Feb. 24, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35. Special performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:35, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performances Thurs. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2:40, and, for the Actors' Fund, Sun. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

One-man Show—The somewhat irregular relationship between the proprietor of an art gallery (Frank Conroy) and his daughter (Constance Cummings) is the theme of this Jed Harris production. Not quite as sensational as it sounds. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do their best, but on the whole it isn't quite enough. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Stranger—A new, and not especially ingenious, version of the celebrated Jack the Ripper legend. With Eduard Franz, Perry Wilson, and Stanley Bell. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Vera Zorina (Ariel) and Canada Lee (Caliban) are featured in Margaret Webster's rather elaborate version of Mr. Shakespeare's last play. Arnold Moss is very effective as Prospero, but the whole piece may be a little wearing. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Trio—A dignified though not exactly inspired adaptation of Dorothy Baker's novel about perversion. Lydia St. Clair, Lois Wheeler, and Kirk Douglas form the triangle. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

And Be My Love—Walter Hampden, Violet Heming, and Esther Dale in a play by Edward Caulfield. Directed by Arthur J. Beckhard and produced by Mr. Beckhard and Victor Hugo-Vidal. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, 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. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services, Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

On the Town—A lot of nice, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—Alfred Drake, as a timeless minstrel, conducts you through this fascinating musical history of America. He is assisted by Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. A Theatre Guild production. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, some cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Snickerty Nick" and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Mary Poppins," Thurs. and Sat., Feb. 22 and 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Little Black Sambo," Thurs., Feb. 22, and Sat., Feb. 24 and March 3, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

VARIETY PROGRAM—Pearl Primus, dancer; Vivian Rivkin and Nathan Gordon, piano and viola; Irwin Corey, comedian; and others, in the first of a series of entertainments. Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Tentative programs—"Coppelia," "Blue Bird," and "Rodeo," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 22. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 22. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Feb. 23. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Rodeo," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Feb. 24. . . . "Scheherazade," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., Feb. 24. . . . "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," and "Igrouchki," Sun. Aft., Feb. 25. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Rodeo," Sun. Eve., Feb. 25. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," and "Scheherazade," Tues. Eve., Feb. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Frankie and Johnny," and "The Red Poppy," Wed. Eve., Feb. 28. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Rodeo," Thurs. Eve., March 1. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Fri. Eve., March 2. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Aft., March 3. . . . "Swan Lake," "Frankie and Johnny," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sat. Eve., March 3. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her group. Sun., Feb. 25, at 3:30 and 8:40 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Kaufmann Auditorium, Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

JANE DUDLEY AND WILLIAM BALES—With Freda Flier; also Mary Lou Williams, piano: a benefit for the Citizens Committee of the Upper West Side. Fri., March 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call EN 2-4197.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

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

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras playing their polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An elaborate ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Eddy Rogers' orchestra for dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo will be replaced by Imogene Coca on Mon., Feb. 26. Hazel Scott, who is now in her second year here, will stay right on, and Ed Hall's orchestra will also be on hand.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams *and* Cliff Jackson, folk songs by Josh White, and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jane Froman (at dinner and supper) and Tony and Sally De Marco imbedded in a rather incoherent floor show; Shep Fields' and Joel Herron's orchestras can be dimly heard above the uproar. . . . Dolores del Carmen's rumba band is in the Cabana Room for tea dancing every afternoon and the Copa Bar has the Milt Herth Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—At dinner, it's so quiet you could hear a fraise à la neige drop. After 9 P.M., the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with chromium-plated customers. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the elegant Cotillion Room, Dick and Gene Wesson, the comedians, will be replaced by Russell Swan, the magician, on Thurs., March 1. Stanley Melba's orchestra will continue to play for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Morton Downey, the Irish thrush, holds forth pleasantly in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Ray Benson and Mark Monte provide pleasant music all evening. . . . For people with fond memories, tea dancing every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra is in the Iridium Room, as well as the Chandra Kaly dancers, who will be replaced on Thurs., March 1, by Josephine Houston and a dance team. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is inconspicuous dance music and Dorothy Shay to sing for you.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestras and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, the comedian, and Fred and Elaine Barry, the dancers, entertain in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, when Mischa Borr's band is also around. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays moodily for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry but meaningful lampooning by George and Gene Bernard, comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and all sorts of nice music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Thelma Carpenter, and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns back to play the piano.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; Jacques Thaler's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, beautiful in tails, singing sweetly at the supper hour, along with a show full of handsome but sleepy young ladies; music, rumba and otherwise, all evening. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . ZANZIBAR, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): one of those large Zanzibar shows, fortunately embellished by Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): standard Spanish entertainment and very fine Spanish music. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . 400 CLUB, 5 Ave. at 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, but there's Irwin Corey and his disintegrating monologues, as well as Art Hodes' trio, which now has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . PIED PIPER, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's fine new band, now containing Frankie Newton as trumpet, and Willie the Lion Smith's neat new trio; dancing. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano and Benny Morton's orchestra, a combination good enough for most anyone. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): a new band headed up by Ben Webster and his saxophone. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his new trio; dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Washington's Birthday, Thurs., Feb. 22.)

HENRY BOTKIN—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

FABRIZIO CLERICI—A half-dozen drawings by a young Italian artist; also, etchings by Viviani: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28.

JULIO DE DIEGO—Oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 5.

WERNER DREWES—Water-color sketches by the nonobjective painter: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28.

DUTCH MASTERS—Seventeenth-century paintings, many of them new to this country and all of them very handsome: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

FRENCH—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings of the Paris school, many never before shown here. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI AND LAURENCE VAIL—Sculpture and bottles: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 10.

MORRIS GRAVES—New subjects by a man who used to devote himself to birds: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

GROUPS—At the 67 GALLERY, 67 E. 57: space and perspective, as approached by various artists. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 10. . . . NATIONAL MARITIME UNION, 354 W. 17: paintings by eight Merchant Seamen. Tues., 9:30 A.M. to 7 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., March 1. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: the annual mid-season retrospective. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 12. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 42 E. 57: early work by Chirico, Berman, Atherton, and others in a well-selected show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: the annual group show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Expressionist paintings of the Ghetto and other city life: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

CHARLES LE CLAIR—A Midwestern Romantic: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

DWIGHT MARFIELD—More of Mr. Marfield's haunted, literary water colors: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

EUGÉNIE MARRON—Abstract paintings and some sculpture: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

F. MATOUŠEK—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings by the Czechoslovakian painter: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 9.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

JOAN MIRÓ—Lithographs done during the past year: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK—Neo-primitive wood carvings: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—An American Abstractionist shows frescoes and sculpture: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibi-

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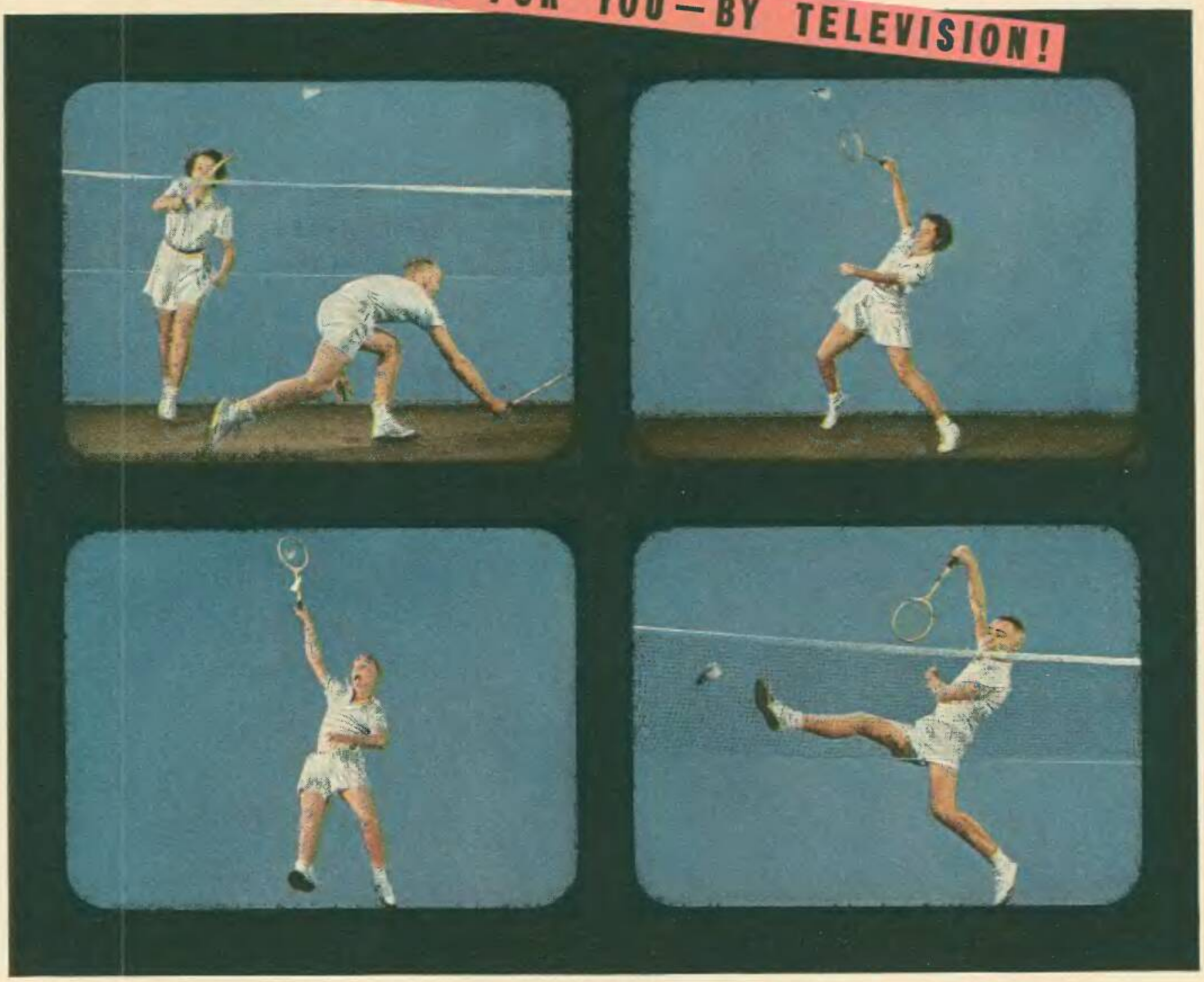
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of paintings, sculpture, and prints, by Europeans and Americans, recently acquired by the Museum; also, thirty-five prints by Paul Klee. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttram, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

ELIOT O'HARA—Water colors: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 10.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

ANDRÉE RUELLAN—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

SCULPTURE—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: broad selection of recent work by Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24. . . . ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE, 115 E. 40: work by about seventeen artists, including Gaston Lachaise, John Flannagan, and Alexander Archipenko. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 26.

SERIGRAPHS—Sixth annual of the National Serigraph Society: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

EVERETT SHINN—Paintings and drawings, most of them early, by one of the two living members of The Eight: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

EVERETT SPRUCE—Texas paintings, in his first show in six years: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28.

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Paintings in several styles by a very young artist: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Drawings, some in color, done at the age of sixteen: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; Tues. through Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 28.

EUGENE PAUL ULLMAN—Paintings, halfway between the naive and the Impressionistic: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

MAX WEBER—New paintings: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 3.

MUSIC

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

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Feb. 22, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 23, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 25, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., March 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 2, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., March 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Wanda Landowska, piano and harpsichord, Feb. 22-23; Joseph Schuster, cello, Feb. 24-25; Ricardo Odnoposoff, violin, March 3.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski conducting; soloists, Roman Totenberg, violin; Clara Rockmore, theremin; and others. Mon., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Feb. 27, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. Tues., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting; and the Dessoff Choirs, Paul Boepple conducting. Sat., March 3, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—First program of the annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., March 3, at 3:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. No tickets necessary.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Thurs., Feb. 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri., Feb. 23, at 8 P.M. . . . "Lohengrin," Sat., Feb. 24, at 2 P.M. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Die Meistersinger," Mon., Feb. 26, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Wed., Feb. 28, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Le Coq d'Or," Thurs., March 1, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Fri., March 2, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Gioconda," Sat., March 3, at 2 P.M. . . . "Mignon," Sat., March 3, at 8:15 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

JEANNE THERRIEN—Piano. Thurs., Feb. 22. at 3:15 P.M. (Town Hall.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER MUSIC—Vera Appleton and Michael Field, piano; and others, in a program of new music by contemporary composers. Fri., Feb. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. No tickets necessary.)

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ—Piano. Fri., Feb. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

WEBSTER AITKEN—Piano. Sat., Feb. 24, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

GENEVIEVE ROWE—Soprano. Sun., Feb. 25, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Budapest String Quartet, assisted by George Szell, piano. Sun., Feb. 25, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOHN FEENEY—Tenor. Sun., Feb. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin. Mon., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LUCIE BIGELOW ROSEN—Theremin. Mon., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

WILLIAM KAPELL—Piano. Wed., Feb. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LE ROY-FOSTER-SCHOLZ ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. Wed., Feb. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. Fri., March 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MIKLOS SCHWALB—Piano. Sat., March 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

EGON PETRI—Piano. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

EZIO PINZA—Bass. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

YVES TINAYRE—Baritone. Sat., March 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—L.I.U. vs. U. of Oklahoma, and N.Y.U. vs. Temple, Wed., Feb. 28, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Ray Robinson vs. Jacob La Motta, catchweights, ten rounds, Fri., Feb. 23; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, twelve rounds, Fri., March 2. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.) . . . Golden Gloves Tournament, New York City Finals, Mon., Feb. 26, at 8 P.M.

FENCING—Metropolitan Open Championship, sabre, individual, Sun., Feb. 25, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 22; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Feb. 25; Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., March 1; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Thurs., Feb. 22, at 3:30 P.M.; and Sun., Feb. 25, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden—National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 24, at 8 P.M. . . . I.C.A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 3, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a forceful exhibition of Navy photographs, assembled by Steichen, of sea and air battles in the Pacific. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first world war. Tues. through Fri., including Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—Hunting and fishing exhibits and all sorts of paraphernalia of interest to sports lovers: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 22-24, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 25, 1 to 11 P.M.

FASHION SHOW—A benefit for the Red Cross, staged by Leon Leonidoff and with settings by Marcel Vertès: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon., Feb. 26, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

DRESS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.



AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Italian Renaissance furniture and objects of art owned by George R. Hann: Sat., Feb. 24, at 2 P.M. . . . Modern illustrated books and French and English first editions from private collections: Mon. and Tues., Feb. 26-27, at 2 P.M. . . . French, English, and American paintings, including work by Corot, Millet, Blakelock, and Constable, from the collections of the late Henry D. Knox, Lt. Comdr. Oliver B. James, and others: Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 28 and March 1, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Archibald MacLeish, and Dean Acheson, in the first of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., Feb. 24, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Feb. 25, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Feb. 24; Saul Caston conducting, Sat., March 3; at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting, Sat., Feb. 24; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 3; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sun., Feb. 25, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Feb. 25, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 24, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Baltimore Symphony, Reginald Stewart conducting, Sat., March 3, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Feb. 24 and March 3, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Lohengrin," Sat., Feb. 24; "La Gioconda," Sat., March 3; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Artur Schnabel, piano, Sun., Feb. 25, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Feb. 25, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

SPORTS—Boxing: Ray Robinson vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., Feb. 23; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., March 2; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks, Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow, Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . Vincent Sheean (from Europe), Mon. and Wed. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., Feb. 24-March 2.)

THE FIGHTING LADY—Life on a plane-carrier and probably the best documentary so far to come out of the war. Actual combat shots in Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Feb. 28.)

MRS. PARKINGTON—Disclosure by Louis Bromfield, via Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, of the innate sweetness of robber barons and their wives. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Feb. 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Feb. 27.)

NATIONAL VELVET—Fine and touching, though quite unbelievable, picture about a little girl who wins the Grand National. With Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Feb. 24. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Feb. 26.)

THE SEVENTH CROSS—Spencer Tracy and other good players in a smooth translation of a popular novel about Germany before the war. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 27-March 1.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—Nigh on to three hours of home-front heartache and familiar comedy. The players, an all-star team coached by Selznick, give it all they have. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 28-March 1.)

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—This picture of Doolittle's bombing raid is too long, but the thirty seconds



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are finely done and all too short. Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, and others. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Feb. 24.... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 25-27.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 25-28.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 27-March 1.)

THE THREE CABALLEROS—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart's recruiting poster transplanted to the screen, without any important changes. Interesting as a document, but rather too slick as a play. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Feb. 28.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in particular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly likely to surprise anyone. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Feb. 28.)

REVIVALS

ADVENTURES OF TARTU (1943)—Sabotage in a German munitions factory. Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 27-March 1.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 23-25.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Thurs., Feb. 26-March 1.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS (1943)—Sabotage in present-day Norway, with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, and Walter Huston. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Feb. 25.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 23-26.)

GOING MY WAY (1944)—Adventures in a Catholic parish, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as clergymen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 25-27.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—A screen adaptation of "The Front Page." Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Feb. 24.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Feb. 22.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Thurs., Feb. 26-March 1.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Feb. 24.)

STAGECOACH (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 22.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., FEB. 22: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.... FRI. THROUGH SUN., FEB. 23-25: "Blind Husbands"



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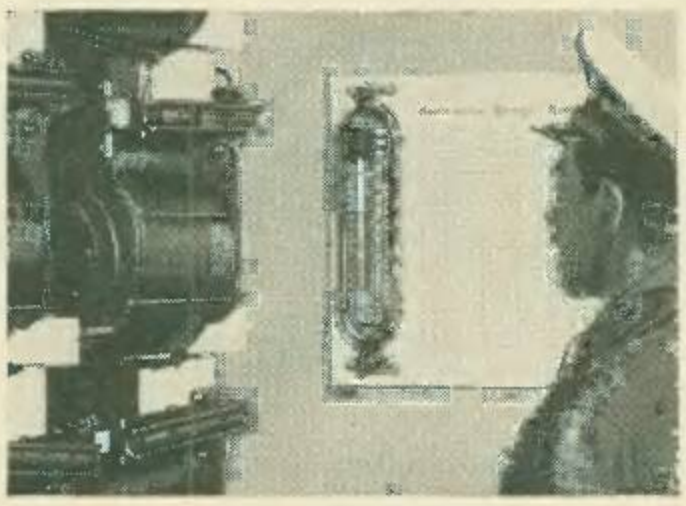
1 So cold ordinary gasoline turns to hard greasy ice. Rubber bands crackle like uncooked spaghetti. Mercury rings like a bell. In fact, 320° below is so cold we'd never thought much about it until we were handed this pressing problem . . .



2 The problem was to measure minus 320° F. *accurately* under severe field conditions for a secret Army project. A tough job—which Taylor was able to solve neatly and quickly by applying its years of experience designing thermometer tube systems for industry.



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4 How cold was it last night? How hot? This Taylor Maximum-Minimum Thermometer tells you. Shown here in a ship's ammunition magazine. A "one-instrument weather bureau" for orchardists, farmers, florists, weather fans. A few are now on sale.



5 The most important temperature is your own, and that's where Taylor Accuracy is famous. All the medical services use Taylor Fever Thermometers. Ask for Taylor Binoc, 3 times easier to read. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1919), directed by Erich von Stroheim. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., FEB. 26-MARCH 1 (at 4 P.M. only): "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . FROM FRI., MARCH 2: "The Toll Gate" (1920), with William S. Hart.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to take a short training course and then work as much time as they can spare as group-leaders in recreation centers; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 401 5 Ave., at 37 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work daytimes at the Reserve Corps preparing surgical dressings, and as general aides in hospitals.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

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 committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, small games, radios, records, wood-carving equipment, and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-9023). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.

AN ASSEMBLY LINE *26,000 miles long*



That's *one* way to look at the Pennsylvania Railroad system — as a vast assembly line, now principally devoted to war transportation — 26,000 miles of railroad facilities, crossing and criss-crossing a territory in which live half the people of the United States.

Over it flow coal to make power, light and heat . . . ore to produce steel . . . steel parts of a thousand different shapes and weights . . . rubber and textiles to manufacture tires . . . tanks, trucks, weapons, war materiel in abundance — in fact, most anything you can name, tiny or large. Add your food, too — for this mammoth assembly line handles what you eat, from field, cannery, packing plant to market.

Lump all these materials, parts, commodities together — call them *freight* — and here's what this Pennsylvania Railroad assembly system moved in the region bounded on the west by Chicago and St. Louis and on the east by New York and Norfolk in a single year, ending Nov. 1, 1944 . . . 287,000,000 tons! An amount equal to more than four tons for each of the 65,000,000 persons living in the 13 states and the District of Columbia, served by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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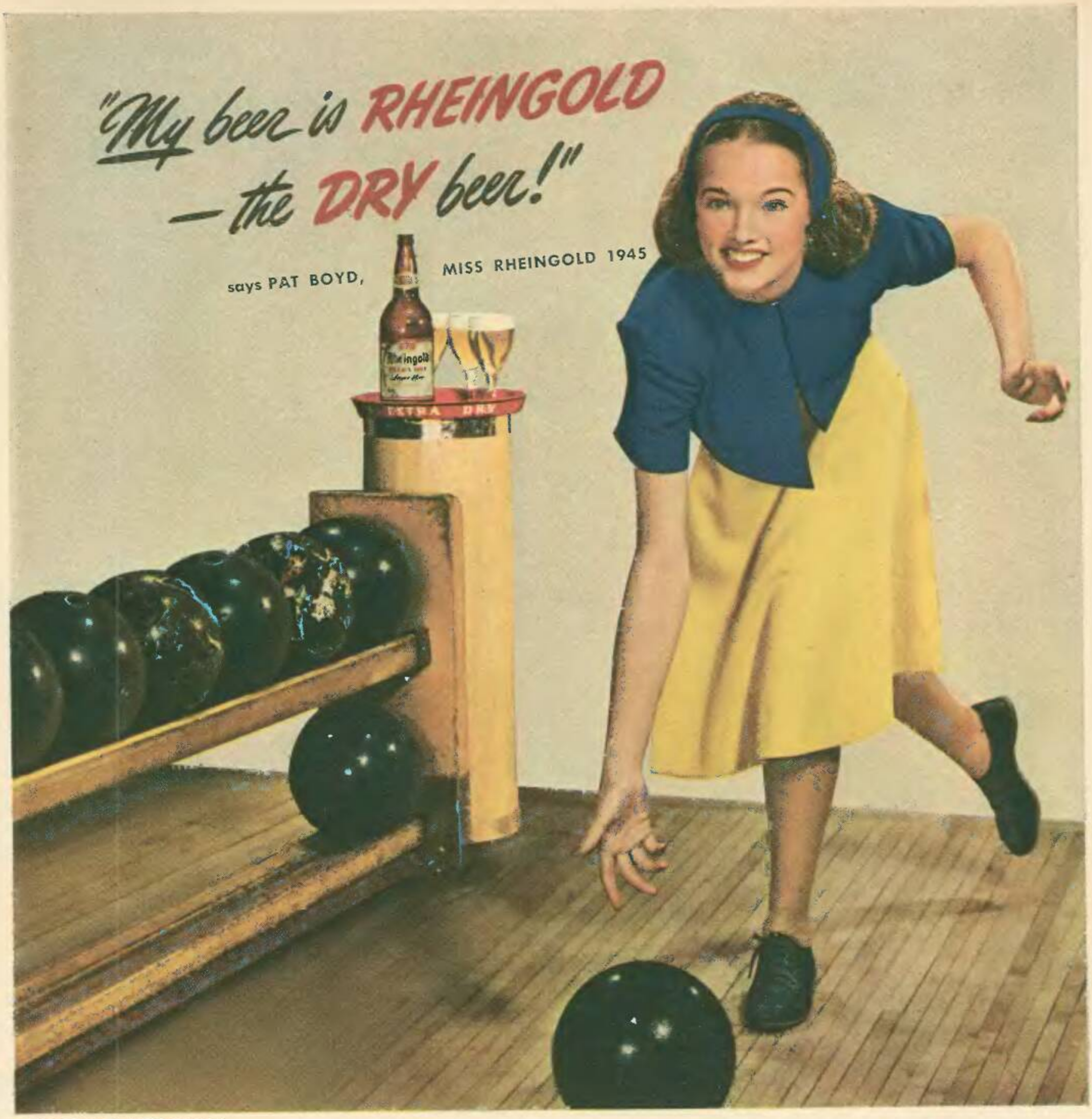
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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 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 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"The Princess and the Pirate," Bob Hope.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **GUEST IN THE HOUSE**, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Here Come the Co-Eds," Abbott and Costello.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**THE THREE CABALLEROS**, Walt Disney full-length film.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"Mr. Emmanuel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—"Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Raymond Massey.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., Feb. 27: "Ministry of Fear," Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: "Bring On the Girls," Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "A Song to Remember." Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"The Keys of the Kingdom," Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., Feb. 27: "Hangover Square," Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Joan Blondell.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "The Thin Man Goes Home," Myrna Loy, William Powell.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Objective, Burma!," Errol Flynn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—**THE FIGHTING LADY**, U.S. Navy documentary film.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., Feb. 24: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "I Was Faithful" (formerly called "Cynara"), Kay Francis, Ronald Colman. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26: **THE COWBOY AND THE LADY**, Merle Oberon, Gary Cooper; also "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**, Nova Pilbeam, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also "I Am the Law," Edward G. Robinson.

BELMONT, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—"Dona Barbara" (in Spanish, no English titles).

BEVERLY, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26: "A Man's Castle," revival, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy; also "Lady for a Day," revival, May Robson, Warren William. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival, Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten; also "Terror House," revival, Wilfrid Lawson.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Through Fri., Feb. 23: "They Came to a City," J. B. Priestley, John Clements, Googie Withers. . . . From Sat., Feb. 24: **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also "Laura," Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb.

STANLEY, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Russian films—"Jubilee" and "Marriage."

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Through Sun., Feb. 25: **48 HOURS**, Leslie Banks, Elizabeth Allan; also "Voice in the Wind," Sigrid Gurie, Francis Lederer. . . . From Mon., Feb. 26: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (in French), Raimu; also **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, Mickey Rooney.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: "Can't Help Singing," Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: **THE SEVENTH CROSS**, Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas; also "Girl Rush," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . Sun. through Wed., Feb. 25-28: **THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**, Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: **NATIONAL VELVET**, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Donald Crisp. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26: "Can't Help Singing," Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige; also "Jade Mask," Sidney Toler. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **STAGECOACH**, revival, Claire Trevor, John Wayne; also "Waterloo Bridge," revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "The Thin Man Goes Home," Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "She Gets Her Man," Joan Davis.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs., Feb. 22: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 23-26: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: "I Love a Soldier," Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Feb. 22: **THE YOUNG MR. PITT**, revival, Robert Donat, Robert Morley. . . . Fri. through Sun., Feb. 23-25: **ALICE ADAMS**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray. . . . Mon. and Tues., Feb. 26-27: "Princess O'Rourke," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: **SINCE YOU WENT AWAY**, all-star cast, including Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: "Summer Storm," Linda Darnell, George Sanders. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 25-27: **GOING MY WAY**, revival, Bing Crosby, Risé Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien; also "Her Lucky Night," the Andrews Sisters.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sun., Feb. 25: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi. . . . From Mon., Feb. 26: "Can't Help Singing," Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: **MRS. PARKINGTON**, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "The Thin Man Goes Home," Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "She Gets Her Man," Joan Davis.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Feb. 22: **HOLIDAY**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Lady For a Day," revival, May Robson, Warren William. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 23-26: "I Love a Soldier," Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts; also "Brazil," Tito Guizar, Virginia Bruce. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas; also "Girl Rush," Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Feb. 23: "Experiment Perilous," Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 24-26: "I Love a Soldier," Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: **THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**, Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien; also "Her Lucky Night," The Andrews Sisters.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Feb. 23: "Can't Help Singing," Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige; also "Jade Mask," Sidney Toler. . . . Sat. through Tues., Feb. 24-27: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi; also "Main Street after Dark," Edward Arnold, Selena Royle. . . . Wed., Feb. 28: "She's a Sweetheart," Jane Darwell, Jane Frazee; also "Dancing in Manhattan," Fred Brady.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: **NATIONAL VELVET**, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Donald Crisp. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **STAGECOACH**, revival, Claire Trevor, John Wayne; also "Waterloo Bridge," revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: "Tall in the Saddle," Ella Raines, John Wayne; also "Eadie Was a Lady," Ann Miller, Joe Besser. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 25-27: **THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**, Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi; also "Main Street after Dark," Edward Arnold, Selena Royle.

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: **STAGE DOOR**, revival, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 25-27: **THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**, Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker. . . . From Wed., Feb. 28: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: **NATIONAL VELVET**, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Donald Crisp. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **STAGECOACH**, revival, Claire Trevor, John Wayne; also "Waterloo Bridge," revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Feb. 23: "Laura," Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb; also "Sweet and Lowdown," Benny Goodman, Linda Darnell. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 24-26: "Tall in the Saddle," Ella Raines, John Wayne; also "Eadie Was a Lady," Ann Miller, Joe Besser. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: **ADVENTURES OF TARTU**, revival, Robert Donat, Valerie Hobson; also "Thanks for Everything," revival, Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Arleen Whelan.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien; also "Her Lucky Night," the Andrews Sisters.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Feb. 24: **THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO**, Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 25-26: **JANE EYRE**, revival, Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles; also "Pin Up Girl," revival, Betty Grable, Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye. . . . From Tues., Feb. 27: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi; also "Main Street after Dark," Edward Arnold, Selena Royle.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "Can't Help Singing," Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige; also "Jade Mask," Sidney Toler.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "The Thin Man Goes Home," Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "She Gets Her Man," Joan Davis.

SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., Feb. 23: "Bowery to Broadway," Maria Montez, Susanna Foster, Jack Oakie; also "House of Frankenstein," Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Jr. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 24-26: "Lost in a Harem," Abbott and Costello; also "Henry Aldrich's Little Secret," Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **DEAD END**, revival, Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart; also "The Kid from Spain," revival, Eddie Cantor.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: "Music for Millions," Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante, José Iturbi; also "Main Street after Dark," Edward Arnold, Selena Royle.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: **MRS. PARKINGTON**, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: **EDGE OF DARKNESS**, revival, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston; also "Captain Fury," revival, Brian Aherne, June Lang, Victor McLaglen.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: "The Thin Man Goes Home," Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "She Gets Her Man," Joan Davis. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: "Youth on Trial," Cora Sue Collins, David Reed; also "Under Western Skies," Martha O'Driscoll, Noah Beery, Jr.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., Feb. 26: "The Thin Man Goes Home." Myrna Loy, William Powell; also "She Gets Her Man," Joan Davis. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 27-28: "Youth on Trial," Cora Sue Collins, David Reed; also "Under Western Skies," Martha O'Driscoll, Noah Beery, Jr.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., Feb. 28: **WINGED VICTORY**, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, Edmond O'Brien; also "Her Lucky Night," the Andrews Sisters.

JOFFE



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As victory over Germany gets nearer, the spirits of everyone seem to go down, and anxieties increase. In the men's room, a fellow assures us that within ten years we will be at war with Russia. He has been in Russia. "The picture is black, I see nothing but trouble." In a doctor's office, the doctor (born in Vienna) tells us he is disturbed by the Yalta meeting. "In gaining a military victory," he says, "we have suffered a diplomatic defeat of the first water." (Germany should have been left strong, to keep the balance in Europe.) In a taxicab, the driver explains to us that Russia hates Catholics. "There's a hundred and fifty million Cat'lics—nobody ain't gonna push *them* around." In *Time*, a long article explains the "stubborn facts" of the case. (Roosevelt and Churchill had to go wherever Stalin wanted to go.) In the morning mail, a long letter announces a scheme for resuscitating America after the "complete collapse" and the "four years of chaos" which will follow this war—a modern Noah, already banging away at his Ark.

