank. I looked out my door and saw one a-tiptoeing down the hall in her nightshift. Her hair was down. It was long, yellow hair, more gold than yellow. I believe until this day that she was on her way to some man's room. I still pray for her; I *do* hope she reformed. Next morning I got on my knees and asked God to forgive me for going to the theatre, and I asked Him to make me a preacher, so I could go forth and fight such wickedness." Hall says that he has never been in a theatre again. He takes great pride in this. Recently, on the Forty-second Street crosstown trolley, he heard one woman say to another, "I haven't been to the theatre in months." Hall leaned across the aisle and said, "Sister, *I* haven't been to the theatre since 1888."

In 1892, when Hall was twenty-eight, he took his school-teaching savings and entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia. Four years later he became an Episcopal priest. He started out with churches in two Alabama small towns, Troy and Union Springs, which are forty miles apart. "I preached one Sunday here," he says, "and the next Sunday yonder." He received $50 a month. In 1904 he was appointed Episcopal chaplain for Pratt City and Flattop, two convict camps on the outskirts of Birmingham, at a salary of $1,000 a year, which is the most he has ever made. Flattop was a Siberia; only the worst criminals were sent there, to work in a coal mine. Hall prepared men for the scaffold, and he has since used his experiences to illustrate many a grisly sermon. He says he converted hundreds. "The best time to convert a convict," he says, "is directly after there's been a hanging. One Good Friday I walked to the scaffold with three train-robbing brothers, and each time the trap was sprung there came forth a certain sound. Ka-chug, *crack!* Ka-chug, *crack!* Ka-chug, *crack!* I went straight from the hanging yard to the cell occupied by Tom Fay, a new convict. Tom was a real boa constrictor; he was the crown prince of the Miller Duncan gang of highwaymen, and he was feared by the whole of Alabama. I described this certain sound to Tom, and I chatted with him on the sub-

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ject of hell. Lo and behold! Not only did I convert him, but a few months later he became a preacher himself."

Hall's work with convicts got to be well known among evangelists all over the country, and in 1908 he was invited to Philadelphia to take charge of Galilee Mission, on Vine Street. Galilee is a meeting hall and dormitory, supported by Episcopalians, for down-and-outs. It is patterned after the rescue missions on the Bowery. The job paid only $900 a year, but Hall took it. "The main thing I learned at Galilee," he says, "is that the scourges of mankind are adultery, drink, drugs, and doubt. Every night of the year we held a three-hour meeting and the derelicts you might call them stood up, one by one, and testified. They came from every walk of life, even the ministry, but there was a sameness about their confessions—adultery, drink, drugs, or doubt, night after night. Among the derelicts I ran into were sixty-one of the reverend clergy, all sots. I'll say this for the preacher sot. When he hits the bottle, he doesn't do any jackleg, halfway job. He puts his mind to it. He *works* at it. An awful, awful thing to see!" After twelve years as superintendent of Galilee, Hall resigned and became a street preacher. He wandered for four years, seldom staying in one city longer than a couple of weeks. "One night in Los Angeles in 1923," he says, "I decided that I was about ready to unpack my grip and stay a while somewhere, and I asked myself a question. 'Brother Hall,' I said to myself, 'which city is the most wicked city, pluperfect and parboiled, you've ever been in?' Without a bit of hesitation the answer came forth, 'New York, N. Y.' Consequently, I got on a train and came here and took root. If you're determined to fight the devil, you might as well get right up in the front-line trenches."

HALL differs from other street preachers in that he never takes up a collection. If he is offered money on the street, he accepts it, but this happens infrequently. "When it comes to religion," he says, "the common run of New York people aren't stingy; they just don't believe in giving anything away." His preaching has been subsidized, ever since he came here, by a succession of old, wealthy, Fundamentalist ladies, most of them of Southern birth. One, for example, the widow of a real-estate man, gave him $75 a month for more than five years, asking only that he preach at noon in front of J. P. Morgan & Company as often

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as possible. Another, also a widow, who lived at the Plaza, used to hand him an envelope containing from one to five $10 bills every time he went to call on her. In 1930 she gave him $500 and sent him to London to attend the Lambeth Conference. "Once I dropped in on this lady and found her taking a glass of wine," Hall says. "She turned it off by saying it was doctor's orders. Except for wine, she was a good old soul." Since 1933, when Hall reached the retirement age, he has been receiving $50 a month from the Pension Fund of the Episcopal Church.

Among themselves, street preachers are a squabbly lot. Hall is atypical in that he has never fought with his colleagues on matters of doctrine or dogma. "I have preached side by side in Columbus Circle with unknown tonguers, and Jehovah's Witnesses, and Salvation Army soldiers, and Pillar of Fire women, and Father Divine angels, and Happy Am I shouters, and with brothers that had one-man theologies that they thought up for themselves," Hall says, "but I never had any back talk with any of them. Take the matter of baptism. Way I figure, you can sprinkle a man, or you can totally immerse him face forward, sideways, head first, or feet first, and it's all the same, so long as the water is pure and he doesn't drown." The one street speaker with whom Hall has fought a feud is Charles Lee Smith, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. Smith is also a Southerner. Hall refers to him as the Atheist Pope and has shouted him down in Wall Street, in Union Square, and in the Circle. "It's not so much that he's an atheist," Hall says. "I could overlook that. It's that middle name of his. He was named for Robert E. Lee. Said so himself. How a man named after the sainted Lee could turn into a common, street-corner atheist is more than I can understand." Smith, on the contrary, is fond of Hall. "Next to W. C. Fields," Smith says, "I don't know any man I'd rather listen to than old James Jefferson Davis Hall. I'd pay good money any day to hear his sermon on the D. T.'s." This sermon, "Cases of the D. T.'s I Have Known," is Hall's masterpiece. One of the cases he takes up in the course of it is that of Bobcat Jones, an old song-and-dance man.

"Mr. Jones was a derelict, an old vaudeville actor," Hall says, "and I converted him at the Galilee Mission in 1917, but he backslid. He went on a bat that lasted for weeks, and one day he showed up, a-muttering and a-raving.

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He was holding his head with both hands; said he was afraid the spiders would crawl in his ears. 'Repent, Mr. Jones!' I said to him. He began to duck and dodge; said that Old Scratch was throwing a spear at him. I took him up to the second floor, and no sooner did I get him in bed than he cried out, 'There's an old goat a-coming through the transom. It's the devil. His horns are on fire. Get back there, goat! Don't let that goat butt me!' 'Why, Mr. Jones,' I said, 'I don't see any goat. Repent, repent, and ye shall be saved.' He leaped out of bed and tied three neckties together and he cried out, 'I'm a-going to lasso Old Scratch. I'm a-going to lasso him and tie him down and kick him.' I got him back in bed, but I had a struggle doing so. There was an electric fan in the room, and next he took a notion that the fan was the devil. He picked up an alarm clock and chunked it. It hit the fan and began to ring. And Mr. Jones was a-howling all the time. Oh, my, what a racket! Then he ran over and tried to take hold of the fan, and it scraped his hand, and he leaped backwards about fifteen feet and howled out, 'Old Scratch bit me! Let me out of here!' He shot out of the door, and next thing I knew he tea-kettled down the stairs, hitting every step—as the fellow said, hump, helmet, and all, gut, gallus, and all. I was quite sure Mr. Jones had killed himself, but nay, nay, the fall brought him to his senses. He got to his feet and began to do a skippy little dance and he sung a song called, 'Cut a Watermelon on My Grave and Let the Juice Soak Through.' " At this point in the sermon Hall slowly shakes his head, and a deeply mournful look comes on his face. "Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey!" he exclaims. "I don't even believe in ginger ale!"

—Joseph Mitchell

•

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Germans have got themselves into some more trouble on the Russian front. It is already apparent that the new Nazi offensive should be marked "Opened by mistake."

•

The conquest of Sicily, according to communiqués from the front, is going forward more rapidly than the Allied commanders had anticipated. Nevertheless, Dr. Goebbels has so far not issued any happy gibes about this upset in our timetable.

•

Italian soldiers in Sicily are said to be surrendering with alacrity to the Allied forces. The reason is not cowardice but a natural desire to visit their relatives in America.

•

Nobody knows whether Hitler is still in charge of the German army or not. It is no secret, however, that the High Command is ready to trade him for a good left-handed relief pitcher.

•

Prentiss Brown has told A-card holders that they may soon be allowed to do what they like with their six quarts of gasoline. This is the first time any official has spoken kindly to the poor wretches.

•

Members of the House Ways and Means Committee are taking a busman's holiday. They're spending their vacation seeking new ways to find the means.

•

There is no official confirmation of the report that Marshal Rommel is dead. No one has any doubt, though, that his reputation is.

•

Martinique has at last signed up with the French Committee of National Liberation. Admiral Robert, however, has joined the navy of the unemployed.

•

Pitiful rumors of a liquor drought in Canada are coming across the border. We ought not to forget what our good neighbor did for us at the time of our own national thirst.

•

The Dutch people have been warned by the Allies to beware of invasion rumors. It might be only the Nazis taking a public-opinion poll.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LORENZO

NOBODY knew how old Lorenzo really was. When Harry Oliver bought him, the woman at the pet shop insisted that he was at least a hundred. Basing his opinion on Lorenzo's vitality and general toughness, Harry doubted that he was much over twenty-five. However, it seemed unlikely that any parrot in ordinary circumstances could have begun to acquire Lorenzo's remarkable variety of oral expression in a mere quarter of a century. The very nature of his accomplishments seemed to argue that he had been long in the company of not one but many masters.

Lorenzo was a big, green bird with red and yellow splotches and cold, speculative eyes. He lived in a cage in the Olivers' living room. In his rather sour, preoccupied way, he seemed happy there, but happy or not, he was undeniably decorative. He was a source of interest and occasional amusement, and though at first Harry Oliver's wife, Christine, had feared that Lorenzo would make existence miserable for everybody, the bird gradually fitted into the smoothly running household except, of course, when he sang or shouted too loudly.

One rather curious thing about Lorenzo was that it was never possible for Harry, Christine, or any of their friends to teach him anything—curious because in his time Lorenzo had certainly picked up a good deal. He used a number of phrases that were assumed to be Portuguese curses, he recited the beginning of the "Friends, Romans, countrymen" speech, he said "Won't you sit down?" in a mealy British accent, and he seemed to have listened attentively to a lot of gangsters or gangster movies, for he frequently repeated such sinister threats as "Take it easy, pal," "You asked for it, sweetheart," "Let him have it, boys," and the like. Quite possibly he may have gleaned these last remarks from the conversation of children.

Lorenzo's musical repertoire was no less varied. He whistled snatches of several tunes that nobody was able to identify. They sounded more or less bawdy and he would often break into the melody with a lascivious chuckle. In somewhat ridiculous contrast, he hummed "Rock-a-bye Baby, in the Tree Top" and on rare occasions he sang a coloratura passage that may have come from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Harry Oliver was never quite reconciled to Lorenzo's vocabulary. He felt that a parrot should have at his command at least a few salty exclamations that might have been heard on the quarterdeck of a pirate vessel, and it was a source of some annoyance to him that Lorenzo ignored his persistent efforts at education. It was not as if the bird were stupid and unable to learn; he was simply obstinate. Harry would stand in front of the cage for hours at a time, repeating "Shiver my timbers!" and "Blow me down!," but Lorenzo would only look at him contemptuously, shifting from foot to foot.

In time Christine grew fond of Lorenzo. She was with him most of every day; she became accustomed to his manners and preferences, and an understanding grew up between them. Lorenzo respected Christine's moods. When she was quiet, he was subdued; when she felt gay, he was raucous. She found him surprisingly pleasant company.

