Nov. 3, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some shifts in the midweek schedules because of Election Day. There may be further, last-minute changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is something you shouldn't miss. 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. Tues., Nov. 6, at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—Arnaud d'Usseau's and James Gow's play about the Negro problem, with emphasis on miscegenation, is more successful as melodrama than social discussion, but it is worth seeing in any case. Young Barbara Bel Geddes gives a really remarkable performance and the rest of the cast, including Carol Goodner and Gordon Heath, is very good, too. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. 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. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 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 splendid. 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.)

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.)

Life with Father—This lively comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Thérèse—A leisurely and rather antiquated melodrama based on one of Zola's novels. Extremely professional performances by Eva Le Gallienne, Dame May Whitty, and Victor Jory help some, but not enough. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its second year. The cast consists of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Touched Me!—This play, by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, is pretty disappointing after Mr. Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," which it somewhat resembles. Edmund Gwenn's interpolated vaudeville, however, is a great help. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Next Half Hour—A new play by Mary Chase, with Fay Bainter, Art Smith, and Jean Adair.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Produced by Max Gordon, and directed by George S. Kaufman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show 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. The cast includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 6, at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical, now in its second year, about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 6, at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Routine but fair enough for an off night. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is still probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. Now in its third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 6, at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET.
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Polonaise—Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura are teamed up again in a rather preposterous and tiresome operetta about the life of Kosciusko. The Chopin music, however, is nicely presented. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—Eddie Foy, Jr., is very funny in the rôle once played by Fred Stone and the old songs are still enchanting, but on the whole this revival shows its thirty-nine years. With Dorothy Stone, Michael O'Shea, and Odette Myrtil. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

The Secret Room—A play by Robert Turney, produced by Joseph M. Hyman, Bernard Hart, and Haila Stoddard, and directed by Moss Hart. The cast includes Frances Dee, Eleonora Mendelssohn, and Reed Brown, Jr. Opens Wed., Nov. 7. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Girl from Nantucket—Jack Durant and Jane Kean in a musical comedy produced and directed by Henry Adrian. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Skydrift—Alfred Ryder and Elliott Sullivan in a play by Harry Kleiner, produced by Rita Hassan, and directed by Roy Hargrave. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Rich Full Life—A play by Viña Delmar, produced by Gilbert Miller, with Judith Evelyn, Frederic Tozere, and Virginia Weidler. Opens Fri., Nov. 9. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Are You with It?—A musical comedy with Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and Dolores Gray, produced by Richard Kollmar and James W. Gardiner. Directed by Edward Reveaux. Opens Sat., Nov. 10. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Rugged Path—Spencer Tracy in a play by Robert E. Sherwood, directed by Garson Kanin, and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Sat., Nov. 10. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The cowboys and cowgirls put in their annual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sun., Nov. 4.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Nov. 7, and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 6, at 2:40.)

Benefit Show—Stars of the stage, screen, and radio in a four-hour variety show for the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Hospital Fund: Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Rivoli, B'way at 49. CI 7-1633.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Final performances—"Swan Lake," "Graziana," "Apollo," and "Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), Thurs. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "On Stage!," "Undertow," "Harvest Time," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Interplay," Sat. Aft., Nov. 3. . . . "Giselle" (with Markova and Dolin), "Spectre de la Rose," and "Fancy Free," Sat. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Petrouchka," "Gift of the Magi," "Interplay," and "Graziana," Sun. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "Romeo and Juliet" (with Markova), "Graziana" (with Eglevsky), and "Bluebeard" (with Dolin), Sun. Eve., Nov. 4. . . . "Giselle" (with Markova and Dolin), "Fan-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

cy Free," and "On Stage!," Mon. Eve., Nov. 5. . . . "On Stage!," "Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), "Spectre de la Rose" (with Eglevsky), and "Bluebeard" (with Dolin), Tues. Eve., Nov. 6. (Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN AND PEARL PRIMUS—In a joint recital, assisted by Mr. Weidman's company. Sun., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M. Benefit for the American O.R.T. Federation. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call AS 4-7452.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several 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. Fifty-second Street is usually pot luck, for entertainers still seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice, or less.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and a rumba band are in the stately Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room you will find Cardini and his impeccable magic, Fred and Elaine Barry's dances, and the cheery music of Joseph Sudy's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Susan Reed, Mary Lou Williams, Beatrice Kraft, and Edmond Hall's orchestra doing a good night's work.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, and jazz piano by Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, Benny Morton's trustworthy old trombone and his new orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—This decorative establishment is just the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band easily outshout the customers.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Gali-Gali, the magician who can do anything with baby chickens, and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays pleasantly for dancing. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at large in the Persian Room. Arthur Ravel's and Mark Monte's music for those who prefer dancing.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a small but neat ice show, and Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing; Dorothy Shay and George Koch's orchestra impart a subdued merriment to the Maisonette. In general, hotel life with its best foot forward.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents the sweet music of Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A handy refuge for the eternal Sophomore and his young lady. Ernie Warren's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on hand all evening, and Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, Emil Coleman's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper, when there is a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, Helen Howe, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross setting a neat mark for others to shoot at. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those generally competent Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, José Melis, and the Cedric Wallace Trio (with Garland Wilson at the piano) are at work. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a certain elegance, and jaunty dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his Danish-pastry songs, Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful, Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dancing. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis in charge of the show and Joel Herron's and Noro Morales's orchestras in charge of the dancing. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): Sophie Tucker, the Old Inexhaustible, raising her clamorous voice in song. . . . 400 CLUB, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's band in quite amazing surroundings. . . . ZANZIBAR, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent Golden Gate Quartet brightening up a generally tedious commotion. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . MADISON, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30; at the supper hour, there's Hope Emerson and other entertainment. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show headed up by the handsome Joan Hyldoft. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—Dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Buji Centobie, and their compatriots scorching the midnight air; no dancing. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, and other legendary characters from the early days of jazz, playing in a fairly plain-spoken setting (Wed. through Sat. Eves. and Sun. Aft.). . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): a well-stocked storefront, with Sidney Catlett's band, the Al Casey Trio, and Billie Holiday. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Roy Eldridge and his trumpet, and Ben Webster's new band; no dancing. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio, with Erroll Garner at the piano. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): living up to its name, at the moment, with a group of new and occasionally interesting newcomers.

ART

ALBRIGHT AND ZSISSLY—First joint exhibition by the Chicago twins: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

AMERICAN—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51: a loan exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting and sculpture. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings by twelve University of Iowa students. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 7.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—New work by Charles Seliger and Paul Wilton. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

DARREL AUSTIN—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

PEGGY BACON—Pastels and drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

JEAN CHARLOT—Paintings, Mexican in theme: New York Public Library, Children's Room, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 6.

DRAWINGS—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57: Tiepolo, van der Heyden, and other old masters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: thirty drawings by Constantin Guys. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

DUTCH—Some little-known sixteenth-century landscapists and a few well-known ones: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.



STUART EDIE—Gouaches: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

FRENCH—At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: Cézanne, Corot, Degas, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: work never shown here before by Monet, Pissarro, Degas, and four others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 9.

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE—Twenty-nine paintings, water colors, and drawings in a memorial exhibition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

JOSEPH VICTOR GATTO—Paintings in the Primitive manner: Barzansky, 664 Madison, at 61. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

GERMAN—Paintings and sculpture by Paul Klee, Franz Marc, George Grosz, and twenty-two others, all banned by the Nazis: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

PETER GRIPPE—Abstract sculpture in bronze and terra cotta: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

GROUPS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: a small show of paintings by Louis Eilshemius, Ernest Lawson, and, also, by members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: new gouaches and water colors by Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3. . . . NEWTON, 11 E. 57: an uneven mixture of American and British drawings and water colors, highlighted with work by Thomas Rowlandson and Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

CARL HOLTY—Recent paintings: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24.

DONG KINGMAN—Wartime Washington in lively water colors: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

MARIANO—Oils and gouaches by the Cuban artist: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

HENRI MATISSE—Recent drawings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

PETER MILLER—Abstract paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of Stuart Davis's paintings (through Feb. 3); a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); and work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A memorial exhibition of Alice Mattern's paintings. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

B.J.O. NORDFELDT—New oils: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

PHILIP PIECK—Gray-toned oils, some verging on the fantastic: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 2.

CAMILLE PISSARRO—Fifty paintings, plus examples by other related painters; a benefit for the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24.

FREDERICK SERGER—Figures and still lifes, boldly painted: Lilienfeld, 21 E 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ETCHERS—Thirtieth annual exhibition: National Academy, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 7.

STILL LIFES—Abraham Rattner, Max Weber, and others: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

TROMKA—Recent paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Forty-seven portraits by Ralph Earl, and a couple of his landscapes, covering the painting career of this eighteenth-century American artist. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

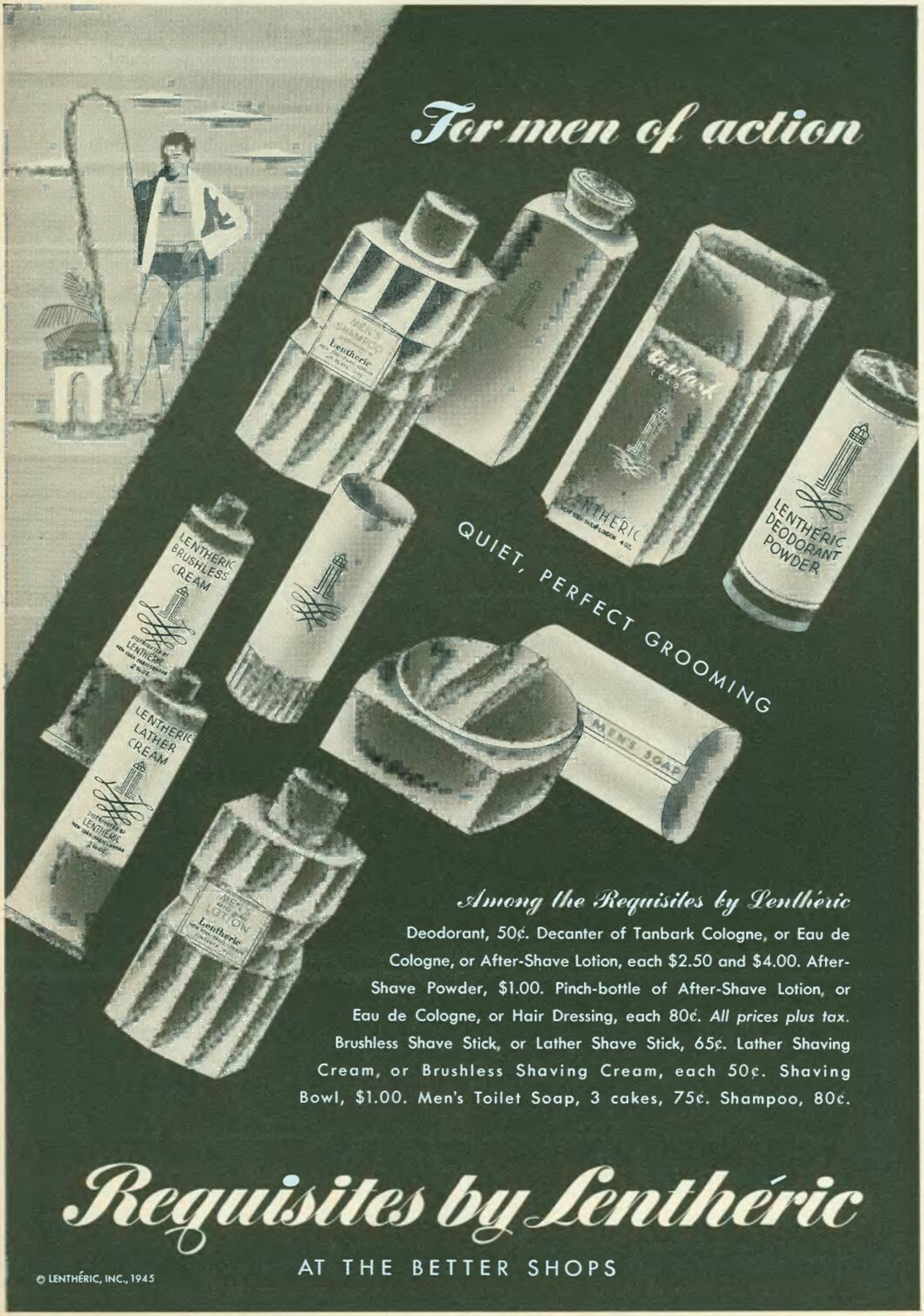
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music 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 — George Szell conducting: Thurs., Nov. 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 3, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 4, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 9, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: William Lincer, viola, and Leonard Rose, cello, Nov. 1, 2, and 4; Claudio Arrau, piano, Nov. 8-9.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leonard Bernstein conducting; soloist, Joseph Shuster, cello. Mon., Nov. 5, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Nov. 6, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin con-



Among the Requisites by Lenthéric

Deodorant, 50¢. Decanter of Tanbark Cologne, or Eau de Cologne, or After-Shave Lotion, each $2.50 and $4.00. After-Shave Powder, $1.00. Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, or Eau de Cologne, or Hair Dressing, each 80¢. *All prices plus tax.* Brushless Shave Stick, or Lather Shave Stick, 65¢. Lather Shaving Cream, or Brushless Shaving Cream, each 50¢. Shaving Bowl, $1.00. Men's Toilet Soap, 3 cakes, 75¢. Shampoo, 80¢.

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

ducting a program of ballet music, with the American School of Ballet. Mon., Nov. 5, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Carmen," Sun. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "La Tosca," Sun. Eve., Nov. 4. . . . "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., Nov. 10. Eves. at 8:15. Mat. at 2:30. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in his fifth concert series, along with such musicians as Muggsy Spanier, trumpet, Joe Marsala, clarinet, and Frank Billings, suitcase (yes—suitcase). Sat., Nov. 3, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

AMERICAN MUSIC—Lecture programs of folk and popular music, directed by Walter Hendl. Soloists: the Hargail Chorus, Fri., Nov. 2; Joan Field, violin, Fri., Nov. 9; at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RICARDO ODNOPOSOFF—Violin. Fri., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

FRANK SHERIDAN—Piano. Fri., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

KATHERINE BACON—Piano. Sat., Nov. 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

LUCIE BIGELOW ROSEN—Theremin. Sat., Nov. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Budapest Quartet; Karin Branzell, contralto; and Milton Katims, viola. Sun., Nov. 4, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

GENEVIEVE ROWE—Soprano. Sun., Nov. 4, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

EGON PETRI—Piano. Sun., Nov. 4, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

BUDAPEST QUARTET—Chamber music. Wed., Nov. 7, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DANIEL ERICOURT—Piano. Wed., Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LEO SMIT—Piano. Wed., Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RAY LEV—Piano. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall); and Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

MAXIM SCHAPIRO—Piano. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

GRISHA GOLUBOFF—Violin. Sat., Nov. 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

TODD DUNCAN—Baritone. Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Nov. 9. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10 P.M.)

CHESS—National amateur championship finals: Fri., Nov. 2, from 7 to 11 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., Nov. 3-4, from 2 to 6 P.M. (Marshall Chess Club, 23 W. 10.)

DOG SHOW—Union County Kennel Club, Elizabeth Armory, Elizabeth, N.J., Sun., Nov. 4. (Benefit for Children's Country Home of Westfield.)

FOOTBALL—College games: SAT., NOV. 3: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Motor Torpedo Boat S.T.C., at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Rochester, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . SAT., NOV. 10: Notre Dame vs. Army, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Michigan, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Lehigh, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Cleveland, at the Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 4, at 2:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 8; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 10; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Tues., Nov. 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Mon. and Tues., Nov. 5-6, at 1 P.M. (Temple Gwathmey Memorial Steeplechase Handicap, Nov. 6.) Frequent trains will leave Penn Station between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M.

RACING—Empire City meeting at Jamaica, daily at 1:15 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 3. (Westchester Handicap, Nov. 3.) . . . Victory Meeting at Jamaica, a post-season war-relief benefit, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Wed., Nov. 7. . . . (Frequent trains to Jamaica leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . Pimlico: weekdays at 1 P.M., through Nov. 30.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR PRISONERS' EXHIBIT—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 Ave. of Americas, at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

EMILY DICKINSON—Manuscript poems, notebooks, letters, first editions, and other relics of the Amherst poetess: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 7.

FLOWER SHOW—The Horticultural Society's autumn exhibition: Hotel Pennsylvania (roof), 7 Ave. at 33. Thurs., Nov. 8, from 2 to 10 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 9, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 10, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, 5 Ave. at 42—The Berg Collection of manuscripts by David Garrick, Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors: (Room 318. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.); also, a small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso. (Room 322. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.)

PLANETARIUM—"Comets and Meteors" is the title of the November lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. (Extra performance Sat. only at 11 A.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Books and illustrations dealing with English drama from the sixteenth to the late-eighteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 2.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Chinese and Near Eastern objects of art and eighteenth-century English furniture owned by the late Isabel Van Wie Willys: Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 1-3, at 2 P.M. . . . Prints, including examples by Dürer, Breughel, Zorn, and Whistler, from the collection of the late M. A. McDonald: Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 7-8, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—New York Philharmonic, George Szell conducting, Sun., Nov. 4, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 4, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra: Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., Nov. 3; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 10; at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 3, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Tues., Nov. 6, at 6 P.M., WNYC. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Mon., Nov. 5, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . New York City Opera: "La Traviata," Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Theatre, Sun., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 4, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sat., Nov. 10, at 5 P.M., WABC.

SPORTS—Boxing: Fritzie Zivic vs. Freddie Archer, Fri., Nov. 2; Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, Fri., Nov. 9; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: Notre Dame vs. Navy, Sat., Nov. 3, at 1:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ; Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., Nov. 3, at 1:45 P.M., WMCA; Army vs. Villanova, Sat., Nov. 3, at 2:25 P.M., WNYC; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WMCA; Navy vs. Michigan, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Notre Dame vs. Army, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Nov. 1. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Nov. 2.)



A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Nov. 3. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward with plenty of not entirely innocent merriment. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Constance Cummings, and Margaret Rutherford do right well by Mr. Coward. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

KISS AND TELL—All the uproar you'd expect in a movie adaptaton of an Abbott farce about pregnancy and adolescence. Shirley Temple is pleasant throughout and gets sturdy assistance from Jerome Courtland, as likely a juvenile as has turned up in years. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE—Life among the unemployed in an English mill town. Not a pretty film but a very solid one. In the wholly satisfactory cast, you'll find George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. (World, 49, E. of 7; Thurs., Nov. 1.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carrol Naish, Arturo de Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Nov. 1.)

MILDRED PIERCE—Murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love as interpreted by James M. Cain. There is an excellent cast headed by Joan Crawford. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Nov. 1.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it mignt have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SILVER FLEET—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. With Ralph Richardson. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. 1.)

SPELLBOUND—There's an overabundance of psychoanalytic palaver included in this latest Hitchcock creation, but the Old Master mixes enough melodrama with the chatter to keep things moving briskly. With Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

STORY OF G.I. JOE—The U.S. infantrymen in Africa and Italy probably saw a lot more excitement than you would gather from this account, but General Eisenhower has endorsed the film warmly. With Burgess Meredith. (Globe, B'way at 46; tentative, through Fri., Nov. 9.)

THE TRUE GLORY—This photographic record of the invasion of Europe includes virtually every phase of the action and has an excellent commentary by a good many of the men who did the Germans in, among them Dwight D. Eisenhower. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Nov. 7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 6-8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 7-9. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Nov. 7-10.)

THE UNSEEN—Three ladies get their pretty necks broken in this first-rate adaptation of a mystery novel by Ethel Lina White. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and a remarkable child actor called Richard Lyon. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 3-6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 6-8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 6-10.)

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 6-8.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4-5.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5.)

THE GREAT MOMENT (1944)—Biography of the first painless dentist. With Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 4-6. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 6-8.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. 1. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 5-6.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON (1944)—Bette Davis as a giddy wife and Claude Rains as her long-suffering husband. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 3.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. With Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4-5.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant as a couple of romantic vagrants. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5.)

WILSON (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Fri., Nov. 2.... 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., W. of 5; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 3-5.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 5-7.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed., Nov. 7.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 6-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., NOV. 1: "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone.... FRI. THROUGH SUN., NOV. 2-4: "Swing Time" (1936), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.... MON. THROUGH THURS., NOV. 5-8: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo.... FROM FRI., NOV. 9: "The Lower Depths" (1936), French film, with Louis Jouvet and Jean Gabin.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167.)

VOLUNTEER WORK—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66: women to spend one day a week driving Army and Navy convalescents (RE 4-6050); men and women, who own cameras, to take a training course in photography and then teach the subject in rehabilitation centers (MU 6-0359).... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to spend as much time as they can during the day or evening teaching recreational arts and crafts in veterans' hospitals; women to give as much time as they can spare driving mobile canteens for veterans' hospitals.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington Ave., at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to drive at least two days a week for the Motor Corps, meeting ships and transporting wounded service men around military posts; women to take a training course, and then serve as dietitians' aides in veterans' hospitals.... TRAVELERS AID SOCIETY, 144 E. 44 (MU 2-6300): volunteers (women during the day; men between midnight and 8 A.M.) are needed at the Society's information centers for traveling service men, and to serve refreshments in Travelers Aid canteens in Grand Central and Penn Stations.

VICTORY LOAN—The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), needs women for bond booths during the day, and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), wants volunteers for canvassing and clerical work during the day or evening in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and rags, which are still badly needed. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used for synthetic rubber, soap, and medicine. Your butcher will give you four meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps are being collected for wounded service men and hospitalized veterans. These should be mailed to the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, or the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66.... Pedigreed dogs of all kinds are wanted for convalescent veterans in military hospitals. If you have one to give, write to Mrs. Marvin Preston, Westchester S.P.C.A., 175 Main St., White Plains, N. Y.... The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), wants games, playing cards, and pocket-size books for hospitalized and overseas service men; musical instruments, athletic equipment, and boxed games for children in liberated countries; and clothing of all sorts, particularly men's suits and children's apparel, for veterans and their families.

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7

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 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**SPELLBOUND**, Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"This Love of Ours," Merle Oberon, Claude Rains, Charles Korvin.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Tentative—**STORY OF G.I. JOE**, Burgess Meredith.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"Paris-Underground," Gracie Fields, Constance Bennett.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "First Yank into Tokio," Barbara Hale, Tom Neal. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "The Spanish Main," Maureen O'Hara, Paul Henreid.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., Nov. 6: "Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard. . . . From Wed., Nov. 7: "Hold That Blonde!," Veronica Lake, Eddie Bracken.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Ave. of Americas at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Love Letters," Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"And Then There Were None," Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Dangerous Partners," James Craig, Signe Hasso, Edmund Gwenn.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **MILDRED PIERCE**, Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott. . . . From Fri., Nov. 2: "Confidential Agent," Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50 (CI 7-5161)—**BLITHE SPIRIT**, Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 49, W. of B'way (CI 7-0760)—Tentative—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "The Old Dark House," revival, Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey.

BELMONT, 48, E. of 7 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., Nov. 2: "El Sombrero de Tres Picos." . . . From Sat., Nov. 3: "Diario de una Mujer."

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 55, E. of 7 (CO 5-9438)—French films, revivals—"The Man Who Seeks the Truth," Raimu; also "The End of a Day," Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 57, E. of 7 (CI 6-1365)—Through Fri., Nov. 2: "Battle for Music," the London Philharmonic. . . . From Sat., Nov. 3: to be announced.

REPUBLIC, B'way at 51 (CO 5-9647)—**PINOCCHIO**, revival, Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

STANLEY, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"We Accuse," Russian documentary film.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"It All Came True," revival, Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, Humphrey Bogart.

WORLD, 49, E. of 7 (CI 7-5747)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **LOVE ON THE DOLE**, George Carney, Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans. . . . From Fri., Nov. 2: to be announced.

EAST SIDE

ART, 8 St., E. of University Pl. (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., Nov. 1: "This Thing Called Love," revival, Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas. . . .; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "Frightened Lady," revival, Marius Goring, Penelope Dudley Ward.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Nov. 3: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, John Hodiak, Gene Tierney; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 4-6: **THE GREAT MOMENT**, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also "Practically Yours," revival, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . From Wed., Nov. 7: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film; also "Christmas in Connecticut," Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly. . . . Tues., Nov. 6: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Wed., Nov. 7: **WILSON**, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

BEVERLY, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Sat., Nov. 3: "Now, Voyager," revival, Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains; also "If You Could Only Cook," revival, Jean Arthur, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4-5: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Above Suspicion," revival, Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film; also "Halfway House," Françoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Nov. 2: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 3-5: "That Uncertain Feeling," revival, Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Through Fri., Nov. 2: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper. . . . Sat. and Sun., Nov. 3-4: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 5-6: **THE MAD MISS MANTON**, revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . From Wed., Nov. 7: "Blood on the Sun," Sylvia Sidney, James Cagney.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., Nov. 1: "Blood on the Sun," Sylvia Sidney, James Cagney. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: **EASY LIVING**, revival, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "Frightened Lady," revival, Marius Goring, Penelope Dudley Ward.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Nov. 1: "Christmas in Connecticut," Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet. . . .; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: **THE UNSEEN**, Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Nov. 1: "The Naughty Nineties," Abbott and Costello; also "On Stage Everybody," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake; also "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: **THE GREAT MOMENT**, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also "Practically Yours," revival, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., Nov. 2: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake. . . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 3-6: "Forever and a Day," revival, all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton. . . . From Wed., Nov. 7: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: "Beautiful Cheat," Bonita Granville; also "Come Out Fighting," the East Side Kids.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs., Nov. 1: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Fri., Nov. 2: **WILSON**, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn. . . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 3-6: **THE UNSEEN**, Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings. . . . Wed., Nov. 7: "Easy to Look At," Gloria Jean; also "Apology for Murder," Ann Savage.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: "Song of Russia," revival, Robert Taylor, Susan Peters, Robert Benchley; also "Whistling in Brooklyn," revival, Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, Ave. of Americas at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson; also "The Randolph Family" (also called "Dear Octopus"), Margaret Lockwood, Michael Wilding. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, John Hodiak, Gene Tierney; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: **THE UNSEEN**, Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 8 St., W. of 5 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., Nov. 2: "Christmas in Connecticut," Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 3-5: **WILSON**, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **THE SILVER FLEET**, Ralph Richardson; also **THE MAD MISS MANTON**, revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: **SYLVIA SCARLETT**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Unexpected Uncle," revival, Charles Coburn. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "The Canterville Ghost," revival, Charles Laughton, Margaret O'Brien, Robert Young; also "Third Finger, Left Hand," revival, Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: "Beautiful Cheat," Bonita Granville; also "Come Out Fighting," the East Side Kids.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Nov. 3: "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell; also "Brewster's Millions," Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4-5: "Three's a Crowd," Pamela Blake; also "Man from Oklahoma," Roy Rogers. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: **THE UNSEEN**, Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall; also "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., Nov. 3: **MR. SKEFFINGTON**, Bette Davis, Claude Rains. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 4-5: **STAGE DOOR**, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also "Tall, Dark, and Handsome," Cesar Romero, Milton Berle. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: **WINTERSET**, Margo, Burgess Meredith; also "Lady Be Good," Eleanor Powell, Robert Young.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Sun., Nov. 4: "Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray; also "The Falcon in San Francisco," Tom Conway. . . . Mon. through Wed., Nov. 5-7: **WILSON**, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage.

SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **ALONG CAME JONES**, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper; also "China's Little Devils," Harry Carey, Paul Kelly. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: "Blood on the Sun," Sylvia Sidney, James Cagney; also "Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: "The Naughty Nineties," Abbott and Costello; also "On Stage Everybody," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9601)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "Three's a Crowd," Pamela Blake; also "They Came to a City," revival, John Clements. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook; also "The Amateur Gentleman," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also **ARROWSMITH**, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot.

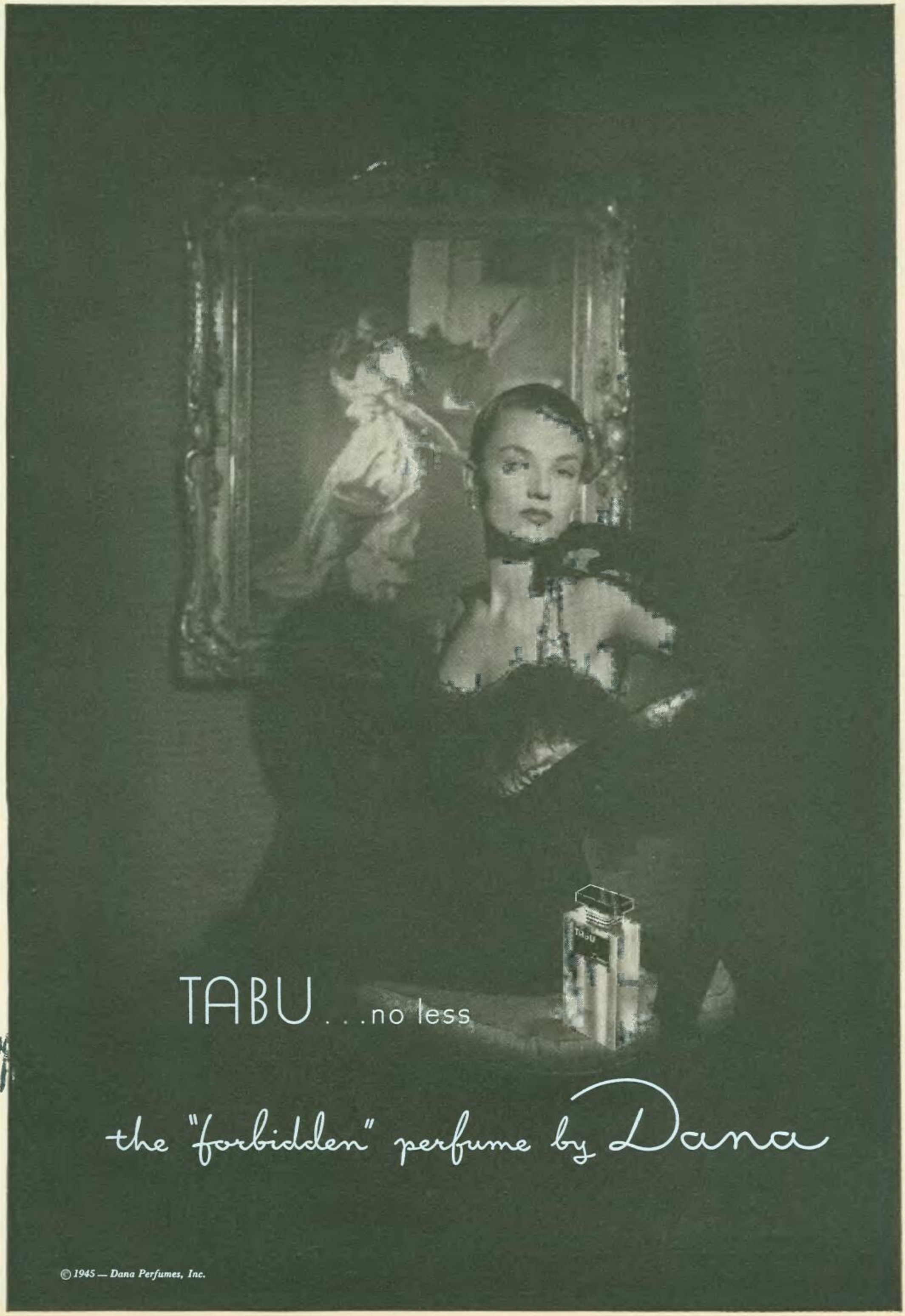
CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., Nov. 1: **A MEDAL FOR BENNY**, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova; also "Murder, He Says," Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 2-5: **A BELL FOR ADANO**, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak; also "Swinging on a Rainbow," Jane Frazee, Brad Taylor. . . . From Tues., Nov. 6: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde; also "I Love a Bandleader," Phil Harris, Leslie Brooks, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Nov. 7: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Tues., Nov. 6: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage. . . . Wed., Nov. 7: "The Adventures of Marco Polo," revival, Gary Cooper; also "Kid Millions," revival, Eddie Cantor.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., Nov. 5: "The House on 92nd Street," William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan; also "Divorce," Kay Francis, Bruce Cabot. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 6-7: "Beautiful Cheat," Bonita Granville; also "Come Out Fighting," the East Side Kids.


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I believe that, when I have been your husband for years . . . if I were separated from you for a day and a letter came . . . my heart would move to it *just as it now does.*"—ROBERT BROWNING *to* ELIZABETH BARRETT



ROBERT BROWNING *and* ELIZABETH BARRETT *painted for* EATON *by* JOHN CARROLL. *Over the threshold of her sombre room in her father's house, love carried the once-invalid Elizabeth to a happy life as the poet's wife.*

A love that was born through the magic of Letters

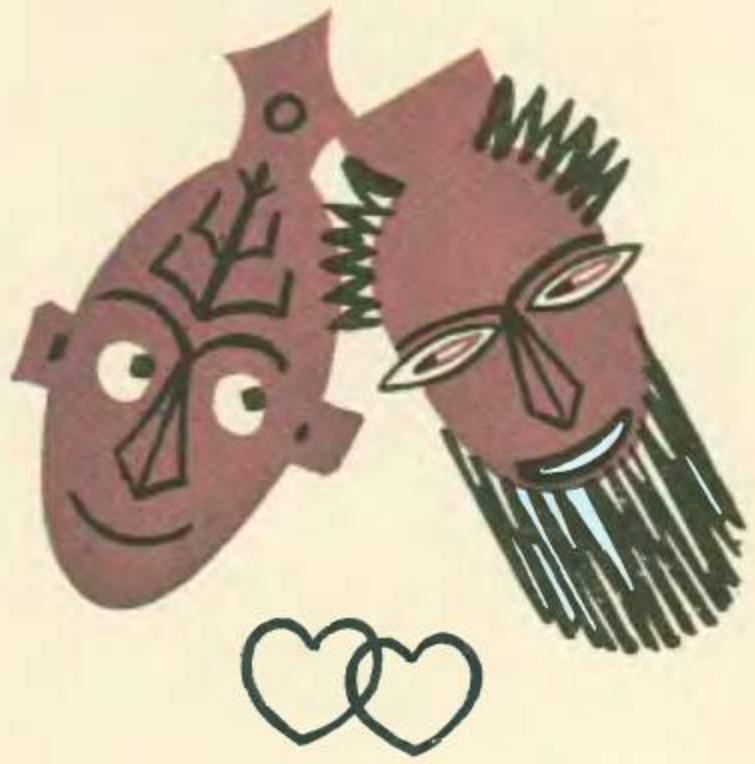
To Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett we owe immortal proof of what letters can mean to love. For it was through their letters, letters begun before they ever met, that they built the enduring foundation for an abundant life together.

And what of love today? How has it survived the separations that came with war, how shall it keep its all-important place in the busy-ness of days that follow? Countless men and women now know that *letters have kept love safe,* bridging time and distance, forging links as strong as faith with all they held most dear. Letters have enabled people to know each other (and themselves) better; letters have reawakened love dulled by too much taken-for-granted living; letters have been the only means of going on with living together, of building day upon day to a richer love, a perfect understanding.

Remember this always: To your friends . . . to all who hold you dear, your letters are like the sound of your voice . . . the touch of your hand. Letters draw love close about you . . . they send it forth, in a world that is empty without it.

Eaton's FINE LETTER PAPERS

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PFC HERBERT WEINTRAUB put a pointed question to us in a letter from New Caledonia this morning. "How's everything going?" he asked sharply. Well, Private Weintraub, in many respects the world at peace bears a striking resemblance to the world at war. In the Netherlands East Indies the Indonesians and Dutch are fighting, using poisoned darts and some borrowed American equipment. In Indo-China the French governor has announced that France is protecting the minority peoples from Annamite imperialism. In Caracas, capital of Venezuela, the revolutionists are fighting the national guard. In Buenos Aires students are fighting the local Nazis. Russia is working on a five-year economic pact with Hungary. And a House Judiciary Subcommittee is trying to decide whether the legal end of the war was August 14, 1945, or September 2, 1945. This last, Weintraub, is one of those knotty questions that keep legislators worn to the bone.

The National Planning Association has endorsed air power as the most effective instrument for preserving world peace. Henry Holt & Company, after rassling with the devil, have published a book called "The German Talks Back," thereby saving freedom of speech for America. (It used to be a publisher's job just to decide whether a book was any good or not, but publishing is not so simple any more, Private Weintraub; it involves bigger issues.) Macy's has received a shipment of Veuve Cliquot 1934 and you can buy it for $9.32 per twenty-six-ounce bottle. In Macdougal Alley the gas lamps, which were shut off during the war, are burning again, shedding their small, poetic light on the antique byway. Paramount is filming a picture on such a vast scale that the director uses a walkie-talkie to communicate with his assistants. At a conference in Dublin, N. H., the other day, a group of serious men decided that the world needed some sort of government and should try to organize one. The *Times*, commenting editorially, maintained that the world was not ready for a government. (There is one thing about the *Times*; it knows what the world is ready for. The world, Weintraub, is ready for tomorrow's *Times*.)

Meanwhile, big things are looming on the common man's horizon. In Buffalo a bank is installing a drive-in window so that you can make deposits, or even withdrawals, without getting out of your car. And one day last week a plane appeared above Teterboro, N. J., towing a glider; the glider was cut loose and landed, and what do you think was unloaded? Lobsters. Imagine that.



People are shopping these days. The stores are crowded. Buyers are intent but not gay. The news of the atomic bomb came as a terrible shock to everybody, and the easiest way to take your mind off it is to buy things. People are buying new fall handbags, scatter rugs, folding baby carriages, books on the atomic age, germicidal lamps, and things to nibble on while drinking. They feel driven, people do. Napoleon once said, "I feel myself driven toward an end that I do not know. As soon as I shall have reached it, as soon as I shall have become unnecessary, an atom will suffice to shatter me. Till then, not all the forces of mankind can do anything against me." Napoleon, of course, failed to foresee that someday it would be possible for him to motor up alongside his bank and draw money without getting out of his car. He died believing he would have to get out. There is really no vision, Weintraub.

Great advances in living are being talked of everywhere. Price controls have been lifted on sauerkraut. Pre-salted celery has been successfully grown, and someone is at work on a pumpkin which will contain cinnamon and clove, ready for going into a pie. A Russian has transplanted the heart of one animal into the body of another and set it going. In Maine hunters are saving two days of the gunning season by flying their deer out of the woods in aerial taxis. Sinclair Lewis has written another novel, so good, the publishers say, that the galleys have been sold to M-G-M for two hundred thousand dollars. Four queen bees have been sent by clipper to France to help out with pollinization in the Rhône Valley.

It has been announced



that the critical concentration of uranium is one pound. (Half-pound packages of it are harmless.) What the critical concentration of lethargy is is still anybody's guess, Private Weintraub. It seems that one of the characteristics of atomic energy is that it frightens most those who possess it. The United States, being in the saddle but having not the slightest desire to ride, is far more nervous about the bomb than are the countries that do not yet know the trick and are merely engaged in finding it out. These unatomic countries have something to occupy their hands and their minds, some logical goal. We in America have reached the goal, and nobody knows which way you turn after you have learned how to destroy the world in a single night. It's hard to know, Weintraub—you who fought well and in a great cause.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On a shelf labelled "Marxism," in a forward-looking bookshop on Fourth Avenue, standing manfully between John Strachey's "The Nature of the Capitalist Crisis" and Lenin's "The State and Revolution," is a copy of "The Revolt of the Angels," by Anatole France.

Schrafft's is currently advertising "Prewar Ice Cream."

There's a salesman at Lord & Taylor's who answers the telephone with the simple greeting, "Wolf in Boys' Clothing."

Fate

OUR Third Avenue correspondent took an hour off the other afternoon and went over to Second Avenue. He was having a dilatory beer in one of the taverns there when the bartender moved up front and stared out through the flyblown window. Our man decided upon a replacement and called to the bartender, but the bartender didn't hear him. He called again, and this time the bartender turned with an apologetic smile. "Sorry, sir," he said, making his way back to the beer stops. "I was just looking at that school across the way. I went there for eight years." He slid a beer forward. "Life's funny," he said, in a wistful, wondering way. "I never thought when I was in there looking over here that someday I'd be in here looking over there."

Up-to-Date

WE had a talk one day last week with Mr. Herman Kress, who enjoys the somewhat uneasy distinction of being among the first people in town to buy an airplane in a department store. Kress is a stocky, pleasant-looking man in his thirties, who manufactures girdles. He showed up bright and early the day Wanamaker's opened its plane department and, after trying a couple for size, picked out a yellow Piper Cub Special, at $2,010. When we spoke with him, he had yet to get delivery on his plane. "I just can't wait," he said. "I go out to the Teterboro airport every afternoon and stack up more hours in the air. I bought the Cub to finish my training with. As soon as I get a regular pilot's license, I'll use it to train a couple of my salesmen. After that, I intend to turn it in for a bigger plane, a four-seater with more speed and a wider cruising range. A man in girdles has to cover a lot of territory."

Kress has a student pilot's license. He started flying late this summer. He'd never been up before. "I thought I'd be scared silly," he told us. "I was on my vacation up in New Hampshire and was driving along with a friend when we passed an airport that advertised plane rides for two bucks. I figured I'd find out what all this plane talk was about, so I went up. Boy, it was terrific! Made me feel real up-to-date. I'd been looking around for a hobby for a long time. I'd even bought an outboard motor, but I never trusted it. Water's not my element, I guess. Air is." Kress started taking lessons at the New Hampshire airport the next day and continued them at Teterboro on his return to New York. "I soloed a week ago," he

said. "Boy, it was terrific! You get a real sense of flying in a small plane. I don't think I'd like those big commercial transports much. I got a friend in brassières who's been taking lessons with me and he flew to Detroit the other day and said it wasn't like flying at all."

Kress finds that he wants to buy every new kind of plane he sees. "First I see an amphibian and I decide I ought to have that," he said. "Then I see an Ercoupe and I decide I ought to have that. I might have bought an Ercoupe instead of a Piper—it flies faster and has a lot more range—if it weren't that if you get a pilot's license in an Ercoupe, which is non-spinnable, you can only fly Ercoupes. If you get a license in a spinnable plane, you can fly anything." Kress admits that there are a number of objections to a light plane. For one thing, it's necessary to land frequently for refueling. "I flew a Cub down from New Hampshire," he said, "and we had to stop three times for gas. Also, a Piper is so light—it's only about twelve hundred pounds—that you can't take it up when the weather's the least bit gusty. The lighter the plane, the less use you get out of it." Kress has never been in an accident. "I figure," he said, "that the most I'm likely to do is crack up the plane and maybe break a finger or rib." Then he added, with what struck us as a rather inverted form of optimism, "Anyhow, I got insurance on the plane, and anything's better than drowning."

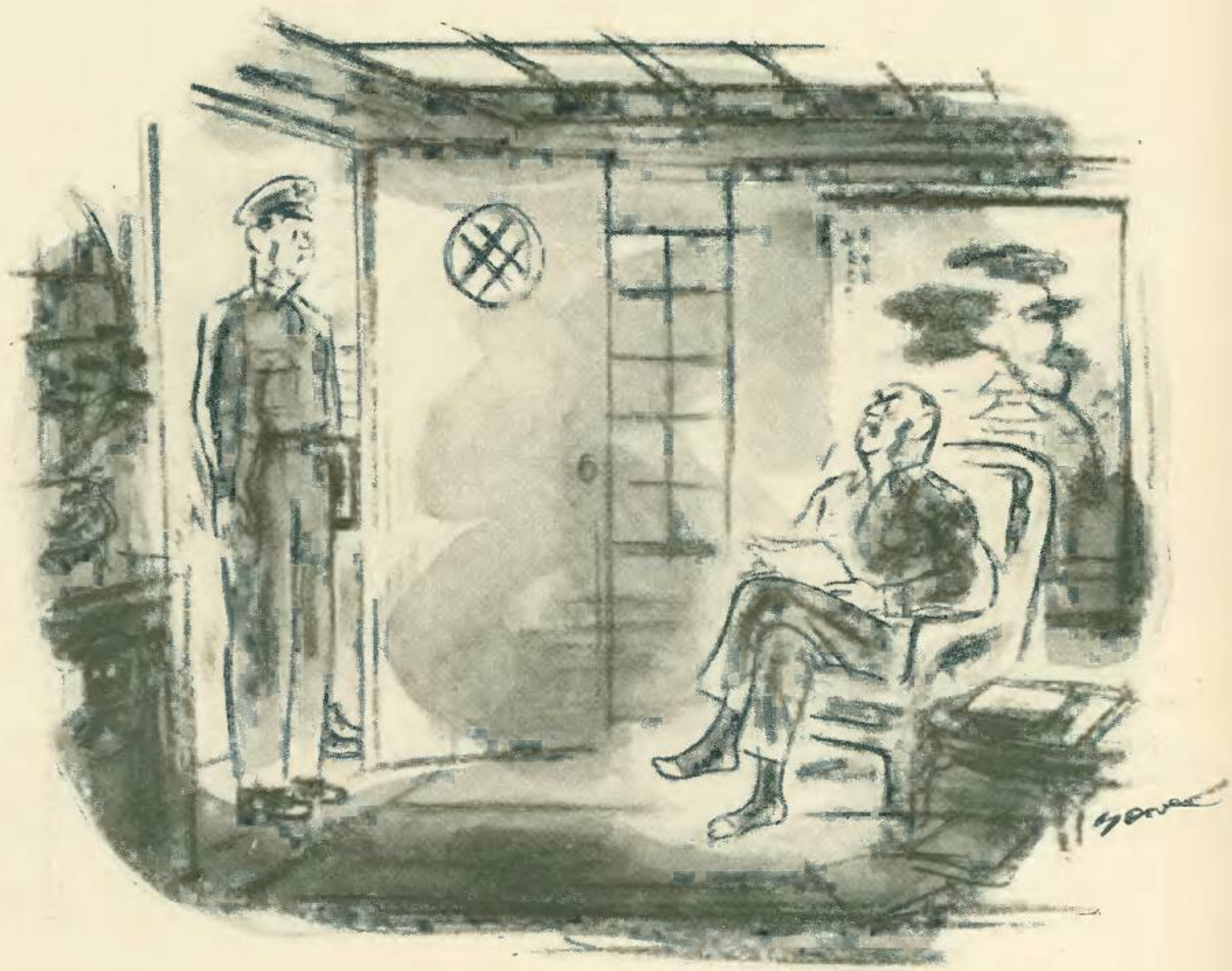
Kress flew to Hartford and back one afternoon ("Easier than going to Brooklyn"), and once he gets his pilot's license he counts on doing a good deal of business by air. But his flying is chiefly a means of relaxing. "The upkeep on the plane will run between fifty and sixty bucks a month," he said, "but it'll be worth it. Say I've been working all day at the office. I'm tired and tense. I get up there and the girdle business is gone with the wind. I'm a new man." Kress has been unable to persuade his wife to go up with him, but his small daughter has been to the field several times and up twice. "It's got so I have to sneak out of the house whenever I go to the field," Kress said. "Otherwise, the kid won't take a nap. She likes to watch me fly, and she's getting critical. When I come in for a landing, she says, 'Watch my daddy go bumpety-bump,' and damned if I don't. When she's not around, I land fine."

