Jan. 12, 1946

THE NEW YORKER

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** Typical of a number of letters from Americans liberated in the Philippines.*

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THE THEATRE

(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 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 as 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. Special performance Sun., Jan. 13, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Dream Girl—Elmer Rice's play about a young woman who finds her fancies a good deal more interesting than life. Betty Field gives a magnificent performance in this dual and often trying role. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Dunnigan's Daughter—S. N. Behrman attacks a villainous industrialist in the prettiest possible prose but nothing much comes of it. A Theatre Guild production, with Dennis King and June Havoc. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor superb 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 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hamlet—This version has been somewhat cut in deference to G.I. tastes, and put in nineteenth-century costumes. It is still the Maurice Evans "Hamlet," however, and well worth your while. (Columbus Circle, B'way at 59. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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 role is a masterpiece of restrained humor, and Josephine Hull is also in it. Winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize, the play is now in its second year. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Home of the Brave—Arthur Laurents has written two excellent acts of a play about a Jewish soldier with a combat psychosis, but unfortunately hasn't much left to say in his third. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 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. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

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

The Mermaids Singing—John van Druten's comedy about a elderly playwright (Walter Abel) and a wide-eyed girl (Beatrice Pearson). Not to be compared with "The Voice of the Turtle," but with quite a few pleasant things to recommend it. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 12.)

Pygmalion—Shaw's play about the phonetician who undertook to play God has been given a first-rate production by a new organization called Theatre Incorporated. Gertrude Lawrence gives a fine, spirited performance in the leading role. With Raymond Massey, Melville Cooper, and Cecil Humphreys. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

The Rugged Path—Robert E. Sherwood's play about a crusading journalist contains a good deal more oratory than drama, but Spencer Tracy is admirable in the leading role. A Playwrights' Company production. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Closes Sat., Jan. 19.)

State of the Union—Ralph Bellamy is torn between two ladies representing his social conscience and his chance to be President in this excellent comedy by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. With Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick, and Minor Watson. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Strange Fruit—Lillian Smith has rather swamped her central tragedy, the love of a white man and colored girl, with too much background, but her play is still well worth seeing. José Ferrer has directed a talented cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 19.)

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

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Joy Forever—Guy Kibbee in a comedy by Vincent McConnor, directed by Reginald Denham and produced by Blevins Davis and Archie Thomson. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Would-Be Gentleman—Bobby Clark in Michael Todd's production of the Molière comedy. Staged by John Kennedy, with sets by Howard Bay.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	49
BOOKS	85
THE CURRENT CINEMA	74
LETTER FROM PARIS	71
MUSICAL EVENTS	80
OF ALL THINGS	73
THE RACE TRACK	76
A REPORTER AT LARGE	52
THE THEATRE	40

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

(Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

Are You with It?—A very fetching blonde called Dolores Gray is the high spot in this comedy about a carnival. She is abetted by Joan Roberts, Lew Parker, and Johnny Downs, but the book and the music are a little too much for them all. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Billion Dollar Baby—A brisk, funny musical that recaptures a great deal of the strange spirit of the nineteen-twenties. Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who wrote "On the Town," are the authors, and the cast is headed by Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Bloomer Girl—A great big show, now in its second year, about a feminist uprising in the eighteen sixties. 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.)

The Day Before Spring—A pretty, bright, and rather charming piece about a young woman who has to make that old choice between a romantic writer and a reputable businessman. Irene Manning, Bill Johnson, and John Archer are the trio involved. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book for this production, which is now in its second year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 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 now in its third year and still probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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

Polonaise—Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura are teamed up again in a somewhat preposterous and tiresome operetta about the life of Kosciusko. The Chopin music, however, is nicely presented. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Jan. 12.)

The Red Mill—Eddie Foy, Jr., is very funny in the role 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. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Show Boat—A very fine revival of this classic by Edna Ferber, the late Jerome Kern, and Oscar Hammerstein II. The cast includes Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Jan Clayton, Ralph Dumke, and Buddy Ebsen, all of whom rival their famous predecessors. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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 Lawrence Brooks, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. Second year. (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 Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Desert Song—A revival of Romberg's operetta, produced by Russell Lewis and Howard Young,

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with a cast headed by Walter Cassel and Dorothy Sandlin. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

THE WINTER'S TALE—Henry Daniell, Florence Reed, and Jessie Royce Landis in a Theatre Guild production of the Shakespeare comedy. Staged by B. Iden Payne and Romney Brent, with sets and costumes by Stewart Chaney. Opens Tues., Jan. 15. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

LARRY ADLER AND PAUL DRAPER—In a joint harmonica-and-dance recital. Tues., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ICE SHOWS—"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. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.) . . . Miss Henie again, this time on skates, in her annual "Hollywood Ice Revue." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30, beginning Sat., Jan. 19.)

DANCE RECITALS

DANCE GROUP—A program by José Limón, Beatrice Seckler, and Dorothy Bird. Sun., Jan. 13, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

ANGNA ENTERS—In a group of her pantomimes. Sat., Jan. 19, at 8:15 P.M. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24. For tickets call ST 9-1391.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

JUNIOR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP—The Children's Theatre offering a dramatized version of "Tom Sawyer," with incidental music. Sat., Jan. 12 and 19, at 2:40 P.M. (Master Institute, Riverside Dr. at 103. For tickets call GR 7-8612.)

CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE—Presenting "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," Sat., Jan. 12, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets call EN 2-6984.)

NOTE—The Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison at 85, BU 8-3180, is showing cartoons and short features of interest to youngsters on Saturday mornings at 11.

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, since entertainers, and sometimes places, seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and Alfredo Mendez's rumba band play soothing dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Cardini and his ageless sleight-of-hand, along with a dance team, Bob Grant's orchestra, and a rumba band.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Benny Morton and his skillful orchestra, Cliff Jackson and his jazz piano.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mary Lou Williams, Imogene Coca, Susan Reed, and Edmond Hall's orchestra, in a show that has its moments.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—This small pleasure dome provides a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Joe Sudy's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The corner drugstore for the platina set. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room there's Renée De Marco and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra. On Tues., Jan. 15, Señor Wences, the talented ventriloquist, will be added to the show. . . . A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre, where there is tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, in the Persian Room at both dinner and supper, still carrying on with her timeless song-and-prance act. Music by the orchestras of Arthur Ravel and Mark Monte.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—In the handsome Iridium Room, a pleasant ice show and inconspicuous dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . The pleasant little Maisonette has Patricia Bright and a small orchestra for dancing.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the dance music of Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band are on the night shift.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul and Grace Hartman are in the Wedgwood Room at supper, and Emil Coleman's orchestra plays there all evening, alternating at supper with Mischa Borr's band. . . . 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, Elvira Ríos, Jimmy Daniels, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross, all doing as nice a job as you're likely to see this season. On Fri., Jan. 11, Jerry Bergen and Mme. Claude Alphand will take over for Mr. Corey and Senorita Ríos. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those Ruban Bleu shows, at its best when Doodles Weaver is clowning, Day, Dawn, and Dusk are singing, and the Cedric Wallace Trio (with Garland Wilson at the piano) is playing. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (when she's in the mood) about her special brand of world-weariness.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny; no dancing. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful, Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske and his raised-eyebrows songs, Emil Petti's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a semi-Spanish retreat, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . ZANZIBAR, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ella Fitzgerald operating under certain environmental difficulties. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lester, a comedian in the better Broadway tradition, heads the conventional Copacabana show, and Dick Stabile's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. John Kirby's sextet holds forth (through Wed., Jan. 16) upstairs in the Copa Lounge. . . . 400 CLUB, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): rather like a boat ride to Bear Mountain, but it has Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . MADISON, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Ernie Holst's orchestra until 9:30; at the supper hour, Hope Emerson and other acceptable entertainment. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—Dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): the newest place where hot musicians swarm, among them Brad Gowans, Wild Bill Davison, Dave Tough, Jack Lesberg, Gene Schroeder, Tony Parenti, and occasionally even Mr. Condon. Piano solos by Joe Sullivan. The Monday relief band comprises Bud Freeman, George Wettling, and other talented gentlemen. No dancing, and what of it? . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Marty Marsala, Miff Mole, Buji Centobie, and their helpmeets, all working at the top of their lungs; no dancing. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson and other legendary characters showing, in somewhat Spartan surroundings, exactly how the boys used to play it down South; on Sun., Jan. 13, Art Hodes and his new hot band will take over. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small cave inhabited by Don Frye (hot piano), Hank Duncan's hot trio, with Freddie Moore at the drums, and a cluster of newcomers (hot and cold). . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Danny Alvin's trio. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): a good, noisy evening with J. C. Higginbotham and his trombone, and Red Allen's orchestra; no dancing. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Sidney Catlett's band and Billie Holiday. . . . SPOTLITE, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Coleman Hawkins' distinguished saxophone at work. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's eminent trio, with Erroll Garner at the piano, and Rex Stewart's band; also, Billy Daniels.



ART

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS—Etchings by an academician with an interest in Gothic architecture: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 12.

ANN BROCKMAN—A memorial show: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 11.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—Paintings by Janet Sobel, a primitive gone modern. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 19.

HYMAN BLOOM—New work by an American Expressionist: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Canvases hidden during the war have been returned to the walls, and the painting section has been rearranged generally. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Six large water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Angels, as represented in medieval paintings, sculptures, and illuminated manuscripts. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

HY COHEN—Coney Island and lower Manhattan, in Expressionist oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 12.

STEPHEN ETNIER—New paintings: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

MARTIN FRIEDMAN—Paintings of misty, Romantic subjects, done in a semi-abstract manner: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

FRENCH—Oils and gouaches by Braque, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Jan. 17.

GROUPS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: small paintings by Ryder, Eakins, and other Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 19. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: first-anniversary show of this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 42 E. 57: paintings by Berman, Ernst, Gorki, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: a painting apiece by Derain, Tanguy, Miró, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

EASTMAN JOHNSON—Paintings and drawings by a nineteenth-century genre artist: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

BERNARD KARFIOL—New paintings: Downtown, 32 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

BERNARD KLONIS—Water colors done during the past year: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

KARL KNATHS—Recent paintings: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

ISRAEL LITWAK—A local primitive who paints New Jersey resorts and familiar sights here in town: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

JOHN MARIN—Oils and water colors done in the last twelve months: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Italian and Flemish baroque prints. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 1.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paintings, collages, and water colors: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 19.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A thoroughgoing show of Stuart Davis's paintings (through Feb. 3); also a comprehensive exhibition of painting and sculpture selected from the Museum's collection (through Sun., Jan. 13). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of canvases by Hilla Rebay, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Second annual show of contemporary American drawings. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 23.

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD—Abstract oils: Jane Street Gallery, 35 Jane. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M. (Eves., ex-



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THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

cept Sat., 7 to 10 P.M.); through Sat., Jan. 19.
DAVID SMITH—New sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26.
TAMAYO—New paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 26.
THEATRE ART—Stage designs and costumes by such artists as Dali, Chagall, and Chirico: Hugo, 26 E. 55. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 19.
ALBERT URBAN—Oils and gouaches by a modernist: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

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

OPERAS

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill, Thurs., Jan. 10, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Tosca," with Regina Resnik, Jussi Bjoerling, and Lawrence Tibbett, Fri., Jan. 11, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Raoul Jobin, Sat., Jan. 12, at 2 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," with Ezio Pinza, Zinka Milanov, and Eleanor Steber, Sat., Jan. 12, at 8 P.M. . . . "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Jan Peerce, and Alexander Sved, Mon., Jan. 14, at 8 P.M. . . . "Il Tabarro," with Lawrence Tibbett, Licia Albanese, and Frederick Jagel, and "Don Pasquale," with Bidu Sayao, Nino Martini, and Salvatore Baccaloni, Wed., Jan. 16, at 8 P.M. . . . "The Magic Flute," with Ezio Pinza, Charles Kullman, and Nadine Conner, Thurs., Jan. 17, at 8 P.M. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Jarmila Novotna, and Emanuel List, Fri., Jan. 18, at 8 P.M.; (a benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006). . . . "Madama Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, James Melton, and John Brownlee, Sat., Jan. 19, at 2 P.M. . . . "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, and Richard Tucker, Sat., Jan. 19, at 8 P.M. (PE 6-1210).

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Jan. 10, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 12, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Jan. 13, at 3 P.M. (Soloists: Fritz Kreisler, violin, Jan. 10-11; and Patricia Travers, violin, Jan. 12-13.) . . . Howard Hanson conducting: Thurs., Jan. 17, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 18, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Jan. 19, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloist, Isaac Stern, violin, Jan. 19.)
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Serge Koussevitzky conducting; soloist, Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. Sat., Jan. 12, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . Richard Burgin conducting, Fri., Jan. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)
AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA—Dean Dixon conducting, Sat., Jan. 19, at 2 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets call AU 3-2681.)

RECITALS

ANIA DORFMANN—Piano. Fri., Jan 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)
SIMON BARERE—Piano. Sat., Jan. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)
LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano. Sun., Jan. 13, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)
LENER QUARTET—Chamber music. Sun., Jan. 13, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70. BU 8-0700.)
NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Nicolai and Joanna Graudan, cello and piano; and Felix Galimir, violin. Sun., Jan. 13, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)
ANDRÉS SEGOVIA—Guitar. Sun., Jan. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)
ALBENERI TRIO—Alexander Schneider, violin; Benar Heifetz, cello; and Erich Itor Kahn, piano. Mon., Jan. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)
SIDNEY FOSTER—Piano. Mon., Jan. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)
JENNIE TOUREL—Mezzo-soprano. Tues., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall); and Sat., Jan. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M.)
EFREM ZIMBALIST—Violin. Tues., Jan. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)
BENEFIT CONCERTS—Lotte Lehmann, soprano; Bruno Walter, piano; and Bronislaw Huberman, violin: a benefit for Associated Austrian Relief. Wed., Jan. 16, at 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets call CH 4-1640.) . . . Maggie Teyte, soprano; René Le Roy, flute; and George Reeves, piano; a benefit for American Relief for France. Fri., Jan. 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Hotel Plaza. For tickets call PL 3-4571.)
SYLVIA MARLOWE—Harpsichord. Wed., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Violin and harpsichord. Wed., Jan. 16, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)
ALEXANDER UNINSKY—Piano. Wed., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)
RAYA GARBOUSOVA—Cello. Fri., Jan. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)
RUDOLF FIRKUSNY—Piano. Fri., Jan. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)
FRIEDA HEMPEL—Interpretive songs. Sat., Jan. 19, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)
JOSEF HOFMANN—Piano. Sat., Jan. 19, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—N.Y.U. vs. Brooklyn, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, Sat., Jan. 12; N.Y.U. vs. Cornell, and St. John's vs. Syracuse, Wed., Jan. 16; at 8:15 P.M.
BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Jake La Motta vs. Tommy Bell, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 11; Rocky Graziano vs. Sonny Horne, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 18. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)
HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Jan. 13; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Jan. 17; both at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games: Sun., Jan. 13, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

MILITARY MAPS—A collection of maps used in World War II, some of them German and Japanese, others of the rubber relief variety that were issued to our invasion troops, and still others of the handkerchief kind given to our fliers before starting out on missions. New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.
MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, 1250 Ave. of Americas, at 49—A radar view of New York City, a much-enlarged model showing the structure of an atom of Uranium-235, fused sands from the testing ground of the atomic bomb in New Mexico, and other scientific by-products of the war; sponsored by the Navy Office of Research and Invention. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 1.
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—An exhibition of a meticulously furnished doll house, designed by the late Carrie W. Stettheimer. Decorated in the style of the nineteen twenties, the house is full of miniature paintings and sculptures by such people as Marcel Duchamps, Gaston Lachaise, and Claggett Wilson. The miniature mops in the dust closet and plumbing in the bathrooms are something to see, too. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.
AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Colonial and eighteenth-century French furniture and Early American silver and glass, owned by Mrs. Radcliffe Swinnerton, and others: Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 10-11, at 2 P.M. . . . Early American and Georgian silver, and Early American portraits, miniatures, and autographs collected by the late Mary Adams Quincy, granddaughter of John Quincy Adams: Sat., Jan. 12, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions of Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, and other English and American authors, from the libraries of the late Lewis M. Isaacs, John L. Kemmerer, and others: Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MAYOR O'DWYER—With Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., in a talk on "The next four years in New York City," Fri., Jan. 11, at 9:15 P.M., WNYC.
MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Sat., Jan. 12; "Madama Butterfly," Sat., Jan. 19; both at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Jan. 13, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Jan. 13, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Jan. 12; Sir Adrian Boult conducting, Sat., Jan. 19; both at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Bruno Walter conducting, Sat., Jan. 12; Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Jan. 19; both at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Pittsburgh Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sat., Jan. 12 and 19; both at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., Jan. 13, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Jan. 13, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Josef Hofmann, piano, Mon., Jan. 14, at 9 P.M., WEAF.
SPORTS—Boxing: Jake La Motta vs. Tommy Bell, Fri., Jan. 11; Rocky Graziano vs. Sonny Horne, Fri., Jan. 18; both at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

CORNERED—Dick Powell in pursuit of a gang of Fascists, who offer him everything from a belt on the



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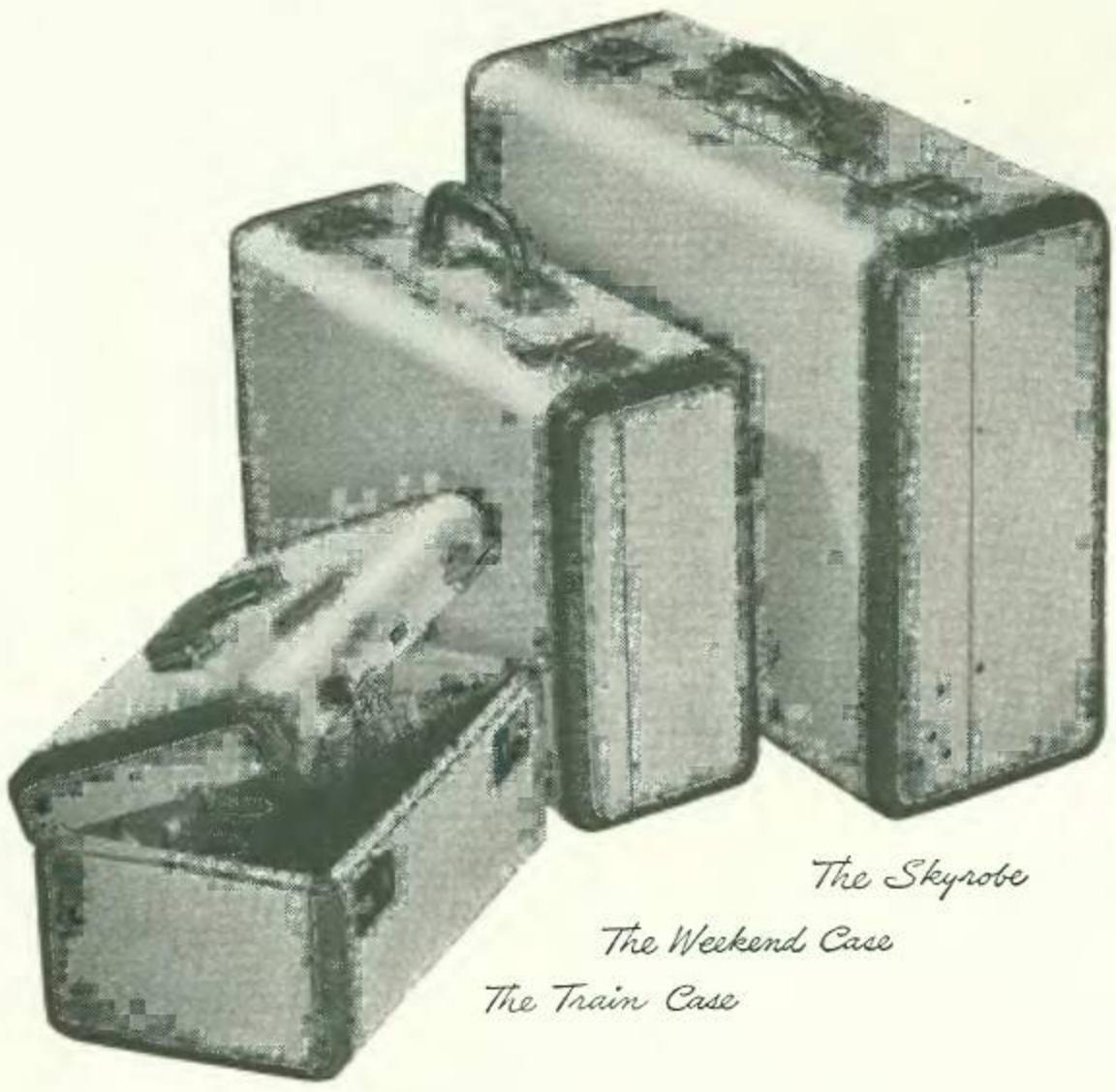
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

head to the favors of a superbly endowed lady to make him lay off, with no success, of course. Walter Slezak and Morris Carnovsky help enliven the proceedings. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

It Happened at the Inn—A jaunty and fantastic tale of some odd French peasants who take everything from penury to murder in their stride. The first postwar film to arrive from France, it stacks up well beside its famous prewar predecessors. English subtitles. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55th.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Jan. 12.... Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 12-15.)

Kiss and Tell—Shirley Temple and Jerome Courtland come out on top of the confusion of the Abbott farce about sex among the adolescents. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., Jan. 13.... Plaza, 42 E. 58; Sat. through Wed., Jan. 12-16.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 14-16.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Jan. 15-19.... Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 16-18.)

The Lost Weekend—A superb adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel about an alcoholic. Ray Milland gives the best performance of his career and is supported by an altogether satisfactory cast. Winner of the 1945 New York Film Critics' Award. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Marie Louise—A simple, moving story of some youthful French refugees in Switzerland, excellently enacted by a Swiss and French cast. There are English subtitles for those who can't manage the several languages employed in the film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Jan. 18.)

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes—Life on a highly photogenic farm. Excellent acting by Edward G. Robinson and Agnes Moorehead, who are assisted by such wunderkinder as Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Jan. 10.... Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15.)

Over 21—Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn in an adaptation of Ruth Gordon's comedy that makes it seem rather better than it did on the stage. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 16-17.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs, from "Swanee" to "Summertime," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Jan. 16.)

Saratoga Trunk—A part-Creole lass, a cowboy, and assorted robber barons, sumptuously assembled in a full-blown adaptation of the Edna Ferber novel. Gary Cooper seems at home as a cowboy, but Ingrid Bergman is sometimes justifiably uneasy as the tempestuous heroine. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Seventh Veil—Another arrangement of the Trilby legend, this time with a gloomy cripple playing Svengali to a frail and sensitive pianist. Ann Todd is excellent as the pianist, and the music that accompanies the film is consistently first-rate. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

The Spanish Main—A lush, Technicolored account of the old days in the Caribbean when hell evidently popped every second. Maureen O'Hara, Paul Henreid, and Walter Slezak are involved. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Mon., Jan. 14.)

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. Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

They Were Expendable—A very long but often interesting account of the comings and goings of the fast, frail PT boats that made up a good part of the U.S. Navy around the Philippines in the uneasy weeks after Pearl Harbor. With Robert Montgomery, Donna Reed, and John Wayne. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

The True Glory—The invasion of Europe described in eighty-eight minutes by fourteen hundred cameramen and just about everybody else in the Army, including General Eisenhower. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Jan. 14.)

A Walk in the Sun—The unostentatious story of an American platoon trudging a bloody six miles from a Salerno beach to an inland farmhouse. Done

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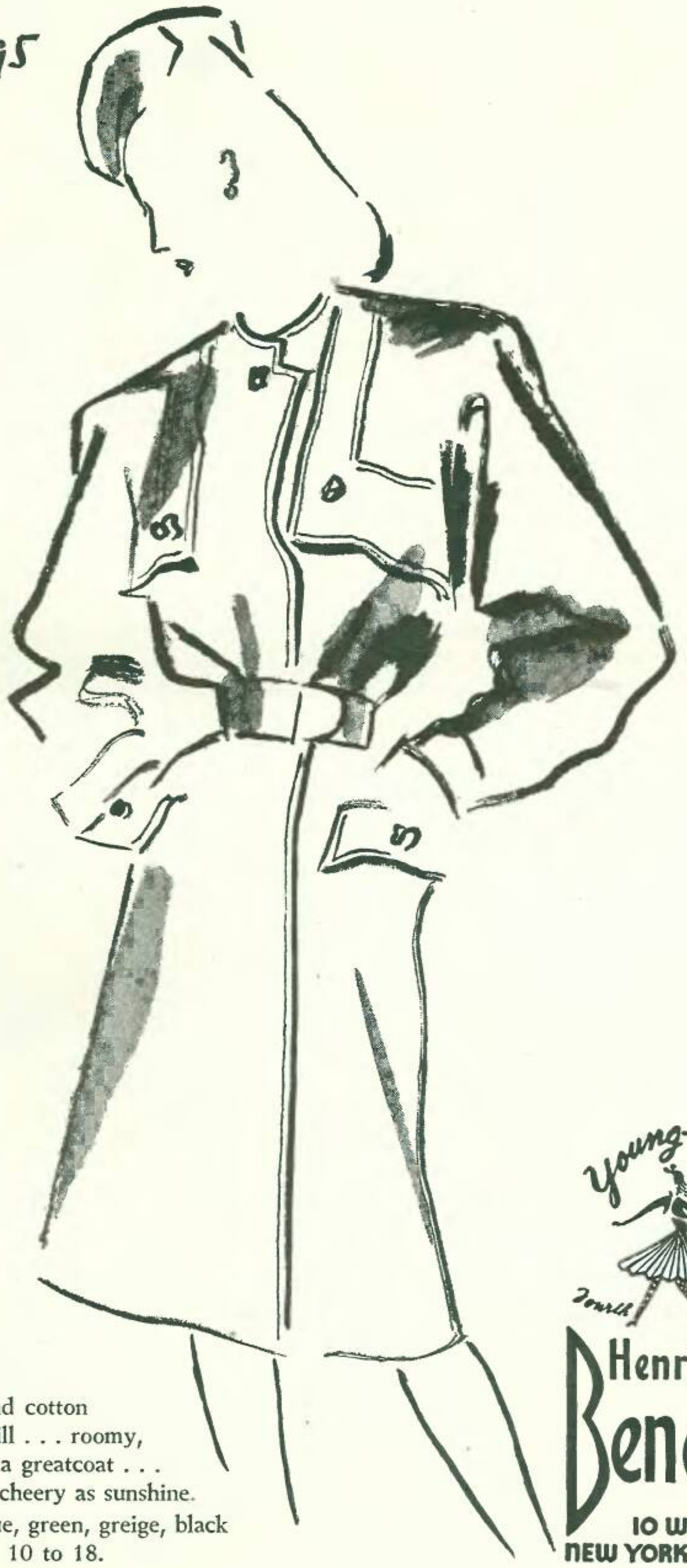
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

without any factitious heroics, the film is a good, grim job. Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, George Tyne, and, for that matter, all the rest of the cast, seem quite authentic. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Normandie, Park at 53; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 86; Thurs., Jan. 10.)

REVIVALS

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier, with Roger Livesey. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 12-14.)

THE FIGHTING LADY (1945)—A Navy documentary about life on a carrier. In Technicolor. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Jan. 14.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME (1938)—A screen version of Arthur Kober's play. Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14.)

HITTING A NEW HIGH (1937)—Lily Pons singing in a jungle, with antics by Jack Oakie, Eric Blore, and Edward Everett Horton. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Jan. 12.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 15-17.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW (1944)—About a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., Jan. 16.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express train. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy. Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON (1944)—Bette Davis as a giddy wife and Claude Rains as her long-suffering husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Jan. 10.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—A full-length Walt Disney, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (Republic, B'way at 51; through Fri., Jan. 18.)

POT O' GOLD (1941)—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart in a comedy now called "Jimmy Steps Out." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 10.)

QUALITY STREET (1937)—Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone in Sir James Barrie's comedy. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 12-15.)

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (1934)—How to live on a billion dollars. Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Jan. 11.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 15-17.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant as a couple of romantic vagrants. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Jan. 12.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED (1943)—Bob Hope as a foreign correspondent, with Dorothy Lamour tagging along. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14.)

THIS GUN FOR HIRE (1942)—Underworld thriller of night clubs and Fifth Columnists. Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 15-17.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Jan. 12.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., the following films as part of a series showing the origin and development of documentary pictures: THURS., JAN. 10: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), and "Ballet Mécanique" (1924). . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JAN. 11-13: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1927), and "The Bridge" (1927). . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JAN. 14-17: "Grass" (1925). . . . FROM FRI., JAN. 18: "Moana" (1926).

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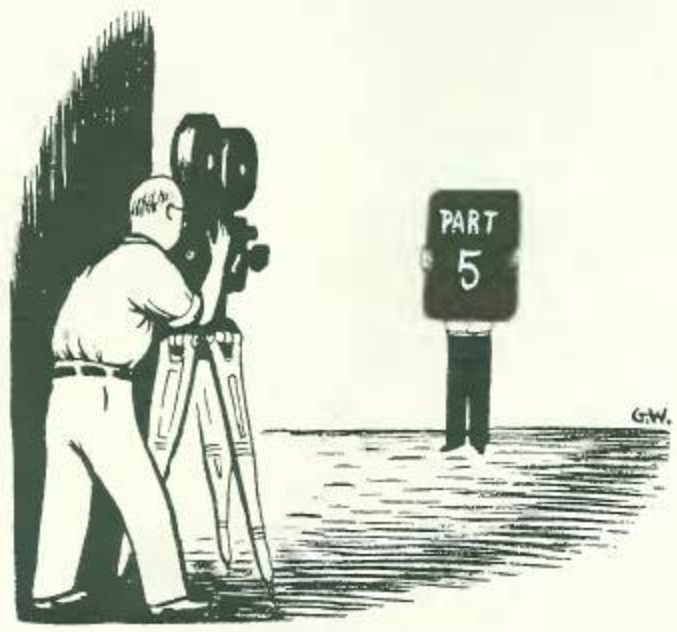
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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16

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 UNDER "MOTION PICTURES," STARTING ON PAGE 7.

THE BIG HOUSES

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

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**, Robert Montgomery, Donna Reed, John Wayne.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Thurs., Jan. 10: "What Next, Corporal Hargrove?," Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn. . . . From Fri., Jan. 11: "She Wouldn't Say Yes," Rosalind Russell, Lee Bowman.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"Johnny Angel," Claire Trevor, George Raft, Signe Hasso.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"Dakota," John Wayne, Vera Hruba Ralston, Walter Brennan.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—**SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—**CORNERED**, Dick Powell, Walter Slezak.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"The Stork Club," Betty Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald.

Radio City Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**THE LOST WEEKEND**, Ray Milland, Jane Wyman.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Leave Her to Heaven," Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"San Antonio," Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—Thurs., Jan. 10: "The Enchanted Forest," Brenda Joyce, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., Jan. 11: **A WALK IN THE SUN**, Dana Andrews.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50 (CI 7-5161)—**THE SEVENTH VEIL**, Ann Todd, James Mason.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., Jan. 11: "Palillo Vargas Heredia." . . . From Sat., Jan. 12: "Marina," Tito Guizar.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)—French films, revivals—**GRAND ILLUSION**, Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin; also **UN CARNET DE BAL**, Marie Bell, Harry Baur, Raimu.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)—**IT HAPPENED AT THE INN** (in French), Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—**MARIE LOUISE** (in French and German), Josiane.

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

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"Once There Was a Girl" (in Russian).

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., Jan. 11: "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver. . . . Sat. through Mon., Jan 12-14: **COLONEL BLIMP**, revival, Roger Livesey. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: **THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE**, revival, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Jan. 12: **SYLVIA SCARLETT**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Sky Giant," revival, Richard Dix, Chester Morris. . . . Sun. through Wed., Jan. 13-16: "Her Highness and the Bellboy," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson; also "Dangerous Partners," James Craig, Signe Hasso, Edmund Gwenn.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., Jan. 12: "Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard; also "Scotland Yard Investigator," Sir Aubrey Smith, Erich von Stroheim. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan 13-14: "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry," George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ella Raines; also "Shady Lady," Ginny Simms, Charles Coburn, Robert Paige. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: "The Crimson Canary," Noah Beery, Jr.; also "Don't Fence Me In," Roy Rogers.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Revivals—Through Sat., Jan. 12: **WINTERSET**, Margo, Burgess Meredith; also **HITTING A NEW HIGH**, Lily Pons, Jack Oakie. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14: **THE INFORMER**, Victor McLaglen; also "A Night to Remember," Loretta Young, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard; also "Frightened Lady," Marius Goring, Penelope Dudley Ward.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Jan. 11: **THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD**, revival, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea. . . . Sat. through Tues., Jan. 12-15: **QUALITY STREET**, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, Fay Bainter. . . . From Wed., Jan. 16: "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Jan. 10: **WONDER MAN**, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen. . . . Fri. through Sun., Jan. 11-13: "Lady on a Train," Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15: **OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES**, Edward G. Robinson, Margaret O'Brien, Agnes Moorehead. . . . From Wed., Jan. 16: **OVER 21**, Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, Charles Coburn.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., Dec. 10: "Once Upon a Honeymoon," revival, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: "Lady on a Train," Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: "Bewitched," Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Plaza, 42 E. 58 (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., Jan. 11: "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver. . . . Sat. through Wed., Jan. 12-16: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., Jan. 14: **THE TRUE GLORY**, full-length documentary film; also **THE FIGHTING LADY**, revival, U.S. Navy documentary film. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: to be announced.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Jan. 10: "George White's Scandals," Joan Davis, Jack Haley; also "First Yank into Tokyo," Barbara Hale, Tom Neal. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: "Abbott and Costello in Hollywood," Abbott and Costello; also "That Night with You," Susanna Foster, Franchot Tone. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: **THIS GUN FOR HIRE**, revival, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd; also "North West Mounted Police," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Sat., Jan. 12: **JUNIOR MISS**, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Sun. through Tues., Jan. 13-15: "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry," George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ella Raines. . . . From Wed., Jan. 16: "Shady Lady," Ginny Simms, Charles Coburn, Robert Paige.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Sun., Jan. 13: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple; also "Voice of the Whistler," Richard Dix. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15: **THE SPANISH MAIN**, Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak; also "Sing Your Way Home," Jack Haley, Marcy McGuire. . . . Wed., Jan. 16: **IT HAPPENED TOMORROW**, revival, Dick Powell, Linda Darnell; also "Lady of Burlesque," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Jan. 14: "Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard; also "Scotland Yard Investigator," Sir Aubrey Smith, Erich von Stroheim. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: "The Crimson Canary," Noah Beery, Jr.; also "Don't Fence Me In," Roy Rogers.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., Jan. 11: "Her Highness and the Bellboy," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson; also "Dangerous Partners," James Craig, Signe Hasso, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Sat. through Tues., Jan. 12-15: **JUNIOR MISS**, Peggy Ann Garner; also "Isle of the Dead," Ellen Drew, Boris Karloff. . . . From Wed., Jan. 16: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple; also "Voice of the Whistler," Richard Dix.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Sun., Jan. 13: "They Came to a City," revival, John Clements. . . . Mon. through Wed., Jan. 14-16: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Jan. 14: "Duffy's Tavern," Ed Gardner, along with an all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Paulette Goddard; also "Scotland Yard Investigator," Sir Aubrey Smith, Erich von Stroheim. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: "The Crimson Canary," Noah Beery, Jr.; also "Don't Fence Me In," Roy Rogers.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Revivals—Thurs., Jan. 10: **POT O' GOLD** (now called "Jimmy Steps Out"), Paulette Goddard, James Stewart; also "A Night to Remember," Loretta Young, Brian Aherne. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: **HAVING WONDERFUL TIME**, Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," Jean Arthur, William Powell. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: "There's That Woman Again," Virginia Bruce, Melvyn Douglas; also "They Came to a City," John Clements.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Jan. 12: "Her Highness and the Bellboy," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson; also "Dangerous Partners," James Craig, Signe Hasso, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14: **THEY GOT ME COVERED**, revival, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "Wise Girl," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple; also "Voice of the Whistler," Richard Dix.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., Jan. 12: **HITTING A NEW HIGH**, Lily Pons, Jack Oakie; also "Lady for a Day," May Robson, Warren William. . . . Sun. and Mon., Jan. 13-14: **THE MALE ANIMAL**, Olivia de Havilland, Henry Fonda; also "There Goes My Heart," Virginia Bruce, Fredric March. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: **THE INFORMER**, Victor McLaglen; also **THE LADY VANISHES**, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Sun., Jan. 13: "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver; also "The Caribbean Mystery," James Dunn, Sheila Ryan. . . . From Mon., Jan. 14: **THE SPANISH MAIN**, Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak; also "Sing Your Way Home," Jack Haley, Marcy McGuire.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., Jan. 10: **WONDER MAN**, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen; also "Forever Yours," Gale Storm, Johnny Mack Brown. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova; also "Midnight Man Hunt," William Gargan, Ann Savage. . . . Tues. and Wed., Jan. 15-16: "George White's Scandals," Joan Davis, Jack Haley; also "First Yank into Tokyo," Barbara Hale, Tom Neal.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9601)—Through Sun., Jan. 13: **KISS AND TELL**, Shirley Temple; also "Voice of the Whistler," Richard Dix. . . . Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14-15: **IT HAPPENED TOMORROW**, revival, Dick Powell, Linda Darnell; also "Lady of Burlesque," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea. . . . From Wed., Jan. 16: "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver; also "The Caribbean Mystery," James Dunn, Sheila Ryan.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., Jan. 10: **MR. SKEFFINGTON**, Bette Davis, Claude Rains; also "Break of Hearts," Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: "Rain," Joan Crawford, Walter Huston; also "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: **HOLIDAY**, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., Jan. 10: **OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES**, Edward G. Robinson, Margaret O'Brien, Agnes Moorehead; also "The Hidden Eye," Edward Arnold. . . . Fri. through Mon., Jan. 11-14: "Lady on a Train," Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy; also "Men in Her Diary," Peggy Ryan, Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton. . . . From Tues., Jan. 15: "Twice Blessed," Gail Patrick, Preston Foster; also "Bewitched," Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Tues., Jan. 15: "Weekend at the Waldorf," Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson. . . . Wed., Jan. 16: "The Crimson Canary," Noah Beery, Jr.; also "Don't Fence Me In," Roy Rogers.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., Jan. 16: **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.