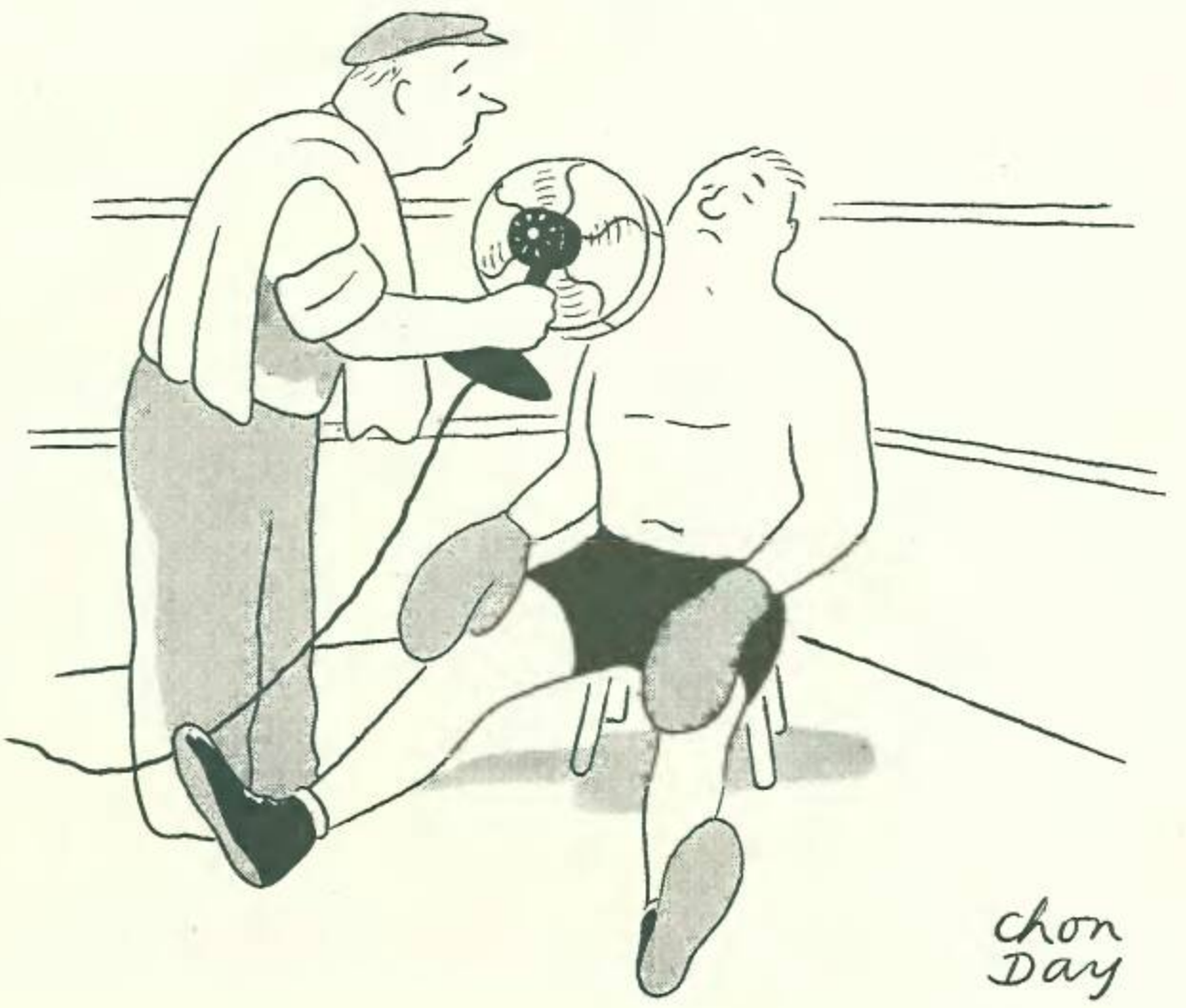
Harry, on the other hand, could never quite get over the notion that Lorenzo was antagonistic to him. He liked to sit in the living room listening to the radio, and it seemed to him that Lorenzo made a deliberate effort to interfere with his enjoyment; he would wait for the pay-off line of a joke or for the most solemn, pianissimo moment of a symphony and then drown out the radio with his harsh cries. Harry would yell at him, "Will you stop that infernal racket!" Sometimes Lorenzo fell silent, sometimes not.

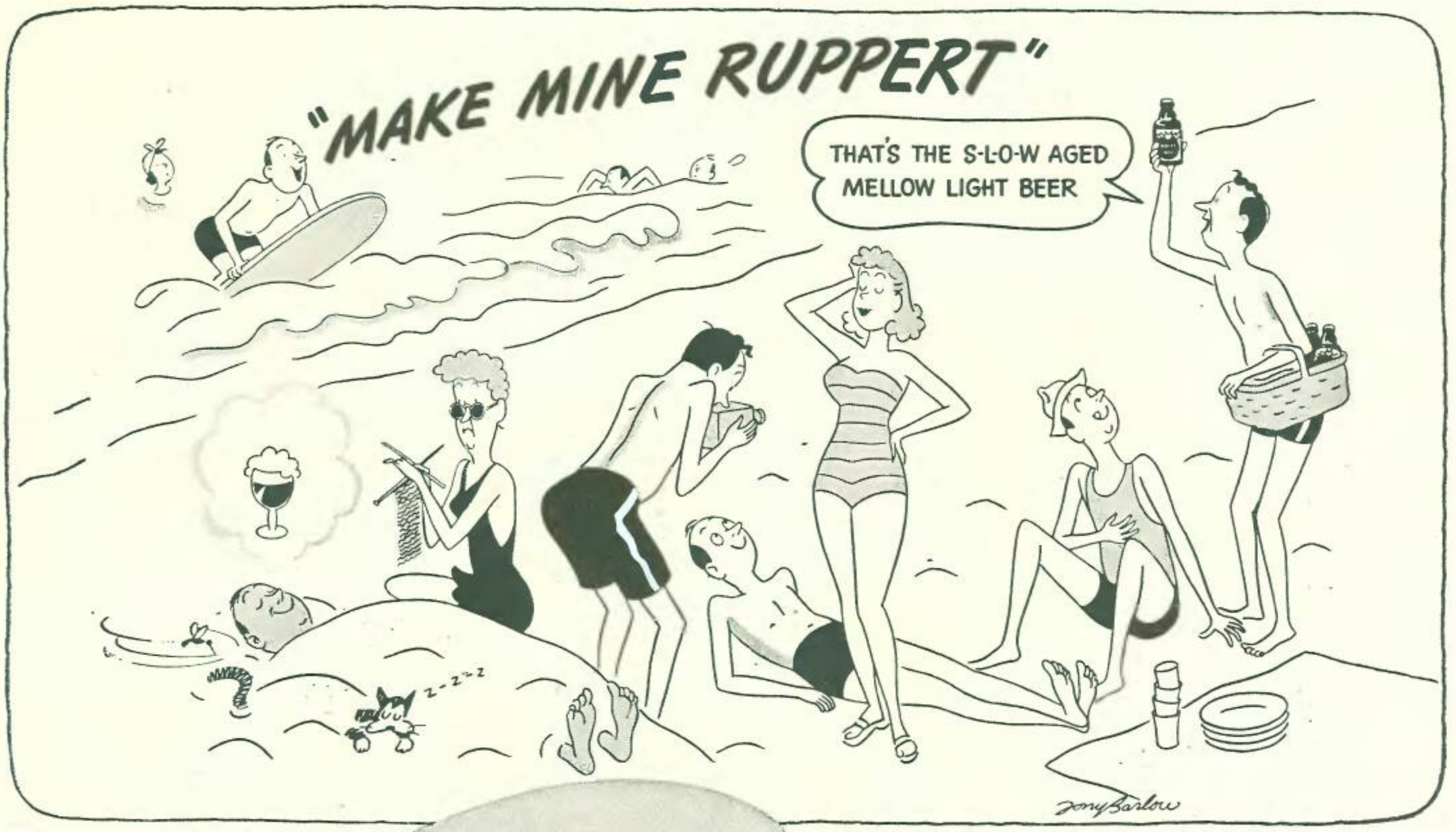
Harry was extremely fond of good music. His taste was severely classical, and he felt that Beethoven, Brahms, and Schumann were a distinct come-down from Bach, Purcell, and Scarlatti, yet despite his knowledge and enthusiasm, Harry's ability to reproduce even the simplest tune was very limited. He never sang, but often, when he was puttering about the house, he whistled a monotonous, inaccurate phrase that resembled the first few bars of Liza Lehmann's song "Ah! Moon of My Delight." It never got much farther than that.

LORENZO had been with the Olivers about three years when Harry was taken ill and died quite suddenly. During the last week or so it seemed that Harry and Lorenzo got along rather better than they had before, but when Harry was gone the parrot spent no time repining.

Not so Christine. She had been happy with her husband and she was deeply affected by his loss. However, she was young and extraordinarily attractive and it was inevitable that the bachelors she met should want to assist her toward a new and perhaps brighter future.

Nelson Priest met and fell in love with Christine shortly after Harry's death. He was a handsome, charming fellow whose only fault, if indeed it was a fault, was a certain ruthlessness in the achievement of his own ends. It required a patience he had never realized he possessed to enable him to postpone the day he would tell Christine that she was going to be his wife. He was afraid that if he did so in too great haste she might be frightened into an ill-considered refusal, and while this would not necessarily upset his plans, it might delay them, and delays annoyed Nelson. Privately, he gave himself a







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month for courtship; at the end of the month he and Christine would be engaged, and at the end of another month they would be married. But Nelson neglected to include Lorenzo in his calculations.

The first few times Nelson called, Lorenzo occupied himself with eating or preening his feathers. There was no hint or warning of the outburst that was to come. This happened on a Saturday night. Nelson was there to take Christine out to dinner, and when she entered the living room in an entirely becoming black evening gown, he was so stirred by her beauty that he put out his arms as if to clasp her to his chest, and said, "Chrissie, my dear, I've never seen anything so—" Lorenzo interrupted him with an angry cry: "Will you stop that infernal racket!"

It was not so much the words as the intonation that shocked Christine. Except for a very slight difference in timbre, it could have been Harry's own voice. She swung around and stared rather wildly at the parrot. Lorenzo met her gaze with hard, unblinking eyes. After a moment he scratched his head vigorously and began to whistle "Ah! Moon of My Delight," losing the melody after the first few bars.

Nelson saw that something had gone wrong, but he could not guess how wrong. Christine turned, her hands clasped very tightly together. "Nelson," she said, with apparent effort, "I wonder if you'd mind if I didn't go out with you tonight. I—I'm afraid I don't feel well. I'm sorry." Without further explanation, she fled, leaving Nelson and Lorenzo to each other. Lorenzo went to sleep. Nelson went to his club and drank more than was good for him.

Whatever else Nelson Priest may have been, he was no fool. It was not many days before he connected Lorenzo with the sudden change in Christine that always seemed to obscure her cheerfulness when he called on her at home. In some not wholly reasonable way he felt that Lorenzo was a rival, and he was not the sort of man to endure a rival for long. Delicately he suggested to Christine that she get rid of the bird. Her refusal was so quick and so flat that Nelson knew any attempt at persuasion would be useless. But he swore that no bird, no matter how gifted, should stand between him and his love.