Boy Wonder

A PLUMP, middle-aged man seated behind us in a Fifth Avenue bus had set himself the task of pointing out landmarks to his companion, a lady whose remarks had revealed that she came from Bozrah, Connecticut. As the bus passed the Gilbert Hall of Science, at Twenty-fifth Street, he said, "See that place? Well, it's not what you'd call a hall in Bozrah. It's more like a store—electric trains, toy tractors, and goodness knows what all. My nephew just bought a chemistry set there, one of those kits where a boy can mess around and add a bit of this to a bit of that and learn something." The man was obviously trying hard to hold his avuncular pride in check, but he weakened. "It's only a starter, of course," he added, "but yesterday he turned out a little dynamite."

Not So Bad

STIRRED by a number of reports from ex-soldiers (some of whom had read a rather rosy story in this magazine about getting out of the Army) that it took them eight or nine days to get separated at Fort Dix, we went over there to investigate. We took up the question with a Captain Bruce, a jovial Dun & Bradstreet alumnus, who besought us to keep in mind the fact that Dix handles soldiers from New York, New Jersey, and Delaware and is the busiest separation center in the land, separating one out of every seven separatees who go through the centers. It was set up April 1, 1944, and in the remaining nine months of that year separated 38,544 men, which is less than half the number—110,000—it processed last month. It is now prepared to handle up to 120,000 a month, Captain Bruce said, and aims to get a man out no more than forty-eight hours *after* he has got on a roster, which, at Dix, is an official list of approximately



"Damn it, Captain, don't you know better than to come into a house with your shoes on?"

thirty-five names. It generally takes one or two days to get on a roster, but in mid-September, when a lot of troopships landed in a bunch, there was a bad jam, and some men had to wait around a week before their actual processing started. "Your friends probably hit us just at that time," Bruce said. "The Center is now running like a well-oiled machine, with processing going along in absolute A-1 apple-pie order. Our paper people are on a twenty-four-hour schedule. Our discharge capacity of four thousand a day means twelve thousand men in the plant at a time and we're keeping up to it beautifully. Of course, there is the human element to contend with."



Incoming soldiers at Dix are divided into those eligible for discharge and those ineligible. The latter are given a forty-five-day furlough, whatever pay is due them, new clothes, a railroad ticket home and back, and a shoe-ration coupon. Eligibles are told to expect nothing for the first couple of days, during which they are free to gripe and to sample Dix's sports facilities, hobby shop, library, seven movie theatres, and sixty-five PXs. "Even this short wait causes some pain," Bruce said.

He turned us over to the Center's commanding officer, Colonel Thomas M. Childs, an erect man who used to be in the Oriental-rug game. Childs, occasionally interrupted by raucous bulletins from an announcing device on his desk, told us that at the start of their third day separatees are advised to stick close to loudspeakers over which, at 8 A.M. and 1 P.M., rosters are announced. "If a man misses an announcement, it's a short walk to the bulletin board where all the lists are posted," he said. "He's likely to have his first formation four hours after the roster is announced. People complain that our relying on loudspeakers puts too much responsibility on the individual, but if anyone knows a better way of keeping twelve thousand men informed up to the minute, I'd like to know what it is." "Twenty-nine scratches so far today, Colonel," squawked the intercommunication device. Childs told us that a scratch is the removal of an individual from a roster, usually caused by some snarl in his records, and that scratchees have to start all over again, after another wait. "Sounds hard-hearted," he said, "but rosters have to go through as units. They can't wait for stragglers."

We had heard rumors of bitterness on the part of discharging personnel at not being discharged themselves, but a technical sergeant pooh-poohed this. "We're all of us just too low on points," he said. "When we get the points, we get on a roster. This kind of work is hard on some fellows, though. A rifleman just don't know a goddam thing about a typewriter, but he learns. They take a machine gunner and in three weeks he can type forty words a minute. They even take master sergeants and have them show guys how to sign a discharge. Some fellows will write anything but their right name on a discharge if you don't watch them."

On the train back to town, we fell into conversation with a beribboned, discharge-emblem-wearing sergeant, name of Donahue. He turned out to be a two-hour civilian, homebound after three years, and we asked him if he'd minded the waiting at Dix. "Jeez," he said, "what I'd call *waiting* was what I was doing in New Guinea and Okinawa. Nothing to it here. Went through it in four and a half days like a breeze. Look, what do you have to pay for a good dinner in Manhattan now?" That put us sort of up against it.

The Language of Love

RECENTLY a lovely, misty-eyed lady floated into Bergdorf's and announced that she was looking for a dress made of a certain print. "The one I mean," she said, "has 'I love youse' on it." " 'I love youse,' Madame?" the saleslady croaked, sinking into a small gilt chair. Madame nodded; then the mounting horror on the saleslady's face brought her to attention. "I mean," she said, carefully, "it has 'I love you' on it, over and over."

Secret

A MAN named Johnson has been patronizing a neighborhood laundryman for many years because of the faithfulness with which the laundryman has followed his order, issued back around 1926, not to put any starch in his shirt collars. He often wondered how the man managed to keep up his end of the bargain so well, and the other day he found out. He got a note from the laundry announcing that the business was being moved a block or so away. The note was addressed to "Mr. Johnson Nostarch."

Heel for Superman

LAST week a friend of ours who occasionally finds himself in the scholarly atmosphere of advertising conferences said he could get us in on a momentous series of sessions at the Kenyon & Eckhardt agency on Park Avenue. He thought we ought to go to such things from time to time to keep from becoming an intellectual slob. We went with our friend and he led us into the board room of K. & E., where we found eight earnest men sitting around a table the size of the skating rink in Rockefeller Center. A dark fellow was saying authoritatively, as we arrived, ". . . in this story, we give Superman an Achilles heel. For the first time, Superman proves vulnerable. The front office has been loath to release something like this. Now they've given us the go-ahead. Superman is tied up with the atomic bomb . . ." "Who's that talking?" we asked our guide. "Duke Ducovny," he answered. "Produces the radio show." Another member of the group remarked, "The importance of the atomic bomb is that its effect on the entire world has proven that nothing is invulnerable. It has changed the entire thinking of the world. Can't we get the guy that devised the atomic bomb to advise us on the script?" At this point Ducovny got up and left, and we did, too.

A couple of days later, our friend tipped us off that the boys were at it again, and we gathered ourself together and went around. A stylish man named Lynn Hughson, with as broad an "a" as has ever fallen on our ears, was talking about the influence of the atomic bomb on the youth of the country. "Prior to the war," he said, "and, of course, prior to the atomic bomb, fantasy seemed more remote than it does now. Now fantasy and reality have merged." And on like that. Mr. Ducovny remarked that the Achilles-heel angle ought to cover the matter. A Mr. Leonard Finder, who evidently knows his ladies' clubs, broke in to talk about the ladies and Superman. "In so far as women have any opinion," said Mr. Finder, "they seem to feel that the programs must have a specific value or purpose. Perhaps it would be well for

Superman to emphasize internal frustrations and tensions. Superman should not only have physical powers but ideals. He might show that delinquency does not pay." "In a serial," observed Mr. Ducovny, "you show delinquency and maybe the kids think it's fine stuff. Big danger there. And then anything like a message might interrupt the dramatics. There must be a protagonist and an antagonist, and you've got to bring them to an apex. Where they meet is conflict." Mr. Ducovny wound up thoughtfully, "Maybe Superman ought to get hunk to a big romance."

While all the gentlemen were mulling this thought over—or at least looking as if they were mulling it over—a blond K. & E. man in tortoiseshell glasses peered around the table and then suddenly began to talk very rapidly. "Superman," he said eagerly, "provides escapism for children. As you know, children are more frustrated and insecure than adults. Every adult imposes his will on a child, and as a result kids identify themselves with Superman, who is beyond imposition, and get good out of his invulnerability. Bender of N. Y. U. has pointed this out. Maybe Superman is more constructive to the child psychologically than socially. Superman frequently seems to replace Dad, once Dad has demonstrated that he is not infallible. This may prove to be troublesome when he becomes vulnerable. But older children will like the new story line." "Just how is Superman going to become vulnerable?" somebody said. "Superman," said Mr. Ducovny, "is from the planet Krypton. On the planet Krypton, life was developed beyond this earth. One step there would take a man seven miles. Now, a segment of the planet Krypton is falling to earth in the form of a meteor. When this segment approaches, Superman passes out cold. The only scientific explanation of this is that the thing that gave the people who lived on Krypton their amazing strength when they reached the earth . . ."

Superman, dear reader, sells Kellogg's Pep. Did you have any idea what it means to sell Pep?

Fin de Siècle

A GENTLEMAN who has held a high-level position in Washington for several years returned to town last week with his family, and they happily took possession of their home, in the East Seventies. The wife was relieved to find that the people who had occupied the house had left almost everything in excellent shape. The single thing she found wrong was that the push button in her sitting room, which she had used to summon the cook from the kitchen, seemed to be snarled up. She called in an electrician, who explained what had happened: it had merely been reversed, so that the cook could ring the sitting room.



"It's not that I don't love you, Allen. It's just that I don't want to get round-shouldered."

THE BLEAK YEARS

"Reid Conway, radio exec, and Stacy Forbes are holding hands . . ." was what it said in Winchell's column, so Reid called Stacy that morning and said, "Hello, you old hand-holder, you."

She laughed. "Is this Radio Exec Conway speaking?"

"None other. We don't want to let Walter down, so let's show ourselves to the clamorous public tonight. If you promise to do your best in the way of doe-eyed adoration, I'll buy you dinner."

She said, "It'll mean breaking dates with John, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and David Rockefeller, but I'll do it."

Reid hung up and smiled fondly, thinking, "Stacy's a good kid." He read Winchell's column again from the beginning, pretending to be someone else, just to see how the item would strike him. This wasn't the first time his name had appeared in gossip columns; it wasn't even the first time Winchell had mentioned him—it was only the second, though—but he was still enough of a small-towner to feel very pleased about it.

He was thirty-nine, successful and headed for more success, supplied with about the proper number of friends and enemies, accustomed to deference in a slowly widening circle of popular restaurants and night clubs. He had never married and had never even been close to marrying, although several girls had thought so.

As for Stacy Forbes, she was at present just right for him. A year from now, even six months from now, maybe she wouldn't be. They had been going together for eight weeks and had been in love for seven. Stacy, who sang in musical comedies and on the radio, had appeared in the columns somewhat more frequently than Reid. She had been an "item" with Reinaldo Ferreira, a Brazilian millionaire; with Phelps Talbot, the actor; with Paul Piper, who, though over fifty now, was still the epitome of the man-about-town.

One of the things that had attracted Reid to Stacy was that she had gone with Piper, whom he didn't know but admired. It would be an exaggeration to say that, during the fifteen years Reid had been struggling onward and upward in New York—in publicity jobs and with advertising agencies and, finally, with a radio network—he had patterned himself after Paul Piper, but, essentially, Piper had achieved all the things that Reid wanted desperately to achieve.

Reid had always been fascinated by the character of the gay, knowledgeable bachelor and, as other boys look forward to being firemen or fliers or explorers, Reid had dreamed of moving with arrogant sureness through the magic of metropolitan nights. This ambition may have been inspired by the turn-of-the-century novels that formed a large part of his father's library. Most of them had London settings; most of them were concerned with aristocratic clubmen; almost all had frontispieces of a rakehell in evening clothes getting into a hansom cab.

The small boy Reid who drank ginger ale in his mother's kitchen, imagining the ginger ale to be champagne and the linoleum-floored kitchen to be a glittering palace of sin, was not far removed from the adult Reid who was assistant director of station relations for the Federal Broadcasting Company.

Reid and Stacy had dinner at Louis & Armand's that night. Stacy was a small, blond girl with an impudent face. She wore her hair on top of her head and her black dress was cut so that the swell of her breasts was agreeably present to the eye.

Many of the other diners were friends of theirs from radio and show business and there was a good deal of cheerful insult between tables. Reid and Stacy had two Martinis before dinner, a white wine with it, and brandy after. Then they found themselves talked out. Silences were never easy between them, and Reid said, "Let's see what's doing at Joseph's."

"All right," Stacy said, and she remade her face while Reid paid the check.

Joseph's was dull, but they had a drink at the bar and kibitzed on a gin-rummy game. "How about Toots Shor's?" Reid asked Stacy. She nodded, and this time she merely reëxamined her face in her compact mirror.

In the cab on their way across town they held hands until Reid decided he wanted a cigarette. Stacy asked him if he'd heard that Moira Burke had had her baby.

"Where?" Reid asked. "In Studio B? I saw her in the corridor a couple of days ago and got out of sight before I'd be called on to midwife her."

"She made the hospital all right. Oh, and Don and Peggy got married finally."

"That will be something," said Reid. "That I want to see."

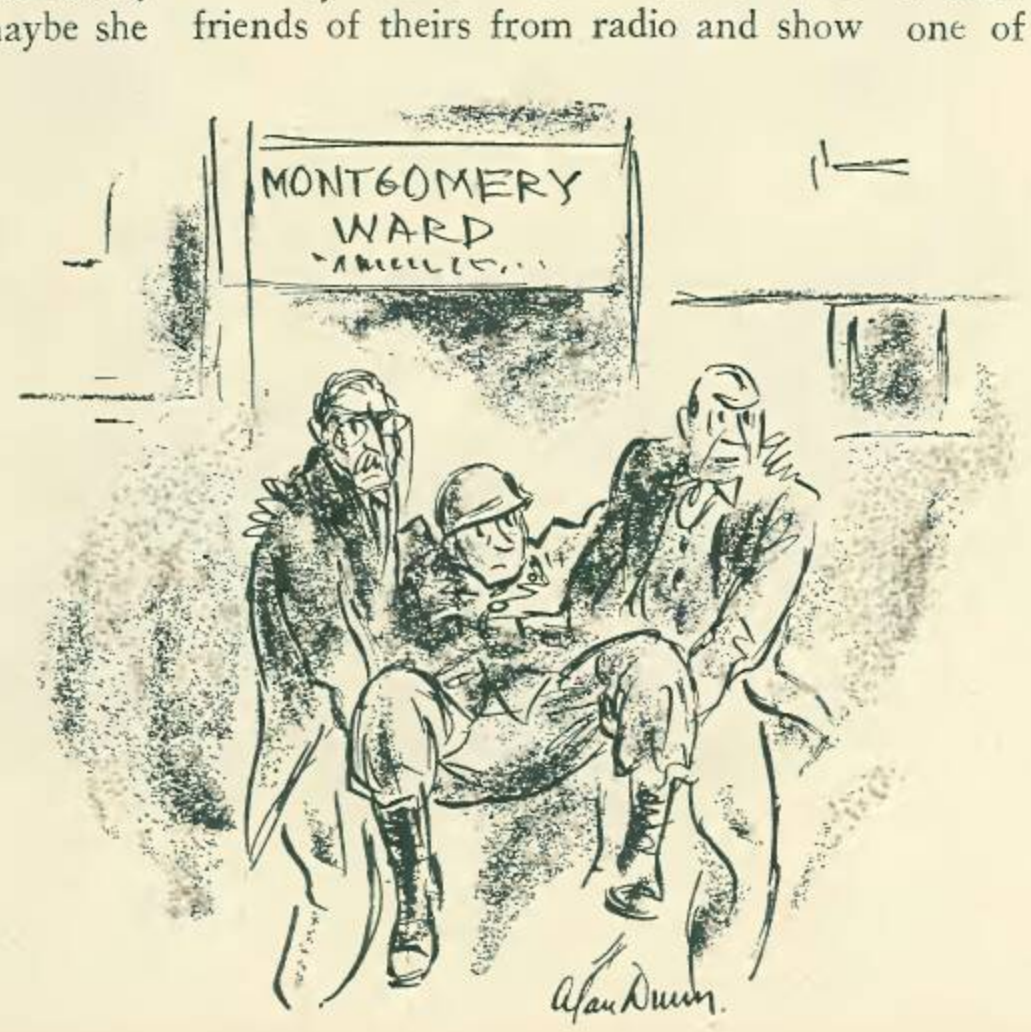
Chuck Faber, who was in charge of publicity at Federal Broadcasting, was at the bar in Toots Shor's and they talked to him briefly before going to a table. Then Reid saw Al Demler, still wearing his uniform, sitting with some other people across the room. He said to Stacy, "Be with you in a minute, pet. I want to say hello to Al."

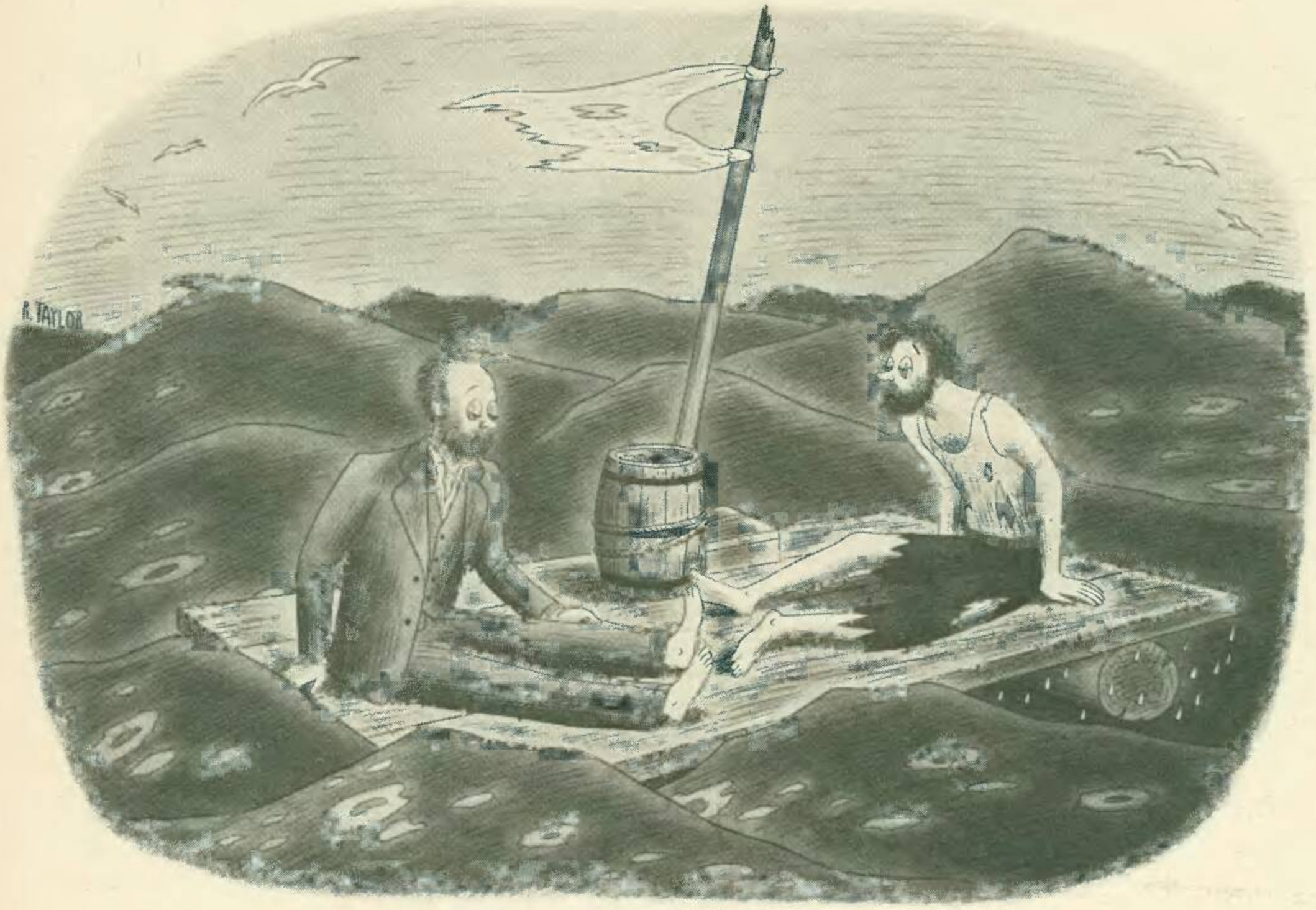
"Don't be forever," Stacy said.

When Reid returned to his table, a man was sitting with Stacy, holding one of her hands in his and talking to her earnestly with his head close to hers. Something about the man's posture was familiar, but it wasn't until Reid sat down, saying, "I won't be in the way, will I?," that he saw the man's face and recognized Paul Piper.

"Paul's decided he's in love with me," Stacy said, with a smile. "Isn't that nice? Oh—you don't know each other, do you? Reid Conway, Paul Piper."

"Hello," Reid said. Piper straightened in his chair and looked at Reid without pleasure. Reid saw that he was very drunk. He was a thin, tall man with a lined, intelligent face and black hair shot with





"I've always said that for real wear, you can't beat genuine English covert cloth."

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gray. His eyes, red-veined and tired, were set above small pouches. He didn't look his fifty-odd years, but he did look used up.

He said to Reid, combatively, "Stacy's a great little girl."

"Is that right?" Reid said, tapping a cigarette on the back of one hand.

"A smart bastard," Piper said, turning again to Stacy. "I simply am appalled by smart bastards."

Stacy said, "Now, Paul—"

Piper turned in his chair and clapped his hands. "Captain!"

The captain came over to their table and said, "Yes, Mr. Piper?"

"Bring this young lady a champagne cocktail. Bring us all champagne cocktails. I loathe them, but I remember your debased tastes, Stacy. You liked champagne cocktails. It was one of the things I loathed about you."

"I have a drink, Paul," Stacy said, indicating her Scotch-and-soda.

"Three champagne cocktails," Piper said to the captain. Reid and Stacy exchanged a God-help-us smile, and Reid thought, This is the way it always is. Here's a man I've admired a long time, and now when I meet him he's a real jerk.

Piper had been staring at Stacy. "I don't like your hair like that. You look like everybody else now. You know, Stacy, I've been thinking of you a lot." To Reid he said, "Stacy's a wonderful little girl."

"I know she is," Reid replied.

Piper frowned at him, then he said to Stacy with a puzzled air, "Who is this fellow?"

"Reid Conway," she said patiently.

"Are you in love with him?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Conway, lamb. Reid Conway."

"Never heard of him," said Piper. He shot a venomous glance at Reid, then leaned toward Stacy and said hoarsely, "He's not good enough for you, baby. He looks like a square to me. I don't think—"

A waiter placed three champagne cocktails on the table, and Piper, his train of thought disturbed, looked up at him. He said, "Waiter, do you know Mr. Stone?"

"Who, sir?"

Piper waved his hand, dismissing the waiter. He turned in his chair and called, "Captain!"

The captain came over again. "Yes, Mr. Piper?"

"You know Ted Stone—he's at my table. Look, tell Mr. Stone and Mrs. Stone and Miss Carey to come over here." He turned back to Reid and Stacy. "We'll have one big party. Do you know Ted Stone? He's a sweetheart. You'll love him."

"Who's La Carey?" asked Stacy. "Is she a new love?"

Piper regarded her. "She's a wonderful girl. A singer or a dancer or something. You ask her." He took Stacy's hand in his. "You going to marry this fellow, Stacy?"

"That's a good question," Stacy said, and laughed.

"No, seriously. Tell me." He looked at Reid and made a face. "Don't do it, Stacy. It'd be a mistake, Stacy—"

Reid smiled at him coldly. "You'd


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better go join your friends, Piper."

"He doesn't like me," Piper said to Stacy. "I told you he was no good—"

A man approached their table with the captain. He was of medium height with dark, receding hair and a disillusioned face. He bent over Piper and said, "Come on, Paul, we're going."

With the elaborate deliberation of the very drunk, Piper turned around and looked at him. "Hi-ya, Ted. Good old Ted Stone," he said. "Ted, I want you to meet Stacy Forbes. You remember me telling you about Stacy Forbes. Ted, this is Stacy."

"How do?" said Ted. "Come on, Paul, we're ready to leave."

"Sit down," Piper said. "We're drinking champagne cocktails. They're godawful, I know, but that's what Stacy likes."

Stone went away and Piper maundered on, his sentences getting more disconnected. Reid looked at his wristwatch and Stacy pressed his arm sympathetically and murmured, "I'm sorry, darling."

"What did you say?" Piper demanded. "What are you whispering about?"

"We've got to be going," Stacy told him. "You'd better go back to your friends, Paul."

"That's all right. We're going, too," he said. "Look, let's all go up to my apartment. How about it?"

"No thanks," Reid said.

"How about it, Stacy?" Piper said.

Stone and two women came up to the table. One of the women was heavy-set and blond, the other a willowy brunette with a wide mouth and an elaborate hairdo.

Stone said, "Come on, Paul," in an impatient voice.

Paul stumbled to his feet and clutched the brunette. "Betty, my love," he said. "Betty, I want you to meet Stacy Forbes. You'll love Stacy. Everybody loves Stacy."

The brunette smiled sweetly and said, "We have to be going, Paul."

They finally dragged him away, but it was a noisy and laborious job. When they'd gone, Stacy put her fingers to her temples and said, "God help us! Isn't he a mess!"

Reid shook his head. "Was he always a bad drunk?"

"He didn't use to drink at all. I can see why, now."

"There's nothing worse than an old lush, unless it's a young lush," Reid said, and Stacy laughed.

Then she said, "It's a shame, really. He was a nice, entertaining guy when he was sober."

"That's what I've always heard," Reid said, and he thought, Well, so much for one of childhood's dreams. He said, "What would you like to do? Shall we try Twenty-One?"

"Sure," Stacy said.

Before their check arrived, Paul Piper came weaving back toward their table. He sat down beside Stacy again, putting his hat on the table and knocking over one of the untouched champagne cocktails.

"Oh, Lord," Stacy said, and, while a waiter mopped up the spilled drink, she said, "Where are your friends, Paul? You'd better go find them."

He waved an arm vaguely. "Stacy, baby. Do you remember me, Stacy?"

"How could I forget you, Paul?" she asked derisively.

"Now, don't talk like that. You know what, Stacy?"

"What?"

He struggled for words, but none came.

Ted Stone returned and stood beside Paul. "Are you coming with us?" he asked.

Piper edged his chair around so that his back was toward Stone. "Don't pay any attention to him," he whispered to Stacy.

Stone said, "Paul, God damn it, come on."

"They're letting an awful low class of people in here these days," Piper mumbled. "Have to speak to Toots about it."

Stone turned and left.

"You'd better go," Reid said, knowing it would do no good.

Piper called, "Captain! Three more champagne cocktails!"

"No," Stacy said, "we don't want any."

Reid said, "We're leaving, Piper."

"All right," Piper said, suddenly amiable. "Let's all leave. Let's go to my apartment. How about it?"

The waiter brought Reid's check, but Piper snatched it out of his hand and fumbled through a large roll of bills he drew from his pocket.

Stacy said to Reid, "It'll probably be simplest to take him home. He's about ready to fall down now."

Reid hesitated, but a mild curiosity about Piper's apartment got the better of him. "All right," he said.

PIPER lived in an enormous apartment overlooking Park Avenue. As they went up in the elevator, Piper kept clutching at Stacy. She patiently and determinedly kept disengaging his hands.

He had some trouble finding his key and then staggered in ahead of them, switched on a light, and led them down a hall to the living room. It was very large. There were a lot of books that gave the impression of never having been read, and a lot of handsome furniture. The room seemed unlived in.

Piper opened a bar cabinet and brought out bottles of whiskey and soda. "Make yourself a drink," he said to Reid, and then headed toward Stacy, who was sitting on a deep sofa. He sat down and put an arm around her, but Stacy pushed him off.

"If you don't behave, we'll have to go," she said.

Reid made two highballs and brought one of them to Stacy. "You're not friendly," Piper was complaining.

"We're friendly enough," Stacy said.

Piper took out a cigarette and lit it, burning his finger with the match. He dropped both match and cigarette on the rug and rubbed his face unhappily. Stacy picked them up and put them in an ashtray.

"I think he's working up to a crying jag," Reid said, eying him critically. Piper was so far gone that they could discuss him freely.

Stacy said, "I wonder if we should put him to bed?"















Suddenly Piper stood up and lurched toward a Capehart in a corner of the room. "Some music," he said. "I've got a surprise for you, Stacy. I'll play you some music."

He fumbled with the machine and the needle screeched as he dragged it across a record. Then he bent, intent and clumsy, over the record file, dropping one book of records and pulling others out indiscriminately. "I've got your records here, Stacy," he said.

She laughed. "You're having God's own time finding them."

He put a record on and Stacy's voice came out to them in a torch song. He turned triumphantly to her.

"Very touching," she said.

Reid yawned. "Let's get going," he said. He was bored, and wondered how he could ever have wanted to be like this low-comedy drunk.

Stacy stood up, too, but Piper rushed to her and tried to force her back onto the sofa. Reid went over and pulled Piper away from her. As Piper struggled angrily in his grasp, Reid could feel his body, thin and old and pitiful. Piper began to curse Reid and Reid let him go. He staggered and nearly fell down.

Stacy said, "Paul, you're acting like a fool."

Piper shrugged his coat into place and looked at them drunkenly. "Get out of here!" he said. "Get out!"

"With the greatest pleasure," Reid said.

"I'm ashamed of you, Paul," Stacy said.

Piper weaved over to the Capehart, where Stacy's record was nearing the end. He jerked the record from the machine and smashed it on the floor.

Stacy smiled at him pityingly, and said, "What a baby! You always were a baby."

She went into the hall and Reid followed. "Let's go," he said.

She hesitated, then called, "Goodbye, Paul," but Piper was sulking and wouldn't answer her.

Reid and Stacy went down the hall. Looking back, Reid saw that Piper was bent over the Capehart again. When Stacy opened the door, Piper straightened up and looked down the hall after them, his eyes unseeing and his face desolate and the apartment big and unimpressed around him. For a shocking instant, Reid felt that he was looking into the mirror of his own future.

WHILE they were waiting for the elevator, Stacy said, "What a drip!" Then she examined her face in her compact, and said, "How late is it, for God's sake?"

They came out on Park Avenue. A car went by them, trailing a few bars of music. The doorman said, "Taxi, sir?," and stepped out onto the street, looking up and down it.

"What's the matter?" Stacy asked Reid.

"Nothing," he said.

She put her head against his shoulder with a gesture of long-practiced compliance. "I'm tired," she murmured. "We do get mixed up with the deadliest people."

He looked at her and knew all at once that he was going to get married, maybe not to Stacy, but to someone, and soon. A panic urgency moved inside him. He didn't have much time left—the bleak years were just ahead.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

SOLDIER BOY FROM THE BRONX

SOMETHING in the newspaper Pa Gross held gripped in his hands impressed him. He sat erect in his chair, rocking his head from side to side in the manner of a moving target at a shooting gallery. "Tchk, tchk, tchk," he said. "Dijja ever?" He slowly lowered the paper and glanced over the rims of his glasses at his wife, who was rummaging through a drawer of the sideboard, where the household linens were kept. He waited for her to express some interest so that he could release the news he was bursting to impart. Mrs. Gross did not respond. Her face was completely expressionless. After a long and silent debate over the choice of a suitable tablecloth with which to impress Private Max Fine, their daughter's perennial suitor, who was home on leave and had been invited for "soppur," Mrs. Gross selected a wine-colored and tasselled item usually reserved for certain religious-holiday dinners. Her husband's eyes trailed her from the sideboard to the table, over which she flung the ornate covering, and they continued to follow her in her hunt for creases, which she vigorously patted down. At last Pa heaved a long and despairing sigh, his formal recognition that the news he was so interested in was not going to be solicited but would have to be volunteered.

Returning to the newspaper, he cleared his throat to summon his wife's attention. "No, sir, I can't believe," he said, and then paused, looked up over his glasses, and again waited for comment. Again no comment was forthcoming. "Is a story in paper from a sulljeh boy," he announced in an embittered voice. "He's just now coming beck from the war, and he's telling how he's falling donn mit his aaronplane right in middle the water. You hear? So he's taking a peckitch from the aaronplane, and right away is blung up the peckitch, and one-two-three is a liddle boat, is made strickly from robber. So he's sitting donn in boat all bime self—alone! *Nu*, so guzz by one day, guzz by two days, and is nobody finding him in middle the water. Guzz by a whole wikk, still in all he's alone in boat. Guzz by *two* whole wikks, and is positiffly the same thing, poor fella. Why I'm saying poor fella? Because he's stovving away in liddle pieces. Is not even a drop food to eat. You hear?"

Mrs. Gross looked up and for the first time showed interest in his story. "What'sa metta, is no sennwiches?"

"You hear a question?" demanded her mate of no one in particular. "Mrs. Stupey-Head, you think maybe is Freidkin's delicatessen sturr right in middle the water, ha?"

Under ordinary circumstances such heavy sarcasm would have evoked a blistering retort, but now Ma was much too concerned over the plight of the unfortunate pilot to pause in defense of her pride. "*Nu*, so what is mit the sulljeh boy?" she wanted to know. "Somebody is finding him, a-yeh?"

"Certainly! Comes the sixteen' day and is alluva sunn an aaronplane looking donn, they seeing the poor fella in boat, and right away they taking him away to a husspitil, *nebbich!* Tchk, tchk, tchk—sixteen days in middle the water!" Pa Gross chanted in a voice that was full of awe. "I betcha fa this he's gung to get a medal."

Mrs. Gross stopped arranging the dishes on the table. "Just a medal? That's all?"

"What you 'speck he should get—fife dollessin cesh money?" Pa Gross rose abruptly from his chair, scattering the pages of the newspaper over the floor. "'That'sall?'she'sesking! Dijjaever?"

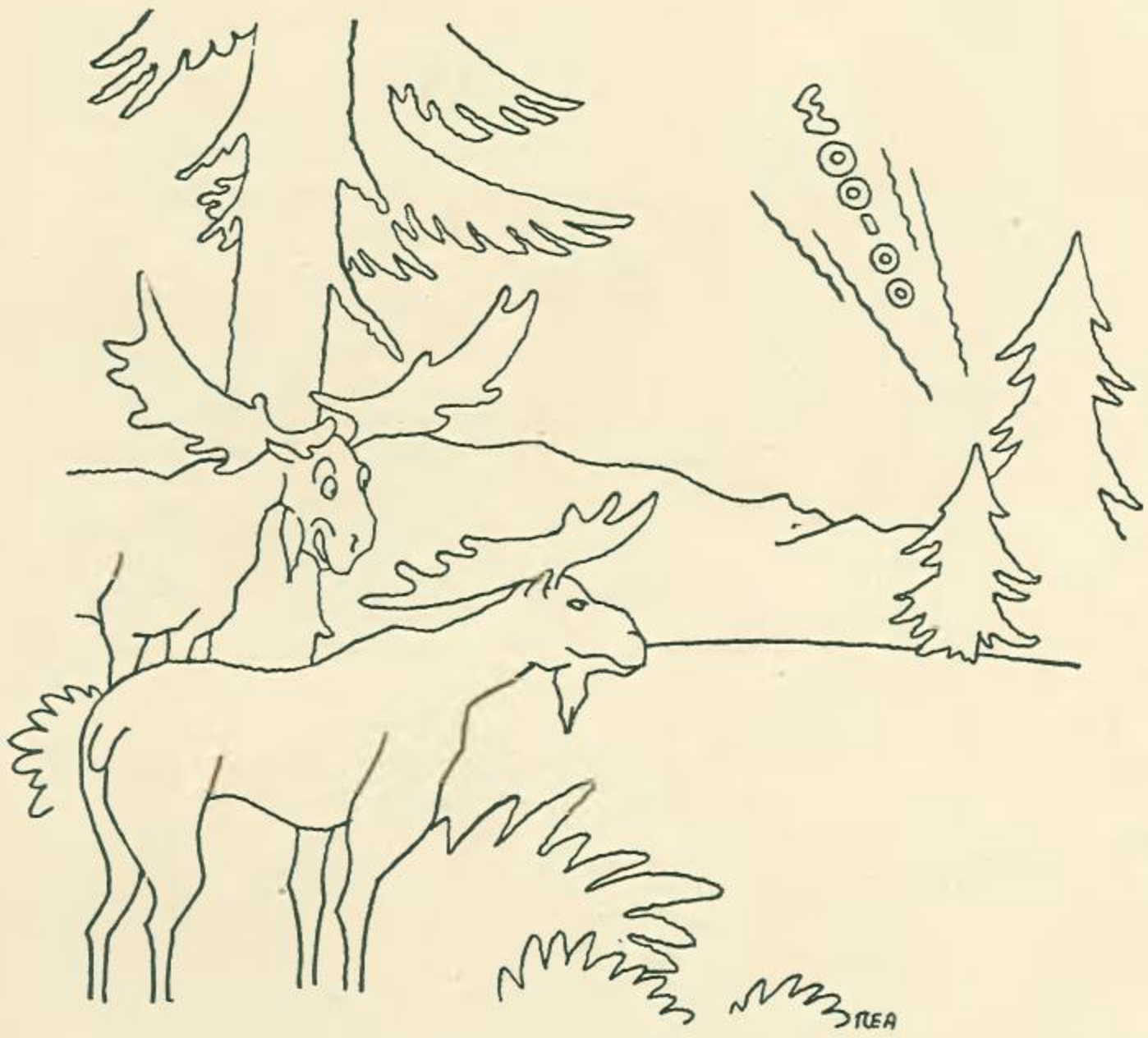
"Mr. Slop!" roared his spouse, pointing a finger at the strewn pages. "Lookit how he's thrung donn the—"

Before the sentence could be completed, Bella came tripping in from her bedroom, her pale-blue dress open in the back. "My goodness, you two!" she said, pouting in disgust. "A person would think they were in some institution or other fa deaf people, God fabbid, judging the way certain parties carry on around here." She spun around so that her back was toward her father. "Please, Pa, you mind kindly zipping me up in the back? Oh, by the way, Mom, how's the food coming along?"

"Is coming by uttermobile, the food. Is coming by train. How should it come?" Pleased with her rejoinder, Ma headed for the kitchen to see how the food was really coming along, but she was checked by the ringing of the doorbell.

"Gee whiz," Bella cried, "that must be Mac, and lookit me—I'm hardly even dressed yet! Please, Pa, you answer the door while I fix my face, it shouldn't look a sight."

Mrs. Gross frowned at her daughter as Bella scurried back to the bedroom. "Look, look, how she's rushing, mine firelady! What'sa metta," she called, "is maybe boining inside the mettress, God fabbid?" Once more the bell sounded, and this time it was Pa who felt the force of her scorn. "*Nu*, Mr. Piece-Wood, you gung to tend to the door, udder no?"



"I'm going to take a chance
and answer that one. They can't <u>all</u> be hunters."

THE nominal head of the house wearily scuffed his way down the dark hall to the accompaniment of his



"We'll be glad to put down your name, but I'm afraid we don't have many calls for people in your line."

• •

own muttered protests. "Believe me, is positiffly a pleasure to stay in shop. In shop is just one boss—Mr. Peroni, he should only bust in pieces—but here is a regelleh ladies' committee from bosses." He reached for the knob, swung open the door, and, at the sight of the uniformed figure standing hesitantly in the entrance, gave a loud and effusive greeting. "Fa'vensakes, is here Mexie Fine! Hello, sulljeh boy!" He seized Private Fine by the hand and began shaking it vigorously. "Such a lung time I'm not seeing you, Mexie. So how are you? Hommany days you staying, udder you must go beck right away? How you feeling? You in foist-cless condition? Listen," he went on, without waiting for a reply, "fa the same money you can come inside and sit donn awready."

"Gee, it's nice to see you again," Max said.

"Certainly! Uf cuss! Why not?" Chuckling, Pa Gross led the way down the hall. "So tell me, Mexie," he said, suddenly serious, "how is feeling the mamma? Is gung away her condition?"

"She's much better now, thank you. She's all up and around again."

"Thenks God. And the papa, how is?"

"Oh, about the same. You know. And how're you feeling?" Max asked politely.

"Me?" the old man said cautiously. "Listen, how should I feel?" Once they were out of the darkened hallway and in the dining room, Pa looked around to make sure there was no one at hand. "Come here, Mexie," he said mysteriously. "I want you should enswer me something."

"Surely," Max said, puzzled by this air of secrecy. "What is it?"

Pa had to rise on his toes in order to reach Max's ear. "Listen," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "what is mit this new kine bombess? You hear something?"

"You mean the atomic bomb?" asked Max, surprised at the question.

Pa tapped his arm and nodded complete understanding. "Mexie, if you don't want I should esk, don't tell. I don't wanna make you no trouble."

"Look, Mr. Gross, I haven't got any inside dope," Max hastened to assure him. "All I know is that if you drop one tiny little atomic bomb—"

"Is right away goodbye Cholly!" solemnly declared the old man, finishing the sentence. "Mit evveything—mit people, mit houses, mit duggies—mit evveything! Dijja ever?" Sighing, Pa eased himself into his favorite chair. "Could be such a wonderful woild mitout the bombess and pistils and fights. What'sa metta, is maybe something missing here in America? Go, give a look—you'll see is plenty beds to sleep, plenty food to eat, plenty moompickchehs to stend in line. Is finndished the war, so live, woik, enjoy! No!" he said sadly. "Must be fights! Must be all the time some people saying, 'What is mine belungs strickly to me. I got, you ain't got, so drop dett, you Jew, you bleck man, you Tollyin fella!' Believe me, I'm only wishing I should be the President, that's all."

"Of the United States!" Max gasped.

"Listen," Pa said in the tone of one aware of his own limitations, "I know I can't be because I'm not born here in America, but if—*if*, I'm saying, I could be the President, right away, the foist thing, no more wars!"

"How would you do that?"

"How?" Pa said. He paused, then hunched his shoulders in an eloquent shrug. "*Ai*, Mexie, if I was the President, *then* I would *know!*"

The door from the kitchen was pushed open by Mrs. Gross, who came bustling into the room, carrying two plates of appetizers and relishes. "Look, look, look!" she sang out. "A guest, alluva sunn!" Placing the dishes on the table, she sailed toward Max with her hand extended. "Hello, Mexie, dolling. So how you feeling?"

Bewildered by this unexpected outburst of cordiality from someone who had generally regarded him (if she regarded him at all) with apathy, Max managed a feeble reply, which Ma ignored to inquire about the state of his parents' health. "I esked, awready!" Pa said impatiently. "Is the whole femily in A-1 condition."

"Somebody is tukking to you?" Mrs. Gross eyed him coldly. "Dijja ever, the way he don't let a persin spikk two woids!"

Pa was about to assert his authority when Bella came hurrying into the room with a corsage of gardenias pinned

to her waist. "Hello, stranger!" she said warmly. "My, but I'm gladda see you, Mac, and I mean that from the very bottom of my heart."

"Me, likewise," Max said, pressing her hand. He surveyed her in admiration and, as he sighted the corsage, his features broke into a radiant smile. "I'm gladda see a certain party received the flowers I sent O.K."

"A liddle boy, a shrimp," Mr. Gross explained, "he came mit a peckitch from a flarr sturr. I betcha they chonging you a nice couple dolless, a-yeh, Mexie?"

"A question!" jeered his wife. "You think they grung on trees, the flarrs? Uf cuss is custing plenty!"

"They're simply stunning, Mac," Bella said gratefully. "But it really wasn't necessary, you know. I woulda taken the thought fa the deed."

"Strickly my pleasure, Billie. I was just undecided if I should send you roses, oney I thought perhaps you might prefer a corsage to go with your dress."

"Oh, I do prefer it, Mac. It so happens gardenias are my favorite-type flower on account they got such a lovely aroma to their smell. Well," she said, taking his arm and propelling him toward the living room, "supposing we go to the parlor while Mom prepares us a highly delicious supper. Call us when you're ready, Mom!" she shouted at the figure retreating kitchenward. It was then that she noticed her father nibbling at a pickle he had lifted from a plate. "Dad," she said sweetly. Pa Gross was too absorbed in the delicacy to hear her. "Oh, Dad," she said, this time more sharply. Again there was no response. "Pa!" Bella shouted.

"Ha?" The old man turned and eyed his offspring with an expression of innocence. "What is, pussyket?"

"It's impolite to pick at the food with your fingers, specially when there's company present."

"You should excuse," Pa said. Having thus acknowledged his lapse, he picked up a fork with which to spear an olive and, with his little finger extended as an obeisance to good manners, relayed it from the plate to his cavern of a mouth.

"Go talk to the four walls!" Bella said, sighing helplessly, and escorted her guest through the beaded portière into the living room.

"MY goodness, Mac," Bella said after they were seated, "I can't begin to tell you hommuch it's a pleasure to see you again."

"Might I say the feeling is mutual—I mean, as far as I'm concerned? Yes, Billie, it seems exackly like olden times—sitting here in the parlor, the two of us, conversing about this, that, and the other, just like we used to. You know, a certain individual has been on my mind a lot lately." He fixed her with a meaningful glance. "Namely, you."

Bella sat up, surprised and flattered by this confidence. "Me?" she inquired breathlessly. "In what way, me, might I ast?"