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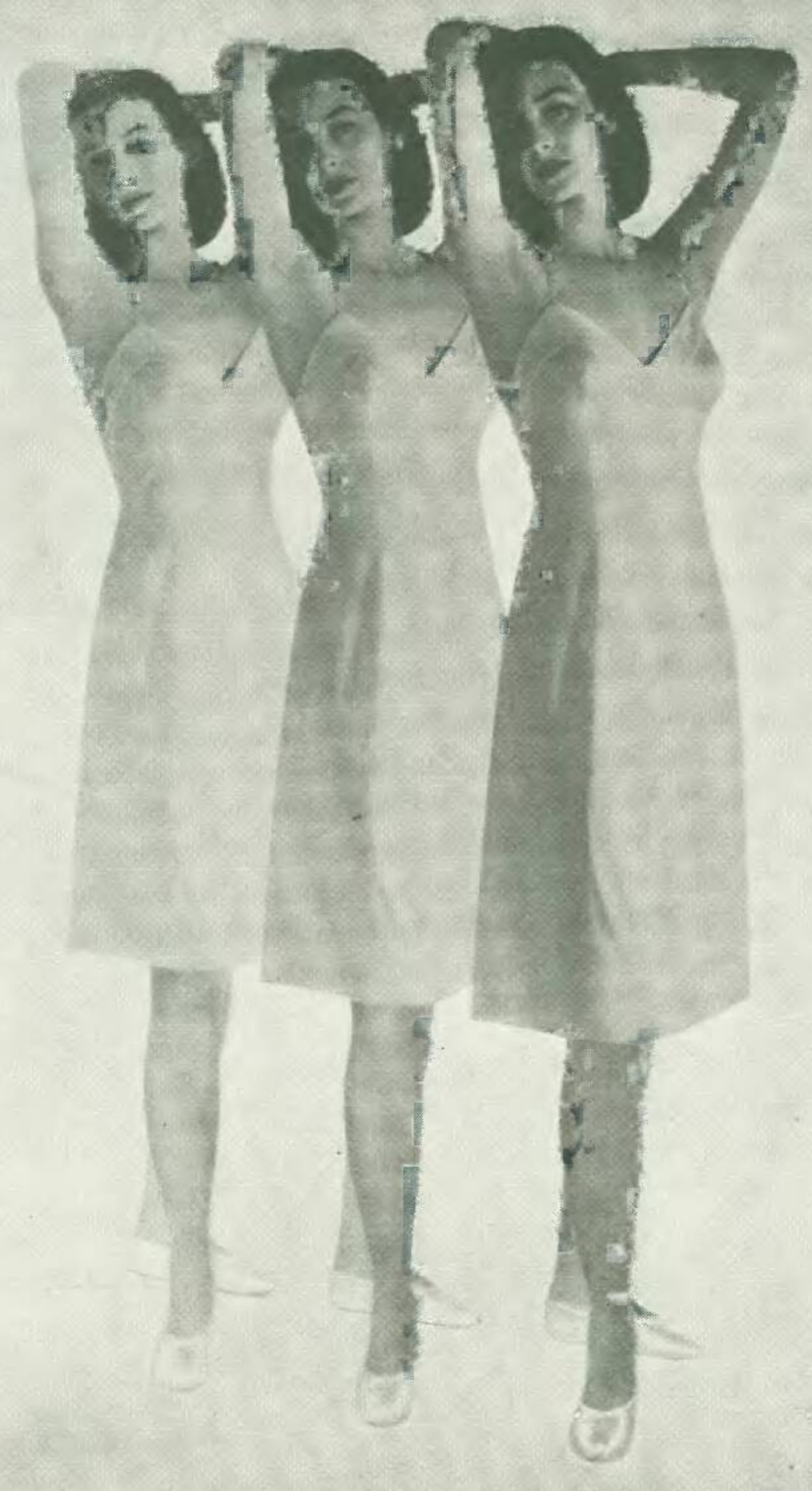
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Research in microwaves and electron tubes at RCA Laboratories led to the development by the RCA Victor Division of this automatic radio relay system. Here is a close-up view of a microwave reflector. This system holds great promise of linking television stations into networks, as well as relaying other forms of electric communications.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MAKE an original and four copies, Miss Eberhard, one for each delegate. A delegate, on his way to assembly, carries two sets of instructions: one dictated by his own conscience (but not read) and one handed him by his constituents. Herewith we hand to each delegate to the first assembly of the United Nations Organization his instructions:

When you sit down, sit down as an American if it makes you feel comfortable, but when you rise to speak, get up like a man anywhere.

Do not bring home any bacon; it will have turned rancid on the journey. Bring home instead a silken thread, by which you may find your way back.

Bear in mind always that foreign policy is domestic policy with its hat on. The purpose of the meeting, although not so stated anywhere, is to replace policy with law, and to make common cause.

Make common cause.

Think not to represent us by safeguarding our interests. Represent us by perceiving that our interests are other people's, and theirs ours.

When you think with longing of the place where you were born, remember that the sun leaves it daily to go somewhere else. When you think with love of America, think of the impurity of its bloodlines and of how no American ever won a prize in a dog show.

Carry good men with you in your portfolio, along with the order of the day. Read the men with the short first names: Walt Whitman, John Donne, Manny Kant, Abe Lincoln, Tom Paine, Al Einstein. Read them and weep. Then read them again, without tears.

If you would speak up for us, do not speak up for America, speak up for people, for the free man. We are not dispatching you to build national greatness. Unless you understand this, and believe it, you might better be at the race track, where you can have a good time simply by guessing wrong.

Never forget that the nature of peace is commonly misstated. Peace is not to be had by preventing aggression, for it is always too late for that. Peace is to be had when people's antagonisms and antipathies are subject to the discipline of law and the decency of government.

Do not try to save the world by loving thy neighbor; it will only make him nervous. Save the world by respecting thy neighbor's rights under law and insisting that he respect yours (under the same law). In short, save the world.

Observe that Chapter IV, Article II, Paragraph 3 of the Charter asks the General Assembly to "call the attention of the Security Council to situations which are likely to endanger international peace and security." We instruct you, accordingly, to call the Council's attention to the one situation which most consistently endangers peace: absolute national sovereignty. Remind the Council of the frailty, the insubstantiality, of your own Organization, in which members are not people but states.



Do not be confused by the noise of the atomic bomb. The bomb is the pea shooter come home to roost. But when you dream, dream of essential matters, of mass-energy relationships, of man-man relationships. The scientists have outdreamed you, little delegate, so dream well.

Be concerned with principles, not with results. We do not ask for results, merely for a soil-building program. You are not at a chess game, even though it has the appearance of one; you are at a carnival of hope.

For bedside reading we prescribe the opening remarks of Justice Jackson at the Nuremberg trial: "The idea that a State, any more than a corporation, commits crimes is a fiction. Crimes always are committed only by persons." (Yet the U.N.O. has been chartered to stop states from committing crimes.) And further: ". . . that fictional being, 'the State,' which cannot be produced for trial, cannot plead, cannot testify, and cannot be sentenced." We instruct you to compare these words with Chapter II of the Charter, which says that the members of your Organization are states. If, as Justice Jackson points out, your membership is a fiction, then your first task should be to become more factual, less fictional. Your task will be to introduce people into the pie. Eventually you will have to supplant states with people, policy with law, diplomacy with legality, internationalism with federal union, and you probably haven't as much time as you like to think you have.

As talisman, do not carry a colored flag for the special occasion; carry a white handkerchief for the common cold. Blow your nose frequently and listen to the universal sound.

Finally, now that the Emperor has disclaimed divinity, we charge you to believe in yourself and to love truth. Build the great republic. The foundation



"Press."

• •

is inescapable. The foundation is unity. It is what your initials suggest: UNO.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign in the barbershop in Bryant Pond, Maine, that reads, "OPEN WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS. ALSO RAINY DAYS."

The Woolworth stores carry a mint-flavored dental floss.

There's a dry-cleaning shop on University Place named Maison Louie.

Disappointment

A FRIEND of ours who is laid up with the flu tuned in on WNYC one day last week just as the announcer said, "Every day at this time we broadcast the missing-persons alarm." There was a long silence. Then the announcer said, "Today, unfortunately, there are no missing persons. Some Strauss waltzes will be played instead."

Soldier of Good Fortune

WE dropped into a bar the other afternoon to have a talk with David Niven, the Hollywood actor, who left Sam Goldwyn in 1939 to join up with the British Army. When we arrived, Mr. Niven, tall, thin, and handsome in brown tweed, was dispatching glass after glass of orange juice. "I never thought that I'd ever live to see the day when I'd prefer this stuff to whiskey," he remarked. "But an orange is as hard to come by in England as the Kohinoor diamond." We asked him about his activities in the war. "I'd rather hoped," he told us, "to get into the R.A.F., but they found a bit of a whimper in my ticker, so I wound up in a rifle brigade. I was something of a regular, you know, since I'd been to Sandhurst in '27 and '28 and spent four years in the Highland Light Infantry. I suppose there's a touch of military tradition in my family. My father was with the Argyll Highlanders; he was an acting captain when he was killed at the Dardanelles in 1915. When Hollywood began to notice me a little, the press agents quickly promoted my father to general, posthumously." Since we had heard that Mr. Niven, who reached the rank of lieutenant colonel, had served with the Commandos, we suggested that he tell us something about the raids he'd been on. "If you don't mind," he said, "I won't. I'm not being coy, but I did very, very little. I was simply a one-pip subaltern during the phony war in France, and then I got into Phantom Reconnaissance, which was set up as a counter-invasion system. We went about disguised as parsons, workmen, and farmers on the Channel coast and were supposed to be the beginnings of an underground if the Boche landed, which, thank God, he didn't. I was a farmer. Type casting, perhaps. After Phantom, it was the Commandos and then the conventional Army again, from Normandy on. One distinction I *did* have was making that picture 'The Way Ahead.'"

We gathered from Mr. Niven that the excellence of "The Way Ahead" was no fault of the general who instituted the project. "A real old harrumphing type," he informed us. "Called me Evans and said he'd heard I was a motion-picture feller. He asked me if I knew Ginger Reilly, Marlene Dressler, and people like that, and then said he hadn't been near a film since the last war, because he was strictly a live-entertainment man. He gave me two weeks to put the film together, but I managed to stretch the business out a good while longer than that. When he saw the film, he gave a great snort and growled, 'By gad, you're making it seem as if the soldiers don't like the Army.' It was hard to persuade him that they actually don't." Mr. Niven paused to order a couple more glasses of orange juice, and we, having heard that he had been a liquor salesman for "21" in the early days of

repeal, inquired how that had come about.

"Who was better equipped to sell liquor in 1934 than a British officer and a gentleman who was also broke?" he said. "I'd come down from Canada some time before, where I'd failed as a lumberman and an expert on foxhunting, and set myself up in the Waldorf. The Waldorf people were quite decent about not dunning me for rent, but a Chinese laundryman impounded my linen until I paid off his bill. I had to deliver his laundry in a borrowed car to get my own back again, which was fairly awkward, considering the imposing front I'd assumed at the hotel. Then along came repeal, God bless it, and I had a job. I vacated that to start the American Pony Express Racing Association, which conducted indoor meets at Atlantic City. I had a partner named Lefty Flynn, twenty-eight cowboys, and a hundred and twenty polo ponies, but Lefty and I could never figure our expenses properly, and pretty soon I headed for a vacation in the Caribbean. One night, in Panama, I got a little mixed up and boarded a ship headed for San Francisco. I had some friends living in Santa Barbara, and I holed in with them until along came the H.M.S. Norfolk, which had a number of pals of mine aboard. We had a hell of a reunion, and I woke up out at sea in a dinner jacket that was beginning to look pretty seedy. Fortunately, the Norfolk had arranged to meet the M-G-M replica of the Bounty, in line with some kind of publicity stunt, and I was transferred to her, which dropped me right into the presence of Frank Lloyd, the director. I wangled a test for the screen through him (I'd once acted in school pageants), got a contract right off the bat, and was ready to start work when the immigration authorities deported me to Mexico. When I got back to Hollywood, six months later, nobody particularly wanted me for anything, but then, after I'd taken another raft of screen tests, the first one I'd made hit the proper fancy, and I was in. It just goes to show what a man can do without too much initiative."

Tone

A CONSERVATIVE gentleman of seventy-five who some time ago became treasurer of a small New England museum feels, we are told, that the activities of a museum should be carried on with the greatest possible decorum. He didn't like the term "janitor" when he made out his first payroll vouchers, so in the space reserved for "services rendered" he wrote in, "For many refurbishing efforts." This didn't suit him, however, and the following month he tried "For varied lines of betterment." It wasn't until the third payday that he hit on a phrase which seemed right to him. For several months now the janitor's vouchers have borne the restrained notation "For general recuperative activities and other helpfulness."

Big Parade

THIS Saturday's parade up Fifth Avenue, with an all-Ground Forces cast and starring the 82nd Airborne Division, will be the biggest show of its kind since General Pershing and the 1st Infantry Division travelled the same route in September, 1919. Among the 12,500 participants will be armored and artillery units, a battalion of colored paratroopers, a number of Army Ground Forces bands, and a large detachment from the 13th Airborne Division, but the largest and most spectacular contingent will be the 8,800 men of the 82nd, who debarked from the Queen Mary a week ago. The procession will be three miles long and will take three hours and twenty minutes to cover the four-mile stretch from Washington Square to Eighty-sixth Street. The 82nd held a dress rehearsal for it in November, at Reims. Previously, the Division's headquarters had been in Berlin, where the 82nd established itself as the Army's No. 1 parade outfit in the course of being reviewed by, among others, Marshals Zhukov and Montgomery, Generals Eisenhower and Patton, and the foreign ministers of Belgium and Holland. Both these countries have decorated the whole division, which saw action within their borders, as well as in Sicily, in Italy, and, beginning with D Day, in Normandy; members of the



82nd, in addition to individual ribbons, are entitled to wear a Belgian fourragère on their right shoulder and a Dutch lanyard on their left. In Berlin, furthermore, they adopted as divisional dress such snappy accessories as white parachute-silk scarves, white parachute-suspension-line shoelaces, and white gloves. On Saturday, they'll wear the standard, relatively simple uniform prescribed for all ground soldiers, so as not to outdazzle their marching colleagues. Even so, the cleaning bill for the whole affair—cleaning and pressing fifty thousand pieces of apparel for the parade—will come to $8,200. The "AA" on the 82nd's shoulder patch stands for "All American," the outfit's nickname, inherited from the last war, during which it was a plain infantry division. Among the alumni of the class of '18 are General Wainwright and Sergeant York, both of whom will be in the reviewing stand in front of the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday.

Grover Whalen has been handling the arrangements, as he did for the Pershing celebration. "This one's going to be more exciting in the end," he assured us last week. "We have an altogether different set of problems. Nobody'd ever heard of an eight-inch howitzer twenty-seven years ago." Twelve such howitzers, each weighing forty-two and a half tons, are being shipped from North Carolina for the occasion, and they have given the local Department of Public Works a headache. Along with some less massive artillery pieces, the howitzers are being brought to the Brooklyn Army Base on seventy-nine flatcars. Figuring out a way to get them across the East River was the most ticklish problem. The Manhattan Bridge, our strongest, had never carried such a concentrated load, and the city was disinclined to authorize the movement, on the ground that if one vehicle broke down and another had to pass it, the eighty-five-ton mass might seriously damage the span. The Army finally agreed to attach towing equipment to the howitzers, so that no two would ever have to be abreast. The Board of Transportation, to safeguard its subways, has ordered that at two danger spots, where ventilators are especially close to the curb, the howitzers must proceed ten feet apart and no less than five feet from either sidewalk. Because of the cold weather, there's no chance of the Army vehicles' churning up the asphalt street surfaces. Now, if there were a sudden heat wave . . .

Another municipal agency, the Department of Marine and Aviation, helped out by lending the Army four ferryboats, on which the 82nd will be transported from Camp Shanks, which is up and across the Hudson, to downtown Manhattan. A truck convoy might have tangled up interstate traffic for hours. Another M. & A. service will be the operation of a boat patrol in the Hudson, to fish out any gliders that may have to land there. Haven't we mentioned gliders before? Well, forty of them, towed by C-54s, will complement the parade. They'll be three thousand feet up, and it has been calculated that if anything goes wrong they can make the river easily. In Berlin, the 82nd used to land some of its jeeps by glider at the end of a parade, but this stunt was thought a bit too sensational for New York. None of the 82nd's paratroopers will jump here. They did that once in Berlin, though, just for the hell of it. Some of them, including their thirty-eight-year-old commander, Major General James M. Gavin, had taken a pledge, early in the war, to parachute into Berlin. Not long after they had arrived as occupation forces —anticlimactically, by ground—they made a token jump at the Tempelhof Airdrome just to keep their word.

Substitute

A MAN we know, unexpectedly summoned to London on business, dictated to his secretary a list of things he wanted her to pick up for him. Just before sailing, he went over the list and found that she had got everything except some chocolates he had hoped to present to an English friend. It turned out, on cross-examination, that the girl had transcribed the missing item as "Chuckles for England." She had looked all over town for them, but without success. She had, she said, got a box of Grape-Nuts instead.



Farewell to Reform

BY now, Mr. LaGuardia is gaily plugging cheese, magazines, Sachs Quality Stores, and so on, but we wish to record his last broadcast as Mayor, on the day before O'Dwyer stepped into office. We turned up at City Hall shortly before one o'clock and found its old corridors swarming, as the saying goes, with loyal friends of the departing administration. We identified the outgoing Fire Chief, the outgoing Corporation Counsel, and a considerable number of other folk who, to judge by their solemn appearance, were also outgoing. The Hall itself had a definite *fin-de-régime* air: stacked bundles of files, desks shoved into corners, typewriters and chairs piled on desks. A large colored sheet of cardboard labelled "Municipal Airport at Idlewild Progress Map" leaned against a phone booth, looking tired. The Palm Court, directly outside the Mayor's office, seemed to be minus several palms. "Just leave your overshoes any old place," an attendant told us quietly, and we dropped them on the floor of a Colonial anteroom beside a pile of law journals. At five minutes to one, the guests—about eighty in all—were led into the Mayor's office and seated on folding chairs in front of his desk. It had been swept clean, except for a microphone and several yellow ashtrays. The Mayor himself was huddled deep in his chair, poring over several pink sheets, presumably notes for his broadcast. Behind him, on a small table, lay a gray, old-fashioned fireman's hat. The Mayor glanced over his glasses at the audience and promptly lowered his eyes again to the pink sheets. Several people covered their mouths with their hands and coughed, while others discreetly wriggled. "No flashes, no flashes!" said the Mayor suddenly, wagging a finger at some photographers. He unbuttoned his coat with a furious gesture, jumped up and down several times in his chair, and leaned forward as though he were about to nab a bookie. "Happy New Year!" he cried, and he was on the air.

As everybody knows from reading the papers, the Mayor was in a relatively mellow mood: "There are a great many things I wanted to say today, but I'm not going to say them. Oh no! This is the holiday season and good cheer abounds." Good cheer survived items dealing with betting on the ponies



"They're champagne spots."

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("A vicious, vicious habit"), false alarms, small-loan companies, and a long-untenanted building at West End Avenue and Seventy-second Street ("Another dead cat I inherited!"), bore up nobly throughout the reading of a letter from a small boy who admitted having stolen a bulb from a city lamppost ("Son, you're no ruffian, you're a good boy"), but came a cropper when the Mayor reached Captain Patterson of the *News*. The *News*, said the Mayor, was the only paper in town printing a highly misleading advertisement of a Chicago correspondence school. "Gives veterans an idea they can take the New York Bar exam once they finish the correspondence course," said the Mayor. "Oh, it seems the *News* will take *any* kind of ad. Now, Captain Patterson. Come on, Captain Patterson. This—doesn't—bring—you—in—much—money." Just before one-thirty, the Mayor placed his glasses high on his forehead and practically embraced the microphone. "You know," he said, "I do want to keep busy. I *love* my city. I hope I'll be able to help people to help others who want to do the right thing." Then he read a poem, said "Patience and fortitude," and swung away from his desk.

After receiving a Certificate of Achievement from the Navy and greeting nineteen New York City Latin-American Scholarship holders who were present, the Mayor sat down at his desk again and lighted a huge cigar. He looked like a man who had been Mayor for twelve years. "Into the Palm Court, into the Palm Court!" cried an attendant, but the audience surged about the Mayor's desk. He greeted several people and scribbled several autographs, then wrinkled his brow and threw up his hands. "I've just got to go to work. Get them out, get them out!" he said to a secretary. "Into the Palm Court, everybody. Into the Palm Court!" said the secretary, but few people left the room. "He's a friend of the people," said an elderly man beside us. "He's an absolutely natural top-flight radio performer," said another. "Shut the door!" shouted the Mayor. "No, no, no! Get them out!" he said, pounding the desk with his fists. Several people crowded around and he shook their hands. "Oh, my," he said, "*please* get them out," and attendants gently steered the crowd toward the doors. "I just can't see any more people," we heard him say to a secretary as we were leaving. "I've got to go home and cook."

Readjustment

AN unscrupulous girl of twelve has sent on to us a small black notebook which her brother, fresh out of the Marines, threw into his wastebasket a few days ago. The first six or seven pages of this significant social document are crammed with late-afternoon appointments for cocktails, dates of parties, and girls' names. The last notation is, however, a chilling one. "Monday, 9 A.M.," it reads, "Go to work."

CONVERSATION IN THE ATOMIC AGE

MALLOY, the occasional writer for motion pictures, and Mrs. Schmidt, his Los Angeles society friend, had said all they had to say; that is, Malloy had said his say, which was to report the news of his wife and family back East and provide whatever information he possessed on their few mutual friends in New York and Philadelphia. That had taken him up to the salad, which, contrary to California custom, was served after the entrée. Malloy had known it was going to be that way, but taking her out to dine and dance was a duty that Malloy performed because Mrs. Schmidt was always nice to his wife. When he had finished, Mrs. Schmidt took over. Her monologue was entirely predictable, involving, as always, her full report on every party she had been to in the last three weeks, including the names of people Malloy never had heard of, what some of the women wore or did not wear, who was sleeping with whom, how the people came by their money, and Transportation. Mrs. Schmidt was fascinated with Transportation, and her stories always went something like the one she plunged into that night. "I drove the Cadillac to Santa Barbara," she said, "because Gil Foster had left his car there, at Hopie and Jack's, and then Jack and I came back together in his Buick because he had a meeting downtown and wanted to use his car, and then of course Hopie, she was coming down that afternoon and so she drove my car and Gil had to come down alone, too, in his car. You know that old Lagonda he has."

"No, I don't know Gil Foster."

"Oh, I thought you did. Of course you do. Gil Foster? From Tulsa? Part Cherokee? Or maybe Choctaw. Terribly rich and terribly attractive."

"Nope."

"Hmm. Well, anyway, he has this old Lagonda he bought before the war. He's always kept it out here for when he visits here. He likes an open car but Martha won't ride in one, but of course she hardly ever comes to Los Angeles. She isn't very attractive."

"Is she part Indian?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"What made you ask that? Did you hear she was? She might be. I don't really know very much about her. They had an apartment here one winter, at the Town House, but she didn't make the grade. Nobody liked her, but I don't think it was because she's part Indian. After all, Gil is, and everybody's crazy about Gil. And you know, you coming from the East, you don't understand—"

"Now, listen, you're from Schenectady, New York."

"I was *born* there is all. Except for when I was at St. Margaret's I've lived here all my life, so I consider myself an Angeleno and I understand the Western point of view about Indian blood. All my friends out here have some Indian blood, at least all the oil crowd, or most of them. It's no disgrace."

"Oh."

"I'm rather surprised at you taking that attitude. I thought all you New Dealers were all for marrying Jews and Negroes and Hottentots all over the place."

"Oh, no. Just giving them a quart of milk every day."

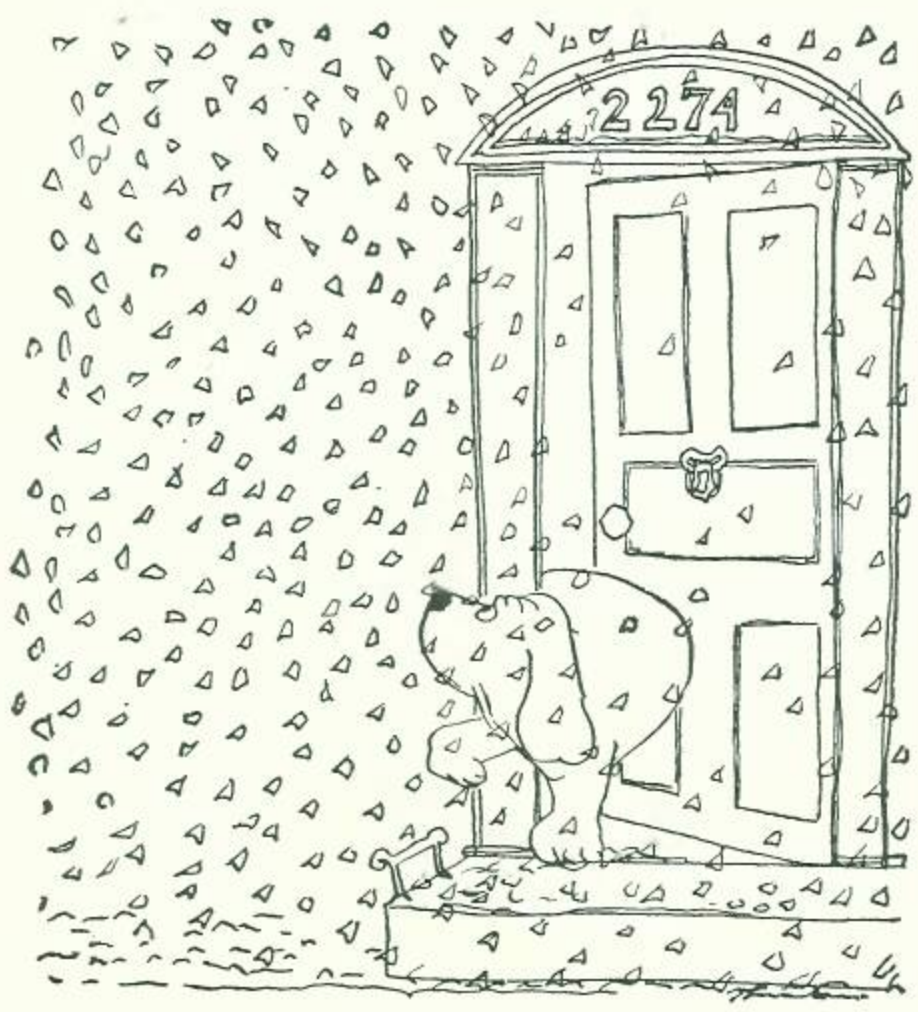
"Huh?"

"It's all right."

"Oh, I get it. You're kidding me. I never can tell when you're serious or when you're kidding. How does Kate put up with it?"

"Christ knows."

"She's darling. Everybody loves Kate. She's rather hard to get to know. Reserved, I mean, and not very talkative, but I've heard an awful lot of people say how attractive they thought she was. You know you're awfully lucky."



"Am I?"

"What do you mean 'Am I'? Don't you think you are?"

"I was trapped into that marriage."

"What do you mean you were trapped into that marriage? That's the most conceited statement I ever heard you make. How do you mean you were trapped?"

"Kate was seven months pregnant when I married her."

"Why, you—I don't believe it. Whatever happened to the baby if she was pregnant?"

"I'm sorry, but that's a secret."

Mrs. Schmidt studied Malloy. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"No."

"I didn't think you were. I didn't fall for it. Oh, there's your friend Ed Vanralt. Who's he with?"

"Bee Corson."

"Bee Corson. Rex Corson the actor's wife? They broke up, didn't they?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Why? Did she leave him or did he leave her?"

"I don't know."

"You know the Corsons, don't you?"

"Not terribly well. Her only very slightly."

"Call them over."

"What for?"

"I'd like to talk to them. I think Ed Vanralt's very attractive. Does he still go around with Joan Lord in New York?"

"I suppose so."

"You know, for a writer you aren't a bit interested in people, are you? . . . She's plastered."

"Looks that way, but of course she may have diabetes. Orange juice'll fix her up."

"How long has she had it? Rex Corson must be a bastard to leave her just when she gets diabetes. At least wait till she dies."

"She may hang on for years."

"I feel sorry for her. . . . You're wrong. She's drinking double Scotches. The waiter just poured two Scotches in the glass and hardly any soda. She hasn't any diabetes. She's just plastered. I thought Ed Vanralt was Rex Corson's best friend."

"He is."

"Then what's he doing out with his wife?"

"That's a hard question."

"Not to me it isn't. Look at her patting his cheek."



"What stock do you believe in?"

• •

"I can't look."

"Oh, stop. Just because Ed Vanralt's a friend of yours you don't have to put on an act. Those two'll be in bed in an hour if I know anything."

"Well, it *is* getting late. What are *your* plans?"

"I don't know. What would you like to do?"

"I'd like an early quit tonight."

"So would I. I tell you, you don't have to take me home. I left my car in the Brown Derby parking lot. You take me there and I can get home all right from there. Except, I just happened to think. Marge is stopping for me in her car tomorrow, we're going to Pat's luncheon. I think it'd be all right to leave my car in the parking lot all night or else put it in some garage in the neighborhood. Then I could go to the luncheon with Pat and she could take me to the garage after we've had our fittings. We're both having fittings after Pat's luncheon but then Pat is driving to Palm Springs after our fittings and I want to have my car because I'm going to Attie's for cocktails but I'm leaving early because I have to dress for dinner. Gil has a new Oldsmobile with the hydramatic shift. I don't mean Gil, I mean Arthur. And he's stopping for me around eight. So it might be a better idea if I left my car in Beverly. That is, if you don't mind taking me home."

"Not a bit," said Malloy.

—JOHN O'HARA

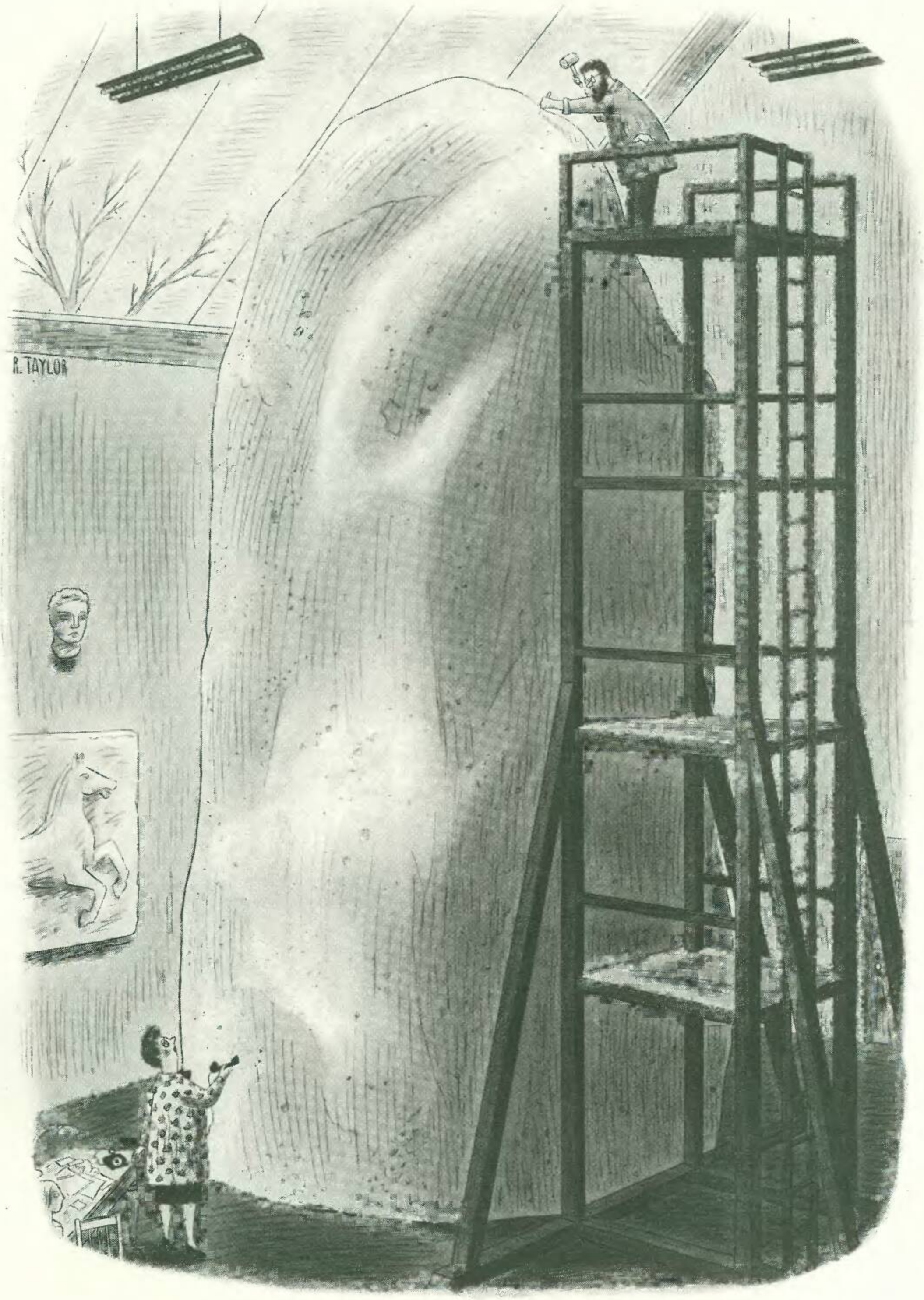
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HE'S COMING

He's coming. He just called. Said he was coming,
Maybe right away. O Southern river,
Kiss that trestle sweetly,
Rub that upright gently,
And keep no train from home.

He's coming. Said all papers would be signed
By Sunday. O you honeysuckle timber,
Wrap those tulips, redgums,
Hold those oaks from falling
Down on the right of way.

He's coming. Said expect him. There! what music
Rails already make, and pounded switches:
Wheels inside the south wind.
Where? O you, the south wind,
Keep soft and strong today. —MARK VAN DOREN



"Tell him I'm busy."