Nelson consulted a book on toxicology, and one evening he arrived at Christine's house with a pocketful of pleasant but poisonous biscuits. When he entered the room, Lorenzo was work-

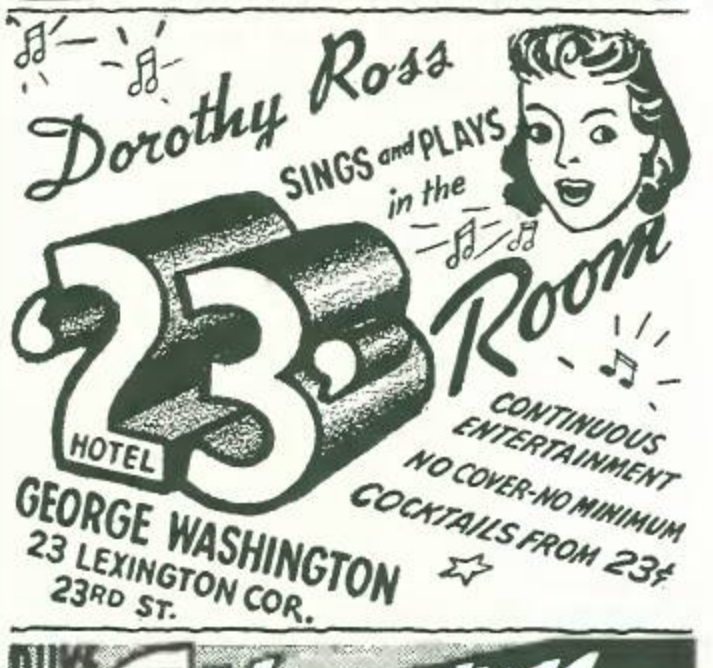


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ing his way upside down along the bars at the top of his cage, but, seeing Nelson, he righted himself and shouted something (vile, doubtless) in Portuguese (probably).

The maid said Mrs. Oliver would be down in a moment and withdrew. A weaker man, a man of lesser determination, might have hesitated at this moment, but not Nelson Priest. With regret (he really rather admired the bird) but with firm realization of stern necessity, he took a biscuit from his pocket and held it up to the bars, asking, "Polly want a cracker?"

Lorenzo mumbled something uncomplimentary and sidled awkwardly along his perch.

"Polly want a cracker?" Nelson repeated, holding the biscuit between two fingers and sticking his hand as far into the cage as the narrow space between the bars would permit. "Here's a cracker for Polly. Polly want a cracker?" Grudgingly, Lorenzo came closer. His manner was either coy, suspicious, or unfriendly; in any case he was irritatingly slow. At last, however, when he was close enough, he reached out his brilliantly colored head, opened his sharp, strong beak, and nipped Nelson's forefinger to the bone.

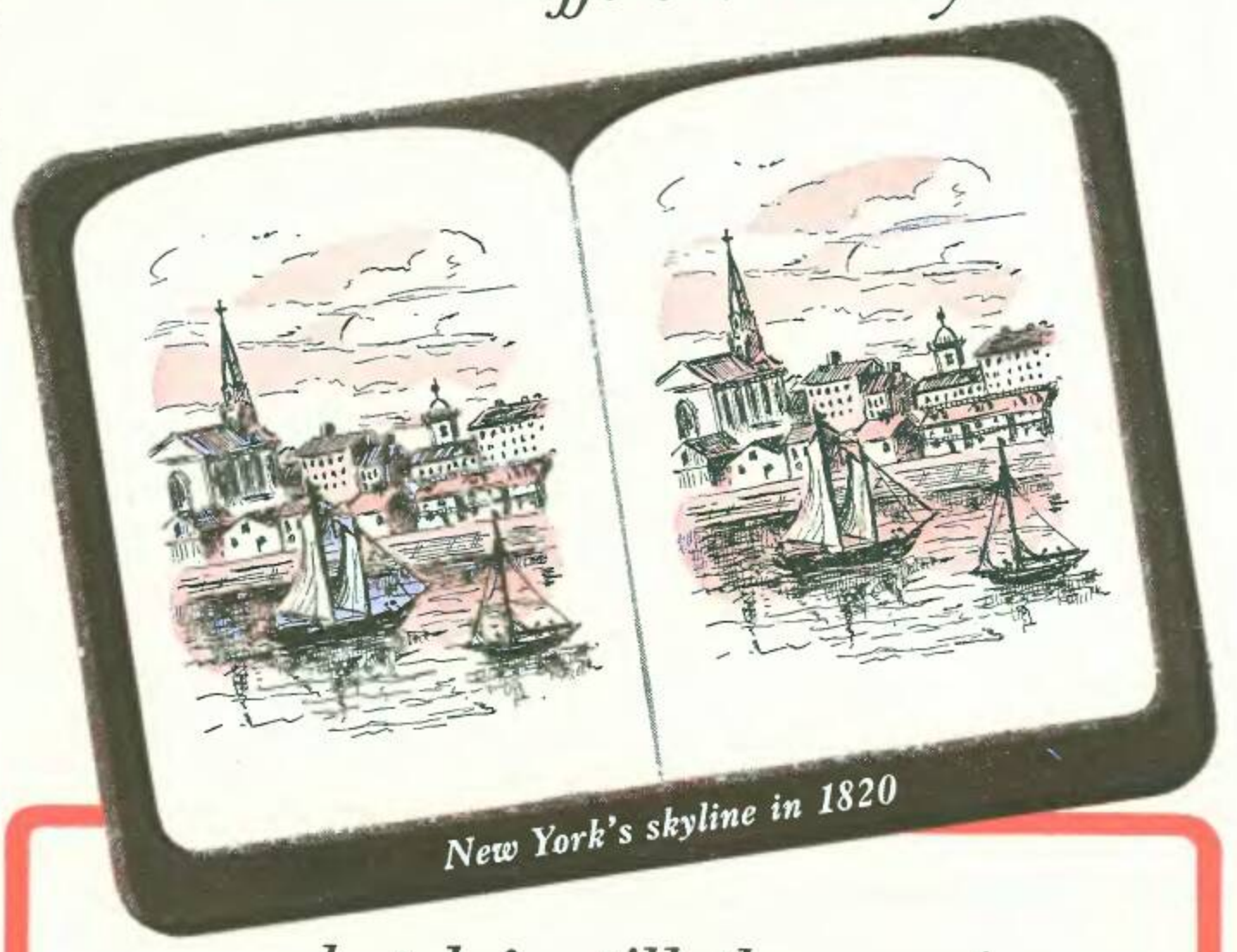
With an agonized yell, Nelson dropped the biscuit and jerked his hand away. At this moment Christine arrived. Finding her admirer streaming blood and moaning with pain, her heart underwent a curious and instant change. She had always liked Nelson, but she had been a little fearful; he had seemed too self-assured, too competent. Now, suddenly, even as she rushed away in search of bandage and disinfectant, she saw that she had been wrong. Nelson with a wounded finger was a helpless child.

While Christine was tenderly caring





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for Nelson's injury, neither of them noticed Lorenzo as he carefully picked up the broken pieces of biscuit and dropped them outside his cage. When the bow was tied on the bandage and Nelson took Christine, mysteriously, unexpectedly yielding, into his arms, neither listened to Lorenzo's faulty rendition of "Ah! Moon of My Delight." Presently Lorenzo gave up the struggle and went to sleep.

—MINDRET LORD

• •

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

DEAR MISTER POSTMASTER GENERAL

I

A little lad sat poring
  O'er a postage-stamp array
In his father's well-filled album.
  As his eager eyes did stray
Over portraits of the "famous"
  On the U.S. issues new,
He grieved because his daddy's
  Face was not there too.
Downcast, he closed the album,
  Then to his mother ran
And put to her this question:
  "Mamma, who is the man
That gets up stamps for postage?"
  She told him, and he sped
To his room and wrote a letter,
  Which his mother found. It read:

REFRAIN

"Dear Mister Postmaster General:
  My mother says you are the man
Who chooses postage-stamp pictures,
  So you'll help me, I'm sure, if you can.
I'm sending you my daddy's photo.
  He's the grandest man *I* ever knew.
All I ask—will you place on a stamp his dear face?
  Just a one-cent or two-cent will do."

II

Within the month an answer
  Reached the boy from Washington,
Marked "Personal." The General
  Wrote, "I would *I* had a son
Who'd show *me* such devotion.
  This news will make you glad:
A new stamp just labelled 'Father,'
  With that likeness of your 'dad'
On it, will be out shortly.
  He's the perfect 'Father' type.
As an added touch, our artist
  In his mouth has placed a pipe."
When the parents read his letter
  They laughed and wept with joy.
Said the father, "May I always
  Deserve your words, my boy."

REFRAIN

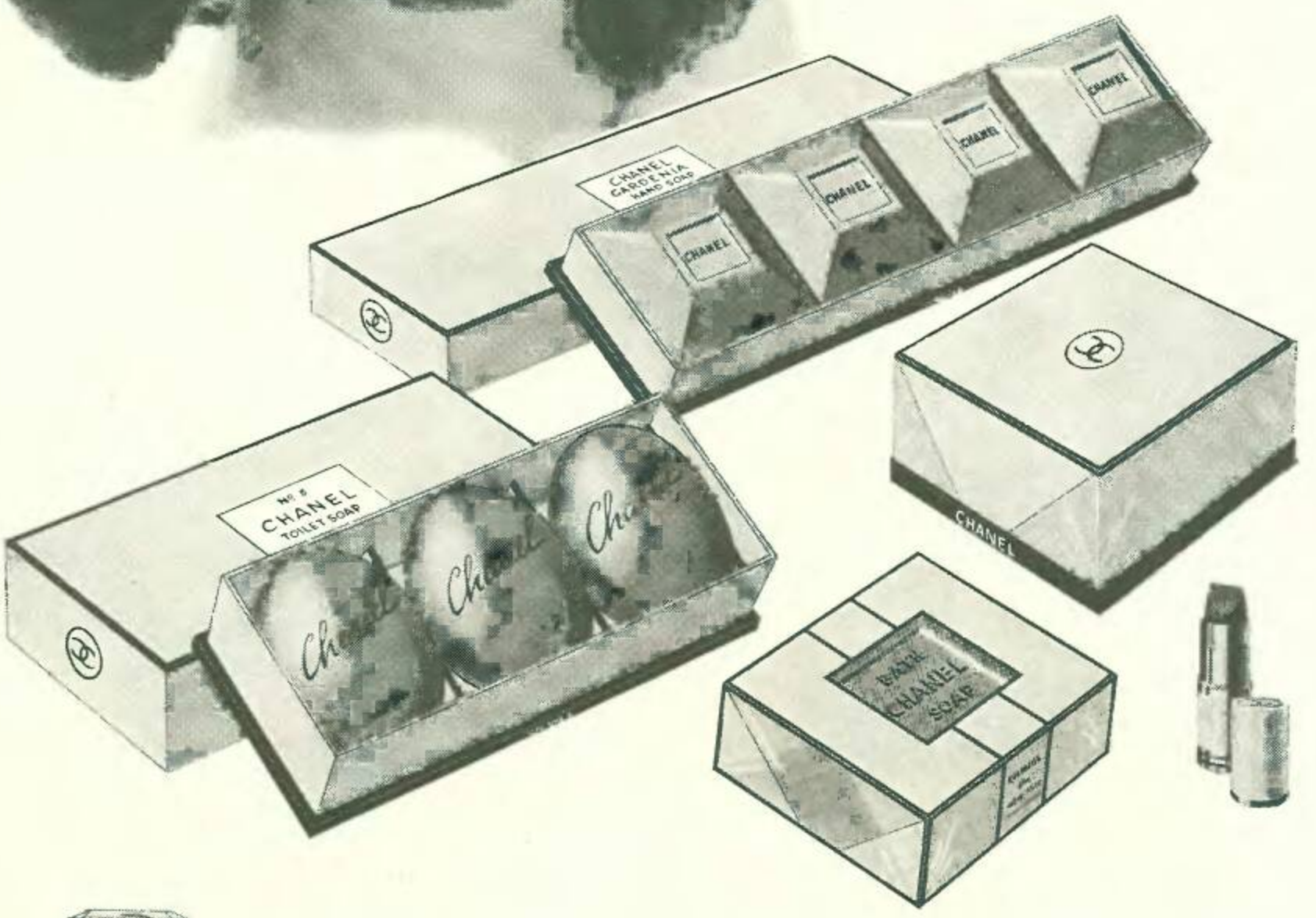
"Dear Mister Postmaster General:
  My mother says you are the man
Who chooses postage-stamp pictures,
  So you'll help me, I'm sure, if you can.
I'm sending you my daddy's photo.
  He's the grandest man *I* ever knew.
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—CLARENCE KNAPP