France is worried about "greatness." Dakar must be fortified and improved so that the *greatness* of France will be reaffirmed. (As though we had not all lately been ill of the disease greatness, France most critically of all.) England is worried about America's head start in postwar aviation. Senator Vandenberg says we must make a "hard and fast" treaty with all our Allies (as though a treaty could be anything but soft and fast). We debate at length whether we should have compulsory military training after the war, to provide a strong national defense (knowing perfectly well that no matter what sort of arms we maintain, other countries will set to work to match us man for man, gun for gun, invention for invention).

Delegates are appointed to travel to San Francisco in April to reshape this frightened world, this suspicious planet. The ex-Secretary of State. The Dean of Barnard. Some members of Congress. Commander Stassen. They will be asked to write a document to end trouble, to bring peace. They will speak enthusiastically of the "family of nations." Some are already making hasty notes on their cuff of weights, balances, potencies, impotencies, voting procedures, veto powers, and of whether Mr. Big can do this to Mr. Little. On Tuesday we have the Big Three. On Thursday we have the Big Five. On Sunday we have church, and the opportunity to pray.

The world, being now afraid of its own shadow, is ripe for something bigger than it seems likely to get, broader than it believes itself capable of achieving. If ever people needed to see clearly that their special national interests are identical with their special national decline, it is in these nervous times.

Three-quarters of a century ago, Renan wrote, "The greatest fault that the liberal school could commit in the midst of the horrors besieging us would be to despair. The future belongs to her. The war, object of future maledictions, was possible because people sidestepped the liberal maxims which are at the same time those of peace and the union of peoples. . . . Events and the majority opinion give me the lie. Nevertheless, I cannot say that I am converted; let us wait ten or fifteen years."



That was 1871.

An arresting fact about warfare is that it is now unpopular with the men who are engaged in it and with the people who are supporting it. Only a minority approve of the broad general business of armed slaughter and destruction. And if a thing is unpopular, there is always the amusing possibility that it may not, then, be inevitable.

The delegates to San Francisco have the most astonishing job that has ever been dumped into the laps of a few individuals. On what sort of rabbit they pull from the hat hang the lives of most of us, and of our sons and daughters. If they put on their spectacles and look down their noses and come up with the same old bunny, we shall very likely all hang separately—nation against nation, power against power, defense against defense, people (reluctantly) against people (reluctantly). If they manage to bring the United Nations out of the bag, full blown, with constitutional authority and a federal structure having popular meaning, popular backing, and an overall authority greater than the authority of any one member or any combination of members, we might well be started up a new road.

The pattern of life is plain enough. The world shrinks. It will eventually be unified. What remains to be seen (through eyes that now bug out with mortal terror) is whether the last

chapter will be written in blood or in Quink.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Crimea is one of the fanciest sections of the U.S.S.R., and no doubt about it. It is entirely possible that the population is more polyglot and the plant life more varied there than anywhere else in Europe. There are eighteen hundred and fifty species of plant life; four botanists spent their entire professional lives classifying and reclassifying them. As for the human inhabitants, they are seven hundred thousand in number, and include Tatars (remote descendants of the old Genghis Khan mob), Ukrainians, Georgians, Jews, Greeks, Bulgars, Armenians, Poles, Germans, Czechs, Esthonians, Krimchaki, and Karaites, and even Russians, to name only a few. Anybody who read the newspapers last week scarcely needs to be told that the Black Sea coast of the Crimea is the Riviera of Russia, or that Yalta is the snootiest town on the coast. It became fashionable in 1866, when the empress of Alexander II was sent there for her health. They built her a small, vine-covered rustic villa. Later on, in 1911, Nicholas laid out the equivalent of seven hundred and fifty thousand Coolidge dollars on a hundred-room palace which he named Kamp Kill Kare. Meantime, Mark Twain had passed through. He called it "a splendid spot."

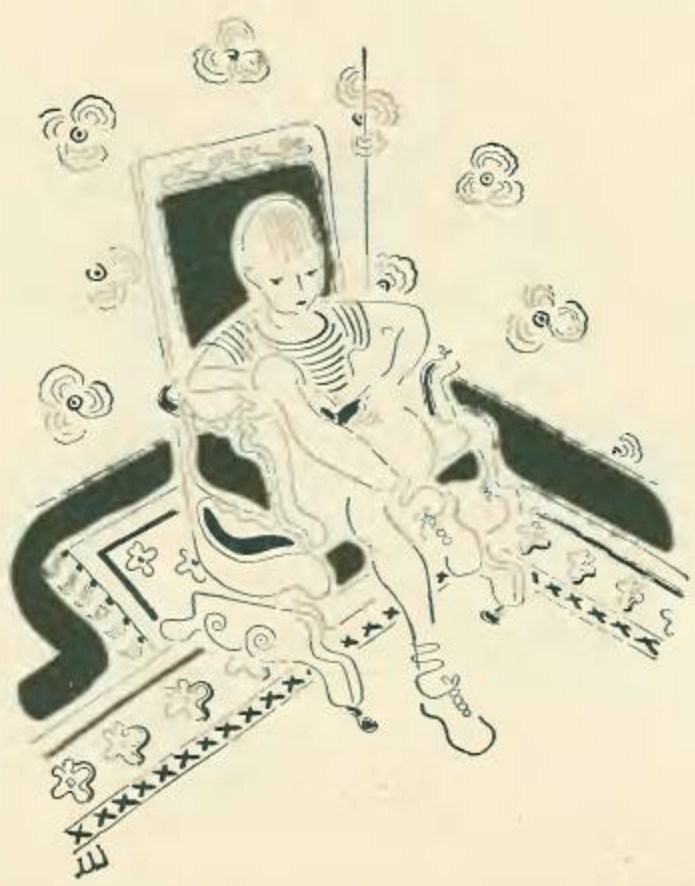
The Yaila-dagh Mountains run along the southeastern shore of the Crimea, dropping sharply to the sea on one side and trailing off into steppes on the other. Good vineyard country. Cattle, grain, cotton, and sandstorms are produced on the steppes. The southeastern coast near the straits that join the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov offers such goodies as coal, oil, iron, and silver. If you want to believe Homer, the earliest inhabitants of the region were the Cimmerians and the troglodytes. Next on the scene were the Scythians, and then, in the seventh century B.C., the Greeks arrived. Augustus Caesar grabbed it for the Roman Empire, and after the Empire broke up it was occupied by Byzantine Greeks, Tatars, Turks, and finally, in 1783, by the Russians. During the Russian Revolution it was the last stronghold of the royalists.

Balaklava, where the Charge of the Light Brigade took place, is a pretty little town on the road between Yalta and Sevastopol. The charge was one of the incidents of the Crimean War, which was full of incidents. It all started when the French and English came to the rescue of Turkey, which had been attacked by Russia. The diplomatic motive power behind this move was the fact that the current Czar had let his protocol lapse to the extent of referring to Napoleon III as "friend" instead of "brother." During this campaign a telegraph cable was laid connecting the allied expeditionary force with the outside world. From the military point of view, this was a bad move. The English commander was kept busy one day from four in the morning until six in the evening answering War Office queries on such matters as the advisability of allowing soldiers to grow beards and the health of a certain Captain Jarvis, who had been bitten by a centipede. Napoleon III was so fascinated by the telegraph that he kept the wires hot with new and contradictory orders until *his* commander finally threatened to resign. The results of the war were one poem and the exclusion of the Russian fleet from the Black Sea for fifteen years.

The Soviet railway system used to woo vacation trade in terms strongly reminiscent of our capitalist come-on: "Come to the Crimea, land of sunshine, fragrance, and health, where gentle breezes give you that strong-grip-on-life feeling." A good many workers were sent there at government expense, as a reward for service or to recuperate from illness. American tourists were occasionally shocked to see the comrades getting a manicure while basking on a beach.

Timely

IN the midst of all the to-do about the Brooklyn College lads who trun the basketball game, their alma mater has plastered the subway cars with a poster advertising the school. It features the slogan, "PROFIT BY YOUR EVENINGS."



Prepared Pianist

THE subject of this short article is a young composer named John Cage, who has invented several hundred brand-new sounds. With the assistance of five so-called prepared pianos (we'll discuss them in just a minute), he demonstrated his achievement a couple of Sundays ago at a concert at the New School for Social Research, but since you probably weren't there we will start from scratch. As our more attentive readers should know by now, there are a number of composers who suffer from claustrophobia in the presence of the conventional twelve-tone scale. Well, Mr. Cage can't stand tones at all. "I have developed a way of composing by means of rhythm," he informed us when we looked him up at his apartment the other day. "That is, by organizing sounds through their time or rhythmic relationships. I have a profound lack of interest in harmony."

Mr. Cage, who was wearing a black corduroy jacket, green corduroy trousers, a blue shirt, a rose sweater, and red socks, told us that he was teaching piano and composition in Seattle, his native town, eight years ago when the pioneering impulse seized him. "I wanted to explore the possibilities of rhythm," he said. "But naturally I had to develop a new set of sounds first. I had to have sounds that people had never heard before in music, so that the *sound* would call attention to the rhythm. Do you follow me?" We signalled to him to go on. His first move, he said, was to forget about his piano and organize a percussion orchestra composed of such inharmonious instruments as tom-toms, wooden blocks, bells, gongs, cymbals, anvils, and automobile-brake drums. The orchestra, while it lasted, occupied itself exclusively with rhythmic items composed by Mr. Cage. "However," Mr. Cage told us, "it was too unwieldy. I'd collected about three hundred different things that would make the kind of sounds I needed. You can see what a personnel problem I had on my hands." He solved this problem by going back to his piano. "I remembered," he said, "that hot jazz pianists used to get new effects by placing sheets of paper between the piano strings. I started monkeying around with my piano strings." Mr. Cage ended up with what



"Good heavens! Am I supposed to see this?"

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he named the prepared piano and an itch to come to New York, which he did two or three years ago. "People are more receptive to new ideas here than in Seattle," he said. "The New Music Society was very receptive to me."

Mr. Cage prepares his piano by inserting between its strings various objects—screws, pennies, splinters of wood, bits of felt or rubber, and practically any other small objects you can think of. This, as you might imagine, changes the sound of the strings. Mr. Cage gets the particular sounds he requires by paying close attention not only to the kind of object but also to its size, weight, and longitudinal position on the strings. The possibilities are limitless and bloodcurdling. There are about two hundred and twenty-five strings on a piano, and each key, depending on the register, strikes from one to three strings. Nothing but prepared strings are played in Mr. Cage's compositions, and he prepares only a fraction of the strings. The most elaborate piano he has worked out so far has seventy-five prepared strings. No two of Mr. Cage's compositions (he has a repertoire of fifty) have the same preparation; his recent concert consisted of three compositions and required five different prepared pianos. "It's kind of a bother," he said. "Sometimes it takes me three hours to prepare a piano for a complicated number—my 'The Perilous Night,' for instance." Mr. Cage is holding back some of his most effective sounds until after the war. "They're too frightening," he told us. "They sound too much like the scream of bombs, and planes, and rifle shots. It wouldn't be good taste to use them now. One of them even shocks me sometimes."

At our suggestion, Mr. Cage ran through one of his shorter compositions. We listened closely and without flinching. When the echo of the last guttural thump had died away, he asked us what we thought of it. It was fine, we said, but it was certainly different. "Really?" he said. "*Really?* Some people," he said with disgust, "say it sounds Oriental."

Amen

A FELLOW wandering through the lobby of the McAlpin, down on Herald Square, passed a desk reserved for the use of the assistant manager. He knew it was for the assistant manager because there was a sign on the adjacent wall that said "Assistant Manager." Underneath it was another sign that confirmed the statement. It said, "For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory Forever."

Report on Rev. Davidson

IN its broad outlines, Allied strategy in the Pacific has resembled the more benevolent campaign conducted by the Christian missionaries who set out early in the nineteenth century to win converts in the Pacific islands: two big thrusts, one from Hawaii and the other from Australia and New Zealand. This was pointed out to us by Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, president-elect of Union Theological Seminary. We looked him up to find out about a book he is preparing, a compilation of the experiences of service men in the Pacific who have been pleasantly surprised by their encounters with Christian natives. The point of the book, as we understand it, will be that the dimes and quarters our grandparents put into the missionary box are, in a purely mundane way, paying off. Dr. Van Dusen naturally didn't use this exact expression, but he did say, "I think possibly people will feel differently about Reverend Davidson now." For instance, he pointed out that in the opinion of some military ex-

perts the New Guinea campaign would have failed without the support of ten thousand native boys who acted as bearers in the mountains; if the missionaries hadn't come along, these same lads would have ganged up on any white man they saw and lopped off his head.

The first missionaries in the Pacific were English Methodists and Congregationalists, who set up shop in Tonga, Tahiti, and Samoa. This area was pretty well under control by 1850. Today the Samoans take their religion so much for granted that they contribute money for "foreign missions"—orphanages in London, for instance. Samoan converts went as missionaries to the Fiji Islands, and succeeded so well that now the Fijians are down in the books as being eighty-four-per-cent literate and ninety-nine-per-cent Christian. The Christian Fijians, in turn, sent missionaries to the Solomons and other islands to the westward. Meanwhile, a sturdy group of New England Congregationalists had evangelized the Hawaiians and had then moved on to Micronesia. The English and the Americans converged on the Gilbert Islands about 1850; to this day, the native churchgoers there are divided between the two schools of theological thought. About a third of the converted natives in the Pacific are Catholic, but the Catholic missionaries left no special national stamp on their converts as the Protestants did. It was a Congregationalist convert who greeted a Marine with the simple statement, "I'm a Boston Christian."

Dr. Van Dusen has a sheaf of letters from Americans befriended by Christian natives in the Pacific; one that he showed us was from a Captain Brown, a flier who had been forced down in the New Guinea bush. He was hiding near the wreckage of his plane when a native came along, inspected the damaged equipment, some of which was marked with its owner's name, and began to call "Captain Brown! Captain Brown!" It turned out that he was an Anglican lay reader and a highly literate fellow. New Guinea was the last region in the Pacific to be civilized, too.

The natives on Guadalcanal, once second only to the Fiji Islanders in fierceness, took the crew of a crashed bomber back to its headquarters, paddling them in canoes through Japanese-patrolled waters and humming "Onward, Christian Soldiers." When the American flag was raised on the first Caroline atoll we captured, it was a native chief who suggested a prayer. Dr. Van Dusen has a story about seven Navy fliers forced down on one of the Japanese-held Solomon Islands; they were taken in by some Christian natives who kept them hidden and tended the wounded for eighty-seven days. During this time they had nightly Bible readings, and in the end all seven Navy boys were converted into practicing Christians. It all lends force to what an officer in the Pacific wrote home: "After a bit, the natives may have to come over and evangelize our civilized Western world."

Service

IN the powder room of one of the big night clubs the other evening there was an unmistakably drunken lady whose whim it was to assist all the other ladies with their makeup. One of the ladies for whom she insisted on fetching towels, holding mirrors, and lighting cigarettes protested, but to no avail. "It's quite all right, dear," the bacchante said. "You'd do the same for me if *I* were tight."



Artist

MANY of the matters taken up in this department have been Russian lately, undoubtedly affecting our editorial symmetry. Nevertheless, when word reached us that a six-foot-high cake commemorating the Red Army's twenty-seventh birthday was to be displayed at a Russian War Relief celebration in Carnegie Hall, we decided to have a talk with the baker rash enough to take on such a monster in an era of scarcity. We were especially impatient for the interview because we had been reliably informed that he is regarded as the veritable Saint-Gaudens of bakers in our time. This gentleman is Mr. Abe Wiegan, head baker at the Tip-Toe Inn, at Eighty-sixth and Broadway. Tiptoeing about the inn, we located him in an employees' locker room in the basement, which smelled sweetly of piecrust and coffee éclairs. He was in the act of exchanging his chaste white baker's habit for a business suit and, though he is plump, middle-aged, and wears glasses, he somewhat resembled a quarterback fresh from the showers after a tough game. It was nearly 11 A.M. and Mr. Wiegan had, he told us, been on duty since eleven the night before. The bakery, into which we glanced while Mr. Wiegan buttoned his vest, was still going full blast, with machines mixing tubs of immaculate dough and bakers filling rack after rack with Napoleons, open cherry tarts, and glazed strawberry tarts.

"We're on a twenty-four-hour basis here," Mr. Wiegan said, "just like a war plant. Cakes, pies, and breakfast muffins we're making all night. Now we're mak-



"Here I am, Manuel. I'll take it on this window."

ing a few thousand cookies and rolls and decorating fancy cakes —'Happy Birthday to My Honey,' say, with whipped-cream roses around the edges. I got about twenty bakers under me and I'm keeping busy keeping them busy. With this Russian cake, I'm never getting any sleep. I haven't been home in twenty hours yet, working and thinking about this cake. But have breakfast with me and I'll give you a taste of one of my specialties." Mr. Wiegan led the way through a series of pantries, storerooms, and kitchens to a booth in the restaurant upstairs and ordered a piece of cake for us and two eggs and a hard roll for himself.

As we set to work on our cake, which was covered with chocolate and vanilla icing, sprinkled with nuts, and thoroughly saturated with rum, Mr. Wiegan outlined his feelings about baking and life. "In the first place," he said, "is nothing too big for a man if he loves it enough. Always I am in love with baking. When I am eleven years old in Russia, I am apprenticed to a baker. I learn how to make the best of everything there. When I come with my family to this country at fourteen, I am supposed to go to school. The teacher comes to my mama and says, 'Where is your Abie?' 'At school,' says my mama. 'Is not,' says the teacher. And where am I? At a bakery, baking, because that is what I want most to do. And this is true of any artist, even of doctors and lawyers.

"A baker like me is afraid of nothing. This Russian birthday cake is what we call a light fruitcake. Say it weighs four hundred pounds—still it is a light fruitcake and fine to eat. My formula calls for sixty pounds of butter, sixty pounds of flour, sixty pounds of sugar, sixty pounds of eggs, a hundred and twenty-five pounds of fruit and nuts, and eight pounds of rum. It is to be a cake with five layers—so." Mr. Wiegan took a sheet of ruled yellow paper from his pocket. "This is my design," he said. "My floor plan. The first layer is thirty-six inches in diameter and six inches high. It rests on a wooden platform three feet by five feet. On top of the first layer we put a metal plate and four metal supports to hold the next layer, which is thirty inches in diameter and likewise six inches high; then another plate, more supports, and the next layer, which is twenty-four inches and likewise; then a plate, supports, and the fourth layer, eighteen inches and likewise; then plate, supports, and fifth layer, twelve inches and likewise. On top of top layer, a big red star with an electric light inside. Around the bottom layer, twenty-seven lights for the Red Army's twenty-seventh birthday. On one side a decoration in egg-white icing trimmed with red and saying 'Happy Birthday to the Red Army from the American People. Contributed by the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' International Union of America, A. F. L.'

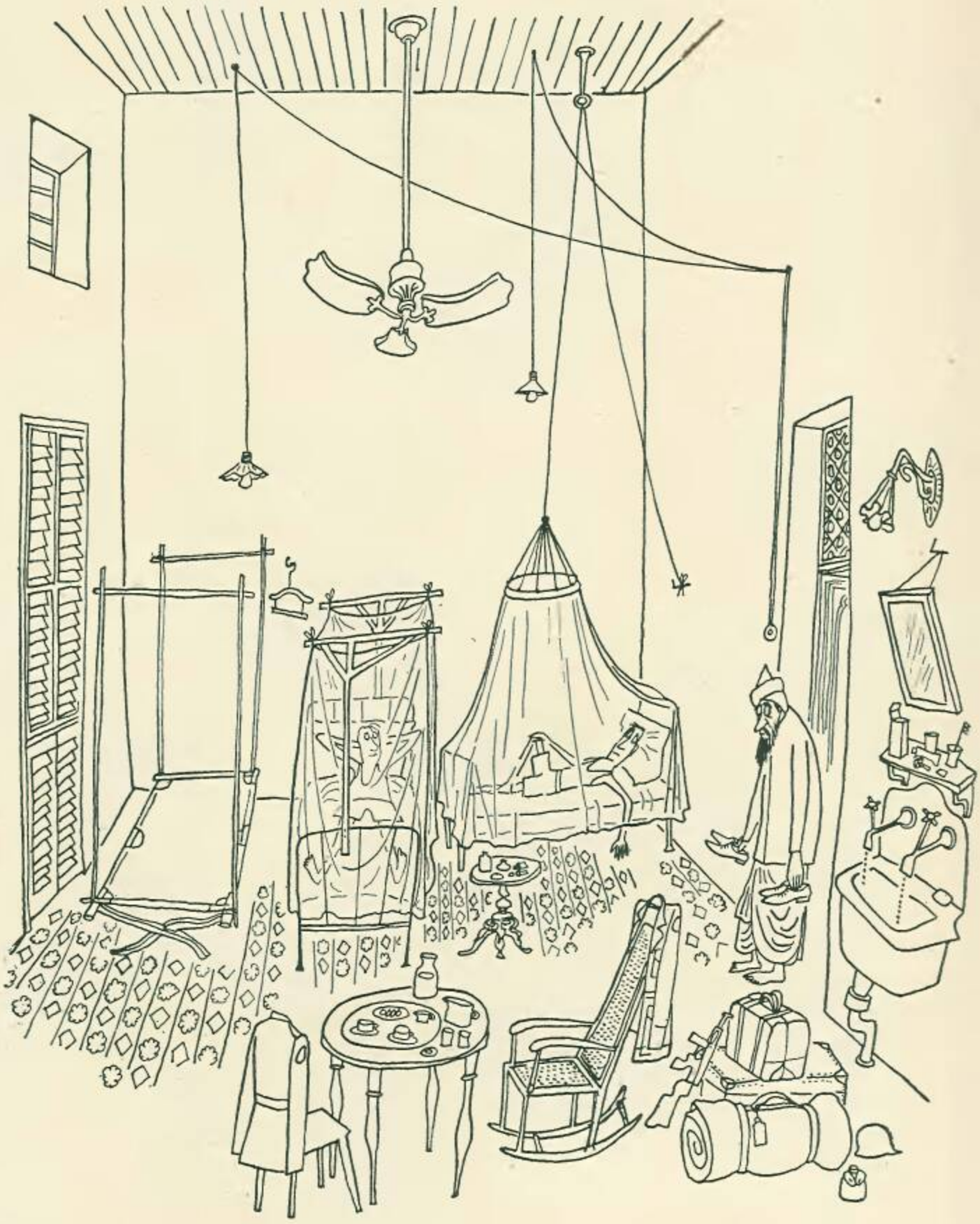
"The spaces between the layers we fill in around the sides with decorations. Those we make separate and put on pieces of cellophane and carry in boxes down to Carnegie Hall. When we get the cake set up, we slip our decorations off the cellophane and, with a little soft icing, hitch them to the cake. Kurt Reichert, my assistant downstairs, is a wonder at making decorations. 'Give me birds and floral pieces,' I told Kurt. 'Give me hundreds of rosebuds and leaves and birds.' When we cover the cake with them, it is a white garden of birds and flowers. Once the party's over, the cake goes to Halloran Hospital. That's why the union does its best to find us plenty of butter and sugar: it is for a good cause, to look nice for the Russian Army on its birthday and to taste good to our kids."

Ordeal

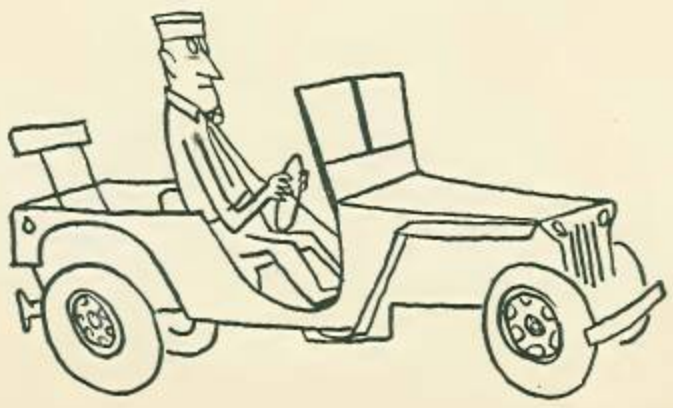
THE housing situation being what it is hereabouts, a Riverside Drive lady who told two or three friends that she was leaving town for a few months and had decided to sublet her apartment found herself besieged by a dozen applicants, all equally solvent and deserving. She decided to invite the bunch of them to a cocktail party and, evidently, to award the sublease to the one who behaved best. We were told about this by one of the runners-up, who thinks he was washed out because he arrived a little late.



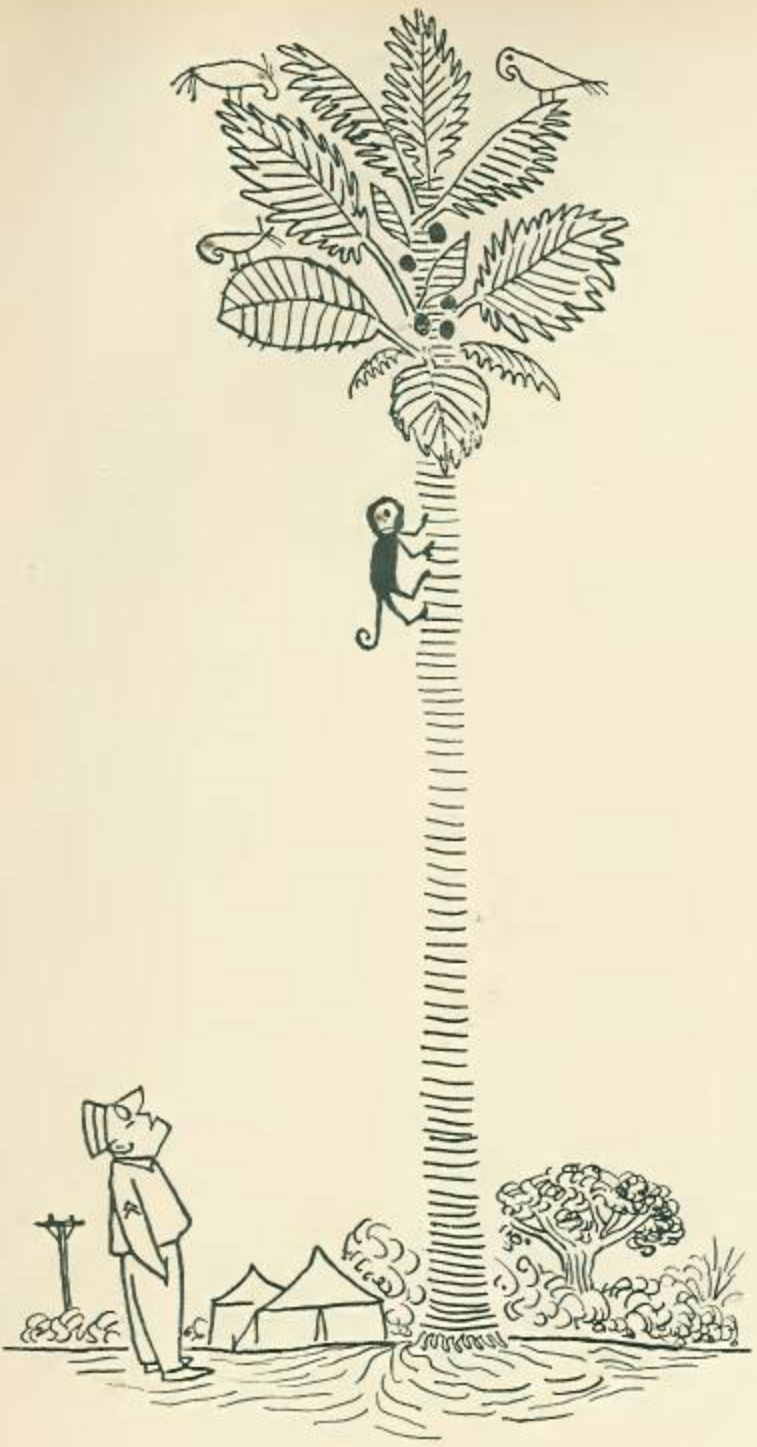
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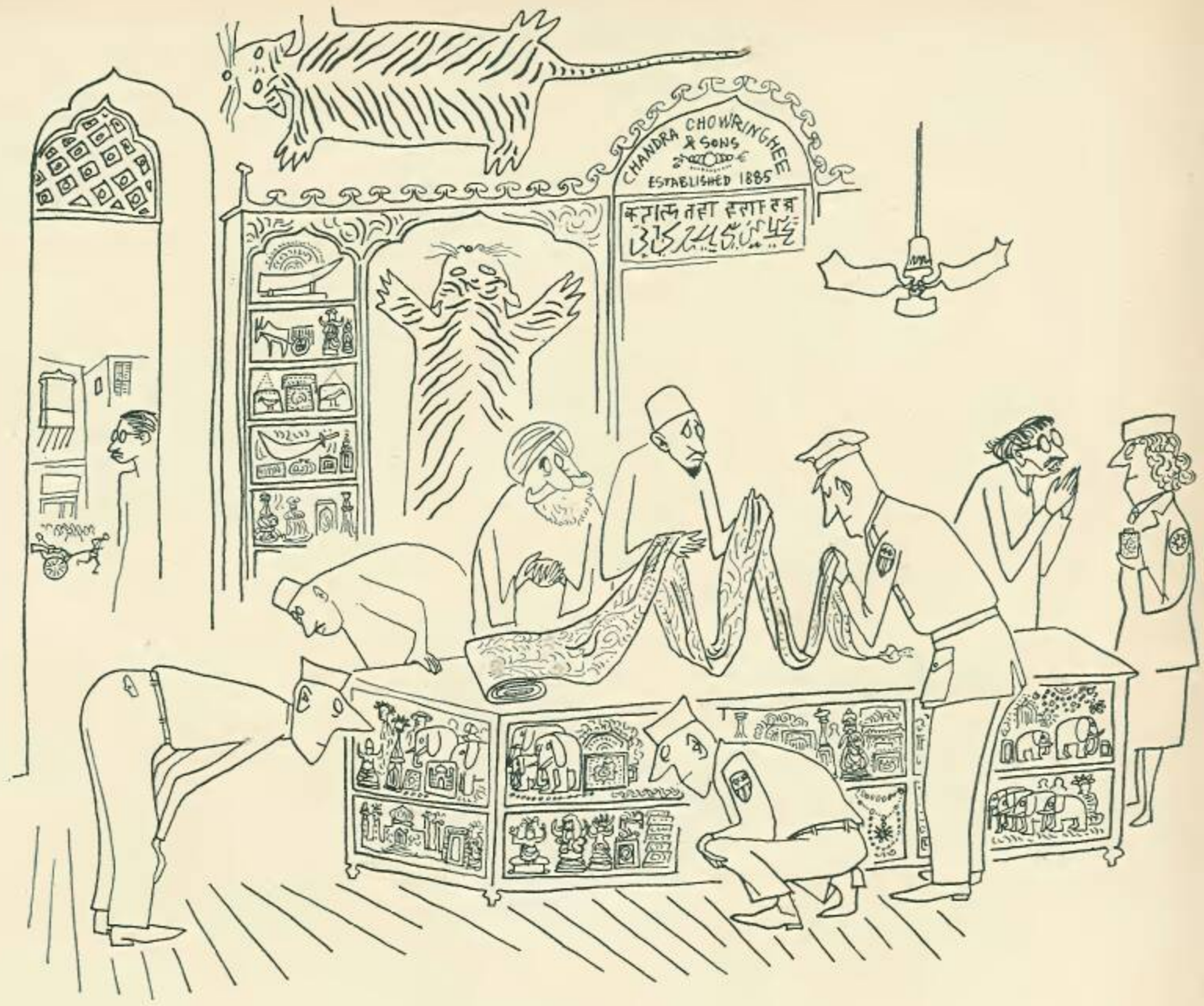