MAN IS A POLITICAL ANIMAL

WHEN Mother met Father, in 1905, he was not politically sound, but he had charm. He wore his hair in Byronic curls, he had a Grecian profile and melting brown eyes, and, as he told me later, he was the handsomest lad in the north of England. He was also an excellent spinner, and was always the first to arrive at the mill's doors, for he got up sooner than anybody else in our village except the old knocker-up, whose job it was to wake the mill hands by rapping on their doors with a steel-knobbed stick. Nobody, Father said, turned out better work than he did, and it seemed the women weavers contested as sharply for his smiles as for the cops of fine yarn that came off his spinning jennies. He also possessed social accomplishments. He was master of ceremonies at all the village balls, and though I thought, when I attended my first ball at the age of eight, wearing a blue frock and long curls, that he danced with too much spirit (when he led his partner across the floor in the lancers he started with a faunlike leap), it was generally agreed that he had a remarkable style. He played cricket on Saturdays with the village first team, he walked three miles every Sunday morning to swim in a dark, moorland tarn, and he was an authority on the habits of local birds. His character, too, was above the average, for he never lost his temper except at home, and he was as honest as Abraham Lincoln. In Mother's opinion, these qualities were not enough. She had a plain face, but she owned, besides an admirable figure, an excellent mind. She could walk as well as Father, but she walked to political meetings and libraries. Father found reading, except for the day's news and the cricket scores in the Huddlesford *Courier* (Huddlesford was the district town), weary work, and said so. He didn't see why people should shove their noses into a book when they could be taking exercise. He was convinced that reading produced round shoulders, constipation, and melancholy.

It was not until the Parliamentary Election of 1906 that Mother discovered that Father called himself a Conservative. She had recently married him and was still bemused by his classical profile. She set to work to teach him the principles of Liberalism. Even in those early days, Father was rarely at home, so her opportunities were limited. When he wasn't working or playing cricket or walking over the moors, he was at the Blue Ball. The discussions in that taproom were frequently political, but, as Mother was uncomfortably aware, they were not profound. But she had patience as well as political fervor, and by 1910 Father was wearing a yellow Liberal ribbon instead of a blue Conservative one. When she had planted Liberalism in his head, it was fixed so thoroughly that he couldn't believe he had once been a Conservative. He said that he had been nonpolitical till he saw the light, and he firmly believed that he had seen the light unaided. He began to expound Liberalism at the Blue Ball, where he declared in his loud, magnificent voice that a workingman who was a Tory was an imbecile. Mother began to get reports of Father's orations on Liberalism, and she blushed with shame, because she knew that Father's facts, when he remembered any, were sure to be wrong. Nevertheless, she was thankful that he voted right, and she hoped that eventually he would think right, too.

By the time I was nine, I knew that I was a Liberal, and I told my five-year-old brother where his allegiance was due. The first World War had not yet ended, and my brother was more interested in guns than in political theory. We were always short of money, so he had only a couple of miniature cannons and six tiny tin soldiers, but he maneuvered his small, ill-equipped army over the living-room floor. When he got tired of them he would turn to dismantling clocks. He used to beg old clocks from the neighbors. Removing the coiled springs and sharp-edged wheels gave him peculiar happiness. Sometimes the universal spirit of destruction entered into him, and he would attack the clocks with a hammer. Mother and I could read through the loudest noise, but Father preferred the adult and masculine society of the Blue Ball to the company and the lack of quiet he got at home.



"I don't go to sup beer. What I go there for is a good political argument," Father would say to Mother, and she would look at him with her critical eyes. The look told him he could get far better political discussions at home. But Father didn't want a discussion; he wanted an argument. Besides, he said, it was no use wasting your breath on the converted.

IN the famous postwar election campaign of 1918, Father was one of Mr. Lloyd George's most passionate supporters. He loved a first-class orator, and the Welsh eloquence of the war premier delighted him. Mother pointed out that hanging the Kaiser and making Germany pay were impossible aims, but Father replied that hanging the Kaiser was simple—he could do it himself—and as for making Germany pay, who was to foot the war bill if Germany didn't—us and the Americans?

The night before polling day, my brother and I were alone in the house. We were eating a supper of gingerbread and milk when Father came in from the Blue Ball. "Where's your mother?" he asked. "It's nigh on eleven and you two out of bed. Where is she?"

"Gone to a meeting," I said.

"Went on the train to Huddlesford," my brother said enviously.

"And leaves you two by yourselves!" Father commented bitterly.

It never occurred to him that he could have stayed home for once. I was used to spending an occasional evening alone with my brother. I didn't like it, and I felt afraid when I heard footsteps outside the house, but I knew that, just as a submarine had to surface, Mother had to go to political meetings.

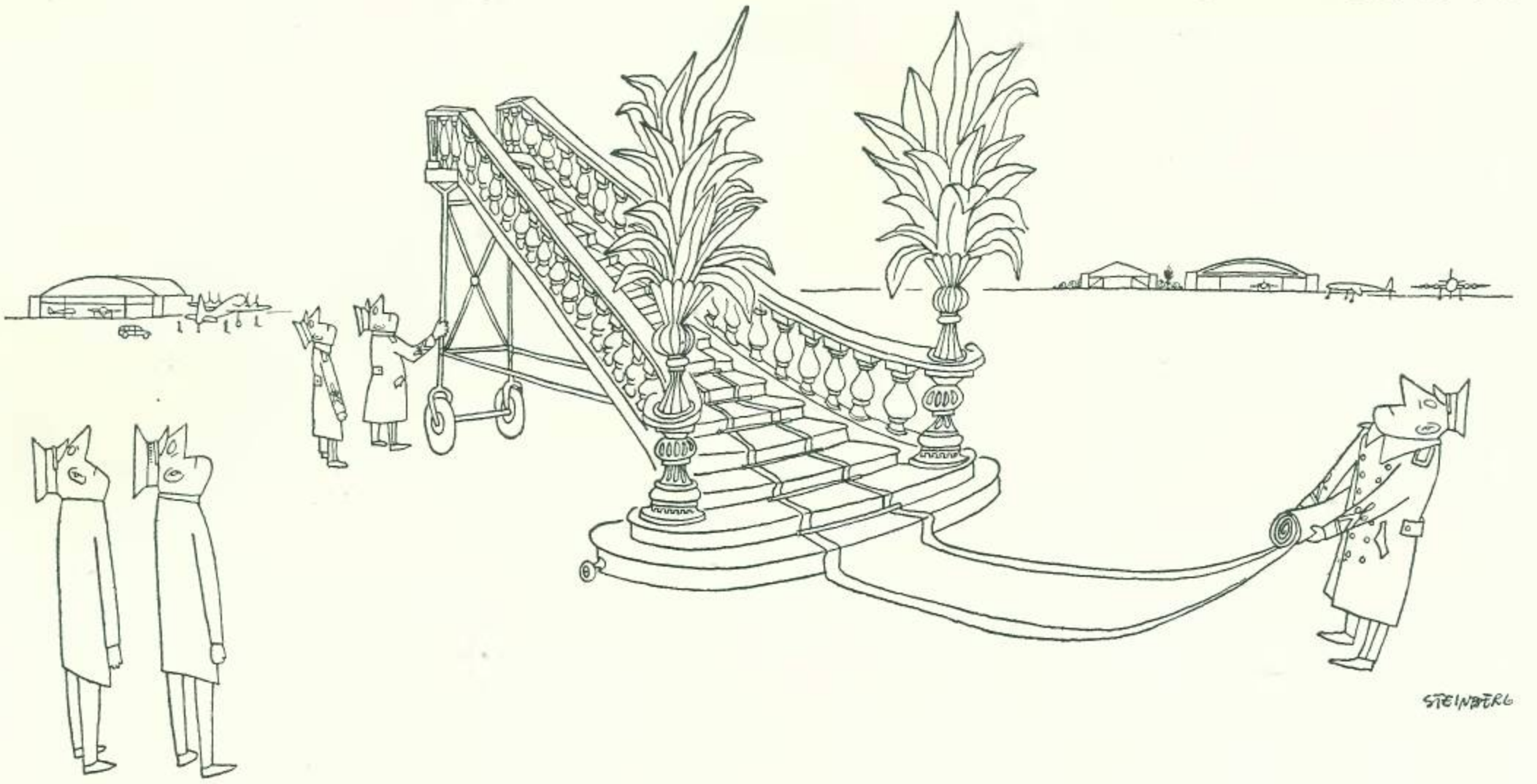
"Well, she's late," Father said angrily. "I don't know how they can bear to sit on their bottoms listening to speeches till this time. The only man I'd listen to for an hour is Lloyd George."

He hung his cap and overcoat in the narrow hall and came to sit moodily by the fire. I finished my supper and went into the kitchen to get him some tea and bread and cheese. He was munching a cheese sandwich when Mother came in. "I've been to a meeting," she said, her eyes sparkling.

"You've been going to meetings ever since I knew you," Father said. "You had me off to a Liberal meeting before I'd been wed to you a week."

"It was the only meeting you ever attended," Mother said.

"I've summat else to do with my



time!" Father said. "I can't think what you go for. You know it all, so why don't you stop at home?"

"I haven't been to a Liberal meeting," Mother said quietly.

"You mean you've been following the Conservatives?"

"No," Mother said. "I've been to a Labour meeting."

"And what have they got that's different from Liberal?" Father asked. "You're like all women, forever after summat new!"

"I shall never vote Liberal again," Mother said.

Even my brother was surprised at this announcement. He deflected his attention from his clock springs long enough to ask if he was still a Liberal. Mother said gently he could be whatever he liked. I felt distressed, because I had taken a lot of trouble converting my brother to Liberalism.

"I should think he *can* be what he likes!" Father shouted. "And who is there in the Labour Party to match Lloyd George?"

"He was a good war leader, but he won't make the sort of peace I want," Mother said.

"He'll make the sort I want!" Father cried. "And I don't know why you're sitting there wi' your coat on, as if you didn't belong here. For God's sake, take it off and let's get to bed! The way these two sit here at past eleven is a burning shame."

"You could have sent them to bed, couldn't you?" Mother asked coldly.

"I'm not responsible for getting 'em to bed. That's your job. Be off this minute!" he roared at my brother and me.

We went into the flagstoned kitchen, I poured a kettleful of hot water into a bowl and my brother leaned over the sink and began washing his ears. As he rinsed the soap off his neck, he asked me gravely what the Labour Party was. I didn't know, so I ignored the question and told him not to leave a line of dirt under his chin.

"Labour means work, doesn't it?" he went on. He was drying his face, and he peered inquiringly out of the towel.

"The Labour Party must be the workers' party," I said.

"And are we workers?" he asked.

"Father's a millworker and Mother cleans the house," I said. "So she counts as a worker, too."

"And we shall go to the mill and be workers," he said, throwing the towel on the kitchen table.

I said I would never go to the mill.

"Why, what else can you do?" he asked.

"Keep on going to school," I said.

"Then I won't be a worker, either," he said. "I'll drive an engine!"

Mother appeared at the kitchen door, pale and excited. "Will you hurry up and go to bed?" she said. It was clear that she wanted to be rid of us so she could continue her battle with Father without interruption. My brother gave her a reproachful look, and she bent forward and kissed him warmly. Then she kissed me, too, though not quite so spontaneously.

It was a windy night, but as I climbed into bed I could hear, above the wind and the rain, Father's angry voice. I had left my door open, and my brother called from the small room next to mine. He wanted a drink of water. Whenever he saw trouble approaching, he wept and asked for a drink of water. I told him to be quiet and go to sleep. After a while I heard Father stamp upstairs to bed. When I finally fell asleep, Mother was still downstairs. Nevertheless, Father and Mr. Lloyd George won a terrific victory at the polls next day.

"Our turn will come," Mother said.

After a few stormy conversations at meals, Mother changed her tactics. I had never seen her so gentle and amiable as when she was undermining Father's political beliefs. With sweet seriousness she told him of the Labour Party's aims and ideals. Of course, she said, he could vote as he liked, but she wanted him to know and understand what she believed in. Father said in an irritated voice that he was as willing to listen as any man, provided he could think as he liked. I knew then that he was lost to Liberalism.

DURING the 1922 election campaign, Father was wearing a red ribbon. A ribbon and a vote were all he would contribute to the cause. Mother addressed envelopes, ordered posters, helped organize whist drives to raise money, gathered a band of workers, and tramped from door to door canvassing for votes, but Father wouldn't do anything to help the candidate. For one thing, the candidate was no orator, and Father, after being

dragged to a meeting, said Lloyd George would have wiped the floor with him. Mother said Lloyd George had split the Liberal vote and led his party into the wilderness. Father was still sensitive to any remarks against the great Liberal leader, and said he would rather be in the wilderness with Lloyd George than in Paradise with the Labour Party. It took a good meal of beef and Yorkshire pudding and all Mother's tact to reconcile him to Labour.

The night before the election, Mother was out canvassing and Father was at the Blue Ball. At ten o'clock, Mother came home, dispirited because such a lot of people had refused to vote sensibly, and at half-past Father rushed in.

"I've had the time of my life!" he told Mother. "The doctor came into the Blue Ball and started arguing for the Tories, and I told him straight. We were at it hammer and tongs for an hour. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life! He's a champion at arguing! But I won, lass! I won! And if Labour's top of the poll tomorrow, I'll give you the treat of your life!"

Mother must have thought he was slightly drunk, for she showed no pleasure at his sudden enthusiasm for her cause. She merely said that if there was any victory to celebrate it would be no thanks to him. This was true enough; during his years as a Liberal, he had never converted anybody. Even those who had been on the fence dropped off to the Conservative side after Father had fired one piece of his oratory at them.

MOTHER got her victory, just the same. Though the Conservative Party had a majority of seventy-seven in Parliament, our division, along with most of the cities in the north, went firmly in the direction Mother had pushed it. The evening we knew the results, Father went to the Blue Ball to celebrate. Mother longed to attend a thanksgiving meeting, but she said she supposed she ought to stay home with us, for she had been out a good deal lately. My brother and I told her that we preferred a mother who stayed home nights.

"You could go with me," Mother said wistfully. My brother said that he hated meetings except the Friday-night ones at the Wesleyan Chapel, which concluded with a pie-and-peas supper. At Labour meetings, he said, people never ate anything; they just talked. He was very firm about it. Mother stayed home, but she was sad and absent-minded all evening and didn't hear a word that was said to her.

At a quarter to ten, Father came home. We were surprised, for Father usually stayed at the Blue Ball till it shut. "I've brought you summat," he said. "We're going to celebrate." He produced a bottle of champagne from under his coat.

"You didn't buy it?" Mother said, turning very white. "You never spent all that money?"

"Not I," Father said, chuckling. "The doctor bet me a bottle of champagne against a bottle of beer that we'd have a Conservative member in this division. He lost, and he paid up like a gentleman. Fetch four glasses."

"The children shan't learn to drink," Mother said.

"Champagne's nought but cider with a fancy name," Father said. "It wouldn't hurt a newborn baby. Get me a corkscrew."

"I don't believe it," Mother said. "I'm sure it's not safe for the children."

"Listen, a chap in Huddlesford told me we send tons of rhubarb to France every year. What do they do with it? Make it into champagne! And they swindle folk into believing it's made of grapes! There's no harm in rhubarb, is there? Fetch me a corkscrew."

My brother went into the kitchen and brought him one. I got some wineglasses from the cupboard. They were dark green and beautiful. They had been given to Father as a wedding present by the cricket team.

"It's time we used these wineglasses," Father said. "Wipe the dust off 'em." He twisted the corkscrew till it was deep in the neck of the bottle, and then pulled. There was a tiny explosion. "Good God!" Father cried. "It's nought but fizz."

He poured the pale wine into the green glasses. I watched the bubbles rise.

"You're sure it's harmless?" Mother asked anxiously.

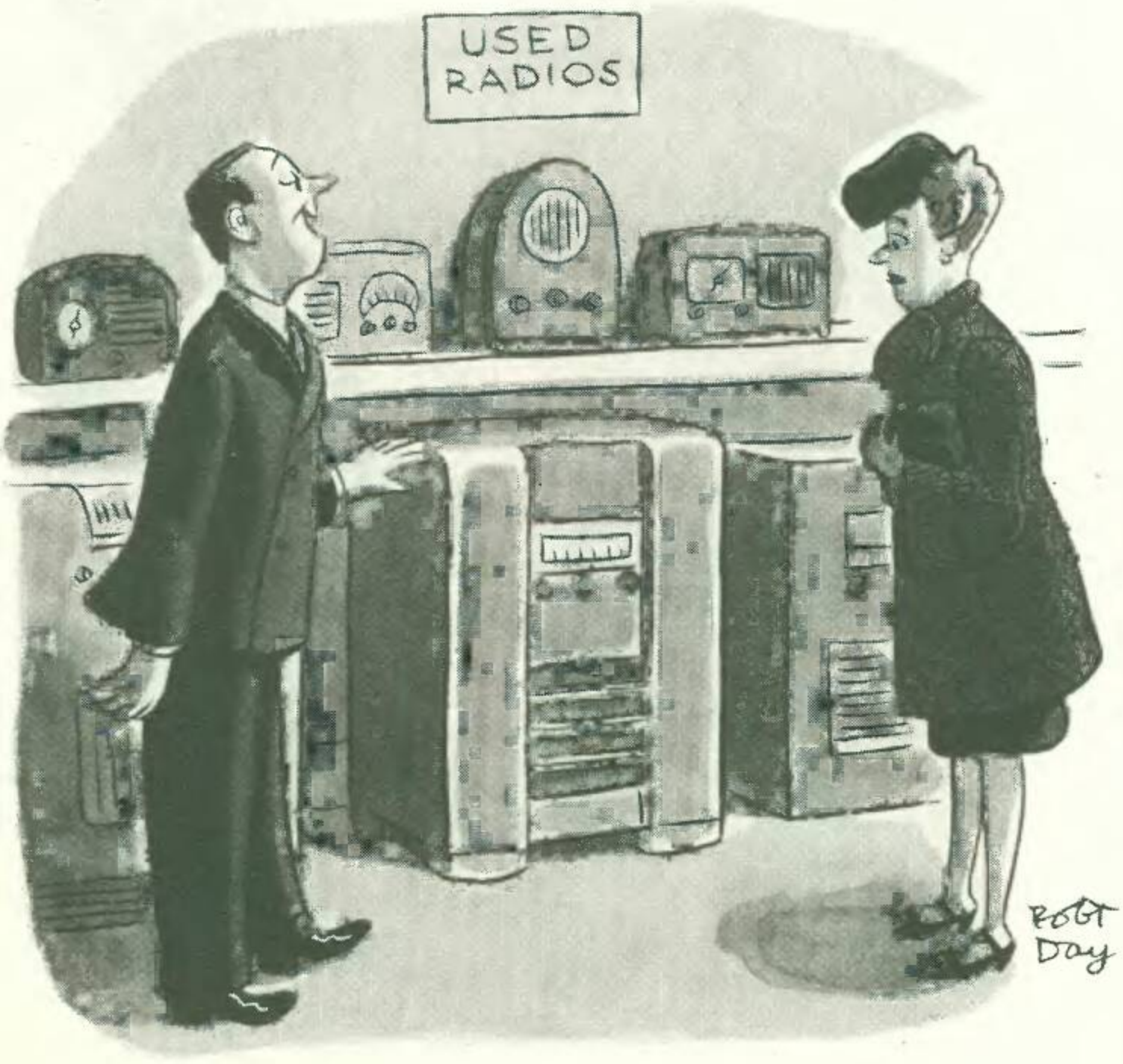
"You could swallow a quart and stay sober," Father assured her. We all lifted our glasses and drank to victory.

"I don't like it," my brother said. "It's only sour cider."

"It costs twenty-five shillings a bottle," Father said. "So you can just sup it and be quiet."

Mother took several more sips and said that it was quite pleasant. In two minutes we had all emptied our glasses.

"There's just one more round,"



"It's in excellent condition. The owners were an elderly couple who listened only to Nelson Eddy."

Father said. "You"—he nodded at my brother—"get no more. You don't appreciate it."

Mother held out her glass and remarked that it was a shocking waste of money. Her cheeks were uncommonly pink and her eyes were shining. "It certainly doesn't have any bad effects," she said.

Father said that it was warming him up nicely. It was warming me up, too. The light in the room was brilliant, the furniture rocked gently.

My brother rubbed his eyes and blinked. "I'm sleepy," he said.

"I feel as lively as a cricket," Father said. "I could dance my boot soles off."

"I don't see any point in drinking, though," Mother said. Her voice was dreamy. "And I feel I've done wrong. A promise is a promise, and I signed the temperance pledge when I was seven. We used to go to meetings and sing."

"What did you sing?" I asked.

"There was 'My Drink Is Water Bright' and 'Father, Dear Father, Come Home.' That was about a drunkard whose child was starving." She looked reproachfully at Father.

"Nobody can say I've let you starve," Father said proudly. "I work like a slave and bring my wage home every week."

"But you need a lot of spending money," Mother murmured.

"A man has to have a glass of beer and a pipe of tobacco," Father replied, and emptied his glass. "This is good stuff. First champagne I've ever had."

"We shall never have any more," Mother said, and sighed.

My brother had fallen asleep on the floor. His long lashes lay on his bright cheeks and he was breathing deeply. There was a golden mist around him. Suddenly I knew that life was wonderful, simply astonishing, and that I loved everybody in the world, without a single exception. I started to put my glass on the table, but the table gently shifted its position as my hand neared it, and the green glass dropped to the floor.

"Whatever have you done?" Mother cried.

"It hasn't broken," Father said. He picked up the glass off the fibre matting and put it on the table.

"It doesn't matter," I said, speaking distinctly, because they seemed to be whispering.

"That champagne must ha' gone to her head," Father murmured.

"Speak louder," I said.

Mother looked at me. Through the luminous curtain of mist I saw her horror-stricken face.

"Get her to bed," Father said. "And look at that one lying on the rug! I never thought a child of mine would have such a weak head. Never!"

Mother stared down at my brother.

"I'll look after him," Father said. He swung my brother over his shoulder and carried him upstairs.

My head began to grow heavy. I stretched my arms on the table and rested my weighted skull on them. I shut my eyes, and the colors of the spectrum blended with the glittering light.

"That's one finished with," I heard Father say, a long way off. "Now we can tackle t'other. Take her arm." As they were escorting me up the stairs we all three began to float, ascending the stone steps with the lightness of balloons.

"Get her undressed and look sharp!" Father said. I heard him stamp across the room and slam the door.

Mother roughly unbuttoned my clothes and pushed me into bed between the cold sheets. "Go to sleep this minute!" she cried, as though I were deaf.

I lay on the bed in a state of glowing serenity. I was too weak to move a finger, but it was a fatigue so blissful that I wanted to lie like this forever. I tried to keep awake to prolong the happiness, but my eyelids closed, and when I tried to open them, they wouldn't move. A few glittering specks swam before my eyes; then darkness closed in.

I woke next morning with a clear, cool head and decided that when I was a grown woman I would drink a bottle of champagne every night. I reckoned I had only four years to wait, but fifteen years went by before I tasted another glass of it, and then it didn't have the same effect at all.

—Winifred Williams



"If you'd read your paper like other men do, you wouldn't notice how I look."

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In commencing a formal letter the salutation "My dead Mrs. Jones" is considered more formal than "Dear Mrs. Jones."
—*Nyack Journal-News.*

We don't like it as well, though.

PROFILES

THE BIG HELLO–I

PETER J. MCGUINNESS, a big, tough, happy, red-faced Irishman who for the past twenty-two years has been the Democratic leader of the section of Brooklyn called Greenpoint, is the first citizen of that community and the last of New York's old-time district bosses. "I'm the boss of Greenpoint," he often says. "What I say there goes." A district boss, unlike the boss of a county or a state, controls none of the actual machinery of government; he cannot, therefore, impose himself upon the community against its will. If he remains boss, he does so either because the voters are largely indifferent to local politics or because he is really popular with them. In McGuinness's case, it is altogether a matter of popularity. Almost no one in Greenpoint, a working-class community in which the Irish tradition is still the dominant one, is indifferent to politics. McGuinness, who was Greenpoint's alderman from 1920 to 1931 and has been its Democratic leader since 1924, has been before the voters of Greenpoint more than thirty times in primary and general elections. On each occasion his showing has been better than the time before. For the past few years no one has even run against him.

Very few New Yorkers today could name the party leaders in the districts in which they live; McGuinness is so well known in Greenpoint that he no longer needs to use his last name on campaign posters. "Vote for Peter," one flyer used in a recent election said. "It's no Wonder that everyone likes him. Peter is the only Politician in the forty-eight States who devotes All his time to the People." To many Greenpointers, McGuinness's name is synonymous with statesmanship in general; the *Weekly Star*, a community newspaper, has frequently reported that schoolboys or first voters, asked to name the Mayor or the Governor, have said he was Peter J. McGuinness. McGuinness is not only Greenpoint's political leader but its social leader and its arbiter of taste. The main social events of the year in Greenpoint are Annual McGuinness Night, a ball that is held in the Labor Lyceum Hall on the first Saturday after Lent and causes a considerable upswing in the hired-tuxedo trade, and the Monster McGuinness Theatre Party, which is held in the late fall in the Meserole Theatre. Possibly the greatest tribute to McGuinness's popularity in Greenpoint is the amount of poetry he has inspired. It may well be that more poetry has been written about McGuinness than about anyone in American politics since Abraham Lincoln. The community newspapers publish an extraordinary volume of poetry, and a large portion of it in the past quarter century has been verse in praise of McGuinness. An example is a ballad of twenty-three stanzas by Maurice Dee, which ends:

> Oh, I could continue writing until this pencil wore down
> About the ways he is loved in this town,
> But the thing we prize most is the fact he is with us,
> Our tall, broad, and handsome Peter McGuinness.

At a time when the public is apt to be cynical about politicians and their motives, such standing as McGuinness enjoys is not easily won or maintained. McGuinness has achieved it because he works hard and loves his work. He tends his vineyard by day and by night. He is probably the only politician in the city who still follows the old custom of holding court on a street corner and greeting passers-by by name. Every Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, in seasonable weather, he posts himself outside a store on the corner of Manhattan and Norman Avenues, Greenpoint's main intersection, and has a few words with the strollers. "That's when I give me people the big hello," he says. He enjoys giving people the big hello, just as he enjoys everything else about politics. Duties that other men regard as unpleasant chores are to him the main compensations of his career. He likes making speeches, marching in parades, attending weddings and funerals, and running Kiddies' Day outings. He says that the greatest thrill he ever had came during the 1936 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia, when Jim Farley asked him to read, over a national hookup, the convention resolution thanking the radio companies for their coverage of the convention. "Bejesus," he says, "I stood up there on the platform with the Vice-President of the United States behind me, and senators, and governors from states that are Democratic, and I talked to the whole United States. I'm telling you, you could just see the sweat run down me back. Right then me whole life passed before me eyes."



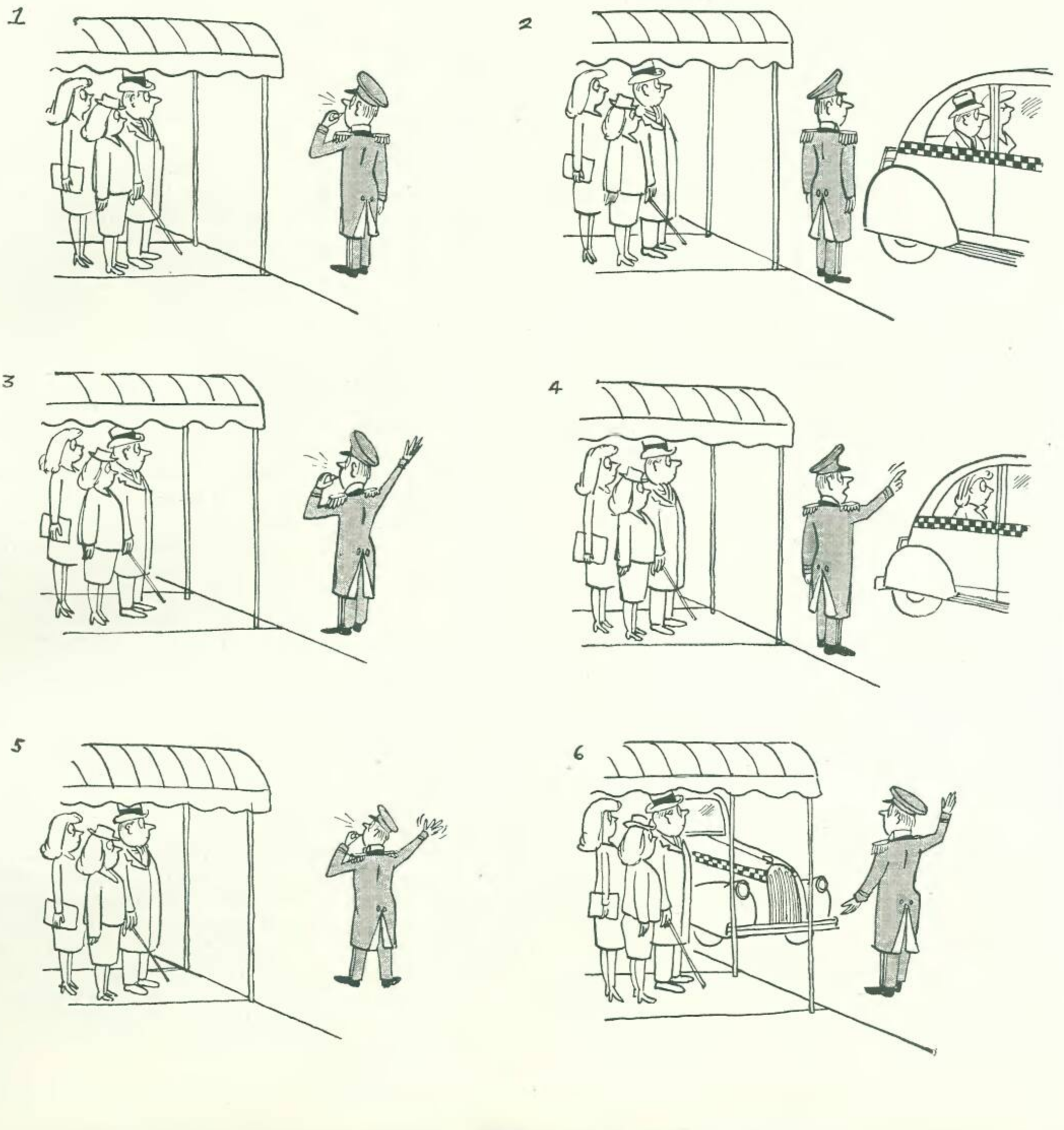
Peter J. McGuinness

Next to attending conventions, McGuinness can think of no pleasanter way to spend an evening than to sit behind his desk at his headquarters, the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization Clubhouse, listening to the requests of constituents and trying to do something about them. "I get a hell of a kick out of that," he says. "Sometimes I even do favors for people in Jersey." A New York district politician who concerns himself with the problems of a New Jersey voter is breaking new ground in human brotherhood, but McGuinness's high regard for his fellow-man extends even beyond Jersey. One Christmas he put an advertisement in the Brooklyn *Citizen* saying "Peter J. McGuinness, Democratic State Committeeman from the Fifteenth Assembly District, Extends Cordial Holiday Greetings to the World."

McGuinness thinks highly of the Jewish holiday Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, on which the pious are supposed to make some charitable gesture toward their enemies. When he first heard of this custom, he sent a memorandum to all the Jewish members of his club telling them to observe the practice and to do something nice for the Republicans and Socialists. McGuinness is a Roman Catholic, but his favorite man of God was the Protestant evangelist Tom Noonan, who was known as the Bishop of Chinatown and who, until his death, several years ago, ran a Bowery mission. McGuinness respected Noonan because he did favors on such a large scale. Noonan ran a kind of revival meeting on the radio every Sunday, and ended his program with a plea to his listeners for old clothing, eyeglass

frames, medicines, and other things needed by his friends on the Bowery and in Chinatown. The response to these appeals was enormous, and McGuinness felt that Noonan, by conceiving the notion of doing favors over the airwaves, had become one of mankind's great benefactors. "Tom Noonan was a most splendid gentleman," McGuinness says. "I never knew of anyone who done so much for the human race of people." McGuinness is probably the only man who ever ran for county sheriff on a program of making life pleasanter for prisoners. In 1935, when he was a candidate for Sheriff of Kings County, he promised in every speech that the prisoners in the county jail would be happy and well fed if he were elected. "Under me they'll get better meenus," he said. He was elected, and his first act was to throw a New Year's Eve party for the prisoners; his second, in fulfillment of his campaign pledge, was to order that beef stew be served twice a week and that hot drinks be handed around before bedtime.

McGuinness is almost always in high spirits. Sometimes he finds it impossible to contain his exuberance. On these occasions, he begins by bouncing up and down in his chair; then he whistles a few bars of jolly music, flicks the dust off the shoulders of his coat with his fingertips, and rises to do a couple of jig steps. "Jeez, I'm feeling spiffy today," he says when this mood is upon him. "Don't mind me, pals. It's just me nature to whistle." He calls everyone "pal," even people he has never met and is talking with for the first time over the telephone. His good nature has endeared him not only to the voters of Greenpoint but to all the professional politicians in town. In the places they most often gather—City Hall, Foley Square, and the Borough Hall section in Brooklyn—no one else is as popular. For the past two decades no social gathering of officeholders or city-news reporters has been considered a success unless McGuinness has attended and done some unusual things with the English language. Before his feet began to bother him a few years ago, he was often chosen to lead contingents of city officials in the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, which he now watches from a place of honor in the reviewing stand. Since 1921, he has been master of ceremonies at the annual outing of politicians and city-news re-



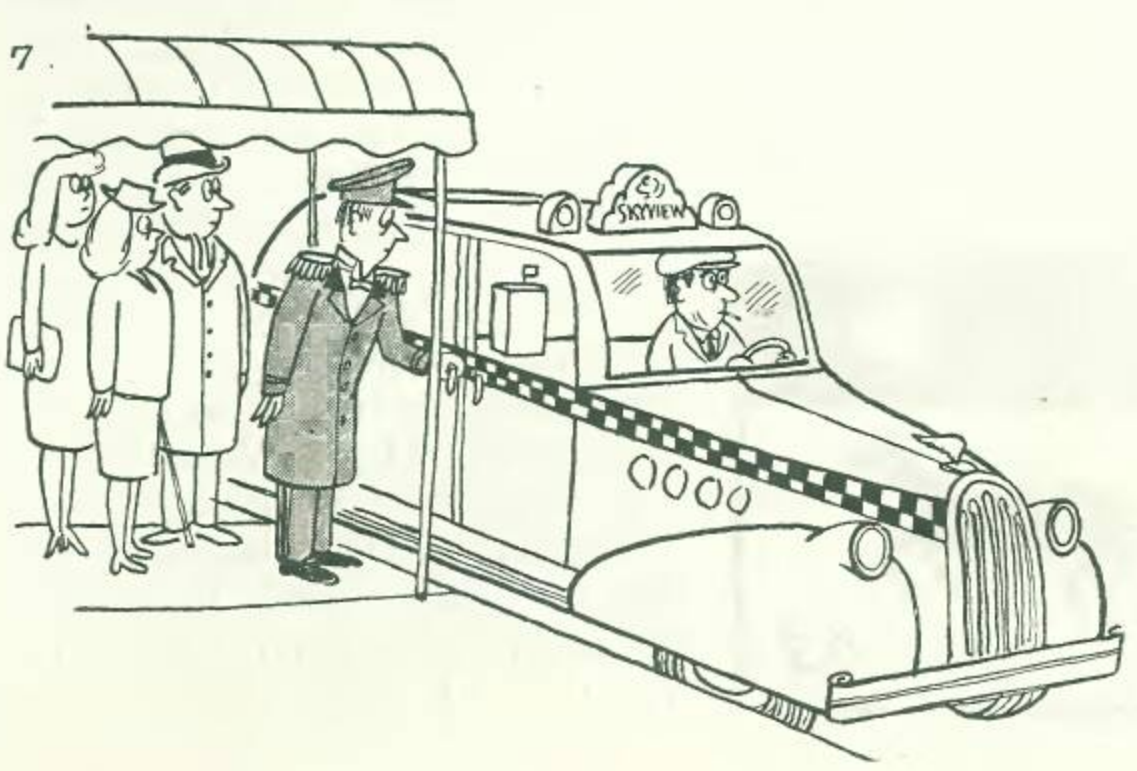
porters at Travers Island, Whitestone Landing, or wherever.