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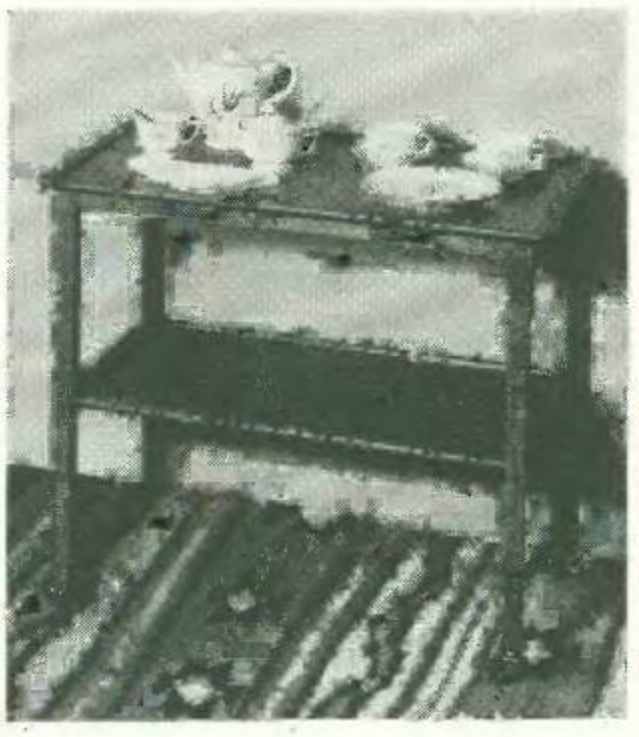
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Offense Intended

A FUTURE historian, rummaging through the contents of a time capsule and coming up with the movie "For Whom the Bell Tolls," will be led to believe that the Spanish Civil War was just a particularly disorderly brawl, in which both sides were composed of ruffians, with perhaps a slight edge in decorum on the side of the Fascists (or Nationalists, as they are discreetly called in the picture). It must be admitted that this historian, while absorbing this intelligence, will be treated to a splendid piece of entertainment, filled with suspense, good acting, and beautiful camera work. The three hours which the plot takes to unfold may well not seem too long to him, because the pace is fast enough and the characters have enough depth to sustain them all the way through. The rôles of Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), Pilar (Katina Paxinou), El Sordo (Joseph Calleia), the Gypsy (Mikhail Rasumny), Anselmo (Vladimir Sokoloff), and the brief one of Kharkov (Konstantin Shayne) are especially well played. Gary Cooper does fine as Robert Jordan except in the lighter moments, when he indulges too heavily in the notorious Cooper simper. Ingrid Bergman, who plays Maria, is a beautiful girl, especially in Technicolor, and a good enough actress to come up with one or two very moving scenes in spite of the fact that hers is the one part that never had any business in the story in the first place. The chief technical hitch that might bother this future historian, as well as the audience at the Rivoli Theatre, is a tendency on the part of the cast at large to speak broken English with their backs turned, causing portions of the dialogue to be so much wasted effort.



It is doubtful whether Ernest Hemingway's novel itself ever carried a great deal of political weight. The unlikely, if affecting, romance between Jordan and Maria took up too much of Hemingway's time, and furthermore, when he did concern himself with history, he was too eager to show the causes of the defeat of the Spanish people to drive home to his readers the clear-cut right and wrong of the matter. The movie, on the whole, is extremely faithful to the book and its principal shortcoming can be laid, to some extent, to just that faithfulness. Not that the movie doesn't take a few brisk strides on its own toward the conciliation of Francisco Franco. The grim goings-on in the taking of Pilar's and Pablo's town from the Fascists are actually shown on the screen, whereas atrocities of the Fascists are merely described, and Robert Jordan makes only a single, inadequate statement of his reasons for joining the Spanish people in their fight for freedom. In the main, though, the movie's practice of shunning the issue as it would the plague—and its tremendous popular appeal as well—can be traced to the best-seller from which it sprang.

SOMEHOW the book, the play, and the two previous pictures to which the title "The Constant Nymph" has been attached all got by me and I have become acquainted with the story for the first time in its current film form, which is a good, solid, and occasionally excellent piece of work employing the services of Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine, Charles Coburn, Alexis Smith, Peter Lorre, and others. Miss Fontaine, as the girl who falls in love with the composer, has a big job to do and she gives it all she's got, inevitably overreaching herself from time to time but usually succeeding in making herself perfectly credible. M. Boyer is as contained as ever and, although his accent continues to be a little too extravagant, he at least appears to have a firm enough grasp of what he's up to. Mr. Coburn, as the semi-comic English uncle, is ripping. Incidentally, Dame May Whitty plays a minute, unaccountable rôle which keeps looking as though it might amount to something but never does. Rather slim pickings for a Dame.

THE danger in Deanna Durbin pictures is that they're apt to get sticky. She herself is always a love of a girl with a rich, kindly father and an elderly butler who is something of a character. Generally speaking, though, her vehicles are saved by a couple of funny situations, a few funny lines, and

enough vocal numbers to give her nifty soprano voice an airing. All this happens to be true of "Hers to Hold," her latest effort. This one has to do with an heiress who loves a flier (Joseph Cotten), who loves her, too, but won't give her much encouragement because he wants to spare her the anxieties involved in his line of work. The father and the butler are on hand in the shapes of Charles Winninger and Ludwig Stossel. One funny situation comes off right at the start, in a blood-donor station. Most of the rest of the action takes place in a plane factory, where Deanna goes to work and also aids morale by singing during lunch hour. Then comes the time when the flier has to go off to war and it's a gamble from there on in whether he'll relent and tell Deanna he loves her. It's not much of a gamble, though.

"STORMY WEATHER" is a largely fictitious biography of Bill Robinson, featuring Mr. Robinson himself, Lena Horne, Dooley Wilson, Fats Waller, and Cab Calloway. This is a talented cast and there are naturally some swell spots in the picture. Unfortunately, nobody in it, no matter how expert an entertainer he may be, is an actor.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

HOWEVER, with expanding education, the universality of conveniences, the growing appreciation of beauty, the widespread appeal of the colorful, and the belief that the Last Rites was a salutation to immortality, funeral establishments underwent a change, culminating in the lovely Old Dominion harmony of exterior and interior distinguishing the C. Hoffmeister Colonial Mortuary, and ranking it high in the annals of mortuary progress.

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[*Washington Times-Herald*]

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"Did I get what?" Ickes asked.

"The telegram!" said Pagan.

"Yet," Ickes replied.

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THE RACE TRACK

Chicago and Points East



ALTHOUGH this department believes that races should be seen and not heard, there come days when recourse to the radio is the only way to keep up. Last Saturday, for one. The most important race of the weekend was the Arlington Futurity, which was run off at Washington Park in Chicago. All season, dispassionate accounts by returning travellers had indicated that Occupy was the best two-year-old in the Middle West, or anywhere else, and that he would win the race hands down. He was said, for one thing, to be the image of his elder brother, Occupation, and to have his great speed at short distances. Well, Occupy didn't win. He was beaten, although it wasn't entirely his fault, by a stablemate named Jezrahel, the offspring of a mare called Jezebel. The track was muddy, and Occupy, from all accounts, got tired, but he probably would have won anyway if Jezrahel hadn't bumped him half a furlong from home. This was poor teamwork, of course, but then jockeys riding for a stable with more than one entry in a race occasionally become flustered and forget their instructions.

John Marsch, who owns both horses, may have been a little disappointed, since Occupy is his favorite, but he had some slight consolation—first money, which went to Jezrahel, was $48,650 and second, which went to Occupy, was $6,000. Habitual backers of Chicago horses say that the Eastern juveniles can't be much this season because Ravenala, who has finished second to Lucky Draw so often around here, ran last in the Arlington. I wouldn't know.

The weekend news from Boston, where another important race was being run, saddened rather than surprised me. Though I've been a steadfast admirer of Mrs. Ames all season, I've known all along that it was only a question of time before she'd lose a race, especially since her ankles aren't very sound. Well, last Saturday was the day, and she was beaten by Cocopet in the Mayflower Stakes at Suffolk Downs. At any rate, she did better than Dog Day, who, with four victories to his credit this season, finished out of the money. As to what would have happened if Lucky Draw had started in the



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HOTEL
NEW YORKER
*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper

race, that's anybody's guess. However, he got an attack of hives and had to be withdrawn. Cocopet is one of those bargain yearlings who are always making people think the horse business must be a lot of fun. W. S. Farish bought her for $900 at Saratoga last August and so far she's earned more than $17,000.

RACING at Jamaica last week wasn't the kind that anybody will be likely to remember down the years. As a matter of fact, I can't seem to remember much of it right now. Apache put up a fairly good show in the Fleetwing Handicap, but then he's the best sprinter we have. With Regards did some showing-off in the Fleetwing, too. To begin with, he sulked and refused to leave the starting gate until the race was nearly over. Then, when he came back to the weighing-in enclosure, he kicked Longden, his jockey, as the boy was unsaddling him. I have no idea what made him so mad, but it was as deliberate an act of aggression as I ever saw.

I didn't think much of the two-year-olds at Jamaica last week, either. Stronghold, who won the East View Stakes, is no great shakes in my book. I like Depth Charge, Count Fleet's half brother, much better, and, what's more, I don't think he's going to be another Boojiana. I have an idea, though, that Boojiana, who ran so badly at odds-on last Saturday, will have learned to get started more quickly by the time she comes to the Saratoga races at Belmont Park next week. I hope you'll bear my forecast in mind when you place your bet.

ITEMS IN A TIME OF CHANGE: The Empire City season at Jamaica ends this Saturday with the running of the Yonkers Handicap. Then everybody will head out to Belmont for the Saratoga Association's meeting, which opens on Monday. Colonel Martingale says he's going to miss the canoe from which he used to watch the morning workouts at the Spa. —AUDAX MINOR

•

NEW YORK.—(AP)—When 50 Coast Guardsmen splurged with a dinner and dance at Cortland House, in Bay Shore, Long Island, the expense money came from a little brown jug on the bar.

Pasted on the jug was this verse:

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—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SEALED SHIP

JULY 8
(BY CABLE, DELAYED)

THE chips are down. Our ship, a transport loaded with United States amphibious troops and anchored off the coast of Algeria, was sealed today. Between now and the time we set out to invade Axis territory, no one except the officer messenger who delivers and picks up mail may board or leave the ship. I am aboard merely as a correspondent, but the rest of the men are here to fight. When you read this, you will know what some of us will never know—whether we won or lost. Many of the men on this ship feel that the operation will determine whether this war will end in a stalemate or whether it will be fought to a clear-cut decision. Up to now in this war, no one has been able to bring off a full-scale amphibious operation against the home shores of a major power. The only fair test was at Dieppe, and you know what happened there. Neither North Africa nor Attu nor Guadalcanal was a proper test of amphibious assault. All three were surprise attacks, something no large-scale assault by one nation upon another of equal strength could possibly be under modern conditions. In none of these three was heavy and determined resistance met at the beach. In the impending attack, however, the enemy knows that we are coming and that the best place to kill an opponent is when he is waist-deep in the water. So far we haven't been told what our objective is to be. Perhaps it is Sicily.