"Oh, you take, finstance, back at the post at night. Well, back at the post at night, long after taps 've sounded, there I am, see, lying on my cot with evvey bone in my body simply exhausted and begging fa rest. Yet somehow I can't sleep. And why? Because there's one part of me that's wide awake." He paused and tapped his forehead significantly. "My mind, Billie. It—it's like a big room with all the shades up and all the lights on. And a million-one thoughts go parading up and down that room. I keep thinking of the past—you know, my civilian life when I was a certified public accountant—and I keep remembering certain crazy, nutty things, like, finstance, that Halloween party at Jennie Gershkorn's house about, oh, three-four years ago. Remember?"

Bella nodded and smiled. "Natchelly I remember. I had lampblack on my fingers and evveybody knew it—evveybody excepting you. So there I was, stroking your face and telling you what a fine-type person you were, and evveybody was hysterical with laughter watching how I smeared you. Honestly, Mac," she said, chuckling, "you looked so comical, like half a clown."

Private Fine studied his hands for a moment, then said, "I knew right along you had lampblack on your fingers."

"You did?" Bella exclaimed.

"Certainly I did," he said. "Why, you even got a little smeared on my coat."

"Why, Mac Fine! And you never let on?"

"Why should I?" he said with a grin. "I liked the way you were stroking my face, and I liked the things you were saying. So why should I let on and spoil it?"



Bella tittered and waved her hand at him in a gesture of rebuke. "Honestly, I think you're simply terrible," she said.

Max recalled other incidents of the past, and whether it was his voice—so warm and friendly, intimating a feeling that had long been suppressed and inarticulate—or the fact that he had so short a leave, Bella Gross felt that he was about to commit himself to a more important and perhaps permanent rôle in her life, and that she could safely encourage him.

"You know, Mac," she said, pulling her chair closer to his, "I been contemplating certain matters lately. Take, finstance, boys in your category—you know, the armed forces. To me, you boys in the armed forces are just like the United Nations. But precisely."

"Wait a minute," Mac said. "I'm afraid you're getting just a teenchy-weenchy too deep fa me, Billie. Frankly, I don't get you."

"Well, to my way of thinking, the boys in the armed forces—be they in the Army, Navy, Marine, or what—they oughta be doing what the United Nations are doing." She saw Max's blank expression and hurried to explain. "Well, after all, Mac, what are the United Nations if not a lotta individuals from all over the world uniting themselves together? And that's what you boys oughta be doing—uniting yourselves with—well, with certain individuals so you can go ahead and do some postwar planning just like the United Nations are doing, but oney more on a personal scale, if you follow what I mean."

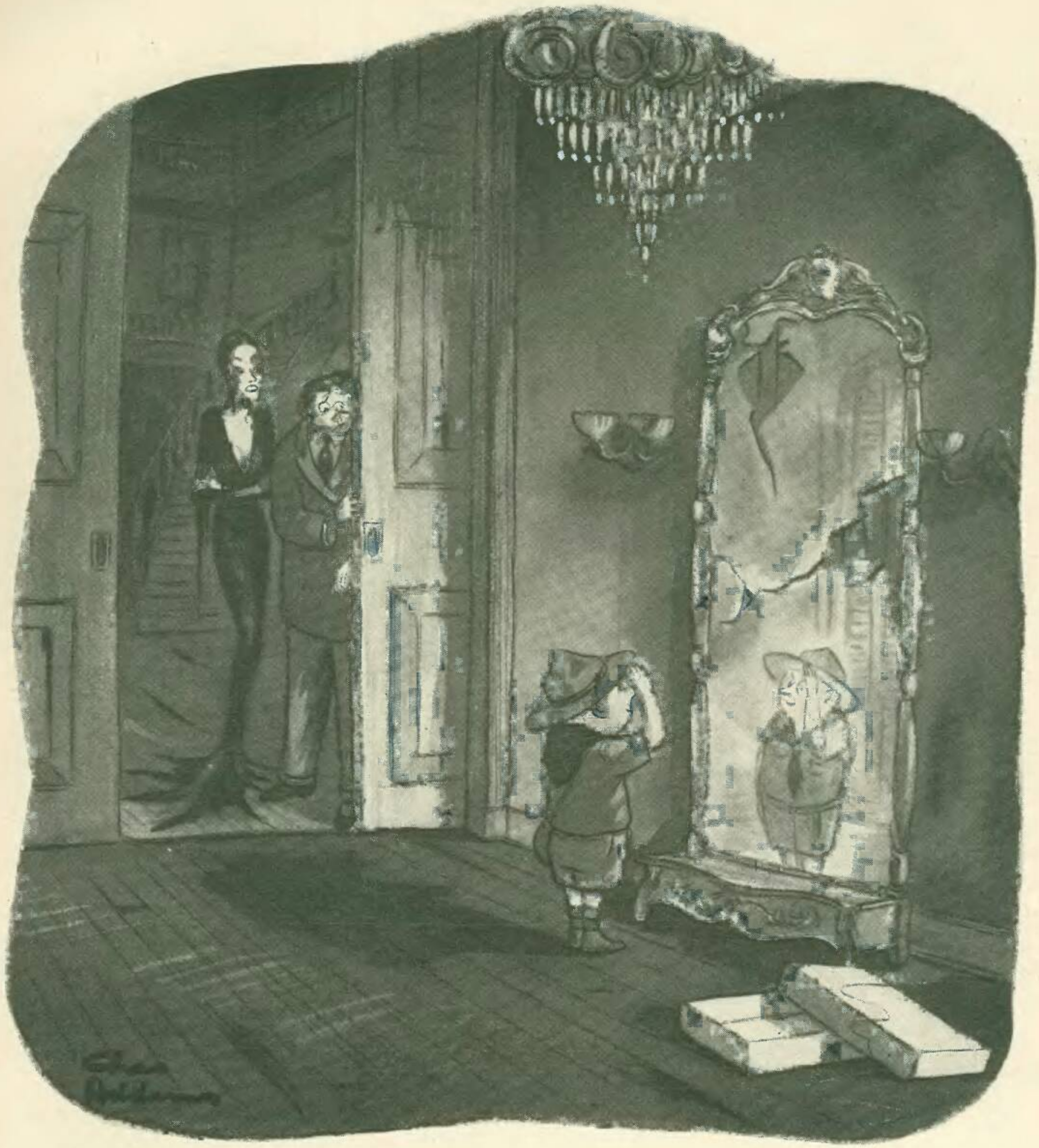
"Now, isn't that funny?" Max exclaimed. "I been thinking precisely the exack same thing. About the future, I mean."

"Waddeya know? A coincidence!" Bella said, beaming.

"You see, Billie, evvey day there're new income-tax laws passed and people are getting themselves so confused and mixed up they simply dunno just where they're at. O.K., so who's gonna help the public if not the C.P.A.? I tell you, Billie," he declared, spreading his hands, "we certified public accountants are gonna be worth our weighth in gold! Yep, once I'm honorably discharged from the Army, I got some very big plans ahead."

"Yeah?" Bella said. "What, finstance?"

"Well, finstance, the very first thing I'm gonna do, I'm gonna



"Well, he certainly doesn't take after my side of the family."

• •

break completely away and get a place strickly fa myself."

"Your—your own home?"

"No, Billie." Max seemed surprised at her lack of understanding. "My own awfice! Say, what'd you think I was talking about?"

She was spared the embarrassment of a reply, for her mother called from the dining room, "*Nu*, so come inside, evveybody, is ready the soppur. And believe me, Mexie, you gung to lick by you the fingehs, is so delicious mine cooking!"

Bella rose from the chair. There would be another time, another opportunity, she thought, and then she would manage things differently. She forced a smile, pushed the beaded portière aside, and waved her guest toward the dining room. "*Ontray*, kind sir," she said.

"Thank you, mine hostess," Max said graciously.

"You're welcome, mine guest." Bella made a deep and elaborate curtsy and followed him in.

—ARTHUR KOBER



PROFILES

THE ELEGANT TUGBOATER—I

EUGENE F. MORAN, a lively, dapper little man of seventy-three, is the president of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, the biggest tugboat business in the world. Traditionally, tugboaters are huge, profane brawlers, seasoned by wind and river water and hostile to the niceties of life. Moran has never conformed to this design. Of all the tugboaters everywhere, he is perhaps the chief for elegance. On occasional trips aboard his boats, he presents an uncommon and refreshing sight. Jauntily got up in a sports jacket and slacks, with a bow tie and an expensive beaver, he steps around the deck with the happy detachment of a first-class passenger on the Queen Mary. As a rule, he climbs down to the galley for a noonday snack with the men. There, as the tug bucks and heaves, as the dishes jump and rattle, and the oil-stained crew scramble for the catsup and bologna, Moran sits gracefully lunching. "Excellent coffee, Fillipowitz," he may observe to the cook, and then prance out on deck to see how things are moving. An axiom of tugboat people is that once a man takes up the business he never leaves it. Moran has been a full-time tugboater for only fifty-eight years, so his colleagues feel that he may roughen up yet.

The several hundred employees of Moran's company do not resent his high polish. Instead, they seem to draw nourishment from it, much as the crews of clippers used to take pride in an especially fine figurehead. This analogy is misleading, however, because Moran is actively established at the tiller of his firm. He oversees all operations in a bland, unassuming, cotillion manner that conceals rocklike opinions, knows most of his workers by name, and remains solidly fixed in their affections. Stokers have been known to crawl up for a look at him, after rumors of a particularly catchy ensemble, and then, much stimulated, crawl back and stoke like crazy men. Moran is only vaguely aware of his inspiring effect on his crews, but he always rejoices to see them so animated. The president, who is five feet five inches tall, has white hair, parted on one side, and a permanent look of impish gaiety. As a result of riding tugs in all kinds of weather, and of using a sun lamp, his face and hands are fashionably tan. He has a great variety of upper-class clothing, much of it quite rakish, and dresses with country-club precision even if he's only going across the harbor with a bargeful of fertilizer. All in all, Moran looks much younger than his seventy-three years and not unlike the little man on the front of *Esquire*, although his features are not so pudgy.

THE Moran company owns and operates twenty-eight tugboats in and around New York Harbor, of which fourteen are equipped for deep-sea work, and in addition is temporarily operating forty-nine War Shipping Administration tugboats. These last are based at various ports on both coasts and require crews with long experience in professional tugboating. The company's offices are on the twenty-fifth floor of the Whitehall Building, at 17 Battery Place. They command a wide view of the harbor and the East River and are within earshot of several docks. Until fairly recently this was a prime necessity, as considerable of the company's business was negotiated from a window ledge on the East River side. Assignments were given to idle tugs tied up below through the simple expedient of having a man crawl out on the ledge, which has an iron railing, and carry on a discourse through a megaphone. This system was good, but it had flaws. Moran himself has a high, squeaky voice, and on windy days his directions often got no farther than the railing. Also, some of them came through in garbled condition. There was a good chance, after he had screamed down, "Hey, Joe, run across the river and look around for a second-hand boiler!," that a crew would proceed to Sandy Hook in search of a Scandinavian oiler. The possibility of that kind of error was eliminated not long ago by the installation of a public-address system. The company's dispatcher now speaks into a microphone on the twenty-fifth floor and the orders emerge from a loudspeaker nailed to the side of a shed on a Moran pier.

Competition between tugboaters is still spirited, but the business has undergone refinements in the last few decades. At one time there was a certain tension in the relations among rivals in the trade. For example, when two boats belonging to competing firms passed at close range, it was standard procedure for the crews to exchange greetings in the form of curses and missiles of various kinds. It was not unusual, during a particularly warm hail, for the enthusiastic hands to throw away a good percentage of their coal, and also shovels, chairs, rope, frying pans, buckets, shoes, hams, and toilet seats. The owners viewed this mid-river camaraderie with mixed feelings; it had a certain value in keeping up the morale, but it caused a noticeable sag in the profits. Today, all the companies, of which there are sixty-three in New York Harbor, strive amiably for the available business. They work together on difficult jobs, use one another's docks, and in general coöperate in any way whatever to save time and money.

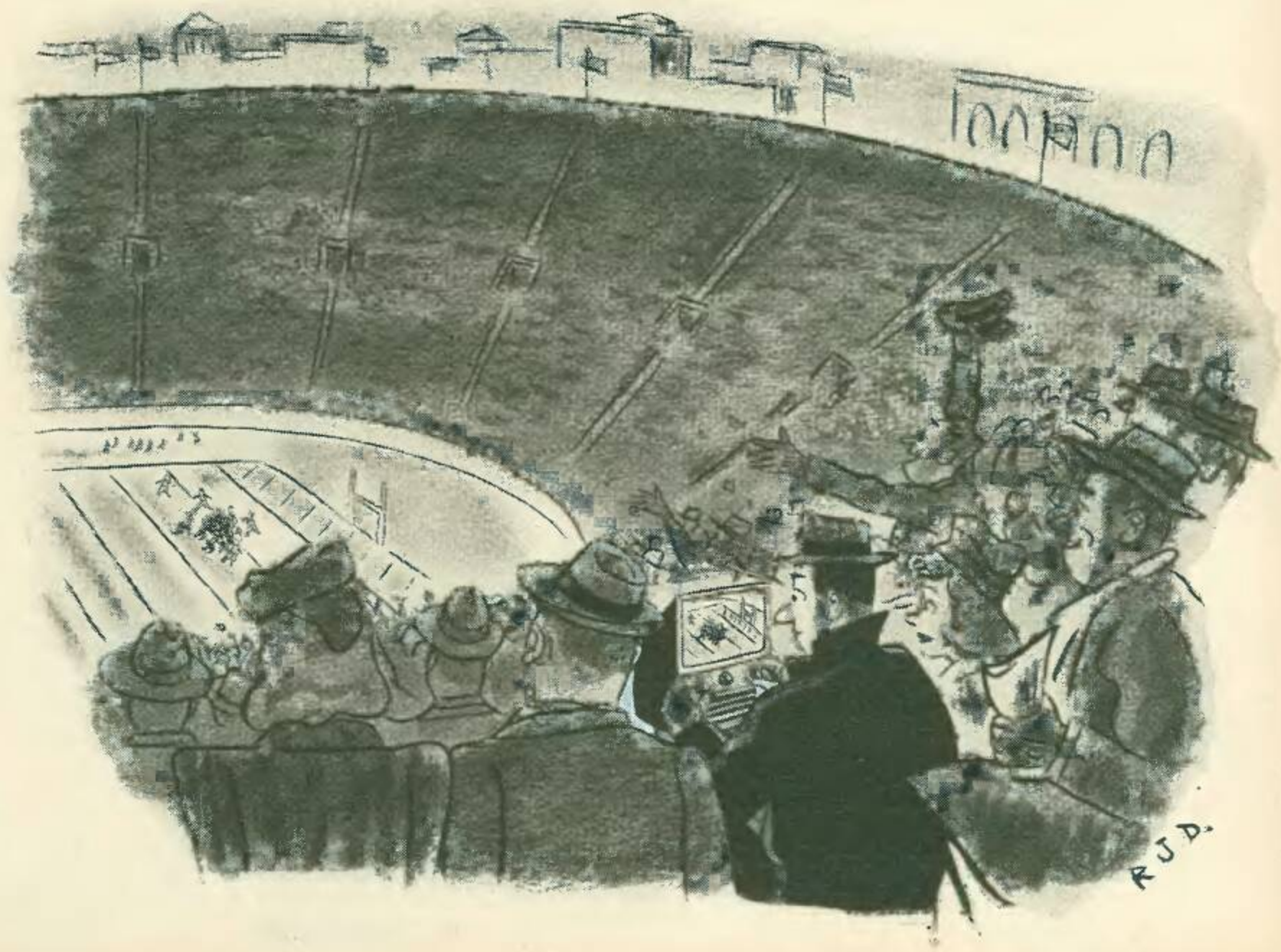
A tugboat is, essentially, a big marine engine just barely afloat. The main idea is to pack as much power as possible into a small space. Moran tugs, from the standpoint of power, are of three kinds: steam, Diesel, and a combination of Diesel and electric. From now on, the company intends to buy only Diesel-electric engines, since they can be throttled down to a much lower speed than the others. This is very handy in maneuvers that require holding a big ship almost stationary for several minutes in a tricky current. Moran boats working in New York Harbor vary in length from eighty-eight feet to a hundred and thirty-three feet and in horsepower from four hundred to nineteen hundred. In addition to the power plant and fuel compartments, a tug has quarters aft for a crew of eight, a galley forward, a pilot house, and usually a high stack. A tugboat master, whose chief duty is piloting, goes by the title of captain. Once a man gets to be captain of a tugboat, he enjoys the

benefit of that occupational honorific for the remainder of his life. It is a distinction of considerable eminence, and a tugboat captain's neighbors treat him with deference, even though his total activity during his period of command may have consisted of several dozen trips pushing a garbage scow in the late eighteen-nineties. As a rule, tugboat crews, working in the open air and riding around seeing the sights in the harbor, are good-natured, but they become peevish if asked to work long periods of overtime. Their usual working day is eight hours. When suppertime comes, they knock off like anyone else, lock up their boats, step ashore, and go home on the subway. They may, however, remain on the river continuously for a week if a number of urgent jobs turn up in close succession. At these times the men, when they pass the company's offices, will gather at the rail and shout up suggestions. "Come now, Moran," they may yell, "we need a barber on here!," or "You'd better put a census taker aboard, Moran! This crew hasn't been ashore in several years!" Sometimes Moran will appear on the window ledge and wave gaily, then hustle back to line up some more jobs for them.

Tugboating in New York Harbor falls into two general divisions, known as "transport work" and "barge work." Most tugboaters vastly prefer transport work, which is considered to be the aristocratic side of the business. It includes jobs like berthing the big liners and pushing cargo ships up and down the harbor. Operations of this sort, involving property worth millions of dollars, require highly skilled captains and crews. Nearly all transport men have graduated from barge work, which consists of short trips pushing railroad floats, cattle barges, and garbage scows and is, in the main, unglamorous. Whereas the majority of the men who push barges around frankly aspire to higher things, a few intentionally go on year after year where they are, having some unusual affinity for either cattle, railroad cars, or garbage. One deckhand, looked upon as something of a curiosity by his fellows, retained all through his early maturity a childhood ambition to be a bum. But what with one thing and another, he never could get around to it. Now that he is a tugboater, he often finds the opportunity to stretch out in an empty freight car, and his contentment has reached its zenith. Another man, whose family was forced to move from a midland farm when he was twelve, is particularly delighted by the garbage jobs. "They seem to soothe me," he says. "I can lie out on deck and close my eyes and see the old family place—barn, pigsty, and all." It is romance of this kind that makes tugboating so cherished by its practitioners.

Despite the pleasant interludes with liners, cattle cars, and garbage, the operation of tugboats is filled with hazard. New York Harbor and its tributaries are not the most tractable of waterways. There are places—such as Corlears Hook, where Manhattan Island bulges into the East River; the Kill van Kull, between Staten Island and New Jersey; and the stretch at Hell Gate just below the Triborough Bridge—where it is touch and go, no matter how skillful or careful the piloting. The East River is more treacherous than the Hudson. Its waters are turbulent, its currents are unpredictable, and its banks and bottom are lined with jagged rocks capable of ripping a vessel wide open. The tide in the East River runs at an average of four knots, which is twice as fast as that in the Hudson. In the early days of tugboating it was standard practice for a pilot and his crew to take on a personal cargo of rum before tackling Hell Gate with a big schooner. Around Corlears Hook the wild currents and sharp bends compel the use of eight or nine tugs on a job that in ordinary waters would require only one. It is Kill van Kull, however, that causes tugboat skippers to speculate wistfully about some other line of work. Frequently, in that waterway, it is necessary to negotiate a channel thirty-five feet deep with a loaded tanker drawing thirty-four feet. What gives the cruise special flavor is the consideration that scraping bottom would probably cause enough friction to ignite the gasoline and blow both tanker and tugboat somewhere beyond Trenton.

Although the Hudson (usually called the North River by harbor men) is relatively dependable, it has its quirks. For example, there are times when the top twenty feet of its water is travelling in a direction opposite to that of the water underneath. Moving a giant liner drawing thirty-eight feet through this marine argument calls for delicate handling. The Hudson's irascibility is largely seasonal. During heavy fall nor'westers and spring floods, tugboat pilots maneuver ships into Hudson piers with respectful caution. In confined,



swiftly moving waterways like the Hudson and the East River, a big ship with her power shut off is a capricious and dangerous charge. For reasons unknown, a liner in this condition, unless the accompanying tugs are handled almost perfectly, is likely to bound off in any direction without notice. In waterfront language, this is known as "taking a sheer." When that happens, the tugs must jockey the ship back into position before it hits something. One of the more difficult operations in recent tugboat history, in which several companies participated, was the moving of the Normandie, completely dead in the water, from the Navy Supply Station in Bayonne to a pier in Gowanus Bay. On this trip the Normandie took six sheers; during the worst of them she missed Governors Island by only a couple of hundred feet. Had she hit it, one tugboater said, the debris left on the beach would have been worth about forty dollars as salvage. Almost any kind of collision involving ocean-going ships is costly. A medium-sized freighter rapping against a pier may stave in a lot of plates, and a good bump can knock down the pier shed and tear out a row of expensive pilings, not to mention the interesting things that might happen to the dock workers in the process. Not long ago a Liberty ship was whipped around by a vagrant East River current and thrown into the side of an aircraft carrier. A tugboat, caught between them, was cracked like a hickory nut, fortunately without serious injury to any of its crew. A ship attended by several tugs recently got out of control while docking and smacked against its pier. Although the accident was not important enough for notice in the newspapers, the damage to the pier and the ship exceeded seventy thousand dollars.

The Moran company has a safety record that tugboaters the world over admire. Moran likes to point out, with a laugh, that his safety record is no accident. It is rather, he feels, a heritage from his celebrated father, Michael Moran, who founded the company in 1860. Tugboating goes back to the early days of navigation in the Thames. Big English sailing ships would come in, loaded up with valuables from India and China, and then, catching a perverse breeze, distribute them along the river bottom. This was an extravagant sort of voyage; the owners indicated that unless something could be done, it would be cheaper to dig up a cargo of mud at Land's End and make a much shorter trip. The crews took to breaking out rowboats and towing the schooners in and out, but this was never very satisfactory. At length, as frequently happens, somebody got an idea. In this case it proved to be an employee of the Clyde Shipping Company. He suggested, in 1819, that small boats driven by steam might be used to eliminate a lot of disagreeable rowing. Steam vessels of one kind and another were beginning to be much in evidence, following Robert Fulton's successful demonstration in 1807. The Clyde company found the steam towboats a useful innovation, and the idea spread. The first tugs in New York Harbor were small river packets that picked up extra profits, in slack seasons during the early eighteen-twenties, by towing sailing vessels to and from Sandy Hook, or the Hook, as this region is known in the tugboat world. Some of the packet owners soon concluded that hauling square riggers was financially sounder than hauling passengers and freight, and they started building vessels to serve only as tugs. In the early days contracting for jobs was marked by a kind of informal merriment. Some of the tugboat captains hung out at Fisher's Saloon, on South Street, waiting for private tipsters to bring tidings of an incoming vessel. These tipsters were usually Western Union employees who kept on the look-



CONNECTICUT VALLEY

Call it the richest pocket of the world,
Which rumored in the ear of Milton's breed
Once bore the freeborn Englishman across,
Or from God-ridden Massachusetts, down.

A while the Indian stinking from his paint
Stalked the white villages and counted scalps
But turned, lacking concealment, to the hills,
Or else fell, richer by a musket ball,

Leaving the land divided, as were fit,
Between the men with implements to scratch,
Rescratch and smooth and currycomb the dirt
March after March unto the present hour.

Good Yankees these, and round about the sane
Practical hearts who fashioned all the nails
For the new nation, carving in spare time
Wooden nutmegs to sell to willing fools;

Ruling themselves by blue laws, painting pure
The plain church, blending beauty with the snow.
Death for adultery in the pretty towns
And strictness in the fields for centuries.

After three hundred years the motorist
Happening by may marvel at these streets
Where every dwelling bears the building date
In homage to the beauty of great age;

Where every ghost is laid, knowing how well
The pride of house is kept, both in the fields
Where dark tobacco sweetens under gauze,
Cows calve, corn stretches to the yellow sun;

And where on lawns the Sunday gentry meet,
Insurance writers, toolmakers in tweeds,
The fibrous sons and daughters of the state
Driving hard bargains through the afternoon.

—KARL SHAPIRO

• •



"Major Crabtree is going to tell us some of his experiences as a rubberneck."

• •

out for messages containing shipping information. If the news arrived that a four-master would be lying off the Hook at dawn, the captains would retire to the back room for a business conference centering on rum. The last man on his feet was privileged to board his tug and zigzag toward open water. Later on, as competition grew, the tugs stayed at Sandy Hook, their masters scanning the horizon with telescopes. At the first sign of a sail, the tugs would head out under full steam. Faithful reports have described the ensuing scene at the schooner as one hell of a mess. The rule was that the first tug to secure a hawser got the assignment. Frequently, by the time this legal detail had been attended to, most of the tugs were pretty leaky and crippled and the schooner itself was partly stove in.

MICHAEL MORAN, father of the current president of the Moran company, put a stop to the marine horseplay that used to characterize the trade. His affections had been transferred from the Erie Canal to New York Harbor in the fall of 1860. Michael had arrived from Ireland, with his father, five brothers, and one sister (his mother died on the voyage over), and settled in Herkimer County in 1850. The boy was thirteen. He went to work driving the mules that walked alongside the Erie Canal pulling boats back and forth. It was, he felt, monotonous work for an adventurous spirit. Scenically, it had its limitations, and there was nobody to talk to, conversation with a mule being more or less one-sided. He often reflected that although he was making some progress, he was making no more than the mules. After a few years of this he decided that, quite literally, he was getting in a rut, so he bought a boat of his own. He first operated it on the canal, but he soon made occasional sorties down the Hudson, hauling mostly grain. By 1860 he had acquired several more boats and didn't care if he never laid eyes on another mule. He shifted his headquarters to New York and, while continuing to transport grain on the Hudson, studied the tugboat business. It was, he saw quickly, chaotic. In 1861, Moran established a tugboat agency, which eliminated the prevailing haphazard method of obtaining assignments. In 1862, he married a Brooklyn girl, Miss Margaret Hagarty, and began thinking about a family. Eugene, his first child, was born in 1872. Not long after Michael's marriage he bought his first tug, a side-wheeler named Belle. In the next several years he bought other tugs and started naming them after his children, and then after his cousins, nephews, and nieces. His decision to use family names, his friends felt, was probably a labor-saving device, since the Morans were spreading like ivy. At present, the company's twenty-eight boats all bear Moran names, and numerous members of the clan are still unrepresented. The first headquarters were at No. 14 South Street. In 1880 they were moved to No. 12 South Street, and in 1898 they slipped another cog, moving to No. 10. They have been in the Whitehall Building for the past thirty-nine years. This last step was ordered, as a means of giving the enterprise tone, by Eugene Moran, who became president when his father died, in 1906. For several years before that, Eugene had functioned as the active

head of the company while Michael saw the sights in Florida and California.

The tradition of Michael hovers over the company like a guardian angel. During his long tenancy he ran things with what is described in novels as an iron hand. He was bold but pious, and he tolerated no monkey business. He lived with his family in Red Hook, a region of Brooklyn whose forthright manners often caused him severe pain. Michael was a large, sinewy man. His years with the mules had given him a muscular outlook not always associated with piety. As his fleet of tugboats grew, he often found it necessary to use a fleshly approach in refining the general spirit. Upon finding a couple of his subordinates drunk and brawling, he would seize them and start banging their heads together, meanwhile crying out admonishments mixed with Scripture. Under the stress of anger, he sometimes chose particles of Holy Writ that seemed irrelevant to his over-all message. "Gentlemen!" he would roar, giving their heads a smart rap. "Be kind, place your trust in the Lord. [Rapping again.] Look ye unto the hills, watch your language, confound you! [A particularly lively whack.] Straighten up, get back to your jobs. What God has joined together let no man put asunder!" Michael was especially biassed against profanity; after hearing all he could endure, he delivered an edict to his employees that strong language was out. "Work up some substitutes, men," he said. "You'll find a lot of dandies." Several of the deckhands experimented with things like "Shucks," "Consarn it," and "Drat," but they gave it up early, quietly returning to their sturdy native eloquence.

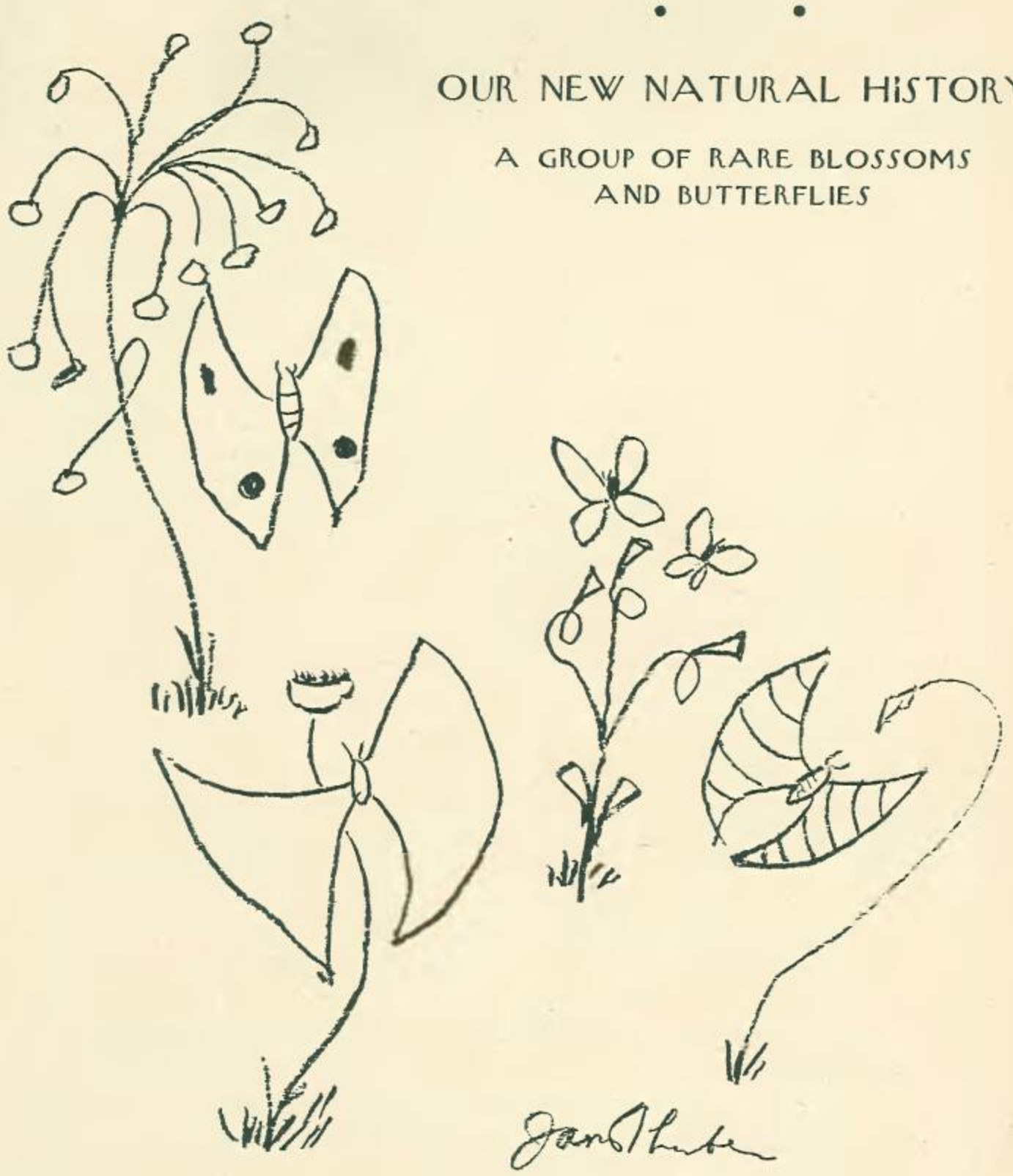
The founder of the Moran company, despite his natural wish to make money as rapidly as possible, was a stickler for caution. He disliked taking chances with other people's property; it offended his sense of thrift. Consequently, he expended an unusual amount of time drumming carefulness into his crews. On the surface, this extreme devotion to safety seemed gratuitous, but, as his successors agree, it has proved remunerative in the long run. Rival tugboaters have occasionally called the Moran outfit sissified, but such trifles have caused no change in the company's policy. In the early days of the business, some independently operated tugboats exhibited a festive, rakehell attitude toward their work. Abstractedly hooking onto a valuable cargo ship, they would swing gaily through the harbor, the whistle tied down, the captain drunk, and the crew playing seven-up in the galley. It was sometimes possible to trace their course by the deposits of paint left on the sides of such harbor furniture as buoys, docks, anchored ships, and other maritime objects. These boats, which have since disappeared from view—downward, for the most part—made both the elder Moran and his son Eugene shudder violently. Eugene Moran likes to point out that his company now has contracts with most of the steamship lines that operate the largest vessels. "It's our reputation for taking pains," he generally adds, looking vaguely like Michael.

Among the steamship companies they handle is the Cunard-White Star Line, whose Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth have lately been engaged in bringing American troops back home. The expected arrival of one of these giants fills the Moran offices with tension. Moran and his staff keep looking at their watches, and Moran mutters things like "One forty-six. A little beyond Ambrose Light Ship," and "We ought to get her whistle now any minute." The very large ships usually plan to leave Sandy Hook shortly before the tide in the Hudson ebbs its last. At this time the job of easing any liner around the end of its pier and down alongside is much simpler. One day recently, the first hoarse call of the Queen Mary, carrying a record load of troops, was heard in Moran's office just before two in the afternoon. The president scrambled up, grabbing a pair of binoculars, and, with his white hair flying, ran like a deer up six flights of stairs to the roof. Other Moran workers were already on the stairway, but their employer, taking three steps at a time, passed them easily. As he opened the door at the top, the ship again sounded her whistle, lengthily, and then added four quick blasts—the V for victory. The powerful vibrancy of the noise was stirring; two girls standing near Moran began to sniffle into handkerchiefs. "There!" one

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OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY

A GROUP OF RARE BLOSSOMS AND BUTTERFLIES



Flowers (left to right): Baker's Dozen, Shepherd's Pie, Sailor's Hornpipe, Stepmother's Kiss

Butterflies (left to right): The Admirable Crichton, the Great Gatsby, the Magnificent Ambersons (male and female), the Beloved Vagabond

YOUR "POSTWAR DREAM" RADIO IS ON ITS WAY!



THE HEPPLEWHITE—New, automatic radio-phonograph in a beautifully finished cabinet of Hepplewhite inspiration

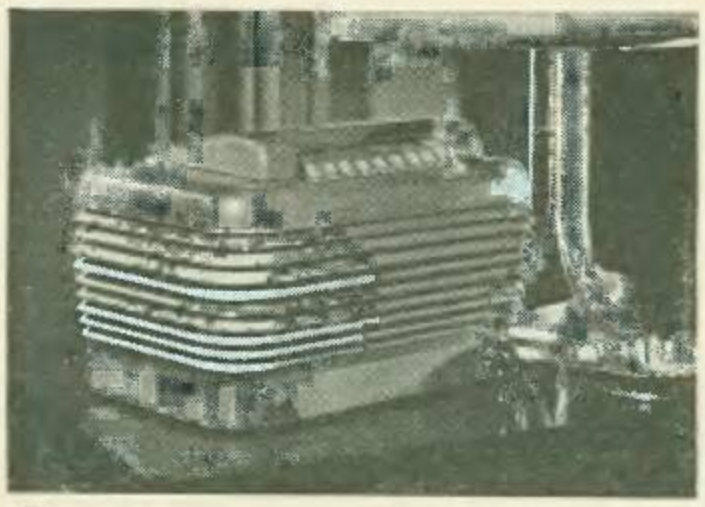
Thanks to new production techniques, Stromberg-Carlson quality is now offered in a wide range of models and prices

If you have ever dreamed of owning a truly fine radio, a thrilling experience will soon come your way. You will step into your radio dealer's store and listen to the new Stromberg-Carlsons. And suddenly you will find yourself in a new world of musical beauty and perfection.

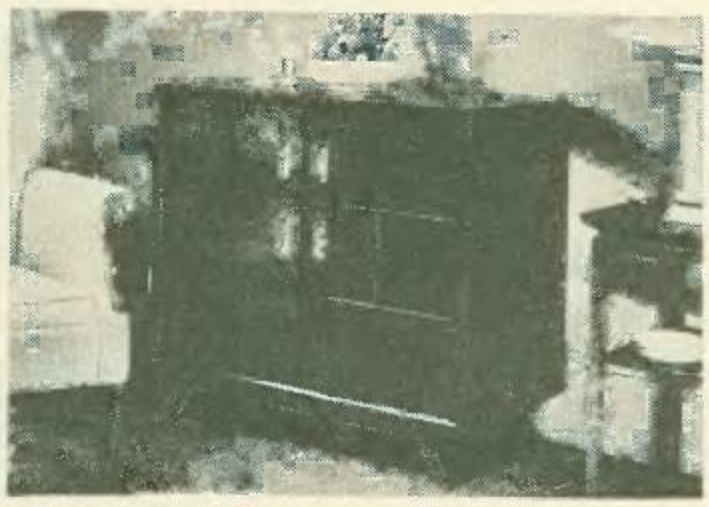
Rarely, except in the concert hall itself, have you heard music as the new Stromberg-Carlsons bring it to you—with such purity of tone, such naturalness of reproduction. You will listen entranced . . . and then will come the pleasantest discovery of all. This supremely fine musical instrument can be yours at a price easily within your means, thanks to new production techniques developed by Stromberg-Carlson during the war.



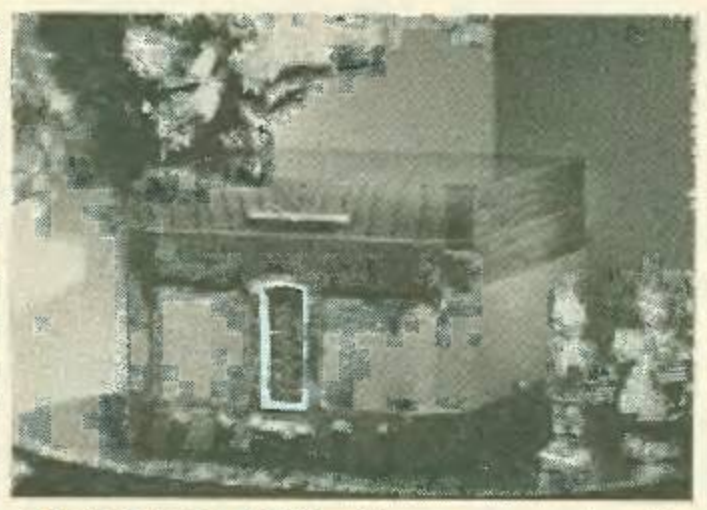
THE 18th CENTURY—Automatic radio-phonograph in rich mahogany or walnut veneers with hand-rubbed finish. Standard broadcast, 2 FM bands and an international short-wave band. Built-in album space . . . a superb instrument for any home.



THE DYNATOMIC—Imagine Stromberg-Carlson quality at a price within the reach of all. This ultra-modern table radio in brown or ivory plastic is built to the same high standards and with the same peerless craftsmanship as the larger Stromberg-Carlsons. Inexpensive—a table radio you will be proud to own.



THE NEW WORLD—Automatic radio-phonograph in beautiful but completely functional cabinet designed for tomorrow's living, in walnut or mahogany veneers. Standard broadcast, 2 FM bands, international short-wave band. Extraordinary reproduction of broadcast or recorded programs.



THE BEAUX ARTS—Compact automatic radio-phonograph in modern walnut and fabric cabinet. Standard broadcast and international short-wave bands. Magnificent performance for small radio-phonograph.

For the main radio in your home . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1945, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
IN CANADA, STROMBERG-CARLSON CO. LTD., TORONTO

LISTEN: NOVEMBER 3, 1945

Can you whistle the theme song of the "Gypsies", or the "Eskimos"?

Where and when was your first crystal set anyhow?

Will you ever forget that first fight broadcast—that four-way battle-royal between the boxers, and you, and static?

Were you listening that very late night in the 20's when the radio suddenly woke up and said, "We've just heard that Commander Rogers and the crew of the PN9-1 have been found, safe, off the coast of Oahu!"?

Remember when a fruit company ran a code station and caused certain radio fans in Boston to complain: "That operator talks to every blank blank banana on every one of their blank blank ships!"?

There were giants indeed in the land in those early days of radio.

So throughout America the week of November 4 is to celebrate free radio's first twenty-five years. The air will be brilliant with fond and thoughtful reminiscence. From Sunday through Saturday CBS alone plans thirty programs tracing radio, before and behind the scenes, through its first lively generation. One of them is Norman Corwin's new version of *Seems Radio Is Here To Stay*. Every single one of them will be more than ordinarily worth hearing.

★



Percy H. Johnston, chairman of the Chemical Bank and Trust Company, called us up the other day to ask who was going to use an old 5-inch derringer pistol he had on his desk. Just came in, he said, from a friend in Kentucky who wanted him to deliver it carefully to the network.

Back in 1868 Frank and Jesse James walked into the old Southern Bank in Russellville, Kentucky, shot Nimrod Long (the president) and took away the cash. They later returned the money because Long's father had put their own father through divinity school. But on their getaway they dropped the gun, and the Longs have had it ever since.

Well, CBS has a notable story-teller on the air name of Milton Bacon. Bacon was visiting Nimrod Long's grandson in Russellville...that's George Briggs, the mayor. George told Milton about the gun. So the other day Milton wrote George and asked him if he might borrow the gun for use on a CBS television broadcast November 13, and George said sure.

Fearing it might get mislaid. George sent it to Percy Johnston for reliable delivery, and that's how Percy happened to call us up, and you can see the gun on your television receiver on the 13th, from WCBW, New York. Frank and Jesse will positively not appear.

★

Were you on stage or in the audience the night of May 5, 1891—the opening night of Carnegie Hall? It was an all-Tschaikowsky program, conducted by Tschaikowsky.

If you were there, Andre Kostelanetz wants to see you. He's broadcasting an all-Tschaikowsky program Thursday night, November 15, on CBS at 9 p.m. EST. If you were a member of the original orchestra, maybe you'll get a chance to perform. If you were just a listener, you may be asked to say a few words.

★

The cast, the writers, and director were going through the script of a *March of Science* program on the *American School of the Air*. The subject was "*Steam Pressure: The Story of James Watt's Life and Adventures.*" The dialogue got pretty thick in an explanation of the latent heat in steam. The director suggested rewriting, but it re-wrote even thicker. Someone said how about leaving that part out. Then Michael Artiste, 12 years old, cast as the young James Watt, stepped forward and said:

"Latent heat means that a pound of steam imparts 6 times more conductive heat than a pound of water of equal temperature."

After a brief pause for adult humiliation, the rehearsal went forward.

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

of them cried, pointing. "There she comes!" The liner, huge and wartime-gray, was standing majestically up the foggy harbor, her decks packed with figures in khaki. Other horns and whistles in the harbor started to blow, and so did many on the Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Jersey shores.

The Queen Mary was to dock alongside Pier 90, at the foot of Fiftieth Street. At Twenty-third Street she would slow down and Captain Mason of the Moran company would go aboard, ascend to the bridge, and take command, relieving the Sandy Hook pilot and the ship's master, Captain Fall. Ten tugs would then approach and take her lines for the berthing operation. Most of the tugs would work from her port side, holding her against the slow tide and warping her gently around the pier.

Just now the tugs were carefully keeping at a distance. The Queen Mary, displacing ninety thousand tons, was travelling at eight knots, setting up a suction that might easily be fatal to a nearby small craft. A Navy blimp was flying a few feet above her stacks, and one of the old Sandy Hook boats, which would take off casualties, was trailing astern. By the time the liner was abreast the Whitehall Building the harbor noises were deafening. Hoots and whistles from tugs, tankers, oilers, ferries, factories, and railroad engines filled the air, and ticker tape floated down from office windows. All the girls on the roof were sniffling now, and Moran, looking through his binoculars and passing them around, was jiggling up and down in his excitement. Through the glasses the faces of the soldiers showed clearly. The expressions were curiously uniform—tense, desperately watchful, tired, and a little frightened. But quite happy. "By gad, sir," cried Moran, his eyes shining. "That is a rare fine sight!"

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Moran.)

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WHICH LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

In normal peacetime years the net income from U.S. box-office receipts barely meets the cost of most Hollywood pictures. Profits come almost wholly from the foreign market, of which the British Empire is by far the most important segment.

—Life, October 8, 1945.

For though it is not true, as widely believed, that American producers depend for their profits upon the world market, it is true that the British market, one-half of the entire foreign market, often accounts for a profit that would otherwise be a loss.

—Fortune, October, 1945.

Here are the new United Mainliners YOU helped design



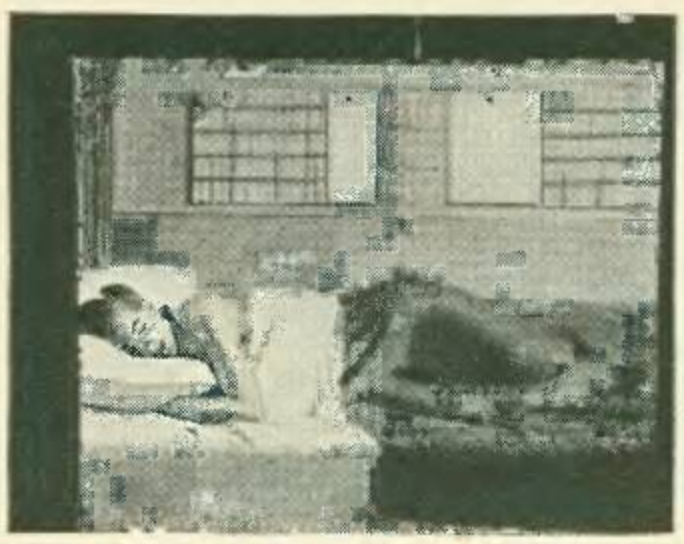
As a typical traveler, you've had an important part in designing United's magnificent new 4-engine Mainliners. We asked many thousands of people to give us their idea of The Perfect Mainliner for the Age of Flight. And it was from their 418,000 replies that the final details of these enormous new planes were determined.