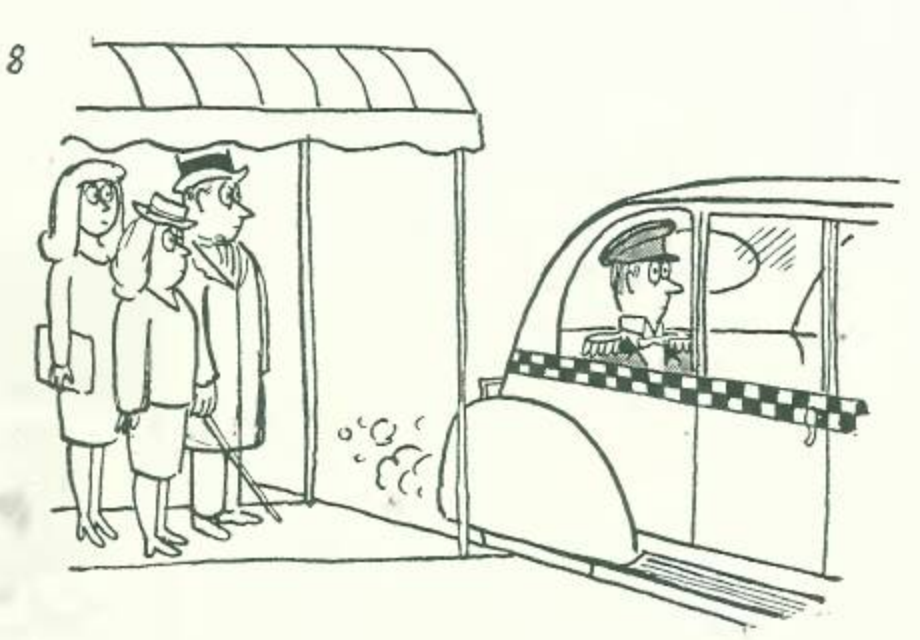
Among politicians, one good index of a man's standing is the frequency with which he is asked to be an honorary pallbearer for deceased associates. McGuinness is in greater demand for this service than anyone else in the city, sometimes having to decide which of two distinguished corpses he will accompany to the grave on a given morning. He is chairman of the Association of Past Aldermen of the City of New York and an official of half a dozen other societies in which politicians gather to honor themselves. Among those who enjoy paying their respects to him are Mayor O'Dwyer, Fiorello LaGuardia, Jimmy Walker, Samuel Seabury, James A. Farley, Herbert H. Lehman, Newbold Morris, and Robert Moses. Governor Dewey once had a good word for him. The late B. Charney Vladeck, the Socialist leader of the lower East Side and a man who generally classed Democratic officeholders with sweatshop proprietors and exploiters of child labor, was one of his warmest admirers. "That Irishman!" Vladeck used to say. "Sometimes he makes me wish I was a Democrat."

To reciprocate the affection that other men in public life have shown for him, McGuinness honors them by admitting them to the Grand Order of Pork Chops, a fraternal organization of large but uncounted membership, all of it elected by him. Whenever he meets a member, McGuinness says, "Hello, there, me old pork chop!" He started the order some twenty years ago, when he was a member of the Board of Aldermen. "It's just sort of a humorous thing I thought up," he says reluctantly, when asked for an explanation. "What the hell? I had to have *something* to call me very dearest pals. I call them pork chops because all the old aldermen used to like eating pork chops." The Pork Chops have held only one meeting. That was in 1931, upon the occasion of McGuinness's resignation from the Board of Aldermen. The Board adjourned and, after several prominent outsiders had been admitted to the chamber, convened again as the Grand Order of Pork Chops. There were many testimonials to McGuinness, and he was presented with a gold watch, a chain, and a watch charm that he describes as "a gold statue of a pork chop." The Grand Master of the Pork Chops is Isidor Frank, a wholesale butcher who gives Democratic district leaders generous discounts on the turkeys and chickens they distribute to the poor at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

McGuinness is an anachronism. His approach to politics was outdated before he was born. His language went out along with cops in jardinière hats. His exuberance is Dickensian. Even physically, he seems improbable in the twentieth century. Newspaper cartoonists say that they can get a perfect caricature of the old-time Irish ward boss simply by drawing McGuinness as he is; Nast and Keppler, they maintain, never produced anything half so plausible as McGuinness. McGuinness, who is fifty-eight, stands just under six feet and weighs about two hundred and thirty pounds, which is some forty pounds less than he weighed three years ago, when his doctor advised him to reduce. He has a massive head, clear blue eyes, and a complexion that is a shade or two off ripe tomato. His hair is pure white but still plentiful. He parts it neatly in the middle and sometimes scallops it daintily over his forehead in the roach style affected by bartenders fifty years ago. His nose and chin are enormous, granitic affairs that jut far out from their moorings and then tilt sharply upward; they look as if they had been done by a sculptor of noble intentions but imprecise execution. McGuinness can look as benign as Old King Cole or Kriss Kringle in a nursery book or as belligerent as Roughie McToughie, the generic hard guy. He dramatizes his belligerent moods much as he dramatizes his happy ones. He doubles his immense fists, crouches forward in his chair, and starts jabbing sharply in the direction of the nearest wall. "You louse-bound bastard, you," he says to the shadow he is boxing, "who you think you're talking to?" Before he was elected alderman for the first time, in 1919, he had spent fourteen years as a teamster, a lumber-yard worker, and a boss stevedore, and had earned money on the side as a semi-professional boxer, a distance runner, and a bouncer in the barroom of a steamboat that made moonlight pleasure cruises. In those pursuits, he developed a hard, agile body, which has taken on weight without becoming slovenly. McGuinness does not look fat; he looks beefy, powerful, massive, and stately. He is powerful in fact as well as in aspect. Several months ago, he was the cause of a brief slowdown in war production when he put two obstreperous young shipyard workers on the absentee list for several days. "They got wise with me and called me Pop," he explains. "I give 'em the back of me hand."

He carries his body and his head erect. His walk is slow, lordly, and rather ponderously graceful. Unlike the politicians of the gaslit era to which he is so clearly a throwback, he is conservative in dress, being given to gray tweed suits, white shirts, and patterned blue ties. He does not wear a stickpin, and his only ring is a simple gold one, set with a garnet, which was given to him thirty-five years ago by his wife, Margaret, a handsome woman of proportions nearly as heroic as his own. He addresses her as Maggie and often refers to her as "the old champeen." They have one son, George, an Internal Revenue agent, who is thirty-five and bigger than either of them. The members of





McGuinness's club once raised a thousand dollars and bought him a ring with an enormous sparkler, but though they had ordered the largest one in stock, the ring would not fit on any of his fingers, which are as big around as pick handles. "Bless us, but it don't even go on the pinky," he said in his speech at the presentation ceremony, trying to make the best of an awkward situation. He keeps the ring at home and debates with himself the propriety of having the stone set in a ring for Mrs. McGuinness. Perhaps to make up for his lack of jewelry, he bristles with fountain pens, mechanical pencils, and jackknives. His only concessions in dress to the century in which he belongs are his black, high-top shoes and his white cotton socks.

McGuinness has a silver tongue, and he loves to use it. In his twelve years on the Board of Aldermen he missed only two meetings, and he made a speech at every one he attended—generally a long speech. Once he spoke at such length that a fellow-alderman finally crept down the aisle and wrapped a muffler around his head. A cigarette was dangling from one corner of McGuinness's mouth as he spoke, and both he and the muffler were singed. Years of oratory have had a curious effect on him, not unlike the effect that years in the ring sometimes have on fighters. He is speech-drunk. Just as an old pug comes out swinging at the sound of a dinner bell, so McGuinness will break into a speech at the mention of George Washington, Pope Pius XII, Franklin D. Roosevelt, or any of the other names that are hallowed in his kind of politics. Often he will make a speech simply to fill in a gap in conversation. Recently he was conferring with several friends when someone walked in and remarked that a plate of good hot soup was just the thing for the weather that day. Everyone nodded and mumbled agreement. Then, since the subject seemed pretty well covered, an embarrassed silence followed. Before it had gone too far, McGuinness broke it with ten minutes of rhetoric on soup, the underlying theme being that one of the country's weaknesses was a general lack of the kind of nourishing soup made by American womanhood fifty years ago. In ordinary conversation, his voice is low and sometimes scratchy, because of the wear and tear it has had over the years. Often, when he is trying to make a point, he uses a hoarse, confidential whisper, as though he were talking in church. In public speeches, however, or in private ones, his tones are clear and resonant and have a volume comparable to that of the late Joe Humphries. The strength of his vocal cords, like the strength of his muscles, is the subject of tall tales in Greenpoint. One of these is about the time the transmitter went dead while McGuinness was speaking over WNYC. Informed of the mishap, McGuinness just raised his voice a trifle and went on talking. He was heard throughout Greenpoint as well as before.

McGuinness is easily the most successful pork-barrel raider in the city, and many of his accomplishments in this field are the result of his eloquence. His talking has got Greenpoint many millions of dollars' worth of playgrounds and public baths, a hospital dispensary, a nurses' home, one of the two largest public swimming pools in the city, innumerable street pavings, a new high school, and an incinerator. One of his most notable achievements was keeping a ferry line running for thirteen years after it had ceased to pay for itself. Before the Independent Subway reached Greenpoint, this ferry service, which carried passengers from Greenpoint to East Twenty-third Street, provided it with its only direct communication with Manhattan. Chiefly because most people who live in Greenpoint also work there, its patronage declined to the point at which it was no longer used enough to justify its operation. Nevertheless, McGuinness was determined that it should be continued for the few who did commute on it and for those who rode it on summer evenings to keep cool. Every year he appeared before the Board of Estimate to appeal for its continuance, and for thirteen years he was successful. Once, addressing himself to Jimmy Walker, who, as Mayor, presided over the Board meetings, he concluded a long speech by saying, "Please don't take away the old ferry, Mr. Mayor. It would be like separat-



BANS ACROSS THE SEA

James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, announced in Chicago that the union will not permit American radio stations to broadcast musical programs coming from any foreign country.... State Department officials expressed fears that the Petrillo order might be detrimental to the government's efforts to establish better relations with foreign powers.—*News item from the Herald Tribune.*

A harpist (Italian) sat lost and forlorn
  Singing "Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo!"
And, "Maestro," I said to him, "why do you mourn
  With a 'Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo'?
America's waiting—we're brothers alike—
So strike up your harp, sir. For amity, strike."
But he answered, "I'm barred from the use of the mike
  By Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo."

The fiddlers of Russia, the flutists of Greece
  Sob "Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo!"
And Albion's orchestras currently cease
  For Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo.
The King of the Ether is airing his phlegm.
Now foreigners get what is coming to them
For not being pledged to the A. F. of M.
  And Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo.

"Let genius cavort in its national yard,"
  Cries Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo,
"Or pay up its dues for a button and card
  From Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo.
A Congress of Nations may lightly agree
The world to unfetter, the peoples to free,
But what, may I ask, is such doctrine to me?"
  Says Trillo, Petrillo, Petrillo.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"This is a stickup. Don't move."

• •

ing an old couple that has been together for years to divorce Manhattan and Greenpoint. There would be tears of sorrow in the eyes of the old ferryboats, as there would be tears in the eyes of the people of Greenpoint, if them splendid old boats were put up to rot in some drydock or sold at public auction. Tell me, Mr. Mayor, now tell me that you will love them old ferryboats in December as you did in May." "Peter, you're my favorite alderman," Walker said in return. The ferries kept running.

The next year, when the time came, McGuinness, who has a richly inventive mind, came up with the intelligence that the boats were valuable relics; they had, he claimed he had learned, been used as Union troop transports on the Mississippi in the Civil War. (McGuinness is still fighting the Civil War, in which his maternal grandfather, Major James Fee of the Union Army, was killed. In spite of his loyalty to the Democratic Party, McGuinness dislikes the South, where he spent a few months as a lumber inspector during the first World War. "I never seen anything good down there," he says. "I don't like that Jim Crow they got, and I don't like their goddam white crow neither.") Another year, he said that the ferries would be the only means of escape from Greenpoint in the event of catastrophe. "Listen," he told Mayor O'Brien, "if somebody set fire to Greenpoint and them old boats weren't there, we'd all be roasted alive." The ferries still kept running.

He can use irony as well as sentiment. Once, in the early twenties, his leadership of his district was briefly threatened by the appearance of a college graduate who argued that a forward-looking community should have as its leader a man of culture and refinement, meaning himself. The Higher Learning was enjoying its greatest prestige at the time and the newcomer was impressing a good many voters with his law-school vocabulary. McGuinness, who never got beyond the eighth grade, disposed of the interloper with a line that is a favorite of connoisseurs of political strategy. At the next large meeting McGuinness addressed, he stood silent for a moment, glaring down at the crowd of shirtsleeved laborers and housewives in Hoover aprons until he had their attention. Then he bellowed, "All of yez that went to Yales or Harvards raise your right hands!"

McGuinness is a working politician. By and large, he has been content to leave matters of theory to the professors and platform makers. His concern with political affairs, however, is a good deal less parochial than that of most district leaders, and he has views on a wide variety of subjects. He was, for example, an early opponent of Fascism, and he believes that the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization was the first political club to pass an anti-Nazi resolution. The resolution, passed early in 1933, took the form of a telegram to President von Hindenburg advising him to yield no further powers to Hitler. The club's protest was made at McGuinness's urg-

ing. "Bejesus, I knew what that one was up to," he says. McGuinness has some highly personal theories of history, and among them is the conviction that Hitler himself murdered von Hindenburg. "I'll go to me grave knowing that's so," he says. "That's why I said we should warn the old gentleman." During the North African phase of the war, he had no patience with the policy of dealing with former Vichyites like Admiral Darlan and General Giraud. He held General Giraud personally responsible for the misfortune that occurred to General Mark Clark when, at the secret conferences before the invasion, he lost his pants and the eighteen thousand dollars they contained. "I'm down on that crowd," McGuinness says. "That was a hell of a thing, them letting that happen. Any decent political man, when he gets someone coming into his district, the least he can do is make sure no one rolls him while he's there."

McGuinness has not been a prominent figure in the quarrel between the two Democratic factions during the past decade, but, generally speaking, he is sympathetic to the Left Wing. There are two reasons for this—his dislike of the South, which is almost solidly Right Wing, and his dislike of penny-pinching. During the clamor in Congress and the press on the comparative merits of Henry Wallace and Jesse Jones as guardians of the R.F.C. funds, he sided with Wallace. "Why, you can figure this thing out just from reading the papers," he said. "They're afraid that if they let Wallace in there, he'll spend the money. What the hell is the money for, anyway? God bless us, we don't want a piker for a job like that." McGuinness's dislike of the South is particularly virulent when it comes to Texas, and he held Jones's Texas background against him. "I'll tell you all about Texas," he said once. "You know what Texas calls itself, don't you? The Lone Star State, that's what it is. Did you ever think what they mean by that? I'll tell you. They want to be all alone down there, they don't want nothing to do with the other forty-seven states. Well, if Texas wants to be the Lone Star State, I'm all for letting her get the hell out of the country. I wouldn't even miss her."

In McGuinness's early days, when the Socialists were politically formidable in Brooklyn, he often campaigned against them, but he was friendly with many of the Socialist leaders and even at times helped to advance their cause. On the old Board of Aldermen, he particularly liked B. Charney Vladeck. On several occasions, when Vladeck knew that one of his resolutions would be defeated if it came from a Socialist, McGuinness offered to sponsor it himself, thereby making it a Democratic measure. In this way McGuinness became the author of resolutions expressing sympathy with victims of injustice of whom he had never heard and resolutions protesting abuses for which his own party was responsible. "I loved him like a brother," he says of Vladeck. "The Lord never made a more splendid man than Cheeny. I figured if Cheeny was for something, it was good enough for me. I said to him, 'Cheeny, if you ever got anything you want to slip through here, just give it to me, old pal. I'll make it Irish for you.' " Resolutions sponsored by McGuinness always passed. Two or three years ago, when there was agitation for the release of Earl Browder from the federal penitentiary, McGuinness was asked for his views by a Brooklyn reporter. "I'm for letting him out," he said. "They tell me he's not so bad. He's got a very good job with the Communists. I guess he believes all that stuff, too. You just go back and ask the people who want to keep him in jail how the hell would they like to be there theirselves."

LIKE most district leaders, McGuinness has managed to keep himself on the public payroll a large part of the time. In addition to being an alderman, he has been Sheriff of Kings County and County Register, and at present he is Assistant Commissioner of Borough Works in Brooklyn. In one sense, his current job is a comedown, since it pays only seventy-nine hundred a year. The shrievalty paid fifteen thousand and the register's job paid twelve. The offices of County Sheriff and Register, however, were abolished three years ago on the ground that they served no useful purpose. On the same day in 1941 that the voters of Kings County elected McGuinness their County Register, the voters of the state adopted a constitutional amendment doing away with the office. McGuinness had to take his present job as the next-best thing. He was appointed to it in 1944, upon the death of the incumbent. "I like this here work pretty good," he says. "It don't keep me tied down none." The Department of Borough Works is charged with the maintenance of streets, sewers, and certain public buildings. It is run by civil engineers and most of its employees are engineers and laborers. McGuinness does not pretend to be an expert on public works—although, having once been in the lumber business, he considers himself an authority on the Coney Island boardwalk—but his job does not seem to require much technical knowledge. In fact, it does not seem to require anything at all except part-time attendance at his office at Borough Hall. He is there two or three hours a day, but most of that time is spent in working on his "contracts"—the politician's term for favors requested of him by his constituents or other politicians. McGuinness has no qualms of conscience about holding a job that involves





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little work. He feels that his real service to society is the work he does as a political leader in Greenpoint, and he regards his being on the municipal payroll merely a technical device to give him the money to carry on. "The thing of it is," he says thoughtfully, "you got to make jobs like this so a political man can get his work done." Robert Moses, who has given a good deal of thought to matters of this sort, is inclined to agree with McGuinness. "Of course, it's pure nonsense to expect a man like Pete to be an administrator," Moses said recently. "Pete is a leader and one of the best in the city. I've known him and worked with him for twenty years, and whenever I've needed to know anything about Greenpoint I've got more practical help and coöperation from Pete than I could ever have got from a hundred social workers, city planners, poll takers, and all the rest of that trash. No matter what you say about them, men like Pete have held New York's neighborhoods together, and if the reformers ever succeed in driving them out, the city is going to fall apart into racial and religious mobs."



McGuinness's working day is a long and often arduous one. He is up by seven and by eight has started on a long round of errands. Some days he travels by bus, subway, and trolley; some days he is driven around in one of the several limousines at the disposal of the Borough President. He may stop in at a doctor's office or a hospital to arrange for the care of an ailing constituent, attend a funeral or two, pay his respects to the bereaved family, argue with some constituent's landlord about heating problems or unpaid rent, run down a loose-footed husband and try to persuade him to return to his wife, arrange with the head of a city bureau to shift a member of his club from night to day work, and call upon several public agencies to clear up various problems of widows' and veterans' pensions, Social Security, workmen's compensation, service allotments, old-age insurance, and any of the other government business that brings the poor so much closer to their politicians than the well-to-do ever are. McGuinness also visits a good many courts and police stations in his tour. He does not like to say much about what he does there; he considers that when he is acting as lawyer, it is his duty to keep his clients' confidences inviolate. "I never talk about me people's troubles," he says. "But you know how it is. You're walking along the street, and somebody you don't even know bunks into you. You push him away, and he comes back. You give him another shove, and he's back again. One of that kind, you know. You give him a good one, and then some goddam patrolman busts in and takes the both of yez down to the station. *He* don't know who started it, so it's drunk and disorderly, the two of yez. What the hell are you going to do? All the nerves of your body are jumping. You're cold all over. Then it comes to you. 'I'll call Peter McGuinness,' you say to yourself. 'He'll help me out of this.' Bejesus, I *got* to give you a hand on a proposition like that."

Once every week or two, McGuinness simply spends the day in Greenpoint, covering his district on foot. He checks up on such matters of public interest as garbage collection, the efficiency of the Fire and Police Departments, playground administration, compliance with tenement restrictions, and the condition of the pavements. If he sees or hears of anything wrong—a stopped-up sewer, a hole in the pavement, or traffic on a play street—he gets in touch with the authorities. Greenpoint is the most industrialized section of the city, and among its products are soap, varnish, gasoline, and other things whose manufacture is often malodorous. One of McGuinness's many boasts is that he has made Greenpoint smell better. He has forced factory owners to install devices that eliminate objectionable smells and smoke, and he is constantly sniffing for new attempts to pollute the air. As soon as he detects an unpleasant odor on the wind, he calls on the manager of the offending plant and threatens to take him to court for violating a whole series of local ordinances.

The close watch McGuinness keeps on Greenpoint has brought unexpect-

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SPENCER TRACY
in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S New Play
THE RUGGED PATH
Staged by Captain GARSON KANIN
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ed dividends. During the 1936 campaign, President Roosevelt spoke briefly in Greenpoint. Before he was introduced, he confided to McGuinness that he had been worried by the *Literary Digest* straw vote, in which Governor Landon was well in the lead. "I said to him," McGuinness recalls. " 'Mr. President,' I said, 'don't give it another thought. I got that goddam fake figured out.' " The President asked McGuinness what he meant. McGuinness explained that he had recently assigned three of his club members to spy on the city incinerator in his district. Some Greenpointers who lived near the incinerator had complained that horses were being cremated in its furnaces. The McGuinness followers spent several nights hiding in some bushes near the plant to see if horses were being cremated there, and they discovered that every night, after the Sanitation Department trucks had dumped their loads, some men who they knew were Republican party workers were coming there and buying up huge stacks of paper. A little closer snooping showed that they were blank *Literary Digest* ballots. "The people in Brooklyn got them fake ballots," McGuinness told the President, "and they trun them right out. The Republicans come around here and buy them for a nickel apiece. That's why Landon's ahead." The President laughed, and later in the campaign he sent word to McGuinness, through Postmaster Farley, that he was no longer worrying about the straw vote. "You know," McGuinness says, "when you make a man like that feel good, it sends a thrill right through you. It just made me feel cold all over."

McGuinness is in his office in Borough Hall by noon almost every day. He stays there until two-thirty or three, checking up on his contracts, welcoming constituents who find it more convenient to see him then about their troubles, and passing the time with old friends. Early in the afternoon he goes across the street to the press room in the Supreme Court Building, where he spends an hour or so catching up on political gossip, general news, and sitting in on the all-day rummy game there. He leaves not later than five, goes home to dinner, and then walks to the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization, a made-over three-story frame house just around the corner from his own house, which is very much like it. In a large, gloomy room—decorated only with some blown-up tinted portraits of McGuinness with his arms around Jimmy Walker; a faded pen-

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Richard Kollmar & Jas. W. Gardiner present
ARE YOU WITH IT?
JOAN ROBERTS
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from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
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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 W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
RALPH BELLAMY ★ RUTH HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A NEW COMEDY
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with Myron McCORMICK • Minor WATSON • Kay JOHNSON
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nant bearing the name and portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt; and a huge picture of McGuinness as a brawny young longshoreman—he sits down at his desk, ready for whatever the evening will bring. Constituents start arriving about six o'clock and wait their turn in straight-backed chairs in a room adjoining his office. These chairs, aside from a couple of small, plain tables and McGuinness's desk, chair, and safe, are the only furnishings in the club. McGuinness, who admires a touch of color in his surroundings, would like his clubrooms to be cheerier, but he says that it would be foolish for the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization to spend much money on furniture or decorations. "The fellows that come in here," he says, "talk a lot about baseball and things like that, and sometimes they get to arguing." The club telephone is kept in a padlocked squirrel cage, which McGuinness has to unlock every time the phone rings.

He stays in the club until twelve-thirty or one. He may see anywhere from a dozen to a hundred people before ten o'clock, but not many show up after that. Still, he feels that he should stay. "You never know when there'll be a late struggler," he explains. At about eight-thirty, some of his friends arrive and set up a rummy game, in which he takes a hand whenever he can. Most of the people who come to see him want the kind of routine favors he has done for others earlier in the day; the services McGuinness offers make him a combined attorney, job agent, accountant, and social worker. McGuinness asks no questions and extracts no promises. "A lot of Republicans come in here," he says. "If I can do a Republican a favor, he'll probably go out a Democrat." He also serves as a domestic-relations court. "It's one of the great happinesses in me life," he likes to say, "to think of all the husbands and wives I've kept together." His matrimonial advice to husbands consists of eloquent variations on one theme—"the old girl is always best." There are no statistics on his percentage of success, but McGuinness's way of handling people in trouble is admired by district politicians throughout the city. "None of the rest of us are in it with Peter," one of them said recently. "Sometimes I go out there to play a little rummy with him, and I see him at work. Of course, he always takes people in his office to talk, and he never lets anyone else know what was said. But lots of times you can see the results. One night last winter, I saw something I could hardly believe. A young widow whose husband was killed in the war come in with a lot of papers about pensions and all that for Peter to take care of. She had her kid, a little boy, with her, and the two of them were crying. Peter scooped up the kid and put an arm around the girl and took them both in his office. When they come out—well, it's almost blasphemous to talk about it—but honestly, the two of them was smiling and laughing so, you'd almost think they were happy about what had happened. Just as they were leaving, I heard Peter give them the name of a picture framer and tell them to take the death certificate there. He said to order the very fanciest frame they could get and send the bill to the club." McGuinness, like most men of political influence, is often sought out by the distraught relatives of people who have become involved with the law. Since he is considered Greenpoint's leading exemplar of virtue, he is also sought out by parents who simply want him to have a talk with young men and women who show signs of waywardness. His frequent lectures on the upright life are delivered with great solemnity. But he is usually ready to help even when his counsel has not been followed. "Murder, rape, and robbery with a gun I never touch," he says. "But something like housebreaking—what the hell, the first couple times don't prove there's anything wrong with a boy."

McGuinness considers his evening sessions with constituents the pleasantest part of his day. "As the fellow said," he will tell you with quite a show of sentiment, "helping out a pal in trouble—that's all there is in life."

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

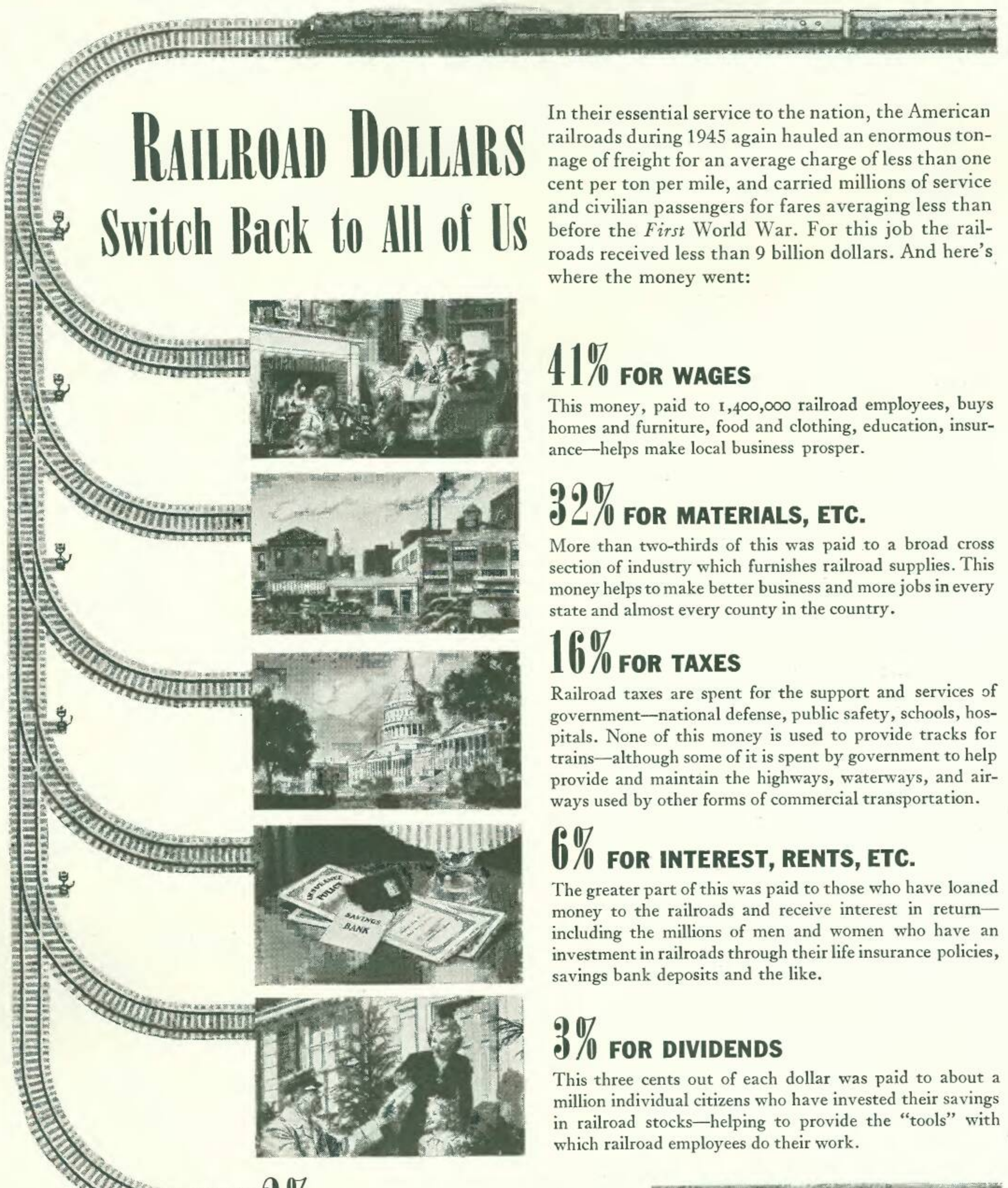
(This is the first of two articles on Mr. McGuinness.)

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
(SOUTH OF THE BORDER DIVISION)

[*From the Star & Herald, Panama, R. P.*]

The new U. S. envoy appears pleased with Panama where he has received a warm welcome, both from the Republic and has to stop running. In extreme cases motorists sleep in their honor (with Mrs. Hines) at a humdinger cocktail party and reception thrown by the 250 or more members of the American Society of the Republic of Panama at the Panama Golf Club.



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In their essential service to the nation, the American railroads during 1945 again hauled an enormous tonnage of freight for an average charge of less than one cent per ton per mile, and carried millions of service and civilian passengers for fares averaging less than before the *First* World War. For this job the railroads received less than 9 billion dollars. And here's where the money went:

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Railroad taxes are spent for the support and services of government—national defense, public safety, schools, hospitals. None of this money is used to provide tracks for trains—although some of it is spent by government to help provide and maintain the highways, waterways, and airways used by other forms of commercial transportation.

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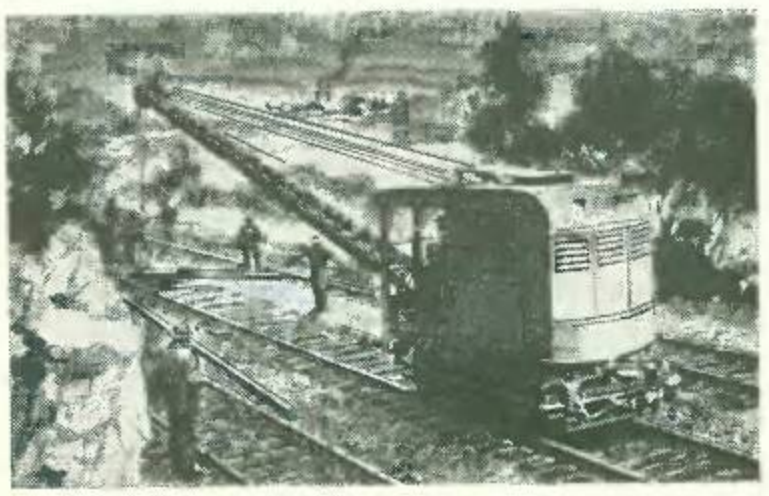
The greater part of this was paid to those who have loaned money to the railroads and receive interest in return—including the millions of men and women who have an investment in railroads through their life insurance policies, savings bank deposits and the like.

3% FOR DIVIDENDS

This three cents out of each dollar was paid to about a million individual citizens who have invested their savings in railroad stocks—helping to provide the "tools" with which railroad employees do their work.

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AMERICAN RAILROADS

THE THEATRE

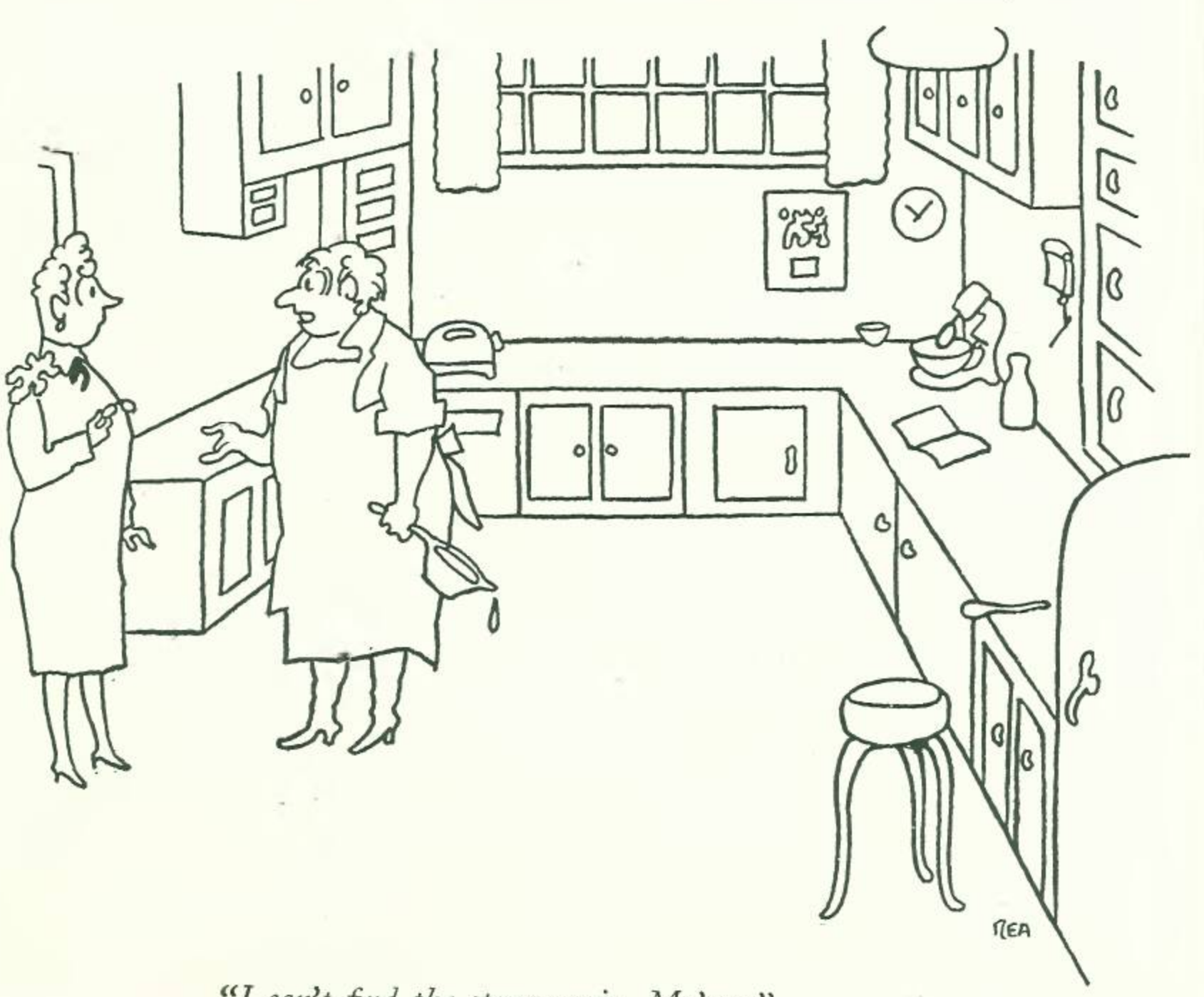
NICE TO HAVE BACK AGAIN

THE greatest enemy of any revival is the sentimental memory of the audiences who have seen it before, when they were in rather better repair physically and their hearts were still disorderly with hope. This was evident a little while ago when "The Red Mill" turned up after an absence of thirty-nine years and was irritably dismissed by a good many antiquities (people who were born before 1890) as a sleazy insult to the past. A better example, since there were obviously more survivors, including two in the cast, was the version of "Show Boat" which appeared last week at the Ziegfeld, where it was first offered in 1927. There was a generous tendency on the opening night to concede that it was a very fine try, but there were also persistent murmurs that it could hardly be compared with the original production, which starred such magic names as Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe, Norma Terris, Charles Winninger, and Edna May Oliver.