Our invasion force has jammed the ports on the mountainous, ochreous coast of Algeria. The combat flotilla I am in is made up of troop transports, destroyers, PC's, minesweepers, and minelayers. Naturally, it does not include the freighters that are standing by to form our baggage train—the tankers, repair ships, refrigerated meat and vegetable ships, and so on. So much for the American delegation. The British have provided small, fast carriers and some destroyers and battleships. Just up the coast is a nest of British assault landing craft. These vessels joined us the other night in a practice landing maneuver which involved the entire Allied task force. Above the port off which we ourselves lie, the bright, clear North African air is dotted with still brighter pellets, the barrage balloons that lace the sky with slender steel cables.

Aboard my ship there are roughly two thousand men. (My figures are purposely inexact.) About fifteen hundred of them are the soldiers of what is known as a reinforced battalion; all sorts of specialists required for the operation have been added. Three hundred and fifty of the men are the regular ship's company. The rest are the young amphibious naval officers and crews who will man the landing craft that cover our decks—the small boats that will put the troops and their supplies ashore. In addition to personnel, we also carry all the vehicles, weapons (including anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns), food, ammunition, and gasoline the troops will require during the first week or so they are ashore. The troops belong to a Southwestern division. They aren't handpicked, but they are good. They have a gangling toughness about them. They have been in the Army for quite a while. They have been trained on mountains, in deserts, and in ship-to-shore operations. When I asked one of them how he felt about this trip, he said, "If the ship was to turn back to the States, we'd all be disappointed."



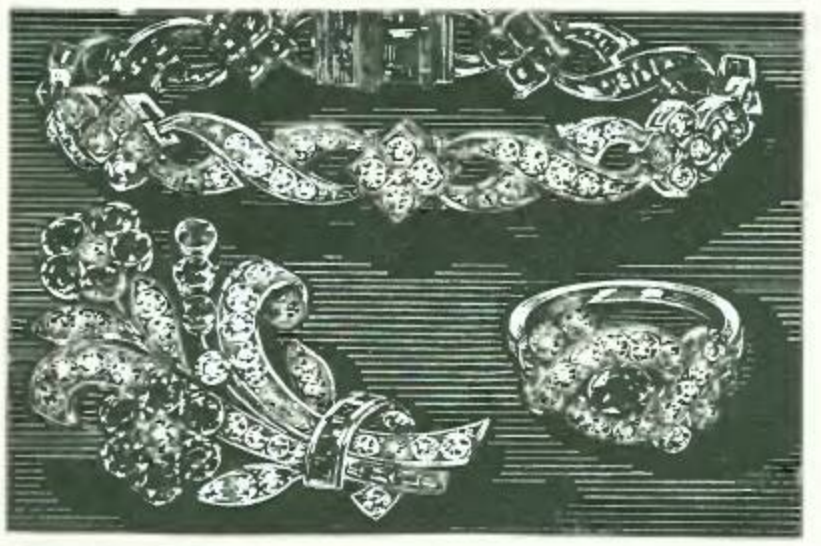
The officer in command of this battalion, and the only West Pointer aboard, is Lieutenant Colonel C. D. Wiegand, a short, stocky man who knows his trade, is a hard-working and intelligent officer, and is completely lacking in brass-hattery. Most of the ship's officers have been drawn from the Naval Reserve or the Merchant Marine. The main difference between these men and the officers on a man of war is that there is less talk of gunnery, which is the breath of life to a ship of the line. Only our skipper, Captain L. B. Schulten, is an Academy man. He is very quiet, apparently conscious of every detail of the ship's life and operation, and tough. So long as the young amphibs, or small-boat men, remain aboard this ship, he is their commanding officer too. Almost none of the landing-

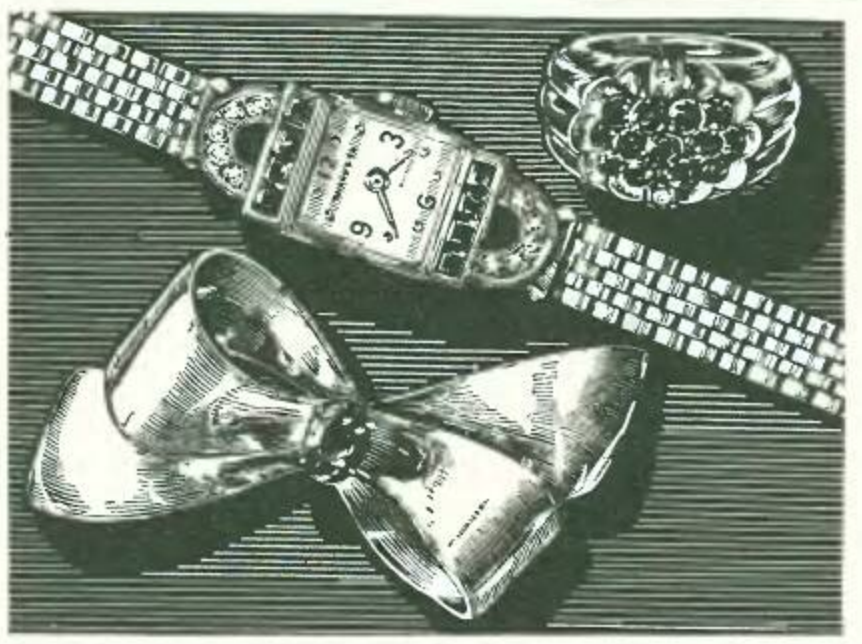
craft men are more than twenty-five years old. The officers among them are almost entirely ensigns. When they entered the service, they were lawyers, schoolteachers, accountants, college athletes. Until now many of them have felt they were getting a raw deal. They were attached to no ship, and usually they were stationed at this or that shore base for only short periods. For that reason, there was a certain ambiguity in their position. They seemed to belong to neither the shore Navy nor the sea Navy. It was as if they were poor relations on a perennial round of visits. Moreover, since almost all their training was in shallow-draft craft, they knew little about seafaring and were regarded as ignoramuses by any bluejacket who had made even one trip across the ocean. There had been jokes back in training school: "If you don't do better, we'll see that you get assigned to amphibious duty. See how you like bouncing around on the surf on one of those ensign eliminators." All of that is forgotten now. We are poised on the lip of the Mediterranean, on the eve of a job that is perhaps the most difficult type of warfare. If naval guns have long odds against them in an engagement with shore batteries, the ensign eliminators bouncing around on the surf have much longer odds.

INASMUCH as this landing operation is not going to work perfectly, I will try to tell you why perfection is out of the question and how the thing would work if it were perfectly executed. The operation will be imperfect not because of faulty planning, equipment, or personnel, but because of the innate difficulties of this kind of fighting and because every advantage, except the selection of the time and place of battle, will rest with the enemy. First, we must run the gantlet of the enemy's surface craft, submarines, aircraft, and coastal-defense batteries in order to bring our transports into the debarkation area. Then, the sea must be fairly smooth for us to launch our landing craft successfully. Then, in the blackness of night, those hundreds of small craft must rendezvous in an orderly group. That sounds easy, but it is almost inexpressibly difficult. Darkness and radio silence must be maintained. The air will be filled with the noise of hundreds of motors, so it will be impossible to shout from boat to boat. The eye will be everywhere befuddled by the green, ghastly flow of phosphorus. Boats will be lunging at you from out of the night. To become disoriented and utterly lost

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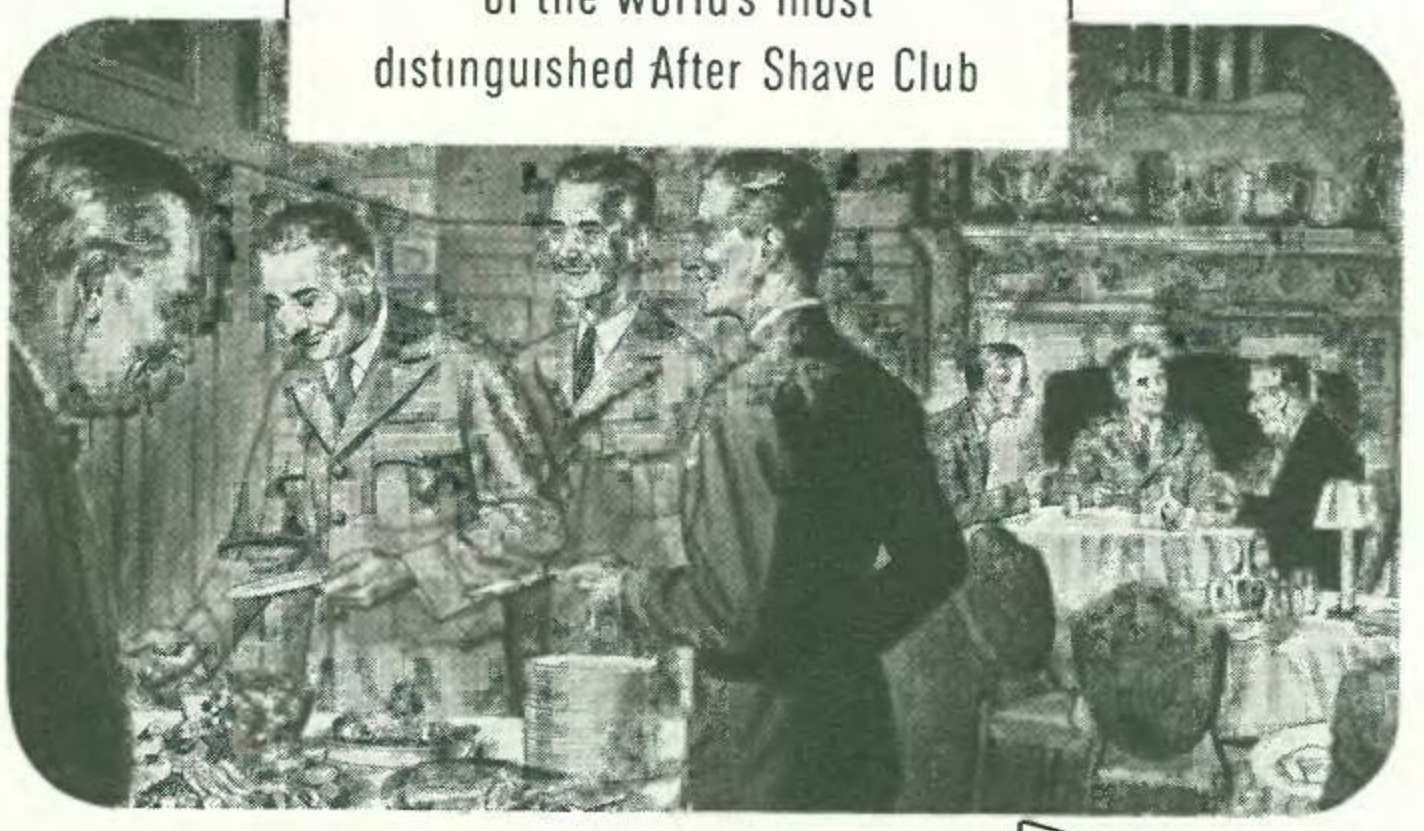


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will be more than easy. At the same time, the enemy will be throwing everything he has at you. The difficulty and confusion inherent in this phase of the operation will be extreme.