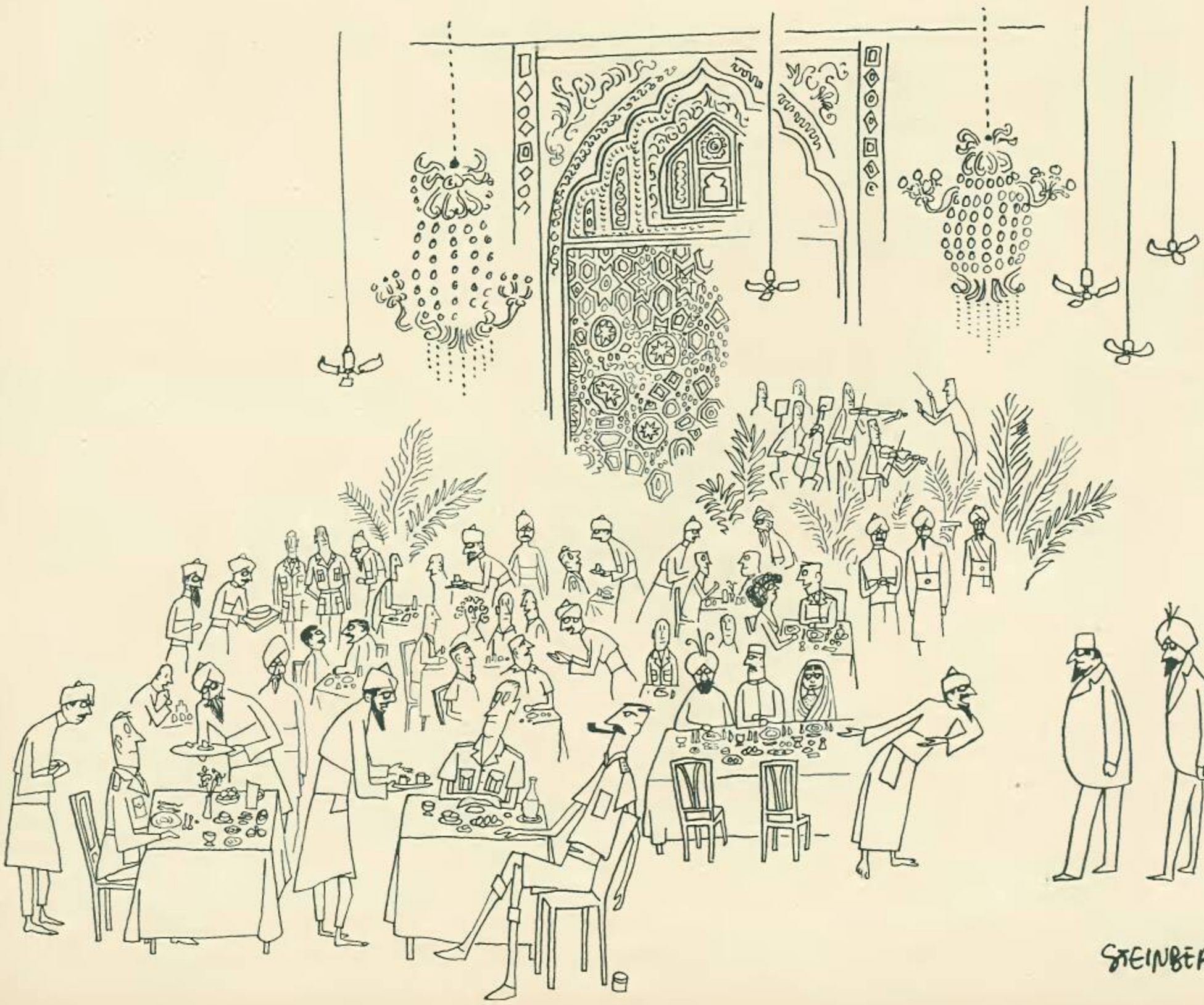









CHANDRA CHOWRINGHEE
& SONS
ESTABLISHED 1885


STEINBERG

A KIND OF SPECIAL GIFT

MY Uncle Zebulon, who is generally supposed to have gone off on a mental tangent in his sixty-first year and become what people who shy away from the word "crazy" prefer to call queer, was a tall, spare, rather ungainly man who had an enormous fondness for bird dogs. He always kept six or eight pointers and setters in the kennel behind his house in the country, and, while he naturally preferred them to any other breed, he also liked springers, cockers, German short-hairs, and just plain hounds. His especial favorite, of all the dogs he ever owned, was an English setter named Bess, who was generally agreed to be the best bird dog in that corner of Louisiana. My Uncle Zebulon was very proud of her and never tired of talking about her various excellences. He would go over her point by point, celebrating her endurance, her conformation, and her style, and he would keep on talking about her as long as anyone would listen.

My uncle was a lawyer by profession. He had an office in town, overlooking the mules and the buckboards in the courthouse square, but, as my aunt thought it amusing to say, he managed not to let the law interfere with anything. Every day at three o'clock, except when he was sick in bed or had to argue a case in court, he would leave his office and walk across the square to meet his friend Major Josephus Bedford, who would be waiting for him in the barbershop. Major Bedford, who had become a major in the Spanish-American War and liked to tell about the time he talked with Teddy Roosevelt in Cuba, was a round, cheerful, red-faced man who had a small farm not far from town. He was as absorbed in hunting as my uncle was in bird dogs, and it was their habit, unless the weather was absolutely impossible, to drive out into the country in the Major's old Buick every afternoon, first stopping at my uncle's place to pick up Bess and one of the other dogs. During the open seasons they would hunt, although my Uncle Zebulon was not much good with a gun, and during those Lenten periods when it was against the law to shoot anything, they would exercise my uncle's dogs. The barbershop was a favorite gathering place for most of the white males of the town, and my uncle, before leaving with Major Bedford, would sit down in one of the cane-bottomed chairs that stood beneath the crooked line of antlers that hung on the wall and talk about Bess. He would always call her "old," lending a quality of great endearment to the word, and sooner or later he would get around to speaking what amounted to a set piece with him. It had certain minor variations, but its theme, year in and year out, was always the same.

"Old Bess is like a queen," he would say. "Not just an accident queen, not just somebody who happened to get born to wear a crown, but a proud and lovely lady with a natural queenliness that shows in everything she does or says. It's a pleasure just to watch the way she goes after birds. She always finds them, as all you fellows know, but I don't care whether she finds them or not. It's the way she does it that counts. There's a style and a proudness in just the way she walks. She *knows* she's a queen." He would stop for a moment, musing and preoccupied, and then he would rouse himself. "Come on, Josephus," he'd say. "Old Bess is waiting for us. We'd better be getting along."



MY Uncle Zebulon lost Bess, and all his other dogs but one, just after his sixtieth birthday. I was twelve years old at the time. He went out hunting with Major Bedford on his birthday, taking Bess and a pointer named Jack with them, and while the two dogs worked well enough for the Major to get his limit of quail, Bess didn't seem quite herself. That night she wouldn't eat her supper and her nose was hot. Uncle Zebulon called the veterinary, who came around midnight, and he said Bess had dumb rabies. All the dogs in the kennel were inoculated, but only one of them, a pointer named Spot, who was the poorest animal of the lot, managed to pull through.

My uncle was greatly broken up by this. He went out with Spot and Major Bedford a couple of times, going to the places where they used to hunt with Bess, but Spot was such a sorry dog by comparison, frequently breaking his point and flushing the birds, that it only saddened my uncle further. He stopped making his visits to the barbershop and, instead of going out with Major Bedford, took to tramping the fields alone.

I had a hunting dog of my own by then, a rabbit hound my father had given me, and sometimes when I was out after rabbits, I would see my uncle. He would be walking in a kind of vacant-eyed abstraction, trailing the wake of loneliness that always seems to follow a solitary human in open places, scanning the fields of yellow sedge as if he were waiting for Bess to break through the grass. One day about six weeks after Bess had died, I came across him on the crest of a little hill. I saw him before he saw me. He was standing very still, his ungainly silhouette motionless on the sky, and his nostrils were sharply distended. The yelping of my dog roused him from his reverie. He saw me and motioned for me to join him. I went to where he was standing and for a few moments we watched my dog.

"That rabbit's got him running his head off," my uncle said. "How old is that dog of yours?"

"He was eight months old last week," I said. "His name is Ranger."

"Ranger, eh." My uncle kept his eyes on him. "He sure is covering a lot of territory for nothing. His tongue will be dragging on the ground. It's nothing for you to worry about, though. He'll get over it; he's practically just a puppy. The smell of that rabbit has got him drunk. It's a mighty heady smell."

"What kind of smell is it?" I asked.

"That's a hard thing to say," my uncle answered. "There aren't any words that fit it exactly. There's a warmness to the smell of a rabbit, a warmness and a furriness, and the warmness and the furriness get all mixed up to make up a smell that no words can properly describe. The smell of a deer is easier to tell about. A grown buck smells something like rancid lard; you can smell him a hundred yards away. The smell of a buck, sharp and rancidy, is just as plain and unmistakable as the watermelon smell of a rattlesnake. Quail, though . . ." He paused for an instant, looking off into space. His nostrils became distended again.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"There's no smell in all the world like the smell of quail," he said. "It's the most wonderful smell that ever was. There's a softness to it, like the softness of a lady's perfume when you pass her on the street, and along with the softness there's a richness, too. You've smelled acorns roasting when they hap-

pen to get mixed up in a campfire, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've smelled benne seed, and pine mast, and the smell of sedge when you crush it under your heel on a bright, cold day?"

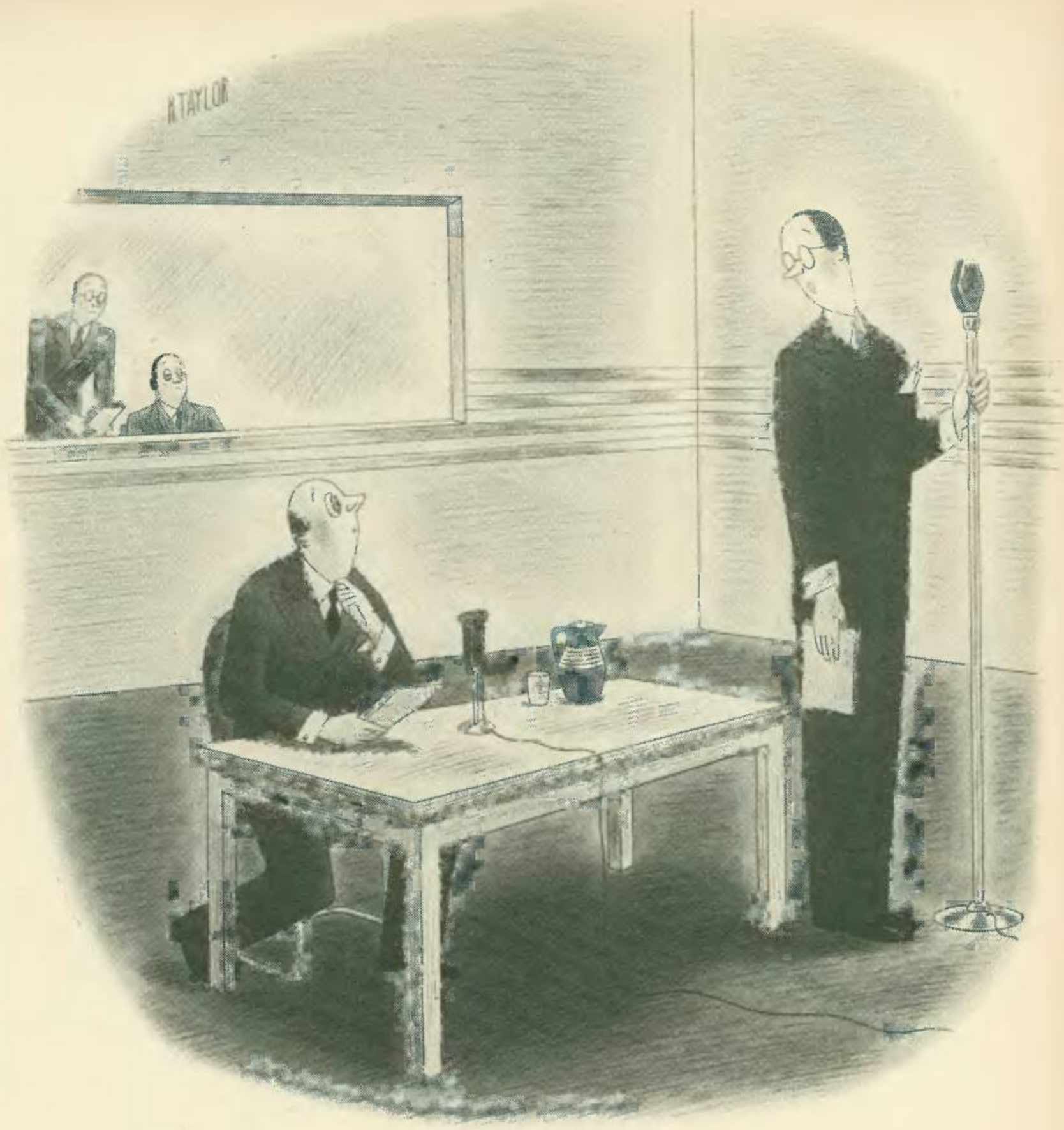
"Yes, sir."

"Well, all those smells are in the smell of a quail—all soft and rich and blended together to make what is called a bouquet. Not a bouquet of flowers, boy—what they call the bouquet of a wine. It acts like wine, too, trembling and quickening the blood. That's the smell old Bess used to smell. It damned near drove her crazy. You could see it running through her, trembling along her spine and quivering down her tail. She never let it get the best of her, though, not once. She was too proud and queenly for that. She had manners, and she knew what manners were." He paused again, and then went on. "That smell is all around here," he said. "There must be two or three coveys on this hill. Can't you smell them?"

I breathed deeply and smelled. All I could smell was the clean, crisp air and the drifting scent of pine.

"No, sir," I said.

"Not many people can," my uncle said. "I guess it's a kind of special gift. I didn't know I had it until about a week ago. I was out walking, and I smelled a smell, and right away I knew what it was. 'That's quail,' I said to myself. 'That's what old Bess used to smell.' I couldn't smell it so well at first, but now I reckon I can smell it almost as well as she could. She doesn't seem quite gone, now that I'm able to smell the same things she did. You know, boy, a man with a nose like I'm getting don't need himself a bird dog. He can go out and point his own birds. Pretty soon, I'm going to."



"You needn't be frightened, Mr. Jones. Our polls show that practically nobody listens to this station."

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I WAS deeply impressed by this accomplishment of my uncle. For the next week or so, whenever I was out hunting with my dog, I tried to improve my sense of smell. I smelled nothing that I had been unable to smell before, but I didn't let myself get discouraged. One sunny afternoon in the middle of winter, as I was sniffing my way across an old pea field that my uncle and Major Bedford used to shoot over with Bess, I met a Negro boy I knew. His name was Booker-T and he was about my own age. We used to play together.

"Hello," he said, speaking in the soft, quiet voice he had. "You jump any rabbits today?"

"No," I said. "Besides, I'm not hunting rabbits. I'm learning how to smell."

"Learning how to smell?" Booker-T looked at me curiously. "What's the matter? Can't you smell all right now?"

"This is a different kind of smelling," I said. "I'm learning to smell the way a dog does. I want to be able to smell rabbits and quail and things like that."

"What's the matter with you?" Booker-T said solemnly. "Nobody can do that kind of smelling."

"My Uncle Zeb can," I said. "He smells things just like he was old Bess."

"Sure enough?" Booker-T said.

"Sure enough," I said. "I was out hunting with Ranger last week, and I met him, and he smelled three coveys of quail. He can smell rabbits, too. He can also smell deer and rattlesnakes. He says a rattlesnake smells just like watermelon."

"Watermelon, huh. Think of that." Booker-T's face took on a look of extreme interest. "Maybe I can get so that I can do that kind of smelling myself. Let's me and you learn together. How do you start?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just by smelling, I guess."

We started walking across the pea field, inhaling deeply. The pea vines were brown and dry, and as we walked



"It's probably all for the best. We were beginning to need a vacation from each other."

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through them they made a delicate, brittle sound. There was an unpainted shack with a rusty tin roof just beyond the field, facing a dirt road that was full of ruts and potholes, and behind the house a solitary hen clucked softly to herself. Booker-T and I were walking through the field, occasionally stopping to report to each other on what we thought we smelled, when we heard an automobile rattling down the road. It stopped before the house and I saw it was Major Bedford's old Buick. The Major was sitting at the wheel, with my uncle beside him, and several of the men who used to hang around the barbershop were crowded on the back seat. Another car drove up and parked behind the Buick, and then another, and by the time Major Bedford had opened the door and squeezed himself from beneath the wheel, a whole line of cars was drawing up along one side of the road. Many men began to get out of them.

I ran to see what the excitement was all about. Booker-T followed me. All the men who had piled out of the automobiles began coming toward us, walking toward the pea field we had just left. My uncle and Major Bedford, who carried his shotgun in the crook of his arm, were in the lead, and the crowd of men trailed after them. More cars kept coming up, now parking two abreast, and further down the road there was a line of people, including many Negroes and boys, who had apparently walked the mile that lay between the place where we were and the town. Everybody I had ever seen in town seemed to be in the crowd—the druggist, the man who owned the hardware store, the clerks in the A. & P., the two barbers, the butcher, the man who owned the dry-goods store, and even the Greek who ran the café. Booker-T and I squirmed through the crowd, making our way to my uncle. He was talking to Major Bedford and didn't notice us.

"Now don't you lose your head, Josephus," he was saying in a quiet, dignified voice. "All you have to do is to act like I was old Bess. I'll point those birds, and when I do, you come on in and knock them out of the sky."

Major Bedford's face looked worried and grave. He kept glancing at my uncle, and whenever my uncle happened to look in his direction, he quickly glanced away. My uncle walked toward the pea field, paying no attention to the crowd that was following him. Many of the men were laughing and making jokes to each other, but my uncle seemed unmindful of them. The people who had walked out from town began to join the crowd and some of them wanted to know what had happened. I learned, merely by listening, that my uncle, in the barbershop, had said he could smell quail as well as old Bess could; well enough, in fact, to point them for Major Bedford. The men in the barbershop thought he was

joking, but when they found out he meant what he said, one of them challenged him to bet money on it. My uncle immediately put up ten dollars and, as the men in the barbershop left to see who would win the wager, news of what was happening spread all through the town.

When my uncle came to the pea field, he turned to the crowd and motioned for it to stand back. There was something different about the way he looked; his ungainliness was all gone. He held himself very straight, with his shoulders thrown back, and the muscles of his face had subtly rearranged themselves so that he had a look of quiet but imperious authority. He walked out into the pea field and Major Bedford followed him. He said something to the Major, who fell back a few paces, and then he lifted up his head and took in a deep breath. One of the men in the crowd imitated the call of a quail; a ripple of laughter rose above the sound of mingled voices. My uncle, his head in the air, gave no sign that he had heard. He kept on walking across the pea field, breathing deeply, and suddenly stopped dead still. Major Bedford, who all this time had been walking a few yards behind him, now began to go toward him. My uncle slowly lifted his arm and pointed to a spot in the pea field about twenty feet from where he was standing; it was the most regal gesture I have ever seen.

The crowd, watching, was very still. Booker-T breathed heavily beside me and, from the direction of the house by the road, there came the clucking of the hen, very sharp and clear. The hen kept on clucking, slowly and without emphasis, and then, just when the tension was no longer bearable, a solitary car came hurtling down the road. It stopped so suddenly that its tires made a ripping, tearing sound, and two men leaped from it. They shouldered their way through the crowd, speaking in loud, angry voices, and I recognized the voices as belonging to two of my other uncles, Uncle Zebulon's younger brothers. When they saw him standing in the middle of the field, they ran to him. They spoke heatedly to Major Bedford, who started to answer but changed his mind, and then, after speaking for a time with my uncle, each of them took him by one arm and started to lead him to their automobile, but my Uncle Zebulon quietly freed himself. He held himself very straight as he walked toward the crowd. The look of authority was still on his face. My two uncles and Major Bedford followed him, making a sort of retinue. The crowd opened to let him pass. Everything was still again. Nobody joked and nobody laughed.

THAT evening, at my house, nothing was said about what had happened, but when my father and mother left after supper, saying they had to go out, I knew a family conference had been called. What with the way the telephone had been ringing and the worried look on my parents' faces, it was impossible not to know. Early the next morning, right after breakfast, my father drove down to New Orleans with Uncle Zebulon. It had been decided that it would be a good idea for him to see a doctor. My father and Uncle Zebulon stayed in New Orleans a week. The doctor couldn't find anything substantially wrong with my uncle, but said it wouldn't hurt any if he went off somewhere and took a rest. My uncle insisted he didn't need a rest, or a doctor, either, but finally he was persuaded to go visit an aunt of mine who lived in Alabama. He stayed in Alabama for three months and then came home. Everybody was rather restrained when he returned, and the men in the barbershop were made somewhat uncomfortable by his presence at first, but since he didn't seem to notice it and acted as though nothing had happened, all this soon passed. By the end of six months he had collected another kennel of bird dogs, including a setter puppy named Lulu, about whom he soon began to speak in a tone of voice not unlike the one he used to use when talking about Bess, and he and Major Bedford began making their regular afternoon excursions again. He never once said anything about being able to smell quail, or any other game, and it was put down, after a year had passed, as one of those temporary aberrations that sometimes overtake those who are growing old. Every now and then, though, he would go walking in the country all by himself, and occasionally, when I was out with Ranger, I would happen to come upon him. He would always be standing very still, rapt and absorbed, and he seemed to be smelling very hard.

—HAMILTON BASSO

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Picture caption in Life*]

The initials on her leather notebook (*top left*) stand for Lucille Arnaz. Lucille is married to Actor Desi Arnaz. She also carries a headache remedy (*lower right*).



"You folks headed for Florida, or have you been there?"

SIEG HEIL!

IT was eight o'clock on Tuesday morning when Captain Ross Taggart came into his office in the Medical Research Building. He said, "Morning, Dick," to Lieutenant Carter, who shared his office, hung up his hat, and sat down at his desk, with his back to the Venetian blinds, through which shafts of sunlight were pouring.

Taggart looked at his engagement pad. He had two appointments this morning—a nine-o'clock meeting with Doctor Griffin at the toxicological laboratory and, at ten-fifteen, an interview with an officer from the Tactical Doctrine Branch.

Making a pencilled checkmark after each appointment, Taggart took an accumulation of memoranda from his "In" basket. While he was reading the first memo, he heard the singing prisoners.

Carter said eagerly, "Here they come. Probably going to work on those trees again," and got up and went to the window, fingering the cord of the Venetian blind and looking out between the slats.

Taggart gave Carter a pitying glance and returned to his reading. The singing came nearer and then abruptly ceased; that meant the truck had stopped outside.

"I wonder if that's the 'Horst Wessel,'" Taggart said.

"What?" Carter asked.

"That song they were singing—is that the 'Horst Wessel'?"

"How would I know?" asked Carter.

Taggart sighed faintly, reflecting that about the only kind of curiosity Carter didn't have was intellectual curiosity. He swung around in his swivel chair and looked out the window, too. There was a stretch of lawn in front of their wing of the building and a small grove of shade trees stood between them and the road. Two of the trees, dead ones, had been cut down the day before and lay stripped of their limbs.

The truck was parked in the road and about twenty German prisoners of war had dismounted from it. They were wearing green-and-blue fatigues with red "PW"s stencilled on their backs and trousers. Some wore the peaked caps of the Afrika Korps, others shapeless G.I. fatigue hats. Only one of the prisoners, a stubby noncom, had a complete German uniform, a light gray-green outfit with shoulder loops.

The Nazis stood, patient and military, awaiting orders. Off to one side was their guard, resting his foot on a stump, holding the butt of his carbine on his knee. Watching the prisoners, Taggart began to understand what the people of the occupied countries meant when they continually reported that the Nazis were "very correct." Even as captives, they had an air of competent combativeness; they had the indubitable stamp of soldiers.

"They're a rugged bunch, all right," Carter said admiringly.

Although it echoed his own thoughts, the remark irritated Taggart, just as the girlish squealing of the stenographers had irritated him the day before when the prisoners had come for the first time. It sounded pompous, but he had blushed for his countrymen. Everyone had hung out of windows and ogled the Germans; civilian employees had run outside to gawp at them. They all but prodded the Nazis with inquiring fingers. It had been a nauseating exhibition. Even the officers, who, Taggart thought, should have known better, were full of the same variety of "Oh, gee" comments. They kept saying that the Germans looked like pretty good eggs or that they knew someone who spoke German and had reported that the Nazis hated the Russians, disliked the English, but respected Americans.

"I'll bet they respect us," thought Taggart. What a fat, soft, overflowing country it must seem to them, and one populated by such fatheaded, credulous fools.

The only dissenting voice that Taggart had heard had been the irrational one of Colonel Marsh, who had served in the last war and thought all German males should be exterminated. Their only crime in Marsh's eyes was that they were German. No one seemed exercised about the beliefs these men held, the things they had fought and killed for. Taggart had the feeling that he—and the Germans—were the only adults on the post.

After Carter went out of the office, sometime later, Taggart examined the prisoners again through the Venetian blinds, feeling that decently veiled curiosity was all right. The Nazis were working hard now, sawing the logs into two-foot lengths, splitting and piling them. Grudgingly, Taggart had to affirm another prevalent cliché: "You've got to hand it to these krauts. They really work."

When they weren't conscious of being observed, the Germans had an active inquisitiveness of their own. They stared after a Mitchell bomber that taxied out on the airstrip and roared down it for the takeoff; several in each group would eye whatever vehicle went by, whether it was a truck or a jeep or a weapons carrier. When the post bus stopped and an attractive girl got out with the other passengers, the Nazis straightened and looked after her hungrily.

They straightened and stared at one other group. Ambling down the road came two American soldiers, one tall and thin, one short and thin. They were prisoners from the guardhouse and carried bags over their shoulders and sticks armed with nails to police the road. Trailing them was a lugubrious, slat-thin guard, all knees and elbows, who carried his carbine as though it were a baseball bat and he were next up at the plate.

The three of them moved so slowly, with so many pauses to scratch themselves, to stare at sky and countryside, to contemplate the distance, that they appeared rooted to earth. The prisoners of war looked at these other prisoners with curiously blank faces and alert eyes.

Taggart turned quickly away from the window and saw that it was time to go meet Doctor Griffin. He left the building, descended the front steps, and walked with careful obliviousness past the prisoners of war. As he went by the Nazi noncom, the man snapped to attention and flung up his arm in a salute. Instinctively, Captain Taggart returned the salute, and it was only as he brought his hand smartly back to his side that he realized, with horror, that the



noncom had given him the outflung arm of the Nazi salute.

THE worst of it, Taggart thought as he waited, tight-lipped, for the bus, was that, as a Medical Corps officer concerned solely with research, he was somewhat unsteady on the details of military courtesy, at least as it affected prisoners of war. He didn't know whether the German military salute was identical with the Nazi Party salute, and, in any case, it galled him to have been trapped into returning it. He would have liked to answer with the clenched fist of anti-Fascism, or even with Churchill's V-for-victory. Better still, he would have liked to blast the noncom with a short phrase in German, something ending in "*Dummkopf*." But he didn't know enough German.

The two guardhouse prisoners and their sad-sack guard were abreast of him now, on the other side of the road. The sight of the guard absently picking his nose seemed to Taggart a final indignity.

"Come here, soldier!" he snapped.

"Me, sir?" said the guard, pointing to himself. Then he crossed the road, uncertainly coming to present arms.

Taggart looked him up and down. "How long have you been in the Army?"

"About"—the soldier blinked, thinking hard—"about ten months, sir."

"That's long enough, damn it, for you to have learned something about military courtesy, about the position of the soldier. Button that blouse pocket. Pull yourself together, man."

Taggart asked for the soldier's name and detachment and said, "All right, get on with your job. Look like you're alive, damn it."

The little group moved off, the guardhouse prisoners grinning at their guard.

When the bus came, Taggart got on and sat up by the driver. He was filled with an unreasoning anger that was all the greater because of a suspicion that he had chewed the guard only to soothe his own ego. The bus stopped at a railway crossing while the post engine nosed some freight cars onto a siding. Before the train cut off his vision, Taggart saw another batch of German prisoners grading the road on the other side of the tracks. One in particular caught his eye, a giant of a man with a shock of yellow hair. Taggart had just a glimpse of this latter-day Siegfried, but it was all there, every single thing he hated in the Nazi concept—the arrogance of posture, the hawk-visaged look of the warrior, the contemptuous survey of his surroundings. He was even standing apart from his fellow-prisoners as though they, too, were dirt. When the train had passed, Taggart saw that the blond Viking, in addition to everything else, had a picturesque wound—his arm was in a sling.

The bus came up even with the prisoner and Taggart gave him a cold, hard look. Then, suddenly, he twisted in his seat, staring back after the man. For he had just noticed the prisoner was carrying a stick with a nail in it and that he had a bag draped over his shoulder. As Taggart stared, the blond man strolled across the tracks, moving away from the dwarfed Nazis. Some steps behind him and off to one side mosied a guard. There was no "PW" on the big man's back or trousers; instead, they bore a large "S," meaning "Stockade." Taggart realized that his imagined Nazi superman was only an American G.I. doing a guardhouse stretch.

He faced the front again, looked down at his clenched fist resting on one knee. "Relax," he told himself, and flexed his fingers, whistling tunelessly.

He blinked, remembering his elaborate impatience with everyone else, his chewing of the guard, whose name he had already forgotten.

"Maybe I should see an analyst," Taggart thought unhappily as he got off the bus in front of the toxicological laboratory. —ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN



"Now, now, Miss Van Voorhis. Let's not put the cart before the horse."

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Forty-eight per cent of women who buy perfumes are influenced chiefly by scent.—*Boston Globe.*

Easily swayed type, probably.



Beardsley Ruml

PROFILES

THE NATIONAL IDEA MAN—III

THE old and distinguished figures at the head of the Rockefeller philanthropies in 1922 were taken aback when a mere boy of twenty-seven was added to their group. Most of the trustees and directors had been famous men before being called on to help spend the Rockefeller millions. They couldn't understand it when a comparative child suddenly appeared as their colleague. They eyed him much as the dignified officials of Rome must have eyed Caligula's horse when it was sworn in as a consul. The infant phenomenon was Beardsley Ruml. Suddenly emerging from obscurity, he had been engaged to think up plans for spending seventy-four million dollars which John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had placed in the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial fund. It was largely through luck and accident that Ruml received the appointment, which normally would have gone to some eminent public man. As an undergraduate at Dartmouth, he had attracted the attention of his professors. They shot him ahead in a series of rapid forward passes which landed him in the coveted Rockefeller berth in comparative infancy.

Ruml attracted attention at Dartmouth largely as the result of taking wise advice from an older student, a fellow-townsman of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "Take courses with high numbers," said the older student. "Don't take Philosophy 1 or 2. Take Philosophy 57 or 58. Most of the fellows dodge the high ones, thinking they're harder, and so the classes are very small. The professors have lots of time for you. Besides that, they like you. They're flattered that anyone takes those courses." Ruml took one course with such a high number that he was the only student in it. The professor was practically his private tutor. In that class Ruml wrote a thesis which was so prodigious that he had it bound in leather.