LUXURY AND NEW COMFORT ALOFT are assured in this handsome interior. Spacious accommodations for 52 daytime passengers . . . two stewardesses . . . pressurized cabins offering near-ground atmosphere at smooth upper altitudes.



LIVING-ROOM COMFORT in these new specially designed reclining chairs reserved in advance. Individual, indirect lighting . . . air conditioning . . . new wide windows giving a superb view . . . 5-mile-a-minute speed that devours distance.



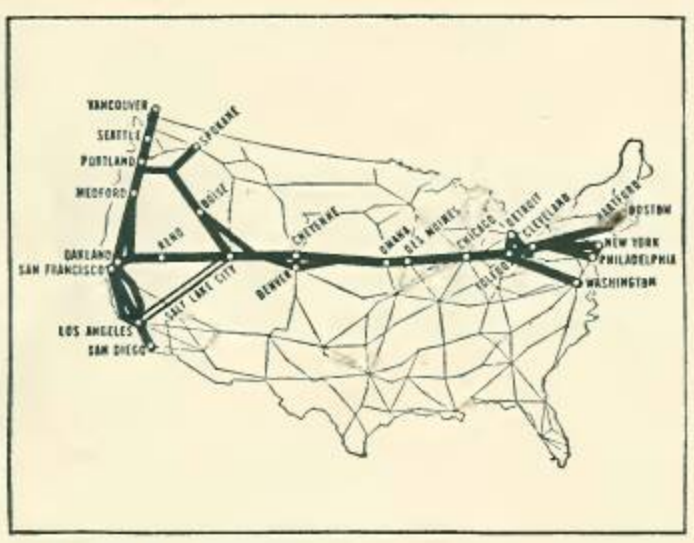
NIGHT FLIGHT, too, is a memorable experience in the luxurious new Sleeper Mainliners. Extra-long, extra-wide lower and upper berths offering utmost privacy. You'll find slumber in the sky more restful than in any other kind of travel.



EXCELLENT MEALS are a Mainliner feature. Your favorite dishes prepared in our own commissaries . . . served with our compliments, piping hot from a new-type galley — insurance that United will continue to lead with delicious food aloft.



LADIES' LOUNGE presents new refinements and comforts for air travelers. And there's a modern dressing room for men, too. Your new half-million-dollar Mainliner's great size provides more room than ever before.



STRAIGHT, STRATEGIC is the route followed by Mainliners. Serving 53 cities from coast to coast, the famous Main Line Airway offers convenient arrival and departure times . . . fast, direct service . . . fares to suit your pocketbook.

These are some of the new and exciting luxuries you will enjoy when the first new United Mainliners are delivered in June, 1946. Gliding through the smooth upper air at speeds up to 300 miles an hour, these great Mainliners will carry you from coast to coast in 10 hours or less. And with United's new low fares, you will enjoy the speed and luxury of these remarkable post-war Mainliners at less than the cost of first-class surface transportation.

UNITED AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

THE THEATRE

MOURNFUL NUMBERS

IF the theme of "Beggars Are Coming to Town," by Theodore Reeves, had to be compressed into a single sentence, I should say that it was a vicious attack on double-entry bookkeeping. Frankie Madison, formerly a partner in a speakeasy, has come back to take his place in the restaurant world after doing ten and four in the jug on a homicide rap. Naturally enough, the world has changed during the fourteen years he was away. The joints of the prohibition era have disappeared, to be replaced in this specific case by something called the Avignon, a rather silly dump, said to employ the best salad man in the world and all agleam with gossip columnists, haughty figures from the *Social Register*, cigarette girls got up to look like those drawings that caused *Esquire* so much embarrassment with the Postmaster General, and supercilious waiters formerly employed at the Jockey Club in Buenos Aires. Although Frankie is somewhat confused by these high-class accessories—in the old days, he dealt with the Dutchman's mob and all you needed was a couple of good boys to ride the trucks—he isn't really intimidated by them and plans to move right back into the picture with his old partner, now the proprietor of the Avignon, an oily scoundrel who has embraced the ways of high society, even to the point of joining the Book-of-the-Month Club.



There is some resistance to Frankie's idea, largely on the very debatable theory that a man who insults a columnist must be out of his mind, and he tries to enlist a few competent rods to take over the joint. This, however, is harder than it sounds. The hoods who worked for Schultz and Diamond and Madden and Fay are either dead or else they have fallen on very dismal ways—one, to everybody's disgust, has even joined the Police Department. In the end, he succeeds in rounding up four seedy, middle-aged specimens, strictly small-time stuff, and they start to work. The obstacle that confronts them, however, is not superior violence but the curious fact that the Avignon is not a simple restaurant, as it had appeared to their innocent eyes, but three interlocking corporations, inconceivably tangled and owned by people all over the world, most of whom are strangers to the management. According to a bookkeeper known as Abadaba (as I recall it, there was a real Abadaba, employed by Jimmy Hines, and he could do quadratic equations in his head), it is impossible for Frankie to cut himself into the Avignon because no such place exists, at least on paper, and, if it did, it could hardly be said to belong to anybody in particular. Confronted by this mad but irrefutable logic, Frankie just decides to give the whole thing up and wanders off to look for some less mystical line of work, perhaps rolling lushes.

As "Broadway" once demonstrated, a night club is a fine setting both for comedy and melodrama, and Mr. Reeves' idea of making his hero the victim of the terrible intricacies of corporate law rather than the guns of his colleagues certainly has its possibilities. Except for the single scene that makes this point, however, the play is remarkably tiresome and silly. Frankie and a noble cigarette girl called Florrie Dushaye (inevitably her real name is Katie Gilligan and she comes from East St. Louis) are united against the black forces of integral calculus in a species of love interest; there is a good deal of special conversation about the technique of running a night club that ought to be effective but isn't, perhaps because Mr. Reeves is rather too naïve to understand just why places like the Stork Club are funny; and there is even a three-piece orchestra, which plays "Dardanella" and "Avalon" in an only slightly inaccurate attempt to recall the great days of the Hoover administration. It is an elaborate try, but since Mr. Reeves has neglected to provide himself with anything that looks like a plot and doesn't write very well anyway, it is also just about as dull as a genuine night club is often apt to be. Luther Adler, as the worldly though fractional proprietor of the Avignon, gives a performance that intelligently stops just this side of burlesque; Paul Kelly and Dorothy Comingore, as Frankie and his girl, play these discouraging parts with far more spirit than they deserve; and George Mathews, as an old-school torpedo who can't seem to learn new tricks, is pretty funny in a hopeless, baffled sort of way.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN's "The Theatre Book of the Year—1944-1945" (Knopf), the third in this series, appeared a couple of weeks ago and reaffirmed its author's position as the sauciest, most opinionated, and on the whole the most rewarding commentator now dealing with the stage. Sometimes Mr. Nathan's indignations drive him to sentences of staggering length and impulsive syntax, heavily burdened with educated reference, and sometimes he is impelled to revert to an idiom carried over from the *American Mercury* and the days when salvation seemed to lie in outshouting the barbarians. In damning a minor vulgarity called "School for Brides," for instance, he writes, "The cameo, in short, enjoyed all the attributes of a garbage-can save only the latter's somewhat less overpowering stench," and there may be something in this arrangement of words that defeats its own purpose. Most of the time, however, he is informed, perceptive, and eminently readable, qualities both valuable and rare at a time when most criticism apparently proceeds from a blank hostility to the English language together with a total absence of coherent standards, and when one newspaper, in what must be a spirit of levity, employs a reviewer who persistently operates on a level of irresponsibility almost inconceivable in metropolitan journalism. Mr. Nathan's book, to get back to the facts, will give you some idea of the nature of every entertainment that appeared in New York last season. Considering the generally depressing quality of his material, he has done a very lively and satisfactory job.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

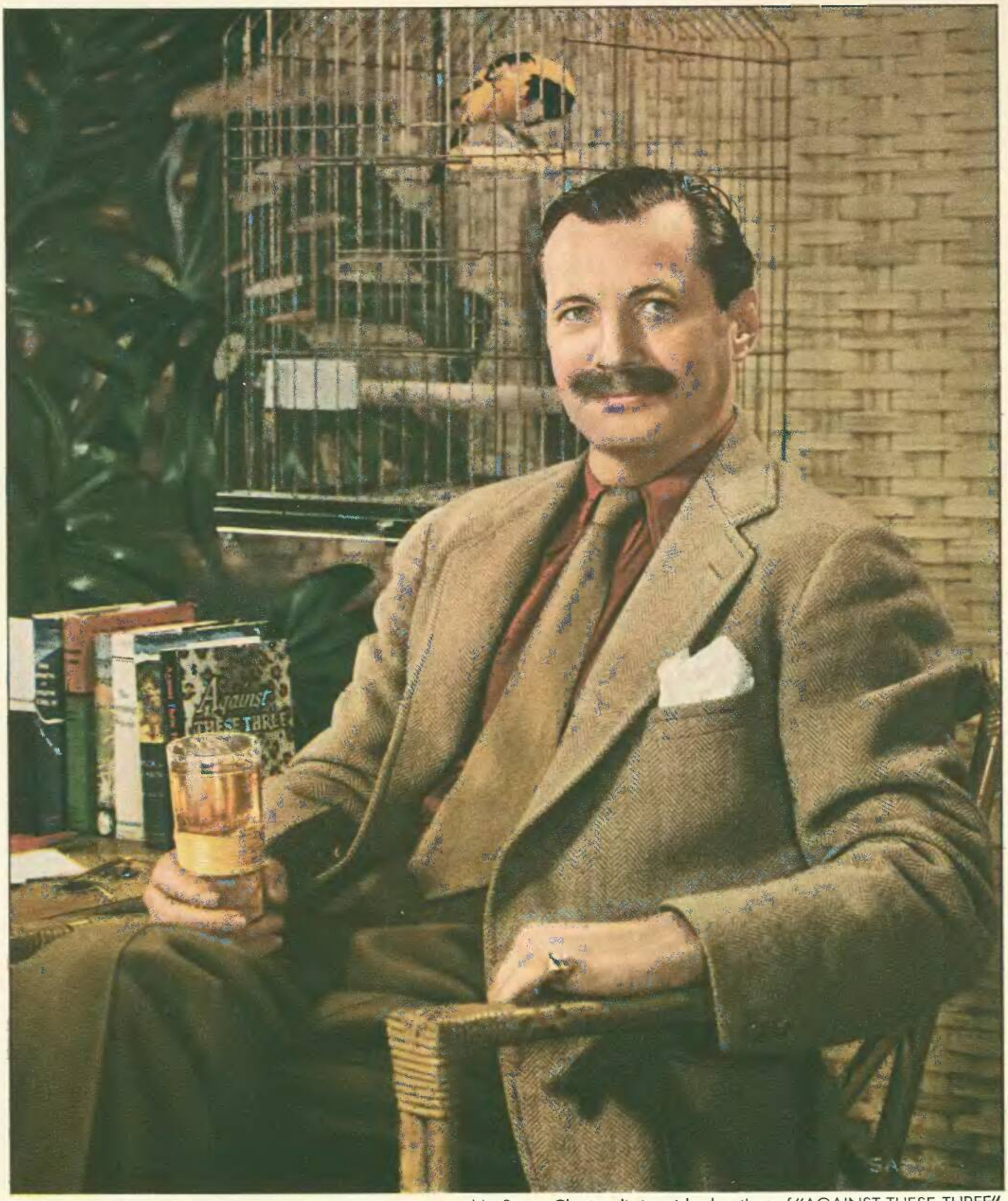
[*Adv. in the Savanna* (*Ill.*) *Times Journal*]

Pheasant shooting opens in N. Dakota Sept. 29th. The daily limit is eight. You may ship 40 birds home. License is $20.00. Frank Nicoletti, "Taz" Evans and Howard Platt will shoot geese and pheasants at Huron, S. D., about Oct. 19th. It is 650 miles from Savanna.

Our complete funeral service is within the price range of everyone.

LAW FUNERAL HOME


LUXURIA
CLEANSER
BEAUTIFIER
BARD AYER
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER



Mr. Stuart Cloete, distinguished author of "AGAINST THESE THREE"

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

"CUSTOM" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest... Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America. So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... it has never been produced except in limited quantities. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

OF ALL THINGS

THE President's speeches in Washington and New York have not dispelled a widespread fear in other parts of the world that the possession of the atomic bomb has made us a menace to civilization. Even Mr. Truman practically admits that the rest of the planet ought to pass a law against us.

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Most scientists are opposed to the May-Johnson bill, which would establish tight government control over nuclear research. Professors have been heard to claim that it would cramp their style to have nine commissioners in their long hair.

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Shortly after the United Nations charter to promote permanent peace was ratified in Washington, millions of New Yorkers flocked to the river to look at our powerful fleet. It is possible, of course, that they just wanted to bid our fighting ships a last farewell.

•

The result of the French election is, in one respect, completely revolutionary. The voters decided to do away with the quaint old custom of having a cabinet crisis every Thursday.

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Complete returns from Outer Mongolia show that the vote in favor of independence from China was 400,074 to 0. This is unquestionably the landslide to end all landslides.

•

Venezuela's successful revolution seems to be in the direction of democracy, but we have been fooled about things like that before. It might be advisable to welcome the new regime with open arms and crossed fingers.

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Our candidates for Mayor have expressed their views on such matters as Palestine, the Polish problem, world peace, and atomic power. We certainly ought to know now just who is best fitted to run the City Hall.

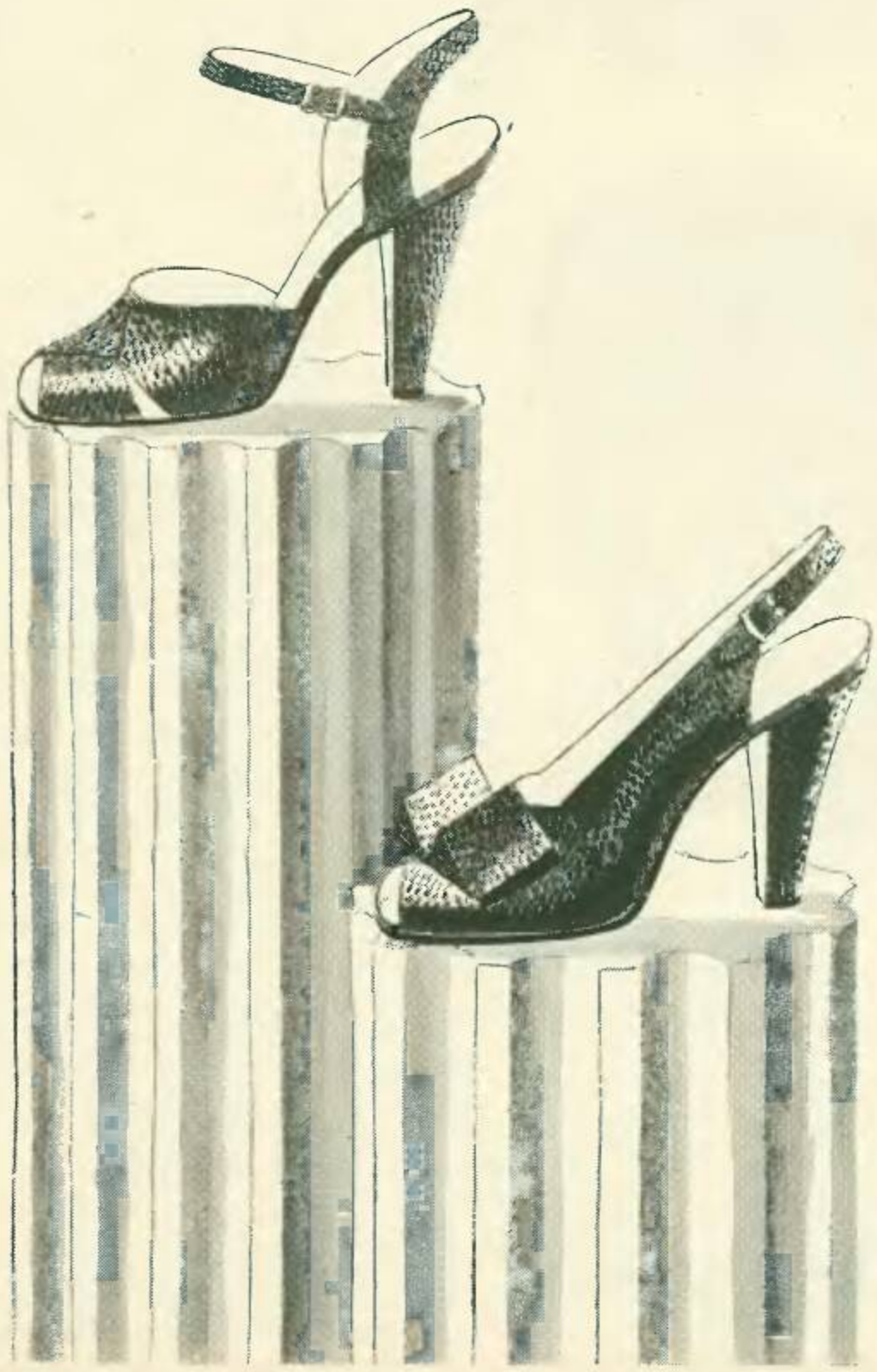
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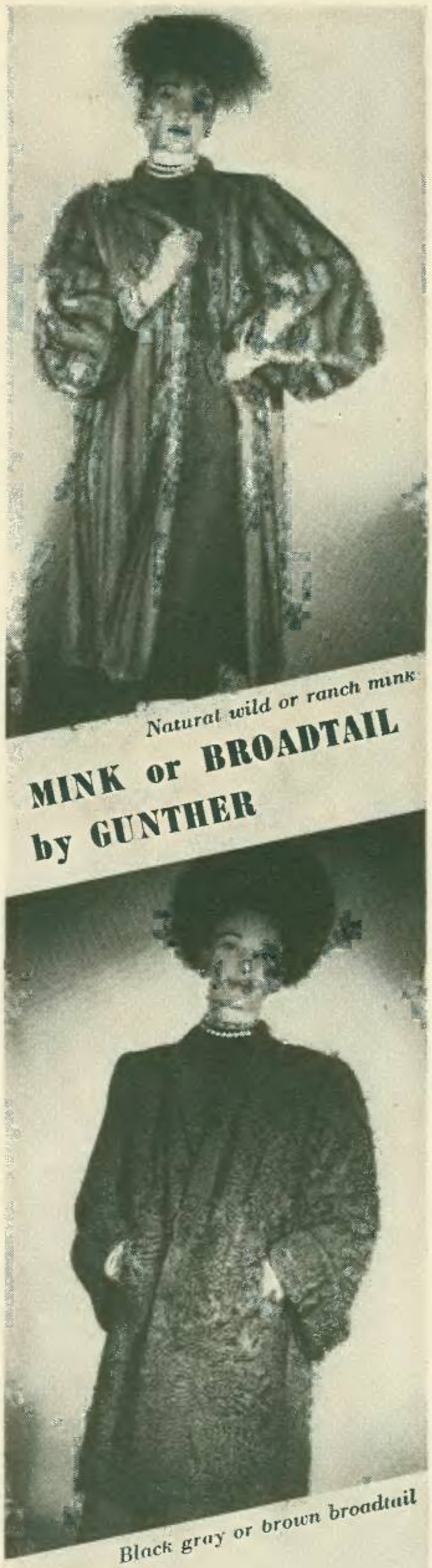
The tax bill shaping up in a conference committee will bring more relief to corporations than to private citizens. Evidently many congressmen feel that our rugged individuals can stand up to adversity better than our rugged individualists. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57
NEW YORK

Bronze Lizard
by La Valle

Walk with Mercury's winged step in these magnificent footwear fashions by La Valle. Exciting new bronze lizard in the *Cassandra* sandal or *Aurora* pump.





LETTER FROM PARIS

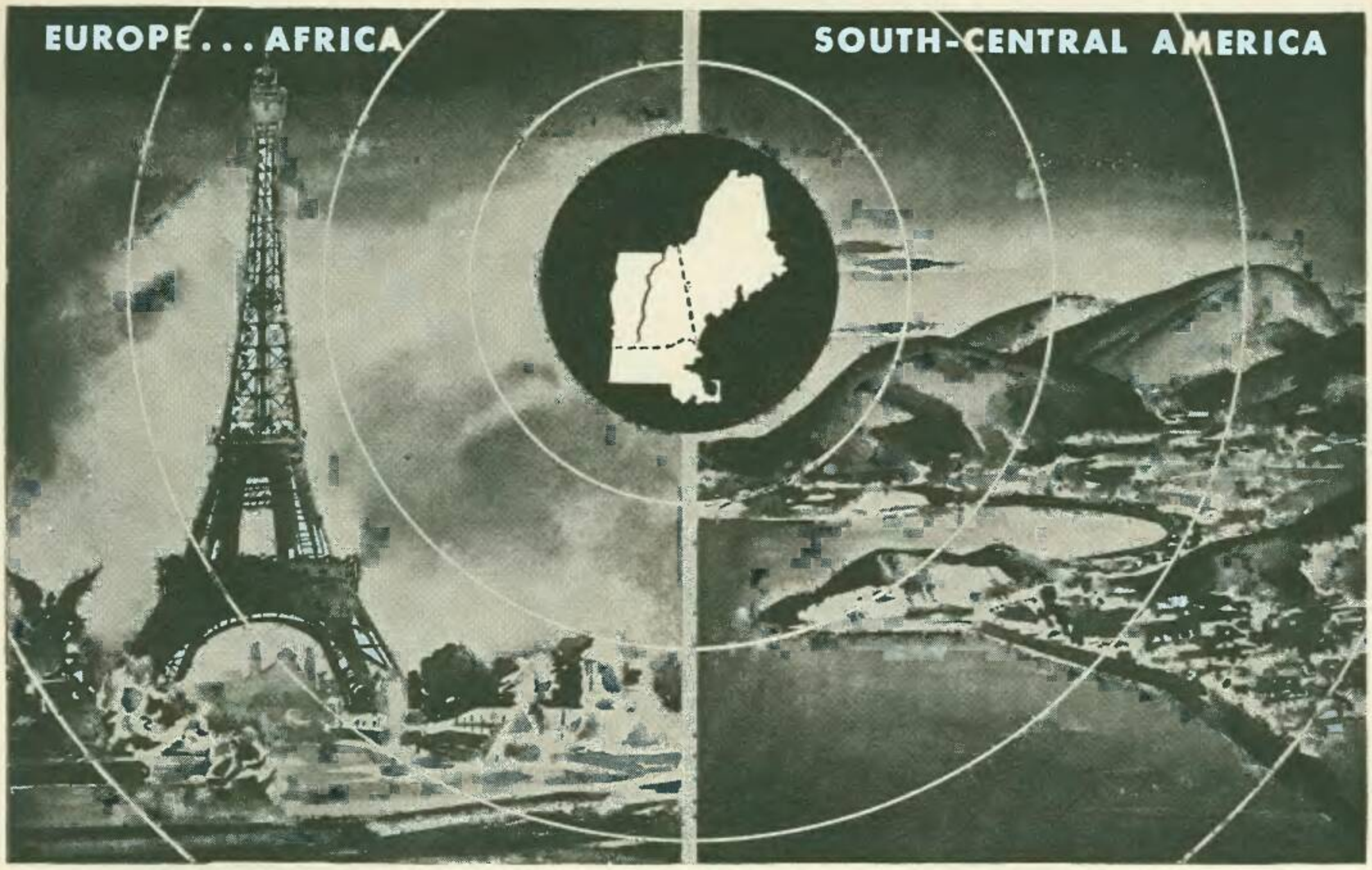
OCTOBER 25 (BY WIRELESS)

NEVER before in living memory has a bitterly contested French election made a trio of rivals so happy as the Communists, the Socialists, and the new Popular Republicans are right now. One way or another, all of them won in France's first national election since before the war. The world waited over the weekend, with unusually flattering attention, to see how France would choose. France chose three things, all different. Madame La Quatrième République is starting out like a woman with three hands, two Left and one Right, the Communists and Socialists being on the side closer to her newly reawakened revolutionary heart and the Popular Republicans on her other, purse-carrying side. The Sunday elections killed the Third Republic, for the people voted enthusiastically to abolish its constitution of 1875. Probably nobody but the meticulous General de Gaulle has even reread the old constitution lately; no newspaper reprinted it for final inspection; and no candidates who were against it ever quoted from it to show what was wrong. The single sad post-election cartoon showed Marianne, symbolic figure of the now late Third Republic, gazing pitifully at the baskets of votes against her that were being brought to her deathbed, from which she wailed, "And not one love letter in the lot!"



Everything in the elections was stimulating and topsy-turvy. Sunday, at midnight, the Rue de la Paix office of *L'Aube*, official morning gazette of the Popular Republican Party—which, if it had remained Resistance and Catholic, as it was supposed to, would have come in fourth and not third—opened up with loudspeakers which blared French jazz, French light opera, and the intermittent, incredible statement that the Popular Republicans were coming out on top in a landslide, a statement which nobody believed. Monday morning, the Communists' *Humanité*, still waiting nervously for what turned out to be a heavy provincial vote to roll in, cautiously headlined merely a "considerable Republican success," the word Republican lately having become their euphemism for Communist. Since the, for all practical purposes, full returns weren't in until Monday afternoon, it wasn't until Tuesday morning that *L'Humanité*, as surprised as anybody else, headlined the truthful cry "*Victoire!*" However, by that time the Popular Republicans' *Aube* was out with a banner that screamed "*Triomphe!*," which in its way was also true. About all that was left for the Socialists, who had come in second and had practically guaranteed to arrive first, was to run, in their *Populaire*, a rambling set of headlines, in eight sorts and sizes of type, which mentioned a "Crushing Majority" in favor of a new constitution, announced a handsome victory for themselves, made a grudging admission that the Communists "seem to have preserved their voters of one month ago," and added a final phrase about the Radical Socialists' and the Right parties' being squashed, which was only half true. Indeed, Léon Blum's first post-election editorial task in *Le Populaire* was to eat his words about the Popular Republicans' not being Right. As the man in the street figured, "*Tout de même*, the Right had to go somewhere. And even the Right couldn't hang out with the Radical Socialist Munich-men party any more." Tomatoes were twice thrown at ex-Prime Minister Edouard Daladier, the diehard Radical Socialist ex-chief, by country audiences on whom he was pressing his candidacy for reëlection. Blum was not only still too fatigued by his Buchenwald captivity but also too wise to put himself in Daladier's position. He ran his party—into second place—but he didn't make the political error of running himself for office. The French citizen was sick of the old, bitterly disappointing, though perhaps well-meaning public faces left over from before the war. As de Gaulle had pointedly and brutally said, France wants the "new and reasonable."

IT'S a wonder the elections passed off so calmly and left the voters feeling so strong. The voters had been warned about so many things not to do that they might have been rattled. Because this election was complicated by a referendum and was desperately important, and because lots of voters were débutants at the urns, they were told what not to do before they left home for the polls. They were told not to forget to bring their elector's card, their identity papers, and a fountain pen—or at least a colored pencil, since an ordinary pencil would invalidate their ballot. They were warned sternly not to drop ink spots on it, not to dog-ear it, tear it, crumple it, or even smudge it, since mere un-



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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Colonial Theatre, Boston, Mass.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.
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HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

VICTOR PAYNE-JENNINGS & BERNARD KLAWANS present
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DAME MAY WHITTY
in
Therese
by THOMAS JOB
BASED ON EMILE ZOLA'S 'THERESE RAQUIN'
STAGED BY MARGARET WEBSTER
BILTMORE Thea. W. 47th St. CI 6-9353
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

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with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. CO 5-2412 Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell
Dark OF THE Moon
A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
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tidiness could disqualify it and them.

If the voters acted calmly, those they were voting for did not. The harshest and most significant ill-feeling was that which developed between the Communists and Socialists, who were supposed to be blood brothers. On their ability or inability to make a majority together hangs France's immediate future, which will consist of either severe structural reforms or a bourgeois sigh of relief. The Socialists accused the Communists of all the old types of election malpractices—swiping ballots, menacing Socialist Party members, and, above all, dropping Communist leaflets on Limoges from a couple of airplanes, though private flights over France are still forbidden—and where the gas for the planes came from the Socialists couldn't guess, unless it came from de Gaulle's Communist Minister of Air. To all this the Communists offered their usual disciplined, hermetic silence. To the bourgeoisie, however, they did make a startling reply by letting a great dead artist speak for them. In their victory edition of *L'Humanité*, among the snapshots of their winning candidates, they put Daumier's lithograph of a Gulliver-sized figure of France sweeping out with a broom the bedizened, Lilliputian bourgeois figures cluttering the French landscape like fat, fancy little insects. This is the true meaning of the election. The main plank in Blum's campaign platform was his condemnation of the French bourgeoisie as the lost, inadequate political directors of France. The Socialists want not revolution but radical change. The Communists want changes which will be revolutionary, including, to begin with, the nationalization of credit, which means down with the Banque de France. The Popular Republicans want what they carefully call reasonable change. It's their last chance.

WHATEVER the new political government turns out to be, the government itself has already turned into a postwar monster. As fast as the Allies hand back the Paris hotels which they requisitioned for war, the swelling French state absorbs them as offices for peace. Ministers mingle with chambermaids in the service of *étatisme*, and fifty thousand Parisians can't find a place to live. Before the war, seven hundred thousand French worked for the state as functionaries; now two million are busy at it. Louis XIV said, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" That was considered a mouthful. Now the state, unfortunately, is beginning to be everybody in all France.

—GENÊT

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

2nd YEAR — "BEST SHOW IN TOWN."
I WANNA GET MARRIED!
GERTRUDE NIESEN IN FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
BROADHURST Thea. W. 44 St. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

SECOND YEAR!
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON · DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN · Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, 44th St., West of B'way
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

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ON THE TOWN
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
CI 6-6363. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"COMPLETELY ENCHANTING COMEDY" —JOHN CHAPMAN, Daily News
You Touched Me!
with EDMUND GWENN
BOOTH Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:35. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:35

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40



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FRANK FAY in
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with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
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Staged by HASSARD SHORT
"Majority of aisle sitters licked their chops over colorful 'Marinka'."—*Walter Winchell*
BARRYMORE Thea. 47th W. of B'way. CI 6-0390.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
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Evenings 8:40 • Mats. Wednesdays & Saturdays 2:40

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MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
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from Kathryn Forbes' *'Mama's Bank Account'*
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
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WALTER PIDGEON • VAN JOHNSON
"WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF"
XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

FOOTBALL

Child's Play



ONE of the best things about college football is that no one expects it to be a pageant of relentless and unceasing glitter. Last Saturday, in what was called, and with good reason, the game of the week, Navy and Pennsylvania made enough mistakes, one way and another, to lose a dozen professional-league games, to say nothing of ten or fifteen thousand professional-league customers. But none of the seventy-three thousand spectators at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, where the game was played, seemed especially bothered—nobody, that is, except the small cluster of old perfectionists who haunt the football stadiums Saturday after Saturday just to keep a nice edge on their spirit of masochism. They, I expect, will long complain about certain naïve decisions by whoever was choosing the plays that Pennsylvania used and about a really remarkable exhibition of the fumbles by Navy. Pennsylvania could have won by two or three touchdowns, they will point out, and so, of course, could Navy, instead of what actually did happen (Navy 14, Pennsylvania 7). Myself, I prefer to leave the errors of football players' ways to the coaches, who, I hear, are quite well paid to worry about such matters. After all, these performers are youngsters, most of whom are playing football just because they happen to like it.

IF I were going to object at all about the game, and I see no reason to, I would fuss about one detail of the plot—a denouement so lurid and so beshadowed by a very long arm of coincidence that it probably should have been hissed out of the arena. All afternoon, until the final minutes of the fourth quarter, Pennsylvania had been upsetting all of Navy's elaborate schemes for winning the game. Pennsylvania, in fact, had won the game, mostly because of a young man named Evans, one of a series of not very large but very fine backs that Penn has this year. At times these past few seasons, it has seemed as if the art of kicking a football was about to become a lost one. But Evans, who might perhaps be called a *young* perfectionist, kept Navy bottled up with a succession of handsome punts, placing each one of them as accurately as a tennis player would place a tennis

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Alternating at Supper
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MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
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Selective Dinners and à la carte.
THE Waldorf-Astoria
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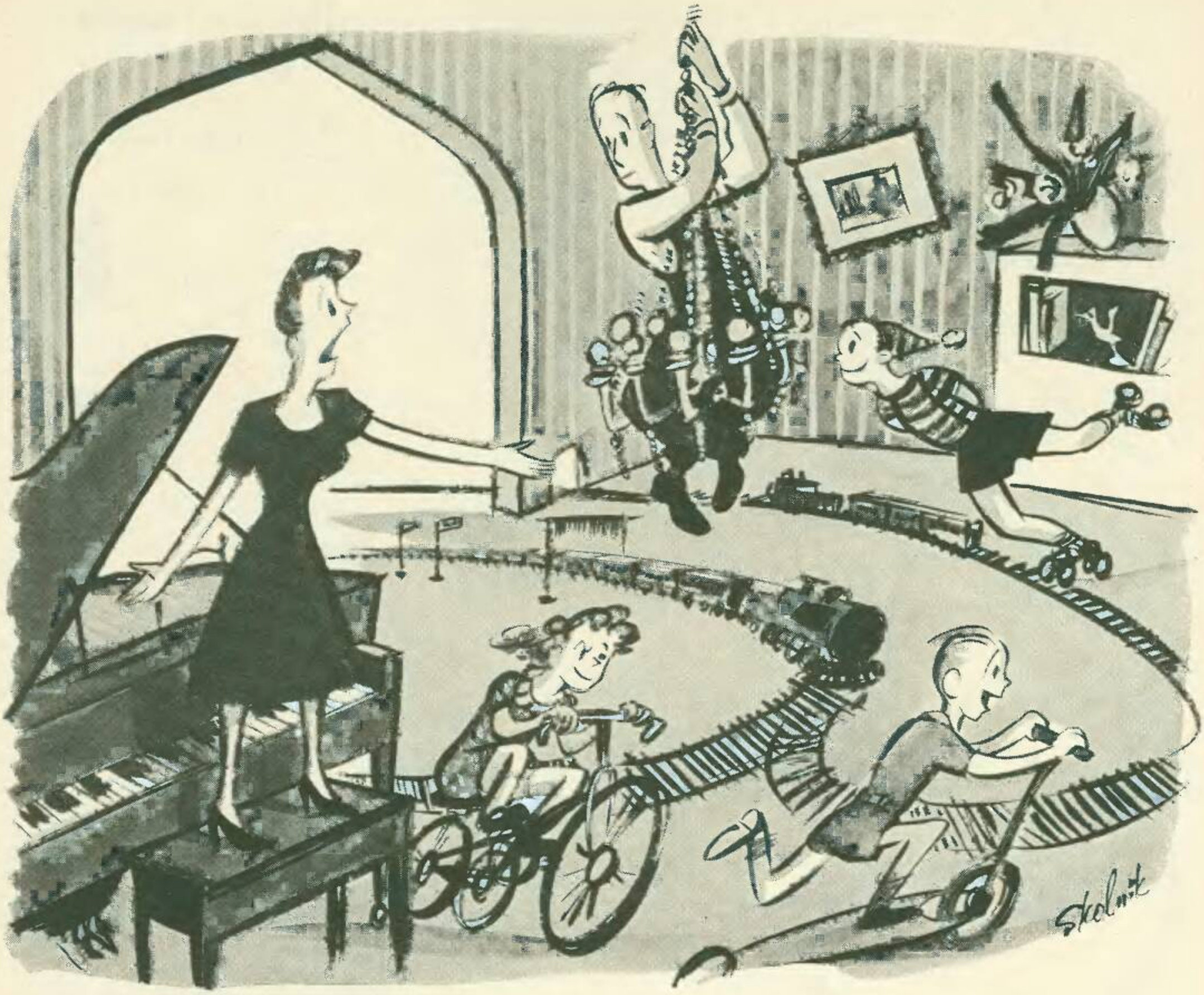
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Now in his 5th concert season will present a typical Americondon group of famous jazz artists at Town Hall.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3 AT 5:30

America, I Hear You Singing
A Program of American Folk Songs by
TOM SCOTT
AT TOWN HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:00, NOVEMBER 11



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MOTHERS, BE BRAVE! The return of wheels to private life is inevitable. Besides, they won't come all at once . . . even at Macy's. But as they *do* return, and they are returning, especially to the World's Largest Store, like so many other pre-war wonders, —you mustn't begrudge your young the nimble pleasures of your own winged childhood. It would be a shame to have your kiddies grow up underprivileged—totally unaware of the bike, the skate, the scooter, and the velocipede.

But heck, why should we apologize for having so many "FIRSTS AT MACY'S?" You may even *like* rapid transit so much that you're asking S. Claus to bring you roller skates for yourself. But if wheels spell hell-on-wheels to you, just try to cultivate patience and agility so that you can leap to the mantelpiece when necessary without loss of aplomb.

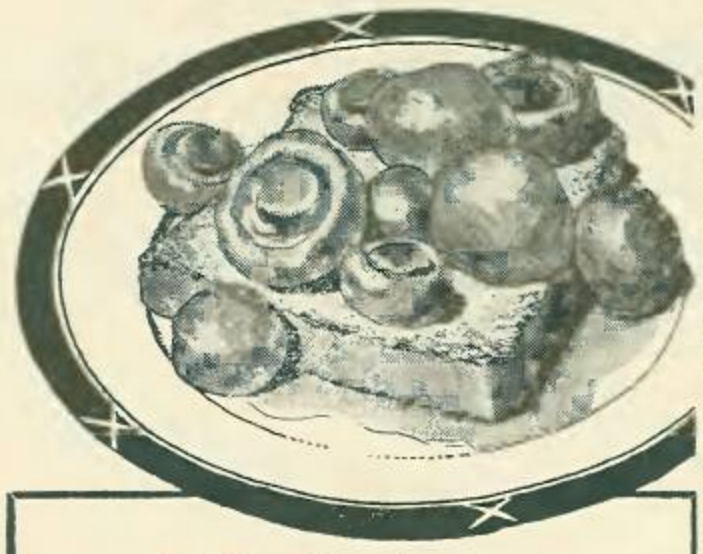
Frankly, this is just to warn you that Macy's mammoth Christmas Toy Department will open November 3rd, and from then on, there's no telling what you'll find in its dazzling, kaleidoscopic excursions into pre-war and post-war toyland. Among the coveted juvenile joys we will have (though we can't promise which things will be here what days) are bikes and other wheeled toys from England, thousands of dollars' worth of U. S. sleds, and an imposing number of electric—no kidding—electric trains! We won't have everything every day, but you can bet your bottom 94 cents that when such things are available, your best chance of finding them is in the World's Largest Store, priced, as usual, in accordance with that old Macy cash custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

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BinB Mushrooms have a supreme mushroom flavor that's unexcelled... and they're actually broiled in butter *before* they're packed for your table. Yes, after picking, finest creamery butter is lavished over BinB Mushrooms. They are then broiled and packed in mushroom liquid.

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ball, right where it would be most inconvenient for his opponent. In between times, to show his virtuosity, he lobbed a neat pass to a Pennsylvania end that was good for Pennsylvania's touchdown.

Then, five or six minutes before the end, all Evans' skill went for nothing when two tremendous Navy passes in a row tied the score. Penn, despite its two weeks' rest, was looking a little tired now, but it pulled itself together and it looked as if it was going to get another touchdown. But things went wrong, and ninety-five seconds before time ran out, Navy got the ball away from Penn and sent in some fresh players. One of them, the man with the long arm of coincidence, was Tony Minisi—last year Penn's cleverest back, this year one of Navy's substitutes. Minisi hasn't been used a great deal this fall; he didn't even play against Georgia Tech week before last, a game in which Navy looked as though it needed everything it could lay hands on. When Minisi went in at this moment in the Penn game, the Penn goal was eighty yards away. It took sixty-five seconds and five plays to run the ball to Penn's twenty-yard line, and Minisi made twelve of those sixty yards. But the pace wasn't fast enough. Navy now had only thirty seconds, time for just two plays, to try to win the ball game. Hoernschmeyer, the Navy quarterback, took the ball from center and darted to his right, behind three of his teammates. Penn had seen this play, a wide end run, all afternoon, and by now it knew what to do about it. But suddenly Hoernschmeyer, having feinted the enemy into looking for the same old number, swerved toward the sidelines, then vaulted like a ballet dancer into the air, and let fly a pass. Minisi, standing behind the Penn goal, vaulted into the air, too, following suit as a good ballet partner should, and came to earth with the ball.

Well, anyone can imagine what Twentieth Century-Fox could do with a homecoming like Minisi's. If you didn't see the original for yourself last Saturday, you needn't worry; it'll be around at your neighborhood playhouse a couple of months from now. I'm not sure of the title; "Prodigal Son" would do it, though, I guess. —J. W. L.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

Capt. Harvey R. Clapp, Jr., AUS, and Mrs. Clapp, of Cloverhill road, are away this week on a motor trip in southern waters.

Christmas shopping is fun in the
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MATRIARCH

MY maternal grandmother came to live with us, in our apartment on East Twentieth Street, after her third husband died. She had the choice of going to her son's home or to ours, and I, then a little girl of ten, was elated by her decision. In spite of her seventy years, my grandmother had an aura of romance and excitement about her. She was a small, plump woman with fair skin and lovely hands, of which she was very proud. She was also an excellent cook and housekeeper.

Once a week, when her last husband was still alive, I had gone to her house, which was not far from where we lived, for supper, and I always looked forward to the occasion. There were two other guests, bearded old men, friends of her husband. Having no families of their own, they had persuaded my grandmother to feed them, at thirty-five cents a meal, or possibly she had persuaded them into the arrangement. This was in the nineteen-tens, when meat cost sixteen cents a pound and enough bones thrown in to make a steady-going soup stock. The meals were usually very silent, for everyone devoted himself to eating, but the silence carried with it a certain pleasant restiveness. Young as I was, I realized that it was more than good food that charged the atmosphere. I was disappointed when I arrived one evening and found only my grandmother and her husband there. She had married him at the age of sixty, and we children never called him "Grandfather;" he was always "Grandmother's husband," and somehow that seemed to add to her distinction. When I shyly inquired about the paying guests, my grandmother answered, with a nod of her head toward her husband, "He doesn't want them here any more. He says we can have old ladies. But where can you find old ladies who can pay thirty-five cents for a supper?"

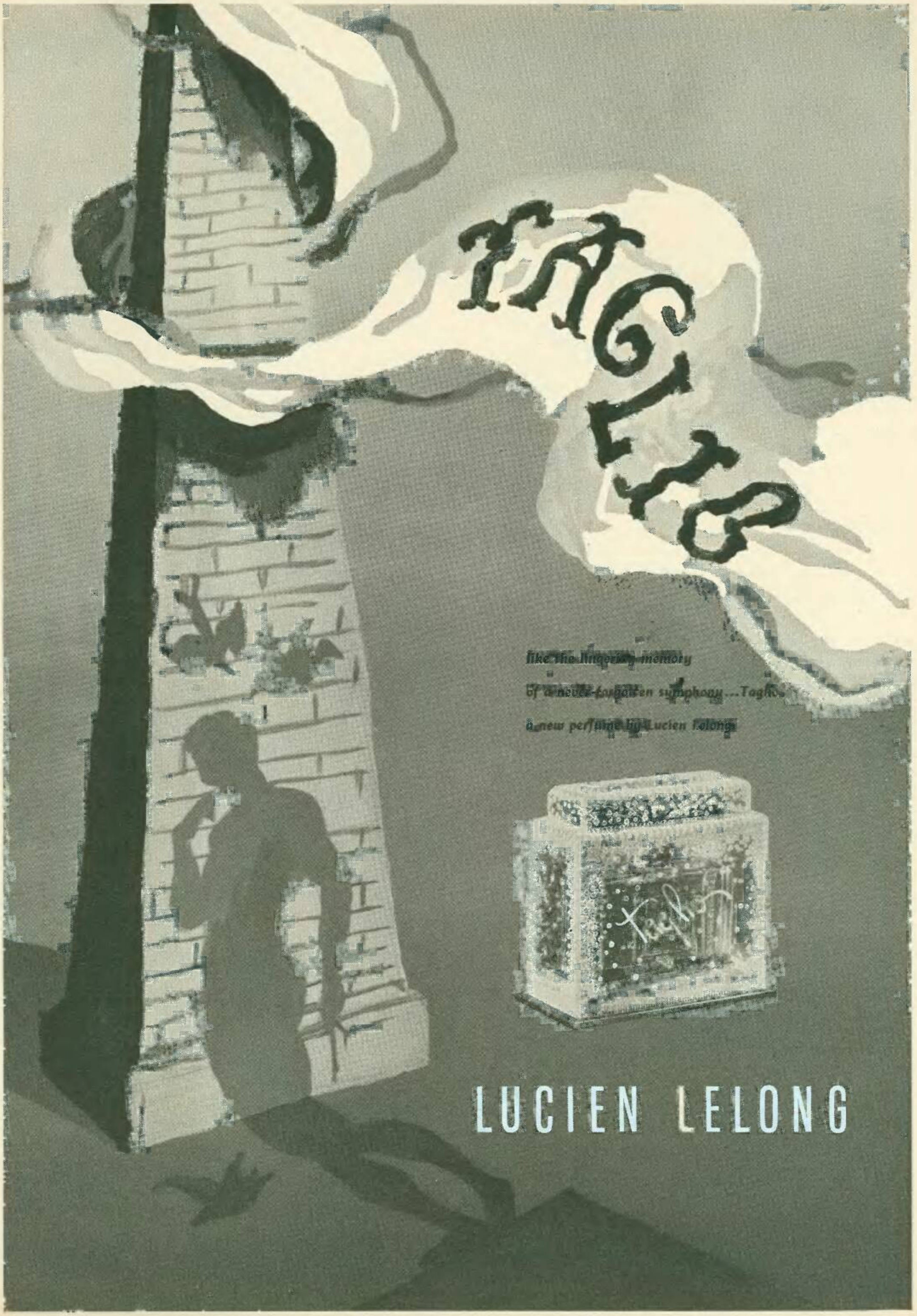


In spite of her words, the glance she threw her husband, who sat looking very stern, held no resentment but conveyed instead a mixture of amusement and arch self-satisfaction. When I reported the conversation to my parents, my mother, too, seemed amused. She caught my father's eye and said, with a smile, "Even at her age, Mother still enjoys being a woman." My father looked up from his newspaper and scowled, but he said nothing. That evening, when I was in bed, I heard my mother talking to my older sister. "Your grandmother is a very virtuous woman," Mother said, "but she can't help being attractive to men. She puts life into them."