Once approximate order has been established, the landing craft will come out of their formations and run under the debarkation nets hanging down the sides of the transports. Down these wood-rung chain ladders the troops will climb with their equipment, feeling with their feet and whatever sixth sense they possess for the right moment to step or jump into the landing craft, which may on a sudden whim leap sideways, pin a descending man against his ship, and break his legs. Once the boats are loaded, they will return to their formations, array themselves into waves (how easy it is to tell!), and set out in that order for the shore, where, if the enemy is on his toes, we'll leap out of our craft into water filled with barbed wire, while the star shells and the cold, blue beams of searchlights illuminate us so that we may be raked with rapid-fire weapons as we struggle to make our way up a beach studded with land mines and bayonets.

AS for the feelings of the amphibs about the enemy, I have not heard one, in the time I have lived with them, give the slightest indication of ill will toward the Italian people or their army and navy. They know that many of their own men will be killed in combat with the Italian forces, and they plan to slaughter those forces as rapidly and as efficiently as possible, which they'll do with no hatred at all. As often as not, the individual destruction of the enemy will actually be accomplished with a tinge of regret.

The young officers, far from being brutalized, seem almost gentle. They are eager to play fair and they are touched by anyone else's hard luck, even the enemy's. They are still like civilians in uniform. I got talking to one landing-boat officer the other night. He told me that he had a law degree from one of the state universities. He had



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gone with the same girl for three years before we got into the war. They had meant to marry as soon as he finished school. After Pearl Harbor he joined the Navy and there were so many transfers and other complications that the wedding had been delayed until two days before he had been ordered to report to this ship. As it turned out, they had one whole uninterrupted day together. However, he doesn't complain. He keeps busy and tries not to think how his wife must be feeling.

THE last tiny details are being arranged in preparation for putting to sea. The last conferences are being held, the last gimmicks issued and cleaned, or stowed and lashed in place. The Protestant and Jewish boys are at their last religious services. The Catholics were confessed last night. As a few of us sit around drinking coffee, the senior medical officer, preoccupied with germs and infections, warns us that we must put by one complete outfit of freshly laundered battle dress. The "hour," he says in his tender, almost fatherly way, must find us all freshly scrubbed and in clean clothes for battle.

—George Sessions Perry

•

It is the privilege of this reporter, however a softie for the grand comedy—or was it a farce—that bowed these seven or eight years ago at the Cort Theatre, to report that the Spewack, Inc. genius either is of a measure that cannot be alloyed or that the company that last night offered it at the Windsor has captured in the main the magic humor of the Spewack intent or else has so closely copied the George Abbott production as to have afforded those metropolitans as did not see the original company an exceedingly unusual and highly pleasurable opportunity of catching up on one of the most amusing bits of daffydillyness that has come to the American stage in many a year.—*G. E. Blackford in the Journal-American.*

You'll have to start again, please.

•

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[*From the Book-of-the-Month Club News*]

For the past fifteen years, Mrs. Holt has been living in one of the most picturesque houses in America—an old New England "salt box" built in 1665, on Long Island. The house is furnished completely in period furniture, but the plumbing is not as good as might be desired. In disgust, she has named the kitchen sink, "Sink of Iniquity"—calls it "Iniquity" for short. She also owns a Ford touring car (though she doesn't use it as much as she did once). Its name is "Ford Madox Ford" and it gets called "Madox" for short. In addition, she has a . . .

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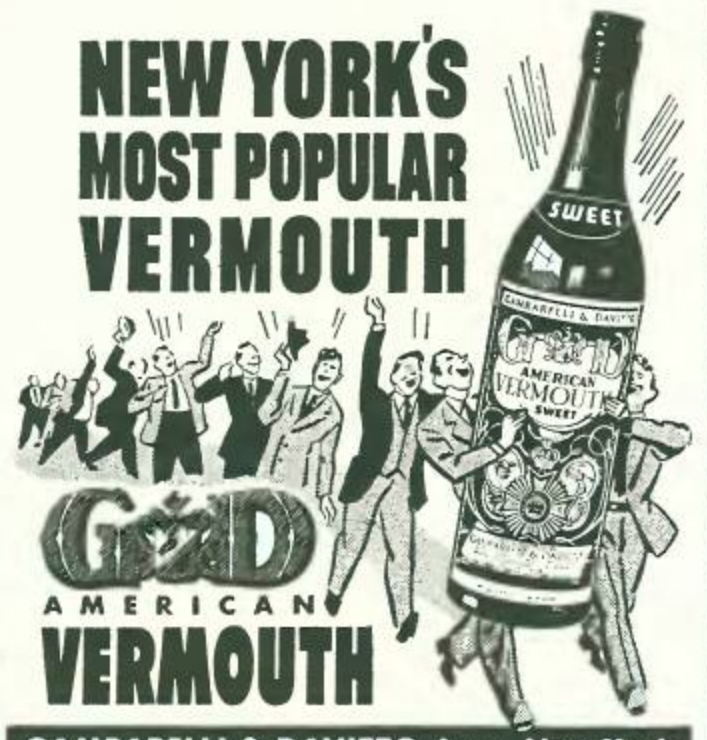
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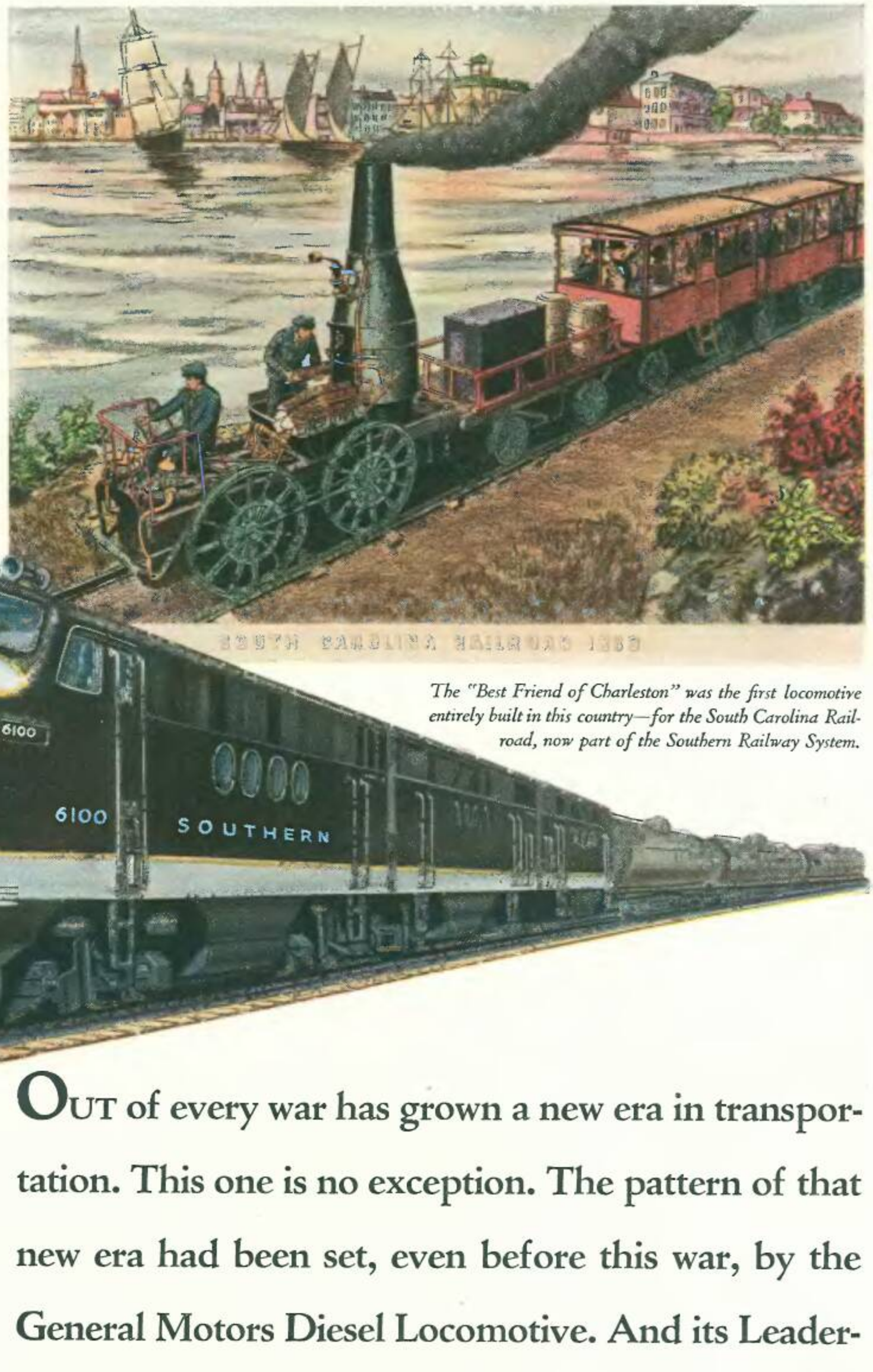
Less Power to Them



THE biggest fleet of the Long Island Sound yacht-racing season, in the immediate neighborhood of sixty boats, showed up for the American Yacht Club's regatta off Rye last Sunday under the following official conditions: Weather, sunny; Wind, northwest; Wind Force, ten miles per hour; Sea, smooth. With a few exceptions, the fleet went about its business in an orderly fashion. The first of the exceptions turned up in the International Class race, in which two entries, through a misunderstanding, followed a course that was a good deal shorter than what the Race Committee had prescribed. A pleasant, scenic course in its way, but too abbreviated to be legitimate. Another exception occurred in one of the Handicap divisions, wherein a sloop by the name of Lone Star came in a cool hour in front of her competitors, also, as it happened, by accidentally cutting a couple of corners. The Lone Star, though owned by Mr. B. L. Norton, was skippered by Mr. George Granbery, who is president of the Handicap Class and has spent the past three weeks sailing the boats of various members of that class in an effort to show them how to win races. Inadvertently, on Sunday, he hit on a sure-fire method.

There is no doubt that the consumption of marine gasoline on the Sound this summer has been considerably pared. Even the men on the race committee at the American Yacht Club's regatta went to and from the starting line by sail and, not only that, they went from the dock to the committee boat in a dinghy instead of a launch. To be sure, they made the return trip from mooring to dock in a launch, but that was after a hard day's work. Just how gingerly powerboats are being used on the Sound these days was demonstrated at the Horse Shoe Harbor races off Larchmont on Saturday. At one point in the afternoon, the spectators watched a little fellow in an eight-foot rowboat tow a forty-seven-foot cruiser into dock for servicing and then out to its mooring again. Also, to get back to the American Yacht Club, a rule is posted on the bulletin board there which forbids swimming from boats offshore,

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OUT of every war has grown a new era in transportation. This one is no exception. The pattern of that new era had been set, even before this war, by the General Motors Diesel Locomotive. And its Leadership in the Peace to come is forecast in the way this locomotive is today meeting the challenges of war.

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☆

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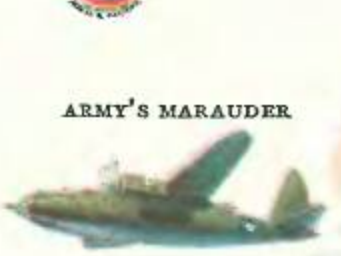
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BRITAIN'S BALTIMORE



ARMY'S MARAUDER

presumably to eliminate the possibility of long-distance, gasoline-powered rescues.