Dr. Walter Van Dyke Bingham, who taught psychology at Dartmouth, gave Ruml's career a decisive shove by getting him a fellowship which enabled him to take a postgraduate course at the University of Chicago. There Ruml found another academic patron in Dr. James Rowland Angell, later president of Yale. Dr. Angell said recently that Ruml was distinguished as a student for his ability to sit on his spinal column with his feet on a table and pick ideas out of space, and that he had a remarkable faculty of taking nothing for granted and of approaching every problem as if it were something entirely new.

On getting his doctor's degree at Chicago, Ruml became assistant to Professor Bingham, who had moved from Dartmouth to Carnegie Tech. Both men soon became War Department employees. England had made the mistake early in the last World War of putting specialists and essential mechanics in the front line and had suffered heavily from the loss of irreplaceable skill. In 1917, largely on British advice, we made an early start in the classification of service men with a view to making the best military use of technically trained men. Ruml was assigned to draw up oral examinations for a hundred and twenty classifications from apothecaries to blacksmiths. He remained in civilian clothes because his chief, Dr. Walter Dill Scott, was a psychologist. Psychology had taught Dr. Scott that the Secretary of War and the Assistant Secretaries of War would see so many officers that the sight of a man in a herringbone suit would be a welcome relief. This proved to be the fact. Dr. Scott and his assistants could confer with Secretary Baker or his right-hand men at any time, whereas generals and colonels had to wait for days.

After the war, in Philadelphia, Dr. Scott founded the Scott Company, a corporation which used new techniques in making personnel studies for industries, and Ruml joined it. The Scott corporation suffered from being top-heavy with brains. It is nothing new for colleges to be raided by corporations, but this corporation was raided by colleges. Two of Scott's associates were lured away to become college presidents. Then Scott was lured away to become a college president himself. The corporation went into a decline.

Ruml came to New York in 1920 to join his old teacher Dr. Angell, who had become president of the Carnegie Corporation. Angell held this position only a few months and then resigned to become president of Yale. Ruml's resignation followed. At this time, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was looking for a man to make surveys of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Bronx Zoological Park. He planned to give large sums to these institutions and wanted the surveys as a basis for suggestions which might increase their value to the public. He engaged Ruml for this work on the recommendation of Dr. Angell and of Abraham Flexner, who had seen Ruml's work at the Carnegie Corporation. One of Ruml's early ideas, the purpose of which was to bring the New York Public Library closer to the public, was frustrated in an odd fashion by two philanthropists. His survey had shown that the Library was in an uncertain position because its work was supported mainly by the annual contributions of a few individuals. Ruml wanted a campaign to induce thousands of New Yorkers to become regular contributors to the institution, and at his suggestion Rockefeller offered the Library three million dollars on condition that it raise another three million dollars by its own efforts. It was expected that this would result in a big campaign to emphasize the civic importance of the Library and educate the public to support it. Before any publicity campaign could be outlined, Ruml got the bad news that the second three million dollars had already been raised. Lewis Cass Ledyard, president of the Library, had told two of the trustees, Payne Whitney and E. S. Harkness, of Rockefeller's three-million-dollar offer. "That's mighty nice of John," said Whitney. "I'd like to give one of the other millions." Harkness gave a second million. For a few hours the fund stood at two million dollars; then Whitney tossed in the third million. No

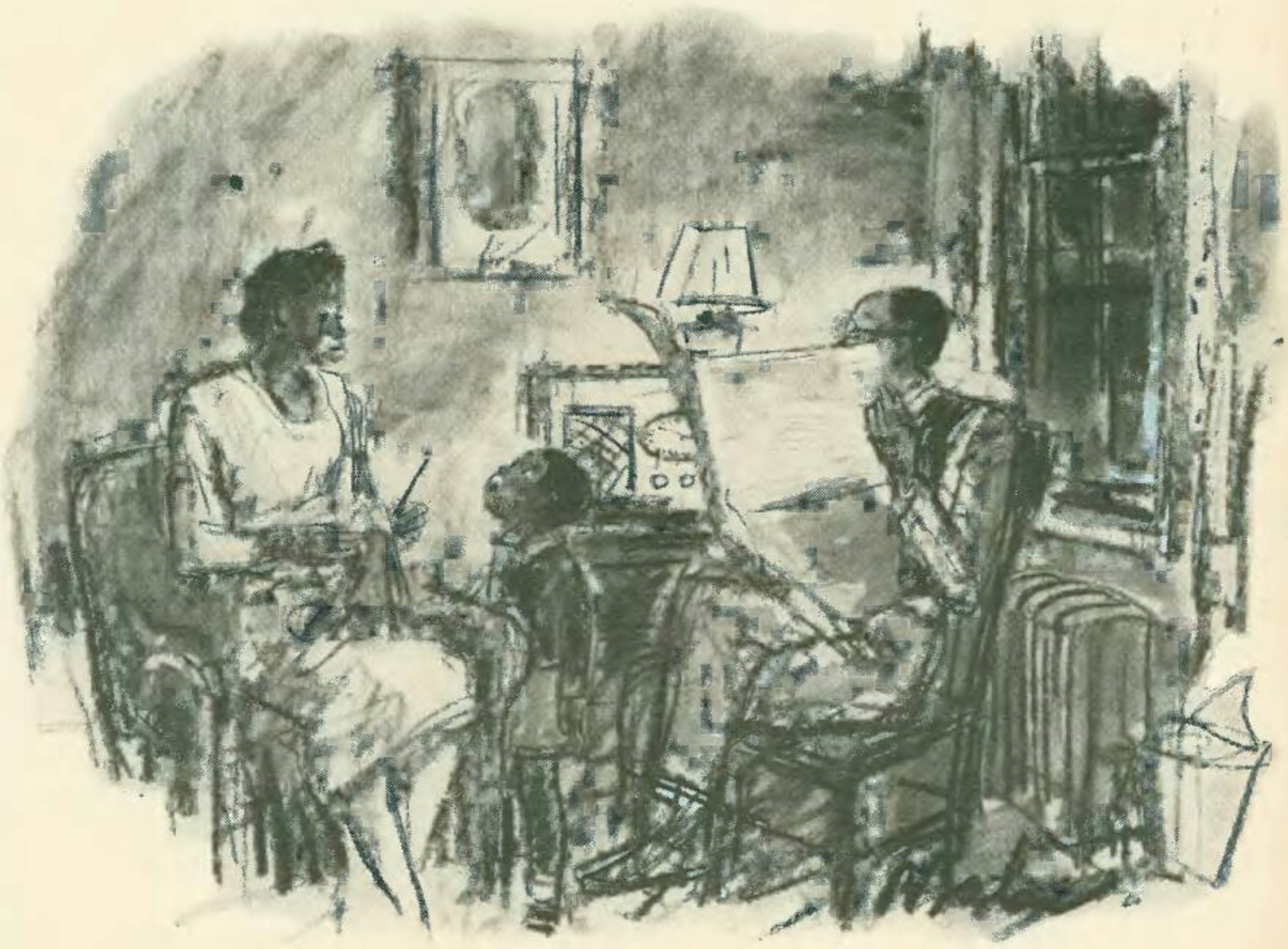
burgher, yeoman, or minor multimillionaire was able to chip in with a nickel.

AS a result of his Library survey, the twenty-seven-year-old Ruml was temporarily projected into the inner circle of the old Knickerbocker nobility. Lewis Cass Ledyard, a man to conjure with in New York Society, gave a dinner in his honor. One bit of the conversation at the dinner is still remembered. A guest asked why the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace had not come out in favor of the League of Nations. Elihu Root, an officer of the Endowment, removed his cigar and said, "The American public is neither intellectually nor morally ready for international coöperation." Shortly before this time, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had begun to pour millions into the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The Memorial had previously been a minor Rockefeller agency, which contributed to the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland and other organizations in which the late Mrs. Rockefeller, Sr., had been interested. The elder Rockefeller suddenly increased the Memorial's endowment to seventy-four million dollars. The aged oilman's advisers were puzzled. They felt that better results would be obtained if the money were handled by the Rockefeller Foundation, and expected the Laura Spelman trustees to vote in favor of that course within a few years. In the meantime, however, the trustees felt that they needed a director. Ordinarily, they would have studied scores of eminent names. But, believing they were choosing a man for a stopgap job, they handed the post over to young Ruml.

The Rockefeller philanthropic set was surprised when the new employee, who was looked on as an inflated office boy, came forward with a program to spend a large part of the seventy-four million dollars on the social sciences—chiefly sociology, political science, economics, psychology, and anthropology. Some of the veteran Rockefeller advisers regarded the social sciences as drawing-room and debating-club topics. Because of the Foundation's record of world-wide accomplishment in medicine, sanitation, laboratory research, and university-building, they disliked the idea of devoting any part of the Rockefeller fortune to what they considered vague, fanciful, and dangerous projects.

Ruml's idea of spending large sums on research was questioned. According to one interpretation of the terms of the seventy-four-million-dollar grant, it was intended that the money should be spent for the direct benefit of human beings. Ruml argued that permanent solutions of social problems should be based only on scientific research, since otherwise the entire fund would be at the mercy of traditional ideas, happy thoughts, and the pressures of the moment. His reasoning was eventually accepted. It took some intellectual virtuosity on Ruml's part to justify certain projects. There was an unwritten Rockefeller law against backing newspapers or magazines. Ruml was eager to back the proposed *Parents' Magazine* in order to publish in popular form the results of research. He wrestled with this problem for a long time. He convinced himself that the old, established Rockefeller "Don't" against backing newspapers or magazines really meant "Don't back any projects that are likely to involve Rockefeller philanthropies in bitter public controversies." He therefore proposed that the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial should give large sums to four universities to be used in buying stock in the magazine. This was done. The magazine has been a great success, having today a circulation of more than seven hundred and fifty thousand, and it has never involved the Rockefellers in a controversy.

Ruml evaporated much of the accepted meaning out of some of the other Rockefeller "Don't"s. This was congenial work for him. He is something like the late Carl Laemmle, who never learned that the word "No" had a negative sense. Ruml's brain has always been a factory of plans, ideas, and formulas for getting things accomplished. He has devoted a considerable part of his life to pulling the false whiskers off difficulties that were masquerading as impossibilities. For example, in the beginning, he was generally advised that his pay-as-you-go income-tax plan was "politically impossible;" he went ahead with it, however, because years of experience had taught him that the average impossibility was a pushover. Nearly every time Ruml has had a plan, some old rule has been quoted against it, and he has become inclined to sus-



"What <u>is</u> 'sho't'nin' bread,' Mummy?"

pect any rule of being an excuse to decide a question without thinking about it. His colleagues at Macy's, of which he is treasurer, say that, mild though he usually is, he heats up rapidly if anybody defends a policy on the ground that "we have always done it that way."

Ruml was in favor of spending the Laura Spelman Rockefeller money in support of big ideas. The Memorial received hundreds of applications for small appropriations for purposes which became known as "feebly good." Ruml developed a promptitude in saying "No" which hurt some important feelings. His idea was that it was a kind deed to give a prompt "No" because it saved the applicant's time. He didn't realize then that it might be more essential to save a man's feelings than his time. The standard etiquette of the big philanthropic organizations was to take an impossible request, consider it respectfully for weeks, and finally discover a nefarious clause in the unwritten law which forbade the project. The late Dr. Wallace Buttrick, a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, said that the ideal thing was to say "No" in such a way that the other party was as happy as if you had said "Yes." He added, "When I say 'No' to a man, I always see him to the elevator." Dr. Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago said, "The art is to say 'Yes' fast and 'No' slow." One purpose in surrounding "No" with beautiful ceremonies is that of self-discipline. Veteran workers in the philanthropic field generally recognize that executives of big foundations have to guard against a tendency toward arrogance, and the system of courtly civilities is maintained as a safeguard against arrogance. Ruml's comparatively unadorned "No" caused some resentment. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had a little talk with his new employee. "You know," he said, "a Newfoundland dog is a very fine dog, but if he steps on your toes, it hurts, even if he didn't mean it."

One of the most emphatic Rockefeller "Don't"s was "Don't mix in governmental affairs." Ruml wanted large sums used for improving governmental techniques. He hacked skillfully away at this "Don't" until it was no longer a stumbling block to his project. He persuaded his colleagues that again the real point was to avoid political squabbles and that he could avoid them by the formula of giving the money to universities and other institutions and letting them assume the responsibility. The greatest visible evidence of the use of Rockefeller money for governmental purposes is the Public Administration Clearing House in Chicago—famous as "Thirteen-Thirteen," its street number. This is the national headquarters of government disconnected from its electioneering phases and considered as a science of administration. Officials ranging from the governors of the states to the garbage technicians hold their meetings there. Every administrative subject from dogcatching to city planning is treated at Thirteen-Thirteen. Nearly every state, city, county, town, and village in the country takes up its

CHANT OF THE OPTIMISTIC BUTCHER

Oh, once I sang of the sirloin,
  Of hamburgers once sang I,
Or oft would boast
Of the prime rib roast,
  Unrationed and hanging high.
But now with unction akin to piety,
I hymn the meats that are called Variety:

Variety meats, Variety meats,
Who will buy my variety meats?

Regard, dear Moddom, this rich array.
  I've kidneys and sweetbreads
Fresh today.
I've tongue (a sliver),
  I've shanks and shins,
I've liver aquiver
  With vitamins.
I've succulent parts
  Of a similar stripe.
I've heads and hearts
  And masses of tripe.
Stew 'em with herbs or simmer in wine,
Season, stir,
And go out to dine.

The chop has gone from the showcase,
  The bacon no more I slice,
And I seldom drape on
The duck, the capon
  A Saturday Special price.
So gladly now to my soul I grapple
An order of Philadelphia scrapple.

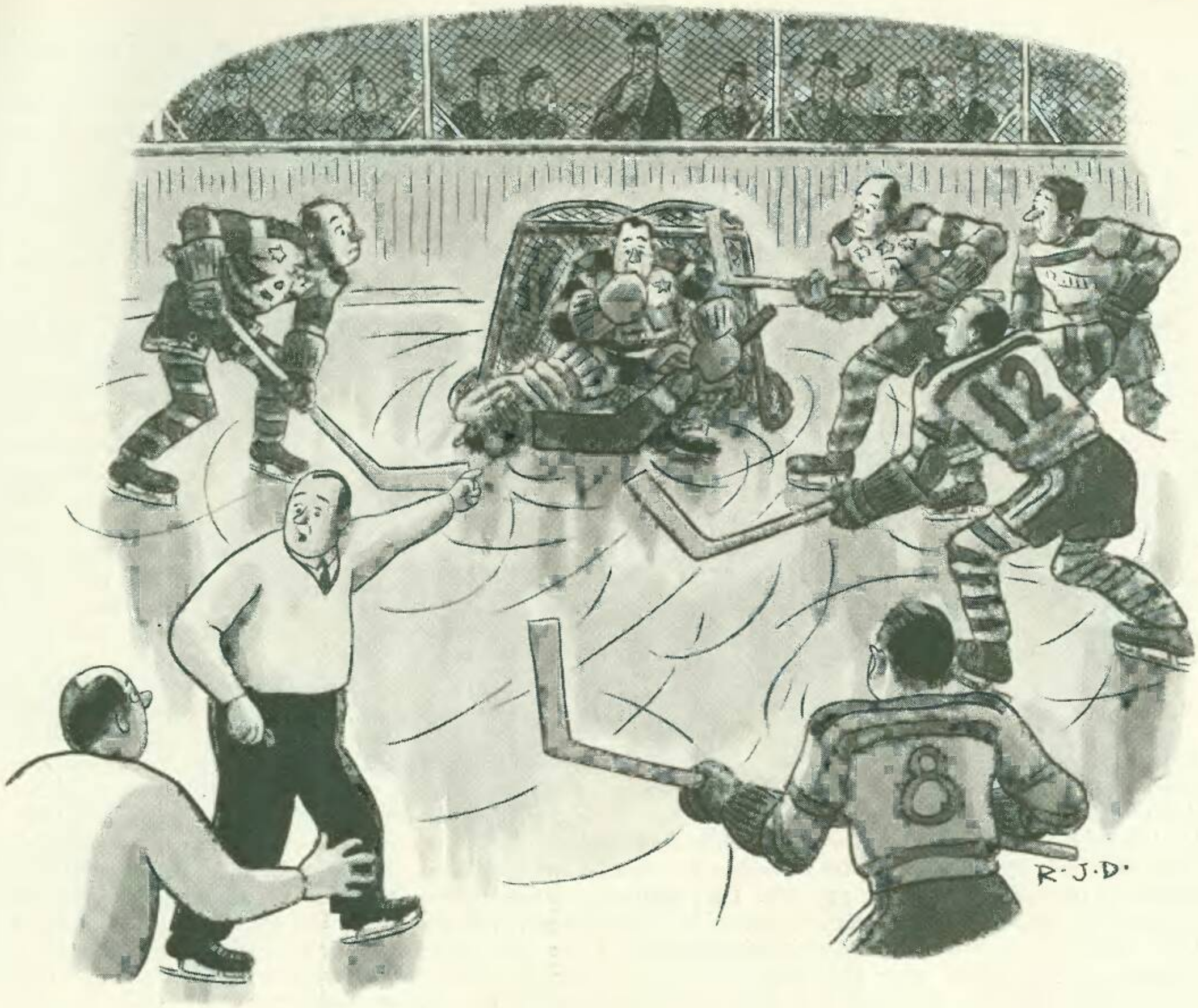
Variety meats, Variety meats,
Who will buy my variety meats?

Moddom, dear Moddom, take a chance.
  They're highly regarded,
I hear, in France.
The color's queer
  And the taste is awful,
But everything here
  Is yours, and lawful.
Yes, merry as grigs,
  Come sound the tocsin.
I've knuckles of pigs
  And tails of oxen.
And if the prospect should leave you glum,
Cheer up, for the *Wurst*
Is yet to come.

I've a morsel of brains for occasional treats.
Won't somebody buy my Variety meats?

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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"Now what? Is there a rule for when the goalie swallows the puck?"

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problems with the Clearing House, which furnishes not only literature but squads of roving experts to aid perplexed communities. Thirteen-Thirteen is Ruml's idea of what a project should be—big, permanent, and growing. Early in his career as a philanthropic director, he had failed to grasp the importance of fine buildings. Later he became convinced that a fine piece of architecture was of great importance, as symbolizing a cause or movement and giving it something to live up to.

Another program of the Memorial under Ruml's directorship was the promotion of better relations between the white and colored races. Large appropriations were made to educate Negroes to be lawyers, businessmen, and public officials, on the theory that Negro leaders were highly important to the development of their people. Large grants were made to Negro universities.

BETWEEN the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-four, Ruml was director of the Memorial. Through constant association with leaders in the social sciences in America and abroad, he absorbed a good deal of knowledge in those branches of learning. He has been described as "the founder of social sciences in America;" others would regard him as the "angel" or "impresario" of the social sciences. At any rate, he was a great figure in that field, and in 1930 he was named Dean of the Social Sciences and Professor of Education at the University of Chicago. Among the social scientists at the University of Chicago were men of great eminence, and Ruml felt embarrassed at being the Dean. He tried to dramatize his feeling of comparative unimportance by choosing a small, dark hole in the wall for an office. He spent most of his time there in a swivel chair, silently thinking up ideas. As a rule, there was not enough daylight to read by. Visitors were startled at the sight of the huge figure—Buddha, as he was called—rotating in the gloom and smoking a black cigar. He was a "clean-desk man," and this applied not only to the exterior of the desk but to the interior. The drawers were ostentatiously empty of everything except cigars. He has never been much of a paper man. His usual letter is from one to two lines long.

For years, Ruml's ideas had met with sensational success, but at the University of Chicago they failed to show their old-time form. Instead of exciting wild enthusiasm, they were sometimes barely tolerated. Anyone might have supposed that Ruml was losing his genius. The



"By George, it is 'n'! It always looked like an 'm' to me."

• •

fact was, however, that he formerly had given away a few hundred thousand dollars with an idea and now he was handing out his ideas without any dowries at all. One of Ruml's plans was for a synthesis of, or definite working arrangement between, the social sciences. He thought that scientists would push their sciences ahead faster when they coöperated in the practical solution of social problems. For years he urged joint action by scientists in different fields for the improvement of interracial relationships and the cure of unemployment. At a time when the unemployed numbered ten million, he said in an address to social scientists that the core of the problem was understood, and that he could name a body of ten men, representing various sciences, who could draw up a program that would be decisive in eliminating unemployment. He has never been very successful, however, in convincing leaders of the various scientific specialties that they could work together on a broad social program.

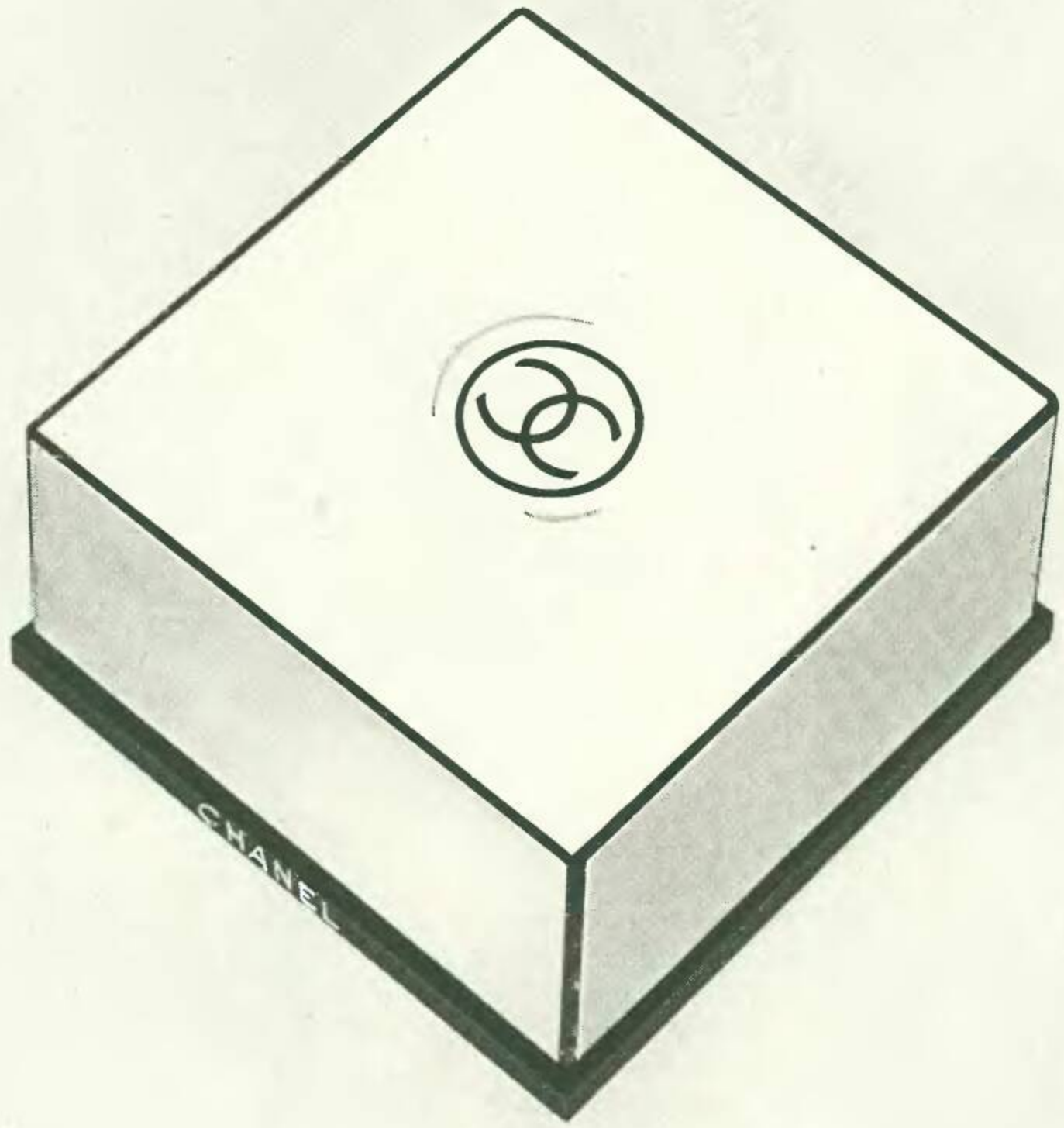
At the University of Chicago, Ruml's chief lieutenant was Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, a young social scientist, now popularly known as the author of "How to Read a Book." Dr. Adler carried the ball for the "synthesis," or get-together, of the social sciences at gatherings of experts in this field. He was often outnumbered and roughly handled. Ruml used to coach Adler for these battles. He would always caution him not to say "The mistake that *you* make . . ." but to say "The mistake that *we* make . . .," but Adler always forgot this and was soon busy parrying blows from all directions. Ruml was always the amiable and jovial Buddha. His perpetual question—a phrase associated with him as a sort of station identification—was "Are you having fun?"

Like most intellectual virtuosos, Ruml could be as brilliant on one side of an argument as the other. When he was younger, argument was a sport for him, and he would have considered himself a quitter to admit defeat. In his late thirties, he suddenly swore off arguing for victory, and since then has tried to limit himself to arguing only for the sake of illumination. A saying of his which has been widely quoted is "There's no point in winning an argument when you're wrong." He preaches "economizing energy" and "coöperating with the inevitable." Being a gourmet, he regards food and drink as legitimate engines of propaganda. If he failed to convince a professor's head, he would go to work on his stomach. The chef of the Shoreland Hotel became one of Ruml's chief aides in the campaign to influence university thought. Ruml usually tried to change a man's opinion with porterhouse steak and burgundy. On special occasions, the major premise was a pheasant and the minor one a carefully selected champagne. Ruml's views made some progress; as the French say, a man who sets a good table is in the right.

But still his ideas lacked the power and dash they had had in the old seventy-four-million-dollar days.

One of the most ambitious of Ruml's campaigns was an attempt to induce psychologists to accept "nostalgia" as a giant driving force in human behavior. About fifteen years ago he concluded that many of the followers of Freud went too far in asserting the omnipotence of sex. He hit on the idea that an enormous influence on the human mind had been overlooked—the love of old associations and the desire to relive old scenes. In 1933 he read a paper before the American Psychological Association urging that a part of the lore of the psychoanalysts be repealed in favor of his early-memory or auld-lang-syne theory. Nostalgia, according to Ruml's paper, can hit an individual hard enough to cause severe illness or even death. It can be brought on by the sound of rain, the smell of burning leaves, a photograph, a melody, and sometimes, apparently, by nothing at all. Nostalgia is common in dogs and seems to have been observed in apes and horses. It is a violent and basic thing, Ruml claims, and plays an important part in the emotions and motives of the human race. He called for "a recognition of the fundamental and pervasive influence of the nostalgic" as a factor in explaining romance, religion, and even economic behavior. The paper made no great impression. The editor of a psychological magazine refused to publish it because there were no footnotes citing authorities for his statements. Although a doctor of psychology, Ruml was regarded as an outsider. An outsider who pops up with a bright idea is likely to be summarily written off by the specialists. A faculty for dreaming up generalizations is not the royal road to recognition in any science.

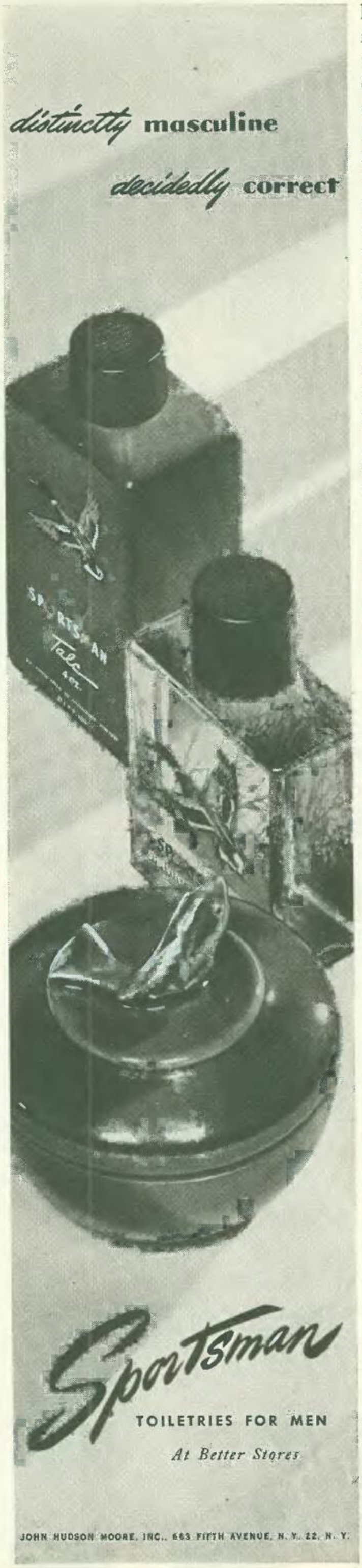
As a rule, Ruml meekly accepts the verdict when an idea of his fails of acceptance. In this case, however, he was sure that he was on the trail of something important. The "nostalgic" explanation has colored his ideas on many subjects. The "nostalgic" emotions are not only factors in love of family and



A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



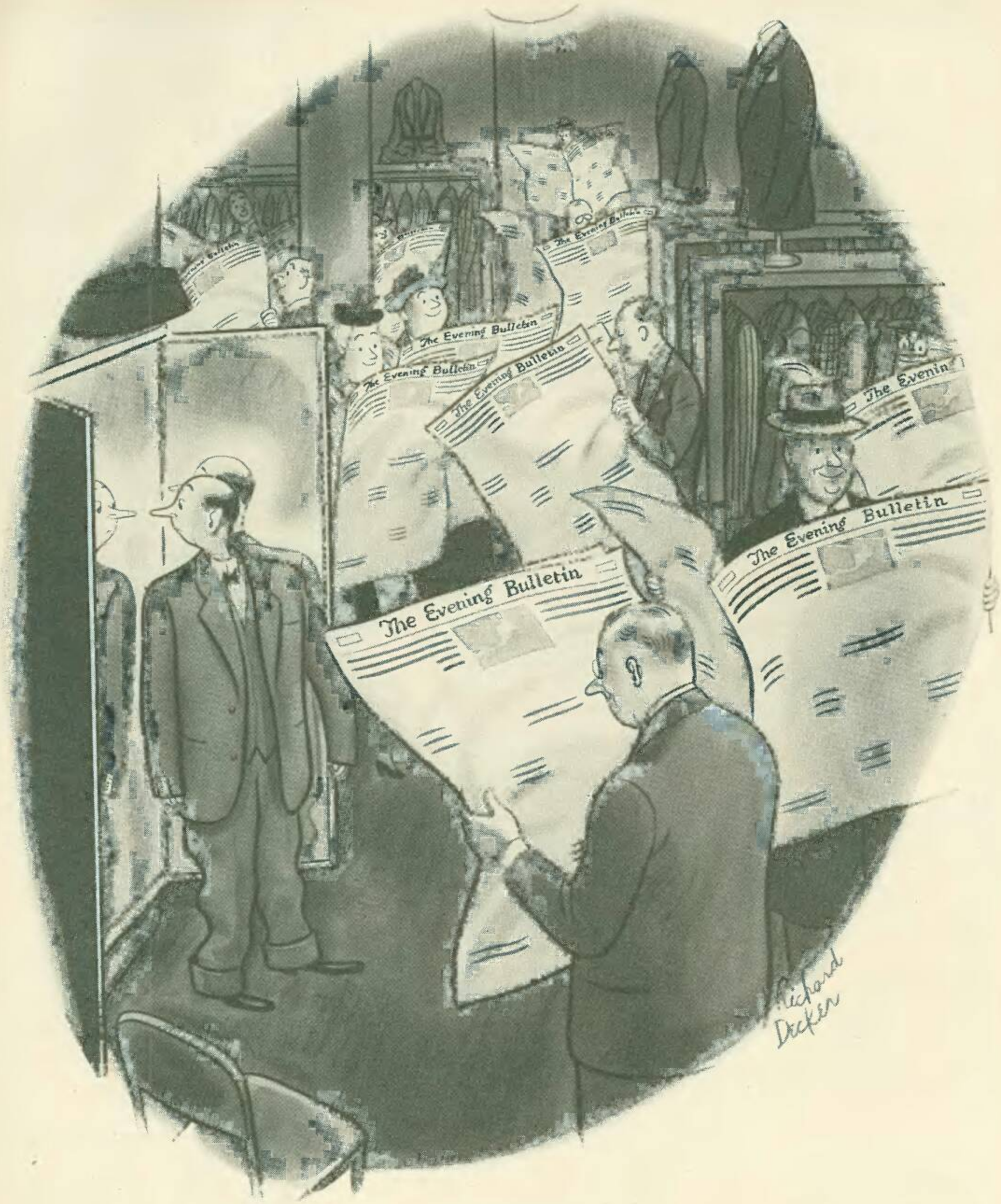
love of country, according to Ruml, but make for conservatism of the better type, as opposed to mere inertia or the clinging to material advantage. He tried to bring his theory down to earth by inventing the awkward word "homefulness" as a substitute for "nostalgia." His "homefulness" theory has led him to advocate more and better national monuments. He wants public buildings emblazoned with scenes from American history. He thinks that the sciences would be benefited by splendid public buildings looked upon as the homes or shrines of the sciences. A recent offshoot of his "homefulness" theory was a speech in Albany last October urging ten thousand miles of travel through the United States for boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen, to make them acquainted with their homeland.