My own recollection of the original (and even of another revival, which was made in 1932) may be faulty, but I left the theatre with the feeling that the new "Show Boat" was not only equal to the old ones in almost every respect but also in some ways rather superior. For one thing, the producers (the late Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II) had the advantage of knowing beforehand which their great songs were, and "Ol' Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Only Make Believe," "Why Do I Love You?," and "Bill" are all set and sung with loving care and with that fuller realization of their possibilities that can come when a score has been an American institution for twenty years and the authors can profit by what they have learned from the public feeling about it. For another thing, the temptation to modernize, which usually means to employ somebody to write a few current vulgarities into the script and somebody else to execute painfully stylized scenery and costumes, has been resisted except in a few instances, so the piece is spiritually intact and not, like "A Connecticut Yankee," to name a recent misfortune, an example of the common habit of replacing the real flavor of one period with the synthetic flavor of another. And, finally, it seems to me that the members of the present cast, though their director has inevitably been guided by precedents, have nothing to fear from damaging comparisons.

One of the great virtues of "Show Boat" is that Edna Ferber's novel is almost perfectly adapted to musical comedy. It is, of course, a story of almost unparalleled romantic foolishness, with its handsome, dissolute hero called Gaylord Ravenal (of the Tennessee Ravenals); its heroine, so poignantly gay in adversity, and lovely and melodious as well; its beautiful, heartbreaking mulatto, afflicted with so much love and heavy sorrow; its humorous comment on matrimony, in Captain Andy and his wife; its sneering villains; its mournful, charming Negroes; and, above all, its wonderfully picturesque landscape, with the Mississippi always in the background, flowing as rich and sweet as chocolate soda. Reading the book was something of an exercise in determination for many who found themselves oppressed by the author's girlish infatuation with the past, by her dauntless charm, and somewhat by the hot luxuriance of her prose. Watching the play is quite another experience. In a more innocent medium, and with the assistance of that enchanting music, it is easy to accept the outrageous devices of the plot, easy to identify yourself with the terrible sorrow of unfaithful love, and even easy to laugh at jokes that might be considered primitive in a comic strip. I was a little depressed, as I was before, by the last three scenes, which take place in 1927, a skip forward in time of twenty-two years, and in which most of the players turn up in rather gruesome white wigs and, having no further songs to sing or even essentially any further interest in life, just hang around and knot up the loose ends of the story. The rest of the evening, however, struck me as a delight to watch and, of course, as lovely to listen to as anything in the American theatre.

Of the substitutes in the cast, Carol



"I can't find the stove again, Ma'am."


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LISTEN: JANUARY 12, 1946

Across the country on New Year's Day CBS spread the music of the largest cluster of bells in the world. It came from the 72-bell carillon 370 feet high in the tower of New York's Riverside Church, just across the way from Grant's Tomb. Kamiel LeFevre, probably the world's foremost carillonneur, played various selections including the bell song from *Lakme*, and *Auld Lang Syne*. The deepest tones came from a 20-ton bell with a 2-ton clapper. The highest notes came from the smallest bell, weighing in at 10 lbs.

★

Numbers alone can only partially tell the story of radio's wartime job in strengthening the will and effort of the people of the United States. But in themselves the statistics are significant. Over 1360 days elapsed between the attack on Pearl Harbor and the Japanese surrender on September 2 last. During this period CBS devoted an average of 8 hours daily to programs of information, morale and mobilization behind the war effort. It added up to a total of 58,603 separate broadcasts, of which more than 32,000 were offered on time purchased by America's patriotic advertisers and some 26,000 broadcasts on time eagerly provided by the network itself.

The figures serve not only as an index of radio's past accomplishment but as a compelling guide in meeting the problems that lie ahead.

★

You have often heard Debussy's *Clouds* and Ravel's *Bolero*. But the question is: have you ever *seen* them?

Paul Belanger, CBS television director, has been getting some interesting visual effects by interpreting well-defined musical rhythms and projecting their patterns on a screen. The other day Salvador Dali dropped in to look at them and, incidentally, broadcast some of his own theories of abstract painting. Dali said the musical patterns were not only ingenious, but looked like fruits and vegetables. You can judge for yourself by tuning in Columbia's New York television station, WCBW, some weekday night at 8 EST.

★

Two small Waterbury children now think Santa Claus comes by radio. Their grandmother, Mrs. Joseph C. Victorine, drew $2600 out of the bank the other afternoon to buy them gift bonds. She put the money into an envelope and lost it on her way home. A friend told station WBRY about it and three hours later the CBS affiliate broadcast the story on its regular news program. An hour later the doorbell rang at the Victorine home and a man turned up with the envelope. He said he had seen Mrs. Victorine drop it but couldn't catch her before she disappeared in the crowd. So when he heard the broadcast he came right over.



★

If you've wondered how radio can reproduce the special voice effects you hear on the air, the answer lies in a small black box called a sound effects filter. The speaker simply talks into the microphone, which carries the sound through the filter. Then, depending on the effect you require, it comes as the hollow tones of a ghost, or two people talking in a cave, or a couple of pilots speaking on the intercom, or just a telephone call. Until CBS engineers developed their multi-voice filter, each voice effect required a separate kind of filter. Now all you have to do is twist a dial or combination of dials on the box to reproduce any one of 40 different kinds of voices, including the voice of your conscience.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

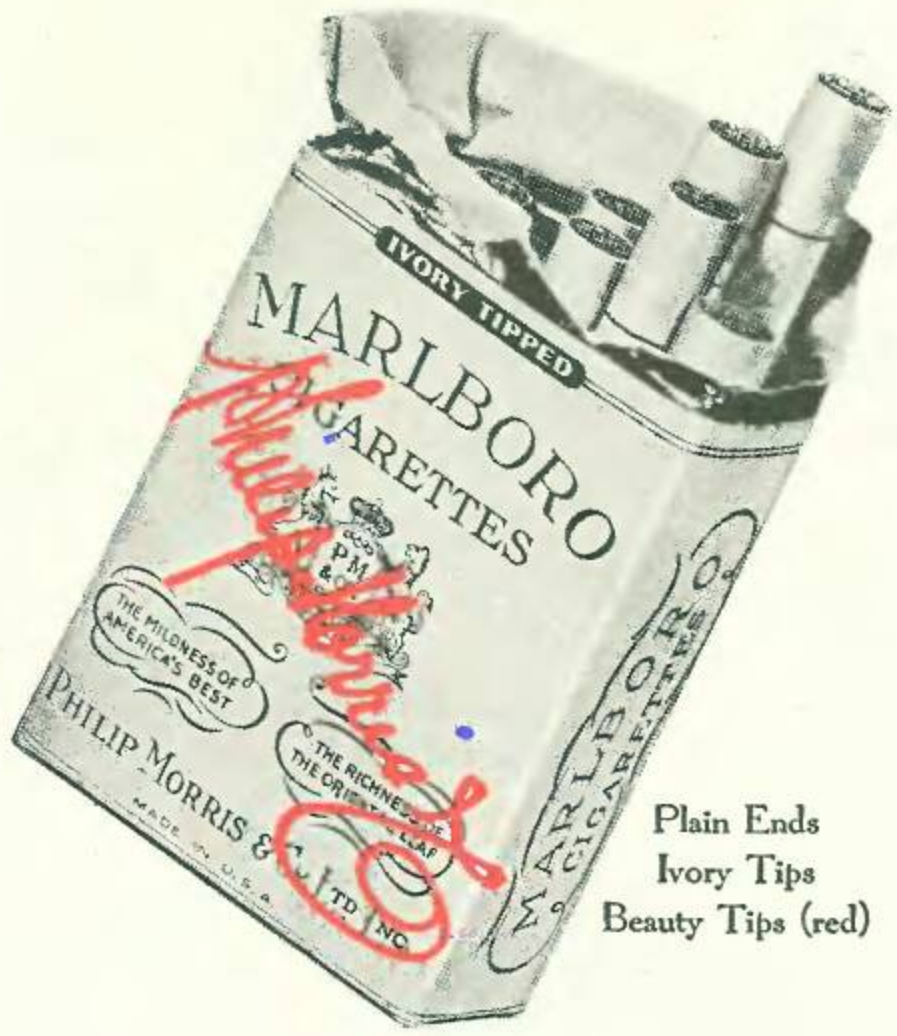
Bruce probably has the hardest assignment, since Miss Morgan was the great symbol of all the awful melancholy of a generation, and she was also unmistakably marked by sorrows of her own. Miss Bruce, a handsome, animated girl, can never hope to look as lost up there on the top of her piano or to sound as desolate when she sings, but her performance is honest and touching, and pictorially she is superb. "Ol' Man River," originally sung by Jules Bledsoe, is rendered this time by Kenneth Spencer, whose voice is also awe-inspiring, and though this, of all the songs, is familiar to the point of boredom, I found him dignified and impressive. Of the others, Jan Clayton, as Magnolia, has a charming quality of real joy and touching grief; Charles Fredericks' Ravenal is remarkably dashing; Ralph Dumke and Ethel Owen, as Andy and Parthy, play their conventional comedy with pleasant restraint; and Pearl Primus, who takes a prominent part in the dances staged by Helen Tamiris, gives a fascinating appearance of having the time of her life. The settings and costumes, by Howard Bay and Lucinda Ballard, respectively, are bright, ingenious, and gratefully free from annoying mannerisms.

THE purpose of "Home of the Brave," a war play at the Belasco, is so high, the treatment in general so honest, and the information it contains of such valid interest that it seems a little ungrateful to call attention to its deficiencies. The fact remains, however, that what might have been a really notable contribution to the theatre is immeasurably less than that, and the reasons, I suppose, ought to be put down. The author, Arthur Laurents, has set himself an elaborate though hardly a profound psychological problem. His hero is a young Jewish soldier, discovered, when the play opens, in a state of shock, involving both amnesia and partial paralysis, in a base hospital in the Pacific. Treatment by narcosynthesis, a sort of psychiatric investigation conducted while the patient is under the influence of a drug, brings out the story of his immediate past, acted out in a series of flashbacks. Dispatched, with four others, on a mission to an island occupied by the Japanese, he was obliged to leave a wounded friend in order to save a collection of vital maps. The reasons for his collapse, which took place after the maps had been delivered and when he had returned to find his comrade mutilated and dying, emerge only gradually. He confesses to the doctor that he was glad when his closest friend

was shot, and it is clear that this is responsible for his literally paralyzing sense of guilt, though Mr. Laurents has partly obscured the issue by causing him to reproach himself with his desertion of his friend as well. He has a stubborn conviction that his gladness was caused by the fact that in a moment of stress the dead man had started to call him a "yellow Jew bastard" and that all his life had been conditioned by the atmosphere of racial hatred in which he had grown up. The doctor tries to tell him that all soldiers feel a momentary surge of relief when another man is killed, purely because they have been spared themselves, and also that, in war, duty to the whole Army comes before the saving of a single life, but while the hero can grasp these ideas intellectually, his psychosis is by no means cleared up. It is only when another member of the group, who has been crippled physically by the amputation of an arm and emotionally by the loss of his wife and can therefore be accepted as a kindred spirit, says that he, too, has had the same emotion of shameful happiness when men were killed beside him that the hero's cure is complete.

This is an interesting and acceptable case history, and the parts of the play that bring it to you visually, rather than in conversation, are effectively handled. Where Mr. Laurents falls down, I think, is in his preoccupation with the clinical details of his therapy, the reiterated, monotonous, and really rather naïve scenes in which the doctor attempts to probe his patient's mind. These, in simplifying the processes of psychiatry for the layman, often seem to achieve almost a parody of a science that is not altogether immune to it, and they are filled with lines like "That's all right, son. Cry if you feel like it," which may well be taken directly from





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life but which, through long overuse on the stage, have certainly become a part of the language of banality. It is also rather unfortunate that the play is so constructed that everything essential has been said by the end of the second act and the third is devoted only to an unnecessary restatement of points already made and to a scene of really striking bathos, in which the two cripples agree to face life together as the proprietors of a bar in Wyoming. Mr. Laurents slips a couple of other times into oversentimental writing—in stressing the almost overpowering fellowship that exists between two of his soldiers, and especially in a specimen of poetry ("Frightened, we are everyone. Here, coward, take my coward's hand") which, though it was greeted with awe on the stage, reminded me only of a youthful error I contributed to my school magazine toward the close of another war. However, when he is writing about men in action, he is convincing and often absorbing, and I think his play is one for you to see. The members of the cast, which includes Joseph Pevney, Alan Baxter, Russell Hardie, and Eduard Franz, give restrained and intelligent performances, avoiding the temptation to add professional heroics to those already in the script.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

Notice—I am known as Lorentz (Lawrence) Walter Shank, I am discarding the above name, claiming the name Texas Wu Kid. No relatives whatever. I am owned by no one, have no insurance, under contract to no one, member of no church, nor organization and not married. I am wanting a farm job by the month not connected with any employment agency or union of any kind. Call Severns Barber Shop, phone 245J. Yours, Texas Wu Kid.—*Beatrice (Nebr.) Sun.*

What's your Social Security number, Mr. Kid?

•

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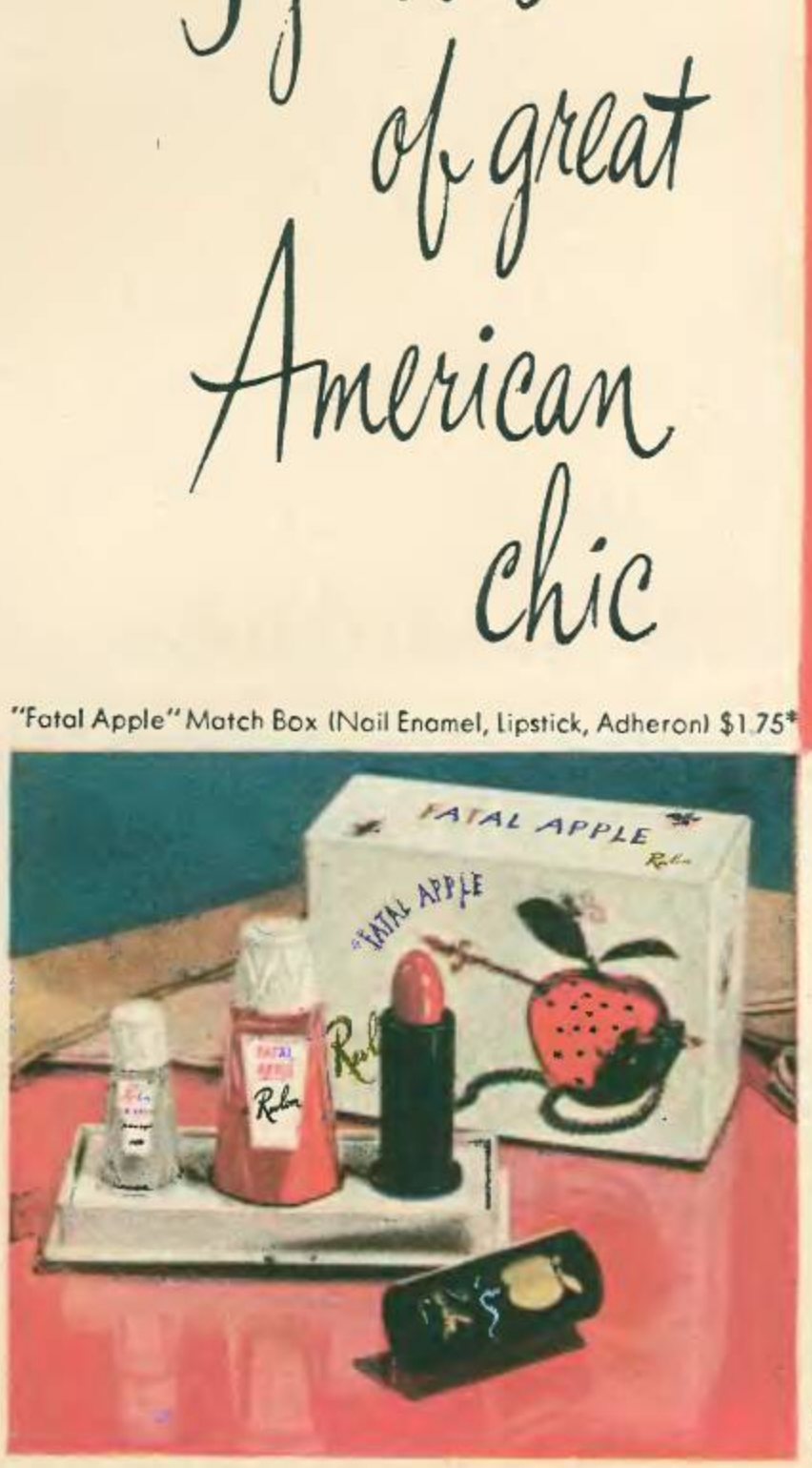
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THE ART GALLERIES

Past and Present

DAVID SMITH is still not a very well-known sculptor. He is now thirty-nine, and in the past several years he has been exhibited fairly regularly, but for some reason—perhaps a certain uncompromisingness in his nature, which is inevitably revealed in his work—he hasn't had a great deal of attention. Such things happen, of course, and in Smith's case the fact that he is an Abstractionist, and a "difficult" one, at that, probably hasn't helped any. It is unfortunate, nevertheless, for there is a searching honesty about his approach that is rare and admirable, and it is to be hoped that his new showing, a big, ten-year retrospective that fills both the Buchholz and the adjacent Willard Gallery, will do something to get him the attention he deserves. He may seem difficult at times, as I've suggested, but almost never is he willfully or capriciously so, and such obliquities as exist in his work are a necessary part of the spare, elliptical, deeply penetrating form of statement that he has made his own. He is obscure, perhaps, but never an obscurantist, and if one studies him a little, he can be one of the most rewarding sculptors of our time.



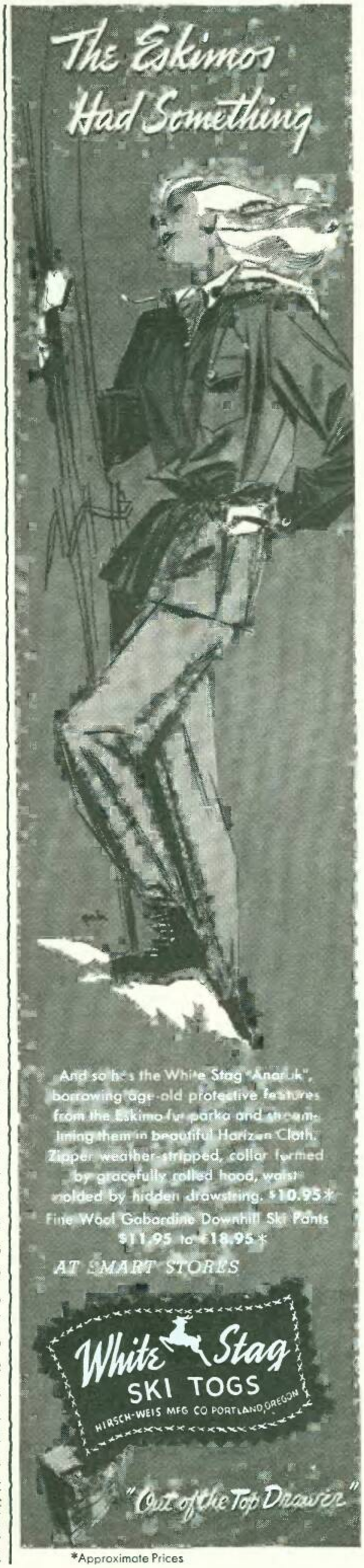
His new show has a special interest, too, in that it illustrates—with an at times almost painful clarity—the effect of the war on the artists of his generation. Smith, I think, was more affected by the war than most. Bronze, steel, all the metals he usually worked with, were for a long time not available, and since he is a man who not only works exclusively in metal but seems to think and feel in terms of it as well, there was little possibility of his changing successfully to another medium for the duration, as some others were able to do. I think he must have had more than the ordinary amount of trouble in digesting the war philosophically, too. He was a pronounced anti-militarist (see his bitingly anti-war bas-relief series of 1940, called "Medals for Dishonor," of which a few are in the show), and though I speak only from conjecture, I should imagine that he was a pacifist as well, and the problem of making an adjustment to the way the world was going while still keeping some integrity in his art must have been a severe one.

At any rate, one result was that at the time this country went to war, his output began to slump disastrously. There are only three pieces in the current collection for the years from 1941 through 1943, and of these there is but one, "Sewing Machine," that is anywhere near his usual calibre. (Oddly, too, it is the one thing of his I ever remember seeing that is done in stone.)

Less directly, the effect has been to set up conflicts and divergences, both in his work and, if one can judge from that, in his attitude toward life, that are still very far from being resolved.

It is in many ways a curious outcome. Superficially, his sculpture hasn't changed. He was always a marvellous craftsman, and he has, if anything, become even more adept in the handling of his materials. He was also always an anatomist, both of ideas and of objects, with a penchant for getting down to the bare bones of whatever subject he was working on, and he hasn't lost this quality; from the early "Reclining Figure" of 1936 to such recent things as "The Jurassi Bird," "Ancient Household," and "War Spectre," he shows the same steady seeking for fundamentals.

What has changed is his mood, and this, I find, is difficult to describe, at least in terms that don't run to the melodramatic. I must say, though, that the one word which keeps coming to my mind when I think of his recent stuff is "frenzied." Smith has worked with a will in the two years or so since that slump of his ended—to such effect, indeed, that more than half the show, or some thirty pieces, is contained in this section. There seems to be something a little frenzied even in the energy with which he works, and there is, despite their unquestioned power, also a quality of frenzy in the raw violence of such pieces as "Cockfight—Variation," "The Rape," and "False Peace Spectre." It is as if he were working against time to get rid of the ideas pent up inside him, and the ideas that come out have mostly to do with horror. The war enters into several of them, as the titles I have mentioned would indicate, and even when the subject is peaceable, as in "Seaman and Siren" and "Billiard Player, II," there is a tendency toward harsh outlines and jagged movement that is new to this artist. It is all part of his wartime obsession, no doubt, still working its way to the surface, and in



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the end I suppose he'll be a stronger and richer personality for having gone through it. But at the moment it is curiously disturbing to witness, and I guess Smith himself must look back wistfully to the old days, when he could do an "Ad Mare," with its ship so peacefully sailing, or the delightfully skeletonized "Amusement Park," and have no thought of anything but poetry and laughter.

AT the Samuel M. Kootz they are showing new paintings, drawings, and collages by Robert Motherwell. Motherwell is the most articulate member of that young new group which, for want of a better name, I've decided to call Symbolic Expressionists. As in the case of the others of that school, his work has always a little the look of the accidental about it. Forms are amorphous, the color is bland and unassertive, and though the approach is abstract, there is none of the rigor and discipline that we usually associate with abstraction. For my own part, the modifier "too" could be applied to the first three adjectives in the previous sentence; I think Motherwell goes too far in the direction of reticence in both form and tone, and his work loses value in consequence. There's a kind of quiet dignity about it, nevertheless, and I liked his "Still Life with Black" and the larger "Line Figure in Beige and Mauve."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Harry was born on the lower East Side of Manhattan. It's easy to remember his birthday. It falls on February 12th, which gives him something in common with George Washington.—*From a publication of the Hotel New Yorker.*

It's not easy to say what.

•

Russell has introduced a bill at the request of the Texas Women's Christian Intemperance Union to make the railroad liable for injuries resulting from drinking on trains.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.*

The girls must be thinking of taking a little trip.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the personal column of Writer's Digest*]

PHYSICIAN, age 32, Chinese, possesses property in both countries, desires a sincere educated young lady as collaborator in chemical and medical ambition. Only those desiring companionship and early marriage with Kodak full figure picture will be promptly answered. Box X-2.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

LIEUTENANT LEMICK-EMDEN

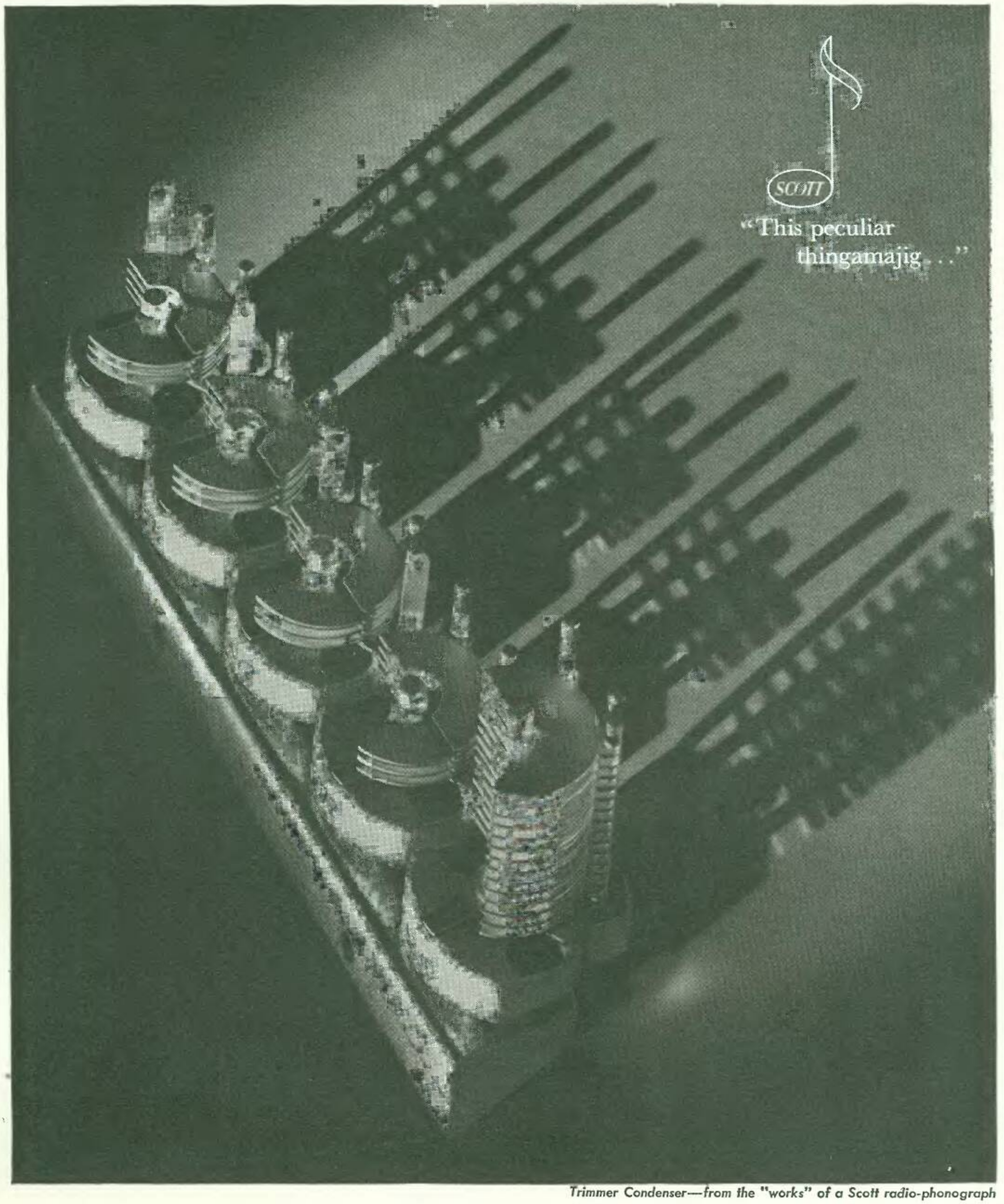
THERE was a German war criminal in Italy in the fall of 1943 whom three or four newspapermen, including myself, came to know quite well without ever seeing him. His name was Lemick-Emden, and he was a lieutenant in the third company of the 29th Panzer Grenadier Regiment. He was a slight, dark little man with horn-rimmed spectacles. We crossed his trail during the northward fighting between the Volturno River and Cassino, and had something, though not a lot, to do with the fact that he confessed his crime to our Army soon after he committed it. This confession made him a rare bird at the time: the Americans did not capture a great many German officers in the first two years of the war, apart from the bag in Tunisia, and those among them who were self-confessed atrocity committers you could count on your thumbs. Almost as soon as they had him and knew for sure what they had, the Army leaders in Italy became darkly secret about Lemick-Emden and forbade us to make his story public. He was an embarrassing case, in those early days. For one thing, there was no agreement among the Allies on what to do with war criminals or when to do it. The Russians were reported to have hanged a few not long before, but the Americans couldn't be certain they had, and, whether they had or not, didn't seem to be in the same legal position. Lemick-Emden's victims were Italian civilians, not Americans. Most of all, the Army feared that any publicity about Lemick-Emden's affair which even suggested he was liable to punishment would make trouble for American prisoners in the enemy's hands.

I've wondered lately if the wide but somewhat staggered wave of official postwar justice has got around to Lemick-Emden yet. He was alive the last I heard, and apparently it had been decided to postpone an accounting till after the war. He may have been a hard man to keep waiting for two years. Once, some months after he was captured, he walked out of the gate of a prison camp in Algeria and had almost reached the safety of the Spanish Morocco border before they picked him up again. I learned this one evening in the spring of 1944, from an officer connected with prisoner administration. Knowing Army policy, he was furtive in his mentions of Lemick-Emden. "What are they going to do with him?" I asked. "Far as I know," the officer muttered, "they'll wait till after the war and return him to the scene of the crime for a civilian trial. That is, if they've still got him by then and somebody remembers what he did." At that time, especially in the Mediterranean area, it was hard to think of the end of the war as a near, or even a likely, prospect.

THE scene of Lemick-Emden's crime was Caiazzo, a village a few miles north of the Volturno, in the general region of Capua. It's impossible to suppose that the people there do not remember Lemick-Emden or that they will have forgotten him fifty years from now, for the effect of his stay in Caiazzo was the annihilation of some half-dozen families in a not very large population and the burning of one in every three of the town's buildings. In Caiazzo the question would be not of memory but only of Lemick-Emden's availability for trial. However, what occurred there in 1943 was not in itself highly unusual or spectacular, even for that neighborhood; a little later, in the nearby village of Bellona, fifty-four men, including five priests and the town's doctor, were shot in shifts of about ten by Germans and buried informally by a dynamite charge in a quarry at the edge of town. What was singular about Lemick-Emden was that he, an obscure lieutenant in a line company, was a known criminal before his capture, like Ley and Himmler, and that he was—uniquely, as far as I know—picked up, questioned, and convicted by his own words within a month of his crime. Lemick-Emden had no notion, when American troops, by sheer chance, rounded him up with others of his company in a skirmish some distance from Caiazzo, that our Army Intelligence knew him from Adam. Neither did the troops who took him. The truth was sprung on the Lieutenant later, with melodramatic trimmings, by the author Hans Habe, then an Army interrogator working with the Psychological Warfare Branch in Italy.

It's not only easier but more correct to speak of Lemick-Emden as Lemick instead of Lemick-Emden. His father had served aboard the German cruiser Emden, famous in the first World War, and reinforced the family name of Lemick in honor of his ship not long before his son was born. The boy was





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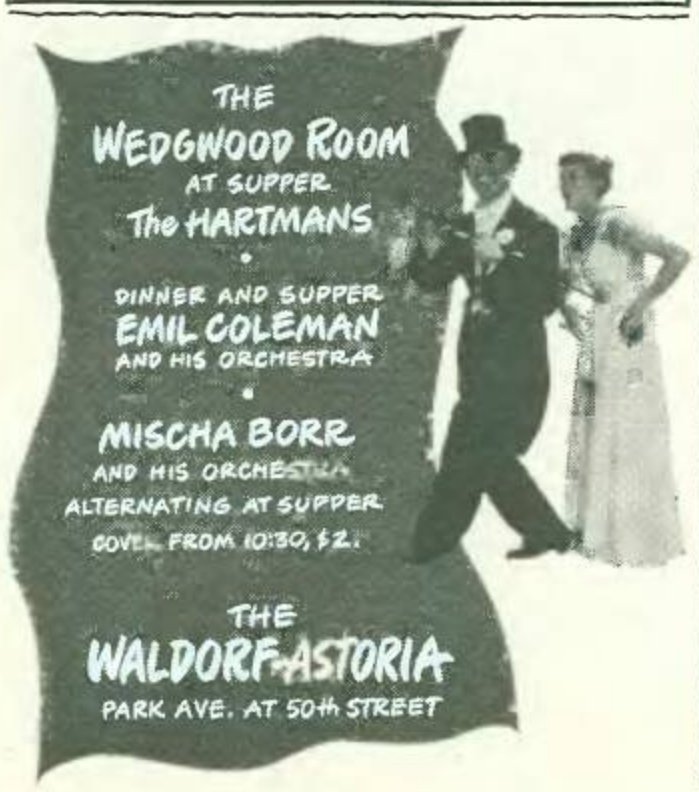


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about eighteen when the second great war began and therefore in the neighborhood of twenty-two when his fortunes brought him to Caiazzo. Since nobody who encountered him seems to have thought of him as a mental case in any plain, downright sense of the term, it may be that he was simply a super-patriot who followed the hints of the Nazi Party and the Army High Command more seriously and enthusiastically than most and, when these were a bit too ogreish for the taste of his companions, was ready and willing to do their share along with his own. Habe, discussing him, said he found him, on the surface, neither antisocial nor unsociable, but it is a fact that the men in his company referred to him as "the horn-rimmed bastard," or German words to that effect, and that his loyalty or inclination or whatever it was led him to order and to join in the killing of twenty-two unarmed civilians, largely women and children—this on the testimony of a good many eyewitnesses and, finally, his own as well.

Lemick's unit had been in and around Caiazzo for a week or more on October 13, 1943. Some of its members were well known in the village. A general German withdrawal was in progress throughout that month, from the Volturno River line, not far above Naples, to the strong mountain line through Monte Cammino and Venafro, but the Germans had time here and there to linger and stock up on supplies and labor troops. In every town they paused in, they tried to draft civilians for work duty in their army. Four Fascist Party agents from Rome had been to Caiazzo in early October to urge the village's able-bodied men to join the German labor crews, but by the time the Americans were getting near the place and the Germans were preparing to pull out, only one man in town had signed up with them of his own free will, and he was stone-blind. Lemick regarded Caiazzo as both stubborn and subversive. On the thirteenth of October, he told an *Oberleutnant* of the company, the only man there who was superior to him in rank, that he suspected some of the Italian farm people of blinking signals to American planes or ground troops by opening and closing their window shutters at night. (Actually, no planes had bombed or strafed anywhere in the area, and the advancing American ground forces were still forty-eight hours away, with a good many hills ahead of them.) The *Oberleutnant* appeared to feel—according to a sergeant of the company, who described the events later—that Lemick was working himself up to some very unpleasant gesture. At any rate, the *Oberleutnant* withdrew from Caiazzo with most of the company, telling Lemick to suit himself but pointing out to the men that he, the *Oberleutnant*, was having no part of it. The sergeant witness said he saw nothing strange in this. The *Oberleutnant*, he said, naturally wanted to stay popular with the troops and keep his conscience fairly clear. On the other hand, he would never interfere with his subordinate in the execution of an act which might be construed by someone even higher up as useful and patriotic. "You got to be careful with bastards like that," the sergeant explained, "or they get to be martyrs."

CAIAZZO, a gray, dingy cluster of stone along two streets, is perched on a slope of ground, with an ancient abbey sitting on a hill just above it and farms spread out all around for a distance of a mile or two. Beside the abbey is a graveyard. The men of the American 34th Infantry Division, when they reached Caiazzo on October 15th, did not go immediately to the hill, which seemed deserted, or into the town itself. Their leaders bivouacked them outside the village and sent advance units north and west to see where the Germans had got to. To the soldiers who spoke no more than the normal, handy dozen words of Italian, the people of Caiazzo looked and sounded pretty much as was usual in newly liberated towns. They were excited and curious and grateful, and anxious for food and tobacco. Our interrogators, however, though their interest at the moment was exclusively in German movements, began to sense that something had happened to the town. Two German prisoners, left unguarded for a few minutes, were beaten up by townspeople. A civilian being questioned about the German departure said he would like as soon as possible to get some coffins for his dead. Then a couple of privates of the 168th Regiment of the 34th who had been wandering about came in to say they had found the bodies of a man, a woman, and a small child lying half buried in loose dirt in a farmyard to the east of the village, and, not far away, the bodies of other children; they were not sure whether there were two children or three in the second heap.