Even when it isn't a drain on the fuel supply, offshore swimming has unlimited hazards, as a newspaper photographer at the Echo Bay regatta two weeks ago found out. After he had covered his assignment from the deck of the committee boat, he borrowed a pair of trunks and prepared for a dip. "Is it deep enough to dive here?" he asked. "Sure, it's forty feet," he was told. "Are you positive?" he asked. "I go down pretty far." He got a guarantee that it was at least forty feet. So he went ahead and dived, but without remembering to take off his glasses and his Panama hat. His hat came to the surface and was recovered, but his glasses sank forty feet and weren't.

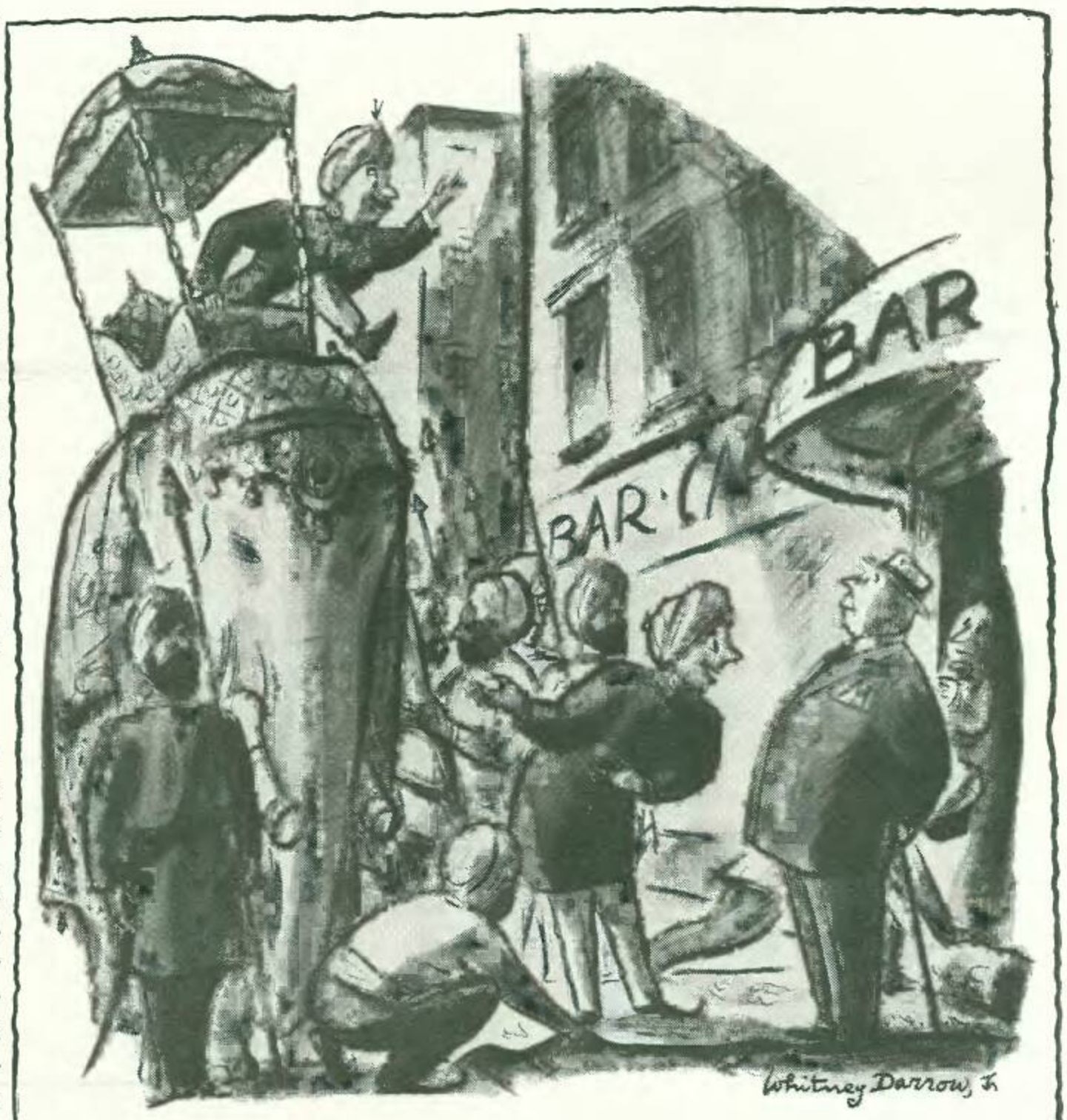
TRYOUTS for boys sixteen and over were held by the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds last week under the supervision of Frank Rickey, the Giants' talent specialist. More than five hundred boys turned out, but Mr. Rickey, when interviewed by this department in the midst of his survey, estimated that not more than half a dozen of them would be major-league possibilities. He also said that the fellows he watched for were not the best ball players but the best potential ball players. At these affairs, the best ball players are apt to be in their twenties and to have reached their peak, he said, and they can no longer be molded. This outlook of Mr. Rickey's naturally gets him some arguments from the best ball players, who can't figure out what madness prompts him to turn them down. "I don't think you saw me throw," one of them is likely to say to him. "I think you saw my cousin throw." —D. L.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day. . . .
I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
—*Andrew Marvell,* 1621-78.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in . . . Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scrupule, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon.—*Joseph Addison in the Spectator, June 12, 1711.*



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stadium Checkup



THE management of the Stadium Concerts effected a temporary merger between the Metropolitan Opera and the Philharmonic-Symphony last week when an all-Metropolitan cast and a Met stage director, Herbert Graf, collaborated with the Philharmonic in a couple of performances of "Carmen." The only eminence in the production not regularly affiliated with either the Fortieth Street or the Fifty-seventh Street group was the conductor, Alexander Smallens, who, by the way, would make an able and versatile addition to either roster.

Even making the customary discount for the effects of open-air amplification on opera, this Stadium "Carmen" was one of the tidiest and liveliest around here in several years. Mr. Graf couldn't, of course, be expected to devise an entirely new staging for the piece, but he chucked quite a bit of traditional business out into Convent Avenue and achieved a sort of triumph of omission with his simple, unfussy direction. Mr. Smallens moved the music along brightly, too, combining speed with control.

Gladys Swarthout, the Carmen of the production, put on the best acting job she has ever done in that rôle, and she sounded swell. Nadine Conner was a fetching and effective Micaela, and Armand Tokatyan turned in as convincing a Don José as you'll find in these precincts. The Escamillo was Alexander Sved, who would get a lot more out of his naturally brilliant voice if he tried to do less with it. The Stadium itself deserves special commendation for its new stage and lighting equipment.

The stage has one drawback, however, which is annoying when ballet is the bill—the footlight shield along the apron, which manages to conceal the dancers' feet quite effectively from customers who happen not to be sitting up in the stands. Connoisseurs of toe and ankle activities, therefore, didn't get a very satisfactory view of the proceedings when the Ballet Theatre staged its shows or when Argentinita and her associates performed. The balletomanes didn't beef violently, though, for they received plenty of entertain-



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Not a wartime substitute but a time-proved food, long the largest selling meal-type dog food in the grocery store field.

ment at the Stadium's very modest admission prices, and the large stage served to set off the Ballet Theatre handsomely. Some of the detail work in Argentinita's offerings, however, seemed lost in that vast area. Interest in the goings-on was increased by the appearance of Robert Lawrence, of the *Herald Tribune's* music staff, as conductor at one of the Ballet Theatre evenings (he became Pvt. Robert Lawrence a few days later) and of José Iturbi as maestro for the Argentinita productions.

TWO newcomers to the list of Stadium conductors in the past few weeks were Robert Shaw and Morton Gould. The stimulating Mr. Shaw brought around his Collegiate Chorale, with Paul Robeson as soloist, and drew the largest attendance at the Stadium so far this season. Mr. Gould may well have been something of a surprise to people who had known him only as a director of his own diverting inventions and arrangements, because he took on a good deal of unfamiliar music, including Miaskovsky's sixteenth symphony, and led it as if he'd been spending a lot of time at such matters. He presented crisp, well-modelled performances of many sorts of composition and proved to be good news as well as news.

PEOPLE like tunes. If you want evidence, consider the crowds that turned out for the Gershwin program and for the Viennese party provided by Robert Stolz, both at the Stadium. One curious thing about the annual Gershwin evening uptown is that although there have, of course, been changes in soloists, the program has been substantially the same for several years. Perhaps not much can be done about that sameness, because there aren't many Gershwin compositions in the larger forms, and perhaps it doesn't matter anyway, since Gershwin music has a peculiar, lasting freshness.

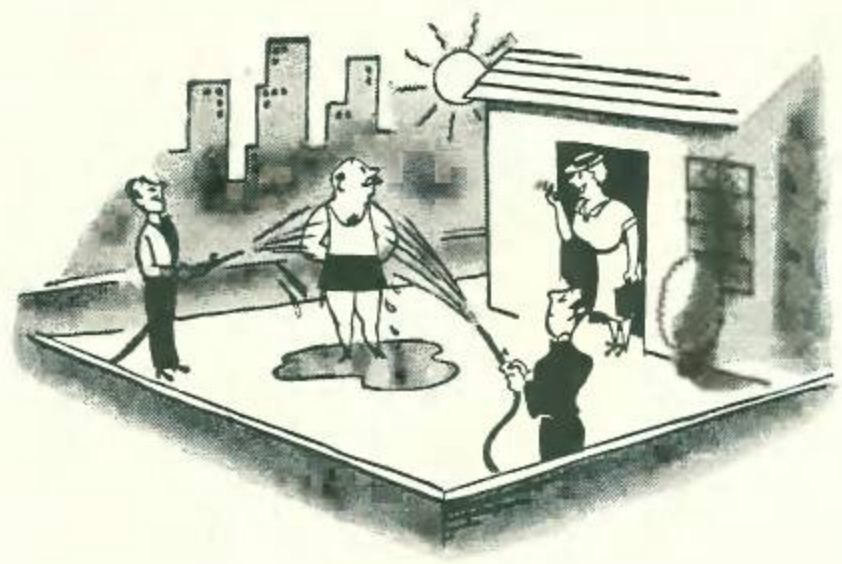
—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From the Army Technical Manual of the Corps of Engineers—TM 5-226, Carpentry; Chapter 3, Tools; Section III, Driving]

(1) To drive a nail (Figure 71)
- a. Hold the nail in place with the thumb and first two fingers of one hand.
- b. Grasp hammer handle as shown in Figure 71.
- c. Tap the head of the nail lightly to start it into the wood and remove the guiding hand.
- d. Drive the nail.



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BOOKS

The Chinese and Others



NOBODY beats the Chinese for seeing the absurd in the fondest human enterprise. They seem to have a bright eye for the ridiculous discrepancy between what a man thinks he is doing at any moment and what he really *is* doing, and they greet it unfailingly with a mild, well-bred, schoolboy giggle. There's a kind of pleasure in it, too—not the standard satiric pleasure of watching a man break his neck and make a fool of himself in one operation, but a nice, civil pleasure at the spectacle of people doing just about what you'd expect them to do if you only understood them well enough.

A novel by S. I. Hsiung, "The Bridge of Heaven," which comes to us with a prefatory verse by John Masefield and deep bows from the English reviewers, provides quite a case in point. Mr. Hsiung is the author of "Lady Precious Stream" and other plays in both English and Chinese, and he has translated Hardy into Chinese—a performance that must have puzzled his compatriots no little. I suppose you could call "The Bridge of Heaven" a realistic fable, but there's a whiff of something between Goldsmith and Voltaire in its amiable irony, and the satiric, balanced antitheses of plot and character may remind you of Fielding.