RUML left the University of Chicago in 1934 to become treasurer of Macy's. Business offers are fascinating to academic people, who are nearly all tired of being told "You never met a payroll." Peering at merchandising problems through psychological-sociological spectacles, Ruml was able to see them in a new light, and his ideas had an important effect on the policies of the firm. His salary was seventy thousand dollars a year when the figures were last published. The position has left him free to devote much of his time to public work. By becoming chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and joining the Agricultural Advisory Council, the National Resources Planning Board, and other advisory groups, he has gained wide experience in government affairs. He is still fundamentally a psychologist. Most of the Ruml plans reflect his psychological approach to national issues. Upon his foundation of psychology he has piled fifteen years of social study and twelve years of merchandising and financial experience. The layers of theory and practice in Ruml's mental makeup give him a unique status in America. His career is almost geological in its mixed stratification of science, public affairs, and private business.



Ruml was forty-eight when, in support of his pay-as-you-go plan, he made his début as a national figure. Few have served such an apprenticeship before starting on a public career. With one foot in the countinghouse and one in the ivory tower, he is a rare specimen. Owen D. Young said that the late Sir Josiah Stamp was the only man he knew who resembled Ruml in his combination of large scientific attainments and practical experience in both business and government affairs. Ruml is not an example of the scholar-in-politics ideal of the nineteenth century. Macaulay would regard Ruml as an illiterate and Ruml would regard Macaulay as an ignoramus. The learned statesmen of an earlier generation abounded in allusions to ancient and modern letters and history, few of which would be understood by Ruml; Ruml is versed in departments of learning whose existence was unknown to the old-timers. He is strictly mid-twentieth century—so modern that some regard him as futuristic. His literary knowledge is spotty. He got through college without much acquaintance with English masterpieces or others, and since then it has usually taken an illness or accident to start him reading. He took up Priest's translation of "Faust" while convalescing from a mastoid operation in 1933, and it is one of the few books he has persistently studied. He is a Proust snob. In general, he can endure novels only when they are intensely autobiographical, like "The Way of All Flesh" and "Of Human Bondage." Shakespeare has no standing with Ruml. The Iowa boy dismisses that fellow with a wave of his hand. It is not wholly Shakespeare's fault. The associations are unpleasant: plodding through footnotes, grubbing at reference books, and that sort of thing. Literature is to be taught at the new type of university advocated by Ruml, but solely for emotional experience—no technical stuff.

Ruml dislikes the theatre because he is a great conversationalist and the actors interrupt him, but he was dragged to see Maurice Evans in "Richard II." Forgetting that Shakespeare was no good, he went wild over it. He even bought phonograph records of it and played them over and over again. "Richard II," which Shakespeare admirers would rank about twentieth in order of merit among his plays, is practically all of Shakespeare, as far as Ruml is concerned. Because of his enormous capacity for enthusiasm and his spotty literary background, Ruml can easily get into the Ah Wilderness state. Hemingway spotlighted Dr. Donne, the



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St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
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I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' *'Mama's Bank Account'*
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seventeenth-century poet and preacher, by picking up his phrase "for whom the bell tolls," and Donne became the rage, especially with the adolescent literary set. There is a strange vogue for his clumsy, pedantic poems of passion, described by one critic as "twisting iron pokers into true-love knots"—the kind of love poetry that hermits are said to write for penance. Ruml has been swept away by the Donne fad like a seventeen-year-old bluestocking. He will read Donne's poetry, especially his religious poetry, to anybody who will listen. At one time he gave St. Thomas Aquinas a big play, surprising some Chicago scholars by working out a new theory of corporations based on the speculations of St. Thomas on the nature of angels. Ten years ago, in a surge of enthusiasm, he was improvising on the piano in the Gregorian mode of the sixth century; today he improvises in the style of Mahler and Shostakovitch.

BEFORE 1942, Ruml had never made a public fight for any of his plans. He thought there was something indelicate about getting his name in the newspapers. His slow, behind-the-scenes method of operation is illustrated by the history of his so-called "farmer's protective tariff," or "domestic allotment" plan. Ruml originated the plan in 1927, after President Coolidge had publicly asked for help with the farm problem. The idea attracted little attention at first. Soon a scholarly book on the farm problem made its appearance. One chapter described Ruml's plan without mentioning his name. Dr. M. L. Wilson, a professor at the University of Montana, took up the idea and began a crusade for it. In 1932, Ruml happened to run into Rexford Guy Tugwell. Tugwell was making a frantic but unsuccessful search for Wilson. "I've got to get hold of him to get his farm plan for Governor Roosevelt," said Tugwell. "I'll give you the plan," said Ruml. "What do you know about it?" demanded Tugwell: He was astounded to learn that Ruml had invented it. After Tugwell had obtained the details, Roosevelt advocated the plan in a speech at Topeka, and it became the basis of the A.A.A. Ruml's connection with it remained unknown for years.

When Ruml conceived the pay-as-you-go plan, in 1942, he started to handle it in his usual anonymous fashion. He presented the idea to the Treasury Department, which could have sprung it as one of its own strokes of genius. It was only after the Treasury had

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By HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
COLE PORTER SONGS
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44th St. W. of Broadway
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Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
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given the subject six months of unfavorable consideration that Ruml took his case to the public. The chief reason for his change in tactics was the fact that he had two sons in the service. Ruml married Lois Treadwell, daughter of a Vassar professor, in 1917. They have three children—Treadwell, a major in the Army; Ann, a fashion editor; and Alvin, a lieutenant in the Army. Believing that the pay-as-you-go plan would be a contribution to national strength, Ruml felt that it was his duty to do something about it. He was so little versed in the ways of publicity that when he first presented his plan to a Senate committee, he didn't know enough to have a statement for the press. The *Times* was the only newspaper to report his testimony intelligently, but it didn't even mention the plan in the headlines. The Senate committee voted down the plan by 11 to 3, and that seemed to end the matter.

At this point Roy Howard started a furious campaign for the Ruml Plan and Ruml began to accept invitations to make speeches and give interviews around the country. Sackfuls of mail began to pour in on congressmen. The Ways and Means Committee of the House called Ruml before it and tried to haze him, but it couldn't make any headway against his Buddhalike amiability. The chairman of the committee found his smile maddening and left the room, saying he couldn't stand it any longer. One of the questions asked Ruml was whether any businessman ever "forgave" his debts. Ruml cited the case of Hearn's department stores, which in 1934 forgave all debts and asked all old customers to come back on a cash basis—a highly successful maneuver for the improvement of their business. Asked if there was such a thing as an "absolutely current" income-tax payer, Ruml said, "No more than there is such a thing as an absolutely fresh egg. But there are varying degrees of freshness."

The press was vehement and almost unanimous in favor of the plan. It is said that the newspapers have no power, but in this case they displayed a power over the administration like that of a vacuum cleaner over a grain of dust. Not only did the Ruml Plan go through in this country but Canada and Australia adopted slightly altered versions of it. The greatest effect of the plan was in straightening out the affairs of the middle classes and saving them from insolvency. One middle-sized taxpayer wrote that the Treasury, as well as the public, would be the gainer, because the



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average taxpayer, relieved from worry over his incessant tax debt, would live two years longer and pay taxes two years longer. Most of the political opponents of the plan were against it not because they saw anything wrong with it but because they were afraid that demagogues would kick it to pieces. It was assumed that a terrific clamor could be set up against a bill that saved five dollars for a poor man and a million or so for a very rich man. There was no clamor, however; the moral of the thing apparently is that, while the poor man may like to soak the rich man, he will not pay five dollars for the privilege. The greatest proof of the success of the Ruml Plan was the fact that it went unmentioned during the last campaign and that Ruml's new tax ideas were hungrily seized upon by both Democrats and Republicans.

Ruml's opponents started him talking to the public in 1942. He will probably never stop. He is now practically stumping the country in favor of abolishing the corporation tax, stabilizing the building industry, and other postwar projects. After resolutely dodging authorship through the early part of his life, he has recently come out with a full-sized book, "Tomorrow's Business," a remarkable volume because it is free from the animosities and catchwords both of politics and of business. Ruml's career is probably just beginning.

—Alva Johnston

(*This is the last of three articles on Mr. Ruml*)

•

Streaked Paint Job—We repainted our enameled bathroom walls without first removing the enamel (aqua colored). We used flat wall paint and then several coats of white enamel. The wall is now white but streaked, and we must remove all the paint. H. S. Scarsdale.

I do not think it is necessary to remove all of the finish. Smooth the surfaces by rubbing with sandpaper, not too coarse. Dull the gloss, if any, and wipe off the dust; then apply a coat of enamel undercoater and a coat of top quality quick-drying enamel. For a smooth finish, rub down the undercoarses. Dull the gloss, if any, and wipe off the dust; then apply a coat of enamel undercoater and a coat of top quality quick-drying enamel. For a smooth finish, rub down the undercoarse. Dull the gloss, if any, and wipe off the dust before putting on the enamel. If the aqua color shows through the finish, evidently the covering capacity of the flat wall paint was not good enough. Dull the gloss, and finish as suggested above.—*The Sun.*

Are you people sure you need a bathroom?

LISTEN: FEBRUARY 24, 1945

This Sunday millions of Americans will pick up their Sunday paper, remove a supplement called *This Week* and read a picture-story of a CBS sustaining program which is setting the nation on its ear. It's called *Assignment Home* and you can hear it any Saturday at 4:30 p.m. EWT. *This Week* calls it "A Story That Touches All America." It's the story of this war's veterans, now coming home by the thousands, and what you must do to make them feel they never left home. It's your number one civilian job. Better hear it Saturday, read about it Sunday.

★

A competent, seasoned reader and writer of words now rises in defense of the spoken word. "For most of us", says Carl Van Doren, "spoken words mean more than written words."

He was speaking on CBS' Thursday *American School of the Air* program which is given over to dramatizing books of conspicuous merit.



"The best thing to do with any great book is to read it... But not everybody knows how...to the best advantage...What we need is to hear the book read aloud, or at least to hear the characters speaking . . . Hearing them, as on the radio, will do very well...

"We depend on our ears more than we often realize...Some day when you're at a play or a motion picture, try first stopping your ears and merely looking; and then, closing your eyes and merely hearing. You'll almost certainly find that you'll miss more when you only look than when you only hear."

It would seem that sight-and-sound broadcasting, or television, has a great future.

★

Except for Tucson's telephones, KTUC, the CBS affiliate, was the only means of communication when that city blacked out for forty minutes some nights ago after a switch had exploded in the local power plant. There was dead air on KTUC for only 15 seconds after the explosion. Then the station switched to its auxiliary connection (maintained for just such occasions)—with the power plant of a local ice company, and reassured a lot of worried citizens, including a father who had just been notified that his wife had given birth to twins.

★

The weekly wheel of fortune is spinning for a certain well-known party now recovering from a serious illness. Before Major Bowes fell ill last December he had spun the wheel every week for 499 weeks over CBS for his amateur guests. Out of the spinning came many of today's leading stars of radio, stage and screen. Latest report is that the Major is coming along fine and will soon be back with his show on CBS. Meanwhile it has been renamed *Major Bowes' Shower of Stars.* When you listen to it Thursday nights at 9 EWT you hear the amateurs of bygone years now fully matured as topnotch professional artists.

★

Through radio the producer often reaches out to the consumer for help. A New York State cannery anxious to maintain its production and employment levels in a slow period appealed over WHCU (CBS' affiliate in Ithaca) for recipes for pickled beets and red cabbage. Plan: if there were enough ways to serve the vegetables, people would eat more of them, justify the canning of storage crops, prevent seasonal layoffs of cannery employees. WHCU asked its listeners for recipes every day for a whole week; got back 107 recipes. The best one won a War Bond. Most of them tasted right good.

★

Let the record show that a small, 10 o'clock scholar still in the early stages of his academic career is responsible for the following letter to CBS' Education Department:

"Dear Sir:

"I am writing an essay for school on the history of the United States. Can you supply me with some information?"

★

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THE THEATRE

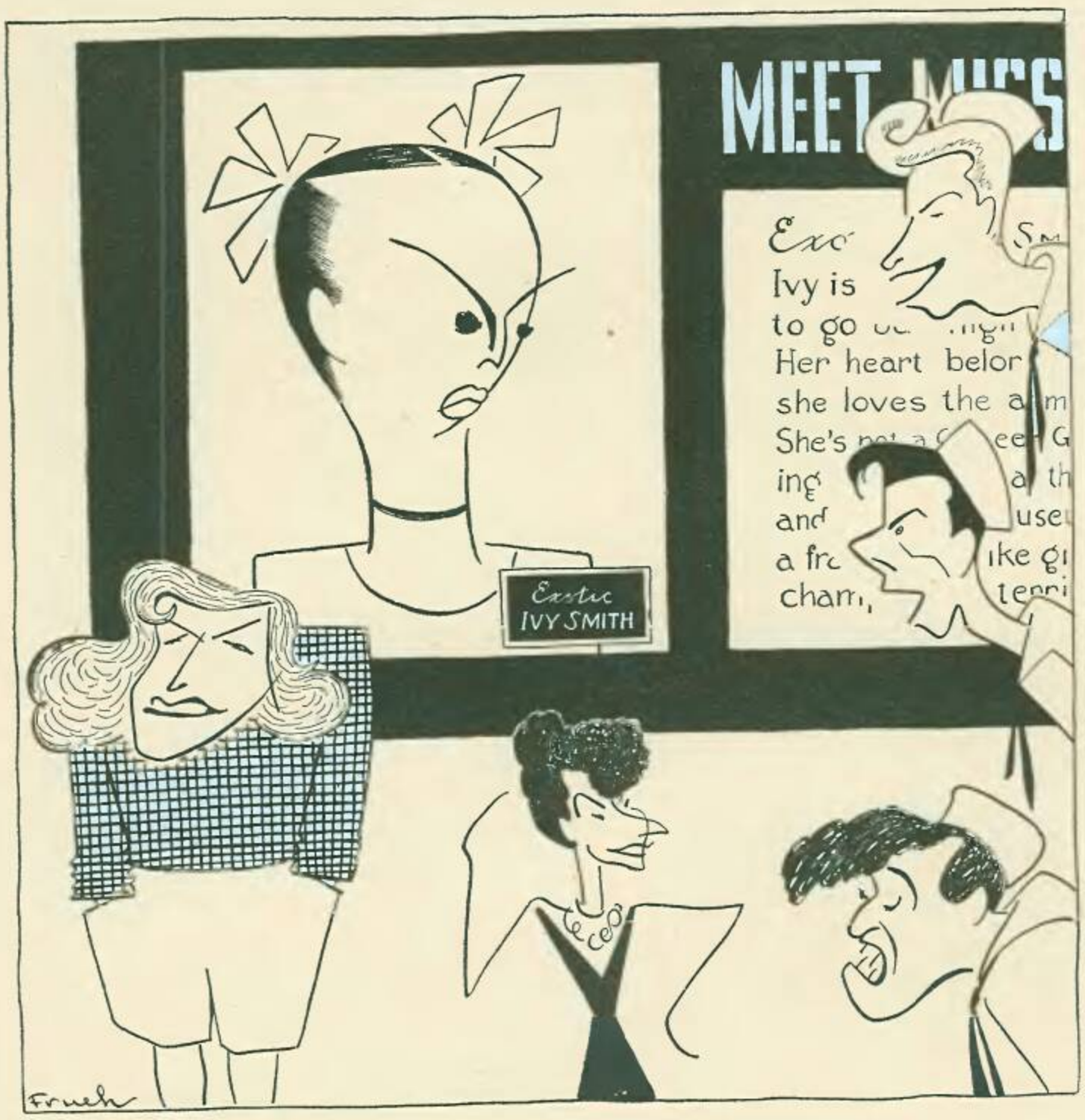
DEATH CAN BE DULL

ACCORDING to the experts, it is one of the basic rules of a murder mystery that the killer should have some continuous, organic, and more or less plausible connection with the plot. "The Stranger," the latest of many conscientious literary attempts to clear up the bloody identity of Jack the Ripper, violates this principle so flagrantly that even Mary Roberts Rinehart, who used to be a great fancier of homicidal butlers, might retreat from it in distaste. The guilty man appears for a few seconds at the end of the first act, on some unlikely errand, and then is heard of no more until the last, when he turns up for another brief scene, in which he informs a startled young harlot that he is a sort of Reverend Davidson with surgical overtones and makes an enthusiastic attempt to saw her head off. I had some dim suspicion of this character on his first appearance, partly because he was identified cryptically in the program only as "A Gentleman" and partly because his presence on the stage seemed so extremely arbitrary, but after a while I forgot about him.

Instead, I kept my eye on David Mendelsohn, a young refugee, against whom the case, in its barest outline, was that he was suspected of having butchered his parents in Poland; that he was obviously a paranoiac, with delusions of grandeur and queer pains in his head; that he was equipped with the leather apron, sinister black bag, and long, sharp knife which had invariably been observed at the scene of the murders; that he was always without an alibi when one of them took place; and that after one of the goriest of them he came home covered with blood. Given such an overwhelming weight of evidence, I suppose it ought to be obvious to any mystery addict that the accused is as innocent as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, but I was still a little wary about the whole thing, on the ground that the author might have been under the impression that he was writing one of those psychological plays, in which, of course, the question is not "Who?" but "Why?" It turned out he wasn't.

The action of "The Stranger" takes place in the meeting room of a radical club in London in 1888 and involves some political discussion by the members which struck me as a good deal more entertaining than the murders. The most fascinating line of the evening, however, is entrusted to Police Constable Hood of the Yard who, on the discovery of yet another mutilated corpse in a dark alley, calls cheerfully to his associates, "Steady, mates, watch out 'er 'ead don't come off."

Leaving the Playhouse, which is where all these glum events took place, Mr. Richard Watts, Jr., whose criticisms used to ornament the *Herald-Tribune*, said rather irritably that no matter what the playwright tried to tell him, he *still* thought Mendelsohn was guilty. Turning all the facts over in my mind, I guess I do, too. Eduard Franz, as Mendelsohn, heads a cast that I remember chiefly for its various interpretations of the cockney accent.



"ON THE TOWN"

In one way or another, the three sailors in this picture are mixed up with the young women. The girl on the poster is Sono Osato, the one in the checked shirt is Nancy Walker, and the other is Betty Comden; the sailors, from top to bottom, are John Battles, Cris Alexander, and Adolph Green. This George Abbott musical is at the Adelphi.

"SIGNATURE," which withdrew in embarrassment after two performances at the Forrest, also dealt with crime, though in this case there was no attempt to disguise the identity of the murderer. Old Judge Kilrail (Frederic Tozere, made up to look like Daniel Webster) strangled a man over some monkey business about a will, and then, in his judicial capacity, tried to railroad two innocent people to the gallows. He was trapped, in the end, through a combination of circumstances that included a secret drawer that any bright child would have discovered in ten seconds flat, an observant colored man who saw the Judge tear a very thin book in half with his bare hands, the dead man's bloodhound, which kept sniffing around the courthouse, driving Mr. Tozere to a very realistic impersonation of a man with delirium tremens, and a door that



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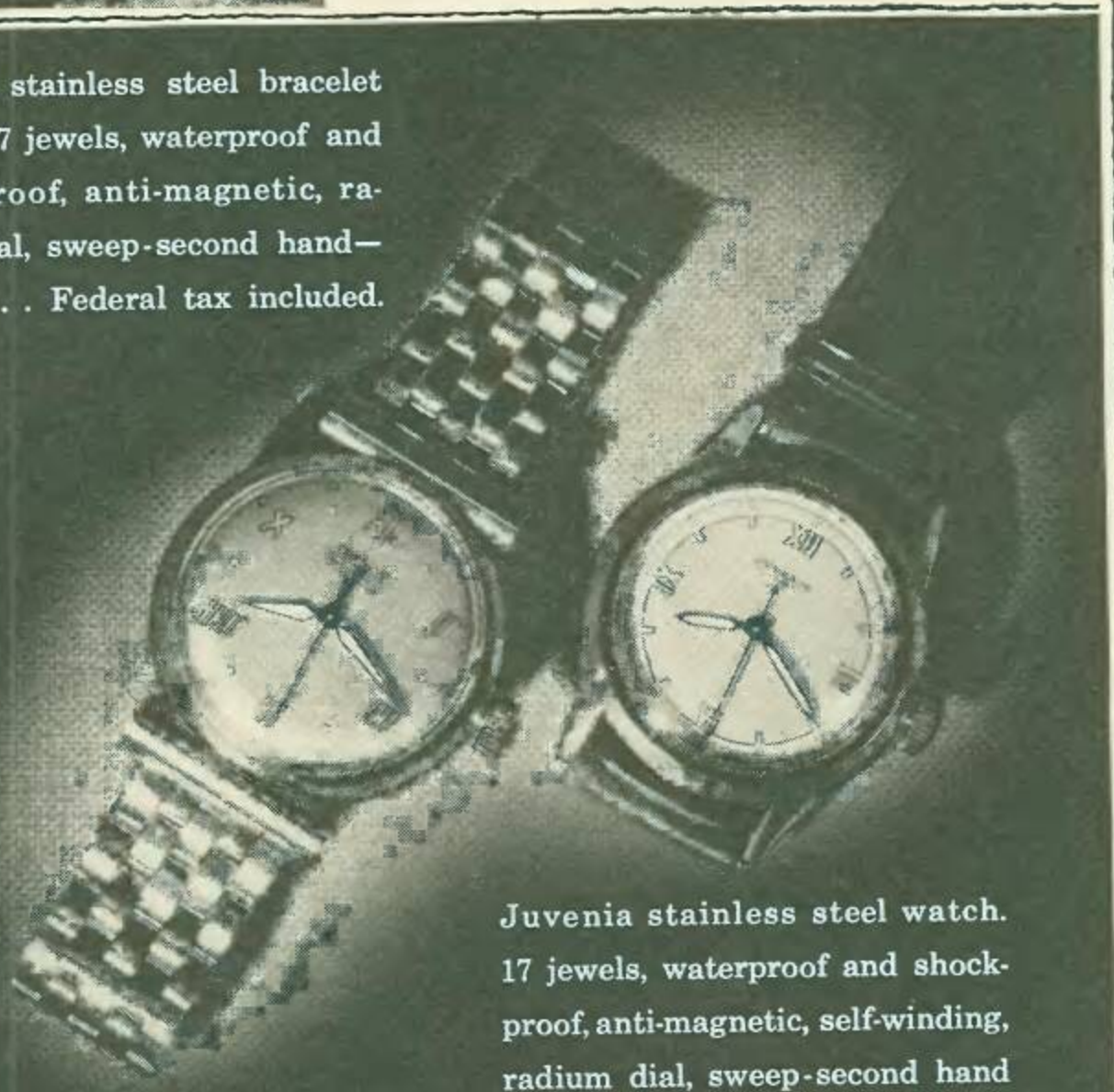
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creaked from the middle of August, 1856, up to the first week in September, apparently without anybody's getting around to oiling it. In spite of my colleague on the *World-Telegram*, who reported that "Signature" tingled his spine, I should say that it got just about what was coming to it.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Mrs. Flossie Picket's column in the Lowville (N.Y.) Journal & Republican*]

Mrs. Marie Sherman who has been in Utica for several weeks has returned to her mothers house Mrs. Angeline Loomis where she makes her home.

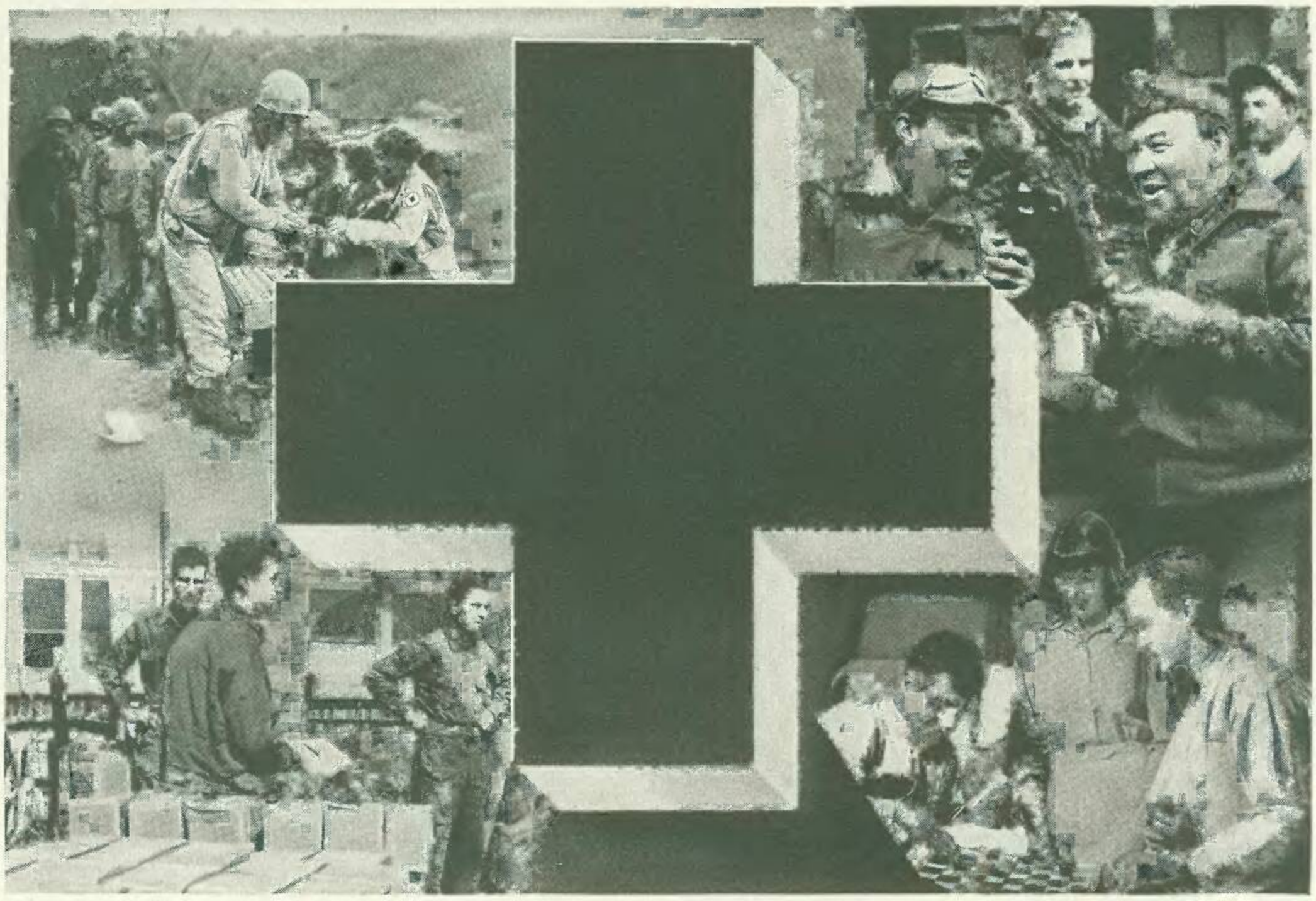
The correspondent of these items has received a number of letters in regard to her items Monday of last week came a very nice letter from Vivian Lockwood of Rochester saying how much my items are enjoyed ever week they rush to get the paper and my column is the first to get read she also sent the names of five more who also have the same feeling here are names Faith Ross, Ruth Rice, Jean Krebs, Emily Biron, Mary Pensione all of Rochester of which I do not know one of them. Many thanks to all who likes my column of course there is some that do not like them and get awful mad because the coat fits well but they are one of a hundred any way who cares they are only ignorant to get mad at the truth so thanking you all who is so well pleased that they send me very nice letters and telephone calls also I am very glad to know I have so many friends so wish you all had a very merry Christmas and have a Happy New Year. Vivian I got your very sweet letter all O. K. but there is no P. O. at Beach Hill all my mail comes Lowville No. 3.

Mrs. Ella Merry wishes to thank all of her friends who sent her Christmas cards she didn't send any cards out as it is so hard for her to write.

It does seem a pity when people get old around 80 or so and loose their minds and wonder in the streets on a cold night going to one neighbor than another then finely ending up at another old lady of the same age in the night and make it uncomfortable for her she had to sit in a chair for two nights while this other lady who lost her mind occupied her only bed an officer was called while this woman was wandering on the streets but instead of him taking her to his home where she would be warm he let her go to wander in the streets of Lowville on a bitter cold night. I wonder if that was his mother and some other officer did that if it would set good it all depends on who is who now days Lowville people call that a dirty deal. She sure would of froze to death if this good old lady hadn't of taken her in it would of been nice if this good lady could of been that officer she sure could of keep her all night of which she did do for two nights any way God Bless her.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Pickett has a New Hampshire hen that lays a double yolk egg ever day but Wednesday of last week she layed a much larger one than usual it measured 6½ by 8 inches.

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OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

BACK TO THE PLACE PIGALLE

SIXTEEN years ago, when I said farewell to Montmartre, where I had worked for a long and happy time as a musician, I didn't dream that one day I would return there in the uniform of an American soldier. That, however, is just what I did one wintry afternoon a few weeks ago. At first glance, not much seemed to have changed. The women accordionists in the cafés were still playing their old songs and *javas*, the tired sidewalk painters had their water colors propped up against the trees of the Boulevard de Clichy, and the busy, smiling little ladies were patrolling up and down as of old, almost as chic as ever, in spite of three-year-old dresses and wooden shoes. The air had changed, though: it lacked the mingled smell of gasoline and perfume and good hot food that had always hovered over Montmartre in the old days.

Where the Café Aux Quat'z 'Arts, one unofficial musicians' exchange, had been there was now a *couturière* and a stationery shop. Before another, the Café Pigalle, to which, in the old days, the "artistes" had come to meet the managers of cinema theatres, night-club operators, headwaiters, agents, and other persons in search of music or musicians, I saw a noisy crowd of long-haired characters, many of them carrying instrument cases and sheets of handwritten music under their arms. Inside, people were standing three deep at the bar. It was Friday, which had always been the busiest day for arranging *cachets*; that is, temporary engagements. My entrance caused a mild sensation, because of my uniform. American soldiers, who have all but taken Montmartre over, hardly ever show up at the businesslike Café Pigalle, preferring hot spots like Le Bal Tabarin, La Lune Rousse, and La Silhouette. I heard somebody gasp, then two strong arms enfolded me and I was pressed against a deep-lined, dirty, unshaven face, while a familiar voice uttered curses of joy. It was Sapencu, a Rumanian violinist. In the summer of 1926, at the Moulin Rouge, he and I had played in the orchestra of "The Blackbirds," an American all-Negro revue. He pretended that he had been the favorite pupil of his great compatriot, Georges Enesco, but he had never been much of a fiddler. However, he was always surrounded by beautiful women and he made a fortune selling cocaine. Now he introduced me to a slim brunette of the forbidding, *femme fatale* category, with deep, heavily shadowed eyes and dark-red lips. I asked him how things were going, and he immediately told me that, there being better business opportunities, he didn't bother with cocaine any more.