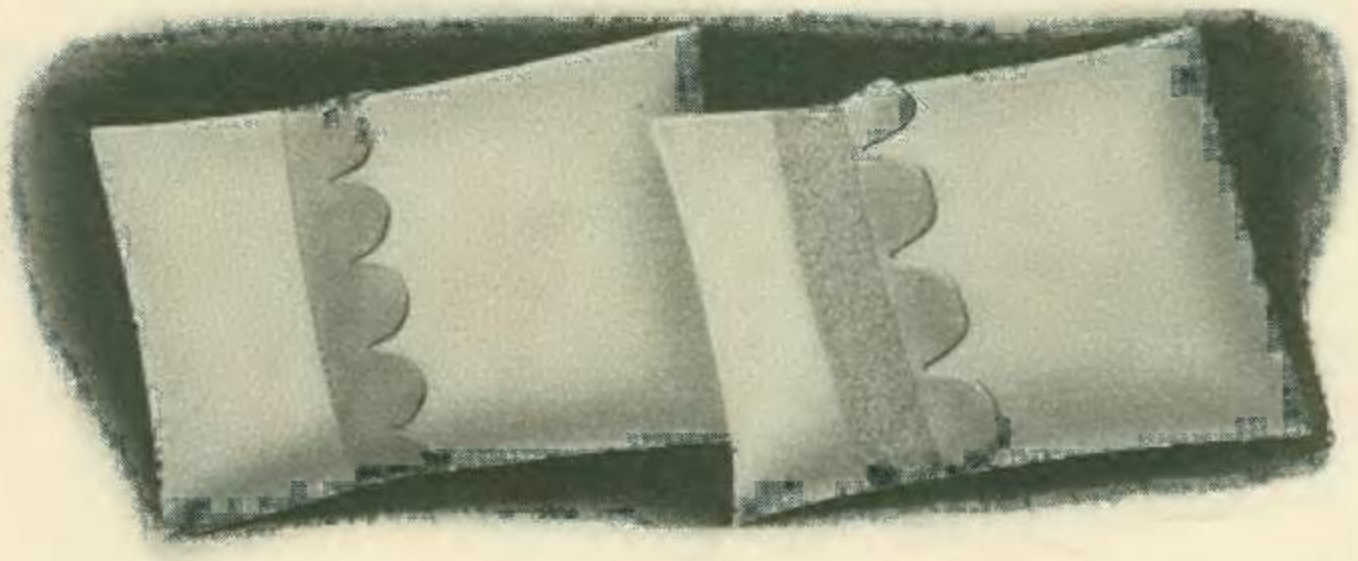
I AM sure that what mainly decided my grandmother to make her home with us was the fact that my sister was twenty-one and still unmarried. My grandmother was drawn to romance as a bee to a flower. The reason she gave for her choice was that it was easier to live with a son-in-law than with a daughter-in-law. Her words held no flattery for my father; he knew she meant that she would be able to manage him. That my mother, gentle and seemingly compliant, already managed him, he had never realized. But, for the six remaining years of my grandmother's life, he lived with the gnawing knowledge that a woman was running his household.

My grandmother immediately took over the cooking and induced my sister to invite her beaux to dinner, a thing my father had not allowed before this. He didn't see why feeding a young man was included in the game of courtship. My grandmother didn't consult him about it. Instead, she simply proceeded to put her plan in operation. Thereafter, at least once a week, we had a young man at the dinner table, eating dishes designed to seduce him into making a home of his own. My father still sat at the head of the table, but my grandmother was obviously the head of the household. She kept the conversation going, reminiscing about her youth and her three marriages in a manner that endowed the whole family with charm. It was as though she said, "These are the beautiful things that have happened to me, and anybody who marries into this family will inherit them."

My sister and she became close friends. They would sit for hours discussing the virtues and the weaknesses of the young men who came to call. My father disapproved highly of these talks, because all he wanted was for my sister to marry somebody who was a good


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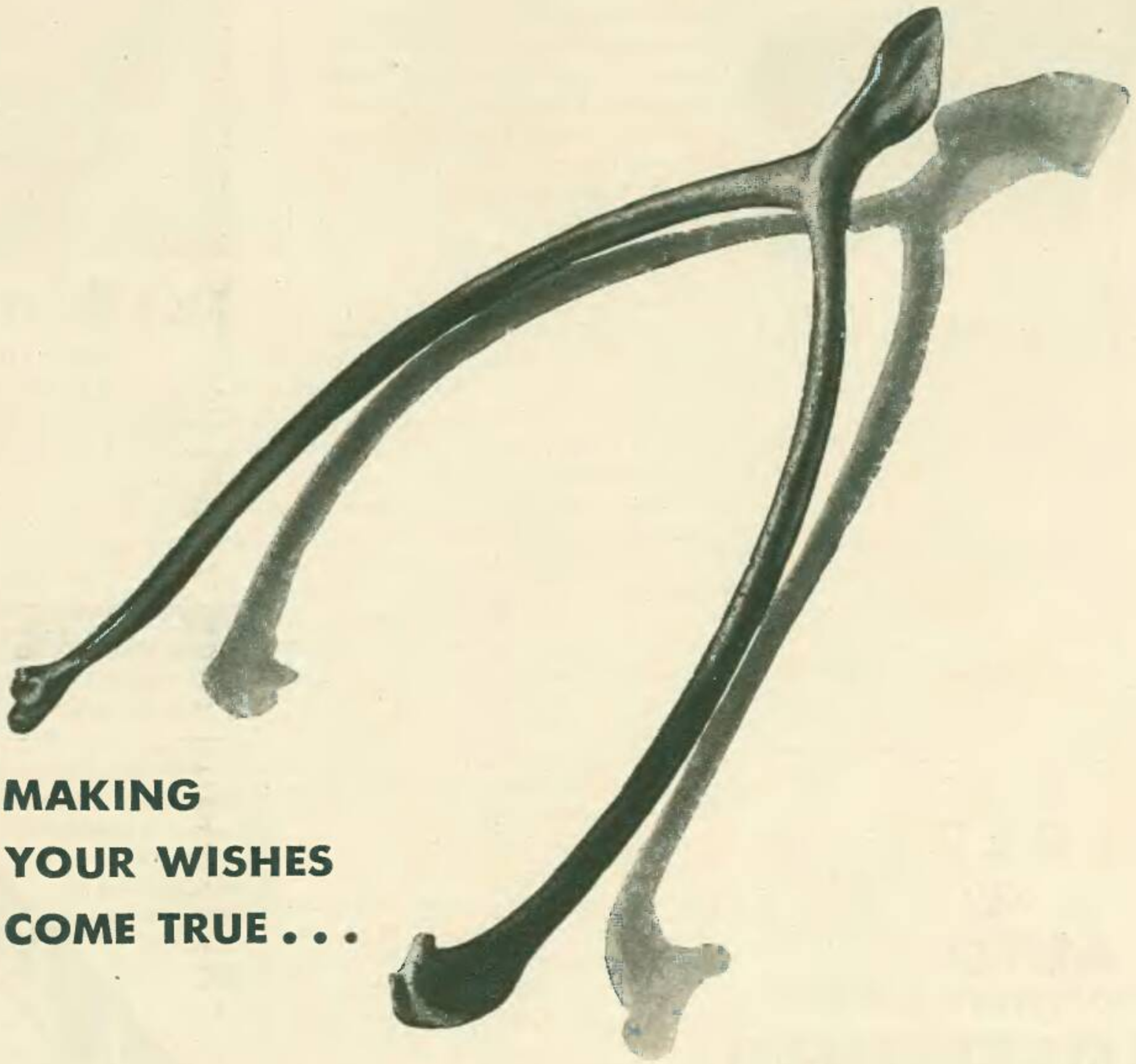
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0111

provider and settled in his habits. Grandmother had other ideas. Her happiest years, she told my sister, were spent with a man whose income was always uncertain and who could never be depended upon. To her, the important thing in a husband was a zest for living. It was clear to all of us that in her eyes my father had almost nothing of that quality, but the nearest she came to overt criticism of him was "Your father was a very good provider and very settled in his habits when your mother married him." Fond as we were of him, neither my sister nor I, with my limited knowledge of life, wanted to marry a man as quiet, as unromantic, as unresponsive to gaiety as he was.

My father had no use for drinking, for cards, for the theatre, or for any form of gregariousness. It was not that he thought such indulgences immoral; he merely considered them a waste of time and money. Smoking was his only vice. He believed in early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise, and ignored the fact that it hadn't brought him all the rewards it had promised. He made it a rule of the house that everybody must be in by ten o'clock. That rule included my sister, even on the nights she had dates. Moreover, her young man, when he brought her home, must not be asked in for any extended visit. He had to bring her to the door of our walkup apartment, a four-flight climb, make his farewells in the presence of my father, who sat impatiently behind his newspaper, watch in hand, and go.

My grandmother changed all that. She invited the young men in for a cup of coffee and some home-made cake; she urged my father to go to bed when his yawns became too conspicuous; and, shortly after my father had retired, she would make her excuses and leave the young pair alone. In time, my father gave up any pretense of maintaining control, defeated by a cunning against which he was powerless. What made him particularly vulnerable was his deep-seated respect for the filial Commandment. As a father, he demanded and received obedience from his children and, as a son-in-law, he felt obliged to give it to his wife's mother, if for no other reason than to set us an example. There were almost never any words between them; my grandmother, knowing his code, had no scruples about taking advantage of it.

MY sister and my grandmother conspired in other ways. One midsummer day my grandmother announced that she was hungry for the



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smell and the sight of the country, and she suggested that the family go on a picnic the following Sunday. That seemed a good idea to my father, who, in his rare talkative moments, extolled the charms of wood and stream. He proposed that we go to Central Park, which was within easy trolley distance, but Central Park wasn't wild enough for my grandmother's taste. She held out for Fort Lee. She won, of course, in spite of my father's objections to a long, complicated trip that would involve paying three separate fares. Laden with a large picnic basket, we took a trolley, an elevated train, a ferry. My father looked disgruntled and my grandmother smug. When he lay down on the grass for a nap after the extravagant lunch we had eaten, she motioned to my sister and the two went off together. My mother smiled as she watched them go and nodded when I asked if I could go with them.

Apparently my grandmother had been to Fort Lee before, for she seemed to know where to go to find the wild herbs and roots she was after, and she found enough to fill a large paper bag. When I asked what they were for, she looked mysterious and told me I'd find out soon enough.

The next day our kitchen was full of strange and beautiful odors, emanating from potions which my grandmother and my sister were brewing on the kitchen stove. When my father returned from work that evening, his nose quivered in angry distaste. He asked my mother what was going on and my grandmother told him, quite simply, that the real purpose of the picnic had been to gather the ingredients for lotions and creams to beautify my sister's skin. "Her skin's all right," my father said, to which my grandmother replied, "But it won't be at my age if she does nothing about it now." My father looked dourly at her and retreated, as usual, behind his newspaper. This was a subject he couldn't discuss with her, any more than he could discuss her Saturday-night ritual in the bath.

Before my grandmother came to live with us, the Saturday bathing was a





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private and hurried affair, since there were others waiting their turn. For my grandmother, the weekly bath was an event in which we all participated, my father in absentia, to be sure, but very much a part of it because of his raging disapproval of its ceremoniousness. My grandmother's bath always took at least an hour. She would draw a tubful of hot water and soak in it for twenty minutes, washing herself thoroughly. Then she would let the water out and draw a second tubful. This time she perfumed the bath with one of her exciting brews.

A knock on the wall was the signal for my mother, my sister, and me to enter. The reason she gave for this invitation was that she needed to have her back scrubbed, but even I knew better. She wanted her skin to be admired. Once, at a table, when my father, in a moment of outspoken irritability, asked her who had scrubbed her back before she came to live with us, she answered, "My husbands. Who else?," which left my father speechless. He looked at my grandmother, at his wife, at his two daughters, and, finding no help anywhere, put on his hat and left the house. The rest of us, I must admit, were embarrassed ourselves, but my grandmother, lost in memories of her past, seemed completely unaware of it. Or, if she was, she chose to ignore it, for she proceeded to add a bit of advice for the benefit of my sister. "You call your husband in only at the second tub," she said. "Never let him see you in dirty water."

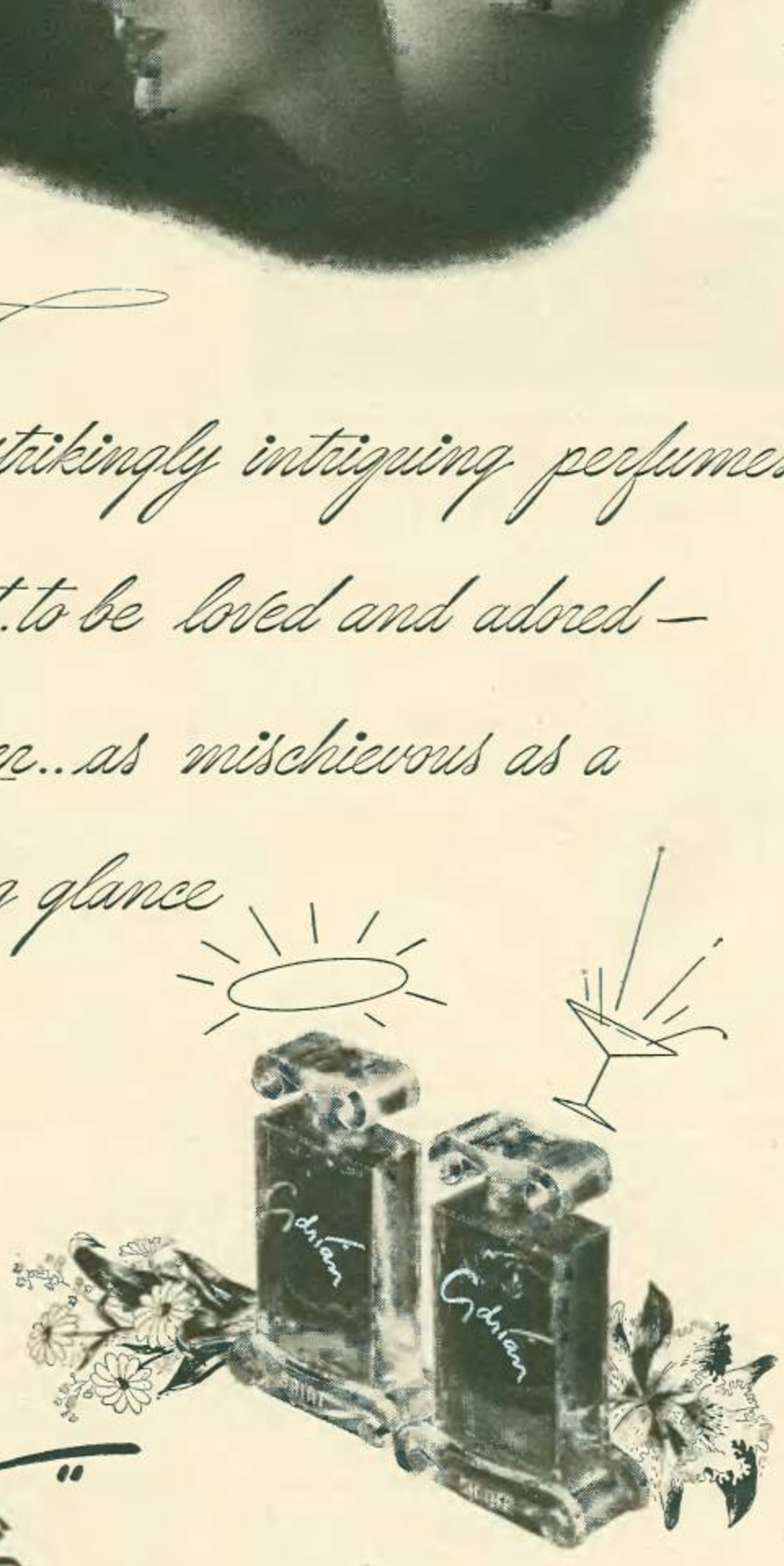
WITHIN a year after my grandmother came to us, my sister got married. My grandmother approved of the young man, measuring his worthiness as a husband by his extravagant attentions to her. He wooed my sister by flattering my grandmother. He never came to call without a gift for her—a bouquet of flowers, a box of candy, a lace handkerchief. She returned his favors with excellent dinners, gay talk, and subtle schemes to keep my father in good humor.

It was, I am sure, the gift of a phonograph that settled my sister's life. One evening, when the young man was dining with us, my grandmother began reminiscing about old songs, and before long she had him singing them to her. She sighed happily when his enormous repertoire was exhausted and said she hadn't realized how much she missed hearing music.

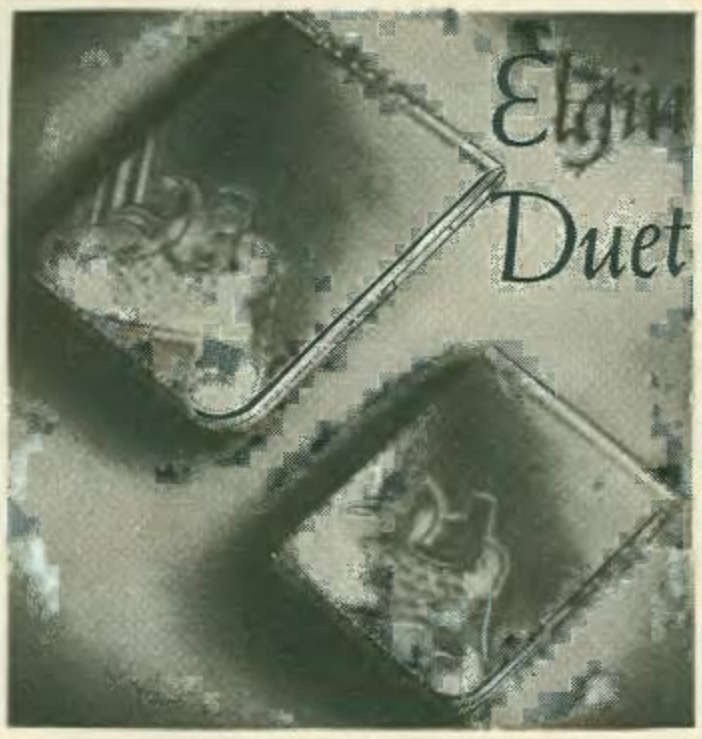
The next evening, my sister's admirer arrived in a hansom cab, bringing a phonograph with him. It had a large



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green horn, lavishly decorated with red roses and pink carnations. The cabby, who was plainly impressed by his fare, came up the stairs behind him carrying a huge carton of cylindrical records, and he stayed to hear the first three numbers—"The Blue Danube," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and "Bluebell." We were all impressed, even my father. My grandmother was entranced.

A few days later, she announced to my father that my sister's young man wanted to talk to him. "What for?" demanded my father, who, all through the exciting courtship, had been bitterly angry about his unimportant position in the matter.

"What do you mean, what for?" asked my grandmother. "To ask for your daughter's hand. Have you forgotten that you are the head of this family?" —Rose Feld

•

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I state you my pretension estimating it interesting for your affairs and mine.

I hope yours tidiness with interest, and I salute you with attention.—*Letter received by a Philadelphia concern.*

Consider the salute returned. And keep an eye on those travelling clerks.



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LETTER FROM LONDON

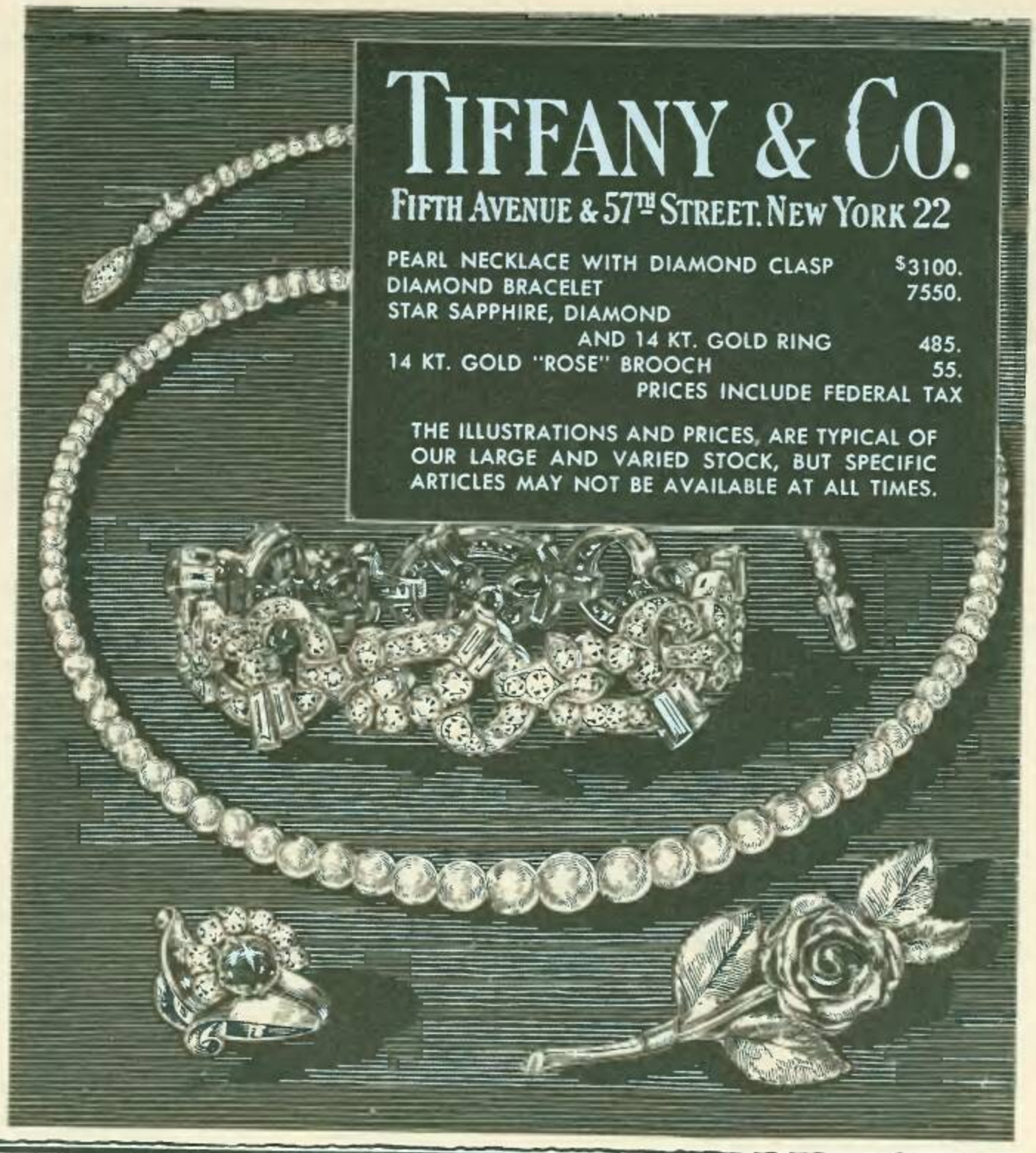
OCTOBER 28 (BY CABLE)

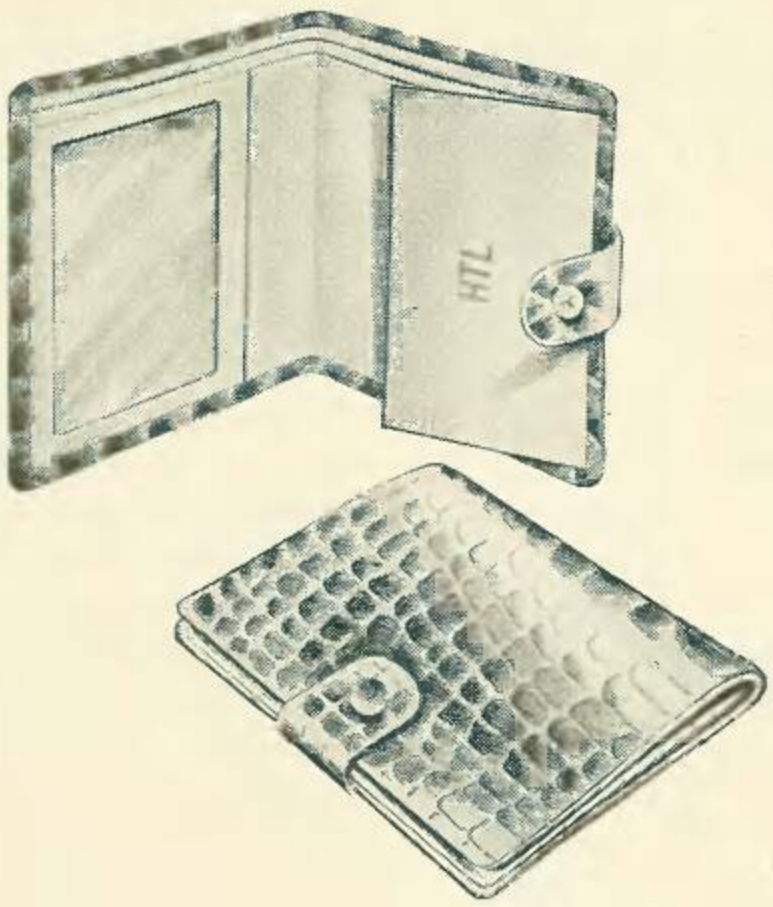


THE British have just discovered, to their surprise, that their favorite character of the week is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All through the war years, budget days had their own particular note of gloom, like a series of increasingly painful sessions at the dentist's. The interim budget that Chancellor Hugh Dalton presented last Tuesday pleased the rapidly dwindling well-to-do by taking a shilling off the income tax when no relief had been expected; pleased the poor by landing another levelling wallop on the rich with an increase in the surtax; and pleased big business by reducing the hundred-per-cent excess-profits tax by forty per cent. As a means of getting industry's wheels turning again and the national heart back in its right place, this was a highly ingenious accomplishment. As an example of the art of serving God and Mammon, or of convincing both the workers and the gouty colonels, whose complexions have not been normal since election day, that the report was somehow aimed in their direction, the performance was almost miraculous. The newspaper comments on the budget were uniformly admiring.

The scene in the House of Commons when the report was presented on Tuesday afternoon was as exciting to watch as the opening of the most important play of the season. Ever since the change of government last July, the queues waiting to get into the public gallery have made Westminster look as though it were housing the biggest box-office attraction of the year. On budget afternoon, the crowds were even larger, because everybody hoped to get a glimpse of the new drama that was being written around themselves and their pocketbooks. Inside the House, the side galleries were jammed with ambassadors and peers, including one former chancellor, Viscount Simon.

The budget report was preceded by the customary ceremony. The serjeant at arms, wearing a black tail coat, knee breeches, and a sword, walked down the middle of the House, bowed to the Speaker, and removed the gold mace





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from the table on which the Treasury box had been placed, like a Pandora's chest from which all the woes which were to plague the British for the next twelve months would come. When Mr. Dalton rose to his feet and unlocked the box, the crowd gave a sort of sighing cheer. He introduced, for a chancellor, a couple of pleasant innovations by sounding jolly and reasonable, which made the first Socialist budget seem more like the arguments of someone with a neat sense of humor and a good head for figures than like the involved, funereal economics through which in past years Britons have had to plow their gloomy way. Mr. Dalton has a mellow, booming voice, which undoubtedly would have won him top honors in the Church and which is a relief to correspondents, who are accustomed to leaning close to the gallery amplifiers in order to hear the speeches of ministers. He is a Labour man who had an untypical wealthy upper-class education, and his first budget has shown him to be one of his Party's strongest ministers. Mr. Churchill, who replied for the Opposition and, incidentally, was able to speak in the privileged position of a former chancellor, praised the tour de force generously. Outside the House, to the men in bowler hats going home on suburban trains and to the housewives sitting down later that evening to hear Dalton give a budget chat on the radio, the report was the first solid indication that the clouds would begin to lift before too long.

It is clear enough, however, that life will continue to be disciplined and not particularly easy for a long while. Because the Government will go on keeping down the cost of living by subsidizing essential foodstuffs, as it did during the war, Britons will be far better off than most of the rest of Europe in that they will be sure of their bread and butter. However, the jam to spread on it, as Mr. Dalton made emphatically clear, will be mighty thin. Most of the spick-and-span new goods which the shabby citizenry would like to see on their backs and in their homes and garages carry the pertinent label of "For export only." But since Mr. Dalton's speech, more people of every class seem to have realized that peace, as much as war, is something in which they are all up to their necks together and that the same all-out national effort will be required to get them past this new economic danger line. The difference now appears to be that they can imagine themselves already past it. Ever since Labour got in, people have been waiting for precisely

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this psychological *piqûre*, and it seems to have achieved the difficult feat of bucking up all parties equally.

THE Government has just announced that travellers can now take one hundred pounds out of the country with them—that is, if they know of any country to travel to. In spite of stories from Switzerland about hôteliers eager to welcome their English clientele again, it is unlikely that they will be able to do so for quite a while. On the other hand, Ireland, which is making a great bid for the English tourist trade, may, in spite of any past hard feelings, have plenty of visitors before long. London itself is full of foreign visitors. Buyers from the Continent, here for the first time in five years, are surprised to find that the center of London is not completely levelled, are impressed by the monotony but general soundness of the food situation, and are mystified by a Socialist regime which permits the London hotels to demand (as some of them recently have done) that their dinner clients wear formal evening dress.

The reactions of the British Army men who are visiting on leave from Germany are interesting but also depressing, since many of them seem to be following up the mistakes of their fathers by finding that, Belsen or no Belsen, the Germans are not so bad after all. Perhaps it would be different if Hitler hadn't stopped at the French coast. It is an opinion which other visitors, who have known what it is like to have German boots on French and Danish and Dutch and Norwegian soil, will never be forgetful or forgiving enough to share.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Mrs. C. L. Ingersoll of Gary was a week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howell. Sunday afternoon callers of Mr. and Mrs. Howell were Mr. and Mrs. Wyman B. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Howell and Mrs. Ben Sommers and daughter, Jean, and R. N. Howell.

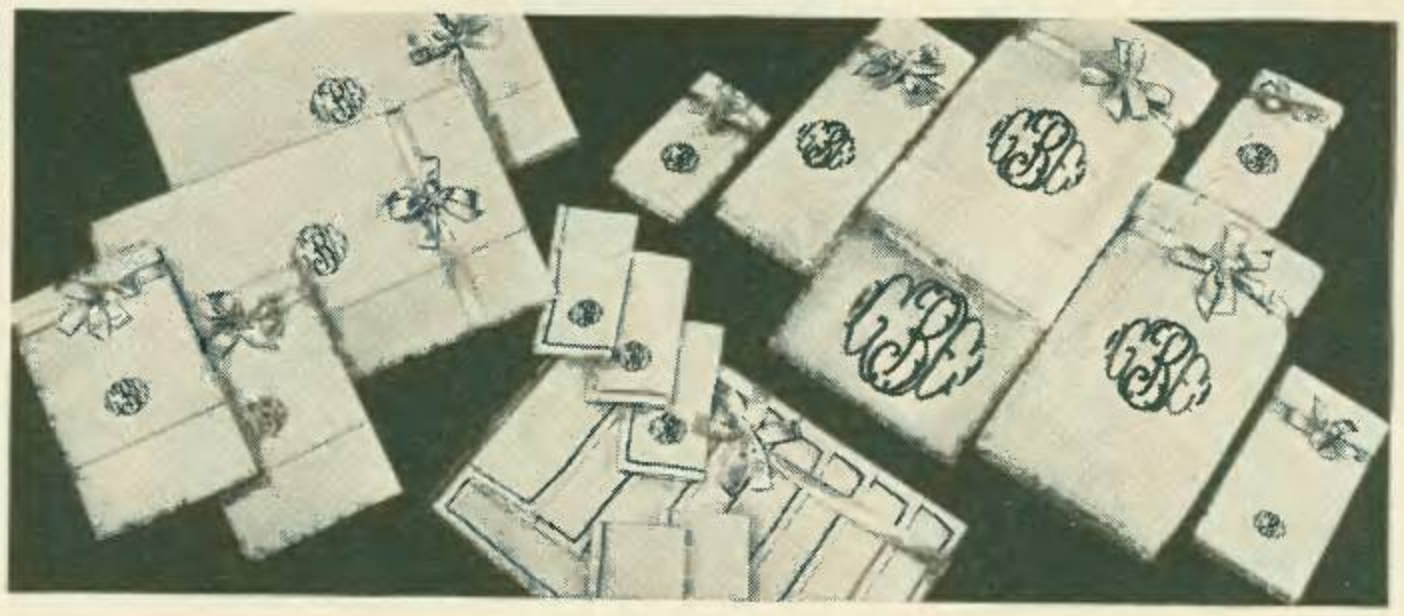
Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Fryar for her husband. "They comfort me," she said.

The shepherd's arms were gentile about his wife. "Thau must have a physician," he said anxously.

"Nay, Joel," she answered him wearily. "Flavia—I need only my friend and my shepherd."

Yet Flavia sent him away.—*La Porte (Ind.) Herald-Argus.*

She *did?*



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



FROM what I hear, the wartime custom of shutting off parts of houses in winter is not one which cautious citizens, especially those who heat their rooms by coal, are in any great hurry to abandon. In fact, I have heard people who like to weekend in their country houses all year round talking of carrying things a step farther, just to be safe, and shutting off not only rooms but the furnace, using room heaters of one sort or another to heat the parts of the house that will be kept open.

This creditable attitude, which would seem to indicate that some of the old pioneer blood is still about, has aroused a certain interest in coal-burning parlor stoves (used ones—there aren't any new ones around, to speak of), in which a meagre supply of fuel will go a lot farther, and do more concentrated good, than it will in any furnace. Fond owners of open fireplaces, who of course constitute the principal market for coal stoves, are having plenty of trouble finding stoves in the suburbs and the back country. The city isn't any better off, but there is at least one place hereabouts —Harry's Stove and Repair Shop, 355 Bowery (near 4th Street, and the Third Avenue trolley gets you there)—where you can be reasonably sure of finding a stove to suit your needs. It won't be fancy, and it may even be assembled from any old parts, but at least it will work. The stoves start at $5 for the little household-laundry type, which will do for a small room. A pot-bellied stove big enough to heat an average converted-farmhouse living room (say, seventeen by twenty-five feet, with a lowish ceiling) may come to $15 or so. Most of Harry's stoves are the plain pot-bellied kind, like the ones in rural railroad stations, but occasionally he turns up a dressier example with maybe a scattering of Federal stars or some other modest adornment on its front, or with a Saturnlike iron ring around its middle, an arrangement that is handy for toe-warming. There is character, if not fancy business, in these reconditioned old stoves, some of them puffed up and pompous and others just fat and comfortable. Harry also has parts for stoves, and even parts for Florence oil burners, which have run many a kitchen these past few winters. Best of all, perhaps, Harry is an obliging man who, instead of expecting his customers to take the stuff away with them (whether they have a car or not), will ship it by express.

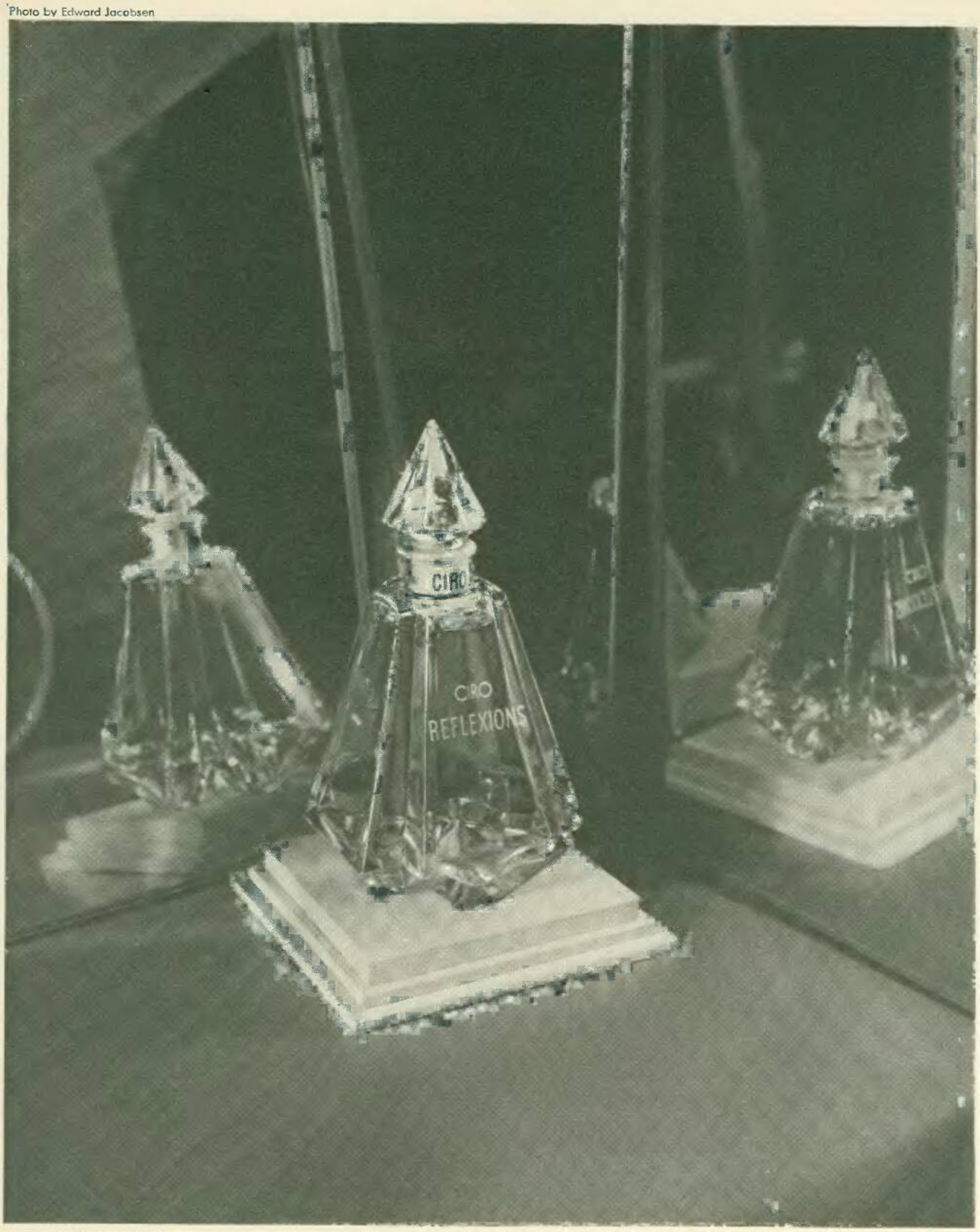
UPTOWN, custom work in the decorating field seems to be coming back after some very lean years. Edward Krumpe, 212 East 54th Street, is equipped to turn out, and is doing it right now, almost anything you might want in plaster—lamps, brackets, mirrors, candelabra, sconces, console and coffee tables, chandeliers, and so on. He has hundreds of designs, the majority of them his own, in the baroque style but without over-ornateness. Shell, scroll, cornucopia, and acanthus-leaf motifs are prevalent; there are blackamoors, modelled after old ones, to make table supports; there are cherubs in various postures and two sizes ($5 and $15, in pure-white plaster or gilded), for wall ornaments or to hold back bed-canopy or window draperies. Plaster scrollwork and swirled tassels make tall lamp bases. They're $18, wired. Classic column-capital pedestals uphold coffee-table tops of either mirror or marble; $75 to $95 for the whole, with the base in the plain plaster or finished to your order with gilt or another color. Finally, there's a dressing-table mirror, oblong in shape, with a frame molded to look like a ruffle of eyelet embroidery run through with ribbon; $27. It's at its best in white, with the plaster ribbon brightly colored. All this takes time, naturally; you can't expect to have such things made up overnight.

THEN, the inexhaustible ninth floor at Macy is out with a new service that has to do with custom-painted decorations on furniture. You choose, say, a



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Photo by Edward Jacobsen



$35. $18. $12. $5. (plus taxes)

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corner cabinet in unpainted wood. This gets coated with your choice of any of fourteen colors, after which whatever you say is painted on top—a design from Macy's stock, from your own wallpaper, chintz, or table china, or out of your own head. The corner-cabinet item, a simple but well-made piece with open shelves above cabinet space with doors in front of it, is $18.19 as it stands in the shop, unpainted. Decorated to your order, it is $41.35. (You know those Macy prices. Never an even dollar.) The collection of pieces awaiting decorations includes desks, chests of drawers, bookcases, and hanging shelves.

A Third Avenue antique shop, Penrose & Edgette, at No. 931 (56th), has thought up what seems to me the best possible use for retired carrousel creatures—short of turning them out to grass, that is. They scrape and repaint the animals and mount them on big, steady-standing rocker bases, creating the dream hobbyhorses of all time. Only two, a beautiful dapple-gray charger and a giant chicken (Rhode Island Red, I'd say), were on hand when I was there, and that's probably better than average, for carrousel animals are not found everywhere and turning them into rocking horses undoubtedly takes a little time. But if you have it in mind to present a child with a toy to knock him absolutely silly with joy, you might put in a bid for whatever turns up. The dapple-gray, which I know would have influenced my entire life for the good if somebody had given it to me when I was a kid, is $175. The chicken, which is considerably less appealing, costs more—$225. Sorry, but you should have expected three figures.

If anyone would like to try his own hand at rigging up a non-rocking carrousel horse, one appears once in a while at Leon Acton's Old Red Barn, on 54th Street just east of Second Avenue. The place doesn't seem to have a number, but you can hardly miss the one-story wooden building, which is painted bright red and is a mass of seatless chairs, old picture frames, marble-top tables, and other familiar East Side antique-shop inhabitants. —B. B.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the "In the Current Magazines" column in the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

What Do You Know About Psychiatry? By Gretta Palmer (Woman's Home Companion, October)—Miss Palmer presents an illuminating quiz on this much-talked-about malady.

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Table Lighter *of English Bone China, White, Peach or Turquoise with colored flower bouquets, Swiss insert.....$25.00*

Tray *with Chippendale border to match, 4¼"* $10.00

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THE RACE TRACK

No Tips



THE Westchester Handicap, the last $50,000 race of the waning New York season, will be run at Jamaica this Saturday. If you want to know what's going to win (and who doesn't?), you had better buy one of those little green, blue, pink, or striped cards that are sold outside the track gates. On second thought, you may as well get the whole collection. This department has given up crystallomancy. I hardly need remind you, however, that the best horses in the Westchester are Stymie, First Fiddle, and Buzfuz. As a matter of fact, the tout cards really do pick a lot of winners, but most of the fellows who peddle them go broke betting on other people's tips.

THE liveliest race at Jamaica last week was the Scarsdale Handicap, which was won by Buzfuz. Almost everybody was surprised that no claim of foul was made after the finish, because Buzfuz and Apache, who lost by a short head, bumped at least three times as they came down the stretch together. Wright, who rode Apache, has seldom missed such an opportunity to object. I was rather glad that no objection was lodged, because one never knows how the stewards are going to rule on anything; they might have disqualified Buzfuz, and that would have been too bad, for in a season notable for the inconsistency of three-year-olds, Buzfuz is something of an oddity. He has never been out of the money. He has done a lot of racing, too, starting nineteen times, winning on nine occasions, and finishing second or third on the others. Buzfuz did not run as a two-year-old. Dan Chappell, a Miami politician who owns the Sunshine Stable, bought him as a yearling and turned him out on a horse farm in Florida for eighteen months. There must have been something in the pasturage and sunshine that Buzfuz needed. He was better than 50–1 in his first appearance at Jamaica last May and was beaten by only a head. His odds have always been good. Last Saturday he paid $11. One reason, I daresay, is that he's rather small, and usually looks outmatched, but there isn't a more resolute runner in training. Another reason,

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cradles 4 to 8 dresses plus accessories.