By the time the small group of war correspondents in which I was travelling came to Caiazzo, on the morning of the sixteenth, a young interrogator, Lieutenant Arthur Gutenberg, had



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formed a rough idea of what went on just before the last Germans left. A few of these had been taken prisoner by our patrols beyond the village. The villagers told their stories, and these Germans supplemented them. Gutenberg's first job was to get tactical information from the Germans, and the townspeople were still too stunned or incoherent to state their own case in full, so what we found out in the next few hours came piecemeal from several sources. The first and most obvious fact was that every third building in Caiazzo had been gutted by fire. The second was that a good many civilians were dead, though no bombs or shells had fallen near there.

The first correspondent to reach the village was William Stoneman, of the Chicago *Daily News*, who spoke Italian. He was taken by natives to a farmhouse where women and children and a couple of men lay dead in their blood on a terrace before the front door. The need of burying them was very plain by then, but they had been discovered only about twenty-four hours earlier, the farm being somewhat set off, and the people who found them were too shocked and confused to know what to do. Stoneman organized a search for informal coffins and turned up several old boxes and chests. He got a few of the bodies loaded on a wagon and told the driver to take him to a graveyard. They were stopped by military traffic at a crossroads on the way, and Stoneman pleaded desperately with the M.P.s to let him through. They did so as soon as they came close to the wagon.

Meanwhile, the rest of us drove with a guide to the abbey on the hill. The dead from another farm had just been brought to the burying ground, in boxes like Stoneman's. One of these, with a child in it, was a clothes chest about four and a half feet long. Some of the men of the town were digging graves, while other villagers stood around, pressing handkerchiefs or field flowers to their noses, and watched and talked. They told us very willingly and quite calmly what had happened, as far as they knew it. What with the excitement of the burning of the buildings in town, the Germans' retreat, and our arrival, they had not yet felt the full impact of the killings. One of the diggers, who stopped work when the others called him over, was a stout, gray-haired man of sixty-five, Antonio di Sorbo, whose daughter, son-in-law, and four grandchildren, all the near relatives he had, had been shot by the Germans on the thirteenth and now lay

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in the boxes at the edge of the graveyard. Holding a big blue handkerchief to his face, di Sorbo talked, not cheerfully but with a certain solemn zest, as though it were some neighbor's story he was telling. Raffaele Perrone, the brother of di Sorbo's son-in-law Nicola, the murdered husband, was subdued and listless, but he offered to take us to his brother's farm and show us what had happened. Di Sorbo resumed his digging.

The farmhouse of Nicola Perrone was on a small hill about a mile and a quarter from the town. Down the path that led from its door was a trail of dried blood thirty feet long. It came from a shallow pit near the house, where Perrone had found his brother, his brother's wife, and one of the children the day before, when he had gone to visit them. Perrone had thought the blood must be some animal's when he saw it. Then he went up the path and at once identified the victims through the thin layer of dirt that was scattered over the pit. He found the three other children together about a hundred feet away, lightly covered with straw. He also saw, as we did when we went there, the casings of a number of machine-gun and Luger-pistol shells outside the front door of the farmhouse. A child's polka-dot headdress lay among the casings.

We walked with Perrone to the farmhouse, a quarter of a mile away, where sixteen bodies had been found covered with straw. There was more blood here, and more empty shells, and a gathering of neighbors who described the radius of the shooting party's operations. The sixteen dead people were from three farms, including the one at which they were killed—one of them half a mile south of there and the third some distance beyond that, a full two miles from the house of Nicola Perrone, where the killings, according to the later evidence of German prisoners, had begun. It had taken good, purposeful hiking over rough fields to touch at all three points and round up the victims for the second shooting. It seemed clear from the start that it had not been done by drunken men in a random lynching spirit. Drunk, the Germans might have killed the first available subjects and got it out of their systems. Miles of legwork on a cold night calls for organization and sustained purpose.

BACK at the command post of the 168th Regiment, we heard Lemick-Emden's name for the first time, and that of a German sergeant, Arthur

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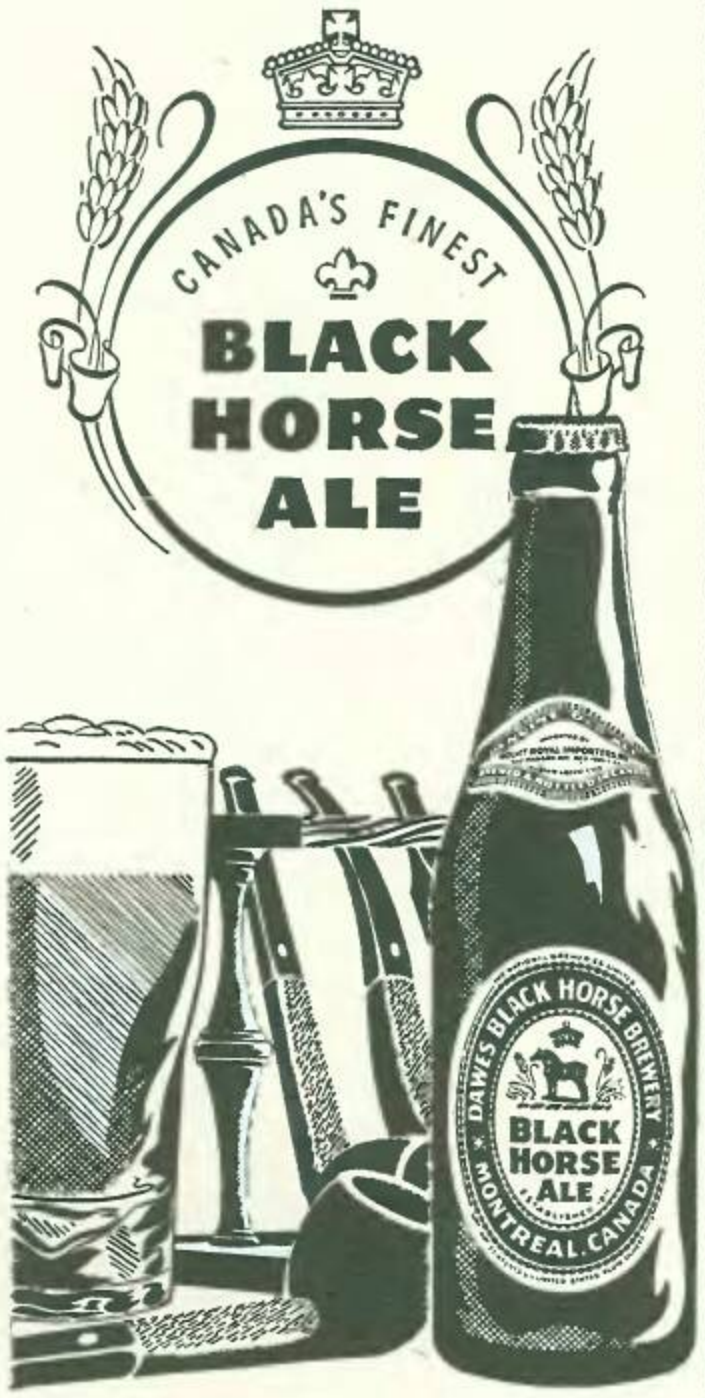
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Schuster. The interrogator, young Gutenberg, had been told by prisoners that these were the men chiefly responsible for the shooting of the farm people and the burning of the houses in town, and their descriptions of the murderers tallied with those given by civilians, of a pair who arranged and directed the firing of the buildings, at the head of a squad of troops with gasoline and torches. Two or three villagers, among them the former owner of a restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut, also said that the lieutenant—Lemick—had been threatening violence and "examples" for some days before the Germans left. "Short fellow with horn-rimmed glasses," said Gutenberg. "He made quite an impression around here. One of the fellows that beat up our prisoners told me that Lemick-Emden —only he didn't know his name—was the one he was looking for. We didn't have him, so he settled for what he could find."

"He'd be nice to have, the German lieutenant," said a reporter.

"Yeah," said Gutenberg, "but you know how many German officers we take."

The Caiazzo man from New Haven, John J. Pannone, was violent, but a little nonconsecutive, on the subject of Lemick. "A son of a bitch like that, you couldn't believe what makes him do it," he told me. "The Yale college boys used to come into my place sometime. You a Yale college boy?"

"No," I said.

"I used to sell 'em beer," said Pannone. He returned to the shootings, saying that twelve of the victims were children under fourteen. He asked me if I could spare a cigarette, lit it, cursed Lemick some more, and finally gave an opinion which I thought was influenced more by motion-picture plots than by a knowledge of the facts and probabilities of the war we were in. "Anyway, your Army will get him," said Pannone.



This was the first certified atrocity of the Italian campaign, except the burning of the University of Naples library and the shooting of one man who protested it, a month before, and for most of the Americans who saw its traces, it finally made the stories we had heard of pogroms and "examples" in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Russia come alive for the first time. I know that a good many American soldiers at Caiazzo had been candidly skeptical about such stories till then. There was nothing in their experience to make them real, and they thought of them, with the stout sales resistance so widely shared at home, as propaganda. The war was still quite young then for us. We had uncovered nothing of Europe but the toe of one peninsula. In the last half of 1945, people could sit in American movie theatres watching newsreel pictures from Central Europe that left practically nothing to the imagination, but just two years earlier the same people lived in a state of dogged innocence, from which a few hundred of them were first promoted at the village of Caiazzo by the sight of Lemick's handiwork.

It was something out of the ordinary, the newspapermen there thought, to know the name, description, company, and regiment of a man apparently responsible for such crimes as these so soon after they had been committed. Gutenberg and the local American commander, a colonel, had their hands full with their respective jobs. At their suggestion, we went back to Naples with the information that had been collected, and two of us turned it over to an officer we knew in the Psychological Warfare Branch. The P.W.B., generally associated by the troops with leaflets fired out of big guns or dropped from planes on a very unsusceptible enemy, was performing a variety of other odd tasks at the moment and even running its own intelligence service concurrently with the Fifth Army's. "We will bear this boy in mind," said the man in the P.W.B. office.

A week later he telephoned H. R. Knickerbocker, one of the correspondents of the Caiazzo expedition, who was still in Naples, and said, "They have captured that friend of yours. We are going to question him."

"Question who?" said Knickerbocker.

"That German lieutenant you told us about. At least, I guess it's the same one. His name's on the list of prisoners."

Knickerbocker and I went down to the P.W.B. office in a state of considerable excitement, not unmixed with disbelief. Nothing happened that fast—not in Italy. The name of Lemick-Emden, however, was there on a list of prisoners of war, most of them belonging to the 29th Panzer Grenadiers, who had just been taken, to the northwest of Caiazzo, after a fight with American troops. The P.W.B. men said they had got permission from Fifth

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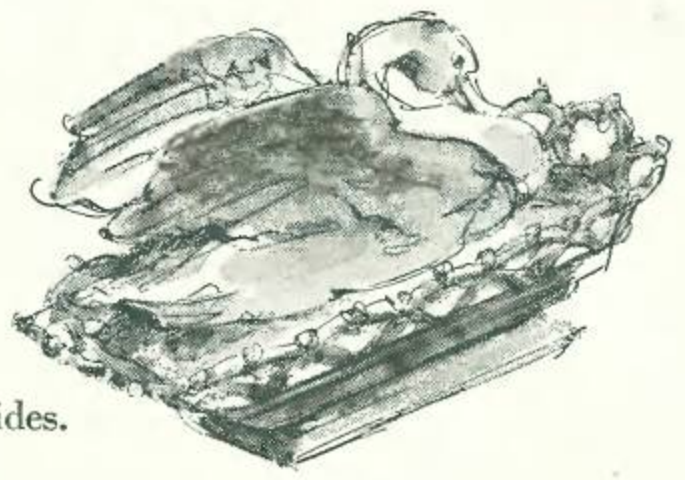


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Army for Hans Habe to question Lemick and others of his company. We went with Habe to a restaurant to tell him what we had seen and heard in Caiazzo.

HABE, a Hungarian, the stepson-in-law of Joseph E. Davies, our former Ambassador to Moscow, is a lean, ruddy, intense fellow, for whom the war had few dull moments. He fought with the French Army against the Germans, was captured, escaped, came to America, wrote a book, joined the American Army, and, at the time we saw him, was interrogating Germans in Italy with unconcealed relish. It was clear that he saw the dramatic possibilities of a séance with Lemick if Lemick was all that the evidence suggested he was and particularly if Lemick did not know that we knew what we did. He could hardly wait to question him. As it turned out, the interview, or interviews, lasted a week. In that time, Habe spent a total of twenty-four solid hours in Lemick's company, and while some of these hours were difficult and brought both parties to a physical and mental sweat, Habe told us later that he enjoyed every minute of them. The detective-story unities of the case, he said, appealed to him strongly. He was a hard character as well as a literary one, but there was nothing soft about Lemick either. I would have liked very much to attend their conferences.

Some of us did, as a matter of fact, petition the Army to let us sit in, having reached a point in our acquaintance with Lemick at which it seemed a little silly never to have seen the man. The Army returned us a firm, polite "No," through the medium of a two-star general and two full colonels. What I know about Lemick's examination I learned off the record from Habe, from three other men who had a direct hand in the case, and from patches of a report which I had no business seeing and which, since I'm not sure whether the enlisted man who showed it to me is still in the Army or not, I won't identify further.

Habe and other interrogators first talked to the prisoners from Lemick's company who had been with him in Caiazzo at the time of the killings. They were free and comprehensive in their information, as was usual with enlisted-man prisoners from the German Army. Sergeant Arthur Schuster, still at large, was said to have helped Lemick in the shooting of the civilians. Lemick had been quartered at the farm of Nicola



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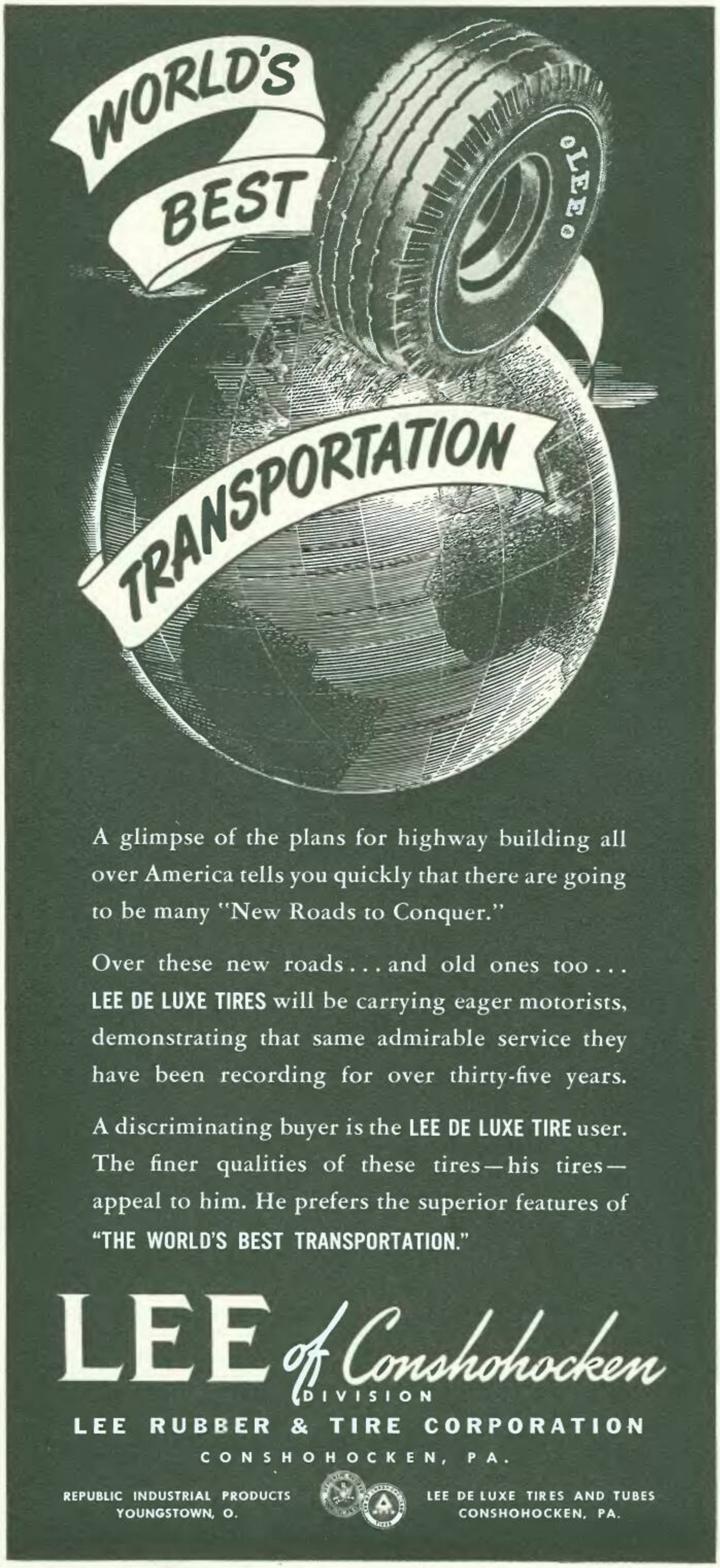
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Perrone. After the departure of the rest of the third company from Caiazzo and the systematic gutting of every third house in the village, Lemick walked out to Perrone's with Schuster and three or four other enlisted men. He began to browbeat Perrone on a matter he had brought up with him before and had mentioned to his men on the way to the farm—signalling to the Americans with lights. The young farmer denied it violently. Darkness had begun to come on by then, and Lemick suddenly walked to the front door of the house and called to the others that he saw a light flickering in the next farmhouse to the south. One of the men later taken prisoner went out and looked in the direction Lemick was pointing, but saw nothing.

Lemick, according to the Germans of his unit whom I talked with myself, was not a man who flew into stage rages or gestured with his hands. He seemed always to be acting the part of a cold, efficient servant of his country, and when he got excited or emotional, he showed it only by walking around very rapidly and speaking more quickly than usual. He went back and shot Perrone with his Luger. Then he told Schuster and the others to take Perrone's wife and four small children, three girls and a boy, out in front of the house. He mounted a machine gun and with Schuster's help shot them all, adding a few more shots from his pistol to finish them. The party, carrying the machine gun, then went to the next farmhouse, the one where Lemick had said he saw a light. A guard was put over the half-dozen people there while other men, including Schuster, were sent out to find the inmates of the two nearest farms in the neighborhood and bring them back. All the sixteen Italians they collected were shot with the machine gun and Lemick's Luger, some inside the house against the walls, some on the terrace outside. The Germans scattered straw over the bodies. Before midnight that same night, the thirteenth, Lemick and his men went back to the village for their vehicles, joined the rest of the German troops left in Caiazzo, and pulled out to the north to catch up with their outfit.

That was the substance of the story of the prisoners from Lemick's company who had seen the shootings. It was not volunteered, naturally, but brought out through questions. When it was on record, Lemick was sent for. He had been kept apart from the other prisoners till then, but he seems, since he was the only officer in the group, to have ex-





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pected this and found nothing suspicious about it.

Habe saw him alone at first, in a small room. He asked the questions which the German Army permitted its officers and men to answer when taken prisoner—name, rank, Army unit, place of residence—and then chatted with him easily, and in fluent German, about Germany, Austria, the places they had both known and seen, the course of the war and the campaign. All German soldiers were taught to anticipate efforts to get tactical information out of them when they were captured, and the officers the Americans took commonly made a game out of this process and matched wits with their interrogators, with irony and self-satisfaction. Habe and Lemick went through all the standard motions in a friendly enough spirit. Lemick appeared to find everything correct and as it should be, even when Habe began to take him over his movements in recent weeks in the country between the Volturno and Caiazzo. At length, lighting cigarettes for himself and his guest and undoubtedly tasting the sensation of an actor about to deliver the punch line of the performance to a totally unprepared house, Habe said, "What about the evening of the thirteenth of this month? That was a Wednesday. What happened then?"

"The thirteenth?" said Lemick. "I don't remember."

"You don't remember the evening of the thirteenth?" said Habe, raising his eyebrows.

"Not especially. There was nothing unusual," said Lemick, setting up Habe's line.

"Nothing unusual? I think you had better change that answer, *Herr Leutnant*," said Habe, getting to his feet. "I advise you to change it. Because if the murder of women and children is nothing unusual for the German Army in Italy, then God help every one of you we catch. For the sake of your fellow-officers, I advise you to change that answer."

It cannot be said that Lemick went white at this point or made an instinctive movement toward the door. Habe, who was looking for flattering signs of reaction to his bombshell, told me he detected only a flutter of the eyelids and then a freezing of Lemick's countenance. Being a realist, the examiner settled for that. He knew he had a job ahead of him, and went to work on it forthwith.

In the next week, he spent long stretches with Lemick—once four hours,

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once six hours. Other interrogators worked with him now and then. The statements of Lemick's fellow-prisoners were read to him. The men themselves were brought in and questioned in front of him. They went over the tale of their last evening in Caiazzo, staring curiously at Lemick, who sometimes stared back at them and sometimes gazed at the ceiling. After a few days he began to argue with the witnesses, seemingly trying to catch them in contradictions of their own statements. Toward the end of the week's examination, he called one of them a spy. The soldier called Lemick a liar. Not long after this, looking very tired, Lemick told Habe he would give the facts in his own way—a correct account. He gave them in great detail, subtracting almost nothing from the story of the witnesses but pointing out that his men did not appreciate the military danger of the situation to which the treachery of the Italian farmers had brought them. He signed the confession in a state of growing excitement and immediately afterward, Habe said, broke down in nervous terror and asked repeatedly what would happen to him.

WHAT happened to Lemick in the next few months—and this is the last I know of him—may have done something to restore his coolness. He was shipped with other prisoners to a camp in North Africa and remained there, passively accepting the routine life, for some time. On the day he made the break that nearly got him to Spanish territory, there had been an inspection of the camp. When the members of the inspection party left by the stockade gate, Lemick simply walked out with them. I asked the officer who told me about it, a colonel, how this could be accounted for.

"Why," the colonel said, "he was in a pretty good position to take liberties. He was the leader of the camp—the head trusty, you might say."

I asked him if Lemick went on being head man once they had him back.

"I don't know," said the colonel. "He would if they stuck to procedure. The only officer in the bunch, you know." —JOHN LARDNER

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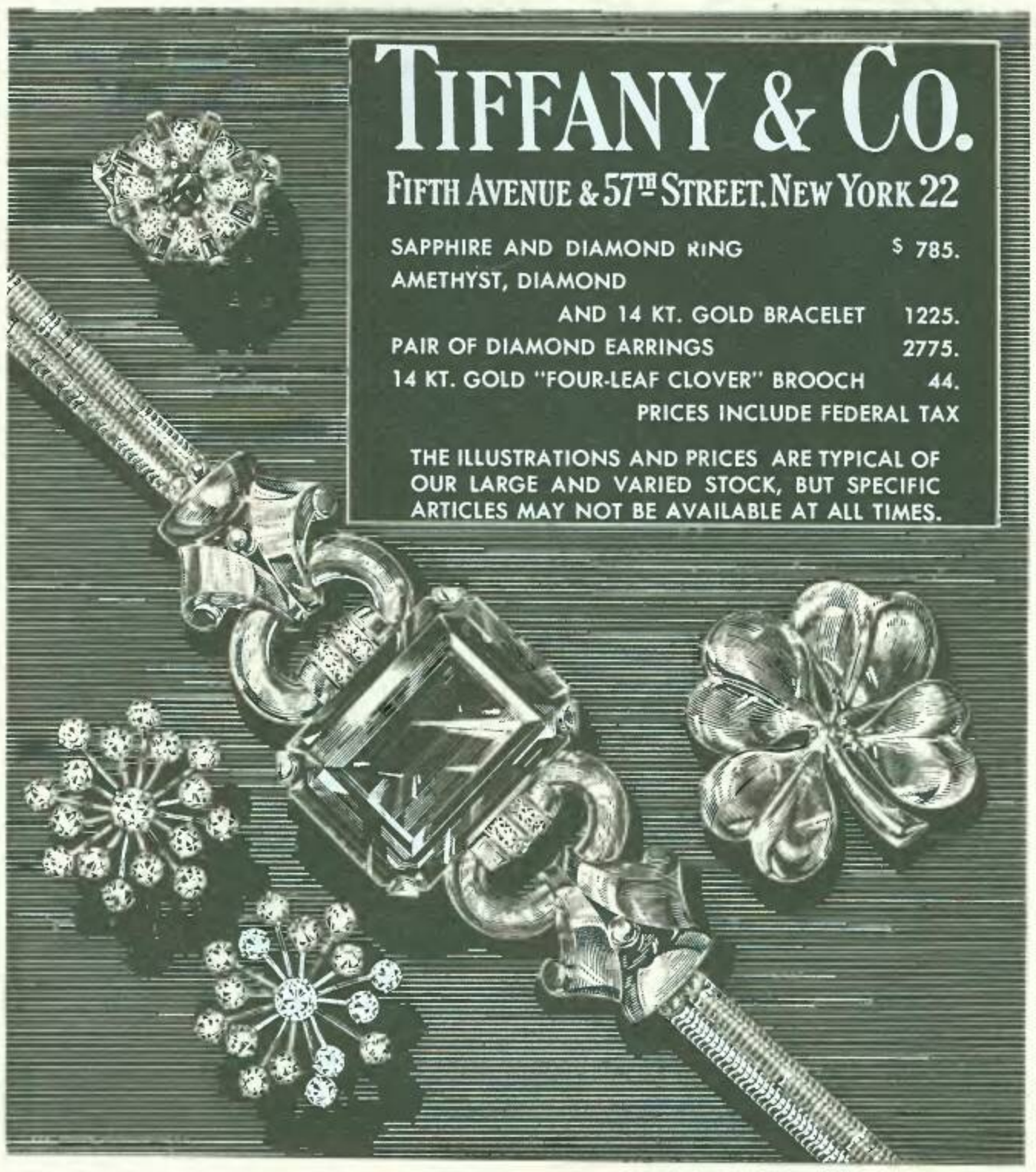
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PENELOPE

"OF course, we don't want to bother you, darling. We know how busy you are," Rosette Mears had said in numerous letters full of underscorings, and again by long distance from Boston. She talked as she wrote, in italics, and her voice was excited and breathless, just as it had been at school twenty years ago. Replacing the receiver on the hook, I had found myself remembering Rosette when she was eighteen, as she used to stand before a mirror in the Copley-Plaza at tea-dance time, adjusting her cloche hat, and smoothing her Bramley collar, and putting on a little pink Roger & Gallet lip pomade. How pretty she was then! I wondered if her daughter would be as lovely. I had seen the girl once only, when she was a baby, and she had looked much like other babies. But now . . .

"It's just that she's my only chick," Rosette had said. "And she's got this stage-struck notion. And she thought if she must begin by being a model . . . We've *heard* that's the thing to do. Of course, she doesn't know a soul in New York, so we just thought that you . . . You know so many people, darling. And you know your way around so well."

That was last May, the first week of the blossom-dropping month. The first week, normally, of lassitude. But, for me, there could be none of that. For Rosette's Penelope was arriving, and the very next day, on the Merchants. I met her at the train, and before our taxi had reached the Barbizon, where she was going to stay, she had explained everything to me again. First she intended to become a model and then an actress. Such was her clear-cut, artless, blue-eyed intention. I knew that her family was fairly well off, but her father, who apparently did not much favor the notion of a daughter with a stage career, had allowed her only enough money to stay at the Barbizon for a few weeks. But she and her mother were sure that by the end of that time Penelope would have attained at least one of her objectives. In the mind of pretty Penelope, it was as easy as that. I, of course, would see to it. What could be simpler? "You know everything and everyone, Mum says," Penelope remarked, looking at me trustingly.



So it was up to me. Of course it was. When I got home that night, after seeing Penelope settled in the correct confines of the Barbizon, I found a special delivery under my door, addressed in Rosette's round handwriting. It reaffirmed her belief in my omniscience and connections, reminded me of our old school friendship, and placed Penelope in my hands—squarely.

AN actress, or at least a model . . . I awoke at five the next morning, worrying about Penelope and her career. Not that she didn't have the looks for it. With her wide blue eyes and sweeping black lashes, her perfect little nose, her broad shoulders and tiny waist, Penelope was especially endowed to tread a path of glamour. The only trouble was that it was up to me to find it for her in the next few weeks. There were theatrical schools, of course, but Penelope's father's check didn't allow for any costly delays like that.

The day after that, in my early-dawn musings brought on by another prematurely grateful letter from Rosette, I remembered two women I knew who might possibly help me out. Both were extremely chic and able; one was an executive at Saks and one a fashion copywriter. I hadn't seen them in months, as I live downtown and seldom bother to get myself fixed up for lunches at smart uptown restaurants, but now I was faced with it. I called them both about Penelope and they were very kind and said of course, darling, and we would talk it over at lunch. Each of them named a very smart, crowded place uptown, and I went to meet each of them in turn, after having assembled an old but always good black dress of the kind felicitously described as "basic," an inoffensive small hat, a new manicure, and pale pink gloves from Wanamaker's.

They both said they would see Penelope, and they did. They called me up after they had and raved about her looks, her profile, her figure. And they telephoned to names with which they had daily traffic: Powers, Conover, Boucher. They made engagements for her with all of them, and I managed to sleep a few mornings until seven-thirty. Penelope, I felt, was launched on the path that led to magazine covers and the footlights.

She was awfully busy, with her engagements and all, but I talked to her every day on the telephone. She was very happy and grateful—almost embarrassingly so; she was being interviewed, photographed, and even sketched.

"You know just everything and everyone, don't you?" she said during one



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of these conversations. "Just the way Mum said you did." She said that all the places my friends had sent her to were really shahp. Both Penelope and I were inordinately happy for four or five whole days.

Then one morning my troubles began again. She called me dutifully, the way she did every morning before she went out. "Do you know what that artist your friend at Saks sent me to said to me yesterday?" she asked.

"What?" I said.

"He piled all my hair on top of my head and ran across the room and then . . ."

"And then?" I said, suddenly horrified. Besides being beautiful, Penelope was as good as the gold on the dome of the Boston State House. I hoped she had not encountered anything unpleasant.

"He said"—and her voice trembled a little—"he said, 'Child, you're not ugly enough or old enough. Come back in five years.' Five years!" said Penelope.

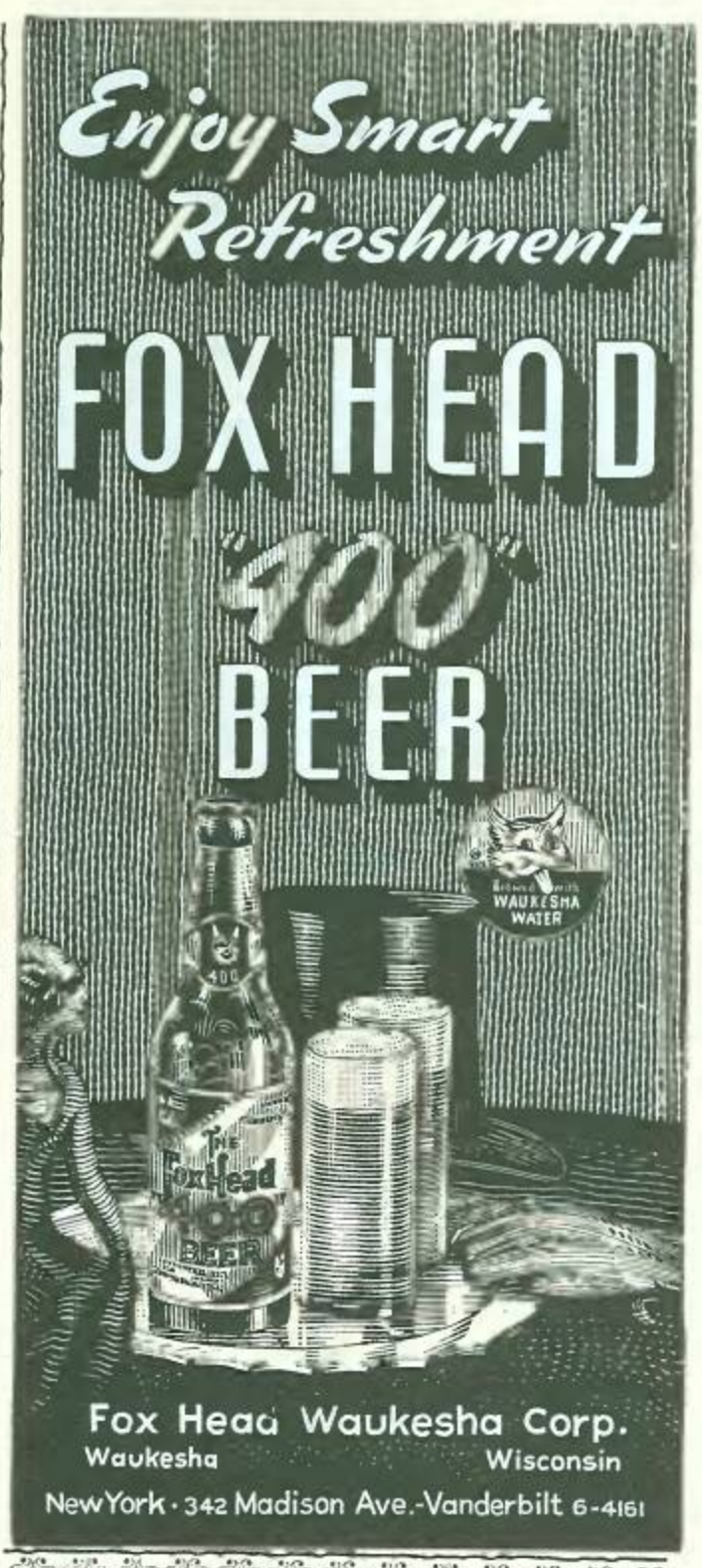
IN the days that followed, things were no better. At Conover, at Powers, and the other places, Penelope didn't quite make the grade, either. They didn't say she wasn't old enough or ugly enough, but that she was other fantastic things. She was high fashion but not tall enough; she was not the *Vogue* type, yet she wasn't quite the *Harper's Bazaar* type. There was some strange three-dimensional quality about being a model that Penelope evidently lacked.

I called up my two chic friends all over again. They said that, darling, it takes *years* to train a model, don't you know; they have to learn to walk right, and to break their legs and their arms in just the right places, and to stick out their stomachs a little, and to walk. To walk, above all to walk. Darling, it takes *years*, but she'll make a place for herself in New York. You'll see.

I'd see. Yes, indeed. Years. I'd see all right. I'd see a procession of trusting letters from her mother and of five-o'clock wakings on my part. And the poor child at the Barbizon with her money running out, and her courage.

After a desperate week, I realized that there was one thing I could do, anyway—I could at least take her to the sights she wanted to see. It turned out that there was nothing very complex about her desires. She had never been to New York before and she named the places she wanted to visit: the Central Park Zoo, Chinatown, Coney Island. She had seen them in the movies, but it would be marvellous to go there. "Shahp," she said.

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We did them all that weekend in rapid succession. The time was getting short.

Penelope thought it was wonderful the way I got around. At lunch on Saturday at the Zoo, she was most admiring of the way I managed to get a table despite the crowd. "I don't see how you do it!" she shouted over the crying of the red and green birds in the cages and the noises of the seals. She was even more impressed by the lore about the city I suddenly found I could summon. On the way down to Chinatown from the Park, I even took her off the bus to show her St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. She stood dutifully beside me while we looked through the iron railings at the old church, the ancient tombstones, and the romantic tree with the circular seat around its base and I told her the story of the kidnapping of Stewart's body from the graveyard.

In Chinatown, among the red and gold and teakwood carving of the Port Arthur, I told her about the siege from which the restaurant derives its name. I was very instructive, remembering my duty to her mother and to Boston, and she listened reverently, looking at me with her wide blue eyes.

Coney Island was our Sunday excursion, and that, too, would have been comparatively simple, except for the crowds. I don't mean the usual ones you expect at Coney on a Sunday; I mean the small crowds of Penelope's admirers who followed us about. She'd already learned from the agency models how to use foundation cream and eyeshadow and how to fix her hair in a topknot. She herself had added a narrow black velvet choker, huge earrings, and a long, black cigarette holder. We walked along the boardwalk, and as we passed Silver's and Ward's the wolf calls from the solariums above were almost deafening. Penelope ignored them with the remoteness of Beacon Street, listening attentively to me as I pointed out the Half Moon Hotel, farther down the beach. When we managed to get a chair to be pushed about in, young men ran along beside us, inviting Penelope to ride with them in the Tunnel of Love.