"*A propos*," he said, lowering his voice to the peculiar whisper in which he has always carried on his business affairs, "can you get me some gasoline? I know a *type* who's a friend of a *type* who will pay five thousand *balles* for a five-gallon can." I refused to help him. Sapencu went up to six thousand francs and, momentarily switching to Czech, which presumably only he and I among those present could understand, said between his teeth that he'd be delighted to fix me up with the *femme fatale*. Then he smiled at her and gallantly kissed her hand.

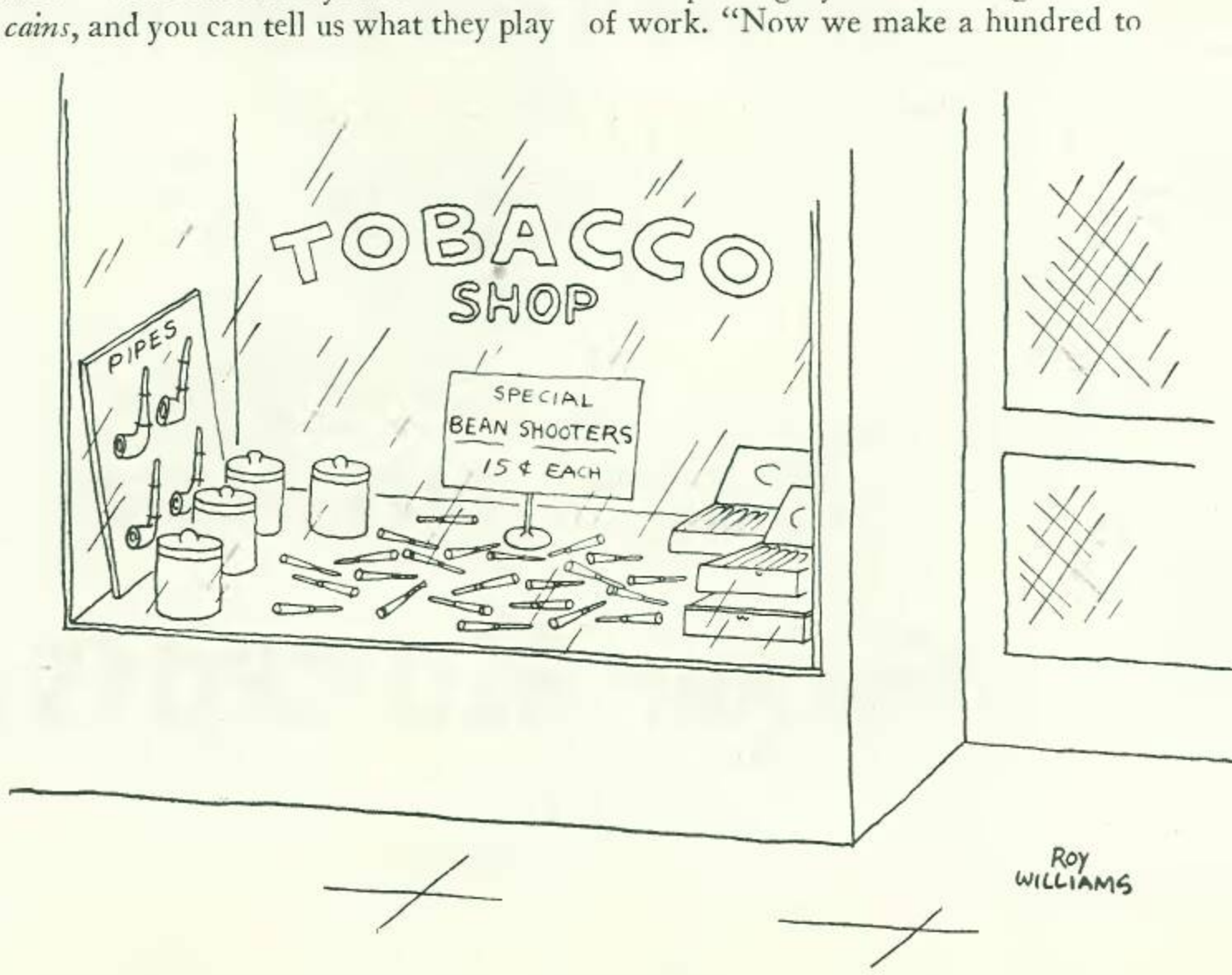
Two men pushed through the crowd and greeted me with enthusiasm. One was Jean Carpentier, a thin, pale, caustic-tongued violinist who had once sat next to me in the orchestra of the Folies-Bergère (where he had developed an ardent dislike for Mistinguett because of her habit of kicking her legs out over his head), and the other was Gaston, a dark-haired Toulousain, formerly the second violinist aboard a Messageries Maritimes liner I had worked on. Jean asked me if I would like to work Saturday and Sunday at *une boîte chic* on the Boulevard Montparnasse, the job to pay a hundred francs an hour.

"The *patron* will be delighted," Jean said. "There are always lots of *Américains*, and you can tell us what they play currently in the States." He was disappointed when I told him that playing night-club *cachets* wasn't what the Army liked its soldiers to do. "You always worry too much," Jean said. "Remember that little place on the Blanche where we worked *à la Tzigane*, going from table to table, and after one A.M. we went up to the first floor and played behind the curtains of all the little rooms there? You always said the *flics* were going to raid the place."

"But they did," I said, "and they closed it up."

"That's true. But it was fun while it lasted."

More people came up to shake hands with me—musicians I had worked with, one time or another, at the Casino de Paris, at the Gaumont-Palace, in *boîtes* and restaurants and *bals* and *cinémas*. The barman, a small, stooped fellow with a twisted face, offered me a drink and asked me if I would sell him some American cigarettes. Two R.A.F. M.P.s came in, seemed rather shocked at the spectacle of a G.I. surrounded by so many odd-looking civilians, and went out. The *femme fatale* pressed my elbow and whispered that in her room she had a big bottle of Chanel No. 5; did I know that it was practically unobtainable? Had I made any other plans for the night? And how about a few Her-shéy chocolate bars? Around us people were writing addresses and telephone numbers and *cachets* in their notebooks. Jean began to talk about the happy, pre-inflation days when an all-night *cachet* paid eighty francs for eight hours of work. "Now we make a hundred to





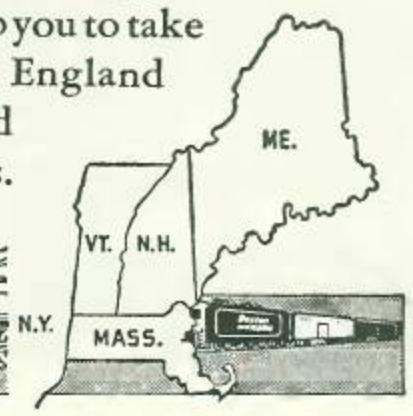
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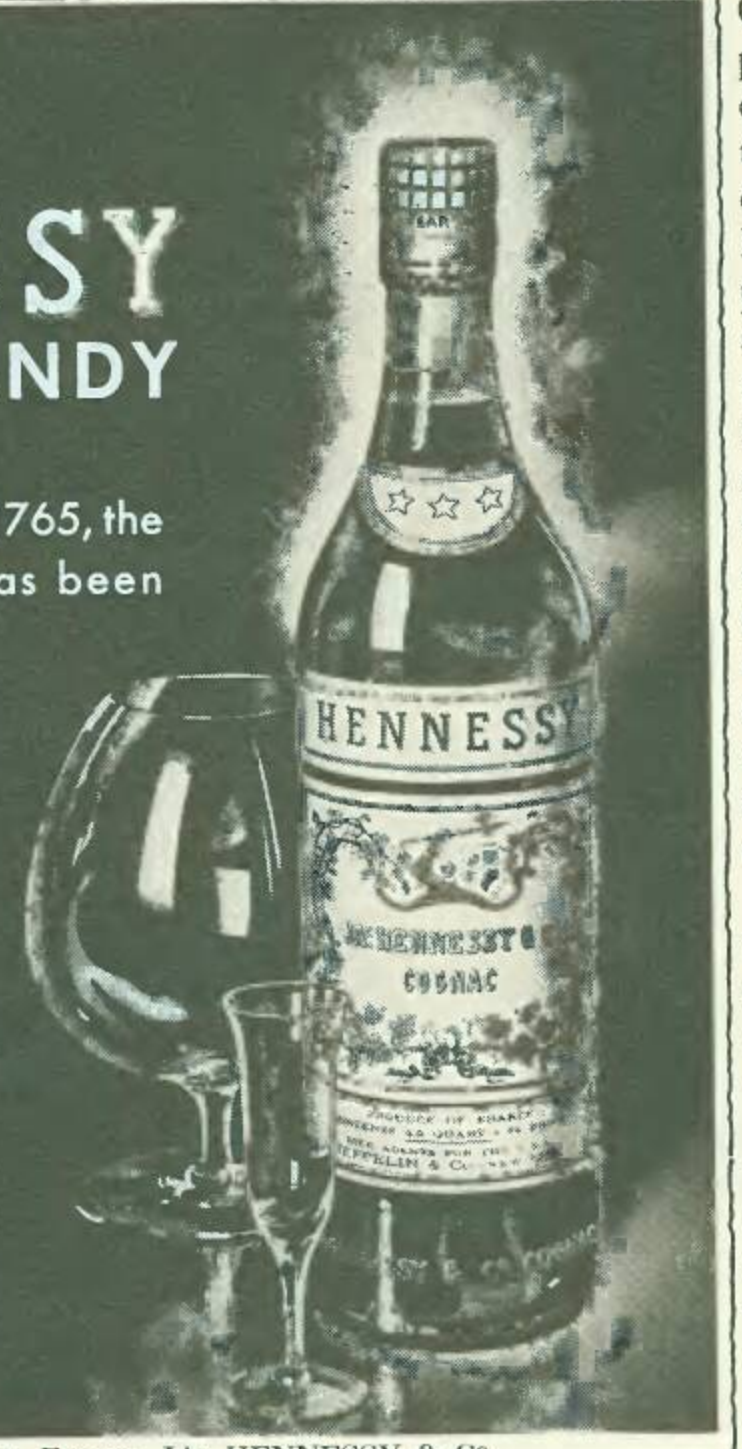
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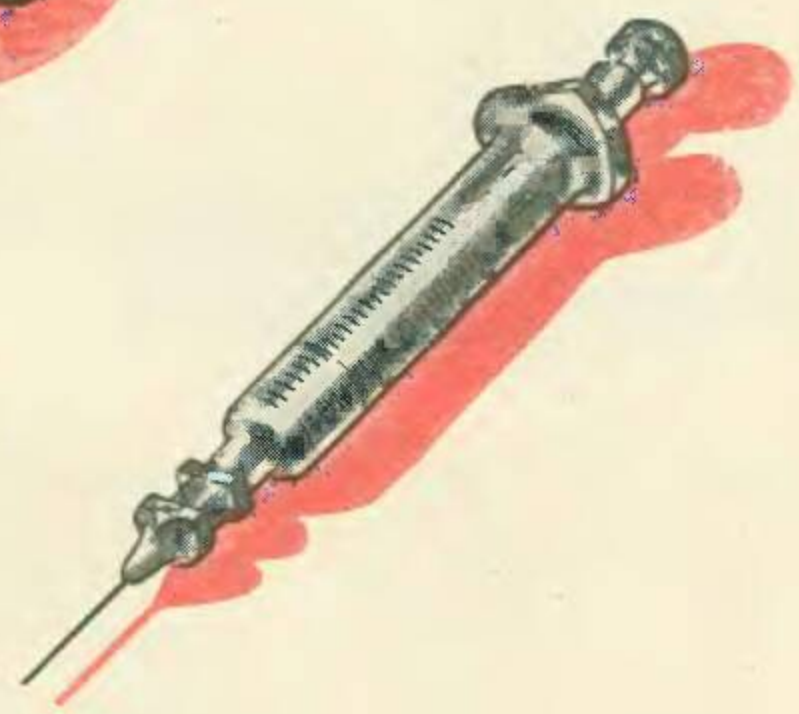
a hundred and fifty francs for an hour," he said. "You work five hours and get a five-hundred-franc bill. But all you can buy with it is a dinner for one at a second-class black-market place."

BUSINESS wasn't bad, I was told by everyone I talked to, but it had been better while the Boches were in Paris. The Germans went all out for music. They were great fanciers of the heavy stuff, such as the Siegfried Idyll and Siegfried's Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung." However, toward the end of the occupation, when things began to blow up right and left in Normandy, the *boîtes* were crowded with panicky Wehrmacht officers trying to drown their gloom in champagne and *leichte Musik*. "I was working at a place on the Boulevard de Clichy," Gaston said, "when a general came in one night with two S.S. blackshirts. They made a French couple give up the best table to them, then sat down and ordered the orchestra to play something grandiose. We played the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's 'Le Prophète.' The blackshirts said, 'Excellent!' and gave me two hundred francs. Unfortunately, our pianist, a fellow with a perverted sense of humor, said loudly, 'Too bad they can't play that march in Germany,' and the S.S. *types* got suspicious. They took out their revolvers, came up to the platform, and looked at the music. When they saw the forbidden name Meyerbeer, they got mad as hell. One pointed his gun toward the pianist and the other grabbed the music and started to round us up. The general wanted to intervene, but one S.S. had the nerve to push him away. The general's monocle fell and got broken in the scuffle. The next thing I knew, everybody was trying to get out of the place at once. Then somebody turned out the lights. It was great fun for the others but not for me. The S.S. men took me down to Gestapo headquarters and made me spend two uncomfortable weeks in prison."

"Those *salauds*," Jean said. "They always gave very liberal tips. Brand-new bills, too, which still had the smell of the printing presses on them. No wonder they could afford to be generous."

Under the Germans, American jazz was strictly forbidden, and any musician caught playing a piece by Gershwin or Berlin risked being taken into "protective custody." The Germans had a disconcerting habit of closing a place at a moment's notice, whenever they got suspicious, and a man never knew whether he would have his job the fol-





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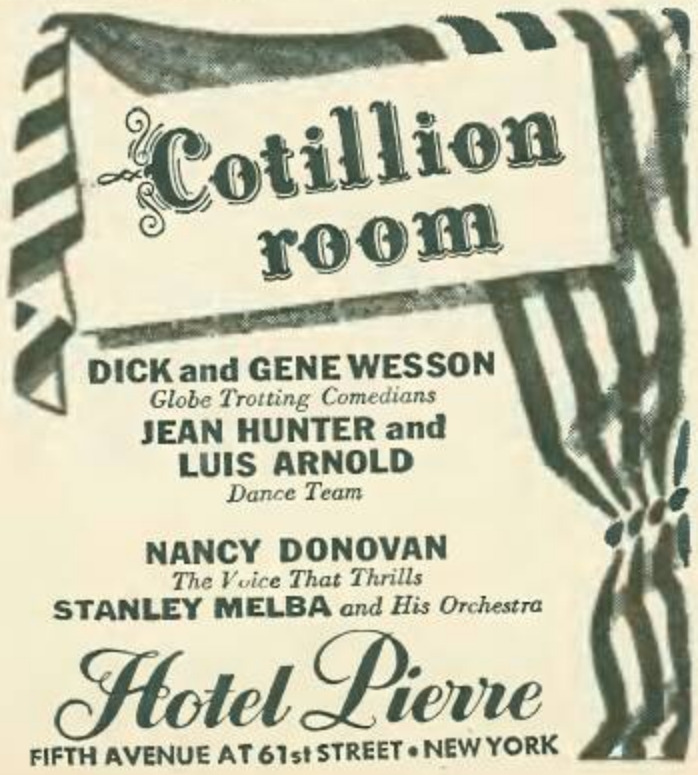
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lowing evening. Once they closed the Bal Musette because a couple of girls started dancing *le swing*, a watered version of American jitterbug.

I SAT down at a table with Jean, Gaston, and Sapencu, and Jean told me what had happened to our old friend Maurice, an excellent violin-cellist who had been the leader of the orchestra in which I had once played aboard the French liner La Bourdonnais. "Maurice died last year," Jean said. "Literally drank himself to death. The collapse of France was more than he could stand. When the Boches marched into Paris, he got drunk and stayed drunk." Of course, Jean told me, Maurice had had to keep on working. Fortunately, he played well even when he was drunk. Sometimes he would get up in the middle of a piece, knock with his bow on the back of his cello, and raise his arm. People would stop dancing and look up at the platform. Maurice would give a military salute and shout, "*Vive* Hector Berlioz!" or "*Vive* Maurice Ravel!" The Germans in the audience would look flabbergasted. Goebbels' *Kulturträger*, or culture-bearers, were not exactly experts in French music. The rest of the audience would catch on quickly and start applauding, and the Germans would look more and more distressed.

After 2 A.M., by which hour many of the German customers, not having been brought up on Pommery and Veuve Clicquot, were under the tables, Maurice's favorite sport was to get up and announce in German that the orchestra would play "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles." (Maurice had been born in Alsace and spoke German fluently.) The plastered Germans would crawl out from under the tables, make an effort to stand at attention, and fall flat on their faces. The French customers would start laughing, and in the end an S.S. man who wasn't quite drunk would call in the nearest patrol and have the drunken Germans arrested. "Maurice was responsible for the arrest and temporary putting out of action of at least a battalion of *Panzergrenadiere*," Jean said cheerfully. "Not bad for a cellist."

I learned from Jean that before Maurice became totally incapacitated as the result of alcohol and lack of proteins, he had conceived a last master stroke—an original musical arrangement combining "La Marseillaise" and a sentimental German *Lied*, "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden." Half the band played "La Marseillaise" and the other

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LOBSTERS As You Like 'em • 3rd Ave. Near 53rd St.

half played the German melody. "It was a perfect arrangement," Jean said. "The two themes were woven together in a fine, confusing counterpoint. Something, *mon vieux*, along the lines of the 'Meistersinger' Prelude. It fooled the Boches completely."

Possibly because they had a premonition that the number of their comrades might soon be growing less, German customers always called for "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden." Maurice, the *chef d'orchestre*, would nod obligingly. Maurice's orchestra would play his arrangement, in which the cello, trumpet, and cornet gave out with the martial melody of "La Marseillaise." The French would catch on at once and greet it with a terrific ovation. Sometimes the Germans would be suspicious and look around in a threatening manner. Then, at a wink from Maurice, the "Marseillaise" section of the orchestra would play *pianissimo* while the violins and clarinet played the *Lied* with a sentimental tremolo. They would generally keep it up until some tough-looking *Oberfeldwebel* started crying.

"At the end, however, it was always 'La Marseillaise' that came through," Jean said. "We never failed to sing that last verse to ourselves." He smiled and hummed,

"Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire."

The noise around us seemed to have stopped for a moment. Gaston raised his glass and said, "*Je lève mon verre à la mémoire de Maurice.*" The *femme fatale* fluttered a miniature handkerchief at me and Sapencu told me in a whisper that he was in the market for coffee—green, unburned coffee—and that he knew a *type* who would pay the highest prices.

—T/Sgt. Joseph Wechsberg

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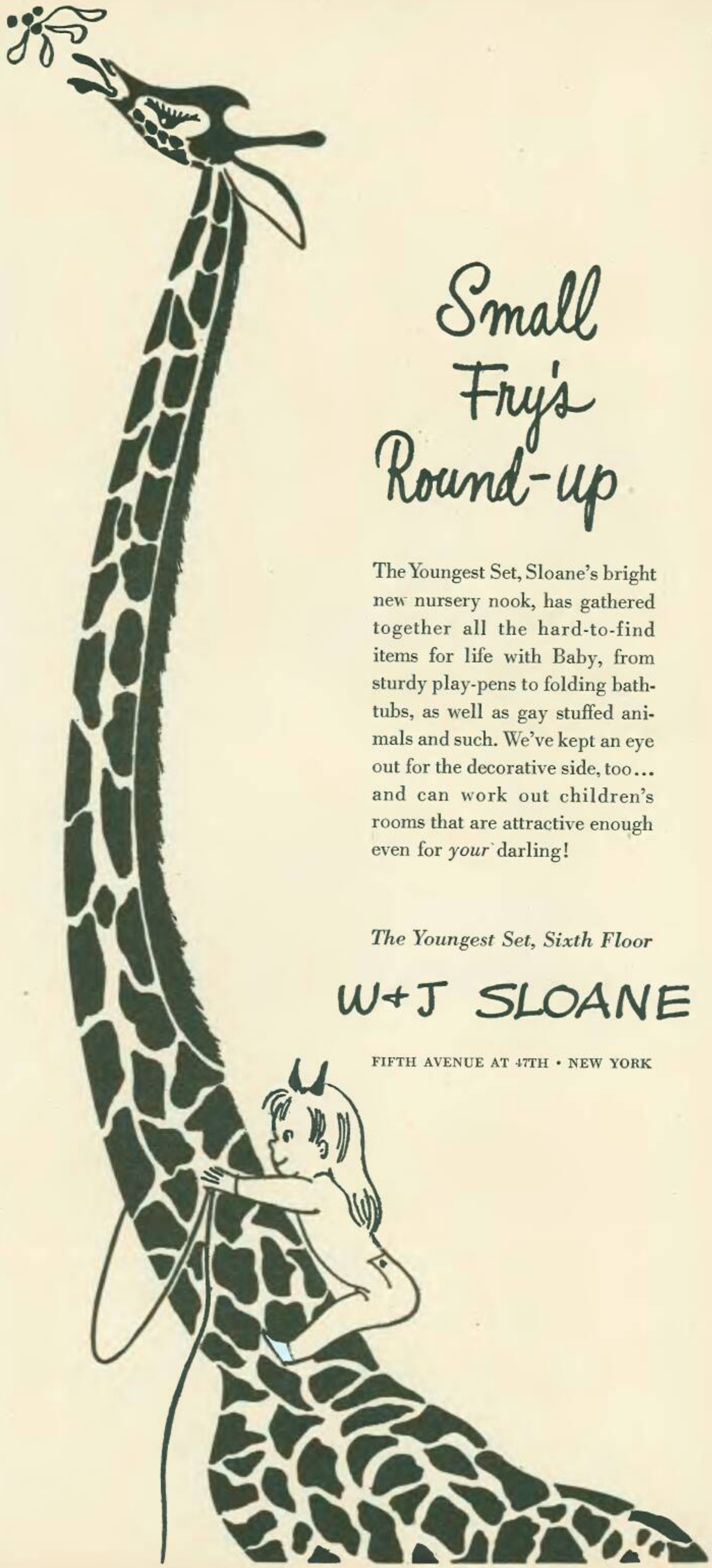
WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The Motion Picture March of Dimes Week was officially opened with colorful ceremonies in Times Square yesterday.

A parade with military bands, stars of stage, screen and radio, and addresses by Mayor LaGuardia and Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, officially opened the drive.

Among the stars who appeared were Marilyn Maxwell, Martha Scott, Mady Christians, Paul Lukas, Skeets Gallagher, Louis Calhern, Oscar Homolka, Frank Fay.—*The Journal-American, January 26th.*

A parade and rally inaugurating motion picture March of Dimes week scheduled for noon yesterday in Times Square, was canceled because of cold weather.—*The News, same day.*



Small Fry's Round-up

The Youngest Set, Sloane's bright new nursery nook, has gathered together all the hard-to-find items for life with Baby, from sturdy play-pens to folding bathtubs, as well as gay stuffed animals and such. We've kept an eye out for the decorative side, too... and can work out children's rooms that are attractive enough even for *your* darling!

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THE ART GALLERIES

Reading from Right to Left

THIS has been quite a mixed-up week, on the whole, with a choice of shows ranging from something pretty close to the extremes of fantasy (that's the Laurence Vail-Alberto Giacometti exhibition at Art of This Century) to the fairly conservative (that's the Andrée Ruellan show at Kraushaar), with enough in-between stuff to bridge the gap. The Ruellans are mainly paintings of scenes in Georgia, a locale which Miss Ruellan has visited frequently in the past and which fits well with her style of painting. She is an artist more or less in the Impressionist tradition—an Impressionism that has been smoothed out and simplified to meet modern standards—and though her work seems at times sketchy and texturally monotonous, there is a warm, sunny, gentle quality about it that makes it immediately ingratiating and that is perfectly adapted to the slow-flowing rivers and easygoing Southern life she likes to depict.

Miss Ruellan's design, like that of a good many others who portray simple subjects, tends to fall into simple patterns—at times, I'm afraid, to the point of repetitiveness—and it was a little discouraging to see how many of the pieces in the present show depend either on a composition based on three horizontals ("Marshlands" and "Morning on the River," for example), or on one based on two planes or rows of objects (like the double line of trees in "Spring Landscape") meeting in perspective at the exact center of the canvas. This, however, is about the extent of the criticism that can be directed at her work. If her design is simple, it is also sound, and the real charm of mood with which she invests it could make up for worse faults than hers. I liked particularly her "Fisherman's Row" and "River Boys," both of them concerned with shanty life along the banks of the Savannah, as well as two flower studies, "Bouquet" and "Autumn Flowers." Perhaps significantly, the most complex composition in the show turns up in a painting not of a Southern scene at all but of a street scene in Greenwich Village—"Sixth Avenue."

VAIL and Giacometti, who share the double bill at Art of This Century, stand as far to the left, artistically, as Miss Ruellan does to the right. Vail is a fantasist. He makes bottles, or rather he takes bottles, ordinary bottles, and decorates them either with paper collages of extraordinary minuteness and delicacy or with accretions of colored and ornamented plaster which at times reach such towering complexity that the original bottle shape is pretty much lost sight of. This result, incidentally, is all to the good, as far as I am concerned. They are all done in fun, of course; I can't think of anyone, offhand, who gets more sense of pure gaiety into his work than Mr. Vail does, and the bottle, I suppose, with its jovial connotations, makes as good a starting point as any for this kind of whimsicality. The fact is, though, that the farther he gets away from his bottles and into pure sculpture, the more interesting his work becomes. He has something of the genius of a Marcel Duchamp for finding odd uses for familiar objects (see the little spiny rows of sequins on the bottle called "Sequence" or the coat hook that masquerades as a bull's horns in "Diane de Megeve"), and it seems to me that the more he develops that capacity of his, the better, whether bottles form the medium for it or not.



Giacometti is far more serious. Apart from Hans Arp and Archipenko (who was perhaps too early to count but who exerted an influence), there have been very few Surrealist sculptors. Giacometti, however, is one. Until the war, he was one of the leaders of the Paris Surrealist group, and this first real showing of his work in this country has appreciable documentary interest as a consequence. Only nine pieces are included, and though these are hardly enough to show the true scope of the artist's talents, they reveal a considerable technical virtuosity, coupled with a feeling for the grotesque that is almost Gothic in its intensity. In fact, "Gothic," now that I've hit upon it, is as good a word as any to sum up his peculiar capabilities. There's a "Female Figure," hollow-cheeked, skinny-legged, posed half crouching as if to spring, that has a real gargoyle look about it, and throughout the whole show there is a mingling of the playful and the macabre that seems closer to the mind of the Middle Ages than to anything else.

AT the Downtown, they're showing some sculptures and a set of paintings on plaster, all by George L. K.

Morris. Morris, this year as well as last, shows himself to be wrestling with a problem that must be central with every abstract artist who also is concerned about the course of events in our time; that is, how to continue to use his established technique and at the same time achieve some contemporaneity of expression. It's admittedly a difficult problem, and it may be insoluble, for the very nature of the abstract method more or less precludes direct commentary. In the majority of pieces Mr. Morris has shown so far, he has succeeded only in producing a kind of overlay of broken-up representational forms on what might be called an abstract framework. He deserves credit for trying, however, and the fact that in a few of his pieces—"Precision Bombing," for instance, "Shipyard Composition," and the sculpture called "Concretion"—he has come pretty close to success in what seems to be his aims should give him encouragement to go further. . . . Everett Shinn, that volatile veteran of the early nineteen-hundreds and the "Eight," has a showing of paintings and drawings at the American British Art Center which amounts to a minor retrospective, for the pieces range in date from 1902 almost up to the present. Shinn has always been more of an illustrator in feeling than a straight easel painter, and even the more ambitious of the canvases in the present lot have a certain glibness about them in consequence. But they're lively and spirited, for all that, and the earlier ones give a picture of New York and Paris in the gaslit era that it would be hard now to duplicate elsewhere. I liked particularly his "Owl Eating House, New York," "Fleischmann's Breadline," "Jumble Shop," and "The White Ballet, Paris."

—Robert M. Coates

•

Harold Gillogly's wife, while taking the youngster out for an auto ride, ran into a little misfortune. The baby tried to crawl out of the car while in motion. Mrs. Gillogly in attempting to stop the child swerved the car into a lamp post. Fortunately the two were not seriously injured, although badly shaken up and slightly bruised. Cheerio until the next time.—Frank Kropik, Branch Correspondent.—*Fortnightly Review of the Chicago Dental Society.*

Cheerio. See you in church.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Eleanor Roosevelt quoted in the Sun*]

We are weighed down by the responsibilities of these solemn times. Even the President feels a deep sense of responsibility.



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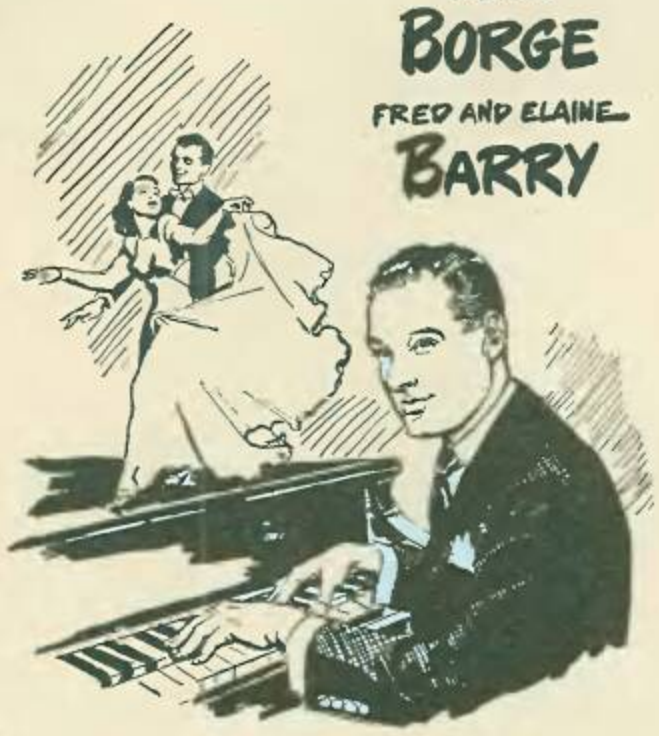


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THE MENU MAKERS

I MET one of my fancier friends the other day, just as she was turning into the Forest Hills Beauty Shoppe, and after we had greeted each other with glad cries, as women do, she peeled off a pale suède glove and fanned out her hand for my inspection.

"I want you to just *look* at these nails," she cried in anguish. "Aren't they *horrible?* I have to come here every two or three days and let Alyse do them over." She looked at me bleakly. "I'm chief cook and bottlewasher at our house now, you know. Honestly, it's something. The thing is, I don't really mind the cooking so much—but oh!" Her voice rose to a wail. "This planning three meals a day is driving me crazy!" She pulled her mink collar tighter, gave me another anguished look, and hurried into the Shoppe.