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Handsome Luggage

is one thing,

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but it's

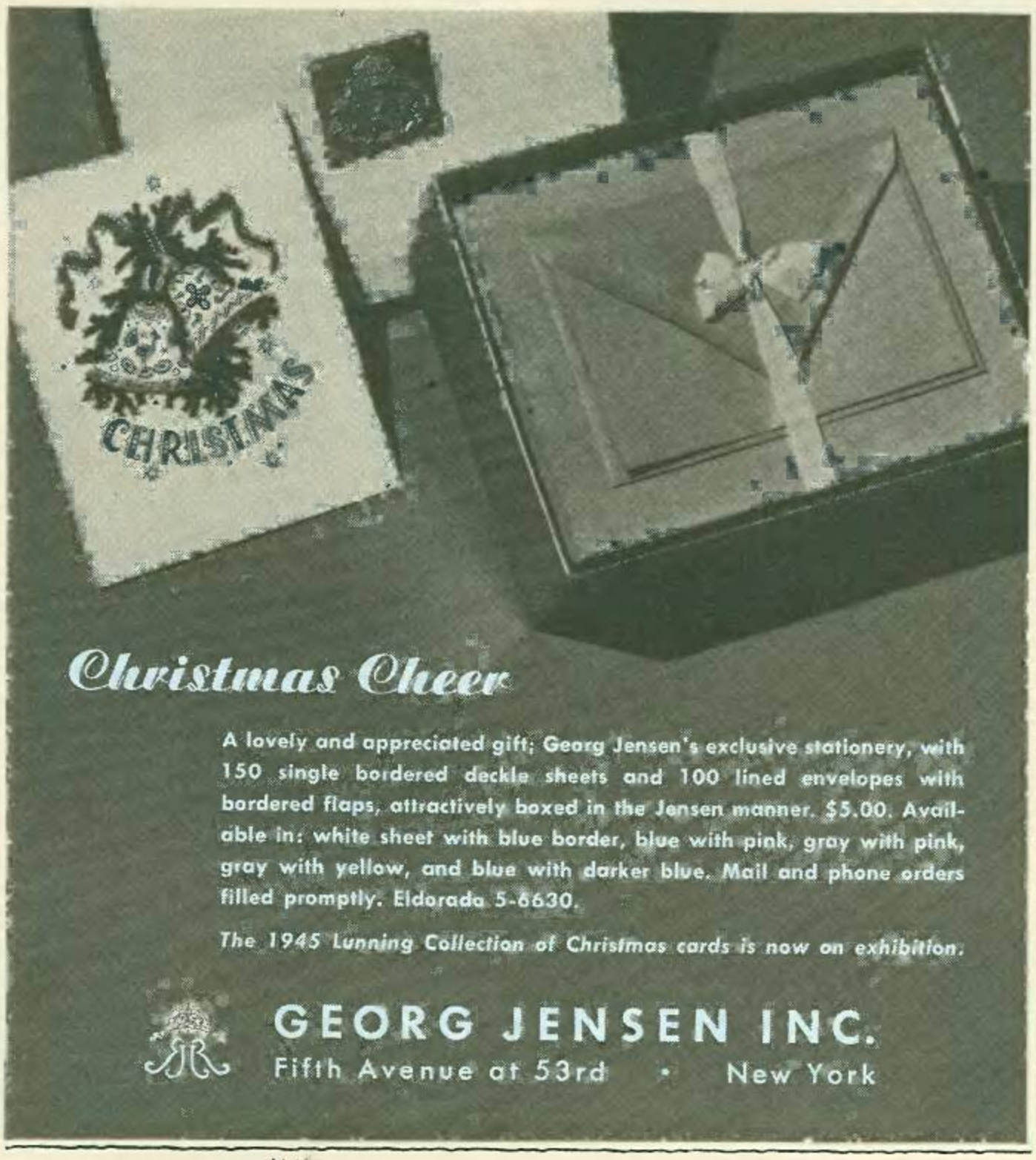
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when it's

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A lovely and appreciated gift; Georg Jensen's exclusive stationery, with 150 single bordered deckle sheets and 100 lined envelopes with bordered flaps, attractively boxed in the Jensen manner. $5.00. Available in: white sheet with blue border, blue with pink, gray with pink, gray with yellow, and blue with darker blue. Mail and phone orders filled promptly. Eldorado 5-6630.

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Los Angeles 11

TAILORED IN CALIFORNIA BY Fisch

I'm told, is that horseplayers don't like his name, which they consider peculiar.

THERE'S life in my old pet Apache yet. Although the distance was a little farther than he likes, William Woodward's six-year-old put up a good show in the Scarsdale. Earlier in the week he won the $10,000 New Rochelle Handicap from such nimble sprinters as Fighting Don and Greek Warrior. Another of William Woodward's horses, Bonnie Beryl, turned in an exceptional performance for a two-year-old in winning the $10,000 Autumn Day Stakes last Monday, which opened the Empire-City-at-Jamaica meeting. Bonnie Beryl is a bit slow off her mark, but there is no doubt that she finishes well. She will run at Pimlico, a week from Saturday, in the Marguerite Stakes, in which she will meet the Selima Stakes winner Athene.

THERE is some question whether, with the exception of Busher, the three-year-old fillies are so good after all. War Date could do no better than finish third behind Bertie S. and Recce in the Juno Handicap at Jamaica the other afternoon (perhaps it was the sloppy track, but more likely it was the weight she carried), while Gallorette, who beat colts so easily in the spring, finished out of the money altogether at Pimlico last weekend. . . . With an eye to the future, I'm happy to report that Count Speed, Count Fleet's little brother (and he certainly is little), splashed his way home a dozen lengths ahead of a dozen two-year-olds at Jamaica. . . . All of which leaves me little space to discuss the betting coup of the week. An animal named Ima Fastone, who had been racing in New England, was shipped to Long Island just for the day, and everyone in the know bet on him like mad. He was a fast one, all right, but there must have been too many people in the know, for he paid only $6.20. . . . And speaking of horses shod for muddy going, as I was a week ago, last Wednesday's rain turned the track from fast to sloppy and eleven of the sixty-four runners that day wore mud calks. Of these, four won (one winner was Super Marine, who paid $74.30) and all the others finished in the money.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"You'd better scram from here, Maury," Ramsey cautioned.

"Phew!" Bross editorialized.—*From "Trout in the Milk," by Hugh Holman.*

"Nuts!" we verbed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

MISS RHEINGOLD'S COSTUME AN ORIGINAL BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

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It's beer as beer should taste!

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Rheingold is light but hearty—not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.



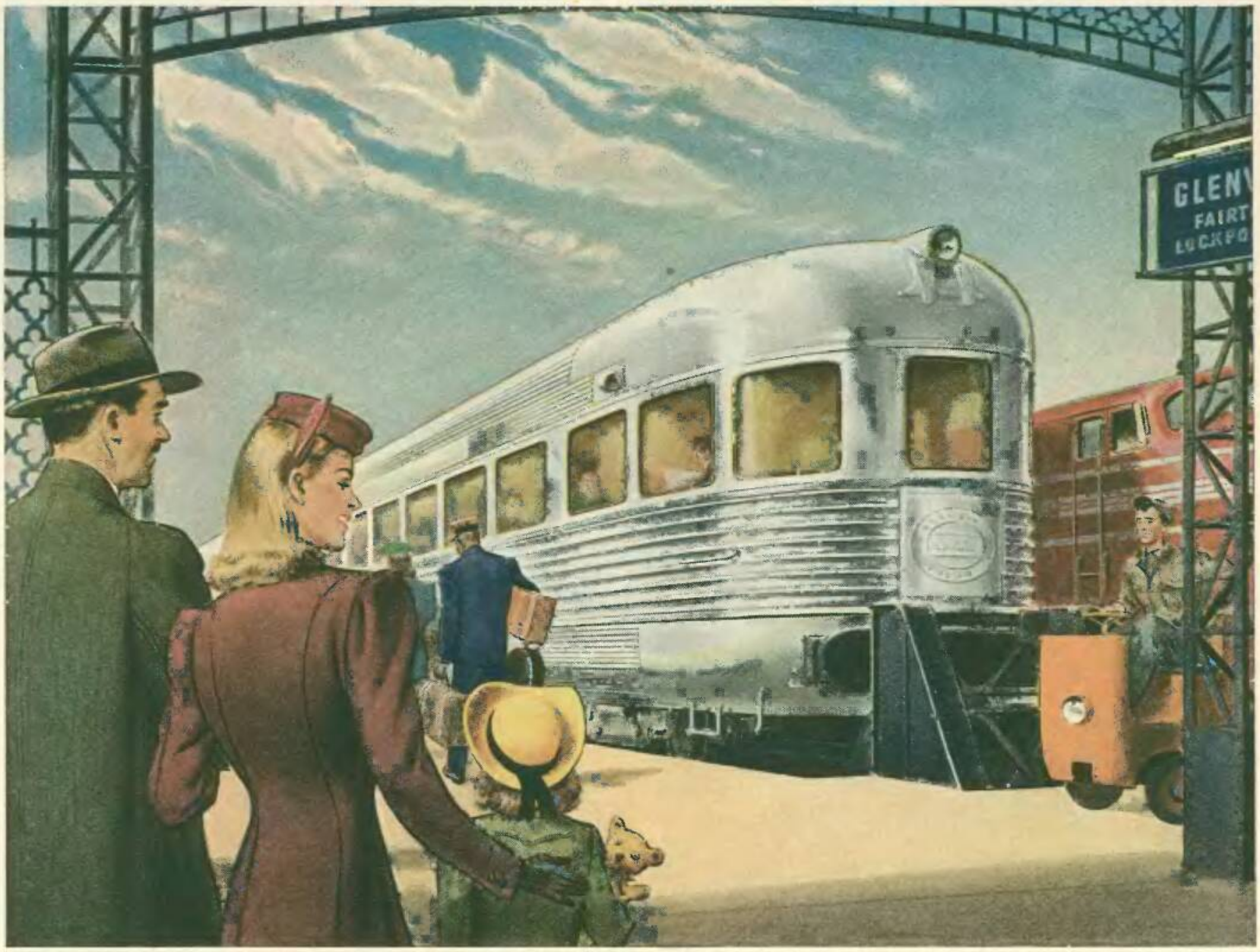
Also, notice Rheingold's pale, crystal-clear color. This paleness and sparkling clarity is another symbol of the superior quality brewers strive for.



If you can't always get Rheingold, remember . . . until our postwar expansion is finished, to increase the *quantity,* we'd have to decrease the *quality.* And that we will NEVER do. Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

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Now that you can take the Mrs. and the children and all the luggage you want, to visit or vacation in far places—

You can depend upon it that the railroads will make the traveling pleasant for you.

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Budd

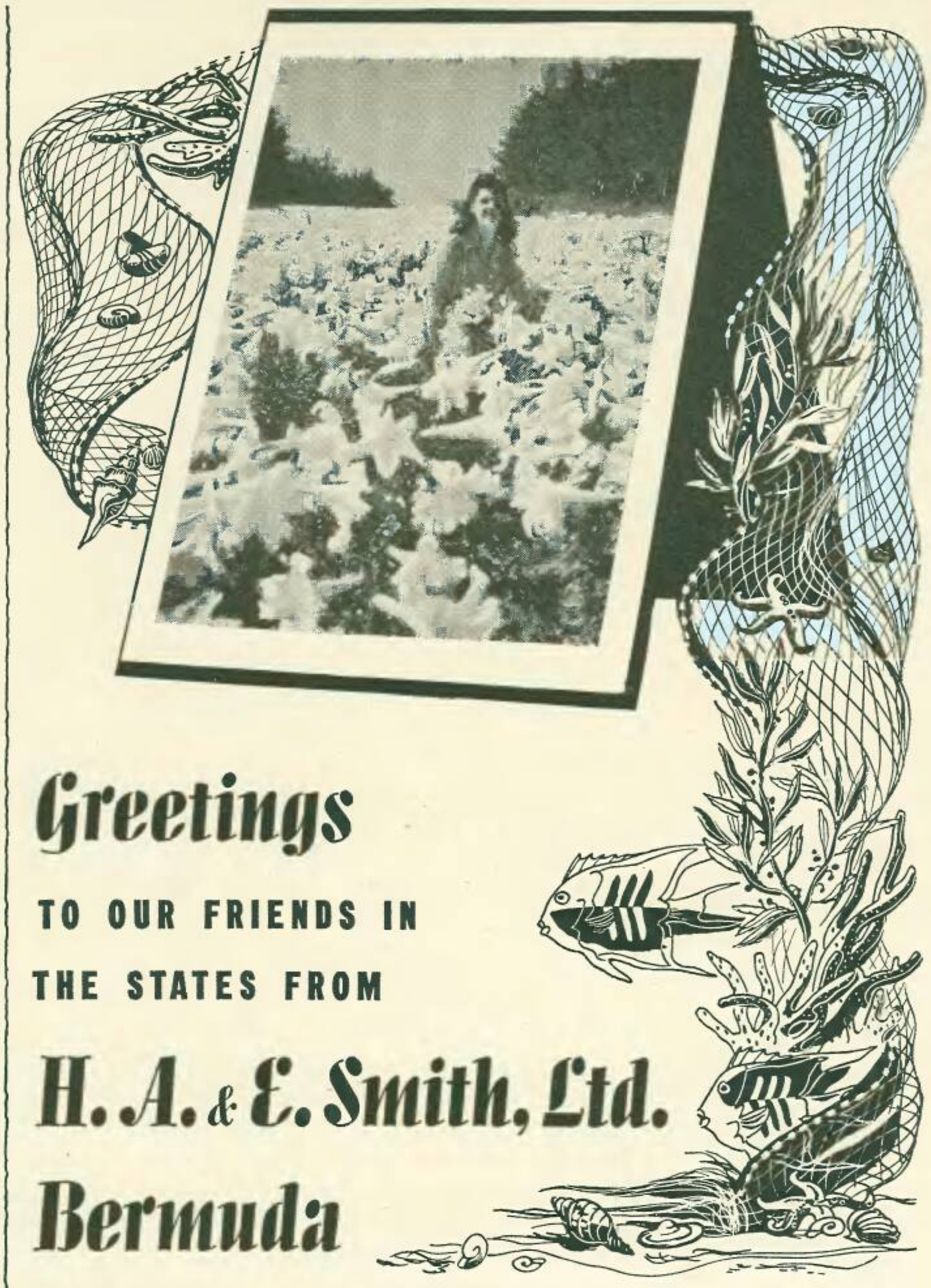
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hitchcock, with Freud's Help



AS a study of psychoanalytic procedure, "Spellbound," the latest creation of Old Master Hitchcock, wouldn't merit a footnote in Freud. But when the film stops trying to be esoteric and abandons arcane mumbling for good, rousing melodrama, it moves along in the manner to which Hitchcock has accustomed us. I don't think anybody could take seriously the proposition, advanced in "Spellbound," that an amnesia victim could install himself with no trouble whatever as a substitute for the head of a high-class sanitarium, and I very much doubt whether Ingrid Bergman will be readily accepted as a lady psychoanalyst by those whose acquaintance with the profession is more than fleeting. She seems entirely too handsome and wholesome to be preoccupied with rooting around among neuroses, and her case work leaves much to be desired. Confronted by a patient obsessed with the gloomy conviction that he has killed his father, she simply tells him that he is grossly mistaken and sends him cheerily off to his quarters, where he promptly cuts his throat.

As part of her heady chores in the picture, Miss Bergman not only has to fall in love with the amnesia victim, played with shaggy determination by Gregory Peck, in five minutes flat, but also has to combine science and passion in fierce confusion in an effort to make him figure out who he is. Few amnesia victims of our time have held on to anonymity quite as grimly as Mr. Peck, and since his tenacity is spread over almost two hours, the film needs plenty of Hitchcock prodding to keep it from bogging down into lethargy. Fortunately, the English expert hasn't forgotten any of his tricks. He still has a nice regard for supplementary characters, and he uses everything from eerie train whistles to grand orchestral crescendos to maintain excitement at a shrill pitch. He manages his camera, as usual, with vast dexterity, and unless you're emotionally gelid, I think a good many of the shots will have you twitching. I might mention, in passing, a scene in which Mr. Peck, dangling a razor ominously, is offered a glass of milk by



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• From the pink beaches and hibiscus-fringed roads of Bermuda . . . still, happily, the semi-tropical paradise that you enjoy so thoroughly . . . H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd., sends cordial greetings.

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Amethyst quartz set in sterling silver. Prices subject to Fed. tax.

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Gather round, ye meat-eaters. We're about to open a jar of James River Brand Deviled Smithfield Meat Spread . . . a gift to gourmets and their pampered palates, from peanut-fed porkers down Ole Virginny way. One whiff of its deep, rich meat-flavor will do things to your taste-mechanism.

And the family and guests will chime in with their cheers for this southern meat-delicacy that will savor your servings from breakfast till curfew.

FREE RECIPE-BOOKLET A-123

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James River Brand
Deviled Smithfield Meat Spread
Carries you back to Old Virginny



an elderly colleague of Miss Bergman. As the milk is being downed, the camera looks through the glass at the presumably endangered psychoanalyst until presently the scene is blotted out in the stark whiteness of the liquid. Mr. Hitchcock has also included some dream sequences confected by Salvador Dali which seem pretty similar to those dreams of yesterday that the Surrealist scattered around Bonwit Teller's windows.

The cast assembled for "Spellbound" is large and excellent. In a very tiny rôle as a lonesome drunk from Pittsburgh brooding in a New York lobby, Wallace Ford does as nice a piece of acting as he has turned out in his whole career, and Michael Chekhov, nephew of the renowned Anton, is amiable and ingratiating as Miss Bergman's old psychoanalytical chum. All in all, you'd better see this one.

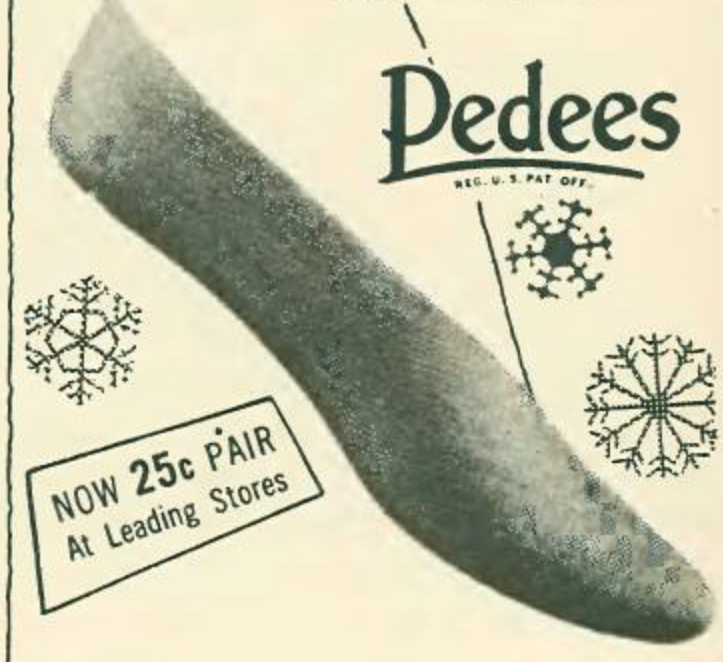
"KISS AND TELL," which on the stage was a protracted but reasonably diverting double-entendre about pregnancy and adolescence, hasn't changed much in the course of being transferred to the screen. You may remember that it concerns a young lady of sixteen who pretends to be with child in order to help her brother and her best friend out of a jam, and you may also remember that it has all the clatter and bustle that apparently are inevitable in any Abbott farce. The young lady, in this case, happens to be played by Shirley Temple, who seems a very pleasant miss, although it's still hard for me to realize that she's old enough to be acquainted even remotely with the facts of life. Amid the general uproar of "Kiss and Tell," you'll find one of the most capable adolescent actors to come along in



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No Sneeze...

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Flower scented pastel soap—your name or initials last as long as the cake itself! Select yellow with lemon verbena scent, peach with jasmine, green with pine, white with jasmine or lavender. 6 cakes $3; a dozen $5. Add 25c for mailing cost. Sorry, no c.o.d.'s.

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years. His name is Jerome Courtland, and, as the alleged seducer of the film, he stands out in fine style. Practically everybody in the picture joins in the confusion enthusiastically, but Walter Abel, as Miss Temple's father, is just a little too enthusiastic. He does everything but break a leg to show that he is a comical fellow.

"We Accuse," a picture about the Kharkov trials, demonstrates that the Nazis were monstrous in their treatment of the Russians. No sane man would argue with that aspect of the film, but the camera work is so spotty and the commentary so monotonous that rather than waste your time, you'd do better to wait around until the Russians come through with a more interesting indictment.

In "The House I Live In," a group of small fry, intent upon beating up a contemporary because of his race and religion, are dissuaded from doing so after Frank Sinatra gives them a short talk and a bit of crooning on the subject of religious tolerance. The film, a brief ten-minute item, shies away from identifying the victim of the gang as a Jew, as if the word were somehow dangerous, and the conversion to simple decency of the tiny hoodlums seemed just a trifle sudden to me. However, you might put it down as a toddle in the right direction. —John McCarten

•

Mr. Forster has remarked that Virginia Woolf's characters are not often memorable, and that is a charge which has much more of truth in it than Mrs. Bennett admits. It is not only because character portrayal provides good entertainment that it is necessary. The deep sense of causality, the awareness of values, the spectacle of profound spiritual struggle (and not merely sensitive concern) which the greatest literature gives are all conveyed through the massive depiction of personality, between which and what we have called the orthodox forms there is perhaps a closer relation than we have thought.—*Ralph Bates in the Times Book Review.*

By "we" do you mean us, by any chance?

•

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[From a list of recordings in the Montgomery Ward catalogue]

Rossini—William Tell Overture. Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Melodious and effectively orchestrated music for Schiller's drama. Familiar to all as the theme song of the Lone Ranger radio show.

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Cream-tone is an amazing new Houbigant make-up base—a non-drying, non-caking, tinted cream that goes on easily, quickly . . . giving your skin a fresh, sheer velvetiness that *lasts.* Cream-tone will smooth over minor skin blemishes without creating that hard "made up" look. In shades to blend with your skin tone. $1.00 *plus tax.*

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CLOSING A DEAL IN KAPURTHALA

IT occurred to one of our generals in India, when I was over there during the war, that if he could buy a few tons of dry ice every now and then, he would be able to fly frozen meat to his troops. Making inquiries, the General was delighted to learn that a syndicate of Hindu businessmen had just built a small dry-ice plant—the first in the country—and that the syndicate hoped to sell the plant's entire output to the United States Army. The price tentatively mentioned was reasonable and the transaction looked as if it would be a simple one, beneficial to both sides. It turned out, however, to be no simpler than anything else in India is.

The factory was on the outskirts of Lahore, a hot little city noted for a fine camel market and the best night clubs in the Punjab, and for the fact that a timid, undersized reporter named Kipling had once been employed by the local paper. The General flew up to Lahore from his headquarters in New Delhi to see whether the dry-ice machinery actually worked, the kind of thing no one ever takes for granted in India. He took along a few technicians and negotiators, among them me, in the innocent expectation that we would close the deal that afternoon. We were met at the Lahore airport by the head of the syndicate, who introduced himself in excellent English as Major Dewan Jarmani Das. The "Major" was, he subsequently explained, a courtesy title dating from earlier service as a military aide to the Maharajah of Kapurthala. Major Das, a small man, wore Western clothes with his shirttails tucked in—a foppish affectation in that climate, where nearly everyone, from shopkeepers to government officials of cabinet rank, leaves his shirttails dangling outside his trousers. He was full of restless energy, a quality rare among Hindus, and in this and in his appearance he resembled a sunburned LaGuardia.

The Major bowed us into a 1935 Chevrolet and drove us to his factory, a converted sugar mill standing a little apart from a huddle of mud huts in one of the industrial suburbs of Lahore. The factory was filled with an unprepossessing collection of second-hand German Diesel engines, Czech chemical vats, and barefoot Indian mechanics, most of them asleep. The foreman, who wore a frock coat, turban, and pince-nez, kicked his staff awake and proceeded to demonstrate that his equipment was capable of generating carbon-dioxide gas and, in a matter of twenty minutes or so, compressing it into solid, rectangular cakes. These had the texture and appearance of tight-packed snow, and were cold enough to blister one's hands in a few seconds. "O.K.," the General said. "I guess you can do the job. Now, about the price—"

Major Das looked startled. "Not here," he said. "Too hot. Very uncomfortable talking business here." Then, as if he had only just thought of it, he suggested that we might move on to the palace of his friend and former boss, the Maharajah, some sixty miles southeast of Lahore. "Very nice palace," he said. "Very cool. Plumbing quite modern. We could relax a little, maybe have a few drinks, and have a long, quiet talk."

When the General hesitated about accepting this invitation, the Major added that the Maharajah of Kapurthala was the most progressive of princes and took a great interest in the industrialization of India, that he would be honored to entertain the distinguished Americans for a few days, and that arrangements for the meeting had, in fact, already been made. Major Das didn't exactly come out and say so, but we gathered that the Maharajah had something more than a patriotic interest in the infant dry-ice industry.

The factory *was* appallingly hot. The General's other duties were not, at the moment, pressing, and he had never seen a maharajah in his native habitat. The consequence was that a couple of hours later our plane nosed down for a landing on the dusty strip of camel pasture that serves as the airport at the town of Kapurthala. No plane as large as the General's C-47 had ever put down there before, and all the Indians within walking distance who had spotted it passing overhead came to stare at it. They were kept off the field by a picket line of what I was informed were the Maharajah's household troops, by all odds the most ferocious-looking soldiers I've ever seen. Most of them were Rajput Sikhs, tall, bearded men with gaunt faces and great dignity. In addition to a rifle, a bayonet, and a bandoleer of cartridges, each of them was equipped with a *kirpan*, a sickle-shaped knife. I was told later that religious custom requires every Sikh to carry his *kirpan* all the time.

The detachment of troops was under the command of a handsome young man in a tan whipcord uniform, who saluted us and then presented us to the State Poet. This dignitary bowed to



each of us—no trivial performance, since his fat paunch was crammed and buttoned into an ankle-length coat of stiff gold brocade. By the time he had finished bowing, he was panting and sweat was rolling from under his turban. He wiped his horn-rimmed glasses and waved the chattering onlookers to silence. He spoke good English, but he had a slight lisp, caused by the loss of nearly all his teeth; those which remained were brown stubs heavily stained with betel nut. "I am instructed to welcome you," he said, "on behalf of His Highness, Sir Jagatjit Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., whose remaining titles and honors are too numerous for brief recitation. In addition to my duties as Poet Laureate of this kingdom, it is my pleasure to serve as aide to His Highness's guests. You will please command me for whatever you desire. We shall now proceed to the dedication of the sports pavilion adjoining the cricket field, which, you will observe, is the first event on your program."

He bowed again and passed out a sheaf of printed leaflets which set forth, hour by hour, our schedule for the next three days. The General, who was interested only in getting a price on dry ice, studied the document in dazed silence during the short drive to the cricket field, but, being a military man, he worked out a sound "estimate of the situation" and performed his part in the dedicatory rites—a short speech—with poise and grace. It seems to have been a coincidence that the new pavilion, a small, low, white wooden building with colonnades, had been finished a day or two before our visit. No doubt, though, the Maharajah was grateful for the opportunity to have it opened by an American of rank. The Maharajah didn't appear at the pavilion, but a great many officials did. There were garlands of flowers for everyone, and there was a red-and-white banner bearing the legend, in English, "Long Live Our Beloved Maharajah." There were also a number of speeches, much handshaking, and tea, served on the lawn while bearded Sikhs in white flannels batted around a cricket ball in what was, in my judgment, a first-rate imitation of Englishmen at play.

Since I don't understand cricket, I dragged a couple of folding chairs into the shade of the little white pavilion, which still smelled of fresh paint, and asked the State Poet to talk to me. He sat down gratefully and, after catching his breath, began to tell me about Kapurthala with the enthusiasm of a

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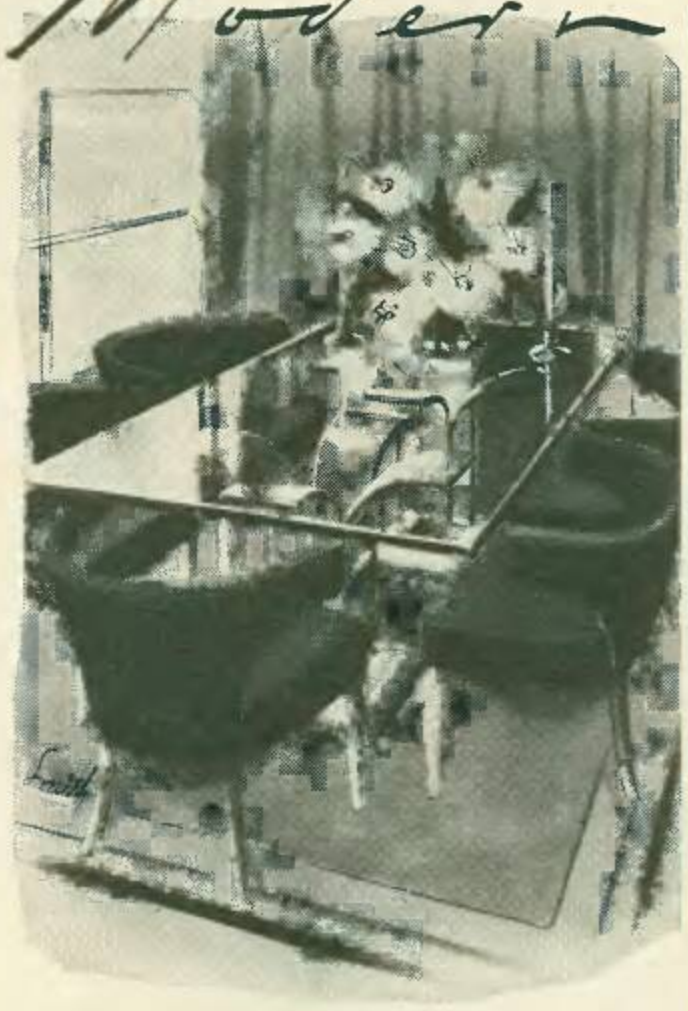


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chamber-of-commerce secretary. He explained that he had all the facts because his chief function was to write long descriptive poems about the State of Kapurthala and its past glories whenever there was a royal birthday or funeral, or a religious fête which required commemoration in verse. He composed, he said, with equal fluency in English and Urdu, the Moslem form of Hindustani.

He told me that in his youth he had aspired to become a revolutionary writer—"a nightingale of Indian independence," as he put it. Then he shook his head. "My friends who work for the British police warned me it would mean long periods in prison. That would be hard for a diabetic. Besides, I am a sensual man, used to an easy life, and I am very comfortable in this post. Instead of writing patriotic songs, I write verses about nature and the heroes of old times. Perhaps I am not a strong character."

WHILE the State Poet talked, I tried to determine what it was that made the Kapurthala landscape so familiar. After a while I realized that it looked exactly like the north Texas plains, where I was raised. It had the same flat stretches of brown grass and cacti, the same patches of wheat, the same clumps of thorn bushes (called camel scrub in Kapurthala and mesquite in Texas). Even the people had a bearing and temper not unlike Texans. Later I learned that Kapurthala has a population of three hundred thousand and is about two-thirds the size of an average county in the Texas Panhandle. Nearly all the inhabitants are farmers, scratching a bone-poor living from a few acres apiece. The State Poet said that only three or four generations ago the Rajput Sikhs, who make up almost a fourth of the population, were professional soldiers in the most reckless and effective cavalry in Asia. "They rode to battle in saffron wedding robes," the Poet said proudly, "to show that they went to death as a bridegroom goes to meet his bride." The Poet added that the tradition of horsemanship still persists, although there are not so many horses as there were. Actually, they are now as rare in Kapurthala as they are in Dallas. I learned later that on state occasions the Maharajah turns up in jodhpurs, probably for the same reason that a Texas governor sometimes finds it appropriate to affect cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat. Many of the best regiments of the Indian Army are still recruited from among the Sikhs of several little native states, of which Kapurthala

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is fairly typical, but news of the war apparently reached almost no one in Kapurthala except the palace bureaucracy. Those outside palace circles who did know of it generally assumed that their enemies were the Pathan tribes on the Afghan border, who have been fighting the inhabitants of Kapurthala on and off for the past six hundred years.

The Maharajah, who summoned us to his palace for cocktails after the cricket pavilion had been thoroughly dedicated, never mentioned the war. Nor did he speak of the dry-ice plant, either. He sat in a wicker chair on a big porch, where, he said, there was sometimes a breeze, and described a visit he had made many years ago to the Marshall Field store in Chicago. "Such riches!" the Maharajah said. "I have seen many palaces, but none so filled with precious things. Even in India I have never found such silks and brocades."

Like many of his fellow-maharajahs, Sir Jagatjit, who is in his seventy-third year, speaks carefully, with an English-public-school accent, and his clothes were the flannel slacks and tweed jacket of an English country gentleman (though I felt that the tweed, a pink-and-green weave, might seem somewhat more obtrusive in Kent than in Kapurthala). He held a glass of sherry in one hand, but he didn't drink it, and as he talked he stroked his clean-shaven chin with the other. The Maharajah and his four sons are, as far as I could learn, the only Sikhs in India who do not wear beards. In an effort to encourage his subjects to follow one of the English customs he so much admires, His Highness shaved his beard some years after he took over the throne—or, to be precise, the royal brocade cushion. His sons have dutifully followed his example, but the common people still wear beards and regard the Maharajah's experiment with disapproval. As a consequence, Sir Jagatjit has been wary of reform movements of any other kind.

His Highness worries a good deal, in fact, about those professional reformers the Indian Nationalists, whose rise to power would undoubtedly sweep away native princes along with the British. This anxiety may be one of the reasons that, in recent years, the Maharajah has made a number of expensive gestures of benevolence to his subjects. He has cut taxes to what he describes as a "nominal level," meaning fifty per cent of each peasant's wheat crop, and he pays many of the royal expenses out of the income of the estates he owns in the Province of Oudh. He has also set up



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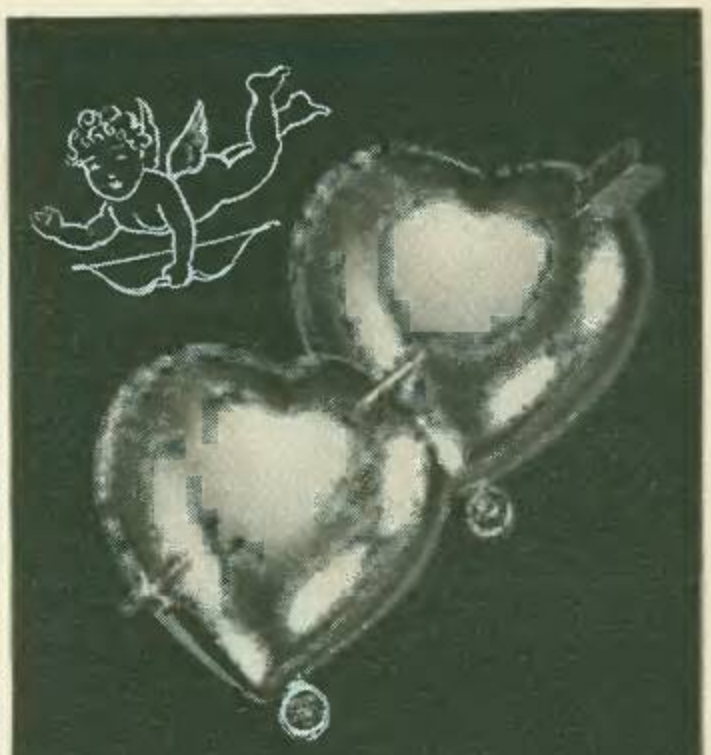
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a hospital, power and water systems, and a Female Academy, where young ladies learn to cook and to recite from "The Merchant of Venice." For the Mohammedans who live in his state, he has built a pink stucco mosque worthy of M-G-M.

These gestures do not mean, however, that Sir Jagatjit encourages democratic intimacies from his subjects. Most of the peasants in Kapurthala still back off the road and crouch respectfully, their faces in the dust, when one of the palace cars, with or without the Maharajah, drives past. Nor has his benevolence forced the royal family to live in straitened circumstances. Next to his private army, the Maharajah's liveliest interest is architecture, and a few years ago he built a concrete-and-marble palace combining some of the more striking features of the Petit Trianon and the Roxy Theatre. Its plumbing, Major Das assured us, works with a reliability that is almost unique in India. His Highness's taste is eclectic. Scattered throughout the two or three square miles of formal gardens which surround his palace are a variety of minor palaces and guest houses in styles ranging from Greek to Gothic. The gem of the collection is the royal movie house, a copy of a New England church which the Maharajah admired on his visit to the United States. Stretching across the façade of the building, at the base of the chaste white spire, is an electric sign. Its letters, which are about two feet high and are made up of bulbs in four colors, spell out "Jagatjit Talkies." The sign flashes on and off at half-second intervals during most of the night.

The interior of the theatre is nearly as bare as a skating rink. The only seats are fifteen or twenty plush-and-needlepoint couches and easy chairs in a small balcony under the projection booth. These are enough to accommodate the princely family and its guests; the populace isn't permitted to attend movies and the main floor of the theatre remains empty throughout all performances. Beside each couch and chair is a small table with a silver cigarette box and ashtray, and every twenty minutes during the showing of a movie a white-bearded servant in blue-and-silver livery carries around a tray of brandy and whiskey highballs. His Highness was apologetic about his inability to serve imported Scotch, which was almost unobtainable in India during the war; he had had to fall back on a passable local product known as Solan No. 1.

The Maharajah himself is not par-



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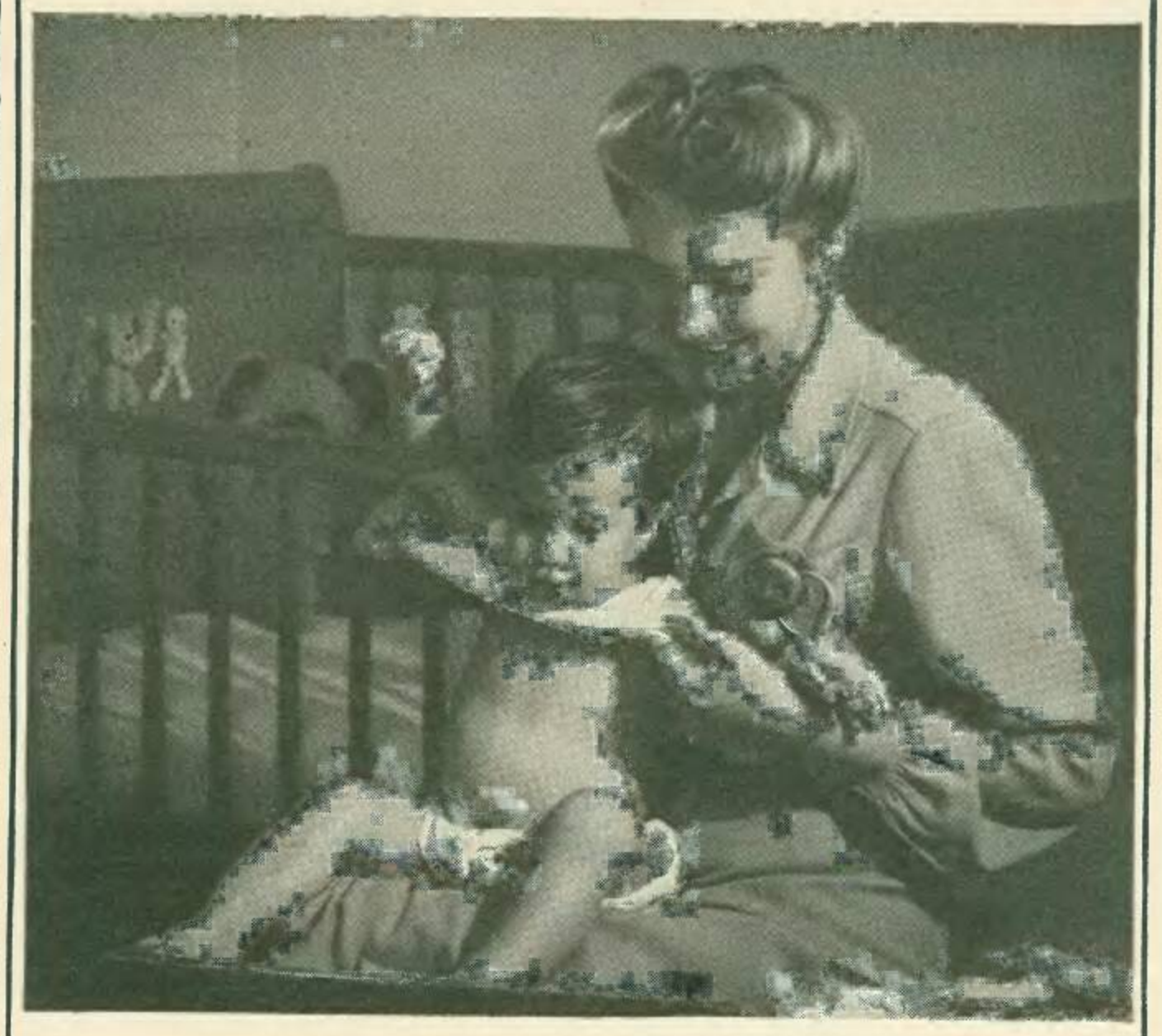
ticularly fond of movies, but they are a major diversion of the heir apparent, the Tikka Rajah Paramjit Singh, and his wife, a statuesque blonde whose maiden name was Stella Mudge. Princess Stella's interest in the cinema probably goes back to her former connection with the stage in England and France, a period of her career about which she is inclined to be reticent. She and her husband usually see three movies a week, which are brought by station wagon from Lahore. The rental fee of a movie is five hundred rupees, some ten times the annual income of the average Kapurthala peasant. The projection machine is managed expertly, if a little nervously, by a Sikh electrician, whose chief problem is to keep his beard from catching fire.

In the General's plane there happened to be four new movies which had just arrived in India for the Army film library, one of the many units under the General's command. The evening we arrived in Kapurthala, the General had dinner with the Tikka Rajah and his wife in their home, a small palace named Stella Cottage. Since there were nine courses and a large number of toasts, the meal lasted until nearly eleven. The General, a hard-working man, usually went to bed at about that time, but, remembering the importance of dry ice to his men, he mentioned the fact that he had brought along a few films and asked Their Highnesses if they would like to see one of them before retiring. "How delightful!" the Prince said. "We'll see them all."

The party thereupon went to the theatre and sat, hour after hour, staring at Grade B musical-comedy movies. The last one ended at dawn. Thanking Their Highnesses for a pleasant evening, the General hurried away to keep an appointment he had made to inspect the Kapurthala army. He reported to us later, in a state of exhaustion, that it was a fine body of troops.

NEITHER the Maharajah nor the heir apparent, who habitually wears a fawn-colored waistcoat, striped trousers, and spats, pretends to be an active military man. They leave the command of the state's forces to the second son, Amarjit Singh, whose name means Lion of Eternal Victory and who is a major in the Indian Army. Nevertheless, the Maharajah had his portrait painted in traditional Rajput military uniform, in order to continue the series of portraits of the Princes of Kapurthala which hang in the durbar hall of his palace. This painting shows him as a

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fragile, kindly old man with a rather nervous smile, dressed in white satin jodhpurs, a long white embroidered coat, and a turban encrusted with diamonds the size of dimes and emeralds the size of half dollars. He is leaning on a jewelled saber in a white velvet sheath.

By coincidence, the painting of the current Maharajah of Kapurthala hangs just opposite the portrait of the first Maharajah, a certain Jassa Singh, who took the kingdom away from the Moguls during the eighteenth century, in a series of campaigns notable, I was told, for merciless rapine and bloodshed. The first Maharajah's face—lusty and villainous—looks shockingly out of place against the carved teak panelling of the durbar hall. Jassa's sword is stored away in the state treasure room, under the perpetual guard of a company of picked troops, all of whom look almost as bloodthirsty as Jassa. It has a heavy iron blade and no jewels, but there are plenty of nicks, and it was plainly designed more for slicing off heads than for ceremonial purposes.

The durbar hall is the ostensible seat of the government of Kapurthala. Its chief article of furniture is a dais, surmounted by the brocaded cushion on which His Highness sits while executing the formal acts of a sovereign. Actually, the chores of government are largely performed by relatives of Major Das. The cabinet portfolios tend to rotate among three of his elder brothers; a fourth brother manages the Maharajah's estates in the Province of Oudh, which have nearly half a million tenants and are larger and more valuable than the whole of Kapurthala itself. This property in Oudh is responsible for the position the Das family holds in its sovereign's esteem. During the Sepoy Mutiny, ninety-odd years ago, the hotbloods of the Kapurthala court were all for joining the rebel maharajahs in their fight against the British. "But my grandfather," Major Das told me, "was a man of sagacity. He counselled prudence and loyalty. Naturally, when the revolt was put down, the Maharajah of that time received the estates of some of the wealthier rebels as a reward."

Since then the princes of Kapurthala have apparently based their policy on two principles: to keep on the best of terms with the British, and to listen attentively to the Das clan. The little Major started out in the family tradition with a minor palace job. This proved too sedentary for a man of his energy. He went to Bombay and set up a trading company which handles everything, from mosquito nets to dry ice for the

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military (if a customer can contrive to close a deal). During the war, the Major found his connection with the old Maharajah very convenient in the furtherance of his business interests. Many of his potential customers, I learned, were invited, as the General was, to discuss terms in the relaxing atmosphere of a royal guest house. American customers seldom refused. They were given a real show—an audience with His Highness, horoscopes by the State Astrologer, entertainment by a quartet of plump dancing girls, and a sightseeing tour on one of the state elephants, with jewelled bells and a howdah trimmed with silver.

These elephants—there are only two of them—belong to the Ministry of Public Works, and carrying palace guests is the least of their duties. They are sometimes requisitioned to head up a religious parade, but their workaday job is to serve as non-mechanized bulldozers. They help to build roads, carry timber, yank carts out of mudholes, and rescue the several hundred villagers who get flooded out of their mud houses every rainy season. "It's a nuisance, really," the Maharajah remarked, when I asked him about the floods. "We have three villages down by a little river. Every year, about a week after the monsoon breaks, the river rises and washes the houses away. Then the elephants have to wade in and rescue the people. After the floods recede, the people return and build new mud houses. There has been some talk of moving the villages, but I could hardly think of doing anything so radical. My subjects are a home-loving people."

It is only fair to note that the princely entertainment which Major Das has on tap for his customers generally has little effect on the subsequent business negotiations. Probably it isn't intended to. I suspect that the Major, like most Indians, enjoys throwing a gaudy party for his friends. In any case, when, during a pause in our formal Program of Events, he got around to talking dry-ice prices, his terms were the same ones that had been hinted at some weeks earlier. So we were able to close, in the palace at Kapurthala, the deal we might have closed much less comfortably in the heat of Lahore.

—JOHN FISCHER

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FRED'S WIFE

THERE were too many people for the small apartment that evening, but after some effort the soldier managed to cut away the blond English girl and steer her into a corner. They were sitting on the floor, heads together, when the soldier became aware of a tall woman in brown standing over them.

"Lucy said you'd been in Cairo, Egypt," the woman said cheerfully.

"Well, yes," the soldier said.

"The reason I ask," said the woman, "my husband was there for two years. He's in Athens now, but he was in Cairo for twenty-six months."

"I really don't know much about the place," the soldier said hopefully.

"Oh, that's all right," the woman said. "Fred wrote me all about it. I just like to talk to people who've been there." She lowered herself beside them, placing her drink under a chair. The soldier sighed softly and moved so that she would have room.

The English girl said, "I was in Cairo before the war." She was a very pretty girl, with long, fine hair that shook only a little more than necessary when she talked.

"Why, I didn't know you were in Cairo," the soldier said.