At five o'clock she reluctantly accepted my suggestion that we get back to town for dinner. I wondered where we could have it in peace and not be stared at. When we got out of the subway at Forty-second Street, I thought of the Murray Hill, and it was there, in the rose-shaded quietness of the dining room next to the bar, that we had our supper. There were a few young men at the bar who kept turning around and



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staring at Penelope, but there were enough potted palms to shut them off fairly well. I resumed my travelogue and explained that this was a very old hotel and told her how Edward VII had stayed here when he was the Prince of Wales and his mother, Victoria, was Queen. We parted early after our long day and Penelope said she would call me next morning. "Because I am getting really worried," she said. "Maybe I can find a theatrical job tomorrow."

Yes, yes, of course, a theatrical job. The thought woke me again at 5 A.M., and I began wondering whom I knew connected with the theatre. I had met a woman at the hairdresser's who was a director in the Old Mill Play House, and my nephew in Chicago was a schoolmate of Sono Osato's brother, but neither of these things exactly constituted an introduction or the road to a manager's heart.

When Penelope called me, at nine, I asked her to come to lunch. Then I went out to the newsstand and bought *Variety*. "U.S.O. Cast for Pacific Bases," one headline said. "More Pulchritude Needed." But somehow I couldn't see Penelope's parents letting her go to the Pacific. Besides, you had to be a member of Equity, didn't you?

I sat for some time, leafing through *Variety*. Then, in desperation, I called the hairdresser's where I had met the Old Mill Play House woman. Yes, said the hairdresser, the lady had been in last week; she had had a permanent and said she wouldn't be back until fall.

I had scarcely hung up when the phone rang once more. It was Penelope again. Her voice sounded sweet and Back Bay and very much as though she had been crying. "Mum called," she said. "From the Cape. And she said that if I couldn't get anything to do here, I must come home. I talked to Dad, too. And he said the same. They're sending me my reservation."

"Oh, dear. For when?" I said.

"For tomorrow," she said. "On the Merchants. And I've got to go. I've just got to." Her voice trailed off forlornly. The poor kid! Well, at least I could make things nice for her her last evening.

"Come tonight and we'll have dinner," I said. "And we'll try to have a nice time. I'm awfully sorry you have to leave, Penelope." It was surprising how much I meant it. Anyone in his senses would have been extraordinarily relieved.

I decided to arrange one last masterly, infallible evening and called up a friend who knew Katharine Cornell.

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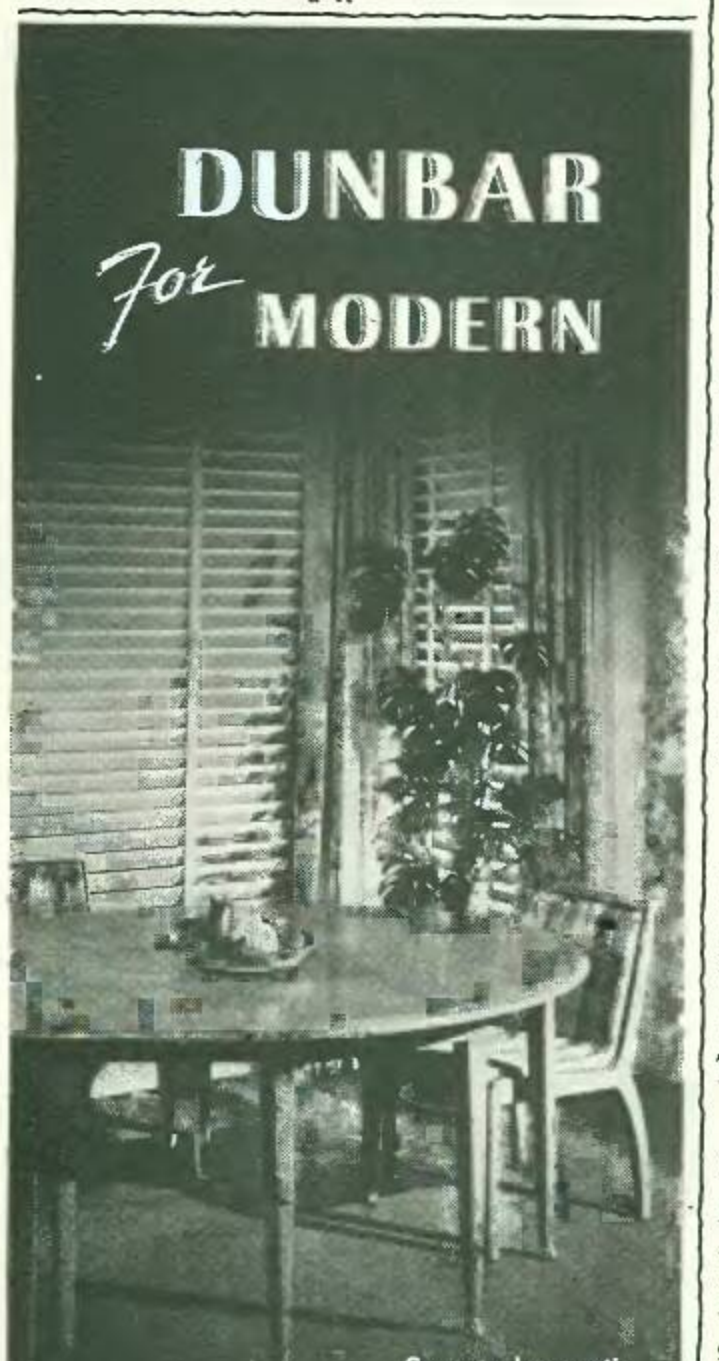
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My friend was wonderful. She said she could get us two seats for "The Barretts," which had just returned to Broadway after its overseas tour, and that she would fix it for us to call on Miss Cornell in her dressing room after the play. If we went to the Algonquin for dinner and to Sardi's after the theatre, I could at least send the child away with a little piece of the real thing.

IT all went off according to schedule. We had dinner at the Algonquin, and I was happy to be able to point out a few people like Oscar Hammerstein II and Julie Haydon. The play was even more wonderful. Our seats were in the middle of the fifth row, where Penelope could watch those famous beautiful hands as Elizabeth lay on her couch, toying with a lace handkerchief or holding the dreadful glass of stout. That the child was moved was evident. But I began to think I was overdoing things when we went backstage afterward. I was tired, and this going backstage after a performance had never appealed to me. I had never seen how it could to the actors, either, who by that time are generally getting ready to go home, like sensible people. When we reached the star's dressing room, her maid was changing her nineteenth-century white cotton stockings and little strapped slippers for beige nylons and 1945 pumps, but she still had on the beautiful raspberry taffeta she had worn in Act III. She greeted Penelope and me as though she were really delighted to see us; Penelope was overwhelmed.

In Sardi's, later, though the pair nearest the table Penelope and I had may have been from Terre Haute or any other vaudeville town, the child was sure they were dancers from "Oklahoma!" and I took no steps to disabuse her mind. She clasped my arm as we at last walked toward Fifth Avenue. "It's wonderful how you seem to know just everybody and everything," she said. "Mum and I think it's shahp. Honestly."

We were standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth, waiting for cabs, when I suddenly noticed the massive brownstone that stands on the northwest corner.

"That, Penelope," I said, in a final, exhausted, instructive burst, "is the Vanderbilt mansion. It will be nice for you to remember that you saw it, for it is soon to be torn down. It is one of Fifth Avenue's few landmarks still standing."

There were no cabs in sight, so Pe-



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nelope darted to a side window of the house and stood on tiptoe in her platform-soled scarlet sandals, looking inside.

"That room you are looking at," I went on, "I suppose was the dining room. That is where they gave the great dinners. The Windsors were the last ones entertained there. Of course, the famous silver service has all been put away." I went over and stood beside her. There was one bulb burning sadly, casting a melancholy light through the room. The walls were covered with an old-fashioned, figured brown wallpaper. "It's sad, isn't it?" I said. "Think of all the people who used to dine in there. Women in tiaras, women in aigrettes, all those lovely dresses they used to wear in the evening. Of course, you've never seen any like them, growing up in a war, but they were *élégantes* in the real sense of the word. Imagine, in this room, if they wore peacock blue or yellow satin, against this brown background. Lovely, Penelope?"

She didn't seem to hear, having moved on to the next window. "But it looks just like a bank to me," she said suddenly.

I peered in too. She was right, she was certainly right.

Well, that was all. That was the end of my long career of infallibility. I didn't even have time to explain that I had been momentarily confused and had thought we were up at Fifty-first Street, for a cab came along just then and Penelope helped me in respectfully, and a little pityingly, too, I felt.

"Goodbye," she said. "And thank you so much for trying to help me."

THAT was six months ago. I have had a restful half year of being absolutely wrong about everything, and no one to catch me at it. I had almost forgotten about Penelope and her ambitions when a postcard came the other day. "Hi," it read. "Have been meaning to tell you I was in summer stock on the Cape. Really sharp. And we're going to crash Broadway. Another girl and I are going to have an apartment, and you must come to dinner a lot. From now on, I'm going to take care of *you*."

—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

•

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 3 (BY WIRELESS)

ON New Year's Day here this year there was more food on the plate, if less hope in the heart, than there was last year. A year ago there were still empty stomachs and heads were light not only with hunger but with desperate notions of a better world to come. The three most important things that have happened to France since last January 1st have been disillusion, devaluation, and the continued dominance of General Charles de Gaulle. All these happenings have been normal to the times. France today has little chance for the abnormal.



Achieving what amounted to a total surprise to the Paris population, the shops at Christmastime were suddenly filled with practically everything but the money to buy it with. Along with diamond bracelets, there were inelegant rabbit-skin moccasins—at the price of a midinette's weekly wage—for the icy, unheated home. There were grapefruit for the first time since 1939, at what a laboring man got then for four days' work. The butcher shops were crowded with the old-time, statuesque figures of sacrificial lambs, marble-white with fat and at such high, though legal, prices that the butchers have threatened to close up shop and hand the whole business back to the government, which has already taken back bread. Before the October elections, de Gaulle's government derationed bread, thus swapping bread tickets for votes in a smart political move which elected its men, who are now faced once again with a wheat shortage. Under the new rationing, they will give each person only three slices a day more than the Nazis gave in 1942, the worst of all years for those poorer French who practically live by bread alone. All over Europe, government has become a sort of harried, shabby, food-spotted maître d'hôtel fumbling over the menu of what its people will eat next and wondering who will pay the political and financial bill.

France's new, devaluated franc is worth a fortieth of what the pre-World War I franc was worth. The Hungarian pengö has just slumped to a hundred and ten thousand to the dollar. The brave little Finns have literally cut their thousand- and five-thousand-mark banknotes in two—the left half still valid, for half the face value, and the right half redeemable in 1949. The truth is that when England and then the United States went off the gold standard, what felt like the last solid money on earth disappeared. Today the mints of Europe are rolling out tons of 1946 flimsy paper currency, like a successful publishing house busy with its latest work of cheap fiction. The French deputies are about to vote themselves an annual salary of three hundred and forty thousand francs. And an advertisement has been running in *Figaro* offering a twenty-thousand-franc reward just for a lost dog.

IT is a pleasure to report not having seen the late Jean Giraudoux's last play, "La Folle de Chaillot," at the Athénée; its wildfire popularity is an encouraging sign of revived public intelligence. The piece is already established as probably the most influential success of the modern French theatre. For several days after its première, the play was a topic for the editorial columns of nearly every newspaper in town. The theatre critics wrote of it with exaltation. In their various emotional and ideological flights, they compositely declared that one felt in the presence of a miracle; that it was a high French moment which the world envies France, the peak of Giralducien art, a lesson which we will never forget, the ghost of Beaumarchais, and an anticipation of the revolution which is coming. Provided the revolution does not come within the next fortnight and upset things, a few thousand of us who reserved our seats way back in '45 plan to go and see what it's all about.

ART-LOVING Hermann Göring's trick of open-handedly using seized Jewish-owned French nineteenth-century "degenerate" art in payment for costly old second-rate masters he coveted for his collection resulted in a temporary slump in the prices of the works of Sisley, Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, and the rest of those degenerates. The permanence of their aesthetic value is now being proved by a superb exhibition of thirty-eight Modigliani portraits at the Galerie de France—whenever it gets enough electricity to show them. Here are the portraits of Modigliani's early friends—the then penniless poet Max Jacob in top hat, with one green, cross-hatched eye and wonderful ruddy features; the painter Kisling, shock-haired like a boy; the Mexican



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MAGGI'S
SEASONING

painter Rivera, done in a huge, uncharacteristic job, all black-spotted, as if with pepper; the fashionable picture merchant Paul Guillaume, with his mouth open; and, finally, the wife of the poor Montmartre poet Zborowski. There are also those strange, slant-headed nudes Modigliani painted of his poetess friend Beatrice Hastings and the later, simpler Jeanne Hébuterne, who killed herself in despair when he died of despair. These are the nudes which the scandalized Paris police dragged from an art-gallery window in the last year of the last war. This exhibition, the first important romantic modern show Paris has seen since the coming of peace, reëstablishes not only the money value of Modigliani's art but also the timelessness.

DE GAULLE'S New Year's set-to with his Assembly was a crucial beginning for 1946. The crux was not whether the perennially pacifist French Socialists and Communists were right in demanding a cut in the appropriations for an overstuffed, lax French Army which wastes gas and food as if the French were the Americans, and which had just been caught wasting textiles on ten thousand brassières for its few Afats, the French Wacs. The crux lay in what de Gaulle pontificated to France's elected deputies and in what they mumbled in reply. He told them, in staccato outbursts, "The Assembly's attitude shows its preference for a regime in which it is the Assembly which governs. What I wish is a government that possesses, as long as the Assembly has confidence in it, full executive power. If the Assembly refuses all or even part of what is deemed necessary, the government resigns." The Socialists, who, after all, have a two-thirds majority when they combine with the Communists, answered that the Assembly's spunk had until then been "masked by its respect for the General," and humbly and intelligently begged him, who was "the incarnation of the resistance and restored the Republican liberties, to understand a little better the psychology of an Assembly which wants to collaborate with the government with equality." Then the Socialists, along with the Communists—and the Rightist Republicans—meekly voted on a tiny but face-saving cut in the Army budget, and de Gaulle kept both his prestige and his power. The world's recent anguish was brought about by leaders who were too strong, from whom we democracies were saved by leaders who were merely strong enough. France's strong enough man may be coming too late.—GENÊT

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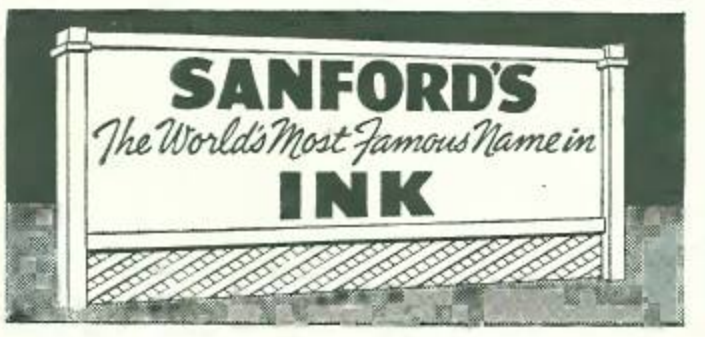
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OF ALL THINGS

MANY congressmen are annoyed at Mr. Truman for inciting the citizenry to express its views on the issues of the day. The legislators feel that constituents should never explode except by spontaneous combustion.

•

At the moment, our foreign outlook seems somewhat brighter than it did, but our domestic relations are still in a sad state. As so often happens, the family is getting along better with the neighbors than with itself.

•

General Motors officials have respectfully declined to open their books to show the President's fact-finding board how prosperous the company is. Their mothers probably told them never to make a vulgar display of their wealth.

•

At the same time that LaGuardia retired as Mayor of New York, Hirohito lost his position as the Son of Heaven. It's pretty hard to hold a job these postwar days.

•

According to the Nuremberg testimony of Otto Ohlendorf, the Nazis solved an acute housing shortage by the efficient use of gas and machine guns. They didn't dillydally with the problem the way we decadent democrats do.

•

Manufacturers complain that they are unable to get the labor they need at the present peacetime wage rates. They would appreciate it if the worker would stop trying to balance his personal budget in this annoying way.

•

The *Times* has made a survey of traffic conditions in twenty-eight cities, and it finds them spotty. In some places the situation is quite bad, but in the majority it is simply atrocious.

•

Despite many handicaps, the American people managed to spend a record amount of money during the holidays. The scarcity and poor quality of the goods were nicely offset by their high prices.

•

The city now pays its respects to William O'Dwyer, an Irish village lad who moved to America and made good. He came up the hard way, from Mayo to Mayor. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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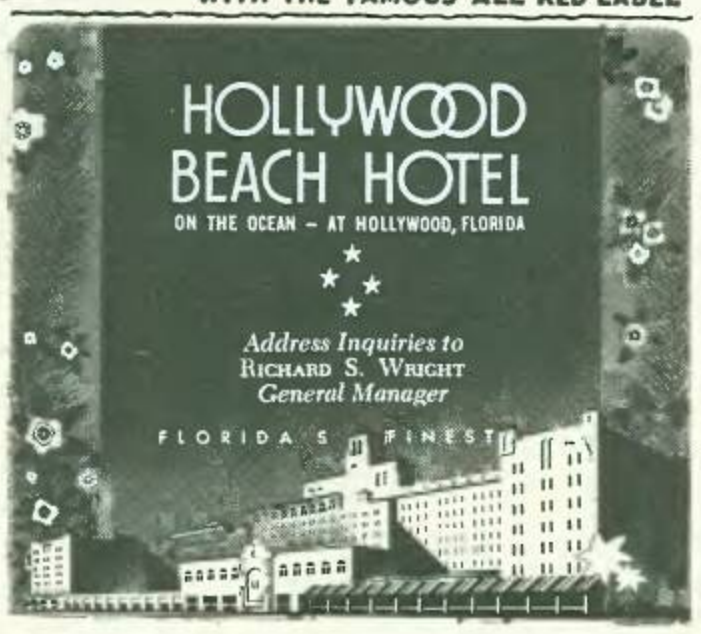
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Platoon in Italy

IT is only six miles from the Salerno beach, where "A Walk in the Sun" begins, to the farmhouse where it ends. But out of the adventures of one platoon of fifty-three American soldiers trudging that brief and dusty stretch, the film manages to summon up a good deal more of the sight and smell of war than has been evident for a long time in anything except the documentaries. There are no great battles here, and no one higher in rank than the sergeants who take over when their lieutenant is killed in the landing operation. These sergeants, not overly smart or overly heroic, are almost as baffled as the men they lead are by the grand strategy that compels them onward. When they are faced with any military problem, they chant an ironic G.I. litany, "Nobody dies," and make up the best solution they can, which often means death for a lot of their pals. Their problems, of course, are small, yet somehow their encounters with a handful of strafing planes and a couple of tanks and an armored car are full of shrill excitement. Stumbling about, wondering just what is going on, the soldiers of the platoon are in complete agreement with a medical corpsman who remarks, "That's the trouble with wars—you've got to fight 'em by ear."



"A Walk in the Sun," which was adapted from Harry Brown's novel, contains plenty of excellent talk, marred only by a persistent use of repetition as a device to add to its flavor. Over and over, there is a recurrence of such lines as "There's no sense in it—no sense at all," or "That's the way it is—sure as little apples that's it," or "That was no miss—no miss at all." But to offset this monotony, there is some fine chatter about *Saturday Evening Post* covers, work in war plants, the disgrace of being an infantryman, and the probable source of K ration (the sewers of Hoboken). As pleasant a tribute as I've heard in quite a while now was paid to the cast by a soldier who sat alongside me as I watched "A Walk in the Sun." "They all look," he remarked, "like fellows I know." Among them you will find Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, George Tyne, and Herbert Rudley. In the role of a sergeant who goes to pieces along the way, Mr. Rudley is an utterly convincing psychoneurotic. There are a number of ballads that accompany the piece which were whipped up by Millard Lampell and Earl Robinson. They do no harm, but they don't do much good, either.

IN the middle of "San Antonio," a film about old-time cattle rustlers which involves what seems to be several miles of Technicolor film, Errol Flynn faces Paul Kelly, the villain of the piece, at fifty paces. They walk toward each other with grim determination, jaws set, and hands on pistols. "So you're back in Texas," says Kelly. Mr. Flynn, his hand still on his pistol, says yes, he certainly is. Then Mr. Kelly points out that the Army will probably see to it that Mr. Flynn is put out of Texas for general hell-raising. Mr. Flynn, who seems to like talking better than shooting, remarks that he thinks that's right. With this, he turns around and strolls over to see the Army and explain that he's back but an all-right guy. If William S. Hart, Buck Jones, or William Farnum had tried this in the films I saw when I was a child, we'd have burned the theatre down. What do you think that hardware's for, Errol?

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

52. Suppose that R persons were rescued from burning buildings by firemen in 1940. Suppose also that P persons perished in burning buildings in 1940. If R is less than S but greater than T and P is less than both M and N, it may safely be concluded that

(A) the sum of R and T is greater than S; (B) the sum of M and N is greater than P; (C) R is between M and N times as great as P; (D) R exceeds P to an indeterminate degree lying somewhere between S and N; (E) none of the foregoing options is correct.—*From a list of questions in the Civil Service Leader asked applicants for Fire Department jobs.*

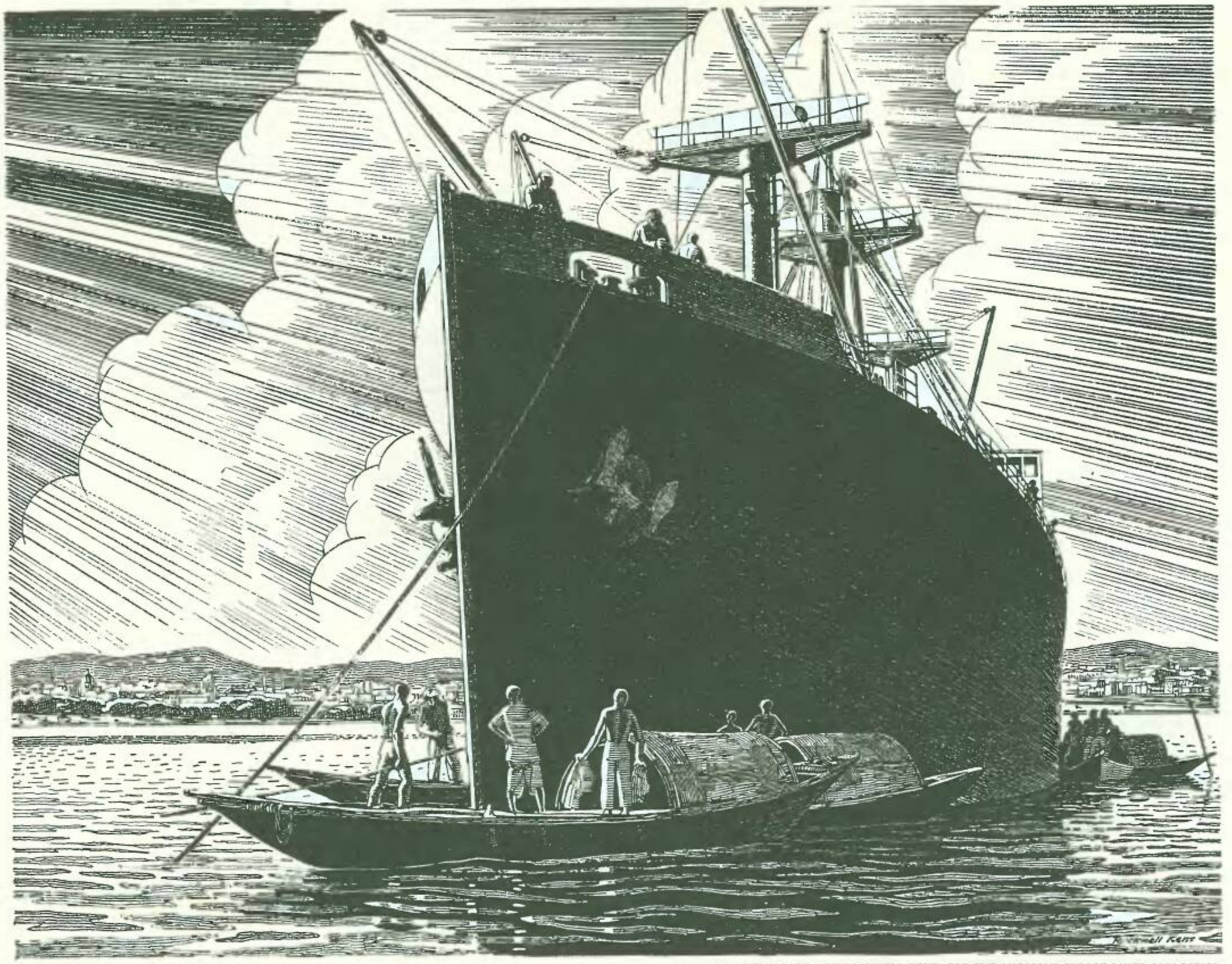
Furthermore, those fires are now out.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Herald-Express*]

KANSAS CITY (U.P.)—After the robbery of a small restaurant here, police exulted to find a series of distinct fingerprints along the counter beside the cash register. They were identified easily, but the exultation ceased.



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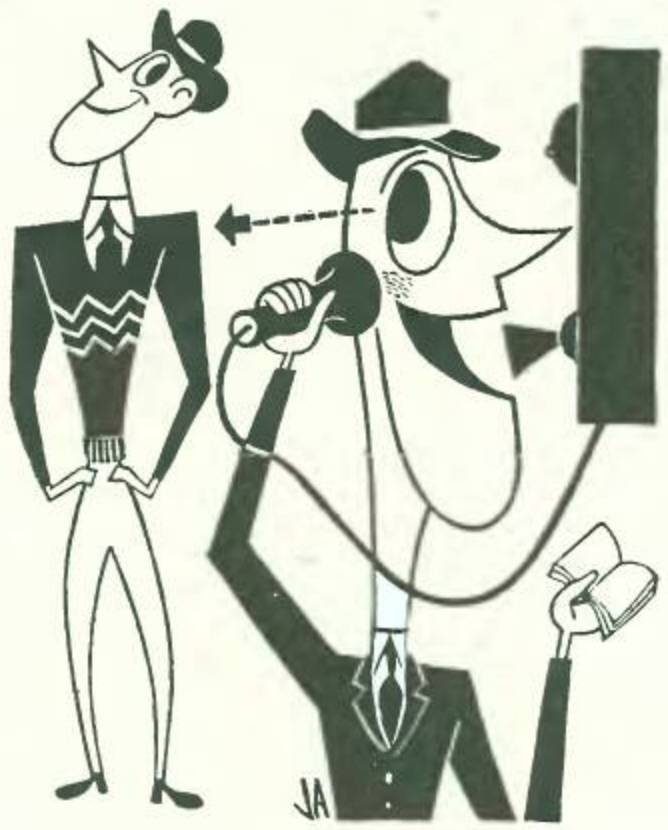
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THE RACE TRACK

Old Recipes

An ancient and hoary horseman's nostrum—spraying a racer's nose with a mixture of vinegar, salt, and water—came in for a fair amount of attention at the recent meeting of the New York Racing Commission and the stewards of the Jockey Club which considered the appeal of Tom Smith, trainer of the Maine Chance Farm stable, for reinstatement of his training license. Smith, as every two-dollar bettor is doubtless aware, was suspended for a year, a couple of months ago, for the alleged administration of ephedrine to one of his charges, and the testimony of the proceedings brought out the fact that the vinegar-and-salt solution is a prescription that is both time-honored and legal. Some of the commissioners and spectators seemed so surprised by this unusual medication that I'm sure none of them was aware of exactly how far from newfangled the practice is. Neither was I until I came across a book by Gervase Markham, published in London in 1595 and called "How to Chuse, Ride, Traine and Diet, Both Hunting-Horses and Running Horses." The chapter titled "The Secretes and Arte of Trayning and Dyeting the Horse for a Course" winds up with this advice:



When the howre is come in which you must lead him out, gyrd on his clothes handsomlie; bridle him up, and then take your mouth ful of strong Vinegar and spyrt it in your Horses nostrels, the strength whereof will search and open his pypes, making them apt for the receit of winde. Thys doone, leade him to the race, and when you come at the end thereof where you must uncloth him, having the Vinegar carried after you, doo the like there, and so bequeath him and your selfe to God, and good fortune.

Master Markham, in case his name ever comes up in conversation on the race train to Belmont, was a London merchant who did considerable writing and horse dealing on the side. As a matter of fact, he wrote several of the first English books on the care and feeding of horses. He also brought the first Arab stallion to England, and, it seems, sold him to James I, who was concerned at the time with improving the breed of the royal racing stable. I'm not going into the matter of whether the Markham Arabian, as the animal was called, or the Darley Arabian, which was imported during the reign of Queen Anne, laid the foundation of our present thoroughbred stock, but I would like to quote another of Markham's instructions:

The night before, you shall gyve him but a very little supper, so that he may bee passing empty in the morning, on which morrowe have hym out, and ayre him an howre or two before day . . . then bring him in, and after you have well rubd all his foure legges, and annoynted them thorowly, eyther with Neates-foote oyle, Treane oyle, Sheepes-foote oyle, or Linseede-oyle, which be the most excellentest oyles that may be for a horse . . . Then gyve him this foode, take a good bigge pennie white loafe and cut the same all out into toastes, and toaste them against the fire, then steepe them in Muskadine, and lay them betweene hote clothes, and being layde before the fire, dry them againe, and so gyve them to your Horse. These be so pleasant and comfortable, that your Horse's emptines . . . shall little agrieve him.

Apparently horses not only survived but flourished on this particular regimen for almost two hundred years, because "The Sportsman's Dictionary; or, The Gentleman's Companion: for Town and Country," compiled in 1778 and "Containing full and particular instructions for Riding, Hunting, Racing, etc.," prescribes the same course:

In the morning before you are to lead [the horse] out, give him a toast or two of white bread steeped in wine, which will invigorate him, and when you have done lead him out into the field. But if you are to run for a plate, which is commonly not till three o'clock in the afternoon, by all means have him out early in the morning to air, and when he comes in from airing, feed him toast in wine . . . When he has eaten what you thought fit to give him, put on his cavesson and having well chafed his legs with piece-grease and brandy warmed together . . . let him rest till the hour comes that he is to go out into the field.

The "Dictionary" omits the vinegar spray but recommends washing the horse's bit and bridle with strong old ale or brandy and putting this equipment on while it is still wet. A far more liberal use of liquors is advocated in "The Complete Sportsman; or, Country Gentleman's Recreation," by Thomas Fairfax, which came out around 1760 and was so popular that it went through several editions. In a course of instruction for stud grooms, the book directs, "If [the horse] appear sluggish and melancholy

. . . then give him half an ounce of diapente in a pint of good old Malaga sack, which will cleanse his body and revive his spirits." If the poor animal is still thirsty, Mr. Fairfax suggests a julep, made of three ounces of distillate of violets, two quarts of barley water, and two ounces of lemon syrup. Should the horse get overheated during exercise, the groom is advised to cool him off with ale and brandy—the ale applied externally and the brandy mixed with his drinking water.

THERE is no indication in any of the old books that I've seen on farriery, as the science of veterinary medicine was then called, that alcohol was administered to a racer to increase his speed, although in those days the use of spirits certainly was not against the rules, which were rather loose, anyway. However, an eighteenth-century pamphlet on how to ride a match race does recommend a snifter for the horse beforehand—a quart of claret and brandy in equal parts, to which have been added the whites of a dozen eggs. Apparently eggs were considered as indispensable to a racer's diet as ales, wines, and spirits. The old horse doctors cooked up some extraordinary messes with them, too. For example (Mr. Fairfax again): "During the last fortnight [of the horse's training] you must give him dried oats that have been hulled by heating, and having washed half a strike of oats in the whites of a dozen or twenty eggs, stir them together and let them lie all night to soak, and spread them abroad in the sun the next morning, till they are as dry as they were at first, and so give them to your horse, and when these are spent, prepare another quantity after the same manner." It's surprising that any animal ever got to the starting post sober or was able to stave off indigestion long enough to finish the course.

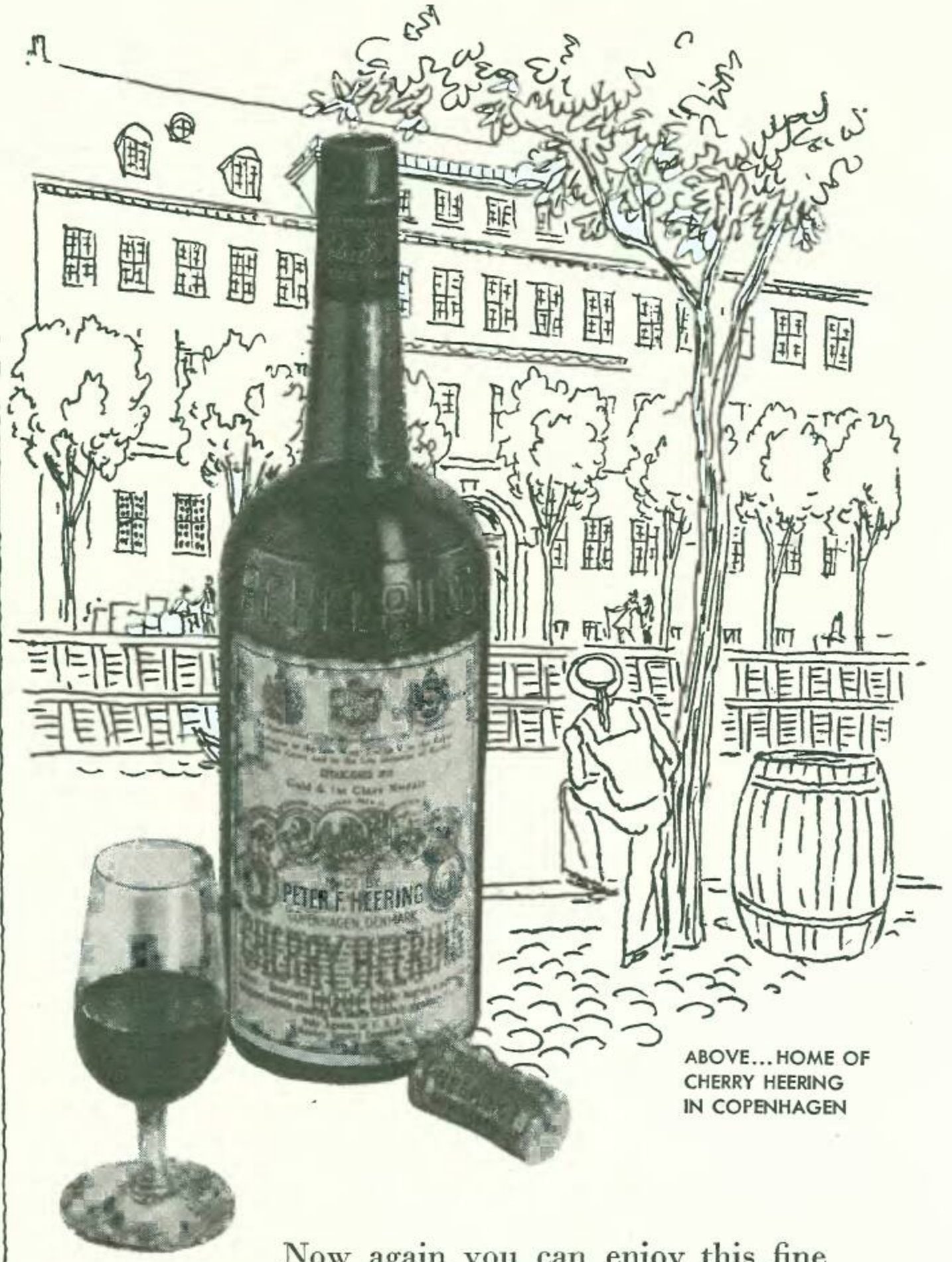
No trainer nowadays, of course, would dream of feeding toast soaked in wine, or even whites of eggs on oats, to his horses, and the beasts are probably all the better for it. Furthermore, a prerace spot of brandy is a violation of the Rules of Racing. Years before the saliva test was put into effect, however, there was a horse named Robin Hood who simply wouldn't budge until he had had a bottle of beer. Then there was a crotchety runner (I can't recall his name, but I'm sure that the older generation of racegoers will be quick to remind me) who had to have a cup of black coffee in the morning if he was expected to do anything at all that day.