I stood there, trying to remember why this conversation made me think, quite suddenly, of Bermuda in 1936. Then it came back to me.

My husband and I spent our summer vacation there that year. Living in a cottage not far from our hotel was a group of boys from Amherst, among them a great, husky ex-football player named Gus Lucioni.

Gus and his friends didn't eat their meals at the hotel—they had a native maid who came to the cottage to "do" for them—but we saw a lot of them, for they often swam in the hotel pool before lunch, and every night they brought lovely, tanned girls in light-colored evening dresses to dance on the hotel terrace.

All but Gus, that is. He was engaged to a girl at home, and he was being very, very faithful to her, so he stayed away from all the glamour girls. He was a quiet chap with nice brown eyes and a deep voice—a pleasant boy, but never very gay. In fact, he seemed depressed a good deal of the time. I thought that staying faithful to the girl at home was too hard on him, with all of his friends having the time of their lives swimming and bicycling and dancing with the sun-browned beauties right under his nose.

During the morning he'd play a little golf and then he'd put on swimming trunks and sit at the side of the pool, powerful, nerveless, his shoulders bent with the weight of his muscles, which covered his torso like a little bolero jacket. Sometimes he'd climb indolently to the highest springboard, stand there for a moment, taut and austere, and then do a superb jackknife into the

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water. He'd swim a stroke or two, tipping up his chin ever so slightly to sniff in some air, and then he'd climb out, pound his ear, snort, and sit down again, as relaxed and as depressed as ever.

I felt sorry for him. He was so nice, so attractive, and so plainly not having any fun at all. Finally, one day, as he sat beside me on the edge of the pool, I asked him what was the matter.

He sighed deeply, his chest going out about a foot, then in again. "I don't know what to have for dinner," he said.

I stared.

"You see," he said, smiling sadly, "at school I was the head of the house. I had to hire the help and manage the food and so on, so when we came down here and took this cottage the guys just naturally let me tell the maid what to cook. Sometimes I have to do the whole thing for her." He looked at me with bleak brown eyes. "The funny thing is I don't mind the actual cooking so much—but Judas!" His voice rose to a wail. "Planning three meals a day is driving me nuts!"

So that was it. That's what my fancy friend had reminded me of. There was that same note in her voice and Gus's, and their expressions were alike too—puzzled, helpless, even a little outraged. I shook my head as I hurried on down the street to do my marketing. It was the plight of the harassed housewife the world over.

—June Cochrane Ortgies

•

COQUETTE

The little doves are plump and neat
With yellow bills and yellow feet
And from their wings when spread for flight
There comes a flash of rosy light.

She is a shade more gray than he
And he a shade more brown than she
But on the backs of both together
Faint rainbows play in every feather.

He swells his breast as he knows how,
Parades in front and moans, "Now! Now!"
Nine times she nods, all pearly-gray—
And softly, softly walks away.

—Maurice Browning Cramer

•

There is nothing final about a mistake, except its being taken as final.—Phyllis Bottome, "Strange Fruit" (Houghton Mifflin).—*Reader's Digest.*

How is Lillian Smith taking it?

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

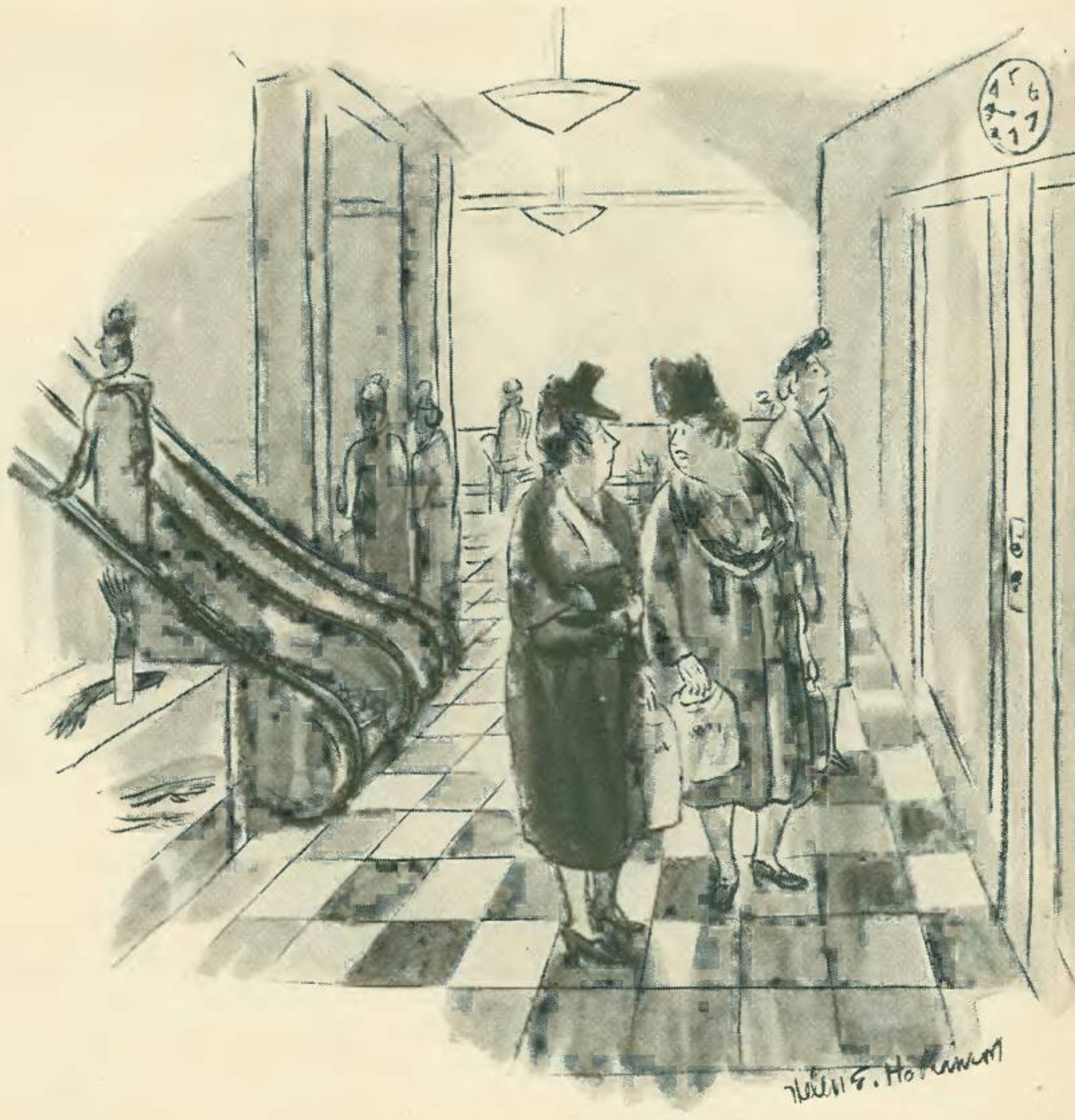


IT is probably impertinent to suggest that Old Arts, a firm which has been catering successfully to some very demanding tastes for the better part of a quarter century, is operating under a somewhat cryptic title, but I doubt whether the name on the window conveys to everyone the full nature of what goes on inside this establishment at 805 Madison Avenue (68th). The arts which the shop's beautiful wares represent are indeed old, but the expert craftsmanship involved is utterly contemporary. For one thing, Old Arts will design and build for you almost anything made of wood, provided your requirements transcend mere carpentry and that you have an open mind on such matters as, for instance, mirror frames which follow the elaborately carved convolutions of authentic Chippendale museum specimens. The great specialty of the house, however, and the work for which it is best known, is the covering of picture frames, portfolios, magazine racks, boxes of every description, and other small objects with well-preserved antique fabrics out of its own huge trove, or, if you prefer, with a remnant cut from the skirt of your great-grandmother's wedding brocade.

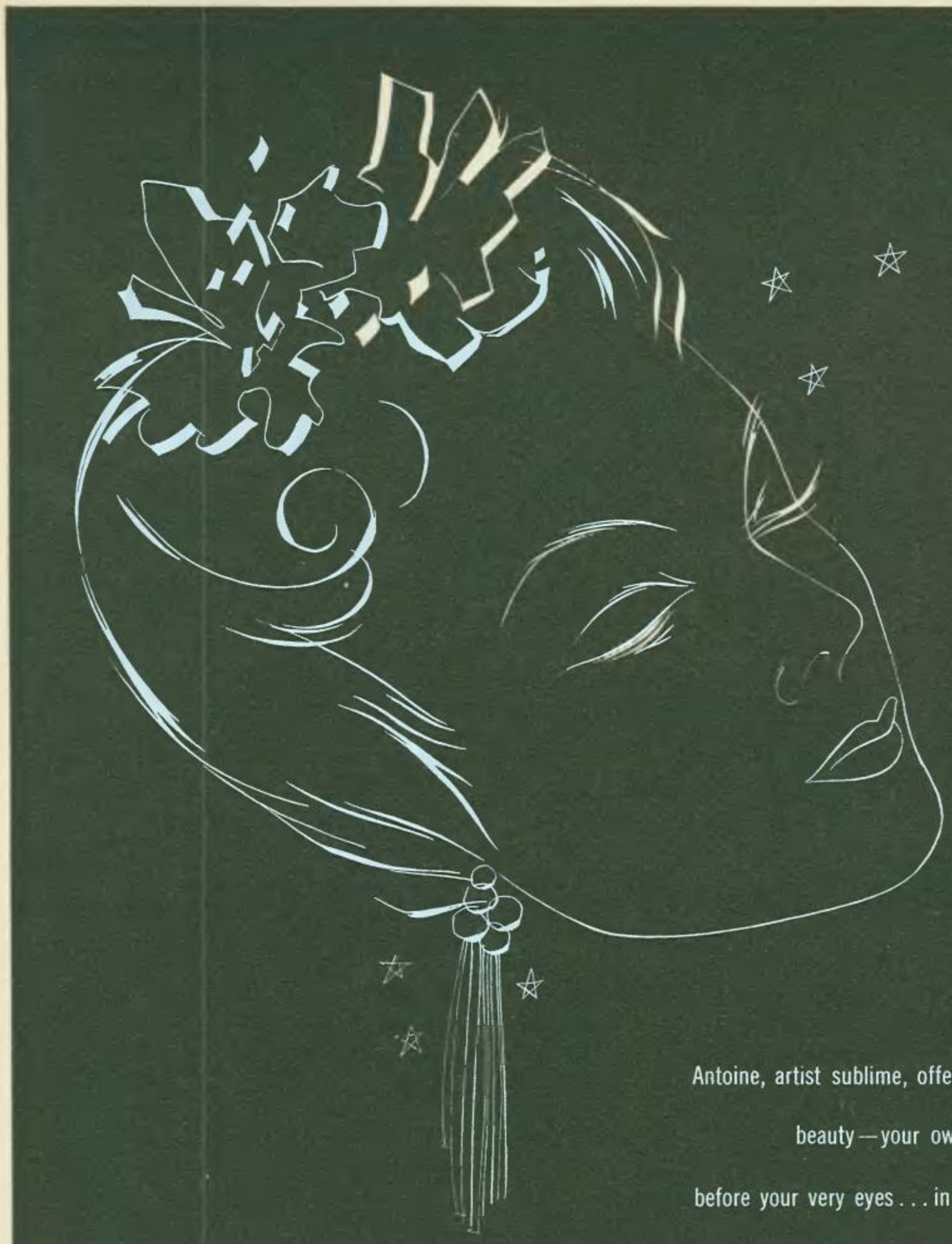
When working with its own materials, Old Arts is inclined to let sentiment and historic importance go by the boards in favor of the intrinsic beauty of the material at hand and its suitability to a specific job. The shop lavishes as much thought and care upon selecting a jewel-toned antique velvet to bring out the values in a casual snapshot enlargement as upon finding just the right white brocade to frame a bridal portrait. It allows the design of an embroidery panel to dictate the shape and proportions of a dressing-table utility box, or a pair of ancient Persian book covers to determine the size of a writing portfolio. The design of a bedside table or dressing table may be suggested by the exquisite old fan of lace or pierced shell or hand-painted silk that is to be sealed within its glass top.

The shop, a serious little place if ever I saw one, dislikes selling so much as a daguerreotype frame without seeing the daguerreotype and having a voice in the selection of the fabric which is to surround it. If you are wise, you will let the management have its way on these questions. It has an uncanny gift for digging up the very shade of old blue, deep ruby red, or mossy seventeenth-century green to bring even a faded old photograph to life. Some frames of this type are made up and ready for sale. Among the shop's few other ready-made things are some handsome magazine and telephone-directory racks, built like desk letter racks on a large scale and covered with antique brocades and tapestries. Almost anything else is likely to be custom-made.

THE Chinese Treasure Centre, 441 Madison Avenue (50th), is well stocked with old and lovely things. Its fourth-floor hideaway is full of Foo dogs, cricket cages, blanc-de-chine figurines, jade snuff bottles, and other more or less expected items, all right in the open. However, the cupboards and drawers around this place are apparently crammed to bursting with prizes of a rarer sort. You need not be a connoisseur of old Chinese cabinetwork to admire the Treasure Centre's collection of fine boxes. The vanity boxes, which really are small, legless *poudreuses* (legless, I suppose, because their Chinese owners sat on the floor before them), have as complicated a system of endless small drawers and compartments as the tidiest woman on earth could ask—



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more than sufficient, certainly, for the average woman's makeup and her jewels as well. One is in carved teakwood with elaborate brass mountings and the customary lift-up lid with mirror underneath. It belonged to an eighteenth-century aristocrat, but you needn't hold that against it.

The shop has a splendid supply of stands, shelves, and whatnot cases for your own collection of ornaments. The stands range in size from something small enough for a single snuff bottle or ivory chessman to bases for the largest porcelain vases. Then there are teakwood racks to hold a single cup and saucer, figurine-size square stands topped with wood-framed glass boxes so that the whole thing looks like a little showcase (a kind of Oriental version of the Victorian glass bell), and whatnot cases with staggered shelves in geometric patterns and built to stand on a table or hang on a wall. Although the place is jammed to the ceiling with merchandise, it has a peaceful, leisurely atmosphere, and the members of the staff are astonishingly adept at finding anything they want in the midst of what looks like thorough confusion.

MORE OR LESS MUNDANE: Mothers of recalcitrant babes in arms may like to investigate a contrivance called, I'm extremely sorry to say, Kiddie Korner. It looks like an especially sturdy bridge table, and into one side of it is built a padded, swinging seat with back and safety harness. The table, which has a plastic top, is on casters, can be folded, and offers plenty of surface upon which the infant can distribute his toys or the food from his plate; Gimbels, $12.95. ... A new housewife's aid called Sani-Wax is a liquid cleaner for furniture, woodwork, and porcelain finishes on stoves, refrigerators, and the like. It removes grime and stains with a minimum of rubbing, and leaves behind it a thin, waxy, protective coating which lasts for a reasonably long time. Really fine wood finishes, of course, deserve their time-honored separate cleansing and waxing, but for ordinary household purposes Sani-Wax is nice stuff. It's around $4 a gallon at Hammacher Schlemmer, Gimbels, and many other places. —B. B.

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From "Instructions for the Watch Officer," a Navy manual*]

When logging in, do not use the word "log" as a verb. This is an incorrect usage.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Crimea Conference seems to have been a brilliant success. The decisions reached by Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin delighted the liberty-loving world and gave the Nazis an attack of acute indignation.

•

The Allied Control Commission may have a hard job keeping the Reich from rearming. Unless Germans are carefully watched, they are inclined to beat their plowshares into swords.

•

While our carrier-based planes were blasting the Tokio area, the Imperial fleet made no effort to interfere. Fear is expressed in some quarters that the Japanese Navy has lost all interest in this war.

•

Goebbels' paper, *Der Angriff*, has been suspended by the government because of the newsprint shortage. It is also suspected that the good Doctor may finally have run short of alibis.

•

Conditions within the liberated countries show definite improvement. Reports indicate that the Belgians, Greeks, and Yugoslavs are getting on rather friendly terms with themselves.

•

It may be significant that the United Nations meeting in San Francisco will take place on the day after the treaty between Russia and Japan comes up for renewal. At that time, it is widely predicted, the two countries will stop nonaggressing each other.

•

Tinian Island is shaped like Manhattan and homesick New Yorkers there have given sections of it such names as the Battery, Wall Street, Broadway, and Central Park. For all we know, there may even be a mute, inglorious LaGuardia running around the place.

•

The Prudential Insurance Company makes the claim that New Jersey taxes are higher than it can bear. Unless there is some relief, its president hints, the company will pack up its old Gibraltar and leave Newark forever.

•

Georgia has brought great credit upon itself by abolishing the poll tax. However, there are still seven states in which the ceiling price of voting is too high.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





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in crisp rayon faille.
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Hattie Carnegie

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 18 (BY CABLE)



THE Crimea, which most of the British had associated with Florence Nightingale and a military disaster, last week became a name which every Briton associated with a hope. The success of the conference seemed the most encouraging omen for the postwar world that people here, wearied by the present and frightened of the future, have yet laid eyes on. They appeared to be especially pleased by the announcement that the headquarters for the reparations commission would be in Moscow. There is no tendency at the moment, with V-bombs thudding down, to think kindly of the Germans, but the British, like amiable topers who can foresee just which drink will hit them, know their own weakness. It had been feared that somehow, somewhere, the fatal national tendency to be too easy-going might result in a toning down of the retribution which many of us seem now convinced Germany must make. The English of this generation will never forget the years of bombing, but they are afraid of forgiving too easily or too soon. The Russians, they are sure, are not likely to do either, so they are relieved to know that Moscow will preside over the till into which the debt is to be paid.

The Polish proposals also appear to have satisfied nearly everybody except the London Poles, whose dissatisfaction surprised no one in diplomatic circles and lost them sympathy elsewhere. The apparent readiness of the Soviet Union to coöperate on this as well as other matters was really the main reason for the beaming Yalta face which one saw everywhere about town last Tuesday. Few Englishmen, of course, believe that all ideological differences between the three big nations were adjusted at Yalta or that an era of beautiful good will toward all men will automatically begin with the peace. Still, the meeting has brought the first solid assurance that the partnership will work as well in peace as in war—an assurance which was badly needed by alarmed and depressed observers of United Nations disunity. The English press and the English public are inclined to give President Roosevelt most of the credit for bringing off this triumph.

Unfortunately, the satisfaction over



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Delbert clops to the train,
crabbing "Breakfast's just a sham!"
And Bill waltzes down,
singing "I've had HAM!"

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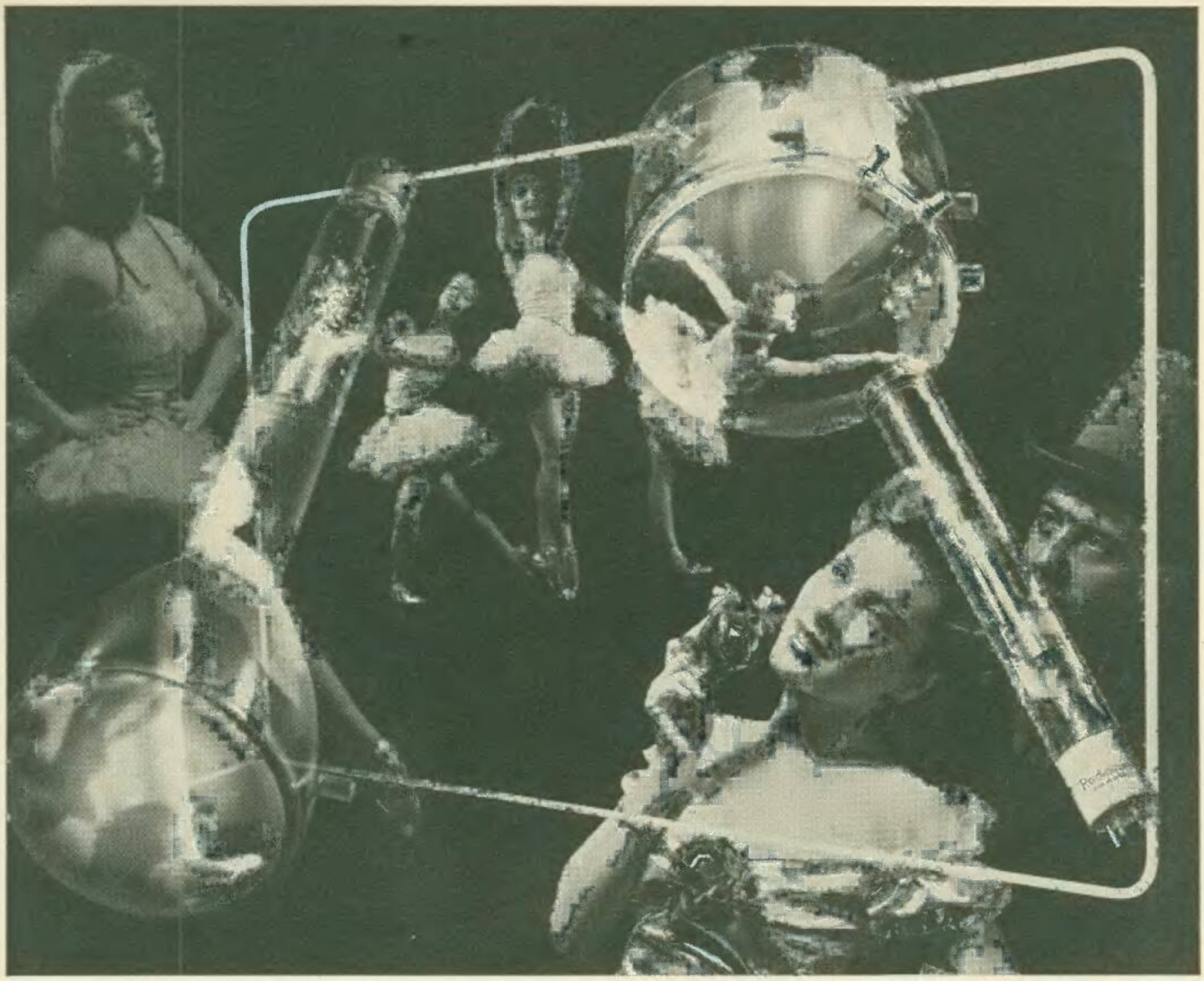
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the conference's declaration on liberated Europe is not matched by satisfaction over the way Allied policy is working out right now, as far as liberated European stomachs are concerned. Millions of shocked English families are suddenly aware of the desperate food situation in France, Holland, and Belgium. They are now realizing, a little shamefacedly, that their own wartime table, spread with unrationed bread and adequate if not plentiful rations of fats and meat, must look like a feast to many people on the other side of the Channel. The Allies' announcement that food would roll into Europe over the first bridgehead was believed here, and the early photographs and stories of the citizens of Paris and Brussels in their best clothes and in a gay, celebrating mood were misleading; people here forgot that the amount of expensive luxury goods in a city's shop windows is not an accurate gauge of a country's well-being. Now that it is realized that although the captive maiden is certainly rescued, she is fainting on our hands, there is considerable uneasiness and criticism. Many English seem to feel that the stocks of essential foodstuffs which were carefully built up here in the days when an invasion of this country looked imminent and when the Luftwaffe might have done devastating things to the sugar or fats ration overnight can safely be drawn upon now to relieve the increasingly distressing situation on the Continent. The informed and influential *Economist* says that several thousand British Army trucks now serving Army needs in Great Britain might be sent across the Channel to ease the transport situation. Intelligent English recognize that the urgency of the problem is the keeping alive not only of French, Belgian, and Dutch bodies but of French, Belgian, and Dutch good will toward the Allies for years to come. If the Government instituted a temporary cut in food allowances here, the move would be understood and even welcomed by all but the most heedless.

So far, the only practical opportunity of showing sympathy for those in the liberated countries has been the welcoming of five hundred Dutch children—the first batch of an expected twenty thousand—who arrived the other day for what is described as a recuperative holiday. Thousands of families offered to take the children. Many of the volunteers had only just finished tidying up the spare room recently vacated by English youngsters who had been

evacuated from the cities. Nevertheless, for the first few weeks, the children will stay in a hostel, where the feeding of starved and queasy stomachs can be supervised. The Women's Voluntary Services workers who met the children at the boat took with them plenty of warm blankets in case the visitors were literally in rags, but they found the little boys and girls dressed—and this was rather more heartbreaking—with painful, passionate neatness in the very clean, carefully patched results of an obvious scrounge around the family wardrobe. Workers who had had experience in dealing with Spanish and Jewish child refugees in the old days sadly recognized things which they had forgotten—the dreadful grayish pallor, the look in the eyes, the tears of the youngest ones, who thought that the press photographers levelling cameras were a firing squad. The ghastly results of living on four hundred and fifty calories a day (the wartime British daily calory consumption is three thousand) were plain enough to make plenty of British parents feel that, all in all, theirs had been an unbelievably lucky war.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

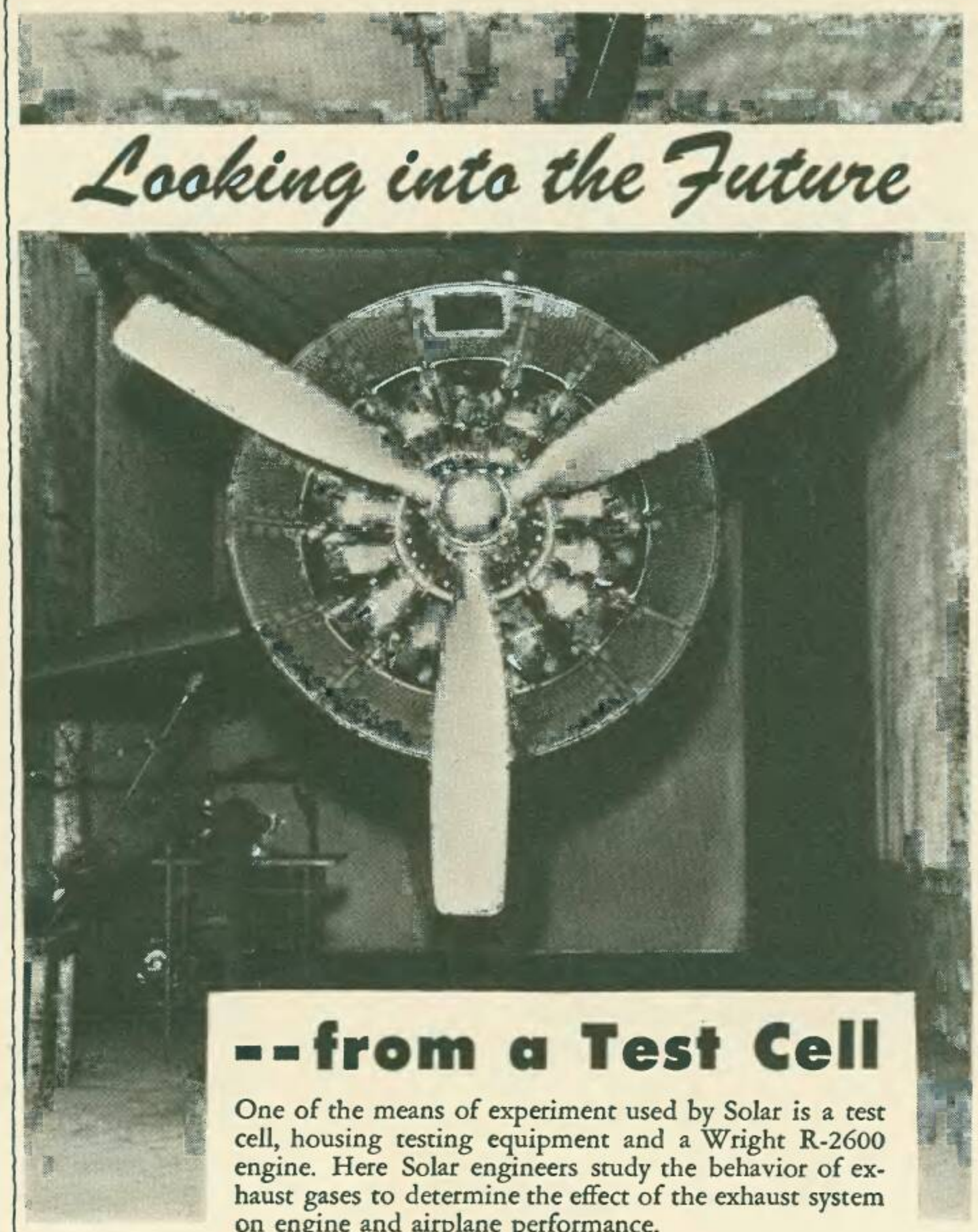
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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Notice posted on the wall of a café in a town in the Aleutians*]

Section 1. If any person or persons shall use any obscene or profane language in any public place or private house or place to the disturbance or annoyance of any person or persons, or shall make any loud noise or be guilty of tumultuous conduct in any public place or private house to the disturbance or annoyance of any person or persons or be otherwise guilty of disorderly conduct to the disturbance or annoyance of any person or persons or shall be drunk in a private house or public place to the annoyance of any person or persons or shall be drunk in or upon any boat, train, passenger coach or other vehicle commonly used for the transportation of passengers or in or about any depot, platform, wharf or waiting room or upon any public street, or at any public gathering, or in any hotel lobby, store, cardroom, dancehall, theater, liquor dispensary, or any other public place, or shall drink intoxicating liquor in or about any depot, platform, wharf, or waiting room or upon any public street, or at any public gathering or any hotel lobby, dance hall, theater or any other public place not permitted under license to dispense intoxicating liquor, such person or persons shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $300.00 or by imprisonment in the jail for not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 2 repeals Sections 4906 and 4907 Cla. 1923.



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BEREFT

EVER since our army advanced across France last summer, I've been wondering whether any of our soldiers—and particularly any of our soldiers from Idaho—might have happened to enter a certain café in a certain tiny, out-of-the-way village in Burgundy that I once visited. Back in 1937, when I was there, Madame la Patronne was interested in America, in Idaho especially. Her interest made an impression on me, and if she has communicated it to any of our soldiers, as she certainly must have if she's seen any of them, I think it may have impressed them, too.

Her café, when I stopped in it for warmth and refreshment with a few American friends one December afternoon seven years ago, seemed totally out of touch with America. The men in muddy clothes, smelling of Pernod and of their farms, sitting about the small stove or playing billiards, were as French and as un-Parisian as the squarely bobbed hair of Madame, who was running about in carpet slippers and parrying their robust talk. Monsieur, wearing a cap, did little but wipe off the bar from time to time very slowly and sip his glass of coffee. The soft December mist that blew into the room as the door opened and closed did not suggest America. And yet, when most of the drinkers had paid up and gone and when we, too, were on the point of leaving, Madame came over to our table and, as though it were a question she asked every day, politely inquired whether any of us ever had occasion to visit the State of Idaho. She called it "Eedao," the last syllables rhyming with those of Bilbao, and it took us a few seconds to get what she was talking about. "I have a daughter in Eedao," she explained as we hesitated. "Or, that is to say, I may have."



A few of us admitted having been in Idaho at one time or another, and one said he expected to be going back there soon again. At that, Madame went to the bar and returned with a big atlas of the United States, already opened to the map of Idaho. Monsieur sauntered over, too, and stood looking on.

"This is the town where my daughter lived," Madame said, touching a spot on the map which was greasy from having been touched many times before. "We had some American soldiers quartered with us during the war, and she married one of them and went back with him to the town in Idaho that he came from. He worked in a garage there. She wrote us quite regularly at first, and then we heard nothing from her for a long time, and then one day we had a letter from her husband with bad news: he said that all of a sudden she had lost her mind and had had to be placed in an institution. He said he would write us every once in a while and let us know how she was getting on, but that was ten years ago and we haven't heard a word from either of them since. It's very sad. If our daughter is dead we would rather know it."