"Oh, yes," the girl said. "I spent a winter there in '38. Just before the war."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the soldier.

"It was lovely then," the girl said. "I hear it's frightful now."

"Fred wrote it was nice," the tall woman said.

The soldier said reluctantly, "What did you say your husband's name was?"

"Manders," the woman said. "Fred Manders. He was with the O.W.I."



The soldier hesitated, then sighed again. "I knew him."

The woman sat up very straight. "You don't say!"

"We used to go to the movies together." The soldier smiled tenderly at the English girl. "The cinema, I mean."

"Those lovely garden cinemas," the girl said. She looked at the soldier as though they shared a deep and wonderful secret.

"I won't say it," Mrs. Manders said loudly. "I won't say what a small world it is. I simply won't say it."

She stared at them with the bright, pleased, pleasantly incredulous look of one who has just been hit on the head by coincidence. The soldier's hand which had been moving toward the girl stopped and crept slowly back to his lap. He said finally, "The last I'd heard of Fred he was in Rome."

"Oh, that was only for a few months," Mrs. Manders said. "He's been in Athens since June."

"I was in Athens, too," the English girl said. "Frightful place."

"How does he like it?" the soldier asked.

"Wonderful," Mrs. Manders said. "Simply wonderful. He lives in a villa, you know. He only had an apartment in Rome."

"I sure wish we'd lived like that," the soldier said. "Those boys live well. What I mean, *well*."

"Don't they, now," Mrs. Manders said. "How about that penthouse in Cairo? With three servants."

"Two," said the soldier.

"That's right," Mrs. Manders said. "It was three in Rome. Or was that Naples?"

"I hear Naples is frightful," the English girl said.

"He's got five in Athens," Mrs. Manders said. "But that's with a villa. You need five servants with a villa."

"I guess Fred does all right," the soldier said.

"I guess he does," Mrs. Manders said brightly. "The son of a bitch."

She said it without rancor, and the soldier and the girl looked at her.

"Is this your Fred?" the girl asked.

"My Fred," said Mrs. Manders. "You know what he was before the war? A rewrite man on a morning newspaper." She leaned forward. "I used to give him fifty cents for lunch," she said, "and expect a nickel back at dinner."

She straightened up and nodded. The soldier started to smile, then changed his mind.

"You know how we lived?" Mrs. Manders said.

"How?" asked the English girl.

"The first kid in a one-room apartment." Mrs. Manders gestured around her. "Smaller than this. Then a three-room place in Jackson Heights. Then a five-room place in Westchester. If you're lucky."

"Westchester?" the girl said.

"Three kids," Mrs. Manders said. "Once Fred had to quit the paper and go to work for the Republicans. Can you imagine? I was afraid to keep *PM* around the house. Now look at him. A villa. Five servants. I bet he even drinks wine with his meals."

"Well, a glass of wine—" said the English girl.

"You understand," Mrs. Manders said. "I think it's fine he's living so well. But does he know what he has to come home to?" She looked at them steadily.

The English girl wrinkled her pretty brow, searching for an answer. The soldier cleared his throat and said, "Uh. How *are* the children?"

"Oh, fine," Mrs. Manders said. "Fine and dandy. They're in Vermont."

"That must be wizard," the English girl said.

"I beg your pardon?" Mrs. Manders said.

"Living in the country," said the soldier. "It must be fun."

"Have you ever lived in the country?" Mrs. Manders asked. She looked at each of them. "I come into the city once a year for a week," she said. "Just to get a running start for the winter."

"I hear the winter is lovely in Vermont," the English girl said. "Do you ski?"

Mrs. Manders looked at her strangely. "Sure, I ski," she said. "All the time. That's what I do up there, ski. I lock the children in the closet and ski all day."

"Are you up there alone?" the soldier asked.

"I'm living with Fred's family," Mrs. Manders said sweetly. The soldier opened his mouth to say something and Mrs. Manders said, "Sure, we could move to the city. We could sleep in the park and live on hazelnuts." She picked up her drink, looked at it, and put it back. She got slowly to her feet. "Sometimes I think I'm the only sane person in the whole world," she said. She looked around the room and called, "Lucy!"

A plump, middle-aged woman de-



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tached herself from a group around the piano and hurried over.

"Lucy, I'm going home," Mrs. Manders said.

"Now, Penelope," the woman said. "It isn't even twelve."

"You know me," Mrs. Manders said. "Six o'clock and I'm up with the birds."

"Well, call me in the morning," Lucy said. She smiled down at the soldier and the English girl and said, "Having fun?" She nodded happily, without waiting for an answer, and hurried back to the piano.

The soldier stood up. "Give my regards to Fred."

"I certainly will," Mrs. Manders said. "He'll be delighted. And you must come visit if you're ever in Vermont."

"I'll do that," the soldier said.

"This is my fourth winter," Mrs. Manders said. "I'm beginning to know the country real well. We could go on picnics." She smiled at them and turned to leave.

The soldier sat down again. He picked up the English girl's hand and they watched Mrs. Manders cross the room, her tall figure straight and steady. She took a purse from a table, then turned again and waved to them from the door.

"Don't forget to bring your skis," she called gaily.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

•

Her only garment was an antique cameo, and she carried a white Bible from which fell a shower of Peruvian lilies, with a cluster of the same lilies on top.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

Well, if everything was arranged just so, it might be adequate.

•

Q. How many persons can be served with a quart of wine? D. G.

A. A quart of wine will serve eight people twice if the regulation four-ounce glasses are used and if the glasses are only half filled each time.—*Hartford Courant.*

You'll never see *those* eight people again; that's *one* good thing.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a movie column in the New Haven (Conn.) Register*]

When Cary Grant does Hamlet (in the modern version) for Alfred Hitchcock, he will do the famous soliloquy—"To Be or Not to Be"—lying prone on a psychiatrist's couch. If Shakespeare lived today, I'm sure that's the exact place he himself would have suggested.

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THE ART GALLERIES

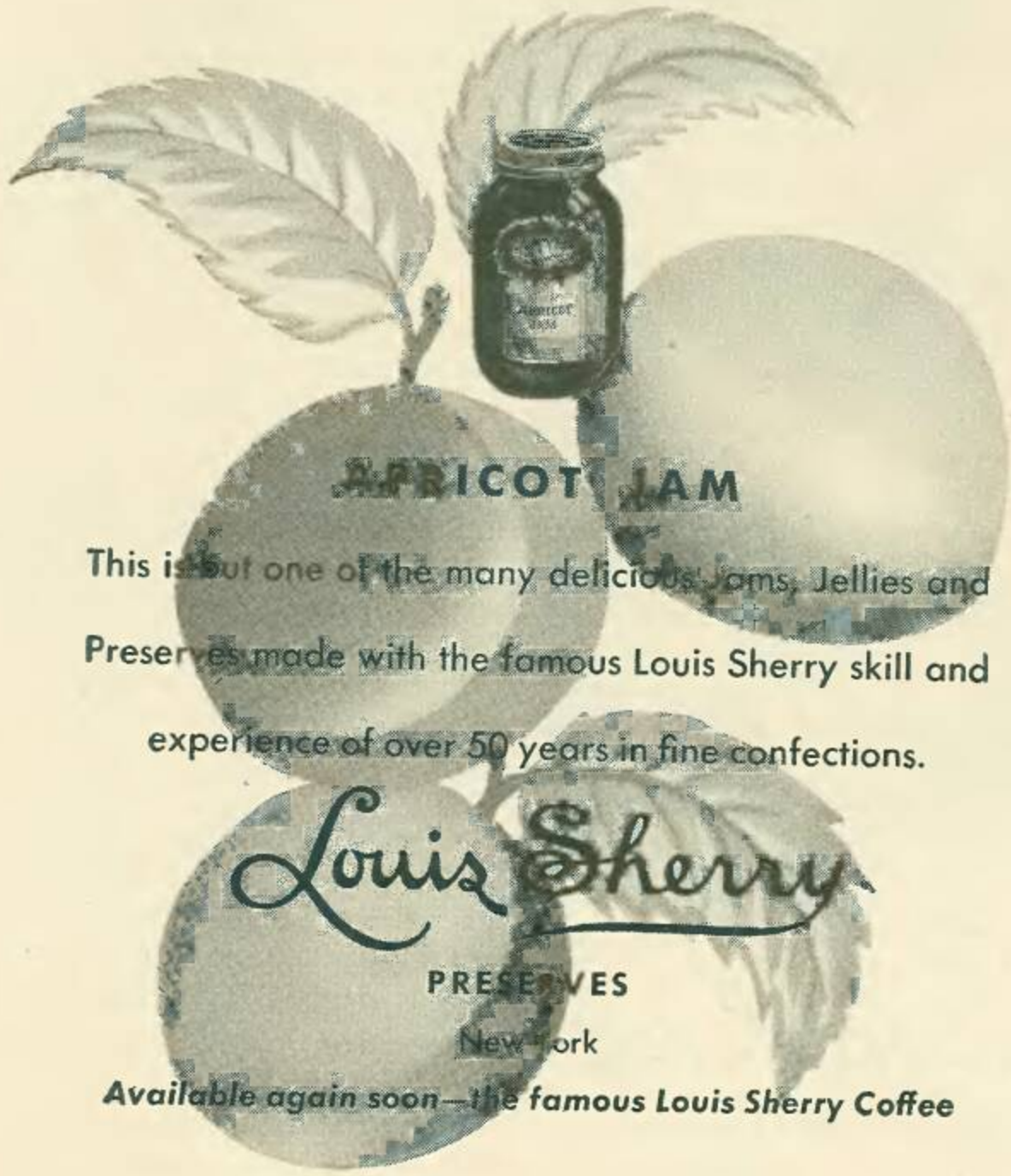
"A" to "Z," Including "P"

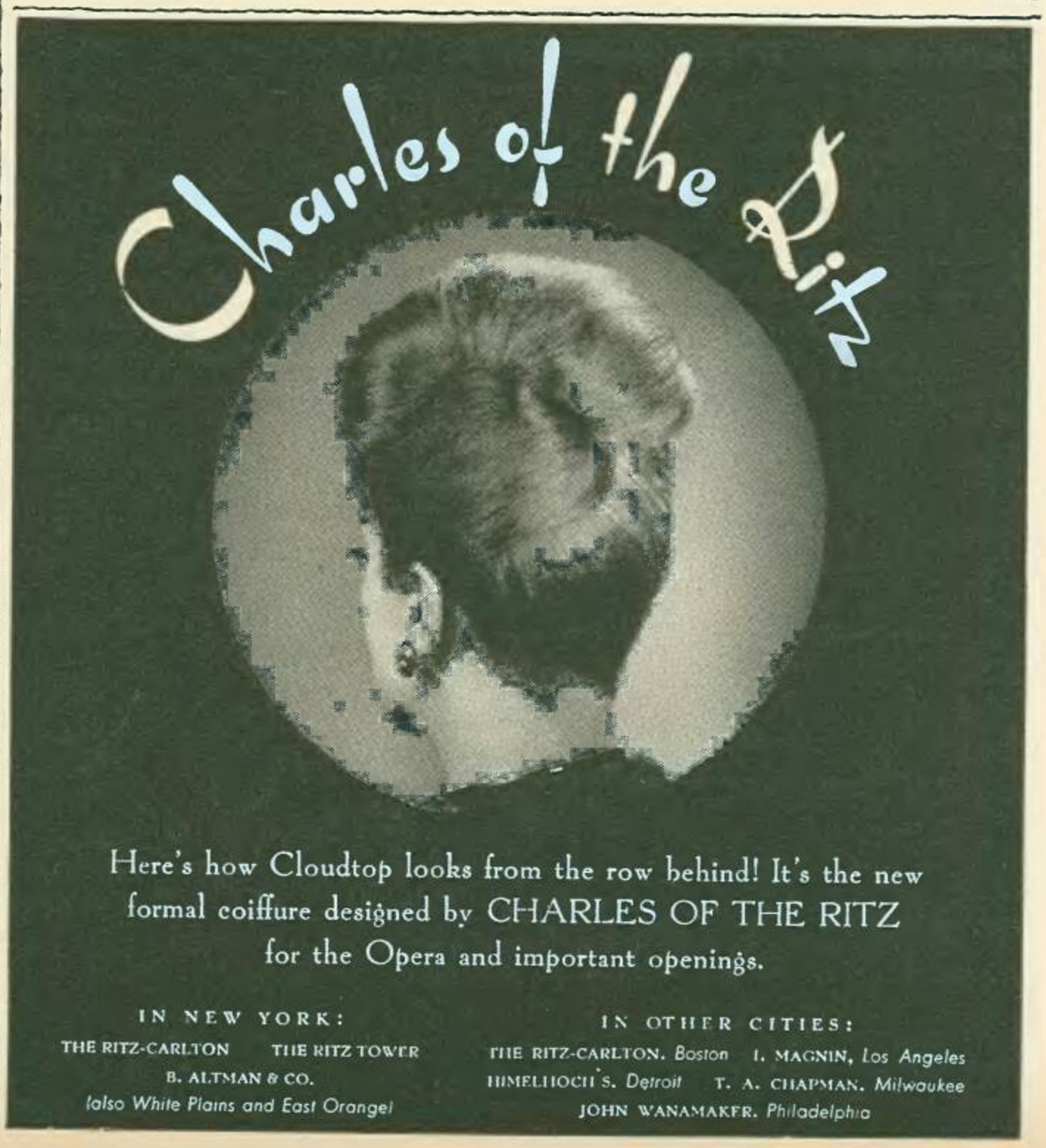


CAMILLE PISSARRO, the Impressionist painter, who is now the subject of a big loan exhibition at the Wildenstein, was from all accounts an extremely modest and unassuming fellow, both as a man and as an artist. When he was a young student in Paris (he was born in the West Indies in 1830), he was so overawed by the older men around him that he asked, and got, from Corot a letter stating that he (Pissarro) was a pupil of the master, and in his later years, when he had achieved at least a share of the success that was due him, he maintained a patriarchal simplicity, living quietly in the midst of his by then quite large family, either in Paris or at his country home at Eragny, in the Oise. He was, it seems, one of those completely unaffected persons who make friends as naturally as they breathe. Even Degas admired him—rather grudgingly, for, in addition to his many other crotchets, Degas was an anti-Semite and Pissarro was a Jew—and in all the little bickerings that from time to time sprang up among the Impressionists, Pissarro alone kept good-fellowship with them all.

The trouble is that, in a strange sort of way, that unpretentiousness of his seems to have hung on after his death. It is as if even his reputation has a streak of retiringness in it. Though the names of other, lesser men among his fellow-Impressionists have grown in importance with the years, his has steadily diminished, until now there is a tendency to class him merely as a "follower" and let it go at that. The new show, the first really comprehensive one of his works ever to be given here, should do a good deal to lift him out of that misty, slightly wistful category and place him nearer to where he belongs, not quite side by side with the Big Four of the period—Cézanne, Renoir, Manet, and Degas—but fairly close to them, and surely level with, if not above, such others as Monet, Sisley, and Signac.

Pissarro was forty when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. Like a number of other artists, he fled to England, but he suffered, nevertheless, for while he was away his studio was burned by the Germans and all his paintings, some three hundred canvases, were de-







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stroyed. It really was all his paintings, too, or almost all, for he had sold very little, and thus only a few of his earlier pieces are in existence. The Wildenstein exhibition has three, which is doing rather well, all things considered—a still life and a landscape, both of 1867 and very Courbet in feeling, and another landscape, dated 1870, "Les Sapins à Louveciennes," which is an oddly tentative mixture of Impressionism and straight Corot.

As is true of so many men destined for longevity (he died at seventy-three), he seems to have been slow in developing. Corot and Courbet were both among his early influences. In England, he was deeply affected by Turner and Constable, and much later, when he was fifty-five, he went through a brief period when, dissatisfied with that formal looseness which has always been the weakness of Impressionism, he adopted the Pointillist style of Seurat. But there was always a kind of logic behind the occasional vacillations; he took what he wanted and remained pretty much himself, a true Impressionist to the last.

He learned about light from Turner, and there is a wonderfully golden, sunlit "Le Pont de Chemin de Fer, Pontoise"—trees, the bridge, broad, level fields, and the placid river—which shows how perfectly he absorbed Turner's brilliant effects without departing from the framework of his own method. And the Seurat influence, in the end, merely reinforced his own strong sense of form; he used the Pointillist style only for a fairly short time, and then principally as a means of keeping the freshness of Impressionism without sacrificing compositional rigidity.

It was this feeling of strength and solidity which gave his work its greatest value, and it found its best expression in the really great series of paintings of Paris that he did toward the end of his career. The show has eight of them, which alone should be enough to make you want to see it, and though they are just about equal in interest, there are three—the "Jardin des Tuileries, Effet de Brume," "Le Louvre," and "La Seine et le Louvre Vus du Terre-Plein du Pont-Neuf"—that I'd especially like to single out. Sunny, spacious, beguiling, they give completely that mixture of airiness and magnificence that has always been Paris.

AT the Associated American Artists, there is a combined exhibition of paintings by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright,



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who won first medal at the Metropolitan "Artists for Victory" show in 1942, and his twin, Malvin Marr Albright, who chose the pseudonym of Zsissly to get as far away as possible from his more famous brother—or, roughly, as far as from one end of the telephone book to the other. The change of name hasn't altered either's painting style, and to the student of the chemistry of twins it should be enormously interesting to note how often, in spite of their efforts to pull apart, the two are drawn together into an uneasy stylistic communion. Albright, naturally, is by far the more finished performer. He is the poet of putrescence, and if at times, in his parade of aged, flabby-fleshed, varicose-veined men and women, he seems to insist too much on the obscenity of decay, that is within his province, and in the big picture of a crumbling door called "That Which I Should Have Done, I Did Not Do," he can express a kind of sombre malevolence that is truly impressive. Yet there are also moments when he paints exactly like Zsissly, and since half the time Zsissly paints just like Albright, the effect is confusing. When he gets off by himself, as in "Pemaquid Point Light, Maine" and "Lobsterman's Wharf, Maine," Zsissly works with commendable crispness and directness.

THERE'S a lovely, luscious Renoir still life called "Peaches" in the group show at the Bignou, and at the Niveau there's a fine Sisley "Matinée de Printemps." Both exhibitions are of nineteenth-century French painting, centering on the Impressionists, and they are especially interesting for the sidelights they throw on the Pissarro show. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES

Says Johannes Steel: "'Time Bomb' is must reading for every American."—*From the jacket of "Time Bomb," by E. A. Piller.*

Johannes Steel has done a fearless and extremely capable job.—*"Time Bomb," page 173.*

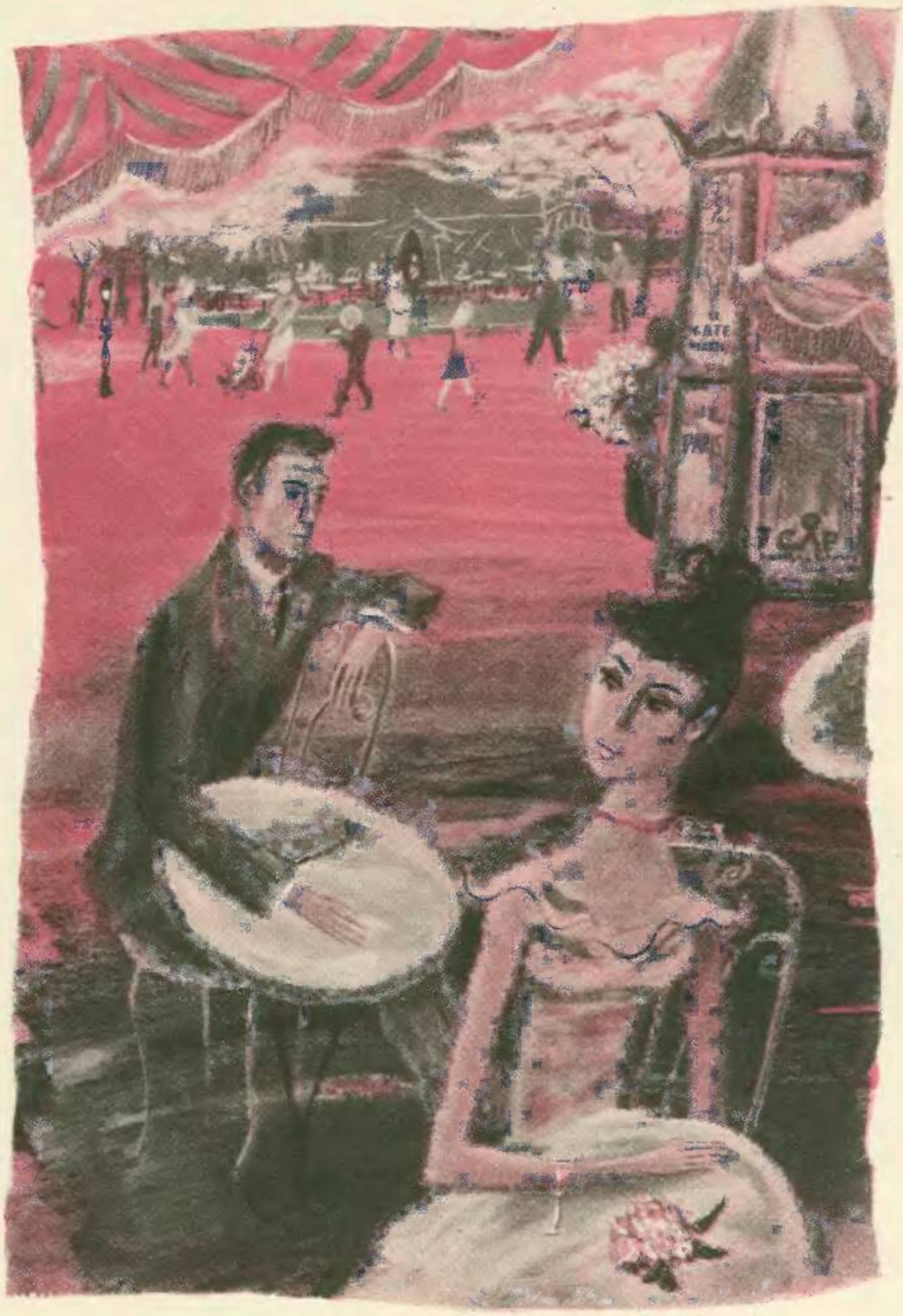
Says Dr. L. M. Birkhead: "'Time Bomb' is important reading for citizens."—*From the jacket of "Time Bomb."*

... Dr. L. M. Birkhead, an outstanding authority on the subject...—*"Time Bomb," page 15.*

"Watch for a new book, 'Time Bomb' ... required reading for every American."—*Walter Winchell, on his radio program.*

...one of the voices that has most... courageously exposed ... is that of Walter Winchell.—*"Time Bomb," page 170.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Russian Music



THE New York City Symphony and its conductor, Leonard Bernstein, covered a lot of ground in a concert at the City Center last week. The program began with Haydn's symphony No. 102, which is a little more than a hundred and fifty years old, jumped the nineteenth century to take on Paul Hindemith's "Konzertmusik" for strings and brasses, and then popped back into the eighteen-eighties for Tchaikovsky's Concert Fantasy and his Italian Caprice. The adventure was a considerable triumph for the instrumentalists and their astonishing young leader. Mr. Bernstein directed the Haydn symphony as if he had never heard of the "Papa Haydn" tradition, for he didn't try any candlelight-and-brocade effects on the music. Instead, he conducted the work as if it were something by a living composer whom he admired a lot, and the result was a live performance that everybody else admired a lot. The string tone, I thought, could have been richer, but it is possible that the acoustics were to blame. "Konzertmusik," which was composed for the Boston Symphony's fiftieth anniversary, in 1930, was presented with sonority, bounce (there's a touch of jazz in it), and clarity. This transparent and yet intricate composition is the sort of thing that can show an orchestra off or show it up. Last week, it demonstrated the great abilities of the New York City Symphony.

Tchaikovsky's Italian Caprice is an old favorite hereabouts, but the Concert Fantasy for piano with orchestral accompaniment is a rarity. It starts off promisingly and then goes sprawling. Still, it was worth hearing as a Tchaikovsky curio and even more so for the fine piano playing of the soloist, Leo Smit. Mr. Bernstein's direction of the accompaniment had magnetism, life, and sympathy, all qualities that are needed to get much from the score.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony offered a Russian program last week in which the *materia musica* consisted of Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" overture, the first American showing of Prokofieff's "Summer Day" suite, Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Paga-

nini theme, and Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony. Artur Rodzinski, the conductor, treated the overture to a performance which had more pace and sting to it than any other interpretation of that composition that I can recall, and there was a virtuoso sound to the entire concert.

The Prokofieff suite is an orchestration for "little symphony" of seven piano pieces from a set written for children. The short and agreeable excerpts were handsomely played, but the suite would have had more intimacy if a smaller complement of strings had been used. At least two of the suite's components—a march and "Moonlit Meadows"—could step out on their own. In any case, you should hear this suite quite often from small orchestras.

Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody is well known in these parts not only as concert fare but also as the musical background for the ballet "Paganini." I don't suppose that it will ever become as popular as his second piano concerto, but it is an impressive and effective work. William Kapell, the piano soloist, won an ovation for his brilliant performance, and Mr. Rodzinski's conductorial coöperation was efficient and sensitive. All in all, it was a concert to satisfy the greediest music lover, since there were thirty-six separate items on the bill: the overture, seven Prokofieff pieces, twenty-four variations in the Rhapsody, and the four movements of the symphony.

THE production by the Ballet Theatre the other night of Stravinsky's "Firebird" was, in a way, a double bill, because everybody's interest was divided between the Surrealist setting by Marc Chagall and the choreography of Adolph Bolm. It seemed to me that the vivid scenery ran off with the audience's attention and that the ballet, as such, wasn't especially eventful. Anyhow, it all gave people plenty to argue about afterward, which is enough to satisfy quite a few balletgoers. —ROBERT A. SIMON

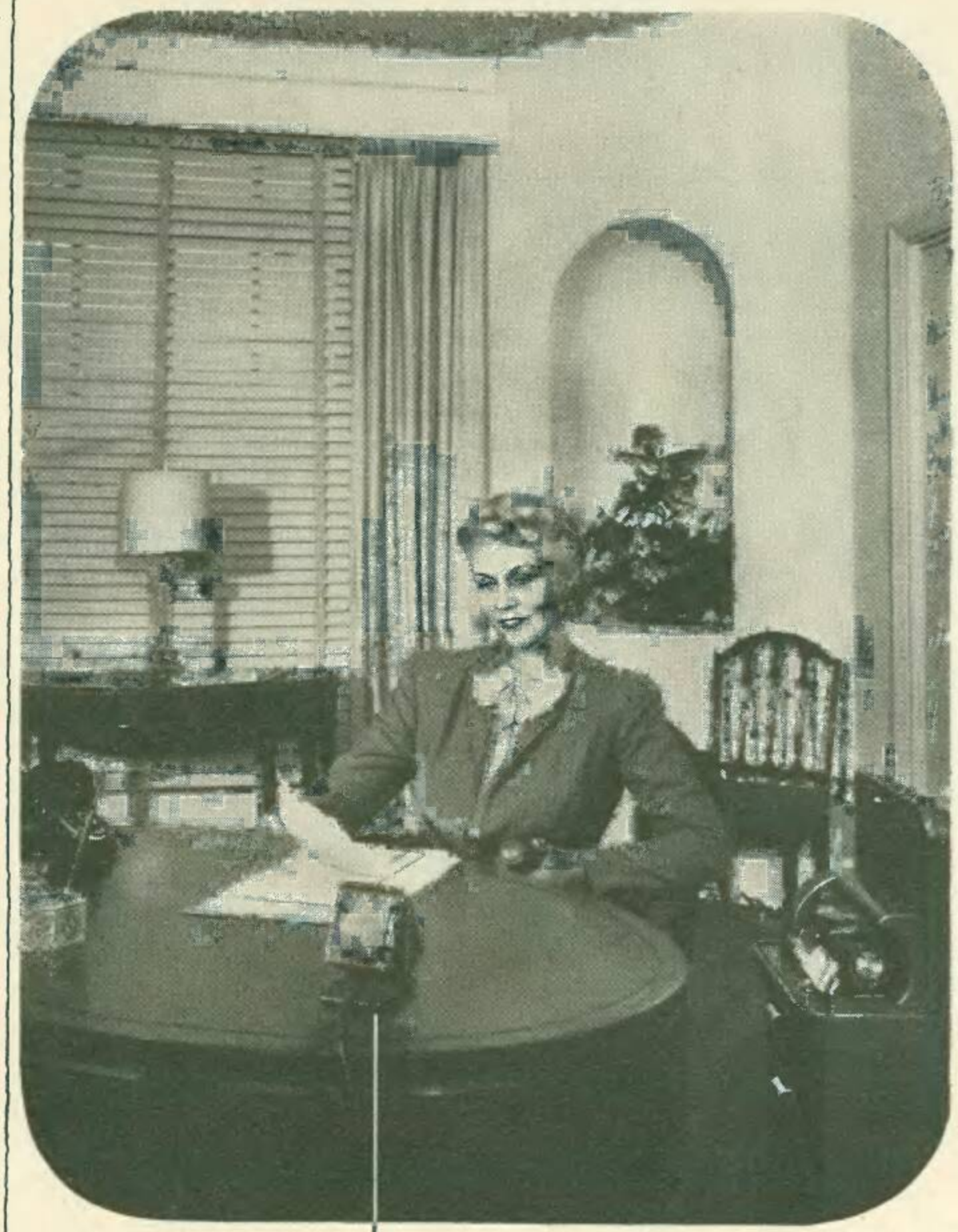
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B. F. C. writes: I suffer with continuous ringing in my ears. My blood pressure is high and I also have an impacted wisdom tooth. Which of these is more likely to cause the whistling?

REPLY

Either one. Get rid of the molar first. —*Medical advice column in the Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

Then rip out the blood vessels, one by one.





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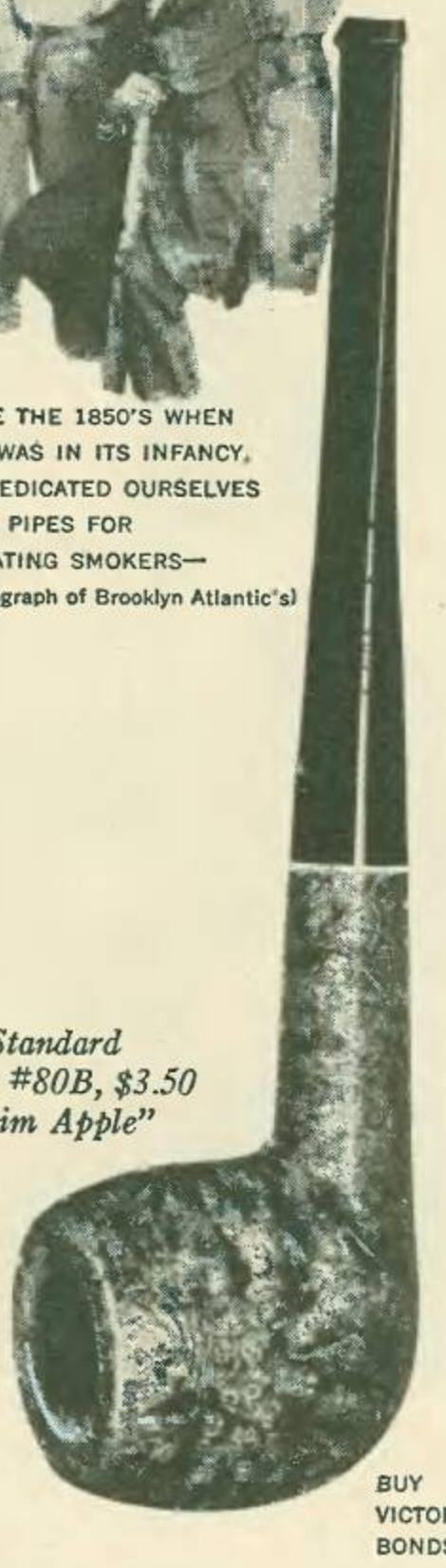
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

OCTOBER 23, 1945

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

ON a recent trip to Panama, I read Janet Flanner's articles about Charles Bedaux and recalled a curious incident in his North African career. It may be worth repeating as a footnote to Miss Flanner's interesting study of collaboration. I quote from the English edition of "War and Diplomacy," which I wrote and had published two years ago. Against my wishes, the following passages were cut by the American publishers from the American edition:

Algiers began to get quite a reputation with the Luftwaffe.... During one of these raids I was standing on a balcony overlooking the harbor. On the next balcony stood several men. One leaned over and, in a strong French accent, said, "You are correspondents, aren't you? Will you take a drink with me?"

We agreed for the sake of politeness to the unknown Frenchman. We chattered back and forth for a time as we watched the anti-aircraft fire across the harbor. The man who had struck up the original conversation came over to our balcony. He began asking us questions about ourselves and our work. He told me his wife came from my own state, Maine. He said, "My name is Bedaux." I asked if he were any relation to Charles Bedaux....

"I am Charles Bedaux," the man said. Now it was my turn to be curious....

"I am carrying out an industrial mission for the Vichy Government," Bedaux explained. "A big communications plan in Morocco. I was caught here by the invasion of our American troops."

He did not seem happy at the arrival of "our American troops." "All my plans are now upset," he said. "Naturally I am going to see Admiral Darlan and the American authorities about the possibility of carrying through the scheme anyway."

Bedaux introduced me to his son. Unlike his father, the young man talked with an American accent. His appearance and mannerisms were French and he used American slang consciously and too often, like an English actor trying to represent an American on the London stage. I wondered where the boy had been brought up.

Bedaux seemed overinterested in us from the beginning. His voice dripped with cordiality but no one who saw those hard, shifting eyes behind the heavy spectacles would have trusted him on sight.

Next night I was in the hotel corridor with Percy Winner, Edmond Taylor, and one or two others from the American political-warfare section. A raid was on. We bumped into Bedaux. Nothing would do him but we must come with him to watch it from his front balcony. I tipped off the political warriors as to who he was and we went out on the balcony.

We had not been standing there for more than five minutes when the door

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suddenly opened and a British lieutenant, hand on his pistol, followed by two men with ready rifles, joined us.

"Who are you?" I asked him. Then he said, "Last night during the raid my men reported they saw light signals coming from this window."

Bedaux immediately broke in with: "But this American war correspondent was with me in this room last evening during the raid. He knows everything was all right."

"I was on the next balcony talking to Monsieur Bedaux for only about twenty minutes," I sidestepped. "I did not come in this room or know what went on here."

After some more questioning the lieutenant left us. Bedaux explained it must have been the frequent opening and shutting of the door to the lighted corridor that had caused the flashes. He may have been right.

A few days later I learned from what reporters like to call an "unimpeachable source" that Bedaux would not be with us any more. He had just been arrested as a German agent by the French Army's Deuxième Bureau. It appeared that the French Intelligence had been following his career with great industry and the closest interest. My informant told me that enough evidence had been compiled to order Bedaux's immediate execution, but Bedaux was an American citizen and there had been some discussion between French and Americans about his future fate. It was pointed out that Bedaux had powerful friends both in America and abroad and that his execution as a spy might have unfortunate repercussions.

I tried to broadcast the story. The censors stopped it. After submitting the story every day for ten days, I brought it up at an open conference with a high American authority. He said that not all the evidence had been collected and it was thought better not to break the story just yet. Other reporters then tried to write the story but could not get it passed.

I left the story with the censors, requesting that when the ban on the news was lifted, they should inform me.

Weeks later, Washington officials announced that Bedaux had been arrested. . . . I had spent a night during the flight to Bordeaux on the grounds of Bedaux's magnificent Château de Candé just outside Tours. It would be a long way, I thought, from the Château de Candé to a firing squad.

The approximate date of my meeting with Bedaux, which took place in the Hotel Aletti, Algiers, was November 15, 1942.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MACVANE

•

HOTEL LOBBY

The people who merely meet there
And rest their backs and feet there
And fill up every seat there
One cannot tell
So very well
From those who sleep and eat there.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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BOOKS

Days, Nights, and a Few Years



EARLY this year, in what was once a sugar merchant's mansion in Moscow, I attended a *literaturny vyecher*—a "literary evening"—during the course of which I heard some interesting words spoken by a handsome, proud, and obviously talented man named Konstantine Simonov. He was, I was told, twenty-nine years old, and he was already famous in Russia as poet, novelist, playwright, journalist, pamphleteer, and writer of movie scenarios. He was dressed that evening in a cream-colored tweed coat which looked as if it had been cut on Fifth Avenue and which bore, unabashedly pinned to its civilian lapel, the military ribbons for the Order of the Red Banner and for the battles of Khalkin Gol, Stalingrad, Odessa, and Moscow. Simonov had been around, and he was talking about covering the Russian war. At one point he touched on a question which had recently become current in both Russia and America, mostly because of the recollection of "War and Peace" there and of "The Red Badge of Courage" and "A Farewell to Arms" here: when would decent novels be written about the war? "I think it is wrong," Simonov said, "to assert that major works about the war can be written only after the war and even only a long time after. People who can see what is happening around them, who can observe and assimilate events, have proved that it is precisely during the war and not after it that works universal in their bearing on life can be written." Simonov obviously believes this. The canon of his wartime writings is tremendous. Now his novel "Days and Nights" (Simon & Schuster) has been published here, and it is possible to judge how Simonov lives up to his belief.

"Days and Nights" will almost certainly be the first work of a Soviet writer to be sold in greater numbers in America than in Russia. It is a novel about the fight for Stalingrad. The story was first published serially in Moscow in the magazine *Znamya* and came out as a book in the summer of 1944. About four hundred thousand copies have been sold in the Soviet Union. The first American printing, counting the allotment for the Book-of-the-Month Club, which has chosen "Days and Nights" as its gift to American culture for November, will be three hundred and seventy thousand copies, and that practically ensures a further sale of fifty thousand or more. This does not mean that "Days and Nights" is a better or more readable book for Americans than it was for Russians. The contrary, in fact, is true. The novel had a far greater influence in the U.S.S.R. than it could possibly have in this country. But it is the best Soviet book so far published here about what the Russians call "The Great Patriotic War." It is the best, that is, from the point of view of the capacity of a Soviet work to communicate images and moods to Americans.

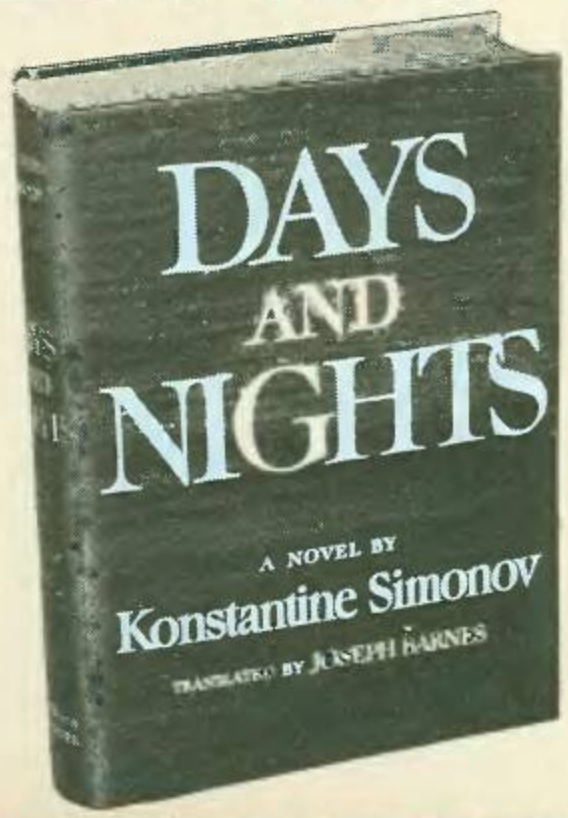
"Days and Nights" is a major accomplishment, but it is certainly not the great novel about the Russian war. In justice to Simonov, it should be said that he realizes this. The other day he sent M. Lincoln Schuster, the second S. of S. & S., a long cable in which he said, "I intend to spend the coming year chiefly in going through my desk, where there are about two hundred notebooks I kept during the war, and writing what I had no time to enter in my diaries at the time and which I still clearly remember. After that, I probably shall tackle some big job. I want to write a long novel about this war to which, I hope, my 'Days and Nights'—of which you have such a favorable opinion—will be no more than a preface." This and some other things he has said and written suggest that Simonov hopes to become the Tolstoy of this Russian generation. He wants to do today's "War and Peace," but he doesn't want to wait fifty years, or even five years, to do it. He is supposed to have based the principal character of "Days and Nights," Captain Saburov, to some extent on Tolstoy's Captain of Artillery Tushin. After I finished "Days and Nights," I read again the description of the fighting at Schön



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DAYS AND NIGHTS



by Konstantine Simonov

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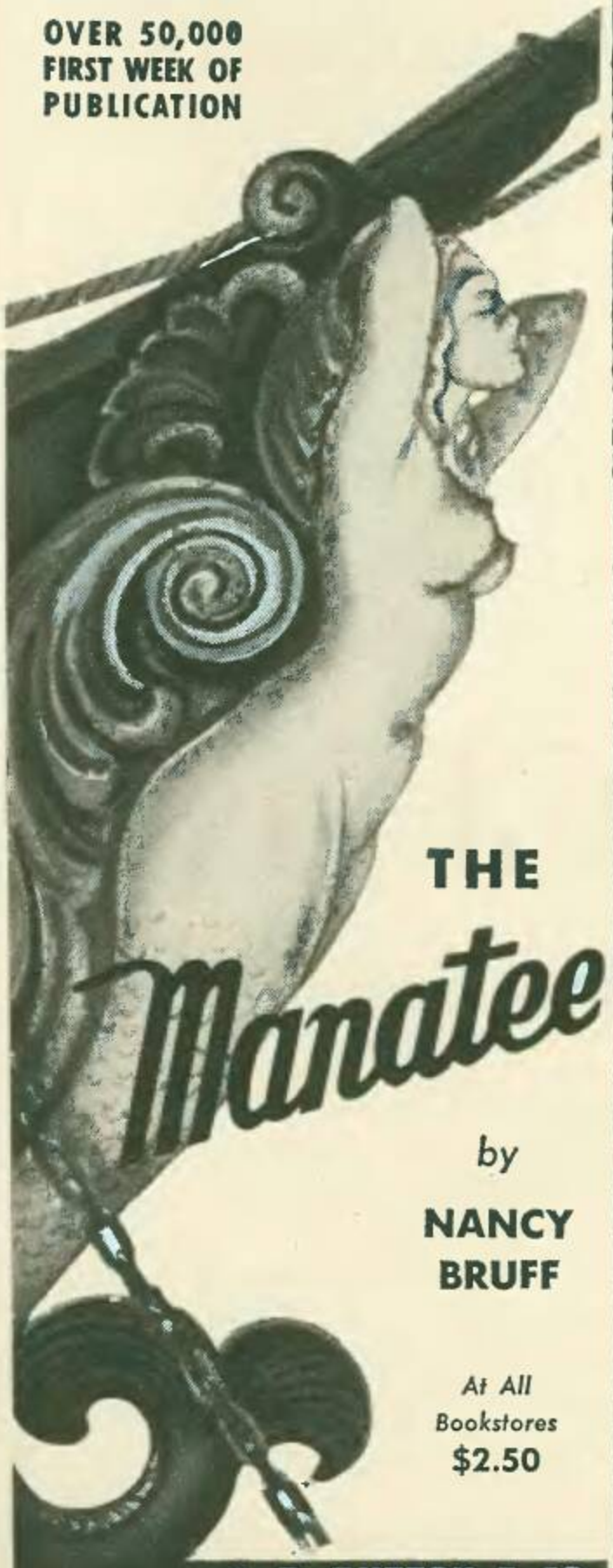
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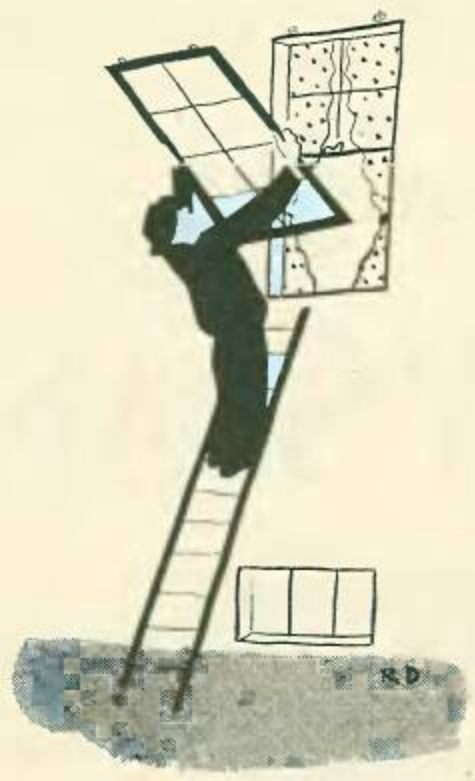
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Grabern, in "War and Peace," in which Tushin participated so heartily, pipe in mouth, aiming cannon himself, running from gun to gun. Just for the hell of it, I also read passages from "Man's Fate," which Malraux wrote six years after the revolutionary uprising in China that he describes; from "A Farewell to Arms," written eleven years after the first World War; and from "And Quiet Flows the Don," which Simonov's colleague Mikhail Sholokhov wrote eleven years after the Russian revolution. "Days and Nights" cannot stand up to that competition. But it holds its own very well with anything written by Jack Belden, A. J. Liebling, Ira Wolfert, Irwin Shaw, Harry Brown, Robert Sherrod, or any other American I can think of who wrote during the war about the war. Whereas I think it quite likely that Simonov, or one of these American writers, may very well eventually write a war novel that will stack up with the tough competition, I don't think any of them could have done it during the war.

AT the *vyecher* in Moscow, a few minutes after he had said he saw no reason that great work should not be written during the war, Simonov gave what seemed to me a very good reason that it could not. "Beyond a doubt," he said, "in the midst of this fierce struggle no patriotic writer will show a close portrait of the Germans. He will not, let us say, depict their spiritual experiences, their sentiments, their attitude toward their families and their homes, or the lack of desire to fight that may perhaps assail them individually at times. In wartime the writer will portray the Germans primarily as enemies who kill, burn, destroy our homes and our families. In some large, more permanent sense this may be unobjective. But the writer may be unobjective in this sense and yet utterly truthful. Didn't the Germans burn our towns? Didn't they kill women and children? Didn't they hang and didn't they shoot?"