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And right now there's a high-mettled racer in Florida who dotes on Coca-Cola—without rum, of course—and only the other day the Maharaja of Rajpipla's Windsor Prince was disqualified as the winner of the Idar Gold Cup at the Bombay races because he'd had a pre-race nip of something alcoholic to step him up.

OFFHAND, I'd say that the most sensible and forthright observation on the whole business appears in "The Gentleman's New Pocket Farrier," by Richard Mason, M.D., of Surry County, Virginia, which was published in Philadelphia more than a hundred years ago. Dr. Mason wrote:

> All the medicine on earth will never give to a horse speed and bottom that is naturally deficient in these respects and if he is affected by its use, it must operate to his disadvantage. . . . But many old and ignorant grooms . . . are under a belief that unless a horse swallows a certain number of wind balls that it is impossible he can win a race: added to which they are extremely superstitious, and some, even at the present day, confide in tricks and witchcraft.

Still, I wish that Dr. Mason had jotted down the ingredients of those wind balls.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

NEATEST OPPORTUNITY OF THE CENTURY

[*A letter received by the Export Division of the Graham-Paige Motor Co.*]

Graham-Paige Motors Corp.
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Sirs,

The undersigned have the honour to beg you to be so kind as to give your respectuated attention to the next lines.

As will be foreseen, now that the war has finished, a run will take place by the merchants with world-wide reputation to win back as soon as possible their outlet in the world market.

This end can only be reached as far as we mean through an advertisement in great style, an advertisement that makes an agreeable impression through its humoristic side and through this makes a hit.

It is obvious that such an advertisement is very expensive but, for above called grounds, absolutely justified.

The undersigned, draftsmen of this original advertisement, are both what we call "all round men." They dispose of a twenty years' traveling experience through Europe and America and speak together five languages and can through their descent move themselves in the best society, are forty-six and fifty-two years old and possess an excellent health and a great staying-power.

Our proposal is the following.

Imagine you find yourselves on one of the large terraces of one or other Palace-Hotel in a big town or in a sea-bathing place or on the races and that the terrace

consists of eight or ten ridges of tables quite full of visitors.

Suddenly two gentlemen appear, dressed up-to-date (if you want in National Costume) taking a seat on the first ridge.

After being served and putting down their hats the public sees to its great astonishment that on the back parts of the heads of the gentlemen stands, "IN MY GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTOR CAR I FEEL MYSELF LIKE AT HOME."

It would be interesting to know how great the useful effect is of this civilized and yet original advertisement. For those who have seen this with their own eyes will not fail to speak about it in large circles.

The undersigned propose to work in the following manner:

To begin with "Europe's business centre" Paris. After that all the capitals of the departments, smaller towns, sea bathing-places a.s.o.

In every town they had thought their way of proceeding as follows:

To start at eleven o'clock in the morning until luncheon-time. Further visiting expositions or other places where much people meet. In comparison with puffing-advertisement this way of pushing is very more efficient and certainly not so expensive.

After that, the five o'clock tea in France is a fine occasion to appear in a successful way.

In the afternoon theatres, movies, dancings, music halls, great and chic bars a.s.o. will be visited.

When after some time France has thoroughly been finished it must be decided which country comes to its turn.

We think it best to work as systematically as possible, country after country (in order not to lose much time by journeying) according to a fixed route.

Supervision on your part may take place through the arrangement of a check-(supervision-) book that can be signed (event. stamped) by the chief of police in every town where we pass. It is also possible to send a telegram as proof of presence from every town. Besides newspaper articles such as photographs in periodicals, as well as certificates of managers can be sent to you. Moreover there are still many other manners of checking; one manner is called by the people "shading." *Le décor fait tout.*

To be well dressed is all. It has been always the same throughout the centuries that the decorum makes much, not to say everything. Also it stands to reason that the undersigned, to use a French expression, must be dressed: "tiré à quatre épingles."

It should be desirous for both parties to be bound through a contract.

When one of the undersigned would unexpectedly fall ill, the other one will oblige himself to continue the work.

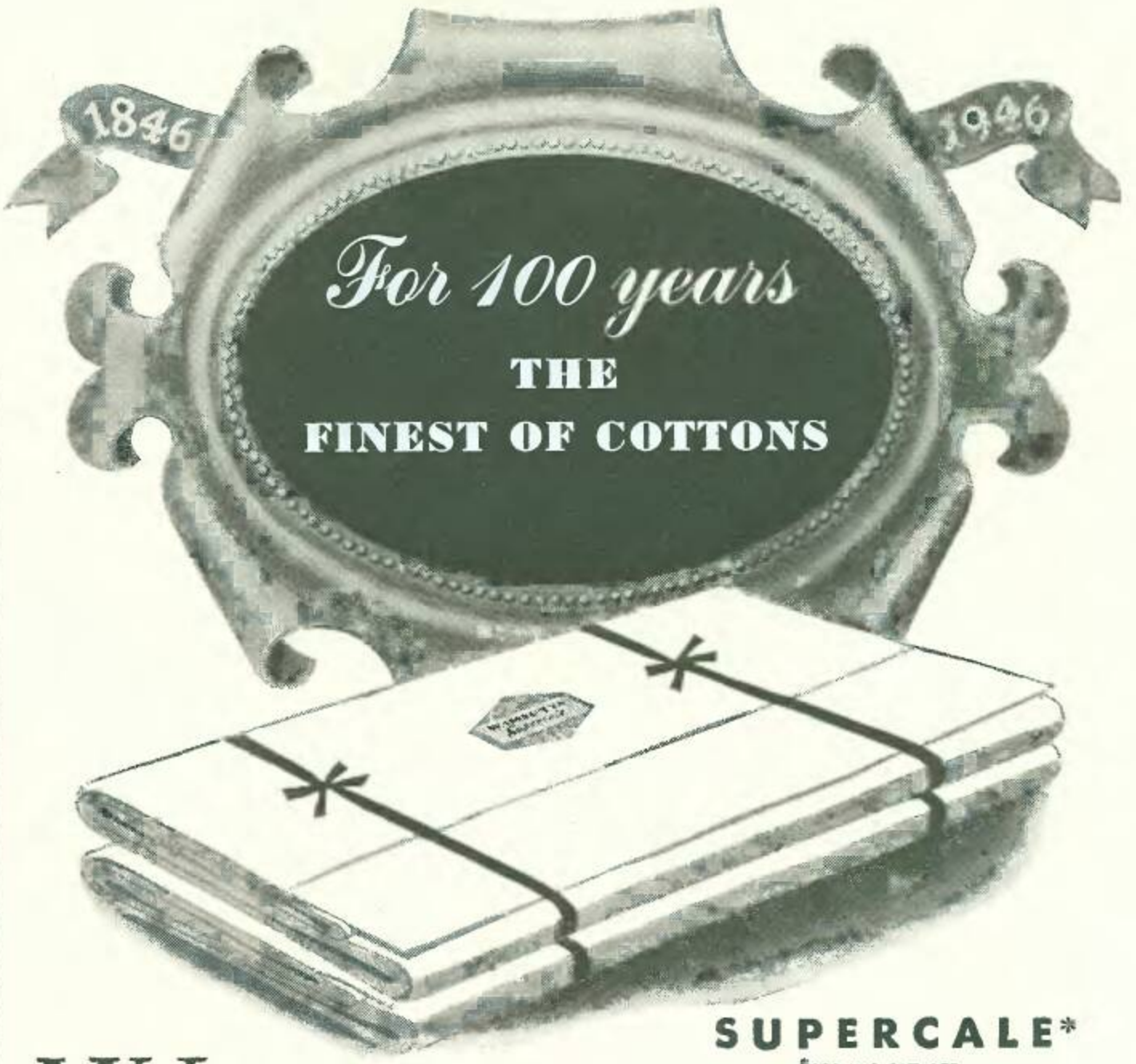
We beg you to kindly give your full attention to our proposal and we await with interest your esteemed answer.

Yours affectionately,

H. T. SOMMER
J. WOODSTRA
Rotterdam, Sept. 1945

Rotterdam, Holland
Hooidrift 20

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Return of a Native

PUCCINI's one-act opera "Il Tabarro," which was revived at the Metropolitan last week, has more than casual significance for the opera house and for Edward Johnson, its general manager. "Il Tabarro" had its world première at the Metropolitan on December 14, 1918, and when the first performance in Italy took place, two years later, the principal tenor role was sung by Mr. Johnson. "Il Tabarro" was one of three short works that Puccini composed to make up a triple bill. The others were "Suor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicchi," and over the years only "Gianni Schicchi," the comedy of the trio, has been active in these parts. "Il Tabarro" acquired a reputation in many quarters for being grim, gloomy, or unappealing in some other way, depending on what authority you read. In its Metropolitan revival, however, the opera proved to be far from uninteresting or depressing, but it isn't likely to establish itself as one of Puccini's more popular pieces. The story is a simple melodrama concerning a bargeman on the Seine who strangles his wife's lover when the latter comes aboard after receiving a false signal that the coast—or, at least, the barge—is clear. The opera moves rather slowly, with a good deal of local color, until the throttling and the bargeman's subsequent revelation of the body to his wife. After the leisurely development of the early part of the opera, this explosive episode seems too abrupt. Puccini was usually a master of shrewd pacing, but here he evidently miscalculated.



What the principal characters have been given to sing isn't greatly impressive, but there are many attractions in the music of the subsidiary characters, including a kind of song-plugger who sings an amusing little ditty in which Puccini refers to his own "La Bohème." The orchestral part of "Il Tabarro" is a pointed and sensitive background for the locale and action, and it's full of instrumental felicities. If the opera, as a whole, were as convincing as many of its details, it probably would do as well, in its own way, as "Gianni Schicchi." The Metropolitan's production was neatly staged by Konstantine Yannopoulos, a young man who obviously has a gift for this sort of thing, but the beginning of the opera would have been more effective if somebody had turned on the crimson sunset specified in the libretto. The acting was clear and efficient, if not highly exciting, and the singing had good dramatic values. Cesare Sodero's direction of the music was first-rate.

"Il Tabarro" served as a curtain-raiser for a revival of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in which Bidu Sayao and Salvatore Baccaloni repeated their previous successes as Norina and the Don. Fritz Busch, conducting this opera for his first time at the Metropolitan, lent both delicacy and vigor to the performance, and made the scoring sound unwontedly and pleasantly suave. The audience found "Don Pasquale" great fun, and didn't seem uncharitable about occasional patches of dubious intonation produced by some of the members of the cast.

THOSE who still observe the old dividing line between popular and classical music, which becomes dimmer constantly, could have noted quite an outbreak of popular music in Carnegie Hall last week when the Philharmonic-Symphony devoted half a program to Gershwin, and Duke Ellington and his orchestra entertained the next night with a long bill of Ellingtoniana. Walter Hendl, the Philharmonic-Symphony's versatile assistant conductor, was soloist in the Gershwin piano concerto, and played it delightfully, with the combined approach of a dance pianist and a concert virtuoso. The Ellington evening apparently was designed to display the remarkable executive abilities of the Duke's personnel, and it was very successful in that respect, although it didn't represent the full scope of the Duke's stimulating musical personality.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

OUT OF THE NAVY BLUE
AND
BACK TO WORK FOR YOU
AT THE
CHAPEL OF ROSES
ERVIN DELOS CHESTER
YOUR FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SAYS:
"Many thanks to you for remembering me while I was away. I hope to greet you soon, and in the years to come, to meet you often at this door as you attend more and more funeral services at the Chapel of Roses."—*Adv. in the Helena (Mont.) Independent Record.*

Anchors aweigh, everybody! Ervin's home.



Almost human, these new refrigerators!

YOU MAY FIND it difficult to believe that even a glittering new postwar refrigerator is capable of suggesting that its owner serve the *one* finest whiskey ever bottled.

But if you just take the subtle hint revealed in this ice tray, what a popular host you'll be!

For there's no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses—so *distinctive* in flavor, so richly mellow *in its own special way*.

That's because Four Roses is not just a *single* fine straight whiskey, but an exclusive *combination* of specially distilled straight whiskies—each magnificent in its own right.

Just try it—won't you?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war





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The Oldsmobile name has stood for honest quality since the earliest days of motoring. And Oldsmobile has earned an enviable reputation as the style leader among motor cars, and as the pioneer of important automobile developments. Oldsmobile leadership in 1946 introduces distinctive new "tailored" styling, new interior appointments, and smoother and livelier Fire-Power Engines. The 1946 Oldsmobile introduces many important new long-life features. And in the new and finer Hydra-Matic Drive, Oldsmobile offers General Motors' supreme contribution to motor car performance and handling ease.

With Hydra-Matic Drive, you never have to shift gears in forward speeds. There is no clutch pushing either—there isn't any clutch pedal in the car. To go, you simply step on the accelerator. To stop, you just step on the brake. Driving is as simple as that. And this *modern* automatic drive has been thoroughly proved, in billions of miles of owner operation, and in thousands of Army tanks and other combat vehicles. Try driving "the car without a clutch pedal" at your Oldsmobile dealer's.



THE CAR WITHOUT A CLUTCH PEDAL

No clutch to push down, no clutch to let up, *there's no clutch pedal at all* . . . in a 1946 Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive.

OLDSMOBILE WITH HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

SCHIZOVERBIA

"SCHIZOVERBIA" is a word I have just invented to describe a certain eccentricity of speech characteristic of a friend of mine, still overseas, whom we will call Jimmy Forbes. I coined this word because I do not believe there exists any formal word which applies here, like "paranomasia" for punning. What Jimmy does is take a multiple word and split it in two, juggling it around or trimming it up a bit to turn it into a descriptive phrase. I do not mean that he just splits a compound word into its original parts or that he merely separates words into syllables, like the French interpreter in "The Enormous Room," who asks Cummings, "Hugh err a merry can?" What Jimmy does is play a sort of successful trick on the English language. I am sure it is unconscious, and I have never mentioned it to him for fear of making him aware of it; personally, I feel that he has enriched our language.

I first met Jimmy at a party some years ago on Thanksgiving afternoon. We left the party together, and as we were trying to get a taxi, a gang of street urchins clattered past us screaming and yelling. It was too much for Jimmy's nerves. "Oh, shut up, you ragged little muffins!" he yelled. See? Later he referred to an elderly bank official we knew as "that fussy old budget." From then on I paid even closer attention to his conversation.

Sometimes Jimmy does it without putting in any extra adjective. One day he had been reading about an argument on the floor of the House of Representatives. "Blathering bunch of skites!" he muttered, throwing away the paper. He once remarked that his federal income-tax return was the "most rigged-up marole" he'd ever seen.

I spent part of a vacation as Jimmy's guest at a country boarding house one summer. When I arrived he told me that the moronic and disagreeable old farmer with whom he lodged, a man with a thin, beaky face, was just a nutty old cracker. When I asked him once how a mutual friend who had just been made a big-time radio executive was behaving, he replied that our friend was "going in for the highest damn faluting you could imagine."

Once, too, he attended a sherry party given by some impoverished but fervent Republicans shortly after the 1940 election. Most of them were wearing moth-eaten cutaways and striped trousers. "It was sad," he said. "Never





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saw such a tattered bunch of demalions."

Shortly before Jimmy went into the Army he achieved his masterpiece: one brief statement containing two examples of schizoverbia. He had spent Christmas in Connecticut with some people who had a lot of children, ranging in age from babies to kids home from boarding school. I asked him what sort of time he'd had. "It was terrible," he said. "The most jammed-up boree I ever went to, and a houseful of chattering little boxes."

I hope Jimmy gets back soon.

—Frederick Packard

•

DANCE PRELUDE

Naked from her bath, stargazing
  At mirror image, body's white
Looking back at her, appraising
  Secret person opposite;

Then over her openness
  She put silk, and herself folded
Into precision of her dress,
  Submitting to it that way molded;

And from her outself fabricked in,
  Alone with her own body remote,
She felt the joy along the skin
  And silence catching her at throat.

Silent she moved onto the landing
  And down the stairs, silent on stairway,
Then pausing at the foot, standing
  Still silent, half in the doorway,

Colored the color of light, unspoken
  Vision's beautiful artifice,
Of her inself the outward token,
  Moment visible, first read this.

Then within waving dance engrossed,
  Like moving corn, head along head,
She also moved, and soon she was lost
  Deep into the dancing where it led.

—George Allen

•

Sirs:

The Man of the Year, of the Hour, of the Century, and for the Ages, Robert Rutherford McCormick.

Transcendent military genius, scholar, historian, statesman, our much beloved Colonel has counseled our legislators, our executives, our admirals, our generals in a most wise and kindly manner. Always humble, modest and self-effacing, he has never boasted of his own great learning and accomplishments. Yet upon his guidance has rested the safety and the greatness of our country. He, and he alone, brought victory for America.

Chicago William A. Dean

—*From the Letters column of Time.*

Somebody had to take the buck.

BOOKS

Through Cromwell's Times with Flashlight and Pick



MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER, whose name is spoken with reverence in every lending library and bookstore in the country, has just done another novel, "The King's General" (Doubleday), that will probably cause her portrait to be hung on the walls of those cultural premises and lighted with candles, just like an icon in Old Mother Russia. This new book of hers will be bought by enough people in the next few weeks to send it close to the top of the best-seller lists, every extravagant adjective known to man will be used in praising it, and when it eventually gets translated into celluloid it will provide the material for one of the damnedest costumed field days Hollywood has ever seen. I don't know what more anybody could ask for—except, perhaps, a good book. There is some evidence that Miss du Maurier tried to write one, but what she has come up with is, unfortunately, just another historical novel.

"The King's General," which is plotted to the gills, is played against the background of a handsome English country house very much like the equally handsome English country house that figured so largely in Miss du Maurier's "Rebecca." The similarity between these two pieces of romantic real estate is not coincidental. It seems that Menabilly, the house in "The King's General," is an actual building, which served as the model for the house in "Rebecca" called Manderley. This top-drawer secret didn't come my way until I read a short article by Miss du Maurier, called "Why I Wrote 'The King's General,'" in *Wings*, the house organ of the Literary Guild. (The Guild is sending out Miss du Maurier's book as its January choice.) Nor did I know until then that Miss du Maurier now makes her home in Menabilly/Manderley or that on wet days she gropes about what she calls the "back premises" with a flashlight and a pick. I thought I knew all the aids that people addicted to literary composition turn to in their moments of creative despair, but this combination of pick and flashlight stopped me cold. Miss du Maurier, it appears, on those wet, groping days of hers, takes time out from writing to dig up the concrete floor of one of her rooms. I could not help admiring this as a way of relaxation (it made the badminton, tennis, and pool playing of some of my own set seem stuffy and middle-aged), but in the very next sentence I learned (rather regretfully, I must admit) that Miss du Maurier is no idle pick swinger, merely giving play to the big muscles so rarely exercised by those who make their living by lifting nothing heavier than words. She picks with a purpose, one so complicated that I did not even begin to comprehend its ramifications until I had finished her book. In "The King's General," more action takes place in a secret room reached by a hidden stairway than generally takes place in the Yankee Stadium during the entire year. Menabilly/Manderley, Miss du Maurier tells us, actually has such a concealed chamber, but nobody knows where it is. This is because a former landlord, who came upon the forgotten secret room back in 1824, also came upon a skeleton, a tall, cheerless fellow who was sitting at a wooden table in nothing but a pair of Cavalier shoes. The thought of those lost, lingering bones troubled him, and so, when they had been looked after in decent Christian fashion, he had the place walled up. Miss du Maurier, however, wishes he hadn't; she is even indignant because he left no document telling where the room is. (She entirely approves, however, of the courtesy shown the skeleton.) In the absence of detailed directions, she is doing her level best with pick and flashlight; at last reports, she had succeeded in get-



"I'll tell you one thing—Henry James wasn't worth a forty-seven-cent fine."

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ting down three feet or so under the concrete. It is possible that my sense of the dramatic may be well off-center this week, but I found this picture of the author, armed with her simple domestic instruments, far more gripping than anything I read in her book. Half of the characters in "The King's General" have already become quite hazy to me, but I know I will never forget the vivid image I have of Miss du Maurier, cool, blond, and purposeful, prowling about the back premises on dank, foggy days, her flashlight arranged so that it casts a bright circle on the cold floor, and the even rhythm of her pick biting deeper and deeper into the concrete. I can't get the notion out of my head, either, that any day now, like that man in 1824, she's going to lay bare the bones of another Menabilly/Manderley plot.

THE story of "The King's General" is laid in the time of the Cromwellian wars and centers about two Cornwall families, the Grenviles and the Harrises. Even had I a mind to reduce its plot to capsule form, which I haven't, I doubt whether I could. The Grenviles are a hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-falconing family (as you'd expect of a bunch of characters named Grenvile); the Harrises, who live in Menabilly, represent the landed gentry in a much more sober and industrious fashion. These two clans are so numerous and restless that they offer Miss du Maurier material for at least six subplots, and even so, a lot of unused odds and ends hang from her book like pajama strings from a hastily packed suitcase. I think that we might as well ignore everybody but the two principals, Sir Richard Grenvile and Honor Harris. The book opens with Honor, an old, crippled spinster, looking out one of the windows of Menabilly and remembering the past. She remembers particularly her lifelong love affair with Sir Richard, as sensitive and courteous a gentleman as ever entered the doors of Stillman's Gym. Honor is not unaware of his failings ("Oh, God confound and damn these Grenviles," she remarks as early as Page 3), but she still remembers him as the only man she ever loved. Going back to her eighteenth birthday, she recalls the first time she ever saw him, already a colonel in the King's Army, and how, sitting next to him at a brilliant dinner party, she got sick on too much burgundy and roast swan, thus forcing him to miss the after-dinner festivities while he sobered her up. ("I hated you at first," she tells him. "I like you better now." "It's hard that I had to make you vomit before I won your approval," he answers.) A few days later, they are roosting in an apple tree in the Menabilly garden ("It is not easy to be gallant in an apple tree," he says), and a few days after that ("O wild betrothal, startling and swift"), they are engaged. The marriage never takes place. Shortly before the ceremony, the Grenviles whip up a houseparty and, to liven things up, go on a hunt with falcons. Richard has a brother, Bevil, who likes Honor, and a rather sinister sister, Gartred, who hates her. They all set out on the hunt, Richard with a red hawk on his wrist and Gartred with a tiercel on hers (both red hawks and tiercels were common as crows in those days), and in the excitement Honor's horse runs away with her. She knows there is a chasm nearby and cries out to Gartred to tell her where it is, but Gartred doesn't answer. Honor's horse falls into the chasm, and when Honor revives, she realizes that she will be a cripple for life. Richard asks her to marry him just the same, but she refuses. He marries another woman, simply to get her money, has a son, whom he soon comes to despise, and doesn't see Honor again until he visits Menabilly after the Cromwell rebellion has broken out and he is the King's general in the west. They find that they are still in love, but though Sir Richard is still anxious for Honor to marry him (I forget what's become of his wife), she again refuses—preferring to follow him, in her litter, from camp to camp, defeat to defeat, and, in the end, to watch him exiled to Holland. But this is the barest sort of outline; I haven't even mentioned any of the duels, seductions, furniture smashing, and other events that take place in the secret room. I think I ought to explain, however, that Sir Richard is finally betrayed by the son he loathes and that the boy, overcome by remorse, shuts himself in the hidden chamber, pushes its stone door in place, and dies there. Thus the skeleton in 1824, and thus Miss du Maurier's flashlight and pick.



WITHOUT taking back anything I have said, or overlooking the huge platter of cock-and-bullery that Miss du Maurier has served up, I'd like to risk an admittedly dubious compliment. I am no authority on the contemporary historical novel, I am happy to say, but I think that she has more talent and feeling for it than any of her



Dear Mr. MacKay: Your ad in the Glasgow Journal interested us and we would like to help you get the job of being a King ... We doubt whether in democratic days like these such a job has much post war future. However, if your purpose is still firm and you really want to be a King, we suggest you send a sample of Lejon Brandy to the ruler of your choice ... As a connoisseur he is quite likely to believe, as we do, that Lejon Brandy is a crowning achievement, a blend of "the choice and master spirits of this age", to quote Shakespeare, and perhaps the wise monarch will swap his crown for this brandy.

LEJON

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They'll always beat a path to the door of the man...



who makes a better Manhattan than his neighbor

IF YOU'D like friends to beat a path to *your* door, just try this Manhattan recipe:

One part Vermouth . . .

Two parts superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. (Remember, every delicious drop is blended with 54 years of "know-how"!) . . .

Add a dash of bitters . . . stir with ice . . . strain into a glass . . . garnish with a cherry.

Serve these wonderful Kinsey Manhattans to just a few friends who know a grand whiskey when they taste one. Allow a few days for the word to get around . . . then stand by to accommodate the rush!

KINSEY
the unhurried
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Since 1892



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competitors I have read. She has a sharp sense of character (the way she has handled the relation between Richard Grenvile and Honor Harris is worthy of a much better book), and she has the ability, despite her slipshod writing, to get the feel and temper of old houses, gardens, and rooms. Why, then, is nearly everything in her new book so wrong and exasperating? The wrongness, I think, is the same wrongness I have found in practically every modern historical novel that has come my way—the old, fallacious theory that the first duty of an author is to be interesting. The author has no first duty. He has many duties, the duty to be interesting merely being one of them, and all of them resolve into the single duty of writing a good book. Nor is there anything wrong, per se, with the historical novel. Several fine examples have been written. Let's ignore, for once, "War and Peace" and take "The Chartreuse of Parma" instead. The plot of Stendhal's book is possibly even more extravagant than Miss du Maurier's; the adventures of Fabrizio del Dongo are certainly more incredible than those of Sir Richard Grenvile; the characters and the talk are, again as in the case of Miss du Maurier, mostly drawn from the nobility. But it is still an experience to read Stendhal and, begging Miss du Maurier's pardon, a downright bore to read these historical novels that keep on coming out. The only explanation I can think of is rather simple. Stendhal was a whole author, who knew the importance of being interesting without spending all his energy on that one job, and who, quite aside from his great gift as a writer, had an enormous amount to say. I think it would be foolish, on the record, for Miss du Maurier to aspire to be another Stendhal. I do think, however, she might use her fairly substantial talent to help rescue the historical novel, which he handled so splendidly, from the dismal ditch into which it has lately fallen. Lady, lay that pick and flashlight down. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WARD 20, by James Warner Bellah (Doubleday). Twenty-four crowded hours in an Army hospital ward for permanently disabled veterans. There is a death, an attempted suicide, an attempted seduction, a marital reconciliation, a spiritual regeneration, and a deal of casual drinking and sex. Mr. Bellah is a competent storyteller with a swift, at times al-

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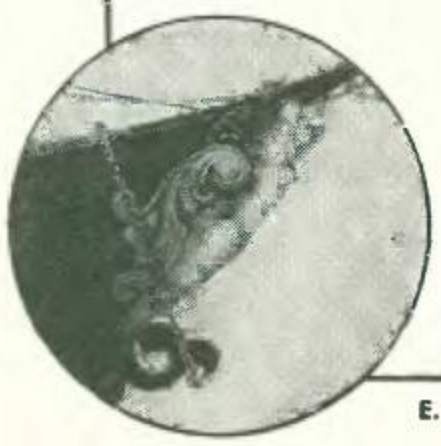
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most too swift, pace, but he knows his subject. This book should be of special interest to civilians seeking to alleviate the bitterness of men like these.

GENERAL

PAPA WENT TO CONGRESS, by Kenneth Horan (Doubleday). What started as a creeping affliction of contemporary letters has now become chronic. Here we go again—a "lively" book about one of those amusing families, "full of fun and high spirits," and the rest of it. This tells of Mrs. Horan's mother and father and their attempt to take Washington society by storm in the early years of the first Cleveland administration. These little memoirs are hard to believe at best, but this one has two strikes on it before it begins. The story is told by Mrs. Horan and her sister as they "remembered" those far-off days and gay times. But, as the author states that neither she nor her sister was born until ten years after Papa went to Washington, it all becomes a little confusing. Mrs. Horan calls the maneuver a "bold literary privilege," and bold is certainly the word for it.

WAITING IN THE NIGHT, by George Millar (Doubleday). A young English officer's account of his adventures with the Maquis of the Franche-Comté, near the Swiss border, in the summer of our invasion of the Continent. Mr. Millar, after a special course of schooling in England, was dropped by parachute near Dijon as a saboteur commander and instructor in explosives. His book is unlike many reports of the war; it is written with a novelist's sensitivity to atmosphere and character, and the author's brooding state of mind—he took on this almost suicidal mission to find in a useful death a surcease from some unspecified personal tragedy—gives his pages an emotional intensity that heightens the suspense.

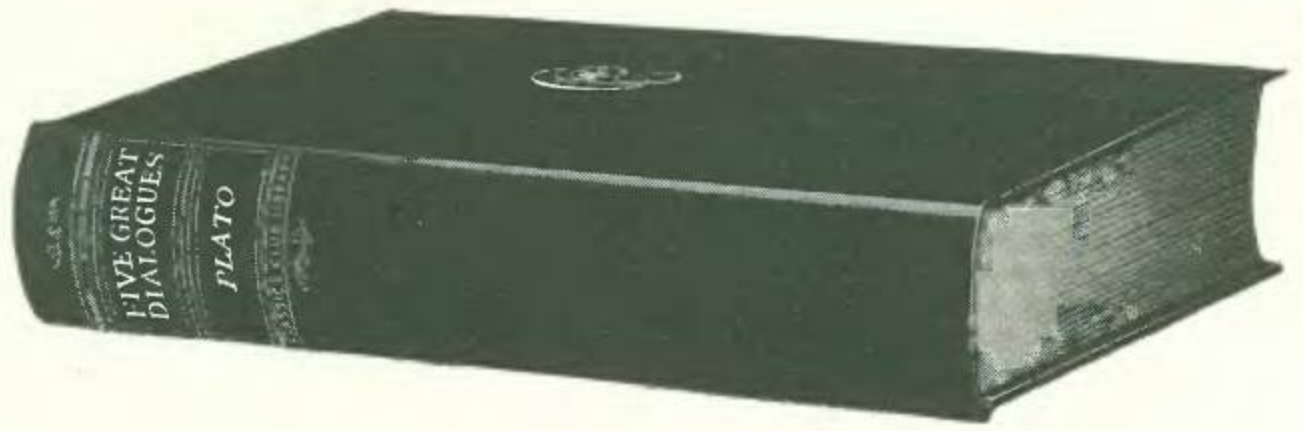
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: ITS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, by Philip Kinsley (Chicago Tribune). Volume II, covering the years 1865-1880, of a remarkable history of "The World's Greatest Newspaper," published, as you can see, by the W.G.N. itself, and with few blushes of modesty. This project could easily put the conscientious historian in a difficult position, but Mr. Kinsley (who turns out to be a *Tribune* man himself) seems to have had little trouble. The *Tribune* was always right, its enemies

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always confounded; Communists in high office, even back in the seventies, lurked everywhere, particularly in New York, "natural home and birthplace of Communism." England—well, you know England. The only apparent difference in the paper in those years was a greater degree of magnanimity, of *noblesse oblige*, in the editorial offices. In 1871, writes Mr. Kinsley, "Horace Greeley called the editor of the *Tribune* 'a sublime liar.' The *Tribune* had a light editorial on the subject of lies and forgave him."

SEVEN SOVIET PLAYS (Macmillan). A representative collection, according to H. W. L. Dana, who wrote the introduction, of contemporary Soviet drama. All the plays deal with war, although two of them were written before 1939, and all are by one or another of the big men of the modern Russian theatre, men like Alexander Korneichuk, Konstantin Simonov, and Vladimir Solovyov. These are some of the plays which were acted at the fronts during the war, in the factories, and in liberated towns—sometimes the night after a town's liberation—and they are interesting for that rather documentary reason. Lifted out of context—the urgency of the central theme, the temper of the audiences, and the acting, to say nothing of the original language—the plays don't stand up very well, except, perhaps, as examples of effective propaganda.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE PAVILION, by Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster). Uncommonly scary doings in a prosperous and schizoid Southern household. Miss Regan Carr, a young cousin, arrives for a visit just in time for a funeral, stays on through all the subsequent shrieks in the night, and finally helps one of her better-balanced relatives to figure out the cause of the high death rate in the family. Ably plotted, and with lots of that fine eerie atmosphere for which this author has been building herself quite a reputation lately.

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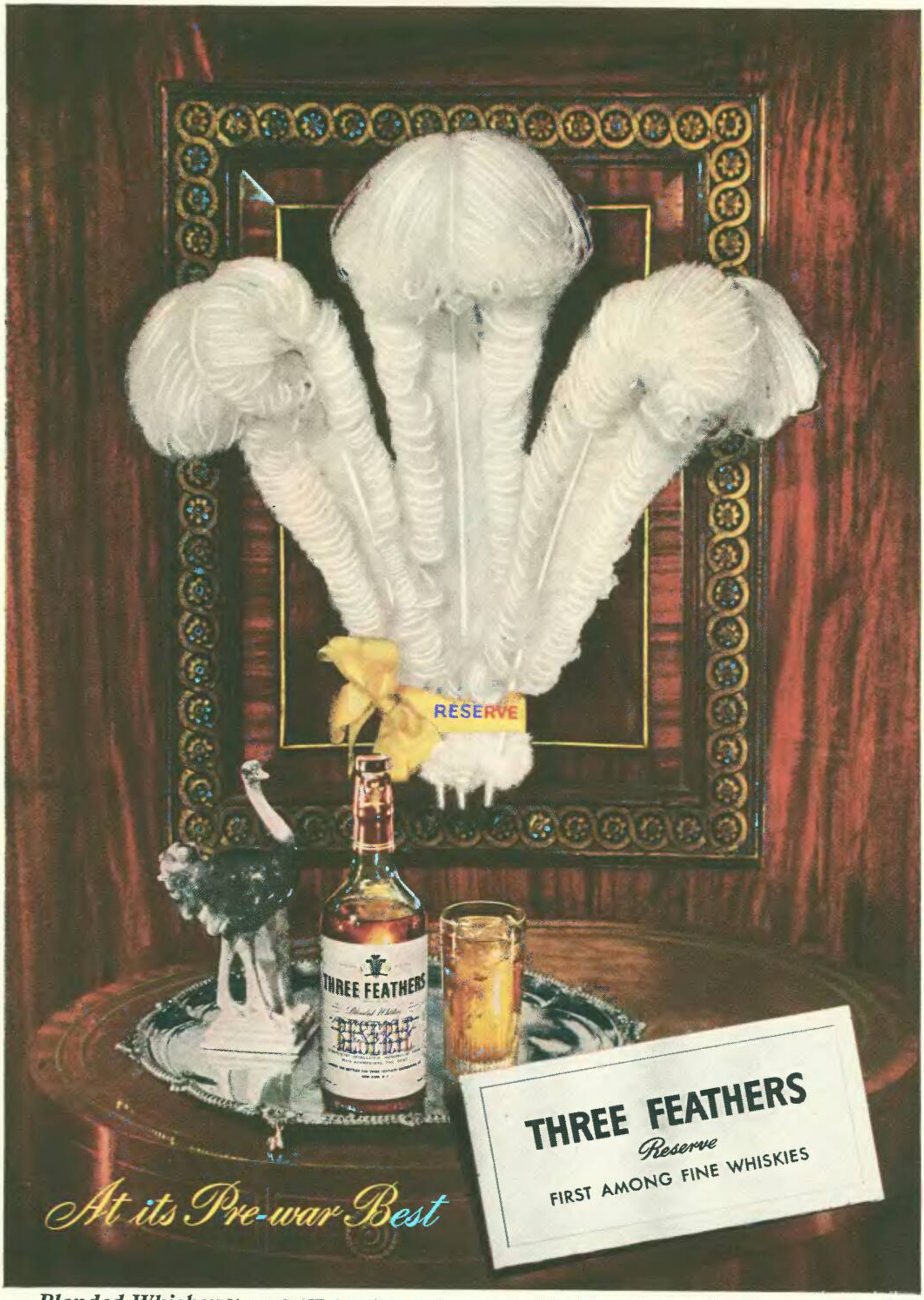
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