It was indeed sad. We all expressed our sympathy and we asked Madame what steps she had taken, what she had done to trace her daughter or her son-in-law.

"When he didn't answer any of our letters, we wrote to the garage where he worked," she replied, "and his employer answered that he had left his job a long time before and had moved away without leaving any address. The garage proprietor knew nothing at all about my daughter. Then we sent the names of my daughter and her husband to the American consul in Paris, but there was no answer except an acknowledgment and a promise to let us know if anything turned up. We have had no results. Our search has been trailing on for years now. We are helpless."

Once again we expressed sympathy, and the one of us who thought he might be revisiting Idaho said, "If I can do anything for you in case I do go out West—"

"That is what occurred to me," Madame said quickly. "Would you allow me to give you our business card and to write on it the names of my daughter and her husband and the only address we have for them? Then if you should happen to find yourself there, you could make inquiries and write us. That would indeed be very nice of you." Madame was smiling quite vivaciously now. "Americans are so kind," she declared. "So generous! So much more modern



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in their outlook than the French! My husband and I miss America very much indeed!"

We looked at her in surprise, as we had when she had mentioned America for the first time. She was beaming at us, pleased with the success of her way of telling her story. "Why yes, my husband and I are New Yorkers," she said. "Before the war we lived in New York for almost ten years!"

They had lived in a French boarding house in the West Thirties and worked in various hotels; when the war broke out they were in the McAlpin, Monsieur among the wines and Madame among the table linen. Was the McAlpin still there, they demanded. And was the Waldorf still there, too, still on Thirty-fourth Street? It had been such an agreeable and easy evening promenade, down the *Trente-quatrième Rue* from the McAlpin to the Waldorf to call for their friends who worked there. The news of the demolition and move of the Waldorf seemed to astound them; they showed no interest whatever in our description of the building which had taken its place. "Up to the *Cinquantième Rue* and Park Avenue!" Madame cried. "But that would be much too far to stroll in the evening! That would not be agreeable at all!" We said something about changing fashions in streets and neighborhoods, but they did not listen and kept shaking their heads. The McAlpin, the Waldorf, and the West Thirties made up their total interest in New York; aside from them they knew nothing about the city and cared less, and when we were unable to tell them whether or not their boarding house was still in existence, or anything about the fate of a certain beloved café which had stood at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, the conversation languished.

STILL, Madame had enjoyed her talk about America. We were the very first Americans, she told us, who had come to her café since the soldiers had been quartered there in the war, and in the pleasant glow of the moment she even confided to us that business was good and that in a few years she and Monsieur would be able to retire for the rest of their days to a house which they had recently bought at the other end of the village. When we rose to go, farewells were so merry that Madame had to be reminded about the card bearing her daughter's address. Laughing at her absent-mindedness, she took one of her business cards out of a cupboard behind the bar and proceeded slowly to write



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the names and the address in pencil on the back of it. Farewells were made again and we had nearly reached the door when once more Madame displayed her story-telling technique. "We have a son, too, in America," she said.

This time, naturally, our surprise and our interest were considerably less, but one of us did ask politely where in America the son lived.

"Here," said Madame, pointing once again to the map of Idaho, to a spot very near the grease spot. "In this town. It is about a hundred miles from the town where my poor daughter lived. My son owns a grocery store. He is older than my daughter. He remained in America when we returned to France. Is it not bizarre that both our children should have happened to settle in the State of Idaho, quite separately? America is so enormous, and they choose the same state! Is that not amusing?"

Madame was beaming again. There was a moment's silence while her words sank in. Then, "And your son was not able to trace his sister at all after you heard she had been placed in an institution?" one of us asked.

Madame shook her head, still beaming. "Ah, no!" she said. "It has unfortunately been impossible for him to do anything, anything at all. He lives, after all, a hundred miles away. That is a hundred and sixty kilometres—almost as far as from here to Paris! Even when we knew where my daughter was, he never saw her. He is a busy man; he has a wife and children; he never has a moment's time. He is *so*



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William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

busy! His business is *so* flourishing! He wrote us asking whether we wished to hire detectives to search for her, but he warned us that such a step could not be taken without expense—we should have to pay for the service. So of course we did not do it. American newspapers are expensive, too—an advertisement for a missing person would cost several dollars, my son told us. The proper way of going about a thing like this always turns up eventually, if one is only willing to wait. As you see, we have done well to wait. We should be so grateful to you if you found our daughter, Monsieur," she ended, addressing the one of us who had taken the card. "Please do not fail to write us anything you discover. It is hard, the suspense of parents who do not know whether their child is alive or dead."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

As you'll discover almost immediately, I'm not much of a speaker . . . though I do hope I can display a little more aplomb than Al Smith is supposed to have shown one day when, as Governor of New York, he addressed the inmates of Sing Sing Prison.

Forgetting the nature of his audience, he began in his usual manner: "Fellow Citizens—" A gust of giggles ran through the hall. The Governor blushed at his error, cleared his throat, and tried again: "Fellow Convicts—" This time the laughter was frankly aloud.

"Oh," stammered the now thoroughly embarrassed Governor, "you know what I mean. I mean I'm glad to see so many of you here!"—*From the May, 1941, issue of Open Book, house organ of the World Publishing Co.*

As a member of the State Board of Charities and Reform, I was making an official visit to the Wyoming Penitentiary at Rawlins. It was just time for the evening meal, and the prisoners had assembled in the dining room. The warden asked if I would like to speak to them, and without waiting for a reply attracted the attention of the men, told them who I was and called upon me to say a few words to them.

The occasion had arisen so unexpectedly that I was without a thought, but I started by saying, "My fellow citizens . . ."

Their smiles immediately reminded me that the citizenship of these men had been lost upon conviction. I hastened to correct myself and began again with, "Fellow convicts . . ."

This was even worse. I could see at once that they did not appreciate my inviting myself into their select company. Determined, however, not to let the formality of a salutation distract me, I explained simply, "Well, men, I don't know what to call you, but I'm certainly glad to see so many of you here."—*Lester C. Hunt, Governor of Wyoming, in Coronet, October, 1944.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bad Girl

BY some miracle of restraint, the moving-picture version of "Guest in the House" follows quite closely in the footsteps of the play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson, which appeared here in 1942. The story, as you may remember, is about a physically sick and emotionally twisted girl, called Evelyn Heath, who comes to recuperate in the peaceful suburban household of an artist who illustrates magazine serials about the adventures of young women in bathing suits. From the samples submitted, it seems likely that he is one of the worst artists in the world (it is one of those mysteries of the screen, by the way, that no artist portrayed on it can ever draw), but he is successful and handsome and the young visitor goes right to work on him. Her motive isn't so much love or even ambition as it is a simple enthusiasm for chaos and destruction, but the effect is the same.



Beginning modestly by convincing the servants they are being exploited, Evelyn soon has everybody practically as batty as she is. A ten-year-old daughter, cunningly persuaded to spy on her father while he is executing one of his anatomical botches, is easily convinced that he is having an affair with his model, especially since at the moment the child looks in he is rubbing her back. This suspicion (shared, I have to admit, by me) spreads rapidly through the family, causing the servants and the model to resign indignantly, the wife to adopt that air of lofty suffering with which many husbands in the audience are doubtless familiar, and the unhappy man himself to take to drink and abandon his regular work in favor of painting his malignant guest as St. Cecilia on the wall of a church, naturally not a cash proposition. This tangled situation is finally resolved when the daughter of the house begins to exhibit some of Evelyn's more exasperating mannerisms, which include demanding her food on a tray and playing "Liebestraum" over and over on the phonograph until you are apt to get the idea that something has gone wrong with the sound track. A wise and kindly old friend points out that Evelyn perhaps isn't just exactly like other girls and may indeed be an unhealthy influence around the place, and from then on she is through, though of course a good many complications have to be cleared up. In the end, she jumps off a cliff, under the impression that the birds are after her (Evelyn is really a *very* unusual girl), and everybody else sinks back into the tranquil round of life in an art colony.

In spite of the way this rather offhand synopsis sounds, I think "Guest in the House" is on the whole a superior picture, telling its story of an unbalanced mind without that pop-eyed hysteria or moonstruck photography to be expected when Hollywood deals with ladies and lunacy. It is also a comparatively literate piece of work, although there is quite a lot of loose talk about Life and Love and Art, and the literary references ("You are creating a Frankenstein for yourself") are often apt to be a little bit askew. Anne Baxter, as the diabolical Evelyn, underplays her part so intelligently that I almost believed that she could have deceived a group of more or less rational people, and Ralph Bellamy, as the rather simple-minded and certainly incompetent artist, gives a very sound and convincing performance, too.

"THEY CAME TO A CITY" features Mr. J. B. Priestley in person, complete with pipe, apparently in one of his more evangelical moods. It seems that he wants to talk about Walt Whitman's "dream of a new city of friends," where ideal social conditions prevail. In the story he tells, to quote my handmaiden, "Nine people with various environments step out of them into a dark night, accompanied by the clash of cymbals. They wander down a foggy road, hung over with naked branches, until they come to a courtyard full of angular objects and a curious door bearing an enormous star in bas-relief. Music plays, the door swings open, and one by one they go in. You never actually see the city, but the idea generally is that some like it and some don't, depending mostly on their political theories. In the end, two simple people, a sailor and his girl, go back to report to the world on Mr. Priestley's Utopia. Favorably." The cast includes Googie Withers, John Clements, and A. E. Matthews. This is probably all you need to know. . . . "The Chicago Kid" is about a high-minded young gangster who hijacks frozen commodities, such as typewriters and iceboxes. It is timely but not really very interesting. —W. G.

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BOOKS

Unripe Fiction



IF "faction" didn't already mean something else, we could use it to designate a special kind of writing that flourishes in wartime, an oil-and-water mixture of fact and fiction which retains the best features of neither. It would be applicable, for instance, to Shelley Mydans' "The Open City" (Doubleday, Doran), which is about (or concerned with, or suggested by) the experiences of the Americans interned at Santo Tomás, in Manila. "This book is a novel," Mrs. Mydans says in a foreword. "The characters are imaginary and many of the incidents are fictional. The background of this book, however, is real." The only rational reply to this is "The hell you say." To use "novel" as a loose term for a piece of writing in which certain facts have been, for legal or journalistic purposes, altered or rearranged is a little too breezy. Fiction has its own kind of reality. There was a fellow named Tolstoy . . .

From the recently released prisoners of the Japanese, and from those who were, as Mrs. Mydans was, earlier repatriated, we know how shattering, physically and mentally, the experience was for some, and how degrading it was for all. The Americans in Santo Tomás and in other Japanese camps have been a symbol to us, and there is a certain responsibility laid on anybody who sets out to write a "novel" about them. Mrs. Mydans seems to have shirked it. All she has really done is present a candid-camera picture of some nice people who are understandably upset by being thrown into a prison. Naturally, if you crowd too many people into a single building, as the Japs did at Santo Tomás, the people will occasionally be guilty of peevishness and pettiness, their emotions will be heightened, and they will react violently toward one another simply because they have been thrown together. Undoubtedly all this did happen at Santo Tomás. But there is still the question of whether or not it was "real" in the sense that a good novelist's made-up characters are real.

"The Open City" is tidily composed and in the earlier passages, before the monotony of prison life begins to tell on the narrator, occasionally startling. And of course it is, to coin a phrase, as timely as tomorrow's headlines. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that General MacArthur was a stockholder in Doubleday, Doran.

JIM PHELAN probably had some good reason for calling his novel "Banshee Harvest" (Viking), but the phony-Irish ring of the title may well cause some sensitive readers to shy away. This would be rather a pity, because "Banshee Harvest" goes nine-tenths of the way toward being a novel. It fetches up with a crash against a particularly rugged and unmanageable set of facts about the internal affairs of Eire, but not before Phelan has demonstrated that he has the full equipment of a major novelist.

It is my earnest hope not to provoke even one indignant letter from an Irishman, and to that end I am choosing my words carefully. The author contends that Eire is now going through a period of internal stress like the one it went through in 1922. The essential conflict (says Phelan) is between peasant and landowner. The peasant wants to grow crops, the landowner to graze cattle. Crops mean more prosperity for the peasant, cattle mean more and quicker cash for the landowner. The peasants' revolt takes the form of an unofficial strike. They drift away into the hills, pursued by police and *agents provocateurs* who try to cause an open outbreak which will give them an excuse to use force. The reason all this never reaches the outside world is that there is a conspiracy of silence among the newspapers. So says Phelan.

Phelan isn't afraid of a melodramatic situation, and it's a pleasure to see how he handles dialogue. Now and again, to be sure, he runs into situations that the movies have done often, and done better, but for the most part his tale has an authoritative briskness that would have aroused envy in the late John Buchan (not that Phelan and Lord Tweedsmuir would have been likely to find themselves much in sympathy otherwise). The guerrilla warfare is described with unmistakable authenticity. The manners and speech of the peasants are put down without deliberate quaintness, and the thorough reader will be rewarded with such philological lagniappe as the proper pronunciation of "I.R.A."

Just to keep all this from being too good to be true, there is also a vapid romantic plot involving a young English-educated Irishman and a girl who converts him to the side of the peasant rebels. You feel certain that Phelan put this in only out of a notion that there should be somebody to ask the kind of intelligent questions a sympathetic outsider would ask, and somebody to answer the questions. Well, begob, Arthur



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

and Connie are at it all through the book, Q and A, hammer and tongs, *ad nauseam*. At best, this sort of thing is just carpentry, and if it can't be managed better it ought to be skipped entirely.

"THE MIDDLE MIST" (Morrow) is a tidbit—there's no other word for it. Mary Renault has written a real English novel, the kind we used to get in tins from Fortnum & Mason before the war. It's about a girl named Leonora, who is called Leo by her friends, lives with another girl on a houseboat, writes cowboy stories for a living, and generally carries on like a regular tomboy until the Real Thing comes along and shakes her right down to the keel of her houseboat. Aside from the fact that "The Middle Mist" is very capably written, it has an enormous nostalgic attractiveness: the title is chipped out of one of Rupert Brooke's poems, there is a rather caddish but attractive character named Peter, and everybody poles punts about like mad and drops in at the pub for numerous pints. I imagine that we would once have considered this a superior novel, and even now it's undeniably charming. —RUSSELL MALONEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PRIVATE ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN SHAW, by Edith Shay and Katharine Smith (Houghton Mifflin). There has been so much more occasion to laugh at, rather than with, the recent crop of historical novels that this witty, salty tale of a Yankee skipper in the year 1793 comes as a most cheerful surprise. The novel concerns the fortunes of Captain Philander Shaw, who sails a clipper ship across the Atlantic, leaving behind him on Cape Cod the girl he is engaged to. In France he runs head into the Terror and also into a love affair that complicates as well as enlivens the story. As a narrative, the novel is all fresh and delightful, with none of the vulgar pretentiousness of so much current historical fiction, but what gives it its flavor is the authors' sharp-eyed portrayal of Yankee character—so prim-appearing, so shrewd, and so passionately American. If Jane Austen had written about Cape Codders, this is surely the way she would have done it.

THE HIDEOUT, by Egon Hostovsky, translated by Fern Lang (Random House). The intensely personal story



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of a middle-aged Czech engineer whose emotional life and intellectual life reach an impasse at the same time his country is sold down the river at Munich. Partly to avoid giving the Nazis a bombsight he has invented, and partly in pursuit of a woman with whom he halfheartedly fancies himself in love, he leaves his wife and children and goes to Paris. When the Germans invade France, he takes refuge with a French friend, who hides him in a dark cellar for two years. The story of this self-imprisonment has a terrifying, nightmare quality, which is too abruptly relieved at the end by a rational and rather self-conscious act of heroism. Mr. Hostovsky is unquestionably an original and thoughtful writer, but this novel—brief as it is—is composed in too many keys to be entirely successful. At times the ghostly feeling of Kafka's "The Trial" impinges on the straightforward narrative, with a disturbingly inharmonious effect.

THREE WHO LOVED, by Edita Morris (Viking). Three stories, all with Sweden as a background, about love in various manifestations. The first, and best, of the tales has to do with a servant girl who, just because spring is in her bones, bestows her favors generously on the men who come her way. The two other stories treat of love on a much loftier plane and are considerably duller. Mrs. Morris employs a pseudo-simple style which you may or may not find irritating; the tales she tells, however, would unquestionably be more fresh and charming if she were not so bent on making them fresh and charming.

GENERAL

TEACHER IN AMERICA, by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown). "Education," Mr. Barzun begins his book, "is indeed the dullest of subjects and I intend to say as little about it as I can." Before he is through, however, he manages to say a great deal about it, and, in a most pleasant sort of self-contradiction, isn't ever dull. Mr. Barzun, praise be, has not written a treatise on education. Although his book is primarily concerned with teaching—how it is done and how it should be done—he draws upon his own experience as a teacher to illuminate what he has to say and, since he has a restless, ferreting imagination, ranges far beyond the subject at hand. Everybody in the teaching profession ought to read Mr. Barzun, if only to be able to argue

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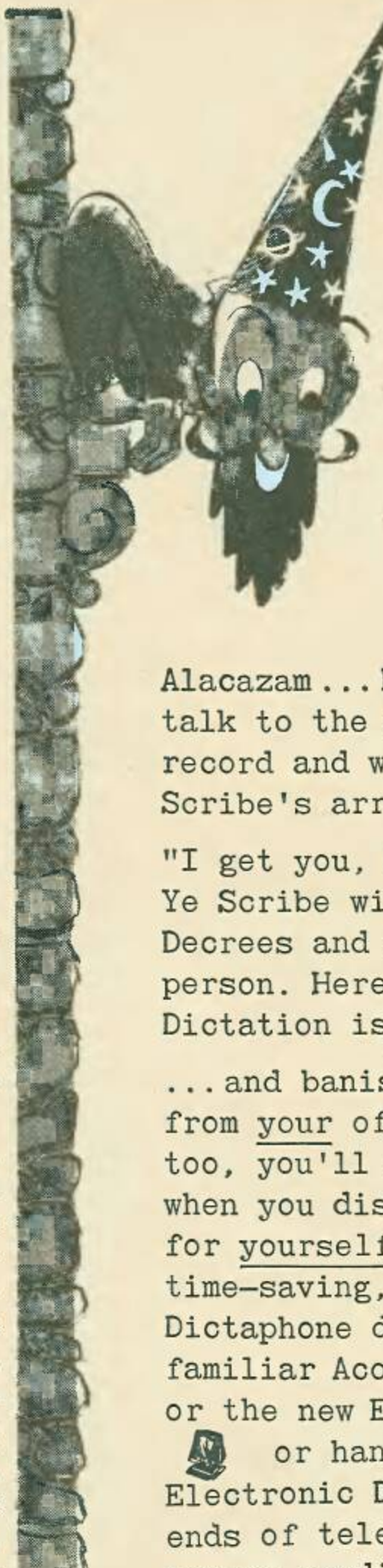
THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

with him, and those less immediately involved with the subject will find in his pages a mixture of sagacity and entertainment that makes them a constant delight.

WARSAW GHETTO, by Mary Berg (Fischer). This diary of a young Polish girl who was somehow able to survive the years of torment and terror when Warsaw was occupied by the Nazis is one of the most heartbreaking documents that has yet come out of the war. It begins with an entry made on October 10, 1939, when the author was only fifteen years old, and ends with a note written in March, 1944, when Miss Berg, whose mother was an American citizen, embarked for this country on the Gripsholm. Between these two dates lay nearly the whole of Warsaw's tragedy and, while the story of that tragedy has been told before, it becomes more terrible and painful than ever in the simple, modest pages of Miss Berg's personal record. This is a grim book, full of darkness and horror, and, because of the picture it gives of the courage and humanity of the people of the Warsaw ghetto, it is also a brave and inspiring one.

STRANGERS SHOULD NOT WHISPER, by Jan-Albert Goris (Fischer). A collection of editorials and short essays written for *News from Belgium*, the official publication of the Belgian Information Centre in the United States, by the Belgian Government's Commissioner of Information in this country. Mr. Goris, an urbane and intelligent publicist, discusses Europe, America, the case for idealism in international affairs, and the rôle of small nations in the future, and provides, in those pieces





why so your highness? low

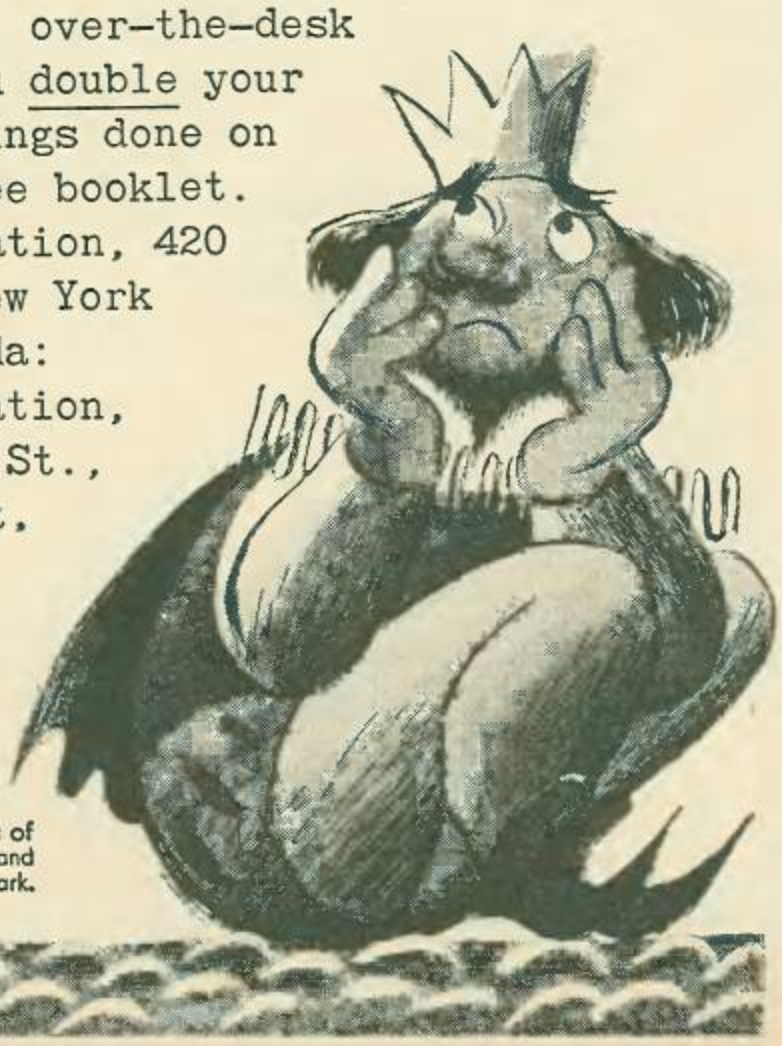
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that have Belgium for their subject, a good freehand sketch of his country and his people.

SOLUTION IN ASIA, by Owen Lattimore (Little, Brown). A discussion of Japan, China, and all the other Asiatic areas, along with Mr. Lattimore's ideas of what American policy in Asia should be. The author has considerable knowledge of Asia and is able to put down what he knows in energetic prose, but his final chapter, in which he sets out to blueprint an Asiatic policy for the United States, adds up to little more than the opinion that the United Nations have to stick together and that Asia is also part of one world.

SOUTH AMERICA CALLED THEM, by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen (Knopf). The story of the four scientists—La Condamine, Humboldt, Darwin, and Spruce—whose explorations in South America helped to open up that continent and bring its wonders and riches to the attention of the rest of the world. Mr. von Hagen, an explorer and naturalist, sticks to the facts in a properly scientific fashion, but his book, since he knows how to write and since he is dealing with some of the most fascinating exploits in the history of exploration, is also a first-rate adventure yarn. It is hard to see how anybody interested in exploration or natural history could go wrong with this one.

VERSE

POEMS, NEW AND SELECTED, by Richard Eberhardt (New Directions). It has been difficult in the past to get at the actual quality of Mr. Eberhardt's work because of a diffuseness that diluted his intensity and blurred his intentions. This lack of control is less evident in the present collection, and several poems, notably "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment" and "The Groundhog," show him sometimes capable of a sort of Blakean vision.

SELECTED POEMS, by Rafael Alberti (New Directions). Alberti (b. 1903), now living in Argentina in exile, shares with Lorca a leading position in Spain's literary modernism. These translations (the originals are not given) suggest that he lacks the wit and brilliance without which a surrealist technique becomes tedious and repetitive in effect. A naïve tenderness and charm often come through, however.

THREE RUSSIAN POETS. Selections

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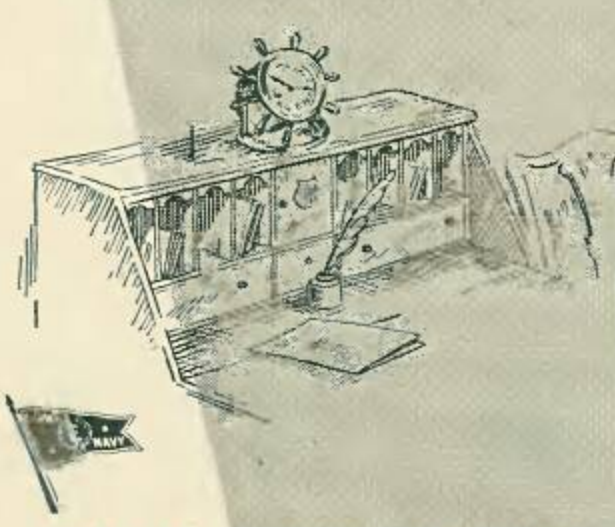
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from Pushkin, Lermontov, and Tyutchev, in new translations by Vladimir Nabokov (New Directions). Pushkin's epigrammatic tenseness actually survives in the lyrics here translated. The scenes from Pushkin's plays and the brief "Mozart and Salieri" are less distinctively done, and the Lermontov and Tyutchev poems, brought over into rather soggy, romantic English, entirely miss distinction. Biographical notes.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

APPLEBY'S END, by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead). Appleby, a Scotland Yard man, is snowbound at a railway station and takes refuge in the country home of the descendants of Randulph Raven, a nineteenth-century author. Some very bizarre events, all apparently predicted in Raven's stories, take place, and Appleby, after a certain amount of trouble, manages to make sense out of them. Quite a funny book, in its verbose fashion.

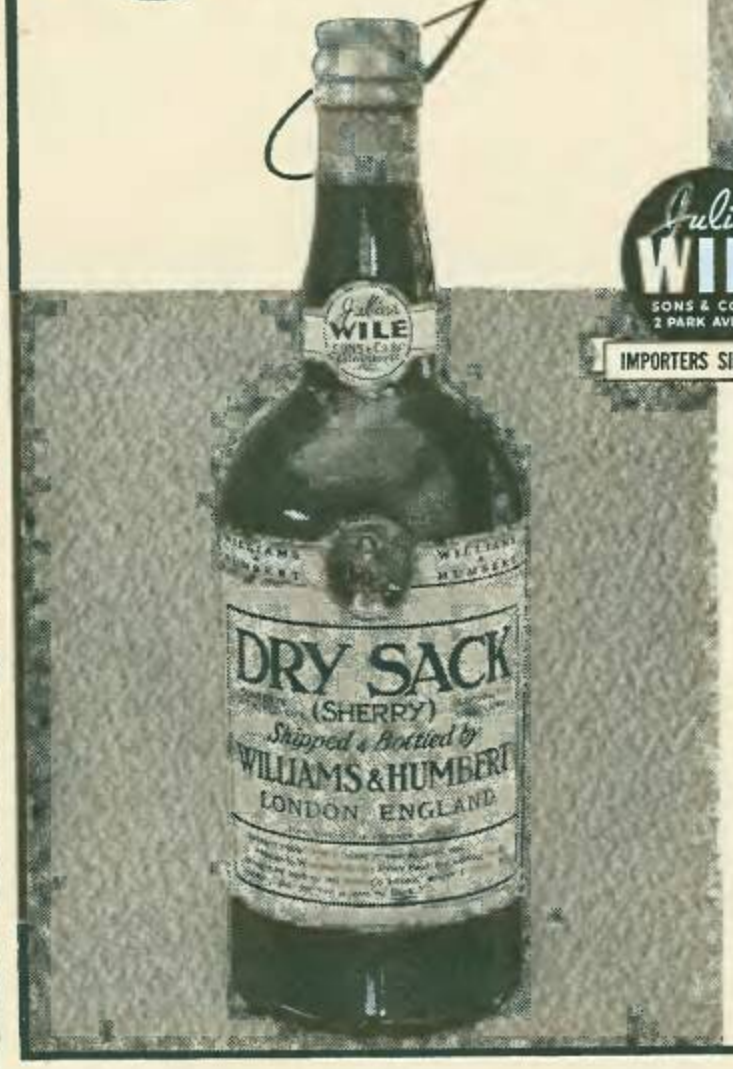
WINGS OF FEAR, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). Monica Blaine, one of those apprehensive girls, finds a corpse behind the couch in her New York apartment and skips to Mexico City with ten thousand dollars tucked away under her girdle. Mexico, it turns out, isn't much better, since Monica can't figure out which of the young men who are courting her are in the pay of the Nazis. The F.B.I. eventually untangles everything, in a boat in an amusement park. Just the thing, probably, to keep Eberhart fans gasping.

A TIME TO DIE, by Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster). Mark East, the private detective who first appeared in "Blood Upon the Snow," turns up for a vacation in the resort town which was the setting for that mystery. When people begin to be hit by arrows at a church supper, East naturally wants to know why, and in no time at all he's in the thick of a murder case which is far too taxing for the sheriff. In spite of the fact that the reader isn't provided with enough clues to work things out for himself, this is an excellent job, well written and with very fine small-town atmosphere.

STATE DEPARTMENT CAT, by Mary Plum (Doubleday, Doran). George Stair, a smart young man who is being considered for a job in the State Department, loses a pouch full of important documents at a diplomatic tea. German spies with South Ameri-

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can affiliations are responsible for this nasty predicament, and George, accompanied by a sympathetic young girl, whizzes around Washington all night rounding them up. A helter-skelter story, but the background is very good.

THE JADE VENUS, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf). A brand-new racket, it would seem, is the hijacking of old masters sent to this country by the fine-arts division of A.M.G. Captain Kent Murdock, who will be remembered by some readers as a former newspaper photographer and amateur detective, gets involved in a case of this nature, and slugs his way in and out of a number of tough spots, in spite of wounds he has received in Italy. Perfect for addicts of the talk-out-of-the-side-of-your-mouth school.

DEATH KNELL, by Baynard Kendrick (Morrow). Duncan Maclain, a blind detective, goes to work on behalf of an author named Jordan, who is suspected by the police of murdering one of his young ladies on the terrace of his Tenth Street apartment. Maclain, with the assistance of two Seeing Eye dogs, tracks down various suspects, not without risk to himself, and presents the police with one of those trick solutions which are his specialty. Maclain's methods are interesting, but the situations and the writing seem forced.

•

Apologies to PFC Nick Ferri for the misspelling of his name in last week's CHART. It was just one of those typographical errors that always seem to plaque a guy!—*The Chart, published by the A.A.F. Regional Hospital.*

A plaque on both your errors!

•

Mrs. S. writes: A young man who has worked out of doors all his life is now employed inside a machine shop. At times he feels the urge to run outside for some fresh air. Is this serious?—*Chicago Tribune.*

That depends on what the machine would be doing in his absence.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

GALESBURG, ILL. (AP)—Chilled firemen returned to central station after a 3-o'clock-in-the-morning run, went about their business of changing into dry clothes and getting back to bed. The chief's quarters, however, were occupied.

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