Simonov then applied the same principle to a writer's portrayal of his own people. He said, "The writer, especially in wartime, is not compelled to weigh all human emotions on a druggist's scales. He has the right to treat mainly those human feelings which in wartime interest him above all and which in wartime are most vital to the welfare of the country. The heroism of the people, their self-sacrifice, their contempt for death—these make up the main theme. These are truth."

They are truth, of course, but in the long run they prove to be only part of the truth. What Simonov chose to stress as truth was peculiarly a Soviet choice, but I think the point holds for writers of all nations. Similar partial truths have been underlined by American, English, and French writers during the war. American writers have emphasized, perhaps too much, from a long-term point of view, just the contrary of what Simonov calls truth: they have written rather often about doubts, lack of conviction, confusion. Those things were true, too. There is bound to be something editorial, a pamphleteering quality—what the Russians call *agitka*, that which agitates and stimulates—in all wartime writing, even in that by the most hard-boiled men. There may be some editorializing in the greater writing that is done later, but by then there has been time for temporary "truths" to find their proper place among the more permanent and universal verities, and there is no need then for the *agitka*. A few years after a war, a writer has—he cannot help having—more perspective.

There could be no better illustration of the impermanent and local nature of this sort of "truth" in wartime than the fact that those qualities in "Days and Nights" which were adversely criticized when the book was published in Moscow are the very ones which make the book interesting—and "truer" than most Soviet writing—for us. Eugene Krieger, writing in *Literatura i Iskusstvo*, the Russian trade paper for letters and the arts, said that Simonov wrote this story with "a nerveless and indifferent hand." This seems to me to be the principal merit of the book for an American audience. Everything is understated. The novel is written almost as dryly as if the author were English. Its episodes are extremely stirring, and yet nothing is written in a grand or boastful manner. Simonov focusses throughout the novel on half a dozen characters in a battalion command post. The battalion holds



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only three shattered, forlorn buildings in Stalingrad. The characters do heroic things, but they behave very much like soldiers of any country and any time doing heroic things—fearfully, dully, wearily, and dutifully. The characters are not fully developed, but they have the virtue of indulging in none of the fulmination which makes much Soviet writing hard for Americans to stomach. In fact, the book deals with the bitter harassments and brave exploits at Stalingrad so quietly that the publishers have been moved—incorrectly, it seems to me—to call the book "non-political." Literature about a war cannot be non-political any more than a painting of a forest in summer can be non-green. There are, of course, many shades of political expression, as there are of green, and the colorations of this book will doubtless seem relatively inoffensive to the subscribers of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

A second criticism of the book in Moscow, and a factor in its favor here, is that Simonov wrote about officers rather than enlisted men. The hero is a battalion commander, Captain Saburov. The other principal characters are his political commissar, two regimental commanders, the divisional commander, and a nurse. At the time of the book's publication in Russia, a critic named Myasnikov wrote in *Bolshevik*, "The portrait of the common soldier, who grew up in Soviet reality, has remained outside Simonov's view. Without this, the picture of the fighting at Stalingrad loses greatly." For us, it gains. Most Soviet works on the Red Army and Red Fleet that have appeared here have concentrated pretty exclusively on enlisted men. This novel shows, repeatedly and credibly, the spectacular contribution made to Soviet victories by leadership. And it shows, too, as little Soviet war writing we have seen before this has done, that Russian fighters are not all simply enlisted automatons and proletarian courage-machines.

"Days and Nights" affords one other example of the relativity of wartime truth. Its publication here came about not, as translations of Soviet literature usually do, through the initiative of the Soviet literary agency called Preslit but through an accidental meeting of two American freedoms: those of press and enterprise. The editors of a Russian-language newspaper of the Menshevik tradition, published in New York and known as *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, happened to get their hands on the copies of *Znamya* in

JAMES THURBER

at his best, and that is enough for anyone."

—SATURDAY REVIEW



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which "Days and Nights" was first printed, and, being Russian, though not Stalinist, they began to serialize the novel. A Latvian-American photographer named Philippe Halsman read the series and called his friend Richard Simon, the first S. of S. & S., to tell him how good the book was. Simon, after getting a Russian-American to read the novel, asked Joseph Barnes of the *Herald Tribune* if he would like to translate it. Barnes accepted, the Book-of-the-Month Club elected, Preslit approved, and S. & S. impartially sent Mr. Halsman, the discoverer, a check exactly equal in amount to the firm's advance to Mr. Simonov, the author—a gesture which itself teaches an interesting lesson in relativity. Barnes was well along in his translation (a good one, I gather) when Preslit offered an "official" translation, sent from Moscow. This version had about fifty pages less text than the Barnes version. It turned out that the "official" translator had left out entirely a character named Vassiliev, a Red Army man who sells out to the Germans and attempts to lure Captain Saburov into a German trap. At first Preslit tried to persuade Barnes, too, to leave Vassiliev out, on the ground that the book would give a fairer picture of Soviet resistance without the traitor. Barnes argued that the novel would be much more persuasive to Americans if the villain were present. As it stands now—with all hands, heroic and not so heroic, accounted for—"Days and Nights" is assuredly the truest book we have yet had on the Russian war. I think there will eventually be greater and even truer books on the subject, and it is altogether possible that Konstantine Simonov will write them.

—JOHN HERSEY



VERSE

ONE casualty of modern war is the ability to feel. While total war is in progress, an open show of tragic emotions (unless channelled directly into action) becomes not only cowardly but treacherous. And even when a war is over, a surplus of fear, revenge, and rage is still on hand. This supply of negative spiritual force must somehow be transformed into grief and forgiveness. Anxiety must turn into anguish. "The poets and novelists must help us," E. Sackville-West has recently said. "What Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning set themselves to do for the callous hearts of post-Napoleonic England [imaginative writers] must do for us now. Their chief task will be the restoration of the tone of sentiment, and with that, the ability to feel strongly without losing focus."

This movement away from the whole setup not only of premonitory shuddering but of fears whipped up by exhortations useful in time of danger has already been begun by French and English poets and, in America, by Auden. Louis Aragon, in France, has mixed his songs of revolt with lyrics of sensuous love; Eliot's "Four Quartets" are based on the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and, most particularly, charity; Auden's "For the Time Being," published last autumn, contains his most passionate and compassionate poetry to date. The nineteenth-century poet, like the poets and prose writers of twenty-five years ago, could go blustering back to feeling after war (Browning) or go sobbing back to it (Tennyson). The modern poet, equipped with modern insights, has a much more complex task. He must break down the defenses that exist from top to bottom of our culture against the "soft" and the "corny." He must feel with both tact and authority. He must skirt deeper bogs and darker thickets than his nineteenth-century brothers in order to get himself and his audience out again into open emotional territory.

Four English poets recently published in America illustrate certain current attempts toward full emotional synthesis and release. Edmund Blunden's "Shells by a Stream" (Macmillan) shows scars of a struggle for survival. For Blunden, since the war of 1914-1918, has never wavered in his adherence to poetic warmth and simplicity. It has not been easy to write nature poetry—to celebrate a love for the land—or to write love songs during the last twenty-five years. Blunden's later poetry seems rather battered, rather mossy and blurred in outline, Hardy-esque, and difficult to follow. Under the lichened surface, however, emotion and a most delicate tenderness for people and natural objects shine.

The second of these poets is Louis MacNeice. His "Springboard: Poems 1941-1944" (Random House) includes, as well as several excellent documentary war pictures and a series of bitter portraits, an unexpected (from MacNeice) show of sympathy with humble people. "The Kingdom," the longest poem in the book, describes a

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handful of characters who, in MacNeice's war-sharpened eyes, are worthy to inhabit a place consecrated to the kind, the good, and the brave. This is a completely new side of MacNeice. He suddenly appears without his mocking mask and with his satirical guard down, but he can still sing rowdy and cutting songs.

Then there is Norman Nicholson, who has been called, even in England, a "regionalist." His region is Cumberland, including its mining districts, between the Scotch Border, the Lake Country, and the Irish Sea. Nicholson's tone is deceptively quiet and his subjects deceptively simple. Actually, he is a technician of a high order. He brings off difficult effects with such ease that nothing remarkable seems to be going on, his eye is completely fresh (and how we need fresh eyes!), and he operates from a religious base (he seems to be a practicing Christian), so there are moments of mystical insight. See the conceits in "The Blackberry," for example —of a metaphysical power. His openly religious poems have their own reverent charm. His book is called "Five Rivers" (Dutton).

These three poets have succeeded, it seems to me, in incorporating the simpler human feelings into their art without making concessions either to sentiment or formlessness. Alex Comfort, in "The Song of Lazarus" (Viking), illustrates something with which we are all so familiar: the border line between emotion and dream. His emotions, as well as his language, keep slipping into a haze. He can use ordinary language with good effect, as in the Heredia translation, but usually he is merely murmuring about eerie, obsessive pictures—of horses, bones, fish, coral, shells, the sea, and children and childhood. It is interesting to compare these fantasies of Comfort's with Nicholson's lucidities. Mr. Comfort ends by boring us. For only genuine feeling is fruitful and varied. Anxieties can merely repeat themselves, and we have come to know only too well every neurotic convolution of their pattern.

—Louise Bogan

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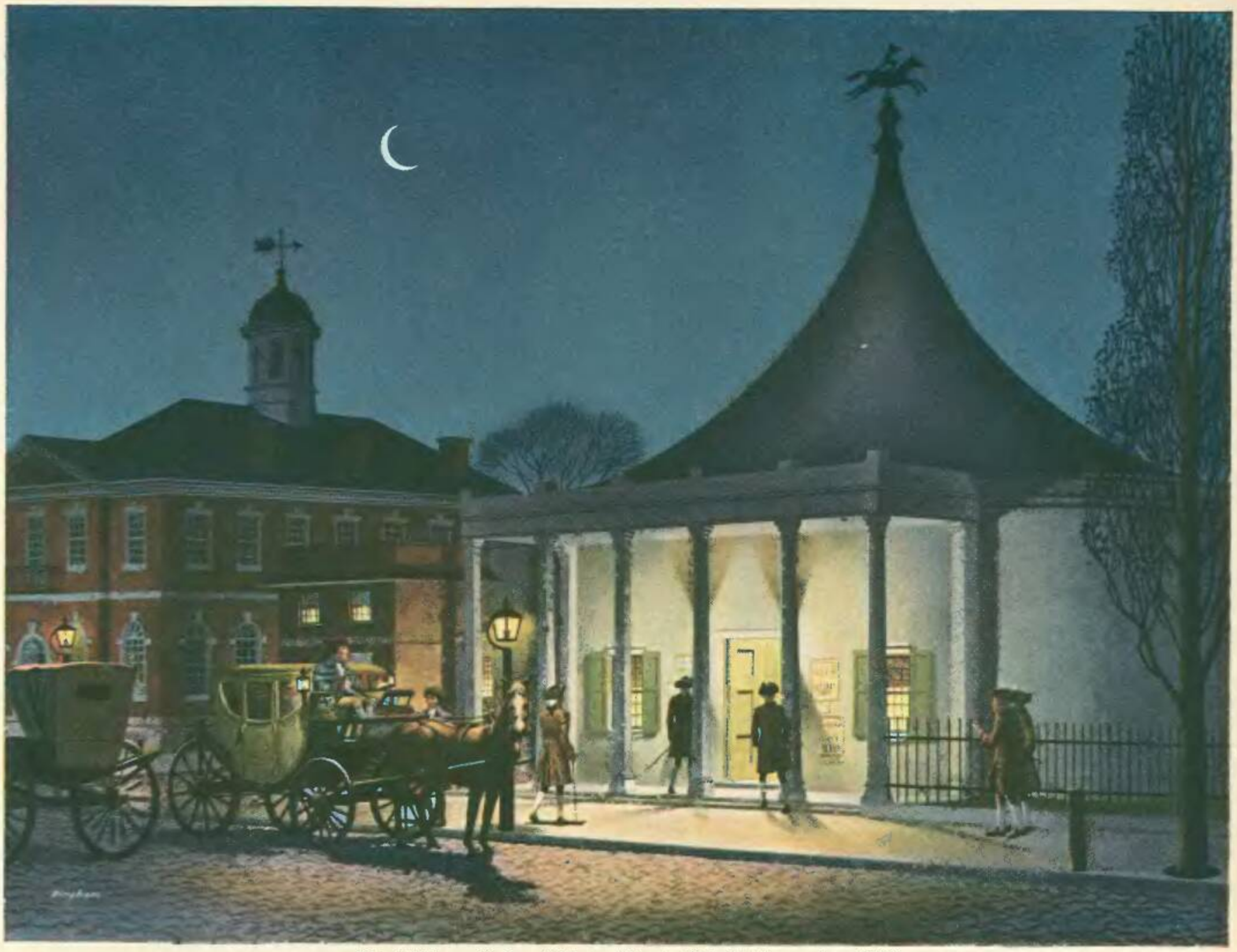
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dangerous and sometimes thrilling missions into Germany during the softening-up raids. Mr. Allen has a neat style and you feel sure that things happened just the way he says; it isn't his fault that his story has already served as the theme for too many novels.

THE MAN WHO WAS THERE, by Wright Morris (Scribner). You had better take the publisher's word for it that this is "the story of the effect of one man's life on the lives of the people with whom he came in contact," since less informed people will have a hard time deciding exactly what it *is* about. A very old lady, travelling to California, mistakes a soldier on the train for a boy, of whom she had been very fond, who has gone off to the war and been reported missing in action. The rest of the book is mostly concerned with recreating incidents in the past of the missing man. Mr. Morris's characters are real enough and he shows considerable skill in drawing American genre pictures, but the pattern of his story is confused.

DAISY KENYON, by Elizabeth Janeway (Doubleday, Doran). If you read Mrs. Janeway's wholly satisfying first novel, "The Walsh Girls," you are bound to be disappointed in this successor, which itemizes the troubles, mostly emotional, in the months just before and just after Pearl Harbor, that beset a career girl who, having spent eight agreeable years as the mistress of a tough Wall Street lawyer, falls in love with and marries a flighty young magazine editor. This is not merely a glib and foolish little story but an amazingly pretentious one, since it is the author's intention—she describes her book as "An Historical Novel, 1940-1942"—to offer the highly specialized problems of these three people as typical of the period.

THE DOOR OPENS, by Ernst Lothar, illustrated by Garth Williams (Doubleday, Doran). Not a novel but a series of perceptively told incidents in the lives of the author's two little daughters. A first communion, a birthday, the parting from a dearly loved governess, a dancing lesson all appear true and significant, and there is also something almost unbearably sad in this record of happy childhood in Vienna in the days when it took little effort to be happy.

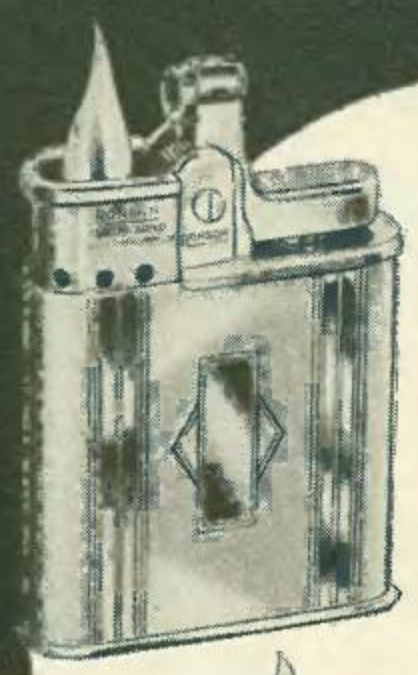
THE FAR AWAY MUSIC, by Arthur Meeker, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). The story of a likable Chicago fam-

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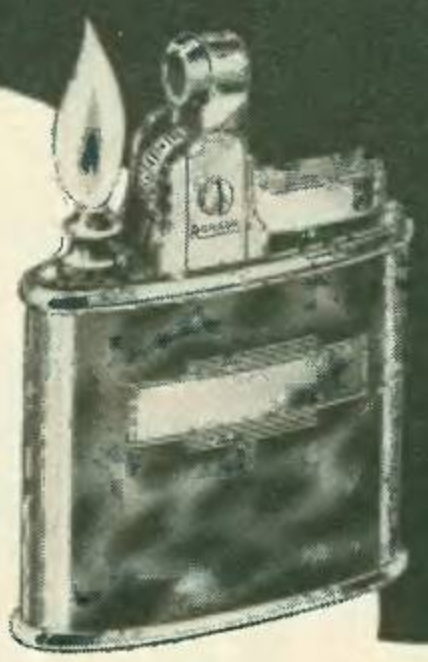
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ily just before the Civil War, told with all the by now standardized nostalgia of the American period piece. There is a strong-minded, managing mother, three nice daughters, and a footloose, undomesticated father, back from a long spell of gold prospecting in California, who can't settle down to the unadventurous security of family life. A pleasant enough story with its heart in the right place.

IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, by Chester B. Himes (Doubleday, Doran). In spite of having what is known as a "strong plot," this novel about an educated young Negro who holds a position of authority in a West Coast shipyard has little that is new to say about racial tensions. The young man's conflict with his fellow white workers, the false accusation of rape brought against him by a white woman, and his framing by the police unfortunately offer no surprises. An honest, bitter, but not very original book.

FOCUS, by Arthur Miller (Reynal & Hitchcock). A timid little man—one hundred per cent white Protestant American—gets fitted to a pair of glasses that give him a Jewish cast of countenance. Friends who have known him all his life and his employer assume that he *is* Jewish and act according to their brutal prejudices. Finally, in a nightmare of insecurity, the man comes to think of himself as a Jew. A pertinent idea for satire these days, but enough is enough and you get the point long before Mr. Miller has finished belaboring it.

THE CHAPIN SISTERS, by Fynette Rowe (Current Books). The trouble with this week's crop of novels is that it is hard to remember the plots long enough to summarize them. Now, let's see, Mrs. Rowe's story is the one about two sisters in upstate New York some fifty years ago. They start out young and affectionate, but time takes care of their youth and a desperately competitive hunt for husbands turns their affection into hate. If this rather unpleasant tale is, as the blurb on the dust jacket states, "a heart-warming novel . . . a rare combination of humor and pathos," then most readers would probably settle for a record of straight old-fashioned melancholia. All the same, the novel carried off a major Avery Hopwood award.

A LADY LIKE THE MOON, by Genevieve Wimsatt (Ackerman). Some



New laurels for

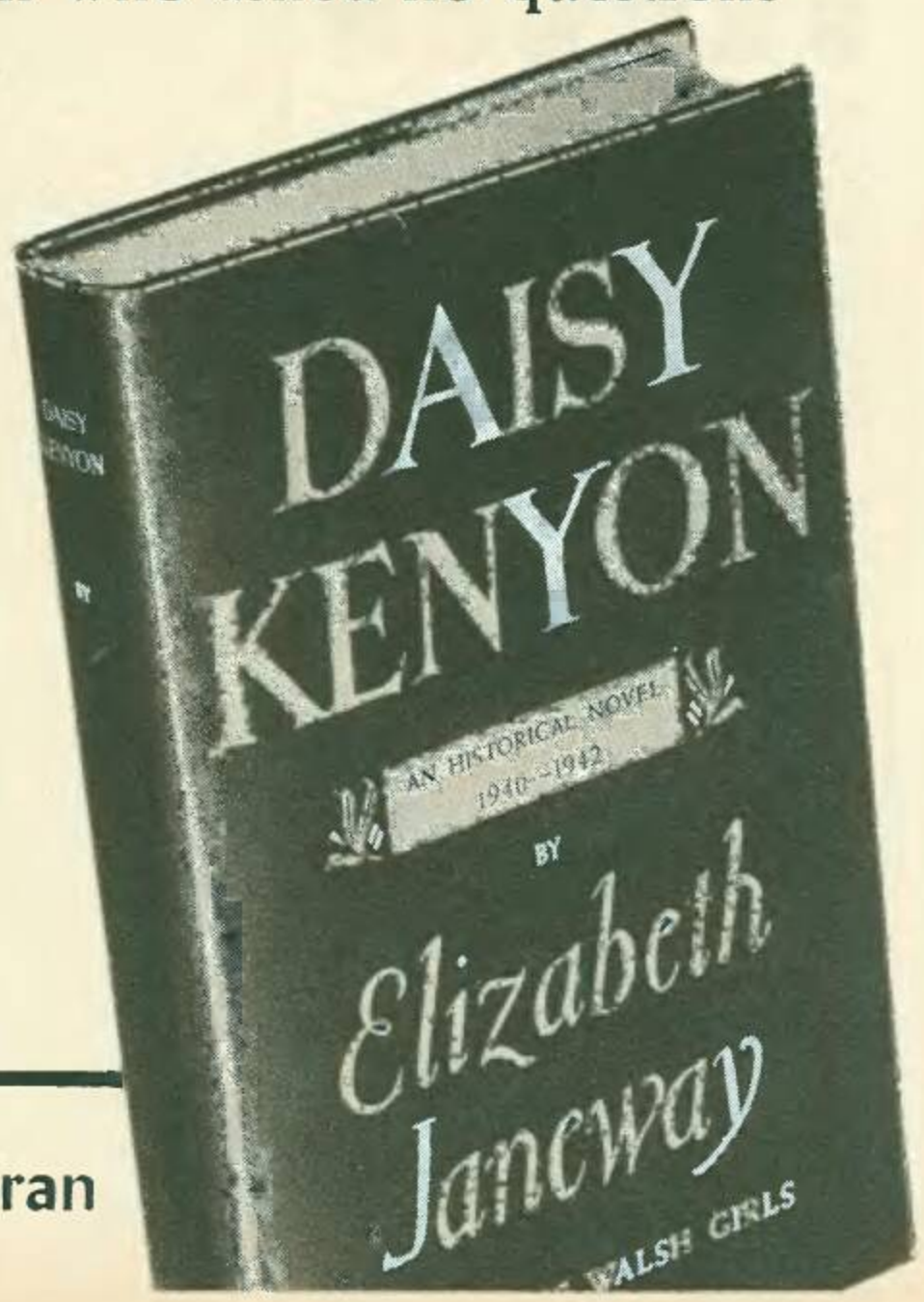
Elizabeth Janeway

author of THE WALSH GIRLS*

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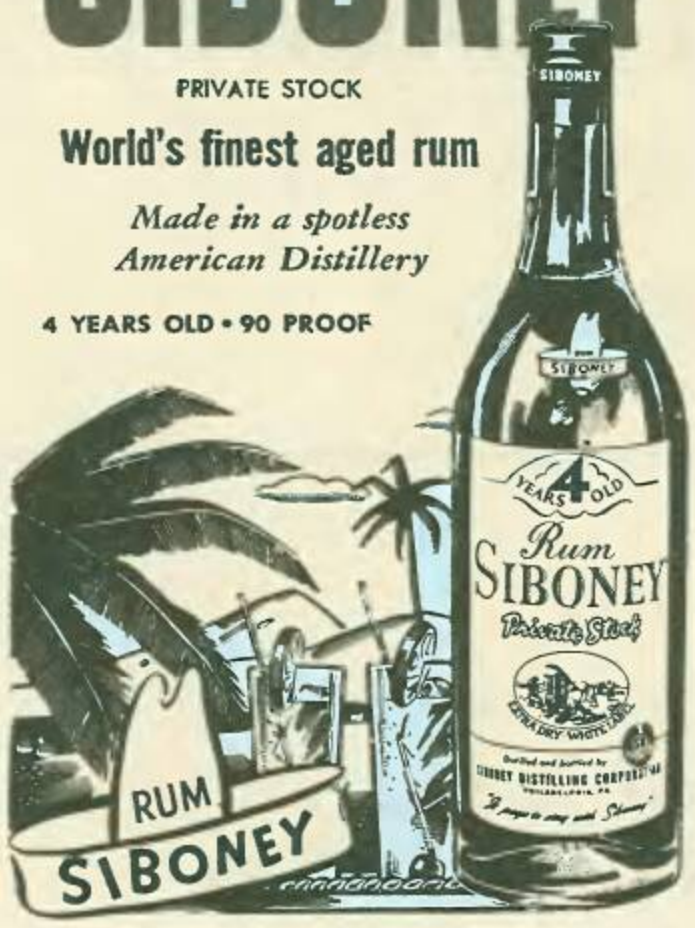
ELIZABETH JANEWAY presents her most exciting heroine—one who may become the fictional woman of the year. DAISY KENYON is a "semi-bohemian career woman"—but her problem dates back to Eve. She's a beautiful and talented artist involved with one lover who would have made an honest woman of her (if she hadn't been so honest—and if *he* hadn't been so married), and with another man who asked no questions but "Will you marry me?"

"THE DELIGHTFUL thing about DAISY KENYON is that it is a vivid and startling exception to the generalization that our novelists make little contact with the real stuff of our daily existence. The main theme of DAISY KENYON is Daisy's own hunger for a love that can be built on something more solid than being the mistress of a charming Irish lawyer whose talent is for high-grade and even occasionally high-minded fixing. But the eternal quality of Daisy's desire is made vibrant and poignant because it has a contemporary habitation and name. DAISY KENYON is a political novel, a war novel, and a novel about the years 1940-42. But the politics and the war and the contemporaneity are all handled just right, as the atmosphere through which Daisy moves . . . Mrs. Janeway can handle a conversation between a fixer in a Washington hotel room with a realism that should elicit a bravo from Tom Corcoran or Drew Pearson. But she can also write of the sea-washed air of Martha's Vineyard in a way to please a Henry Beston or a Thoreau."—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, *Harper's*



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rather quaint chinoiserie, purporting to be the fictionalized biography of Round Moon, a singing girl from Suchow, who, in seventeenth-century China, rose to be the beloved mistress of fierce emperors and generals. Compared with Pearl Buck and what has recently followed her in such profusion, these shadowy war lords and concubines, all jade and brocade, sound remote and romantic, almost a throwback to Amy Lowell's school of Oriental decoration, but through the welter of floral similes and bound feet appears a picture of struggling China which could easily be a contemporary one.

TERESA; OR HER DEMON LOVER, by Austin K. Gray (Scribner). The career of Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, Lord Byron's last mistress, with emphasis, as might be expected, on her four-year alliance with that celebrated lady-killer. For the seventeen-year-old that she was when love came her way, Teresa is not an unsympathetic or particularly dull girl, but when she is in the company of the Shelleys, the Leigh Hunts, Trelawny, and the rest of their retinue, the author is hard put to it, at times, to prove that she can hold her own, even with his own considerable research and Byron's unusually faithful sponsorship. No more fictional, or more scholarly, for that matter, than many of the "biographies" of the Romantic Period, and considerably less malicious, if you care to take those times that way.

HER OWN PEOPLE, by Grace Tomkinson (Ives Washburn). The wooing and winning of a young and pretty Canadienne, momentarily hesitating between loyalty to her own community of poor New Brunswick fishermen and loyalty to the slightly more affluent English with whom she was brought up. This first novel is almost as naïve and repetitious as the thoughts of its heroine, but although it poses no solution to the English-French race problem, it treats each and all of its attractive characters with fairness and respect.

SOMEWHAT ANGELS, by David Cornel DeJong (Reynal & Hitchcock). Assorted trials and tribulations, almost all marital, of an atypical assortment of war wives and sweethearts. These ladies revolve about the competent, twice-widowed mother of their young men, a woman who busies herself with attending the races and managing the young men's factory for them while they are overseas.



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The story, a "deft satire," according to the publishers, mixes sentimentality with a present-day species of realism (generally sexual) in a lurid but successful series of vignettes of the females involved.

SEVEN TIMES THE LEADING MAN, by Egon Hostovsky, translated from the Czech by Fern Long (Fischer). A metaphysical novel that attempts to describe the cynicism, bewilderment, and moral depression of prewar Central Europe in terms of a group of people who come under the influence of a certain egocentric personality. The author has studied his Kafka to considerable advantage, but, unlike most aspiring supra-realists, he is no mere imitator of the master's form. Still, it must be said that his book is more interesting as a promise than as an accomplishment.

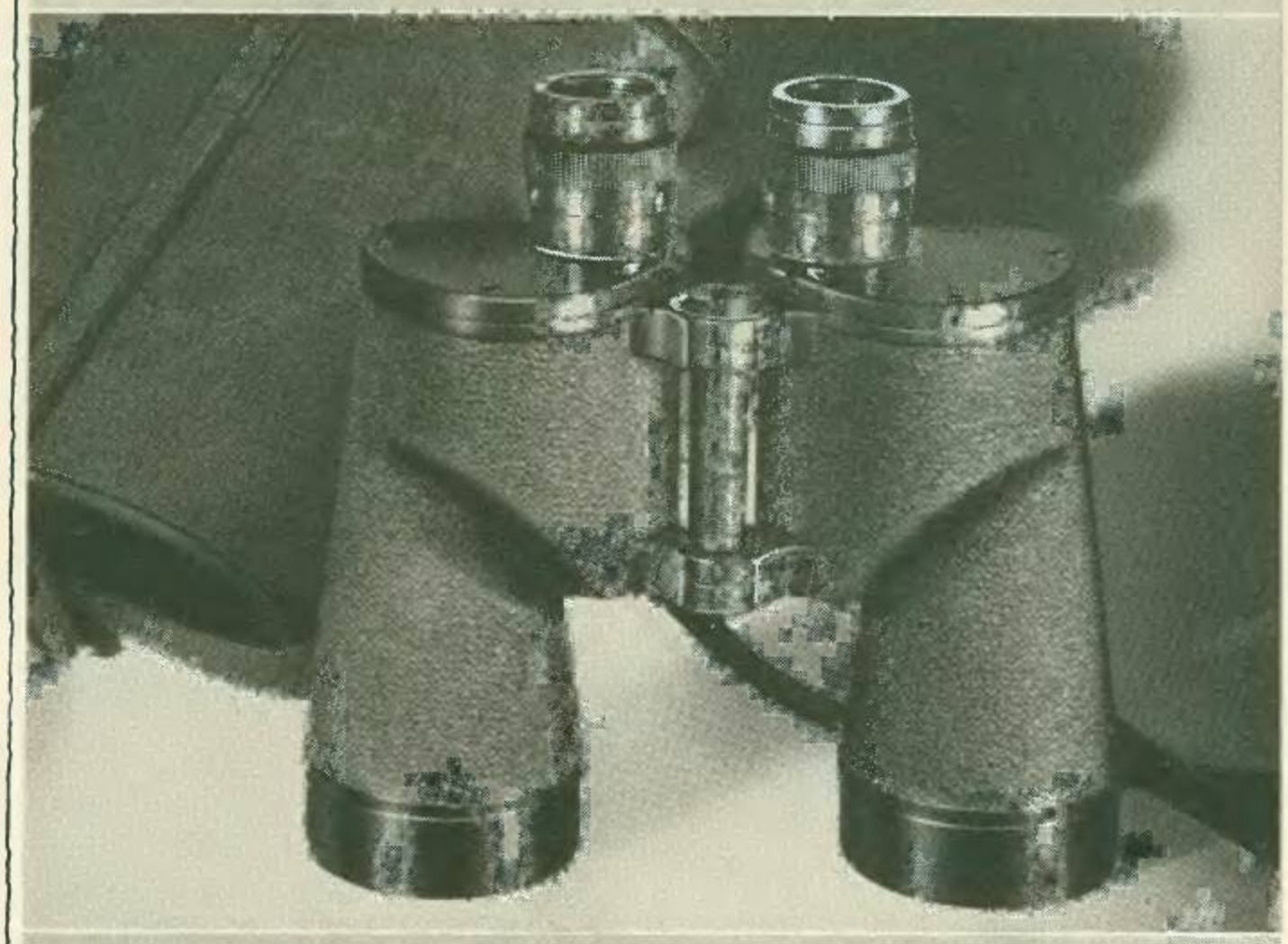
GENERAL

THE COSSACKS, by Maurice Hindus (Doubleday, Doran). The tribe of Taras Bulba, in a breezy, episodic survey of its five-hundred-year-old history which pays more attention to folklore and folkways than to history. Beginning with the earliest days of the Cossacks, Mr. Hindus tells their story from the time they were known as wild Asiatics down to their exploits during the recent war. The author considers such matters as their eating, drinking, and sex habits, as well as their attitude toward religion, Communism, and the world at large, but since he is much more interested in the romantic, colorful, and hell-bent-for-leather aspects of the Cossacks' story, his book is a combination of Gogol, Tolstoy, and Buffalo Bill. Most readers should find the mixture pleasing. Illustrated.

HERITAGE OF FIRE, by Friedelind Wagner and Page Cooper (Harper). Richard Wagner's granddaughter, who left Germany at the outbreak of the second World War and is now living in this country, tells a behind-the-Bayreuth-scenes story of Hitlerite Germany that is dramatic, engrossing, and full of information and sidelights which few other persons could provide. It is not a tale of concentration-camp horror or human bestiality (Miss Wagner, indeed, seems hardly aware that such things existed), since neither the author nor her friends suffered at the hands of the Nazis. Miss Wagner, however, knew Hitler as a child, and it is the way his character gradually unfolded itself to her, with its im-

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plications of cruelty and disaster, that gives her book a unique value. Also in the cast are Wagner's widow, Cosima, and her daughters; Toscanini, Furtwängler, Richard Strauss, and Sir Thomas Beecham; and such members of the Nazi inner circle as von Ribbentrop, Goering, and Goebbels. Illustrated.

WHAT THE INFORMED CITIZEN NEEDS TO KNOW, edited by Bruce Bliven and A. G. Mezerik (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The things that the informed citizen needs to know, according to this anthology, are varied and complicated enough to give any citizen a headache. There are twenty-two subjects the citizen must know about before he can consider himself informed, ranging from the United Nations Charter and world trade to housing, taxation, and the problem of minorities. Mr. Bliven and Mr. Mezerik have taken special pains to make qualification as easy as possible. Among the contributing experts are Morris L. Cooke, William L. Batt, Chester Bowles, Alvin H. Hansen, Thomas Parran, Randolph E. Paul, and Philip Murray. None of them turns in a particularly brilliant performance, but they are a most adequate faculty.

SHINTO: THE UNCONQUERED ENEMY, by Robert O. Ballou (Viking). A careful examination of Japan's doctrine of racial superiority and world conquest, as set forth in Japanese writings from the beginnings of Japanese literature down to and including statements made in Tokio during the week of August 12, 1945, when Japan finally gave in. That surrender mustn't be permitted to fool anybody, according to Mr. Ballou, for the ideological struggle hasn't been really joined yet. Shintoism is still the true religion of Japan, and until it is supplanted by another there can be only temporary, uneasy periods of peace. The author, like most of those who have written about what to do with Japan, is better at uncovering what's wrong than he is about setting it right. This does not detract from the merit of his book. It's the first of its kind written for the general reader, and an extremely able job.

MODERN MAN IS OBSOLETE, by Norman Cousins (Viking). An expansion of Mr. Cousins' editorial on the social and political implications of atomic energy that appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Probably more effective in its original and

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compacter form, but it still remains one of the most effective explorations of the subject, despite its rather high rhetorical content, that have been published since the atom was exploded outside a laboratory.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS, selected and edited by Carl Van Doren (Viking). Benjamin Franklin himself, in an extensive piece of literary quilting made up of his letters, random papers, and autobiography. Mr. Van Doren's voluminous project again affirms the well-established fact that Franklin was one of the most versatile of men and a very engaging one as well. It's more than possible, however, that Mr. Van Doren, carried away by his ambition to provide us with a complete Franklin, has included many pieces as intrinsically dull as they are intrinsically valuable. Poor Richard addicts, though, will probably not mind.

THE NEWSPAPER: ITS MAKING AND MEANING, by members of the staff of the New York *Times* (Scribner). Some of the people who work for the *Times* delivered a series of addresses this past spring to a gathering of the city's schoolteachers. The object of the addresses, contributed by such old Forty-third Street fire horses as Edwin L. James, Arthur Krock, Brooks Atkinson, Anne O'Hare McCormick, and Hanson Baldwin, was to explain how news is gathered and what happens to it thereafter. Mr. Sulzberger's boys and girls know their business, and while they speak their pieces simply, they're never elementary.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE YELLOW ROOM, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart). Miss Carol Spencer goes up to Maine to open the family's summer place for her mother and finds a corpse, unpleasantly charred, in a closet. Since Miss Spencer's finishing school has laid down no precepts for this type of emergency, she turns for help to a neighbor with Army connections—a very handy fellow, as it turns out, to have around. Not up to "The Circular Staircase," but impeccably plotted and with enough of that old Rinehart touch to show us why her imitators keep on being imitators and nothing more.

V AS IN VICTIM, by Lawrence Treat (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Detectives seem to be coming in pairs this season. Here we have Mitch Taylor,



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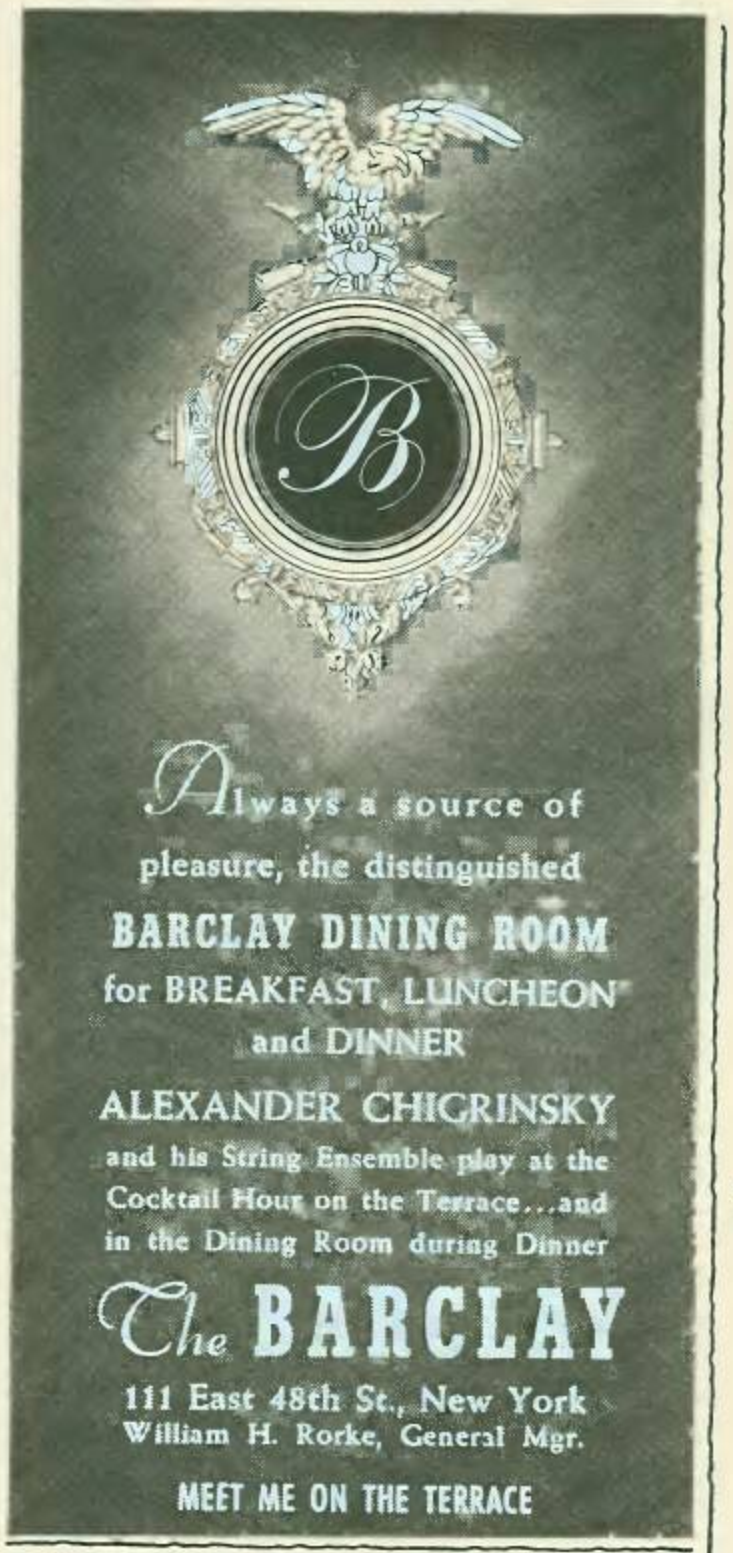
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detective third grade, and Jub Freeman, of the New York Police Laboratory, who unravel some odd goings on in the Twenty-first Precinct with a combination of spadework and science. A good, realistic treatment of New York police methods, but a trifle weak on characterization.

RUMOR HATH IT, by Christopher Hale (Doubleday, Doran). Another of those well-heeled matriarchs, this time residing in Lawnsdale, Michigan, is bumped off shortly after she has had a birthday party, at which, showing no originality at all, she has talked to a number of interested relatives about changing her will. The subsequent detection is done partly by Lieutenant French, whose police work will be familiar to some readers, and partly by a Mr. Izenga, a devious gossip interested in protecting one of the heirs. These two do all they can, which is not much, to put life into a moribund plot.

THE SILVER TOMBSTONE, by Frank Gruber (Farrar & Rinehart). Readers have evidently been splitting their sides with laughter over the activities of Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg, a couple of confidence men who go around acting like a couple of refugees from a Keystone comedy whenever they are accused of murder, which is often. At any rate, here they are again, in a story which jumps between Los Angeles and Tombstone, Arizona, and apparently isn't intended to make much sense. Mr. Gruber has his audience, though, no doubt about it.

THE MAN WHO ASKED WHY, by Jessica Ryan (Doubleday, Doran). Some entertaining deductive teamwork by a San Francisco cop named O'Shaughnessy and a rather endearing new amateur detective named Pavlov, a professor of Slavic languages in a local university. The story, which comes close to incoherence at times, has to do with a dope fiend, a murder, politics, music, and subversive activities. You'll like Pavlov a lot more than the plot.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an editorial in the Washington Post*]

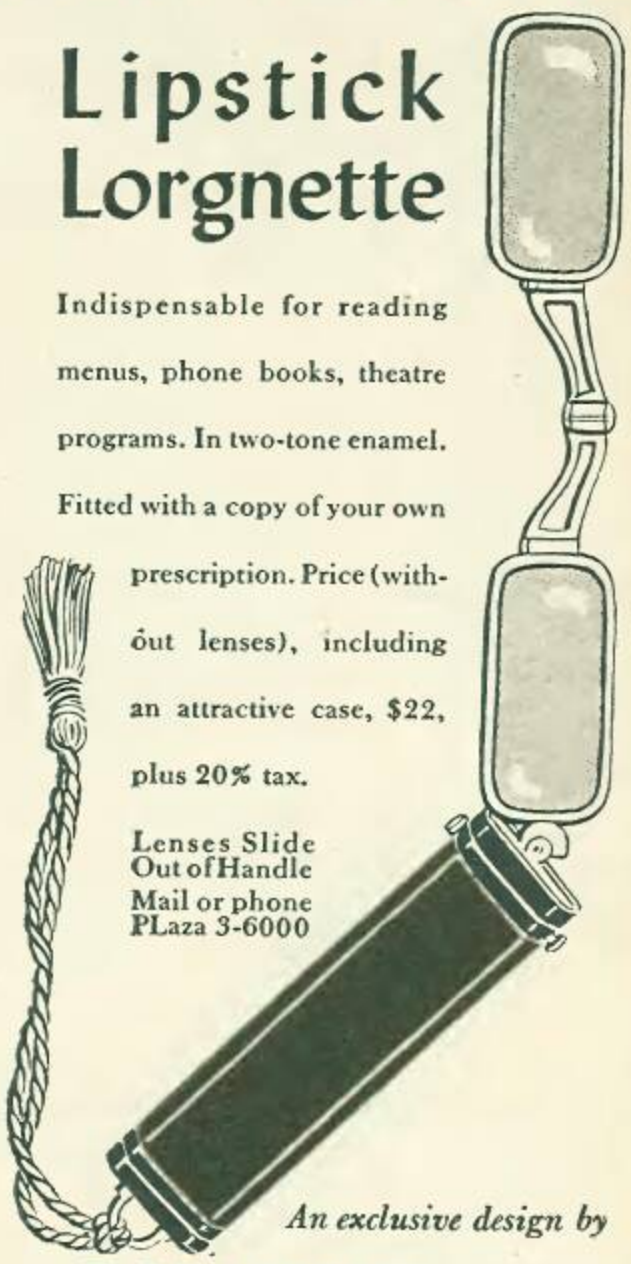
That happens to be the argument which every collaborationist, be his name Quisling, Laval, or Soekarno, never hesitates to use. But it does not hold water, and if it did in the case of Soekarno, we should be in a pretty pass when it came to judging other workers in the enemy's vineyard of Soekarno's kidney.

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BEFORE LONG you can enjoy a breath-taking experience. On the new General Electric radios, you'll hear Joan Edwards and all your favorite programs with a beauty of tone you never thought possible.

Glorious New Beauty of Tone

There's magic in these General Electric radios. You'll hear the miracle of natural color "tone" . . . every precious shading and note, as fully rounded, as vibrantly alive as though the artists stood within the very room.

You'll discover new depths in the basses — new brilliance in flutes and violins — a new and satisfying fullness in every voice and instrument. In these revolutionary new General Electric radios, new electronic discoveries — new G-E developments — usher in a new era — set new high standards of program reception. And these magnificent instruments for your home will be featured in superb cabinets, designed and built by master craftsmen.

Everything in Radio and Television

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables and radio-phonographs with the amazing G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music. Your dealer also will feature the new kind of radio, General Electric FM, unbelievably free from static, fading, and station interference, and G-E television receivers for the utmost in home entertainment. You will want a General Electric because you want the finest.



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The Gordon Highlanders

(Captain)

Mysore—Vittoria—Peninsula—Waterloo
Egypt, 1882, 1884—Defense of Ladysmith
Marne, 1914, '18—Cambrai 1917—Vittorio Veneto 1917, '18

HONOURS OF

DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals



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White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch







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"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH *OF THE WORLD*

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