A chronicle novel, in a fashion, "The Bridge of Heaven" begins in 1879 and covers the period that witnessed the rotting away of the Manchu Empire under the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi and the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1912. Its chief characters are young Ta Tung, the son of a fisherman, purchased at birth by an amusingly scrimy village "philanthropist;" Lotus Fragrance, Ta Tung's wife; the families and friends of this couple; and Ta Tung's political associates. Ta Tung becomes a sort of combination Tom Jones and Tom Paine, and his progress in the first of these rôles, as he moves from village to provincial capital and on to Peking and Shanghai and Hongkong, gives the author a chance to acquaint us with the transitions taking place in Chinese life in various scenes and at various levels.

I don't think this aspect of the book ever achieves coherent social analysis or social comedy in the larger meaning. "The Bridge of Heaven" isn't a very profound novel or a very intense one. The ending seems rather awkwardly bolted together, and the author's neglect of Lotus Fragrance during most of the final action is a loss. There's quaintness in the book, too—not anything to be uncomfortable about, but it's there just the same. Also, the publishers might have been tactful enough to persuade the author to accept the three per cent or so of editing that would have given the book the proper finish.

What we do get, however, is plenty of interest and variety in the story and character departments, presented with a very decent amount of skill, plus that playful, intelligent, unsuperior delight in human beings just being human that may be—who knows?—the first ingredient in any world of good will.

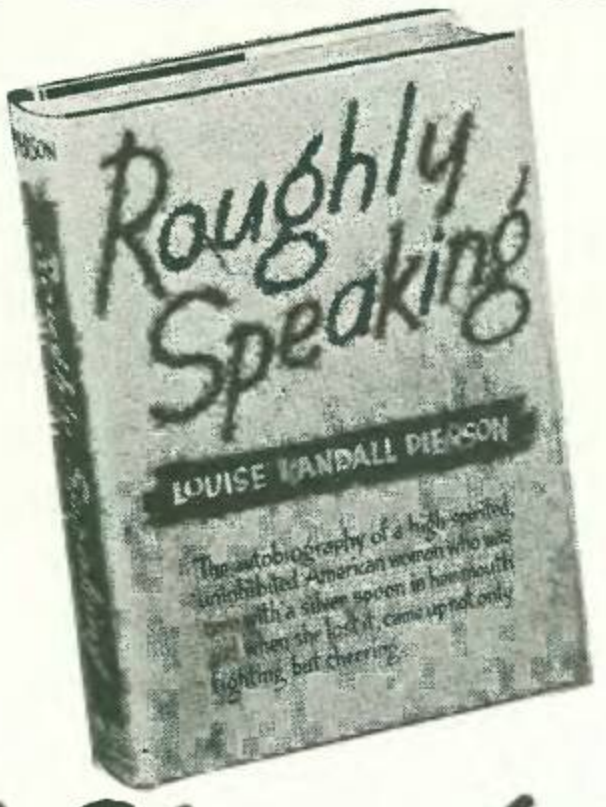
ANOTHER Chinese, Dr. Lin Yu-tang, rides on sterner errands this time. In his new book of essays, "Between Tears and Laughter," he gives us, mixed with the tolerance and humor of the philosopher, some of the plainest speaking we have had in a long time on the issues of the war and the peace.

Like Mrs. Buck, he believes that the salient fact of the war is the new impulse toward self-rule among the Asiatic countries. This means, in his opinion, nothing less than the end of imperialism. But some of us in the West, he thinks, in particular Mr. Churchill, have not learned this and are unwilling to learn it, and as a result our policy in Asia may well result in a disaster.

Much of the book is concerned with the various approaches to postwar planning. We aren't doing very well with it, says Dr. Lin. We begin with determinism, or power politics, or mathematics, or world-police quotas—almost anywhere, in fact, but at the heart of the matter, which is a system of ethical values. Until we can perceive, with Mencius, that there is "a common heart



"Oh, dear! I see Louis Bromfield is still three ahead of me."



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"I was fascinated with Harold the moment I laid eyes on him. He was wearing a lighted Christmas tree on his head. It was at a masquerade at Philipse Manor. He was sitting head in hands, glowering ferociously beneath the twinkling candles and the star of Bethlehem.

"There," I said to myself, "is a man who has a problem to be solved."

From page 136.





LOUISE PIERSON PLUNGES INTO THE MAELSTROM OF LIFE

"You would have thought I was going on an expedition with Peary rather than to another New England city three hours away. Even my baggage, which included two iron suitcases, two tennis rackets, and a baseball bat, was impressive. 'My little baby,' cried my mother, 'my little baby,' and burst into tears. The other seer-offers regarded this outburst callously. How anyone, even a mother, could refer in these tender terms to someone who, from the rear anyway, resembled a fullback on a college football team was beyond their comprehension."

From page 40.

Roughly speaking, the reviewers love it!

"Hilarious, astonishing, and altogether delightful."—**N. Y. Times**

"This is the autobiography of a woman who took life on the chin and came up smiling. It is the record of a life struggle which renews your faith in America and in the native American stock. The tale itself is as funny as Benchley and as grim as Bunyan . . . a series of period pieces each as perfect in its way as Clarence Day's 'Life With Father'."—**N. Y. Post**

"Most of the pages of her story ooze character and fun and vitality as well as the solid virtues of high-hearted courage and unquenchable determination. It should make a hugely entertaining play or movie."—**The New Yorker**

"A lively, candid, sometimes exasperatingly interesting book."—**Time**

"Saucy and delightfully indiscreet, *Roughly Speaking* is a happy relief from today's monotony of war books, light-weight novels, and political documents. It sparkles with good sense and rich humor."—**Chicago Daily News**

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in man," we shall be doubling in the tracks of our own confusion.

You may get the impression here and there that the author is beating a few dead dogs, but he's whooping it up for some live ones too. In any case, he's well worth reading.

CURIOUSLY enough, or perhaps not so curiously, something like this understanding of "a common heart in man," indestructible even though its individual bearers should die, became the collective faith of the group of British fighter pilots and Maltese civilians who are the characters of W. L. River's "Malta Story," based on the diary and experiences of Flying Officer Howard M. Coffin, lately of the R.A.F., now of the U.S.A.A.F.

Coffin, a Californian, joined up with the R.A.F. in January, 1941, and was ordered to Malta late in the following summer. He landed with a contingent of two hundred fighter-pilots. Of those two hundred, all but Coffin and five others are now dead, and among the dead are three close friends of Coffin's from America. These men endured, or helped to fight off, a good part of some four thousand bombings in four hundred days.

This is sombre melodrama and River tells it as melodrama. Sometimes it's a bit too melodramatic. At other times it becomes so romantic you aren't quite sure whether he is talking about this war or the last, or else the pattern of events is fitted together so tightly that they become hardly credible at all.

In its total effect, however, this book has a raw force and emotional weight that very few other stories of the actual fighting in this war can match. The masculine talk is as rough and honest as any I've seen so far, and the characterizations—the pilots, Coffin's English fiancée, who was killed in one of the bombings, the Maltese girl Lina, and the Maltese priest who believed in the rights of ordinary people—are all powerfully, even though crudely, effective. There is pathos in their situation, but the author has also managed to suggest in them the steady assertion of human dignity in the face of almost uncountable odds. —VINCENT MCHUGH

EDITORS' NOTE: In a review of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star" by Clifton Fadiman in our Books department, July 3rd issue, one sentence read, "However, I think they [the professional poetry critics] were just a little dismayed not only by the obstreperously unpoetical pages of 'John Brown's

"A superb novel—recommended without reservation." —*New Yorker*

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Body' but by the more basic fact that almost everything he wrote was easy to understand." The phrase "obstreperously unpoetical pages" was the result of a typographical error. What Mr. Fadiman actually wrote was "obstreperously unpoetical sales," which is quite another matter.

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SENATOR'S LAST NIGHT, by Francis Hackett. An Old Guard senator's dinner party in Washington some months after Pearl Harbor and what it revealed about the senator's life, works, opinions, family, and circle of acquaintances. A good enough story, touched up with lots of entertaining though not quite first-rate ideas, but it ends in a whiff of poorly handled melodrama and the senator, like most of the others in the book, never quite comes through as a character.

THE BAREFOOT MAILMAN, by Theodore Pratt. Very pleasant, well-written, local-color novel about the Florida beaches in the eighteen-eighties, when they were much as God made them, and about young Steve Pierton, who carried the mail on foot alongshore between Palm Beach and Miami until a girl and a pioneer land shark began to complicate things.

GENERAL

AMERICA'S NAVY IN WORLD WAR II, by Gilbert Cant. Mr. Cant is the author of "The War at Sea," probably the best general account of naval operations from the start of the war up to and including Pearl Harbor. His new book picks up with a revised estimate of Pearl Harbor and covers American naval actions, plus some of those of the other United Nations, in the Pacific, Atlantic, Mediterranean, and so on, up to the sinking of the Chicago off Guadalcanal in January this year. Sensibly critical, well written, and scrupulously detailed, this is a valuable job. Photographs, maps, and appendices.

UNDER COVER, by John Roy Carlson. The author has spent the last ten years or so joining Fascist organizations, both native and foreign, in the United States and collecting material on their members and practices. He comes up with a startling haul of names (some of them prominent ones), dates, and other evidence showing the methods and intercon-

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—DAVID APPEL, *Chicago Daily News*

★ "It clothes the bare bones of the old accounts with the stuff of life." —JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, *N. Y. Times*

★ "We may be proud, every one of us, that this voice spoke in our time and place, that in our moment of conflict and trial such things were said among us."
—LEONARD BACON, *Saturday Review of Literature*

★ "Shot with the iron and beauty of the first and enduring qualities of the American spirit."
—COL. JOSEPH I. GREENE, Editor, *Infantry Journal*

Remember the name of the outcast and the stranger.
Remember that when you say
"I will have none of this exile and this stranger
For his face is not like my face and his speech is strange"
You have denied America with that word
Though your fathers were the first to settle the land

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—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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Heaven IS A Sunswept Hill

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nections of the various groups. Some of the material isn't new, but the inside viewpoint puts it in a fresh light. Better read this. Photographs and reproductions of documents.

THE TWO MARSHALS, by Philip Guedalla. Mr. Guedalla expends his customary urbanity on a psychological study of the careers of two prominent marshals of France: François-Achille Bazaine, who surrendered at Metz in 1870 and was later court-martialled, and Henri-Philippe Pétain, whom you know rather better. The author feels that Bazaine was unjustly handled and shows us how Pétain got that way. A good, smooth, standard job. Photographs and maps.

MCSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON, by Joseph Mitchell. A full measure of the author's lusty Profiles and other pieces from this magazine. Besides the title story, here are the portraits of a dozen strange, vigorous, or wayward New Yorkers Mr. Mitchell has encountered—the Bearded Lady, the Gypsy King, Mazie of the Bowery, Joe Gould of Greenwich Village, and the calypso singers, to name a few. Excursions, too, into the lore of clams, terrapin, and beefsteak, and three tales of the folk of Black Ankle County, North Carolina.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DOCTORS, BEWARE! by Walbridge McCully. John Verendene, voted best-all-around philanderer by the nurses, patients, and other doctors' wives at Fairhaven Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases, is strangled to death as he is psychoanalyzing a pretty society night-club singer, who has come to the institution with a case of the blues. More stranglings follow under the nose of District Attorney Galbreath, who doesn't seem to be quite on the job. All right, but it may leave the reader wondering why some of the characters are behind the hospital's bars and others are not.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES, edited by Ellery Queen. An all-fiction anthology featuring great women detectives and some women criminals. Twenty-one short stories by well-known writers for and against the ladies.

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